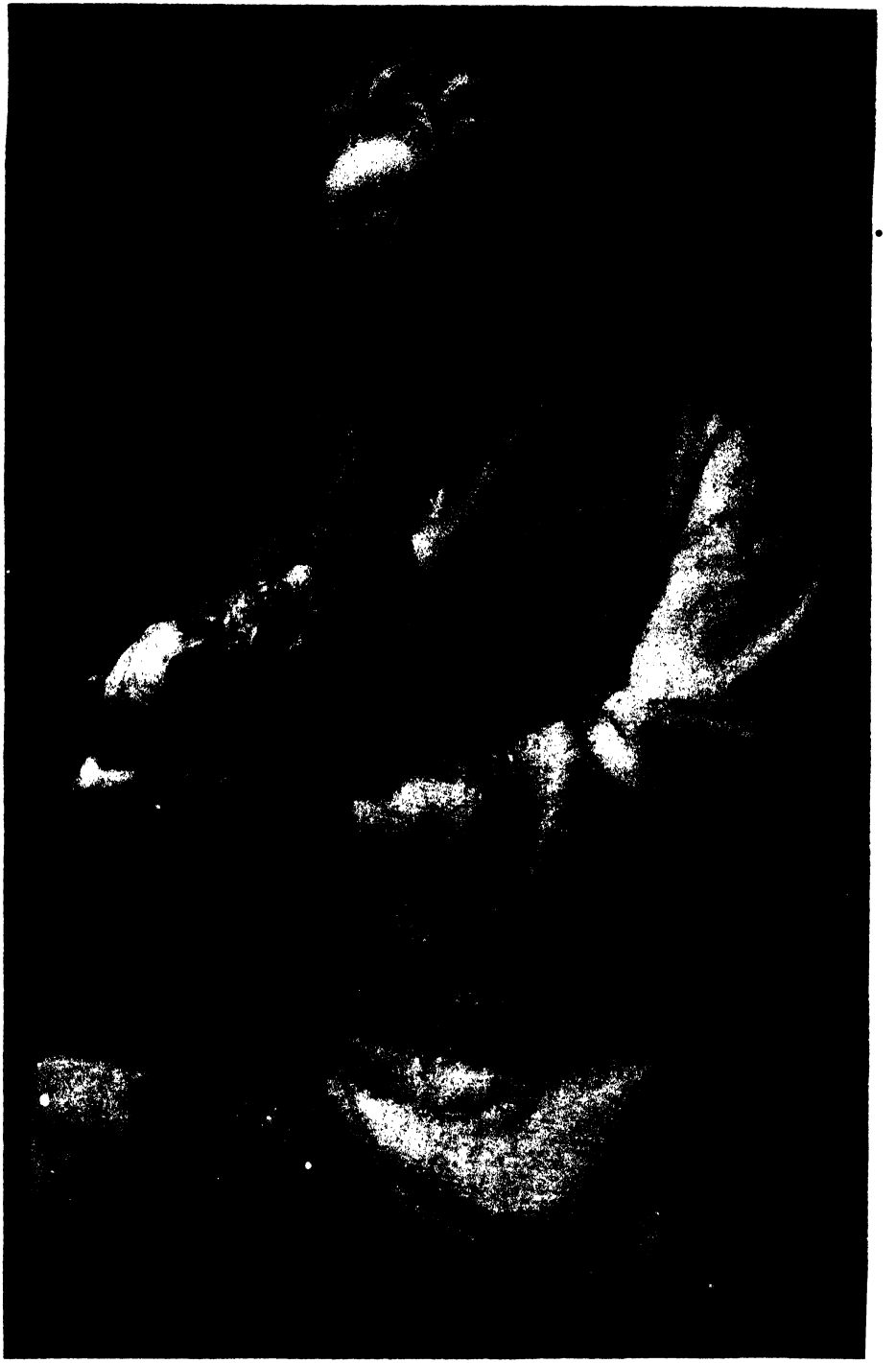
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From the Marble Bust
by Professor Rietschel

Goethe

The World's GREAT BOOKS In Outline

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

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

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HERMAN MELVILLE

MOBY DICK

AN industrious and versatile writer, Herman Melville was also a singularly unequal one, and much of his work is deservedly forgotten. Yet by Typee, Omoo, and above all by Moby Dick, he definitely established his right to be declared the leading sea-writer of America, portraying seafaring life and character with vigour and originality and from a personal knowledge as great as that possessed by Captain Marryat. Moby Dick, or The White Whale, was first published in 1851, and is recognized today to be one of the great achievements of American literature. While far from flawless—containing many passages which are not great prose yet lack the majesty of poetry—it has as a whole a strange unequalled power both of description and of vision and an insight into character hardly surpassed by its grasp of great natural phenomena, while with all its terrors there is also laughter. The novel is included in Everyman's Library and an inexpensive edition is also published by Sampson Low.

I—Sailing



WHEN I, Ishmael, go to sea, I go as a simple sailor, right before the mast, plumb down into the forecastle, aloft there to the royal mast-head: because they make a point of paying me for my trouble, whereas they never pay passengers a single penny that I ever heard of, and because of the wholesome air and exercise of the forecastle deck. And, doubtless, my going on this whaling voyage formed part of the grand programme of Providence that was drawn up a long time ago. But among my own motives was the overwhelming idea of the great whale himself, and the wild and distant seas where he rolled his island bulk.

It was at the Spouter inn, on my way to find a whale-boat that would take me, that I met and became sworn brother to Queequeg. He hailed from Kokovoko, a cannibal island, where his father was king and his uncle high priest. A practised harpooneer, and a magnificent specimen—George Washington, cannibalistically developed and wondrously tattooed. He placed entire confidence in the instructions he received from a little black idol which he called Yojo, who told him to leave the choice of a ship for both of us to me. And so I came upon the whaler *Pequod* on my search. Boarding the *Pequod*, I faced Captain Peleg, one of the proprietors, whom I wrongly took to be captain of the craft. He was suspicious.

"Want to see what whaling is? Clap eye on Captain Ahab, young man—he's the captain of this ship and thou wilt find that he has only one leg."

"Was the other one lost by a whale, sir?"

"Young man, it was devoured, chewed up, by the monstrousest parmacetty that ever chipped a boat. Still feel inclined for whaling?"

"I do, sir."

"Very good. Now, art thou the man to pitch a harpoon down a live whale's throat, and then jump after it? Answer quick."

"I am, sir, if it should be positively indispensable to do so; which I don't take to be the fact."

"Good again. Thou mayest as well sign the papers right off. Come along with ye."

When I had signed on and fixed up to bring my harpooning friend along, I said I should like to see Captain Ahab.

"What for? It's all right enough, thou art shipped. I don't suppose he'll see thee; he keeps close. He's a queer man, Captain Ahab—so some think—but a good one. He's a grand, ungodly, god-like man, Captain Ahab, above the common; fixed his fiery lance in mightier, stranger foes than whales. Ever since he lost his leg by that accursed whale he's been a

kind of moody, desperate moody; but stricken, blasted though he be, Ahab has his humanities."

When I brought Queequeg next day, Peleg, indignant, said he wanted no cannibals; but when Queequeg displayed his marvellous powers with his harpoon there was no more hesitation, and Quohog, as Peleg called him, signed on by making his mark for the biggest pay ever offered to a harpooneer out of Nantucket.

Though all the ship's company were warned to be aboard before the night following, several days passed before the *Pequod* was ready to sail. Whalers have to carry supplies for a three years' voyage, with no chance of making up deficiencies; everything on which the success of the voyage depends is especially liable to loss or destruction. Hence the spare boats, spare spars, spare lines and harpoons, and spare everything, almost, but a spare captain and a duplicate ship.

Captain Ahab only came aboard on the last evening, and we had been several days at sea before he showed himself on deck. And now that Queequeg and I are fairly embarked upon this business of whaling, which has somehow come, among landsmen, to be regarded as a somewhat disreputable pursuit, let me convince you that this is an injustice to us hunters of whales. The whale-ship has been the pioneer in ferreting out the least known parts of the earth. As for your Cooks and Krusensterns and Vancouvers, all that is made such a flourish of in the old South Sea voyages, those things were but the lifetime commonplaces of our heroic Nantucketers. Australia was given to the enlightened world by the whalemen. The uncounted isles of all Polynesia confess the same truth. No real dignity in whaling? Who wrote the first account of our Leviathan? Who but mighty Job? Who composed the first narrative of a whaling voyage? Alfred the Great, with his own royal pen! Finally, the dignity of our calling the very heavens attest. Cetus is a constellation in the South!

The whale is a fish, in spite of Linnaeus. I call upon holy Jonah to back me up. A spouting fish with a horizontal tail. There you have him. The Greenland or right whale is the most venerable, being the one first regularly hunted; but the sperm whale, our quarry, is without doubt the largest inhabitant of the globe, the most formidable of all whales to encounter, the most majestic in aspect and by far the most valuable in commerce.

II—Voyaging

OUR chief mate was Starbuck, a Nantucketer, a Quaker by descent, a long, earnest man of thirty; no crusader after perils, whose courage was not a sentiment, but a thing always at hand upon all mortally practical occasions; a staid, steadfast man with some of that superstition which seems rather to spring from intelligence than ignorance.

Stubb was the second mate; a happy-go-lucky, neither craven nor valiant, taking perils as they came, treating the most deadly encounter as if it were a dinner. The third was Flask, a short, stout, ruddy young fellow—like a wrought nail, made to clinch tight and last long.

Of the three harpooneers, we already know Queequeg. Tashtego was an unmixed Indian from Gay-Head; and Daggoo a gigantic coal-black negro savage. Whaler crews are made up of every conceivable nationality.

When Captain Ahab at last appeared, he had the look of a man cut away from the stake when the fire has wasted all the limbs without consuming them. A livid line marked one side of his face; whether it were a birth-mark no one knew. The barbaric white ivory leg that took the place of the one he had lost added to his grimness. Always he stood, his bone leg steadied in an auger-hole on the quarter-deck, or heavily walked the deck, speaking no word, with a crucifixion in his face.

One day he suddenly ordered Starbuck to summon the whole wondering ship's company aft. Then he held up to view and nailed to the mast a great gold doubloon; and with a high raised voice: "Whosoever of ye raises me a white-headed whale with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw, and three holes punctured in his starboard fluke, shall have this ounce of gold. A white whale. Skin your eyes for him, men."

All the three harpooneers started.

"Captain Ahab," said Tashtego, "that white whale must be the one that some call Moby Dick." They had all seen him.

"Aye, men, it is Moby Dick—Moby Dick."

"But, Captain Ahab," said Starbuck, "it was not he that took off thy leg?"

"Aye, Starbuck, it was Moby Dick that dismasted me. And this is what ye have shipped for, men! To chase that whale on both sides of land, and over all sides of earth, till he spouts black blood, and rolls fin out. Will ye splice hands on it?"

"Aye, aye," shouted harpooneers and seamen; but Starbuck kept a long jaw, for vengeance on a dumb brute seemed to him blasphemous. Yet there was in Ahab something that constrained him. "God keep me!—keep us all!" he murmured.

For some time past the sperm whale hunters had reported encounters with a white whale of uncommon magnitude and malignity, which, after doing great mischief to his assailants, had completely escaped them. That a single whale was responsible for the havoc could hardly be doubted. The whalers had christened him Moby Dick. Among many he inspired a superstitious terror as of something supernatural, for he was reported as having been met with simultaneously in places remote from each other.

The sperm whale is far more dangerous and savage than the Greenland or right whale; such fatal calamities had attended these assaults, all accumulating and piling their terrors upon Moby Dick, that he enjoyed a unique personal reputation; more whalers were inclined to fight shy of him than to venture an encounter; and the monstrosities of him added to his awfulness. Worst of all, however was the unexampled intelligent malignity repeatedly shown in his assaults.

It was in one of these desperate encounters that he had reaped away Ahab's leg with his sickle-shaped lower jaw. From that time, Ahab was a monomaniac. All evil was to him incarnate, visible, assailable, in Moby Dick; and against that abhorred white whale he pitted himself, all mutilated, his great intellectual powers, all intensified by concentration on that one object, however crazy. With this mad secret of his unabated rage keyed up and bolted in him, he had set sail; and here now was this grey-headed, ungodly old man, chasing with curses a Job's whale round the world, at the head of a crew, too, chiefly made up of mongrel renegades, castaways and cannibals, to help him in his monomaniac revenge. By whatever evil magic, our souls were so possessed that at times his hate seemed ours.

However, the *Pequod* was a whaler, sent out by her owners on the commercial business of whale killing, not for the wreaking of any personal vengeance on one particular leviathan. There were other whales besides Moby Dick, and they were not to be neglected for his sake.

III—Whaling

THEREFORE, being now in the whaling ground, though with no expectation of sighting our special adversary, the three mast-heads were manned with look-outs; and on one sultry afternoon, as Queequeg and I were weaving what is called a sword-mat, a sound, strange and unearthly, dropped from the clouds. It was Tashtego in the cross-trees, his body reaching eagerly forward, his hand stretched out like a wand:

"There she blows! there! there! there! she blows! she blows! On the lee beam, about two miles off! a school of them!"

The distant whales went under as is their way—not because they had taken alarm—heading to leeward, and all was made ready for lowering as we steered for the point where we expected to see them rise across our course, when we became aware of an accession to our company five dusky phantoms; one oriental of aspect, the rest of that vivid tiger-yellow complexion peculiar to the natives of the Manillas. They had been secretly shipped and kept hidden by Ahab for his own dark ends, to man with him a fourth whale-boat which we had accounted a spare. The three crews had lowered and put off before they understood. But none knew what it meant.

There was no visible indication of the whales as the four boats rushed forward, spreading out, Ahab, away to windward, leading; but presently a troubled bit of

greenish-white water was sighted with thin scattered puffs of vapour hovering over it. Forthwith all the boats were in pursuit of that one spot. The whales were separating. The wind was rising and our sail was set as we, in Starbuck's boat, gave chase to three whales heading straight to leeward; soon we were running in a veil of white mist, no ship or boat in view.

Then an enormous wallowing sound; and suddenly: "There! there! that's his hump! give it him!" And at the very moment that Queequeg launched his harpoon, the squall struck us. The whale escaped; the boat was completely swamped, but unharmed. We tumbled back to our places and sat up to our knees in the sea; the whole squall roared, crackled and forked round us; the driving scud grew darker; no boat or ship could be seen; through the night we sat; only as the dawn was coming on, Queequeg and then all of us heard a creaking, as of ropes, and the ship at last loomed into view through the fog, bearing full on us, not her own length away, as we all leaped into the sea. We were all picked up and about the first thing I did after getting aboard was to make my will—for the fourth time! The other boats had struck their whales, but had cut loose in time to escape the squall and get back to the ship in safety.

Our first sperm whale was the prize of Stubb, after we had rounded the Cape and entered the Indian Ocean. But here, for your better understanding, I have to speak of the magical, sometimes horrible whale-line.

It is made generally of Manilla rope, two-thirds of an inch thick, and will bear a strain of almost three tons, and measures two hundred fathoms. It is spirally coiled away in the tub in the boat's stern. Both ends are free, the 'boat' end having a loop so that in case of necessity it can be attached to the line of a second boat. The 'harpoon' end is carried round the loggerhead aft and then forward resting on the oar handles to the prow, where some twenty fathoms are coiled on the box before it is again carried back to the gunwale, to be attached by the 'short-warp' to the harpoon. Thus, when the line is whizzing out, any kink in it would result in someone having an arm or leg or head, or himself, taken off.

There is, moreover, a second harpoon attached to the line—to strike with if possible; if not, to be somehow got overboard before it does deadly damage. And when it is on the loose, it becomes a dangling sharp-edged terror, lashing and slashing, without warning and indiscriminately, at whale, boat and tackle.

IV—The Whale

When Stubb's whale was slain, the vast carcase was moored alongside the *Pequod*. It attracted a huge congregation of sharks, of which there was a great slaughter. The next business was to decapitate the whale, his principal treasure, the oil, being contained in the head. Next was the cutting in, the stripping off the blubber which enwraps the carcase like a blanket, and the storing of it in the ship's blubber room. That may yield ten tons of oil (not the spermaceti). The carcase when peeled is set adrift; the head, if only a small one, will be hoisted on board; ours, being a big one, hung half-floating by the ship—to be balanced later by the head of a right whale to which we condescended.

A big sperm whale's head is more than five and twenty feet long. The whole huge, almost vertical front, as you face it, is a sort of wad, the front wall of a vast vat, a Heidelburgh Tun of oil, encased in an envelope of a boneless toughness, from which the mightiest harpoon rebounds harmless. Below and behind this front the jaw slopes away, narrowing to a sort of cut-water, so that when Leviathan wishes to go full speed he goes head up.

The skull proper is behind this wad, which can serve as a terrific battering-ram, so that there is more than one record of a whale actually charging a whaling ship and sending her to the bottom. The jaws are armed with forty-two ivory teeth—*not* the whalebone curtain of the Greenlander. The absurdly small eyes are set well back on either side, like human ears, with no possibility of co-ordinating, their direct vision to right and left only; the ear is

only the tiniest of openings, just behind the eye. Nose he has none, unless you call the spout hole in the top of his head a nose. The whale has no features; they would be a mere impertinence.

It was in the Straits of Sunda that we sighted a great whale armada. The sperm whale has learnt to travel sometimes in vast herds. Two or three miles away, and forming a huge semicircle, we saw a continuous chain of whale jets up-playing and sparkling in the noonday air. Through the strait we pursued them and slowly drew up; then a calm fell, and the boats were launched. Some panic of indecision seized them and they paused helplessly in their flight, swimming aimlessly hither and thither. The boats separated along the outskirts of the herd. Jon Queequeg succeeded in striking, and the maddened monster bolted straight for the centre of the caravan, dragging the rushing boat after him. His pace being impeded by the crowd, it was possible to steer dexterously in his wake with many hairbreadth escapes. The last plunge by which he jerked himself free shot us into the calm lake which was the axis about which the host concentrically circled.

To strike here would have been courting disaster; but there was no fear of our being attacked. The mothers and babies had been collected and strange sights we saw as we looked down among the whale nurseries. We patted the heads and scratched the backs of youngsters who strolled up to look at us.

To find passage through that circling mass was impossible; but soon the calm was broken up. A whale in the outer circles had broken free, with the second harpoon dangling and lashing and going, and set the whole herd in fresh commotion. We were in danger of being crushed; only at the utmost peril could we shoot from gap to temporary gap till at last we threaded our way to the outside circle. In the other boats, Flask had killed one whale, but that was the whole take in the day's adventure.

V—The White Whale

WHENEVER we came across another whaler, all that Ahab would pause for was news of Moby Dick. His tail had slain, two years before, the mate of one, the *Jeroboam*. Others, the German *Jungfrau*, and the French *Bouton de Rose*, knew nothing of him. Nearing the Pacific we hailed the *Samuel Enderby*, of London, whose captain displayed an ivory arm, like Ahab's own leg; he had tried once for the white whale, but had only lost his proper arm, gashed by the second iron or harpoon, and had no mind to sacrifice a second for the sake of vengeance.

"Though it come to the last I shall still go before thee, thy pilot, and ere thou follow, I must appear to pilot thee again." So spoke Fedallah the Parsee, the uncanny chief of that boat's crew shipped by Ahab, a mystery to all the *Pequod* men. Ahab had started from sleep and addressed him. "I have dreamt it again," said Ahab.

"Of the hearses? I have said it. Nor hearse nor coffin can be thine, but ere thou canst die two hearses must be seen by thee on the sea; the first not made by mortal hands; and the visible wood of the second must be grown in America. Only hemp can kill thee."

"The gallows, ye mean? I am immortal then, on land and sea!" cried Ahab; and both were silent.

We were in the Pacific, on Moby Dick's own ground, now. We hailed the *Rachel*. She had seen and fastened the white whale the day before; but whale and boat, with the captain's young son in her, had been lost. Then the *Delight* on her shears hung a shattered whale boat.

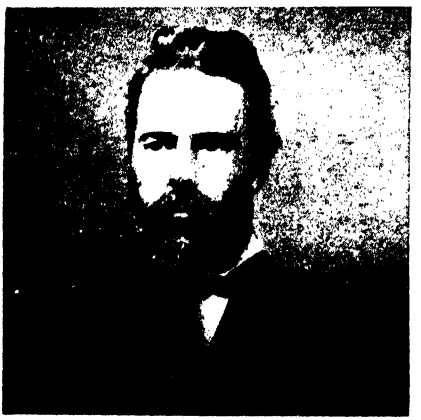
"Hast seen the white whale?"

"Look!" A rounded hammock lay on the deck. The captain pointed to it. "I bury but one of five stout men who were alive only yesterday; the rest were buried before they died. He did it. The harpoon is not yet forged that will kill him."

"Not forged!" and snatching a levelled iron from the crotch, Ahab held it out. "Here in this hand I hold his death! Tempered in blood, and tempered by lightning are these barbs; and I swear to temper them triply in that hot place behind the fin, where the White Whale most feels his accursed life!"

VI—The Chase

"THERE she blows! There she blows! A hump like a snow-hill! It is Moby Dick!" It was Ahab's self that raised the cry, before he reached the perch to which he was being hoisted. There he was, a mile or so ahead, regularly jetting his silent spout into the air. Three



HERMAN MELVILLE, the chief American writer of sea stories, was born in New York City, August 1, 1819. He first went to sea at the age of seventeen, when he crossed the Atlantic as a sailor before the mast. He spent the next few years working on Pacific whaling vessels and in the South Sea Islands. His first book, Typee, was published in 1846, and achieved a great success both in America and England. Among his other works the best known are Omoo, 1847, White Jacket, 1850, and Moby Dick, 1851. Melville held a position for many years in the custom house at New York, where he died, September 27, 1891.

boats, Ahab leading, were lowered in furious pursuit. As they approached, the fore part of him rose, his whole body formed an arch in the air, and he sounded (that is, dived). The boats lay still, waiting. No sign, till Ahab, looking down, saw him shooting straight up, vast jaws agape, under his boat. He whirled aside, but the jaw rose, caught her, and closed, slicing her in two. The crew clung to the floating gunwales, the whale swam in contracting circles; but the *Pequod*, bearing down, thrust in, and the foiled whale sullenly swam off.

Next morning Moby Dick showed himself, defiantly 'breaching'—hurling his whole body in the air as a salmon leaps. The men were in the boats with a rush, but Moby Dick, turning, came straight at them, and in an instant, as it seemed, was raging among them, intent only on annihilating every plank in every boat. For awhile they eluded him till the whirling entanglement of the lines dragged Stubb and Flask so near his tail that he crashed them together and then dived, leaving them in a maelstrom of wreckage; then rushing up perpendicular, with his head smote Ahab's boat high in air, turning over and over, to fall gunwale down, Ahab and his men struggling from under it, like seals from a cave. Then Moby Dick continued on his way.

When the *Pequod* picked up crews and wreckage, one man was missing—Fedallah, carried away, entangled in Ahab's line. Had he indeed 'gone before'? But how—how could he be 'seen again'?

It was after noon on the third day when Ahab again sighted the whale's spout. Again as the boats neared him he sounded, again he breached, again he hurled among the boats; and—fearful vision—amid the embedded irons, lashed to him by the entwining lines, lay Fedallah, his dead eyes full on Ahab's face. And this was that first hearse of his promise!

Ahab's boat alone was only strained; the other two, half wrecked, returned to the *Pequod*. Again Ahab rushed on in the mad pursuit, came alongside the now slowly moving whale, and buried his harpoon in it. A writhe of Moby Dick canted three oarsmen into the sea, two got back to the boat; the third, myself, was left floating. As the boat rushed after the whale, the line snapped; he turned, and disregarding the boat dashed upon the ship; retribution, swift vengeance, eternal malice were in his whole aspect as the battering-ram of his forehead stove in her starboard bow. The second hearse!

Even as she began to settle, Ahab rushed again and darted another harpoon; the hempen line flew out, ran foul; Ahab stooped, cleared it, was caught by the neck by its flying turn, and whirled away. As the *Pequod's* last mast-head sank, the boat was sucked into the vortex of her sinking, and utterly perished.

And I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

THOMAS CARLYLE

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Outlined by A. D. Innes

ON settling in London in 1834, Carlyle began work upon the History of the French Revolution, and the first volume was ready in 1835 when, through an accident, the only copy of the manuscript was burnt. Recovering from this blow, Carlyle set to work again and finished the third volume in January 1837, the History being published six months later. The sale was slow at first, but good judges approved of the work, and it attained a distinct success. Never has the individuality of a historian so completely permeated his work: it is inconceivable that any other man should have written a single paragraph, almost a single sentence, of the French Revolution. To Carlyle, the story presents itself as an upheaval of elemental forces, vast elemental personalities storming titanically in their midst. Although it was impossible for Carlyle to assimilate all the wealth of material even then extant, the History, considered as a prose epic, has a permanent and unique value. His convictions, whatever their worth, came, as he himself put it, 'flamingly from the heart.'

I—The End of an Era



ON May 10, 1774, 'with a sound absolutely like thunder,' has the horologe of time struck, and an old era passed away. Is it the healthy peace or the ominous unhealthy, that rests on France for the next ten years? Dubarrydom and its D'Aiguillons are gone for ever. There is a young, still docile, well-intentioned king; a young, beautiful and bountiful, well-intentioned queen; and with them all France, as it were, become young. For controller-general, a virtuous, philosophic Turgot. Philosophism sits joyful in her glittering saloons; 'the age of revolutions approaches' (as Jean Jacques wrote), but then of happy, blessed ones.

But with the working people it is not so well, whom we lump together into a kind of dim, compendious unity, monstrous but dim, far off, as the *canaille*. Visible in France is no such thing as a government. But beyond the Atlantic democracy is born; a sympathetic France rejoices over the rights of man. Rochambeaus, Lameths, Lafayettes have drawn their swords in this sacred quarrel; return, to be the missionaries of freedom. But, what of the finances, having no Fortunatus purse?

For there is the palpablest discrepancy between revenue and expenditure. Are we breaking down, then, into the horrors of national bankruptcy? Turgot, Necker and others have failed. What apparition, then, could be welcomer than that of M. de Calonne? A man of indisputable genius, even fiscal genius, more or less; of intrinsically rich qualities! For all straits he has present remedy. Calonne also shall have trial! With a genius for persuading before all things for borrowing; after three years of which, expedient heaped on expedient, the pile topples perilous.

Whereupon a new expedient once more astonishes the world, unheard of these hundred and sixty years—Convocation of the Notables. A round gross of notables, meeting in February 1787; all privileged persons. A deficit so enormous! Mismanagement, profusion, is too clear; peculation itself is hinted at. Calonne flies, storm-driven, over the horizon. To whom succeeds Loménie-Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse—adopting Calonne's plans, as Calonne had proposed to adopt Turgot's; and the notables are, as it were, organed out in kind of choral anthem of thanks, praises, promises.

Loménie issues conciliatory edicts, fiscal edicts. But if the Parlement of Paris refuse to register them? As it does, entering complaints instead. Loménie launches his thunderbolt, six score *lettres de cachet;* the Parlement is trundled off to Troyes, in Champagne, for a month. Yet

two months later, when a royal session is held, to have edicts registered, there is no registering. Orleans has made the protest and cut his moorings.

The provincial parlements, moreover, back up the Paris Parlement with its demand for a States-General. Loménie hatches a cockatrice egg; but it is broken in premature manner; the plot discovered and denounced. Nevertheless, the Parlement is dispersed by D'Agoust with Gardes Françaises and Gardes Suisses. Still, however, will none of the provincial parlements register.

Deputations coming from Brittany meet to take counsel, being refused audience; become the Breton Club, first germ of the Jacobins' Society. Loménie at last announces that the States-General shall meet in the May of next year (1789). For the holding of which 'thinkers are invited' to furnish a plan.

II—The States-General

WHEREWITH Loménie departs; flimsier mortal was seldom fated to do as weighty a mischief. The archbishop is thrown out and M. Necker is recalled. States-General will meet, if not in January, at least in May. But how to form it? On the model of the last States-General in 1614, says the Parlement, which means that the Tiers Etat will be of no account, if the noblesse and the clergy agree. Wherewith terminates the popularity of the Parlement. As for the 'thinkers,' it is a sheer snowing of pamphlets. And the Abbé Siéyès has come to Paris to ask three questions, and answer them: *What is the Third Estate? All. What has it hitherto been in our form of government? Nothing. What does it want? To become something.*

The grand questions are: Shall the States-General sit and vote in three separate bodies, or in one body, wherein the Tiers Etat shall have double representation? The notables are again summoned to decide, but vanish without decision. With those questions still unsettled, the election begins. And presently the national deputies are in Paris. Also there is a sputter; drudgery and rascality rising in St. Antoine, finally repressed by Gardes Suisses and grape-shot.

On Monday, May 4, is the baptism day of democracy, the extreme unction day of feudalism. Behold the procession of processions advancing towards Notre Dame — our commons, noblesse, clergy, the king himself. Which of these six hundred individuals in white cravat might one guess would become their king? He with the thick black locks, shaggy beetle-brows and rough-hewn face? Gabriel Honoré Riqueti de Mirabeau, the world-compeller, the type Frenchman of this epoch, as Voltaire of the last. And if Mirabeau is the greatest, who of these six hundred may be the meanest? Shall we say that anxious, slight, ineffectual-looking man, under thirty, in spectacles; complexion of an atrabiliar shade of pale sea-green, whose name is Maximilien Robespierre?

Coming into their hall on the morrow, the commons deputies perceive that they have it to themselves. The noblesse and the clergy are sitting separately, which the noblesse maintain to be right; no agreement is possible. After six weeks of inertia the commons deputies, on their own strength, are getting under way; declare themselves not Third Estate, but National Assembly. On June 20, shut out of their hall 'for repairs,' the deputies find refuge in the tennis court; take solemn oath that they will continue to meet till they have made the constitution. And to these are joined 149 of the clergy. A royal session is held; the king propounds thirty-five articles, which if the estates do not confirm he will himself enforce. The commons remain immovable, joined now by the rest of the clergy and forty-eight noblesse. So triumphs the Third Estate.

War-god Broglie is at work, but grape-shot is good on one condition! The Gardes Françaises, it seems, will not fire; nor they only. Other troops, then? Rumour declares, and is verified, that Necker, people's minister, is dismissed. "To arms!" cries Camille Desmoulins, and innumerable voices yell responsive. Chaos comes. The Electoral Club, however, declares itself a provisional municipality, sends out parties to keep order in the streets that night, enrol a militia, with arms collected where one may. Better to name it National Guard! And while the

crisis is going on, Mirabeau is away, sad at heart for his dying, crabbed old father.

Muskets are to be got from the Invalides; 28,000 National Guards are provided with matchlocks. And now to the Bastille! But to describe this siege perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. After four hours of world-Bedlam, it surrenders. The Bastille is down. "Why," said poor Louis, "that is a revolt." "Sire," answered Liancourt, "it is not a revolt; it is a revolution."

On the morrow, Louis paternally announces to the National Assembly reconciliation. Amid enthusiasm, President Bailly is proclaimed Mayor of Paris, Lafayette general of the National Guard. And the first emigration of aristocrat irreconcilables takes place. The revolution is sanctioned.

Nevertheless, see Saint Antoine, not to be curbed, dragging off Foulon and Berthier to the lanterne, after which the cloud disappears, as thunderclouds do.

III—Menads and Feast of Pikes

FRENCH REVOLUTION means here the open, violent rebellion and victory of disemprisoned anarchy against corrupt, worn-out authority; till, the frenzy working itself out, the uncontrollable be got harnessed. A transcendental phenomenon, overstepping all rules and experience, the crowning phenomenon of our modern time.

The National Assembly takes the name Constituent; with endless debating, gets the rights of man written down and promulgated. A memorable night is August 4, when they abolish privilege, immunity, feudalism, root and branch, perfecting their theory of irregular verbs. Meanwhile seventy-two châteaux have flamed aloft in the Mâconnais and Beaujolais alone. Ill stands it now with some of the seigneurs. And, glorious as the meridian, M. Necker is returning from Basel.

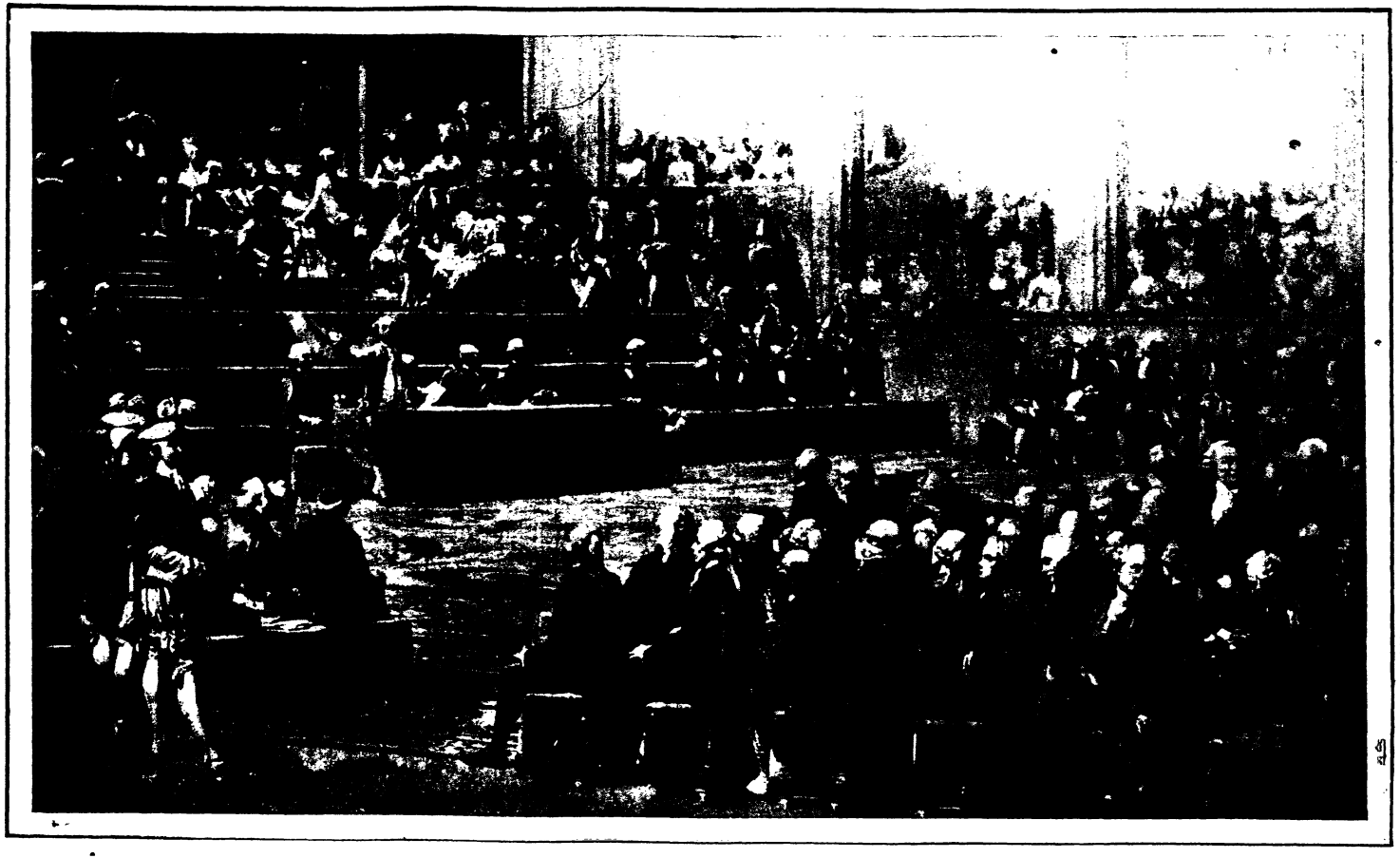
Pamphleteering, moreover, opens its abysmal throat wider and wider, never to close more. A Fourth Estate of able editors springs up, increases and multiplies, irrepressible, incalculable.

No, this revolution is not of the consolidating kind. Lafayette maintains order by his patrols; we hear of white cockades and, worse still, black cockades; and grain grows still more scarce. One Monday morning, maternity awakes to hear children weeping for bread, must forth into the streets. *Allons!* Let us assemble! To the Hôtel de Ville, to Versailles, to the lanterne! All women gather and go; crowds storm all stairs, force out all women; there is a universal 'press of women.' Who will storm the Hôtel de Ville, but for shifty usher Maillard, who snatches a drum, beats his Rogues' March to Versailles! And after them the National Guard, resolute in spite of *Mon Général*, who, indeed, must go with them—St. Antoine having already gone. Maillard and his menads demand at Versailles bread; speech with the king for a deputation. The king speaks words of comfort. Words? But they want 'bread', not so much discoursing!'

Towards midnight comes Lafayette; seems to have saved the situation; gets to bed about five in the morning. But rascaldom, gathering about the château, breaks in. One of the royal bodyguard fires, whereupon the deluge pours in, would deal utter destruction but for the coming of the National Guard. The bodyguard mount the tricolour. There is no choice now. The king must from Versailles to Paris, in strange procession; finally reaches the long-deserted Palace of the Tuileries. It is Tuesday, October 6, 1789.

And so again, on clear arena under new conditions, with something even of a new stateliness, we begin a new course of action. Peace of a father restored to his children? Not only shall Paris be fed, but the king's hand be seen in that work—*King Louis, restorer of French liberty!*

Alone of men, Mirabeau may begin to discern clearly whither all this is tending. Patriotism, accordingly, regrets that his zeal seems to be getting cool. A man stout of heart, enigmatic, difficult to unmask! Meanwhile, finances give trouble enough. To appease the deficit we venture on a hazardous step, sale of the clergy's lands; a paper-money of *assignats*, bonds secured on that property, is decreed; and young Sansculottism thrives bravely, growing by hunger. Great and



MEETING OF THE STATES-GENERAL AT VERSAILLES, MAY 5, 1789, PRESIDED OVER BY LOUIS XVI

From the painting by Couder at Versailles

greater waxes President Danton in his Cordeliers section. This man also, like Mirabeau, has a natural *eye*.

And with the whole world forming itself into clubs, there is one club growing ever stronger, till it becomes immeasurably strong; which, having leased for itself the hall of the Jacobins' Convent, shall, under the title of the Jacobins' Club, become memorable to all times and lands; has become the mother society, with 300 shrill-tongued daughters in direct correspondence with her, has also already thrown off the mother club of the Cordeliers and the monarchist Feuillans.

In the midst of which a hopeful France on a sudden renews with enthusiasm the national oath; of loyalty to the king, the law, the constitution which the National Assembly *shall* make; in Paris, repeated in every town and district of France! Freedom by social contract; such was verily the gospel of that era.

From which springs a new idea: 'Why all France has not one federation and universal oath of brotherhood once for all?' other places than Paris having first set example of federation. The place for it, Paris; the scene to be worthy of it. Fifteen thousand men are at work on the Champs de Mars, hollowing it out into a national amphitheatre. One may hope it will be enamelled and perennial; a feast of pikes, notable among the high tides of the year!

Workmen being lazy, all Paris turns out to complete the preparations. From all points of the compass federates arrive. On July 13, 1790, 200,000 patriotic men and 100,000 patriotic women sit waiting in the Champs de Mars. The generalissimo swears in the name of armed France; the National Assembly swears; the king swears; be the welkin split with *vivats!* And the feast of pikes dances itself off and becomes defunct.

IV—The End of Mirabeau

Of journals there are now some 133; among which, Marat, the People's Friend, unseen, croaks harsh thunder. Clubbism thrives and spreads, the Mother of Patriotism, sitting in the Jacobins, shining supreme over all. The pure patriots now, sitting on the extreme left, count only some thirty, Mirabeau not among the chosen; a virtuous Pétion; an incorruptible Robespierre; conspicuous, if seldom audible, Philippe d'Orléans; and Barnave triumvirate.

The plan of royalty, if it have any, is that of flying over the frontiers; does not abandon the plan, yet never executes it. Nevertheless, Mirabeau and the queen of France have met, have parted with mutual trust. It is strange, secret as the mysteries, but indisputable. "Madame," he has said, "the monarchy is saved." Possible—if Fate intervene not. Patriotism suspects the design of flight; barking this time not at nothing. Suspects also the repairing of the castle of Vincennes; General Lafayette has to wrestle persuasively with St. Antoine.

On one royal person only can Mirabeau place dependence—the queen. Had Mirabeau lived one other year! But man's years are numbered, and the tale of Mirabeau's is complete. The giant oaken strength of him is wasted; excess of effort, of excitement of all kinds; labour incessant, almost beyond credibility. "When I am gone," he has said, "the miseries I have held back will burst from all sides upon France." On April 2 he feels that the last of the days has risen for him. His death is Titanic, as his life has been. On the third evening is solemn public funeral. The chosen man of France is gone.

The French monarchy now is, in all human probability, lost. Many things invite to flight; but if the king fly, will there not be aristocrat Austrian invasion, butchery, replacement of feudalism, wars more than civil? The king desires to go to St. Cloud, but shall not; patriots will not let the horses go. But Count Fersen, an alert young Swedish soldier, has business on hand; has a new coach built, of the kind called Berline; has made other purchases. On the night of Monday, June 20, certain royal individuals are in a glass coach; Fersen is the coachman; out by the Barrier de Clichy, till we find the waiting Berline; then to Bondy, where is a chaise ready; and deft Fersen bids adieu.

With morning, and discovery, National Assembly adopts an attitude of sublime calm; Paris also; yet messages are flying. Moreover, at Sainte Menehould, on the route of the Berline, suspicious patriots are wondering what certain lounging dragoons mean; while the Berline arrives not. At last it comes; but Drouet, village postmaster, sees a likeness; takes horse in swift pursuit. So rolls on the Berline, and the chase after it; till it comes to a dead stop in Varennes, where Drouet finds it—in time to stop departure. Louis steps out; all step out. The flight is ended, though not the spurring and riding of that night of spurs.

V—Constitution Will Not March

In the last nights of September, Paris is dancing and flinging fireworks; the edifice of the constitution is completed, solemnly proffered by his majesty, solemnly accepted by him. There is to be a new Legislative Assembly, biennial; no members of the Constituent Assembly to sit therein, or for four years to be a minister, or hold a court appointment. So they vanish.

Among this new legislative see Condorcet, Brissot; most notable, Carnot. An effervescent, well intentioned set of senators; too combustible where continual sparks are flying, ordered to make the constitution march, for which marching three things bode ill the French people, the French king, the French noblesse and the European world.

For there are troubles in cities of the south. Avignon, where Jourdan *coupe-tête* makes lurid appearance; Perpignan, northern Caen also. With factions, suspicions, want of bread and sugar, it is verily what they call *déchiré*, torn asunder, this poor country. And away over seas the Plain of Cap Français, one huge whirl of smoke and flame; one cause of the dearth of sugar. What King Louis is and cannot help being, we already know.

And, thirdly, there is the European world. All kings and kinglets are astir, their brows clouded with menace. Swedish Gustav will lead coalised armies, Austria and Prussia speak at Pilnitz, lean Pitt looks out suspicious. Europe is in travail, the birth will be WAR. Worst feature of all, the emigrants at Coblentz, an extra-national Versailles.

Our revenue is assignats, our arms wrecked, disobedient, disorganized; what, then, shall we do? Dumouriez is summoned to Paris, quick, shifty, insuppressible; while royalist seigneurs cajole and, as you turn your legislative thumbscrew, king's veto steps in with magical paralysis. Yet let not patriotism despair. Have we not a virtuous Pétion, Maire of Paris, a wholly patriotic municipality? Patriotism, moreover, has her constitution that *can* march, the mother society of the Jacobins; where may be heard Brissot, Danton, Robespierre, the incorruptible man.

Hope burst forth with appointment of a patriot ministry, this also his majesty will try. Roland, perchance Wife Roland, Dumouriez and others. Liberty is never named without another word, Equality. In April poor Louis, 'with tears in his eyes,' proposes that the assembly do now decree war. Let our three generals on the frontier look to it therefore, since Duke Brunswick has his drill-sergeants busy. We decree a camp of twenty thousand National Volunteers; the hereditary representative answers *veto!* Strict Roland, the whole patriot ministry, finds itself turned out.

BARBAROUX writes to Marseilles for six hundred men who know how to die. On June 20 a tree of Liberty appears in Saint Antoine—a procession with for standard a pair of black breeches—pours down surging upon the Tuileries, breaks in. The king, the little prince royal, have to don the cap of liberty. Thus has the age of Chivalry gone and that of Hunger come.

Now from Marseilles are marching the six hundred men who know how to die, marching to the hymn of the Marseillaise. The country is in danger! Volunteer fighters gather. Demand is for forfeiture, abdication in favour of prince royal, which Legislature cannot pronounce. Therefore, on the night of August 9 the tocsin sounds; of Insurrection.

On August 18 the grim host is marching, immeasurable, born of the night. Of the squadrons of order, not one stirs. At the Tuileries the red Swiss look to their

priming. Amid a double rank of National Guards the royal family 'marches' to the assembly. The Swiss stand to their post, peaceable yet immovable. One strangest patriot onlooker thinks that the Swiss, had they a commander, would beat; the name of him, Napoleon Buonaparte. Having none—— Honour to you, brave men, not martyrs, and yet almost more. Your work was to die, and ye did it. Our old patriot ministry is recalled; Roland; Danton Minister of Justice! Also, in the new municipality, Robespierre is sitting. Louis and his household are lodged in the Temple. The constitution is over! Dumouriez is commander-in-chief.

VI—Regicide

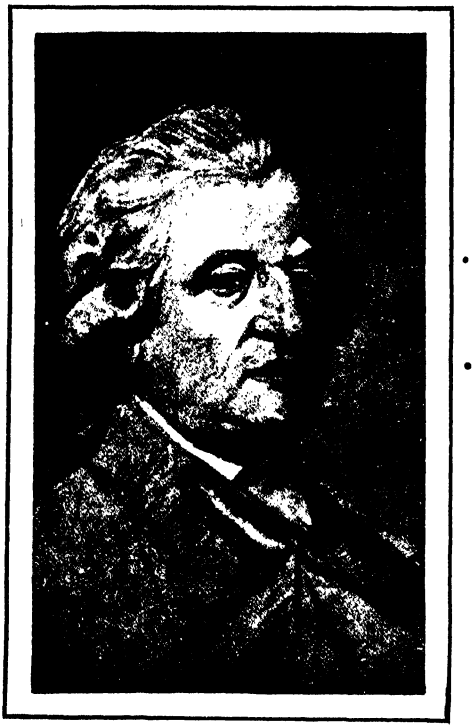
IN this month of September 1792 whatsoever is cruel in the panic frenzy of twenty-five million men, whatsoever is great in the simultaneous death-defiance of twenty-five million men, stand here in abrupt contrast; all of black on one side, all of bright on the other. France crowding to the frontiers to defend itself from foreign despots, to town halls to defend itself from aristocrats, an insurrectionary Commune of Paris actual sovereign of France.

There is a new Tribunal of Justice dealing with aristocrats; but the Prussians have taken Longwy, and La Vendée is in revolt against the Revolution. Danton gets a decree to search for arms and to imprison suspects, some four hundred being seized. Prussians have Verdun also, but Dumouriez, the many-counselled, has found a possible Thermopylae—if we can secure Argonne. But Paris knows not Argonne, and terror is in her streets, with defiance and frenzy. From a Sunday night to Thursday are a hundred hours, to be reckoned with the Bartholomew butchery; prisoners dragged out by sudden courts of wild justice to be massacred. These are the September massacres, the victims one thousand and eighty-nine. Horrible! But Brunswick is within a day's journey of us. 'We must put our enemies in fear.' Which has plainly been brought about.

Our new National Convention is getting chosen; already we date First Year of the Republic. And Dumouriez has snatched the Argonne passes; Brunswick must laboriously skirt round. On September 20, Brunswick attacks Valmy, all day cannonading Alsatian Kellerman with French



'TO VERSAILLES!' MARCH OF THE WOMEN TO STORM THE PALACE, OCTOBER 6, 1789
From the painting by Val C. Prinsep, R.A., in the Sheffield Art Gallery



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XVI
Drawn by Ducreux in the Temple three days before his execution. The portrait is in the Musée Carnavalet.

sansculottes, who do *not* fly like poultry; finally retires; a day precious to France!

On the morrow our new National Convention first sits; old legislative ending. Dumouriez, after brief appearance in Paris, returns to attack Netherlands, winter though it be.

France, then, has hurled back the invaders, and shattered her own constitution; a tremendous change. The nation has stripped itself of the old vestures; patriots of the type soon to be called Girondins have the problem of governing this naked nation. Constitution-making sets to work again; more practical matters offer many difficulties; for one thing, lack of grain; for another, what to do with a discrowned Louis Capet—all things, but most of all fear, pointing one way. Is there not on record a trial of Charles I?

Twice our Girondin friends have attacked September massacres, Robespierre dictatorship; not with success. On December 11, the king's trial has *emerged*, before the Convention; fifty-seven questions are put to him. Thereafter he withdraws, having answered—for the most part on the simple basis of *No*. On December 26, his advocate, Deséze, speaks for him. But there is to be debate. The outcome, on January 15—Guilty. The sentence, by majority of fifty-three, among them Égalité, once Orleans—Death. Lastly, no delay.

On the morrow, in the Place de la Revolution, he is brought to the guillotine; beside him, brave Abbé Edgeworth says, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven"; the axe clanks down; a king's life is shorn away. At home, this killing of a king has divided all friends; abroad it has united all enemies. England declares war; Spain declares war; all declare war. "The coalised kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the head of a king."

VII—Reign of Terror

FIVE weeks later, indignant French patriots rush to the grocers' shops; distribute sugar, weighing it out at a just rate of eleven-pence; other things also; the grocer silently wringing his hands. What does this mean? Pitt has a hand in it, the gold of Pitt, all men think; whether it is Marat he has bought, as the Girondins say; or the Girondins, as the Jacobins say.

Moreover, Dumouriez is checked; Custine also in the Rhine country is checked; England and Spain are also taking the field; La Vendée has flamed out again with its war cry of *God and the King*. Fatherland is in danger! From our own traitors? 'Set up a tribunal for traitors and a maximum for grain,' say patriot Volunteers. Arrest twenty-two Girondins!—though not yet. In every township of France sit revolutionary committees for arrestment of suspects; notable also is the Tribunal Révolutionnaire, and our Supreme Committee of Public Safety.

In the meantime the Girondins have broken with Danton, ranged him against them, and are now at open war with the Mountain. Marat is attacked, acquitted

with triumph. On Friday, May 31, we find a new insurrectionary general of the National Guard enveloping the Convention, which in three days, being thus surrounded by friends, ejects under arrestment thirty-two Girondins. Surely the true reign of Fraternity is now not far?

The Girondins are struck down, but in the country follows a ferment of Girondist risings. And on July 9, a fair Charlotte Corday is starting for Paris from Caen, with letter of introduction from Barbaroux to Dupernet, whom she sees, concerning family papers. On July 13, she drives to the residence of Marat, who is sick—a citoyenne who would do France a service; is admitted, plunges a knife into Marat's heart. So ends People's-Friend Marat. She submits, stately, to inevitable doom.

At Paris is to be a new feature of pikes over yet a new constitution; statue of Nature, statue of Liberty, unveiled! *Republic one and indivisible—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death!* A new calendar also, with months new-named. But Toulon has thrown itself into the hands of the English, who will make a new Gibraltar of it! We beleaguer Toulon; having in our army there remarkable Artillery-Major Napoleon Buonaparte. Lyons also we beleaguer.

Committee of Public Safety promulgates levy *en masse*; heroically daring against foreign foes. Against domestic foes it issues the law of the suspects. The guillotine gets always quicker motion. Trial of the 'Widow Capet'; whence Marie Antoinette withdraws to die—not wanting to herself, the imperial woman! After her, the scaffold claims the twenty-two Girondins. Terror is become the order of the day.

VIII—Climax and Reaction

THE suspect may well tremble; how much more the open rebels—the Girondin cities of the south! The guillotine goes always, yet not fast enough; you must try fusillading, and perhaps methods still frightfuller. Marseilles is taken, and under martial law. Toulon is once more the Republic's.

Beside which, behold destruction of the Catholic religion; indeed, for the time being, of religion itself; a new religion promulgated of the Goddess of Reason, with the first of the Feasts of Reason, ushered in with carmagnole dance.

Of massacring, altar-robbing, Hébertism, is there beginning to be a sickening? Danton, Camille Desmoulins are weary of it; the Hébertists themselves are smitten; nineteen of them travel their last road in the tumbrils. "We should not strike save where it is useful to the Republic," says Danton; quarrels with Robespierre; Danton, Camille, others of the friends of mercy are arrested. At the trial, he shivers the witnesses to ruin thunderously; nevertheless, sentence is passed. On the scaffold he says, "Danton, no weakness! Thou wilt show my head to the people—it is worth showing." So passes this Danton; a very man; fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of nature herself. Swift, ever swifter, goes the axe of Samson; Death pauses not. But on Prairial 20, the world is in holiday clothes in the Jardin National.

Incorruptible Robespierre, President of the Convention, has decreed the existence of the Supreme Being; will himself be priest and prophet; in sky-blue coat and black breeches! Nowise, however, checking the guillotine, going ever faster.

On July 26, when the Incorruptible addresses the Convention, there is dissonance. Such mutiny is like fire sputtering in the ship's powder-room. The Convention then must be purged, with aid of Henriot. But next day, amid cries of *Tyranny! Dictatorship!* the Convention decrees that Robespierre 'is accused'; with Couthon and St. Just; decreed 'out of law'; Paris, after brief tumult, sides with Convention. So on July 28, 1794, the tumbrils go with this motley batch of outlaws. This is the end of the Reign of Terror. The nation resolves itself into a committee of mercy.

And still there is no bread, and no constitution; Paris rises once again, flowing towards the Tuileries; checked in one day with two blank cannon-shots, by Pichegru, conqueror of Holland. Abbé Siéyès provides yet another constitution; unpleasing to sundry who will not be dispersed. To suppress whom, a young artillery officer is named commandant; who with whiff of grape-shot does very promptly suppress them; and the thing we specifically call French Revolution is blown into space.

A Note on W. H. Hudson

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON was born August 4, 1841, in a house named 'The Twenty-Four Ombu Trees,' at Quilmes, some ten miles from the then nascent city of Buenos Aires. On the paternal side he was of Devonshire stock; but his father, Daniel Hudson, was born in Marblehead, Massachusetts in 1804 and his mother, Catherine Kimble, was a true American from Maine, descendant of one of the Pilgrim Fathers. Threatened tuberculosis prompted Daniel Hudson to migrate to the sub-tropical Argentine, and he was one of the first Americans to settle in the early Rio de la Plata state of Buenos Aires. Here four sons were born to him of whom William Henry was the third, and two daughters; and here he farmed sheep until his death in 1868.



J. G. Short
W. H. Hudson in 1900

SOMETHING of the story of the first sixteen years of his life on that estancia is told by W. H. Hudson in Far Away and Long Ago, the charming autobiographical work which he published in 1918. Something more of his career he told in Idle Days in Patagonia (1893) whither he went about the age of twenty-three. But Hudson was one of those reticent men who detest publicity. He put into his books all the facts of his life that he thought it necessary for the world to know; but in sum the events are few and unimportant; it is his subjective treatment of things seen, felt and pondered that give them their imperishable interest.

Hudson came to England in 1869 and for some years earned a precarious livelihood by secretarial and literary work. In 1876 he married Emily Wingrave, a woman some fifteen years his senior, once a singer, who gave him devoted service, repaid by true, if undemonstrative affection until confirmed invalidism necessitated her leaving him to spend the evening of her days at Worthing, where she died a year before him.

Poverty dogged their early married life, and it was not until Mrs. Hudson inherited from her sister 'Tower House,' St. Luke's Road, Westbourne Park, that they were able to maintain themselves on the bare living line by letting the lower floors as flats, reserving the top floor for their own use. Those rooms were W. H. Hudson's home for the rest of his life and there it was that he died on August 18, 1922.

A DRAB life so summarised. But this man's soul was as untrammeled in its flight as the birds he loved, and throughout the years of a struggling literary existence he resorted at every available moment to the open spaces, to commune with nature, to observe and study all living things, to form a deep philosophy and unconsciously perhaps to develop a literary style distinguished by rare poetry of language and exquisite beauty of description, which sets him in the very forefront of writers about nature.

Here a mere catalogue of his books only can be given. The Purple Land that England Lost (1885) is a romance of Uruguay. It was followed by Argentine Ornithology (1888–9) in collaboration with P. L. Sclater; The Naturalist in La Plata (1892); Birds in a Village, and Idle Days in Patagonia (1893); British Birds (1895); Birds in London (1899); Nature in Downland (1900); Birds and Man (1901); El Ombu, Stories of Adventure in South America (1902); Hampshire Days (1903); Green Mansions, a romance of life on the upper Orinoco, containing his wonderful creation Rima (1904); Afoot in England (1909); A Shepherd's Life (1910); Adventures Among Birds (1913); Far Away and Long Ago (1918); The Book of a Naturalist (1919); Dead Man's Plack and An Old Thorn (1920); and A Traveller in Little Things (1921). The Naturalist in La Plata has been chosen for presentation here as being at once characteristic and perhaps the most popular of his books. It is published by J. M. Dent, by whose permission this epitome is given, together with some of the illustrations by J. Smit, included in their edition.

IN the later years of life Hudson came into his own in the sense that reviewers pelted him with praise and publishers competed for his books. He was awarded a Civil List Pension of £150 a year in 1901, 'in recognition of the originality of his writings on natural history.' It meant much to him then and enabled him to roam at will about the country; but it is characteristic of the man that he resigned the pension in 1921 on the ground that he was no longer in need of the money. A passionate lover of birds, he was a bulwark of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds and was largely instrumental in the making of bird protection orders under the Acts of 1894 and 1896, and in the passing of the Plumage Act and the Pole Trap Act. His life interest in this cause is commemorated by the Bird Sanctuary in Hyde Park.



Elliott & Fry

W. N. Hudson

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W. H. HUDSON

THE NATURALIST IN LA PLATA

-Humble Denizens of the Desert Pampas



WE have read much about the great and rapid changes now going on in the plants and animals of all the temperate regions colonised by Europeans. In this connexion we hear most frequently of North America, New Zealand and Australia; but nowhere on the globe has civilization 'written strange defeatures' more markedly than on that great level area called La Pampa—from the Quichua word signifying open country—extending on its eastern border from the River Paraná to the Patagonian formation on the River Colorado, and comprising about two hundred thousand square miles of humid, grassy country.

In view of this wave of change now rapidly sweeping away the old order, it seems not inopportune to sketch the field, from the naturalist's point of view, as it existed before the agencies introduced by European colonists had done their work, and as it still exists in its remoter parts.

To this vast level area, my 'parish of Selborne,' I would conduct the reader in imagination. There is, indeed, little to be imagined—not even a sense of vastness. In most places the rich, dry soil is occupied by a coarse grass, three or four feet high, growing in large tussocks, and all the year round of a deep green. The strong grass crowds out most plants and scarcely a flower relieves its uniform everlasting verdure. There are patches where it does not grow, and these are carpeted by small creeping herbs of lively green. On moist clayey ground flourishes the stately pampa grass, the spears of which often attain a height of eight feet. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of this queen of grasses, the chief glory of the pampas. Colour—the various ethereal tints that give a blush to its cloud-like purity—is one of the chief beauties of this grass on its native soil; and at no time does it look so perfect as in the evening, after sunset, when the softened light reflected from the coloured vapours of the after-glow imparts a mistiness to the crowning plumes.

The rodent order is represented on the pampas by the largest number of species and of these the vizcacha is the most common. It lives in a small community of twenty or thirty members in a village—called *vizcachera*—of deep-chambered burrows, all with their pit-like entrances, grouped together; and as the village endures for ever, or for an indefinite time, the earth constantly being brought up forms a mound thirty or forty feet in diameter, and this protects the habitation from floods. When the vizcacha has made his habitation, it is but a single burrow with only himself for inhabitant, for months. Sooner or later others join him: and these will be the parents of innumerable generations. It is invariably a male that institutes a new vizcachera.

This little rodent is about two years in growing and is probably long-lived. Its food is grass and seeds. In March, when the stalks of the perennial cardoon are dry, the vizcachas fell them by gnawing about their roots, and afterwards tear to pieces the great dry flower-heads to get the seeds imbedded in them. This seems very like an act of intelligence; but the fact is, the vizcachas cut down every tall plant they can. Their strongest instinct is to clear their ground thoroughly. Everything they fell they drag to and heap about the mouths of their burrows to assist in raising the mound. So well known is this habit, that whatever is lost by night near by, whip, pistol or knife, the loser next morning visits the vicinity of the burrows, quite sure of finding it there.

Another common rodent is the copyú, yellowish in colour, with bright red incisors; a rat in shape, and as large as an otter. It is aquatic, lives in holes in banks or makes a platform nest among the rushes. Of an evening they are all out swimming and playing in the water, conversing together in strange tongues which sound like cries of suffering men; and among them the mother copyú is seen with her progeny, numbering eight or nine, with as many on her back as she can accommodate, while the others swim behind, crying for a ride.



VIZCACHAS ON THE PAMPAS OF BUENOS AYRES

II—The Mephitic Skunk

It might possibly give the reader some faint idea of the odious character of this creature when I say that in talking to strangers from abroad, I have never thought it necessary to speak of sunstroke, jaguars or the assassin's knife, but have never omitted to warn them of the skunk.

I knew an Englishman who, on taking a first gallop across the pampas saw one and, quickly dismounting, hurled himself bodily on to it to effect its capture. Poor man! He did not know that the little animal is never unwilling to be caught. Men have been blinded for ever by a discharge of the fiery liquid full in the face, and it burns on a mucous membrane like sulphuric acid. When coming to close quarters with a skunk, by covering the face, the clothes only are ruined. But this is not all one has to fear; the worst is the effluvium, after which crushed garlic is lavender, which tortures the olfactory nerves till sea-sickness seems almost a pleasure by comparison.

Far in the interior a friend of mine was once overtaken by winter; his horses died of thirst and fatigue, and during the three bitterest months he kept himself alive by eating the flesh of skunks, the only wild animal that was always present. No doubt on these vast sterile plains where the skunks abound and go about careless of enemies, the terrible nature of his defensive weapon is the first lesson experience teaches the young eagle, fox, wild cat and puma.

When made to kill skunks dogs may become seasoned; but always perform the loathsome task expeditiously, then rush away with frothing mouths to rub their faces in wet clay and rid themselves of the fiery sensation. At one time I possessed a dog who was so faithful as to obey when set at a skunk. Whenever I bade him attack one he would look up into my face with piteous, pleading eyes, then, finding that he was not to be let off from the repulsive task, he would charge furiously upon the doomed animal. Seizing it between his teeth, he would shake it madly, crushing its bones, then hurl it several feet from him, only to rush again upon it to repeat the operation, doubtless with a Caligula-like wish in his frantic breast that *all* skunks had but one backbone. Dogs, I conclude, like men, have their idiosyncrasies; but such faithfulness and obedience as this against so loathsome a foe proves once more the truth of that noble panegyric of Bacon's on our faithful servant and companion.

III—A Survivor of the Giant Birds

GLYPTODON, toxodon, megatherium, have passed away, leaving no descendants; but among the feathered inhabitants of the pampa the rhea, that grand archaic ostrich of America, survives from a time when there were also giants among the avians. The rhea possesses a unique habit, which is a puzzle to us, namely, that of running, when hunted, with one wing raised vertically, like a sail. In every way it is adapted to the conditions of the pampas in a far greater degree than other pampean birds except the rufous and spotted tinamous. Its commanding stature gives it a wide horizon; and its dim, pale, bluish-grey colour assimilates to that of the haze, and renders it invisible at even a moderate distance.

Rhea hunting with the bolas, on a horse possessing both speed and endurance and trained to follow the bird in all its quick doublings, is unquestionably one of the most fascinating sports. The quarry has even more than that fair chance of escape without which all sport degenerates into mere butchery. Intuition of its quick movement is demanded, and a dexterity in casting the bolas with certain aim. But the cowardly methods of science, and a systematic war of extermination have left him no chance. And with the rhea go the flamingo, antique and splendid; and the swans in their bridal plumage; and the rufous tinamou, sweet and mournful melodist of the night in the wilderness. . . . When they have all disappeared it is hardly to be expected that our posterity will be satisfied with our monographs on extinct species. Such dreary mementoes will only serve to remind them of their loss; they will remember our age with hate this enlightened, scientific, humanitarian age, which should have for motto 'Let us slay all noble and beautiful things, for to-morrow we die.'

IV—The Puma or Lion of the Desert

THE puma has been singularly unfortunate in its biographers: although to those personally acquainted with this lion of the New World it is known to possess a marvellous courage and daring, it is nevertheless always spoken of in books of natural history as the most pusillanimous of the larger carnivores. It does not attack man, and it never hurts, or threatens to hurt, man or child, even when it finds them sleeping: it will not even defend itself against man. Putting aside this passivity towards man, it is a bold hunter that invariably prefers large to small game, in desert places killing peccary, tapir, ostrich, deer, huanaco and all powerful, well armed or swift animals.

A native told me once that, while driving his herd of horses home through a thicket, a puma sprang out of the bushes on to a colt, killing it before his eyes and not more than six yards from his horse's head. In this instance the puma alighted directly on the colt's back with one fore-foot grasping its bosom, while with the other it seized its head and, giving it a violent wrench, dislocated its neck. The colt fell to earth as if shot, and was dead before it touched ground.

During my stay in Patagonia a puma met its fate in a singular manner. An Indian chief, while riding near El Carmen, had his curiosity aroused by the behaviour of a young cow standing alone in the grass, her head raised, and watching his approach in dangerous excitement. She had recently dropped her calf, and he conjectured that it had been attacked by some animal of prey. To satisfy himself he began to search for it, and while thus engaged the cow repeatedly charged him with great fury. Presently he discovered the calf, dead, among the grass; and by its side a full-grown puma, also dead, with a large wound just behind the shoulder. The calf had been killed by the puma, and the puma by the cow. Hungry, the taste of the calf's blood had made it careless of its safety, and the cow had charged, driving her horns into its vitals.

At Saladillo the men went out one day to hunt ostriches and other game; and, during the excitement, it was not noticed that one of the hunters had disappeared. He was found next day, lying where he had



HUANACO STANDING SENTRY ON A MOUNTAIN PEAK

—for it is as absolutely useless to the species or race as to the dying individual—it is not the only useless instinct we know of; there are many others, both simple and complex; and of such instincts we believe, with good reason, that they once played an important part in the life of the species, and were only rendered useless by changes in the conditions of life, or in the organism, or in both. In other words, when the special conditions that gave them value no longer existed, the correlated and perfect instinct was not, in these cases, eradicated, but remained in abeyance and still capable of being called into activity by a new and false stimulus simulating the old and true. Viewed in this way, the huanaco's instinct might be regarded as something remaining to the animal from a remote past, not altogether unaffected by time, perhaps; and like some ceremonial usage among men that has long ceased to have any significance.

We must suppose that there is in the sensations preceding death, when death comes slowly, some resemblance to the sensations experienced by the animal at a period when its instinct took form and crystallised; these would be painful sensations that threatened life; and freedom from them, and safety to the animal, would only exist in a certain well remembered spot. If we accept this explanation we find that we are considering an instinct not absolutely unique. I refer to the habit of some ophidians of returning annually to hibernate in the same den. The rattlesnake of North America, on the approach of winter, goes into hiding, and it has been observed that in some districts hundreds, and even thousands, will repair to the same ancestral den. Clearly the knowledge of the den is not traditional merely, for the young of the serpent soon abandons its parent and leads an independent life, and on the approach of cold weather the hibernating place may be even thirty miles from the spot in which it was born.

The huanaco is not a hibernating animal, but we must assume that he had formed a habit of congregating at certain seasons at the same spot, and that these were seasons of suffering or danger to the animal—the suffering having first given rise to the habit. Assuming again that the habit had existed so long as to become a fixed instinct, so that young huanacos would go untaught to the meeting-place from any distance, it is easy to believe that they would take the old road when stimulated by the pain of a wound, or during the decay of the life-energy, when the senses grow dim, and the breath fails, and the blood is thin and cold.

HONORE DE BALZAC

THE MAGIC SKIN

PUBLISHED in 1831, La Peau de Chagrin, here rendered as The Magic Skin, established the reputation which Balzac had first founded in 1829 with Les Chouans. It is the earliest in date of his veritable masterpieces, and perhaps the finest in conception. In no work of Balzac's is the special quality of his genius displayed more completely than in this strange blend of realism, fatalism, magic and romance. Though full of romantic extravagance, it has a powerful theme in the nemesis of satisfied desire, and there is a profound philosophical thought in this study of a young aristocrat of the Byronic type, who demands more from life than life can give and is enabled to fulfil his every wish through the possession of the magic skin. La Peau de Chagrin is published in La Collection Nelson, and a translation under the title of The Wild Ass's Skin is included in the English edition of Balzac's novels published by J. M. Dent, in whose Everyman's Library the book also appears.

I—The Seal of Solomon



ON a dull morning towards the end of October 1830, a tall, pale, and rather handsome young man came to the Pont Royal, and leant over the bridge and gazed with wild and yet resolute eyes at the swirling waters below. Just as he was preparing to leap down, a ragged old woman passed by.

"Wretched weather for drowning oneself, isn't it?" she said, with a grin. "How cold and dirty the Seine looks!"

The young man turned and smiled at her in the delirium of his courage. Then, suddenly, he shuddered. On a shed by the Tuileries he saw, written in large letters: 'Help for the drowned.' He foresaw the whole thing. A boat would put off to the rescue. If the rowers did not smash his skull in with their oars as he came to the surface, he would be taken to the shed and revived. If he were dead, a crowd would collect, newspaper men would come; his body would be recognized; and the Press would publish the news of the suicide of Raphael de Valentin. No! He would wait till nightfall, and then in a decent, private manner bequeath an unrecognizable corpse to the world that had disregarded his genius.

With the air of a wealthy man of leisure sauntering about the streets to kill time, the young marquis strolled down the Quai Voltaire and followed the line of shops, looking listlessly at every window. But as he thought of the fate awaiting him at nightfall, men and houses swam in a mist before his eyes. To recover himself he entered a curiosity shop.

"If you care to go through our galleries," said the red-haired shop-boy, "you will find something worth looking at."

Raphael climbed up a dark staircase lined with mummies, Indian idols, stuffed crocodiles and goggle-eyed monsters. They all seemed to grin at him as he passed. Haunted by these strange shapes belonging to the borderland between life and death, he walked in a kind of dream through a series of long, dimly lighted galleries, in which was piled, in mad confusion, the work of every age and every clime. Here was a lovely statue by Michelangelo, from which dangled the scalp of a Red Indian. There, cold and impassive, was the lord of the ancient world, the Emperor Augustus, with a modern air pump sticking in his eye. The walls were hung with priceless pictures, which were half hidden by grimacing skeletons, rude wooden idols with horrible features, tall suits of gleaming armour, and figures of Egyptian deities, with the bodies of men and heads of animals. The place was a kitchen of all the arts and religions and interests of mankind.

This extraordinary confusion was rendered still more bizarre by the dim cross-lights that played upon everything. Raphael's eyes grew weary with gazing,

and his mind was oppressed by the spectacle of the ruined splendours of thousands of years of human life. A fever born of hunger and exhaustion possessed him. The pictures appeared to light up, the statues seemed to move. Everything danced and swayed around him. Then a horrible Chinese monster advanced upon him with menacing eyes from the other side of the room, and he swooned away in terror.

When he came to, his eyes were dazzled by a flood of radiance streaming from a circle of crimson light. Before him, holding a bright red lamp, was a frail, white-haired, extraordinary man, clad in a long robe of black velvet. His body was wasted by extreme old age. His skin was like wrinkled parchment, and his lips were so thin and colourless that it was hardly possible to discern on his ivory-white face the line made by his mouth. But his eyes were marvellous. They were calm, clear and searching, and they glowed with the light and freshness of youth.

"So you have been looking over my collection," the old man said. "Do you wish to buy anything?"

"Buy?" said Raphael, with a strange smile. "I am utterly penniless. I have been examining your treasures just to while away the time till I could drown myself quietly and secretly at night. You will not grudge this last pleasure to a poet and man of learning, will you?"

"Penniless?" said the old man. "But you do not want to die because you are penniless! A young, handsome, intellectual lad like you could pick up a living somehow. What is it? Some woman, eh? Now let me help- —"

"I want no help or advice or consolation," said Raphael furiously.

"And I will give you none," said the old man. "But as you are resolved to die, will you do something for me. I want to get rid of this."

He held the lamp up the wall, and showed Raphael a piece of very old shagreen, about the size of a fox's skin.

"Ah!" said Raphael. "A wild ass's skin engraved with Sanskrit characters. Why, here's the mark that some of the Eastern races call the Seal of Solomon!"

"You are truly a man of learning," said the strange old merchant, his breath coming in quick pants through his nostrils. "No doubt you can read the inscription."

"I should translate it thus," said Raphael, fixing his eyes upon the skin:

POSSESSING ME THOU POSSESSEST EVERYTHING. YET I POSSESS THEE. SO GOD HAS WILLED IT. WISH, AND THY WISHES SHALL BE ACCOMPLISHED. BUT MEASURE THY WISHES ACCORDING TO THY LIFE. HERE IT IS. I SHALL SHRINK WITH EACH WISH, AND SO SHALL THY LIFE. WILT THOU TAKE ME? TAKE ME! GOD WILL HEAR THEE. AMEN.

"Is it a joke or a mystery?"

"I do not know," said the old man. "I have offered the magic skin to many men. They laughed at it; but none would take it. I am like them. I doubt its power, but will not put it to the test."

"What!" said Raphael. "You have never formed a wish all the time you had it?"

"No," said the old man. "I have discovered the great secret of human life. Look! I am a hundred and two years old. Do you know why men die? Because they use up the energy of life by wishing to do things and doing them. I am content to know things. My days have been spent wandering quietly over all the earth in the calm acquisition of knowledge. All desire, all lust after power are dead within me. So this skin, which I picked up in India, has never shrunk an inch since it came into my possession."

"You have never lived!" cried Raphael, turning from the old man, and seizing the skin. "Yes, I will take you. Now for a test. I am starving. Set before me a splendid banquet. Let me have as guests all the wildest, gayest, wittiest minds of young France. And women? Oh, the prettiest, wickedest women of the town! Wine, wit and women!"

A roar of laughter came from the old man. It resounded in the ears of Raphael like the laughter of a fiend from hell.

"Do you think my floors are going to open, and tables, waiters and guests pop up before your eyes?" he said. "No! Your first wish is mean and vulgar; but it will be fulfilled naturally. You wanted to die, eh? Your suicide is only postponed."

Raphael put the skin in his pocket, and abruptly left, saying, "You have never lived. I wish you knew what love was."

He heard the old man groan strangely, but without listening to his reproaches he rushed out of the shop, and in the street ran full tilt up against three young men.

"Brute! Ass! Idiot! Why, it's Raphael!" they cried. "You must come. Talk about a Roman orgy! We've been all over Paris looking for you. A gorgeous feed. And all the girls from the Opera!"

"One at a time," said Raphael. "Now, Emile, what are you all shouting about?"

"Do you know Taillefer, the wealthy banker? Emile. "He is founding a newspaper. All the talent of young France is to be enlisted. You're invited to the inaugural festival to-night at the Rue Joubert. The ballet girls of the Opera are coming. Oh, Taillefer's doing this thing in style!"

Arm linked in arm, the four friends made their way to Taillefer's mansion and there, in a large room brilliantly set out, they were welcomed by all the younger men of note in Paris. For some time Raphael felt ill at ease. He was surprised by the natural manner in which his wish had suddenly been accomplished. He took the magic skin out of his pocket, and looked at it. Magic? What man could believe nowadays in magic? But, nevertheless, he marvelled at the accidents of human life.

II—A Fight Against Fate

ALTHOUGH the banquet which he had desired was now set before him, Raphael was still very moody. Deaf to the loud, wild merriment of his companions, he thought sadly of the misfortune which had driven him that morning to the brink of the grave. Many noblemen find it difficult to exist in Paris on an income of several thousand pounds. The young Marquis de Valentin had lived there very happily on £12 a year. In 1826, his father, who had lost his wealth and lands in the Revolution, had died, leaving him £40. Taking a garret in the Rue des Cordiers, he had set about earning his living with his pen, and for three years he had laboured at a great work on The Theory of the Will. He never went into society, but found a pleasant distraction from his studies in educating the daughter of his landlady.

Pauline Gaudin was a charming and beautiful child; her father, a baron of the empire, and an officer in the Grand Army, had been taken prisoner by the Russians in 1812, and never heard of since. Raphael was moved by the grace and innocence of the lovely human flower, that grew from a bud into an opening blossom under his care. But as he was too poor to marry her, he never made love to her.

Then, in January 1830, he met the Countess Fedora, a brilliant, wealthy woman of society, widowed at the age of thirty, and eager to shine and astonish and captivate. For her sake, Raphael had put aside his scholarly studies and engaged in money-making hack-work. But after keeping him dangling about her for some months, she had cast him off, and in his misery he had resolved to end his life. Now he had got the magic skin. What if it were true what the strange old man had said? Should he wish to win the heart of Fedora? No! She was a woman without a heart. He would have nothing to do with women. Still, this skin!

"Measure it! Measure it!" he cried, flinging it down on the table.

"Measure what?" said Emile. "Has Taillefer's wine got into your head?"

Raphael told them of the curiosity shop.

"That can be easily tested," said Emile, taking the skin and drawing its outline on a napkin. "Now wish, and see if it shrinks."

"I wish for six million pounds," said Raphael.

"Hurrah!" said Emile. "And while you're about it make us all millionaires."

Taillefer's notary, Cardot, who had been gazing at Raphael during the dinner, walked across the room to him.

"My dear marquis," he said, "I've been looking for you all the evening. Wasn't your mother a Miss O'Flaharty?"

"Yes, she was," said Raphael—"Barbara O'Flaharty."

"Well, you are the sole heir of Major O'Flaharty, who died last August at Calcutta, leaving a fortune of six millions."

"An incalculable fortune," said Emile. Raphael spread out the skin upon the napkin. He shuddered violently on seeing a slight margin between the pencil line on the napkin and the edge of the skin.

"What's the matter?" said the notary. "He has got a fortune very cheaply."

"Hold him up," said someone. "The joy will kill him."

A ghastly whiteness spread over the face of the happy heir. He had seen Death! He stared at the shrunken skin and the merciless outline on the napkin, and a feeling of horror came over him. The whole world was his; he could have all things. But at what a cost!

"Do you wish for some asparagus, sir?" said a waiter.

"*I wish for nothing!*" shrieked Raphael. And he fled from the banquet.

"So," he said, when he was at last alone, "in this enlightened age, when science has stripped the very stars of their secrets, here am I frightened out of my senses by an old piece of wild ass's skin. To-morrow I will have it examined by Planchette, and put an end to this mad fancy."

Planchette, the celebrated professor of mechanics, treated the thing as a joke.

"Come with me to Spieghalter," he said. "He has just built a new kind of hydraulic press which I designed."

Arrived there, Planchette asked Spieghalter to stretch the skin. "Our friend," he said, "doubts if we can do it."

"You see this crank?" said Spieghalter to Raphael, pointing to the new press. "Seven turns to it, and a solid steel bar would break into thousands of pieces."

"The very thing I want," said Raphael.

Planchette put the skin between the metal plates and, proud of his invention, he energetically twisted the crank.

"Lie flat all of you!" shouted Spieghalter. "We're dead men!"

There was an explosion, and a jet of water spurted out with terrific force. Falling on a furnace, it twisted up the mass of iron as if it had been paper. The hydraulic chamber of the press had given way.

"The skin is untouched," said Planchette. "There was a flaw in the press."

"No, no!" said Spieghalter. "My press was as sound as a bell. The devil's in your skin, sir. Take it away!"

Spieghalter seized the talisman, and flung it on an anvil and furiously belaboured it with a heavy sledge-hammer. He then pitched it in a furnace and ordered his workmen to blow the coal into a fierce white heat. At the end of ten minutes he drew it out with a pair of tongs, uninjured. With a cry of horror the workmen fled from the foundry.

"I now believe in the devil!" said Spieghalter.

"And I believe in God," said Planchette.

Raphael departed in a hard, bitter rage. He was resolved to fight like a man against his strange fate. He would follow the example of the former owner of the magic skin, and give himself up to study and meditation, and live his life in the tranquil acquisition of knowledge, undisturbed by passion and desire and lust for power, and dominion and glory. On receiving his vast inheritance, he bought a mansion in the Rue de Varenne and engaged a crowd of intelligent, quiet servants to wait upon him.

But his first care had been to seek out his foster-brother, Jonathan, the old and devoted servitor of his family. To him he confided his dreadful secret.

"You must stand between the world and me, Jonathan," he said. "Treat me as a baby. Never ask me for orders. See that the servants feed me and tend me and care for me in absolute silence. Above all, never let anyone pester me. Never let me form a wish of any kind."

For some months the eccentric Marquis de Valentin was the talk of Paris. He lived in monastic silence and seclusion, and Jonathan never permitted any of his friends to enter the mansion. But one morning his old tutor, Porriquet, called, and Jonathan thought he might cheer his young master. He could not ask Raphael: "Do you wish to see M.

Porriquet?" But after some thought he found a way of putting the question: "M. Porriquet is here, my lord. Do you think he ought to enter?"

Raphael nodded. Porriquet was alarmed at the appearance of his pupil. He looked like a plant bleached by darkness. The fact was, Raphael had surrendered every right in life in order to live. He had despoiled his soul of all the romance that lies in a wish. The better to struggle with the cruel power that he had challenged he had stifled his imagination. He did not allow himself even the pleasures of fancy, lest they should awaken some desire. He had become an automaton.

Porriquet, unfortunately, was now an irritating old proser. He had failed in life and wanted to air all his grievances. At the end of five minutes' talk Raphael was about to wish that he would depart, when he caught sight of the magic skin hanging in a frame, with a red line drawn around it. Suppressing, with a shudder, his secret desire, he patiently bore with the old man's prolixity. Porriquet wanted very much to ask him for some money, but did not like to do so, and after complaining for quite an hour or more about things in general, he rose to depart.

"Perhaps," he said, as he turned to leave the room, "I shall hear of a headmastership of a good school."

"The very thing for you!" said Raphael. "I *wish* you could get it.'

Then, with a sudden cry, he looked at the frame. There was a thin white edge between the skin and the red line.

"Go, you fool!" he shouted. "I have made you a headmaster. Why didn't you ask me for an annuity of a thousand pounds instead of using up ten years of my life on a silly wish? I could have won Fedora at the price! Conquered a kingdom!"

His lips were covered with froth and there was a savage light in his eyes. Porriquet fled in terror. Then Raphael fell back in a chair and wept.

"Oh, my precious life!" he sobbed. "No more kindly thoughts! No more friendship!"

III—The Agony of Death

RAPHAEL'S condition had by now become so critical that a trip to Savoy was advised, and a few weeks later he was at Aix. One day, moving among the crowd of pleasure seekers and invalids, a number of young men deliberately picked a quarrel with him, with the result that from one of them he received a challenge to fight a duel. Raphael did his utmost to persuade the other to apologise, even going to the extent of informing him of the terrible powers he possessed. Failing in his object, the fatal morning came round, and the unfortunate individual was shot through the heart. Not heeding the fallen man, Raphael hurriedly glanced at the skin to see what another man's life had cost him. The talisman had shrunk to the size of a small oak leaf.

Seeing that his master was given over to a gloomy despair that verged upon madness, Jonathan resolved to distract his mind at all costs and, knowing that he was passionately fond of music, he engaged a box for him at the Opera. But Raphael was afraid, above all things, of falling in love. Under the illimitable desire of passion the magic skin would shrivel up in an hour. So he used a strange, distorting opera-glass which made the loveliest face seem hideous.

With this, as he sat in his box, he surveyed the scene around him. Who was that old man over there, sitting beside a dancing-girl that Raphael had seen at Taillefer's? The owner of the curiosity shop! He had at last fallen in love, as Raphael had jestingly desired. No doubt the magic skin had shrunk under that wish before Raphael had measured it. A beautiful woman entered the theatre with a peer of France at her side. She smiled at Raphael. In spite of the distorted image on his opera-glass, Raphael knew her. It was the Countess Fedora! He did not waste an ill wish on her. He merely took the glasses from his eyes, and answered her smile with a look of cold contempt. Everybody observed the sudden pallor of the countess; it was a public rejection.

"Raphael!"

The marquis turned at the sound of a beloved voice. Pauline was sitting in the



HONORE DE BALZAC was born at Tours, May 20, 1799, his father being an army officer. After a somewhat desultory education he studied law in Paris, but despite family pressure refused to practise, and devoted himself to literature. He attained his first success in 1829 with Les Chouans, followed by La Peau de Chagrin (The Wild Ass's Skin) in 1831. About this time he began his association with Mme. Hanska, whom he married in 1850. Balzac's life work is represented by the great series of The Human Comedy, in which the more notable novels are Eugenie Grandet, 1833, Old Goriot, 1834, Seraphita, 1835, Lost Illusions, 1843, Cousin Betty, 1846, Cousin Pons, 1847. Balzac died August 18, 1850.

box next to his. How beautiful she had grown! How maidenly she was still! Putting down his opera-glasses, Raphael talked to her of old times.

"You must come and see me to-morrow," said Pauline. "I have your great work on The Theory of the Will. Don't you remember leaving it behind?"

"I was mad and blind then," said Raphael. "But I am cured at last."

"I wish Pauline to love me!" he kept repeating to himself all the way home. "I wish Pauline to love me!"

With a strange mixture of wild anguish and fierce joy, he looked at the magic skin to see what this vehement wish had cost him. Nothing! Not a sign of shrinkage could be discerned. The fact was that even the greatest talisman could not realize a desire which had long since been fulfilled. Pauline had loved Raphael from the time when they first met; while he had been priding himself on living on twelve pounds a year, she had been painting screens up to two or three o'clock every night, in order to buy him food and firing.

"Oh, my simple-minded darling," she said to him the next day, sitting on his lap and twining her arms about his neck, "you will never know what a pleasure it was for me to pay my handsome tutor for all his kindness. And wasn't I cunning? You never found me out."

"But I've found out now," said Raphael, "and I am going to punish you severely. Instead of marrying you in three months' time, as you suggest, I shall marry you at the end of this week."

Raphael was now the happiest man in Paris. Seeing that the magic skin had not shrunk with his last wish, he thought that the spell over his life was removed. And that morning he had thrown the talisman down a disused well in the garden.

At the end of the week, Pauline was sitting at breakfast with Raphael in the conservatory overlooking the garden. She gave a little cry of dismay when the gardener appeared.

"I've just found this strange thing at the bottom of one of the wells," he said.

He gave Raphael the magic skin. It was scarcely as large as a rose leaf.

"Leave me, Pauline! Leave me at once!" cried Raphael. "If you remain I shall die before your eyes."

"Die?" she said. "Die? You cannot. I love you—I love you!"

"Yes, die!" he exclaimed. "Look, dearest. This is a talisman which represents the length of my life and accomplishes my wishes. See how little is left."

Pauline thought he had suddenly grown mad. She bent over him, and took up the magic skin. As Raphael saw her, beautiful with love and terror, he lost all control over his desires. To possess her again, and die on her breast!

"Come to me, Pauline!" he said.

She felt the skin tickling her hand as it rapidly shrivelled up. She rushed into the bedroom and closed the door.

"Pauline! Pauline!" cried the dying man, stumbling after her. "I love you! I want you! I wish to die for you!"

With extraordinary strength—the last outburst of life—he tore the door off the hinges, and saw Pauline in agony on a sofa. She had stabbed herself.

"If I die, he will live!" she was crying.

Raphael staggered across the room and fell into the arms of Pauline, dead.

GEORGE CRABBE

THE PARISH REGISTER

THE leisurely occupation of some eight years of its author's life, The Parish Register appeared in 1807, after a period of more than twenty years in which Crabbe, busy with parochial duties, had published nothing. The contents of The Register are grouped under the headings of Births, Marriages and Deaths, with the comments of the village priest on each case. There is no attempt at moralising; events are set down as they happened, and reviewed often with satiric humour. Crabbe is essentially a poet of the eighteenth century, but he shows the influence of romanticism in his determination to be natural and sincere and in his accurate observation of nature. His style is strong and unaffected, and his command of verse remarkable. Though he enjoyed great appreciation in his own day, Crabbe's lack of imagination has prevented his poetry from achieving lasting popularity, but he had undoubtedly a genius for the faithful, unsparing, yet sympathetic portrayal of rural men and manners. An edition of Crabbe's poems at 3s. 6d. is published by the Oxford University Press.

I—Baptisms



THE year revolves, and I again explore
The simple annals of my parish poor;
What infant members in my flock appear,
What pairs I blessed in the departed year;
And who, of old or young, or nymphs or swains,
Are lost to life, its pleasures and its pains.

[In an introductory passage the poet contrasts the life of the industrious poor with that of the vicious and improvident; then he turns to his list of baptisms for the year. It begins with evil omen—the record of the child of a girl loved by a sailor who had died at sea.]

Next, with their boy, a decent couple came,
And call'd him Robert, 'twas his father's name;
Three girls preceded, all by time endear'd,
And future births were neither hoped nor fear'd:
Blest in each other, but to no excess,
Health, quiet, comfort, form'd their happiness.
Few were their acres—but, with these content
They were, each pay-day, ready with their rent;
And few their wishes—what their farm denied,
The neighbouring town, at trifling cost, supplied.
If at the draper's window Susan cast
A longing look, as with her goods she pass'd,
And, with the produce of her wheel and churn,
Bought her a Sunday robe on her return,
True to her maxim, she would take no rest,
Till care repaid that portion to the chest;
Or if, when loitering at the Whitsun fair,
Her Robert spent some idle shillings there,
Up at the barn, before the break of day,
He made his labour for th' indulgence pay.
Thus both—that waste itself might work in vain—
Wrought double tides, and all was well again.
Yet, though so prudent, there were times of joy
(The day they wed, the christening of the boy),
When to the wealthier farmers there was shown
Welcome unfeign'd, and plenty like their own;
Yet in that plenty, in that welcome free,
There was the guiding nice frugality
That, in the festal as the frugal day,
Has, in a different mode, a sovereign sway—
The wise frugality that does not give
A life to saving, but that saves to live;
Sparing, not pinching, mindful though not mean,
O'er all presiding, yet in nothing seen.

[The poet records the appearance at the font of twins of an orphan girl and others. The mention of a gardener who seeks for his family such names as Hyacinthus and Belladonna leads the poet to comment on eccentricities in the naming of children, and he is reminded of the history of Richard Monday.]

To name an infant meet our village sires,
Assembled all, as such event requires;
Frequent and full, the rural sages sate,
And speakers many urged the long debate.
Some harden'd knaves, who roved the country round,
Had left a babe within the parish-bound.
First, of the fact they question'd—'Was it true?' [to do?'
The child was brought—'What then remained
'Was't dead or living?'—This was fairly proved: [removed.
'Twas pinch'd, it roar'd, and every doubt

Then by what name th' unwelcome guest to call
Was long a question, and it posed them all;
For he who lent it to a babe unknown,
Censorious men might take it for his own.
They look'd about, they gravely spoke to all,
And not one 'Richard' answer'd to the call.
Next they inquired the day, when, passing by,
Th' unlucky peasant heard the stranger's cry.
This known, how food and raiment they might give,



GEORGE CRABBE was born at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, December 24, 1754, the son of a local revenue officer. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, but soon abandoned medicine and came to London to take up a literary career. Through the assistance of Edmund Burke he published his poem The Library in 1781. This was followed in 1783 by The Village, which was approved by Johnson, and in 1785 by The Newspaper. Crabbe had meanwhile taken orders, and did not publish anything further till 1807 when The Parish Register appeared; later works were The Borough, 1810, Tales in Verse, 1812, and Tales of the Hall, 1819. Crabbe died at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, February 3, 1832.

From the painting by H. W. Pickersgill, in the National Portrait Gallery

Was next debated—for the rogue would live;
At last, with all their words and work content,
Back to their homes the prudent vestry went,
And 'Richard Monday' to the workhouse sent.
There was he pinch'd and pitied, thump'd and fed;
And duly took his beatings and his bread;
Patient in all control, in all abuse,
He found contempt and kicking have their use;
Sad, silent, supple, bending to the blow,
A slave of slaves, the lowest of the low;
His pliant soul gave way to all things base,
He knew no shame, he dreaded no disgrace.
Yet, though disgraced, he watch'd his time so well,
He rose in favour, when in fame he fell;
Base was his usage, vile his whole employ,
And all despised and fed the pliant boy.
At length, 'Tis time he should abroad be sent,'
Was whisper'd near him—and abroad he went;
One morn they call'd him, Richard answer'd not;
They deem'd him hanging, and in time forgot.

Now, Richard's talents for the world were fit,
He'd no small cunning, and had some small wit;
Had that calm look which seem'd to all assent,
And that complacent speech which nothing meant:
He'd but one care, and that he strove to hide—
How best for Richard Monday to provide . . .
Long lost to us, at last our man we trace—
'Sir Richard Monday died at Monday Place.
He gave reforming charities a sum,
And bought the blessings of the blind and dumb;
But to his native place severely just,
He left a pittance bound in rigid trust—
Two paltry pounds, on every quarter's-day
(At church produced) for forty loaves should pay,
A stinted gift, that to the parish shows,
He kept in mind their bounty and their blows.

II—Marriages

DISPOSED to wed, e'en while you hasten, stay;
There's great advantage in a small delay;
Thus Ovid sang, and much the wise approve
This prudent maxim of the priest of Love.
If poor, delay for future want prepares,
And eases humble life of half its cares;
If rich, delay shall brace the thoughtful mind
T'endure the ills that e'en the happiest find.
Yet not too long in cold debate remain;
Till age refrain not—but if old, refrain.
By no such rule would Gaffer Kirk be tried;
First in the year he led a blooming bride,
And stood a wither'd elder at her side. . . .

Thou, who wert used so tartly to express
Thy sense of matrimonial happiness,
Till every youth, whose banns at church were read,
Strove not to meet, or meeting, hung his head;
And every lass forebore at thee to look,
A sly old fish, too cunning for the hook;
And now at sixty, that pert dame to see
Of all thy savings mistress, and of thee;
Now will the lads, rememb'ring insults past,
Cry, 'What, the wise one in the trap at last!'
Fie! Nathan! fie! to let an artful jade
The close recesses of thine heart invade;
What grievous pangs! what suffering she'll impart!
And fill with anguish that rebellious heart. . . .
Clamorous her tongue will be—of either sex
She'll gather friends around thee and perplex
Thy doubtful soul—thy money she will waste
In the vain rambling of a vulgar taste;
And will be happy to exert her power,
In every eye, in thine, at every hour.

[In the case of the wedding of a young man and an old lady, on the other hand, the disparity in years is 'no bane of peace, although some bar to love.' An instance in point is that of Donald, the shrewd young Scottish gardener, who rejected the maids and courted, won and dwells prosperously with the housekeeper. The poet tells some unhappy stories of the sufferings of women caused by over-haste in following 'Love, that impatient guide.' Then he comes to the entry in his register of two names in fair handwriting. He recalls the long procession which ushered this well-dressed pair to the altar.]

For this gay bride had many a female friend,
And youths were there, this favoured youth t'attend;
Silent, nor wanting due respect, the crowd

Stood humbly round, and gratulation bow'd ;
But not that silent crowd, in wonder fix'd,
Not numerous friends, who praise and envy mix'd . . .
Nor that gay bride, adorn'd with every grace,
Nor love nor joy triumphant in her face,
Could from the youth's sad signs of sorrow chase ;
Why did'st thou grieve ? wealth, pleasure, freedom thine ;
Vex'd it thy soul, that freedom to resign ?
Spake scandal truth ? 'Thou did'st not then intend
So soon to bring thy wooing to an end ? '
'Tis told thy Phyllis is a skilful dame, [flame. . . .
Who play'd uninjured with the dangerous
Yet others tell, the captain fix'd thy doubt ;
He'd call thee brother, or he'd call thee out —
But rest the motive—all retreat's too late, [sate
Joy like the bride's should on thy brow have
The deed had then appear'd thine own intent,
A glorious day, by gracious fortune sent,
In each revolving year to be in triumph spent.
Then in few weeks that cloudy brow had been
Without a wonder or a whisper seen ;
And none had been so weak as to inquire,
'Why pouts my lady ? ' or 'Why frowns the squire ? ' . . .
'But ever frowns your Hymen ? man and maid,
Are all repenting, suffering, or betray'd ? '
Forbid it, love ! we have our couples here
Who hail the day in each revolving year ;
These are with us, as in the world around ;
They are not frequent, but they may be found.
Our farmers, too, what though they fail to prove,
In Hymen's bonds the tenderest slaves of love,
Yet coarsely kind and comfortably gay,
They heap the board and hail the happy day ;
And though the bride, now freed from school, admits
Of pride implanted there, some transient fits ;
Yet soon she casts her girlish flights aside,
And in substantial blessings rests her pride
No more she moves in measured steps ; no more
Runs, with bewilder'd ear, her music o'er ;
No more recites her French the hinds among,
But chides her maidens in her mother-tongue :
Her tambour-frame she leaves and diet spare,
Plain work and plenty with her house to share ;
Till all her varnish lost in few short years,
In all her worth the farmer's wife appears

III—Burials

THERE was, 'tis said, and I believe, a time
When humble Christians died with views sublime ;
When all were ready for their faith to bleed,
But few to write or wrangle for their creed . . .
When love felt hope, when sorrow grew serene,
And all was comfort in the death-bed scene.
Alas ! when now the gloomy king they wait,
'Tis weakness yielding to resistless fate ;
Like wretched men upon the ocean cast,
They labour hard and struggle to the last ;
'Hope against hope,' and wildly gaze around,
In search of help that never shall be found ;
Nor, till the last strong billow stops the breath,
Will they believe them in the jaws of death !
When these my records I reflecting read,
And find what ills these numerous births succeed,
What powerful griefs these nuptial ties attend,
With what regret these painful journeys end ;
When from the cradle to the grave I look,
Mine I conceive a melancholy book . . .

With Andrew Collett we the year begin,
The blind, fat landlord of the Old Crown Inn —
Big as his butt, and for the self-same use,
To take in stores of strong fermenting juice.
On his huge chair beside the fire he sate,
In revel chief, and umpire in debate ;
Each night his string of vulgar tales he told,
When ale was cheap and bachelors were bold ;
His heroes all were famous in their days, [praise.
Cheats were his boast, and drunkards had his
On death like his what name shall we bestow,
So very sudden, yet so very slow ?
'Twas slow ; disease, augmenting year by year,
Show'd the grim being by gradual steps brought near.
'Twas not less sudden ; in the night he died,
He drank, he swore, he jested, and he lied ;
Thus aiding folly with departing breath,
'Beware, Lorenzo, the slow, sudden death.'

Next died the Widow Goe, an active dame,
Famed ten miles round, and worthy all her fame
She lost her husband when their lives were young,
But kept her farm, her credit, and her tongue ;
Full thirty years she ruled, with matchless skill,
With guiding judgement and resistless will ;
Advice she scorn'd, rebellions she suppress'd,
And sons and servants bow'd at her behest.
No parish business in the place could stir,
Without direction or assent from her ;
She look'd on want with judgement clear and cool,
And felt with reason and bestow'd by rule ;
She match'd both sons and daughters to her mind, [blind.
And lent them eyes, for love, she heard, was
Yet ceaseless still she throve, alert, alive,
The working bee, in full or empty hive
Thus long she reign'd, admired, if not approved ;
Praised, if not honour'd ; fear'd, if not beloved.

[Death has his infant train ; one of the twins born during the year died after three days of feeble, painful life. Why was this baby boy thus lent, if thus to be recalled again ? Nay, may not the twin sister who survives him be less blessed than he ?]

The sister-spirit long may lodge below,
And pains from nature, pains from reason know ;
Through all the common ills of life may run,
By hope perverted and by love undone.
A wife's distress, a mother's pangs, may dread,
And widow-tears, in bitter anguish, shed ;
May at old age arrive through numerous harms,
With children's children in these feeble arms.
Nor till by years of want and grief oppress'd
Shall the sad spirit flee and be at rest !
Yet happier therefore shall we deem the boy,
Secured from anxious care and dangerous joy ?
Not so ! for then would love divine in vain

Send all the burthens weary men sustain ;
All that now curb the passions when they rage,
The checks of youth and the regrets of age ;
All that now bid us hope, believe, endure,
Our sorrow's comfort and our vice's cure ;
All that for Heaven's high joys the spirits train,
And charity, the crown of all, were vain. . .

[With a few other entries the list for the year seems complete.]

My record ends. But hark ! e'en now I hear
The bell of death, and know not where to fear ;
'Go, of my sexton seek, whose days are sped ?'
What ! he himself !—and is old Dibble dead ?
His eightieth year he reach'd, still undecay'd,
And rectors five to one close vault convey'd ;
But he is gone ; his care and skill I lose,
And gain a mournful subject for my muse.
Yes, he is gone ; and *we* are going all ; [fall. . . .
Like flowers we wither, and like leaves we
Thus, as the months proceed, shall infants take
Their names ; thus parents shall the child for-
sake ; [kneel,
Thus brides again and bridegrooms blithe shall
By love or law compell'd their vows to seal.
Ere I again, or one like me, explore
These simple annals of the village poor.

The Gospel of the French Revolution

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

THE SOCIAL CONTRACT

PUBLISHED in 1726 at Amsterdam to escape French censorship, Rousseau's Social Contract is one of the most influential treatises on politics ever written. As its title implies, the work is an endeavour to place all government on the consent, direct or implied, of the governed. Rousseau's state, an ideal conception, is founded on man's universal desire for freedom, which can only be secured by a contract which each makes with all, and in which each surrenders his will to receive it back again as part of the whole. Logically, The Social Contract is full of gaping flaws, the outpouring of a heart very imperfectly regulated by a brilliant but eccentric brain. As a political essay it is a tissue of fantastic arguments, based on unreal hypotheses. But it set men's minds on fire, it was the literary inspiration of one of the most tremendous events in history, and those who would comprehend the French Revolution can unravel many of its perplexities by studying The Social Contract. English translations are published by Allen & Unwin and by J. M. Dent in Everyman's Library.

I—The Terms of the Compact



MY object is to discover whether in civil polity there is any legitimate and definite canon of government, taking men as they are and laws as they might be. In this inquiry I shall uniformly try to reconcile that which is permitted by right with that which is prescribed by interest, so as to avoid the clash of justice with utility.

Man is born free, and yet is everywhere in fetters. He is governed, obliged to obey laws. What is it that legitimises this subjection to government ? I think I can solve the problem.

It is not merely a matter of force ; force is only the power of the strongest and must yield when a greater strength arises ; there is here no question of right, but simply of might. But social order is a sacred right that serves as a base to all others. This right, however, does not come from nature ; it is founded upon conventions.

The explanation of social order is not to be found in the family tie, since when a child grows up it escapes from tutelage ; the parent's right to exercise authority is only temporary. Nor can government be based on servitude. An individual man may sell his liberty to another for sustenance ; but a nation cannot sell its liberty —it does not receive sustenance from its ruler but, on the contrary, sustains him. The gift is a civil act which presupposes a public deliberation. Before, then, we examine the act by which a people chooses a king, it would be well to examine the act by which a people becomes a people.

Let it be assumed that the obstacles which prejudice the conservation of man

in the state of nature have prevailed by their resistance over the forces which each individual is able to employ to keep himself in that state. The primitive condition can then no longer exist; mankind must change it or perish.

The problem with which men are confronted in these circumstances may be stated as follows: 'To find a form of association that defends and protects with all the common force the person and property of each partner, and by which each partner, uniting himself with all the rest, nevertheless obeys only himself, and remains as free as heretofore.' To this problem the social contract affords a solution.

The essence of the pact is the total and unreserved alienation by each partner of all his rights to the community as a whole. No individual can retain any rights that are not possessed equally by all other individuals without the compact being thereby violated. Again, each partner, by yielding his rights to the community, yields them to no individual, and thus in his relations with individuals he regains all the rights he has sacrificed.

The compact, therefore, may be reduced to the following terms: 'Each of us places in common his person and all his power under the supreme direction of the general will, and we receive each member as an indivisible part of the whole.'

By this act is created a moral and collective body, composed of as many members as the society has voices, receiving from this same act its unity, its common 'I,' its life and its will. This body is the republic, called by its members the state when passive, the sovereign when active. The partners are collectively called the people; they are citizens, as participants in the sovereign authority, and subjects, as under obligations to the laws of the state.

By passing, through the compact, from the state of nature to the civil state man substitutes justice for instinct in his conduct and gives to his actions a morality of which they were formerly devoid. What man loses by the contract is his natural liberty and an illimitable right to all that tempts him and that he can obtain; what he gains is civil liberty and a right of secure property in all that he possesses.

I shall conclude this chapter with a remark which should serve as a basis for the whole social system. It is that in place of destroying natural liberty, the fundamental pact substitutes a moral and legitimate equality for the natural physical inequality between men, and that, while men may be unequal in strength and talent, they are all made equal by convention and right.

II—The Sovereign and the Laws

The first and most important consequence of the principles above established is that only the general will can direct the forces of the state towards the aim of its institution, which is the common good; for if the antagonism of particular interests has rendered necessary the establishment of political societies, it is the accord of these interests that has rendered such societies possible.

I maintain, then, that sovereignty, being the exercise of the general will, cannot be alienated and that the sovereign, which is simply a collective being, cannot be represented save by itself; it may transfer its power, but not its will.

For the same reason that sovereignty is inalienable it is indivisible. For the will is either general, or it is not. If it is general, it is, when declared, an act of the people and becomes law; if it is not general, it is, when declared, merely an act of a particular person or persons, not of the sovereign.

A law is an expression of the general will and must be general in its terms and import. The sovereign cannot legislate for part of the individuals composing a state, for if it did so the general will would enter into a particular relation with particular people, and that is contrary to its nature. The law may thus confer privileges, but must not name the persons to whom the privileges are to belong; it may establish a royal government, but must not nominate a king. Any function relating to an individual object does not appertain to the legislative power.

As a popular assembly is not always enlightened in its judgements—though the

general will, when properly ascertained, must be right—the service of a wise legislator is necessary to draw up laws for the sovereign's approval.

The legislator, if he be truly wise, will not begin by writing down laws that are good in the abstract, but will first look about to see whether the people for whom he intends them is capable of upholding them. He must bear in mind many considerations - the situation of the country, the nature of the soil, the density of the population, the national history, occupations and aptitudes.

Among these considerations one of the most important is the area of the state. As nature has given limits to the stature of a normal man, beyond which she makes only giants or dwarfs, there are also limits beyond which a state is, in the one direction, too large to be well governed, and, in the other, too small to maintain itself. There is in every body politic a maximum of force which cannot be exceeded, and from which the state often falls away by the process of enlarging itself. The further the social bond is extended, the slacker it becomes; and, in general, a small state is proportionately stronger than a large one.

It is true that a state must have a certain breadth of base for the sake of solidity and in order to resist violent shocks from without. But, on the other hand, administration becomes more troublesome with distance. It increases in burdensomeness, moreover, with the multiplication of degrees. Each town, district and province has its administration, for which the people must pay. Finally, overwhelming everything, is the remote central administration.

Again, the government in a large state has less vigour and swiftness than in a small one; the people have less affection for their chiefs, for their country and for each other—since they are, for the most part, strangers to each other. Uniform laws are not suitable for diverse provinces; yet diverse laws among people belonging to the same state breed weakness and confusion.

The greatest good of all, which should be the aim of every system of legislation, may on investigation be reduced to two main objects: *liberty* and *equality*: liberty, because all dependence of individuals on other individuals is so much force taken away from the body of the state; equality, because without it liberty cannot exist.

III—The Government

EVERY free action has two causes which concur to produce it; one of them the will that determines upon the act, the other the power that performs it. In the political body one must distinguish between these two—the legislative power and the executive power. The executive power cannot belong to the sovereign, inasmuch as executive acts are particular acts, aimed at individuals, and therefore, as already explained, outside the sovereign's sphere. Public force, then, requires an agent to apply it according to the direction of the general will.

This is the government, erroneously confounded with the sovereign, of which it is only the minister. It is an intermediary body established between subjects and sovereign for their mutual correspondence, for the execution of the laws and the maintenance of civil and political liberty.

The magistrates who form the government may be numerous, or may be few; and, generally speaking, the fewer the magistrates the stronger the government. A magistrate has three wills—his personal will, his will as one of the governors and his will as a member of the sovereign. The last-named is the weakest, the first-named the most powerful.

If there is only one governor, the two stronger wills are concentrated in one man; with a few governors, they are concentrated in few men; when the government is in the hands of all the citizens, the second will is obliterated and the first widely distributed, and the government is consequently weak.

On the other hand, where there are many governors the government will be more readily kept in correspondence with the general will. The duty of the legislator is to hit the happy medium at which the government, while not failing in strength, is yet properly submissive to the sovereign.

The sovereign may, in the first place, entrust the government to the whole people or the greater part of them; this form is called democracy. Or it may be placed in the hands of a minority, in which case it is called aristocracy. Or it may be concentrated in the hands of a single magistrate from whom all the others derive their power; this is called monarchy.

It may be urged, on behalf of democracy, that those who make the laws know better than anybody how they should be interpreted and administered. But it is not right that the makers of the laws should execute them, nor that the main body of the people should turn its attention from general views to particular objects. Nothing is more dangerous than the influence of private interests on public affairs. A true democracy, in the vigorous sense of the term, never has existed, and never will. It is against nature that the many should govern and the few be governed. A people composed of gods would govern itself democratically.

THERE are three forms of aristocracy—natural, elective and hereditary. The first is only adapted to simple peoples; the third is the worst of all governments; the second is the best of all. By the elective method, probity, sagacity and experience afford guarantees that the community will be wisely governed.

The first defect of monarchy is that it is to the interest of the monarch to keep the people in a state of weakness and misery, so that they may be unable to resist his power. Another is that under a monarchy the posts of honour are occupied by bunglers and rascals who win their promotion by petty court intrigue. Again, an elective monarchy is a cause of disorder whenever a king dies; and a hereditary monarchy leaves the character of the king to chance, which generally goes astray.

Since the sovereign has no power except its legislative authority, it only acts by laws; and since the laws are simply the authentic acts of the general will, the sovereign cannot act save when the people are assembled. It is essential that there should be definitely fixed periodic assemblies of the people that cannot be abolished or delayed, so that on the appointed day the people will be legitimately convoked by the law.

BUT between the sovereign authority and arbitrary government there is sometimes introduced a middle power, of which I ought to speak. As soon as the public service ceases to be the main interest of the citizens, as soon as they prefer to serve their purses rather than themselves, the state is nearing its ruin. The weakening of patriotism, the activity of private interests, the immensity of states, conquests, and the abuse of government have led to the device of deputies or representatives of the people in the national assemblies. But sovereignty cannot be represented, even as it cannot be alienated; it consists essentially in the general will, and the will is not ascertainable by representation; it is either itself, or something else; there is no middle course. A law not ratified by the people in person is no law at all. The English people believes itself free, but it greatly deceives itself; it is not so, except during the election of members of parliament. As soon as they are elected, it is enslaved.

How are we to conceive the act by which the government is instituted? The first process is the determination of the sovereign that the government shall assume such and such a form; this is the establishment of a law. The second process is the nomination by the people of those to whom the government is to be entrusted; this is not a law, but a function of government.

It is a logical sequence of the social contract that in the assemblies of the people the voice of the majority prevails. The only law requiring unanimity is the contract itself. But how can a man be free, and at the same time submit to laws to which he has not consented?

I reply that when a law is proposed in the popular assembly the question put is not precisely whether the citizens approve or disapprove of it, but whether it conforms or not to the general will. The minority, then, simply have it proved to them that they estimated the general will wrongly. Once it is declared, they are, as citizens, participants in it, and as subjects they must obey it.



John Evelyn who was born at Wotton, Surrey, October 31, 1620, has been well described as 'the typical instance of the accomplished and public-spirited country gentleman of the Restoration, a pious and devoted member of the Church of England, and a staunch loyalist in spite of his grave disapproval of the manners of the Court.' Possessing ample private means, he travelled widely on the Continent, remaining abroad during the greater part of the Civil War. From 1653 to 1694 he lived at Sayes Court, Deptford, where he employed himself in horticulture. After the Restoration he enjoyed favour at Court, and interested himself in many affairs of public utility. He was one of the originators of the Royal Society, served on the commission for the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral, aided church establishment in the plantations and from 1695 to 1703 was treasurer of Greenwich Hospital. In 1694 he inherited Wotton from his brother and he died there, February 27, 1706.

This portrait is from the etching by Thomas Worlidge.

JOHN EVELYN

EVELYN'S DIARY

A MAN of rare intelligence and high accomplishments, acutely interested in a vast range of subjects, including agriculture, architecture, art, engraving, music and navigation, John Evelyn was also an industrious author. The most notable of his many works were A Character of England (1659), Sculptura (1662), Sylva, or A Discourse of Forest Trees and the Propagation of Timber (1664), Terra, a first attempt in English at a scientific study of agriculture (1676), Numismata, a Discourse of Medals (1697), and a charming Life of Mrs. Godolphin. He is, however, remembered almost exclusively by his Diary which, if less lively than that of his great friend Samuel Pepys (see page 335 of *The World's Great Books*), is invaluable for its reflection of the political, social and religious conditions of the long period—1620 to 1706—covered by his life. The Diary was first published in 1818, edited by William Bray. Revised versions edited by Henry B. Wheatley and by Austin Dobson appeared in 1906 and 1908 respectively, and a cheap edition in two volumes is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Early Years



I WAS born at Wotton, in the county of Surrey, October 31, 1620, after my father had been married about seven years, and my mother had borne him two daughters and one son.

My father's countenance was clear and fresh-coloured, his eyes quick and piercing, an ample forehead and manly aspect. He was ascetic and sparing; his wisdom was great, his judgement acute; affable, humble and in nothing affected; of a thriving, silent and methodical genius. He was distinctly severe, yet liberal on all just occasions to his children, strangers and servants, a lover of hospitality; of a singular and Christian moderation in all his actions. He was justice of the peace, and served his country as high sheriff for Surrey and Sussex together, and was a person of rare conversation. His estate was esteemed about £4,000 per annum, well wooded and full of timber.

My mother was of an ancient and honourable family in Shropshire. She was of proper personage, of a brown complexion, her eyes and hair of a lovely black, of constitution inclined to a religious melancholy or pious sadness, of a rare memory and most exemplary life, for economy and prudence esteemed one of the most conspicuous in her country.

Wotton, the mansion house of my father, is in the most southern part of the shire, three miles from Dorking, and is upon part of Leith Hill, one of the most eminent in England for the prodigious prospect to be seen from its summit.

From it may be discerned twelve or thirteen counties, with part of the sea on the coast of Sussex on a serene day. The house large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and sweetly environed with delicious streams and venerable woods.

NOVEMBER 3, 1640. A day never to be mentioned without a curse, began that long, foolish and fatal Parliament, the beginning of all our sorrows for twenty years after.

DECEMBER 24. On this day my father died. His disorder appeared to be a dropsy, an indisposition the most unsuspected, being a person so exemplarily temperate. He retained his senses entirely to the last, which he most tenderly expressed in blessing us, whom he now left to the world and the worst of times, whilst he was taken from the evil to come.

JANUARY 2, 1641. We at night followed the hearse to the church at Wotton, where my father was interred and mingled with the ashes of our mother, his dear wife. Thus we were bereft of both our parents in a period when we most of all stood in need of their counsel and assistance, especially myself, of a raw and unwary inclination.

II—Travels Abroad

MAY 12, 1641. I beheld on Tower Hill the fatal stroke which severed the wisest head in England from the shoulders of the Earl of Strafford, whose crime coming under the cognisance of no human law, a new one was made to his destruction—to such exorbitancy were things arrived.

JULY 21. Having procured a pass at the custom-house, embarked in a Dutch frigate bound for Flushing, convoyed by five other stout vessels, whereof one was a man-of-war.

APRIL 19, 1644. Set out from Paris for Orleans. The way, as indeed most of the roads in France, is paved with a small square freestone, so that there is little dirt and bad roads, as in England, only it is somewhat hard to the poor horses' feet.

OCTOBER 7. We had a most delicious journey to Marseilles, through a country full of vineyards, olive-yards, orange trees and the like sweet plantations, to which belong pleasantly situated villas built all of freestone.

We went to visit the galleys; the captain of the galley-royal gave us most courteous entertainment in his cabin, the slaves playing loud and soft music. Then he showed us how he commanded their motions with a nod and his whistle, making them row out. The spectacle was to me new and strange, to see so many hundreds of miserably naked persons, having their heads shaven close, and having only high red bonnets, a pair of coarse canvas drawers, their whole backs and legs naked, doubly chained about their middles and legs in couples, and made fast to their seats, and all commanded by a cruel seaman. Their rising forward and falling back at their oar is a miserable spectacle, and the noise of their chains with the roaring of the beaten waters has something of the strange and fearful to one unaccustomed to it. They are chastised on the least disorder and without the least humanity; yet are they cheerful and full of knavery.

JANUARY 31, 1645. Climbing a steep hill in Naples, we came to the monastery of the Carthusians, from whence is a most goodly prospect towards the sea and city, the one full of galleys and ships, the other of stately palaces, churches, castles, gardens, delicious fields and meadows, Mount Vesuvius smoking, doubtless one of the most considerable vistas in the world.

The inhabitants greatly affect the Spanish gravity in their habit, delight in good horses; the streets are full of gallants on horseback, in coaches and sedans. The country people are so jovial and addicted to music that the very husbandmen almost universally play on the guitar, singing and composing songs in praise of their sweethearts, and will commonly go to the field with their fiddle; they are merry, witty and genial, all which I much attribute to the excellent quality of the air. They have a deadly hatred to the French, so that some of our company were flouted at for wearing red cloaks, as the mode then was.

This I made the end of my travels, sufficiently sated with rolling up and down, since, from the report of divers experienced and curious persons, I had been assured there was little more to be seen in the rest of the civil world, after Italy, France, Flanders and the Low Country, but plain and prodigious barbarism.

Thus, about February 7, we set out on our return to Rome by the same way we came, not daring to adventure by sea, as some of our company were inclined, for fear of Turkish pirates hovering on that coast.

III—Evelyn in England

MAY 22, 1647. I had contracted a friendship with Sir Richard Browne, his majesty's Resident at the Court of France, and his lady and particularly set my affections on a daughter.

JUNE 10. We concluded about my marriage, and on Thursday 27, Dr. Earle married us in Sir Richard Browne's chapel, betwixt the hours of eleven and twelve, some few select friends being present; and this being Corpus Christi feast was solemnly observed in this country; the streets were sumptuously hung with tapestry and strewn with flowers.

JULY 8, 1656. At Ipswich—one of the sweetest, most pleasant, well built towns in England. I had the curiosity to visit some Quakers here in prison—a new fanatic sect, of dangerous principles, who show no respect to any man, magistrate or other, and seem a melancholy, proud sort of people, and exceedingly ignorant.

NOVEMBER 2. There was now nothing practical preached in the pulpits, or that pressed reformation of life, but high and speculative points that few understood, which left people very ignorant and of no steady principles, the source of all our sects and divisions; for there was much envy and uncharity in the world -God of His mercy amend it!

JANUARY 27, 1658. After six fits of an ague died my dear son Richard, to our inexpressible grief and affliction, five years and three days only, but at that tender age a prodigy for wit and understanding, and for beauty of body a very angel. At two years and a half old he could perfectly read any of the English, Latin, French, or Gothic letters, pronouncing the three first languages perfectly. He had before the fifth year, or in that year, not only skill to read most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular and most of the irregular; got by heart almost the entire vocabulary of Latin and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turn English into Latin and *vice versa*, construe and prove what he read, began himself to write legibly, and had a strong passion for Greek. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion and his sense of God. He was all life, all prettiness, far from morose, sullen or childish, in anything he said or did. Such a child I never saw; for such a child I bless God, in whose bosom he is!

NOVEMBER 22. Saw the superb funeral of the Protector. He was carried from Somerset House in a velvet bed of state, drawn by six horses housed with the same, the pall held up by his new lords; Oliver lying in effigy in royal robes, and with a crown, sceptre and globe, like a king; pendants carried by officers, imperial banners by the heralds; a rich caparisoned horse, embroidered all over with gold, a knight of honour armed *cap-à-pie*, guards, soldiers and innumerable mourners. In this equipage they proceeded to Westminster; but it was the joyfullest funeral I ever saw, for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.

MAY 29, 1660. This day his Majesty Charles II came to London after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the king and church, being seventeen years. This also was his birthday, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the ways strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine; the mayor, aldermen and all the companies in their liveries, chains of gold and banners; lords and nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold and velvet; the windows and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the city. I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God.

JANUARY 6, 1661. I was chosen a Fellow of the Philosophical Society, now meeting at Gresham College, where was an assembly of divers learned gentlemen; this being the first meeting since the king's return; but it had been begun some years before at Oxford and was continued with interruption here in London during the Rebellion.

JANUARY 16. I went to the Philosophic Club, where was examined the Torricellian experiment. I presented my Circle of Mechanical Trades, and had recommended to me the publishing of what I had written upon chalcography.

JANUARY 30. This day—O the stupendous and inscrutable judgements of God!—were the carcases of those arch-rebels Cromwell, Bradshawe and Ireton dragged out from their superb tombs in Westminster among the kings, to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there from morning till night and then buried under that ignominious monument in a deep pit;

thousands of people who had seen them in all their pride being spectators. Look back at November 22, 1658, and be astonished! And fear God and honour the king; but meddle not with them who are given to change!

JULY 31, 1662. I sat with the commissioners about reforming the buildings and streets of London, and we ordered the paving of the way from St. James's north, which was a quagmire, and also of the Haymarket about Piqudillo [Piccadilly].

AUGUST 23. I was spectator of the most magnificent triumph that ever floated on the Thames, considering the innumerable boats and vessels, dressed and adorned with all imaginable pomp, but above all, the thrones, arches, pageants and other representations, stately barges of the Lord Mayor and Companies, with music and peals of ordnance from the vessels and the shore, going to meet and conduct the new queen from Hampton Court to Whitehall, at the time of her first coming to town. His majesty and the queen came in an antique-shaped open vessel, covered with a canopy of cloth of gold, made in form of a cupola, supported with high Corinthian pillars, wreathed with flowers and festoons.

IV—Plague and Fire

JULY 16, 1665. There died of the plague in London this week 1,100, and in the week following above 2,000.

AUGUST 28. The contagion still increasing. I sent my wife and whole family to my brother's at Wotton, being resolved to stay at my house myself and to look after my charge, trusting in the providence and goodness of God.

SEPTEMBER 7. Came home from Chatham. Perishing near 10,000 poor creatures weekly. However, I went all along the city and suburbs from Kent Street to St. James's, a dismal passage, and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, as not knowing whose turn might be next. I went to the Duke of Albemarle for a pest ship for our infected men.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1666. This fatal night, about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish Street in London.

SEPTEMBER 3. After dinner I took coach, with my wife and son, and went to the Bank Side in Southwark, where we beheld the dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water-side.

The fire having continued all this night, which was as light as day for ten miles round, in a dreadful manner, I went on foot to the same place. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without attempting to save even their goods. It leapt after a prodigious manner from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save. And the fields for many miles were strewn with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! London was, but is no more!

OCTOBER 17, 1671. My Lord Henry Howard would needs have me go with him to Norwich. I was not hard to be persuaded, having a desire to see that famous scholar and physician, Dr. T. Browne, author of the Religio Medici, now lately knighted. Thither, then, went my lord and I alone in his flying chariot with six horses.

Next morning I went to see Sir Thomas Browne. His whole house and garden were a paradise and cabinet of rarities, especially medals, books, plants and natural things. Sir Thomas had a collection of the eggs of all the birds he could procure, that country being frequented by several birds which seldom or never go farther into the land—as cranes, storks, eagles and variety of water-fowl. He led me to see all the remarkable places of this ancient city, being one of the largest and noblest in England.

JANUARY 5, 1674. I saw an Italian opera in music, the first that had been in England of this kind.

NOVEMBER 15, 1678. The queen's birthday. I never saw the court more brave,

nor the nation in more apprehension and consternation. Titus Oates has grown so presumptuous as to accuse the queen of intending to poison the king, which certainly that pious and virtuous lady abhorred the thought of. Oates probably thought to gratify some who would have been glad his majesty should have married a fruitful lady; but the king was too kind a husband to let any of these make impression on him. However, divers of the Popish peers were sent to the Tower, accused by Oates, and all the Roman Catholic lords were by a new act for ever excluded the Parliament, which was a mighty blow.

MAY 5, 1681. Came to dine with me Sir Christopher Wren, his majesty's architect and surveyor, now building the cathedral of St. Paul, and the column in memory of the City's conflagration, and was in hand with the building of fifty churches. A wonderful genius had this incomparable person.

JANUARY 24, 1684. The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was planted with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops furnished and full of commodities, even to a printing press. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, as in the streets; sleds, sliding with skates, bull-baiting, horse and coach races, puppet plays, cooks, tippling, so that it seemed to be a carnival on the water; while it was a severe judgement on the land, the trees splitting, men and cattle perishing, and the very seas locked up with ice. London was so filled with the fuliginous steam of coal that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, so as one could scarcely breathe.

V—Fall of the Stewarts

FEBRUARY 4, 1685. King Charles II is dead. He was a prince of many virtues, and many great imperfections; debonair, easy of access, not bloody nor cruel; his countenance fierce, his voice great, proper of person, every motion became him; a lover of the sea and skilful in shipping; he loved planting and building, and brought in a politer way of living, which passed to luxury and expense. He would have been an excellent prince had he been less addicted to women, who made him always in want to supply their immeasurable profusion.

Certainly never had king more glorious opportunities to have made himself, his people and all Europe happy, had not his too easy nature resigned him to be managed by crafty men, and some abandoned and profane wretches who corrupted his otherwise sufficient parts.

I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the king sitting and toying with his concubines, a French boy singing love-songs, in that glorious gallery, while twenty great courtiers and other dissolute persons were gaming at a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them. Six days after all was in the dust!

NOVEMBER 5, 1688. I went to London, heard the news of the Prince of Orange having landed at Torbay, coming with a fleet of near 700 sail, passing through the Channel with so favourable a wind that our navy could not intercept them. This put the king and court into great consternation.

MAY 26, 1703. This day died Mr. Sam Pepys, a very worthy, industrious and curious person; none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices, all of which he performed with great integrity. When King James II went out of England, he laid down his office and would serve no more; but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner, Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labours in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially.

OCTOBER 31, 1705. I am this day arrived to the eighty-fifth year of my age. Lord teach me so to number my days to come that I may apply them to wisdom!

Immortal Type of French High Comedy

MOLIERE

THE MISANTHROPE

FIRST performed at the Palais Royal, Paris, June 4, 1666, The Misanthrope did not immediately achieve a great public success, but the play was at once recognized by many critics as a masterpiece, and Boileau preferred it even to its great predecessor, Tartuffe. From the point of view of plot it is not remarkable, but as an acute philosophical study of the eternal passions and sentiments of human nature, it stands supreme, not only among the literature of the French stage, but even among Molière's own comedies. Nowhere else are Molière's astonishing power over language, his amazing wit, his masterly satire seen to such advantage. Everything mean and base and gross comes under his merciless lash; his types are not caricatures, but living representatives of classes and communities of peoples. Yet in conception The Misanthrope is tragic rather than comic. 'There can be little doubt,' says Frederic Harrison, 'that Molière has painted in Alceste not a little of his own noble yearnings and profound weariness, as of a free spirit born out of time in a most artificial and degenerate society.' An English translation of The Misanthrope is published at 1s. by George Bell.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Alceste — **Philinte** — **Célimène**
Oronte, a lover of Célimene — **Acaste** and **Clitandre**, marquises
Eliante, Célimene's cousin — **Arsinoe**, Célimène's friend

The scene is laid in Paris

First Act

Enter **Alceste** *and* **Philinte**



PHILINTE: What is it? What is the matter?

Alceste: Leave me, I pray you.

Phil.: But, once more, tell me what strange mood——

Alc.: Leave me, I say. Run away and hide yourself.

Phil.: I cannot make you out when you are in these uncomfortable tempers Although we are friends, I am one of the first——

Alc.: I your friend? Don't depend on that. I have hitherto professed to be so; but after what I have just seen in you, I tell you clearly I am no longer your friend. There is no excuse for such behaviour. You lavish caresses on a man, and show him the greatest affection; and when I ask you who the man is, you can scarcely tell me his name. If I had done such a thing, I should go and hang myself from sheer shame.

Phil.: For my part, I don't see that it is a hanging matter. If you have no objection, I don't propose to hang myself for this particular offence. When a man comes and greets you warmly, you must pay him back in the same coin, respond in as pleasant a way as possible to his protestations and return offer for offer and vow for vow.

Alc.: There is nothing I hate so much as the grimaces of these protesting people, these charming givers of insincere embraces, these obliging utterers of empty words, who treat alike the man of character and the mere fool. What good is it if a man makes a fuss of you, vows he is your friend, protests his faith, zeal, esteem and regard for you, and pronounces a glowing eulogy on you, when he hastens to do the same thing to the first scamp he meets? Esteem is based on some kind of preference, and to esteem everybody is to esteem nobody.

Phil.: But when we are of the world we must practise those civilities which custom demands.

Alc.: No, I tell you. We ought to be ruthless in punishing this shameful interchange of mere professions of friendship. My eyes sicken at the sight; whether I am in the town or at court they show me nothing save objects that raise my bile. I fall into a black humour and into a profound disgust when I see men behaving to one another as they do. I find nothing but false flattery, injustice, selfishness, deceit, roguery. I cannot stand it any longer. I am furious! And it is my design to break a lance with the whole human race.

Phil.: Come, seriously, leave all this wild talk. The world will not be changed for all the pains you take. And, since plain speaking has such a charm for you, I will tell you quite plainly that, wherever you go, this complaint of yours is as good as a play, and that all this violent rage against the manners of the age merely makes you ridiculous in the opinion of most persons.

Alc.: So much the better; it is what I want! All men are so absolutely odious to me that I should be sorry to seem wise to them.

Phil.: Do you really wish great harm to the human race?

Alc.: Yes, I have conceived an intense hatred for it.

Phil.: Are all poor mortals without any exception to be included in this aversion?

Alc.: Yes, my aversion is general, and I hate all men; some because they are wicked and evil-doers, and others because they are complacent to the wicked, and have not for them that strong loathing with which vice ought to inspire all virtuous souls.

Phil. : Good heavens ! Let us worry ourselves a little less about the morals of the age, and let us make allowances for human nature. Let us not examine it with great rigour, but let us look with some mildness on its shortcomings. In this world we need a virtue that is pliable ; by being too wise we may commit mistakes. True reason shuns all extremes, and would have us soberly wise. This great stiffness, this copying of the virtues of ancient times, clashes too much with the common usages of our age, it requires too great perfection from mortals. I take people quite quietly as they are ; I accustom my mind to endure what they do, and I believe that at court, as in the city, my phlegm is as philosophical as your bile.

Alc. : But this phlegm, monsieur—you who reason so well—this phlegm, can it not be stirred by anything ? If, by chance, it happened that a friend betrayed you, or laid a plot to get hold of your property, would you watch all this without getting into a passion ?

Phil. : Yes. I regard all these feelings at which your soul murmurs as vices inseparable from human nature. In short, my mind is no more shocked at seeing a man a knave, unjust, or selfish, than at seeing vultures greedy, apes mischievous, or wolves mad with fury.

Alc. : Then I am to see myself deceived, torn to pieces, robbed without being—— Heavens, I will say no more !

Phil. : Yes, you would do well to keep silent. Shout a little less loudly against your adversary, and give some of your care to your lawsuit.

Alc. : That I will not do. That matter is settled.

Phil. To whom are you looking to plead for you ?

Alc. : Whom ? Reason, my just right, equity.

Phil. Will you pay a visit to any of the judges ?

Alc. : No ; is my cause unjust or doubtful ?

Phil. your cause is just ; but, on the other hand, intrigue is an awkward thing to tackle.

Alc. : No ; I am resolved not to move a step in the matter. I am either right or wrong.

Phil. : Don't trust to that.

Alc. : I shall not stir.

Phil. : Your adversary is strong, and, by his secret practices, he may draw——

Alc. : Be it so. I shall see what comes of it. I shall see by this trial whether men have sufficient effrontery, whether they are wicked, villainous, and perverse enough to do me this injustice in the face of the whole world.

[**Philinte** then asks **Alceste** if he finds this scrupulous integrity in **Célimène,** the lady of his affections, pointing out that either the sincere **Eliante,** or the prude **Arsinoe**—both of whom look with favour upon **Alceste**—would seem a more suitable choice, whereas **Célimène's** coquettish humour and malicious cleverness would appear to be too much akin to the manners of the time. **Alceste,** in reply, confesses his inconsistency in the matter, but pleads that **Célimène** makes him love her despite himself, and that his love for her will doubtless purify her heart. Then—as if to redress the balance—he nearly quarrels with another of **Célimène's** lovers, **Oronte,** because he cannot honestly praise the latter's verses, and has a stormy scene with **Célimène** herself, in which he reproaches her for encouraging the attentions of other admirers.]

Second Act

Enter **Eliante, Célimène, Alceste, Clitandre, Philinte,** *and* **Acaste**

ELIANTE : Here are the two marquises coming up with us. Did any one tell you ?

Célimène : Yes. (*To* **Alceste**) You have not gone ?

Alceste : No. I am resolved, madame, that your heart shall declare itself either for them or for me

Cél. : You are losing your senses.'

Alc. : You must take one side or the other.

Clitandre : I have just come from the Louvre, madame, where Cléonte made himself appear absolutely ridiculous. Has he not got some friend who would be kind enough to enlighten him upon his manners ?

Cél. : He certainly appears to poor advantage in society. He carries himself everywhere with an air that leaps to the eye at once, and when you see him again after a short absence you find him more extraordinary than ever.

Acaste : Talking of extraordinary people, I have just had to endure one of the most wearisome of them. That arguer, Damon, kept me, if you please, a full hour in the broiling sun out of my chair.

Cél. : He is a strange prattler. He has always got the knack of telling you nothing in a flood of words. There is not a grain of sense in what he says. You listen to nothing but noise.

El. : This beginning is not bad ; the conversation takes a sufficiently kindly turn against our neighbours.

Clit. : Timarte, too, madame, is a type worth noticing.

Cél. : From head to foot he is a complete mystery. When passing you, he casts a bewildered glance at you and, without having anything to do, is always busy. Whatever he retails to you abounds in affectation ; he overpowers everybody by his ceremonies. He is never tired of whispering a secret to you in order to interrupt a conversation, and that secret is nothing. Of the least trifle he makes a marvel, and whispers everything in your ear, even his ' good-morning.'

Ac. : And Géralde, madame ?

Cél. : Oh, that tedious story-teller ! You never see him get off the subject of his noblemen. He always mixes with brilliant society, and never mentions anyone of lower rank than a duke, a prince, or a princess. Title turns his head ; all his conversation is full of nothing but carriages, horses and dogs. He speaks familiarly to people of the highest degree, and the word ' sir ' is never used by him.

Clit. : He is said to be on the best of terms with Bélise.

Cél. : What a stupid woman she is ! And what poor company ! When she comes to see me, I suffer martyrdom. One is in a continual state of

perspiration to find out what to say to her, and the absolute barrenness of her remarks allows the conversation to drop every moment. In vain you try to break down her stupid silence by tackling the most commonplace subjects; even the fine weather, the rain, the heat and the cold are topics which are soon exhausted with her. Yet, notwithstanding this, she drags out her unendurable visits to an insufferable length, and though you ask what the time is and yawn a score of times she stirs no more than a log of wood.

Ac. : What do you think of Adraste?

Cél. : Oh! What extreme pride! He is a man puffed up with self-love. He thinks the court shows no proper appreciation of his merits, so he makes it his daily business to inveigh against it; and an office, a place, or a living cannot be bestowed on another but he thinks an injustice has been done to himself.

Clit. : But young Cléon, whom the best people now visit; what have you to say of him?

Cél. : That it is to his cook that he owes the honour; that it is to his table that people pay visits.

El. : He takes care to provide the most dainty food.

Cél. : Yes, but I do wish he would not serve up himself. His stupid person is a very unpleasant dish, which, to my taste, spoils every dinner he gives.

Philinte : His uncle Damis is highly esteemed. What do you say, madame?

Cél. : He is one of my friends.

Phil. : I find him a decent fellow, and sensible enough.

Cél. : Yes, but he wants to be too witty, and that makes me angry. He is always unnatural and in all his talk you see that he is striving to say smart things. Since he took it into his head to be clever, he is so hard to please that nothing suits his taste. He sees faults in everything that is written, and thinks that to give praise does not become a man of wit, that to find fault is a proof of intelligence, that only fools admire and laugh, and that, by not approving of anything in the literature of to-day, he shows his superiority to everyone else. Even in conversation he finds something to criticise; the talk is too trifling for him to deign to descend to and, with his arms crossed, he looks down contemptuously from the height of his intellect upon all that is said.

Ac. : Good! His very picture!

Clit. : You are admirable at sketching people.

Alc. : Cheer up! Push on, my good friends and courtiers. You don't spare anyone. Everyone will have his turn. And yet, were any one of them to appear, we should see you all making the most solemn protestations of being his servant.

Clit. : Why find fault with us? If you are offended at what is said, you must address your reproach to the lady.

Alc. : No, indeed, it concerns you; for your approving smiles draw all these slanderous strokes from her, and her satirical disposition is continually fostered by your flattery.

Phil. : But why do you take so deep an interest in these people? You would condemn them for the very things we blame in them.

Cél. : Would you have this gentleman adopt the common view? Must he not display everywhere the spirit of contradiction which he has received from heaven? Other people's sentiments can never please him; he always supports an opposite opinion. The honour of contradicting has so many charms for him that he often takes up arms against himself and combats his own true sentiments as soon as he discovers them on other people's lips.

Alc. : The laughers are on your side, madame, and that is saying everything: you can direct your satire against me.

Phil. : Your avowed surliness of disposition will not suffer people to be either blamed or praised.

Alc. : It is because men are never reasonable that my surliness of disposition towards them is always seasonable. I see that in all matters they praise without discrimination and censure with rashness.

Third Act

Enter **Célimène** *and* **Arsinoe**

CELIMENE : Ah, madame, what happy fate brings you here? Truly, I was becoming uneasy about you.

Arsinoe : I have come about some advice which I think I ought to give you.

Cél. : Shall we sit down?

Ar. : It is not necessary, madame. Friendship ought especially to show itself in those things which may be of the most consequence to us; and as there are none of more importance than those of honour and propriety, I come to prove my friendship by giving you a word of advice as regards your reputation. Yesterday I was with some people of singular virtue, and they turned their discourse on you. Unfortunately, your conduct and the gossip it provokes were far from being the subject of commendation. The crowd of persons whose visits you permit, your gallantry and the reports it sets going, found censors more numerous than they deserved and more severe than I could have wished. I did all I could to defend you. But I was at last forced to admit that your fashion of living did you some harm, and that there was no story, however ill-natured, which was not in circulation everywhere about you. Madame, I believe that you are too sensible not to take this perhaps useful advice in the right spirit, and not to ascribe it to the prompting of a zeal that attaches me to all your interests.

Cél. : Madame, I have to return you many thanks; such advice puts me under an obligation. Far from taking it amiss, I desire instantly to acknowledge your kindness by giving you a word of advice as regards your reputation, and informing you of what is being said about you. In a house the other day where I was paying a visit, I met some people of signal worth, who, speaking of the true concerns of a virtuous life, got the conversation round to you. There, your affectation of a grave expression, your talk about wisdom and reputation, your mincings and little shrieks at the shadow of impropriety, all this, if I may speak frankly, was blamed by

common consent. 'What is the good,' said they, 'of this modest mien and this virtuous exterior which all the rest belies? She is exact in the last degree in saying her prayers, but she beats her servants, and does not pay them any wages. In every place of worship she displays great zeal, but she powders and wishes to appear beautiful.' I undertook your defence against everyone, but the prevailing opinion went against me, and the conclusion was that you would do well to have less concern about the actions of others, and to take a little more trouble about your own. Madame, I believe that you also are too sensible not to take this perhaps useful advice in the right spirit, and not to ascribe it to the prompting of a zeal which attaches me to all your interests.

Ar.: I did not expect this retort, madame, and by its bitter quality I see how my disinterested advice has wounded your feelings.

Cél.: On the contrary, madame; frankly made use of, these mutual counsels would help to destroy that blindness of egoism which prevents us from seeing ourselves.

Ar.: Ah! madame, I can hear nothing of you; it is in me that people find so much to blame.

Cél.: Madame, I fancy one can blame or praise everything, and that everyone may be right according to age or taste. There is a season for gallantry; there is also one proper to prudishness. Out of policy, one may take up the latter when our youthful years are dead with all their bloom. I don't say that one day I shall not follow your example. Age brings everything, but twenty is not the time at which to act the prude.

Ar.: You certainly pride yourself upon a slight advantage, and brag terribly about your age. But I am at a loss to know why you should attack me in this strange way.

Cél.: And I, madame, am at a loss to know why you are to be seen attacking me so violently everywhere. Can I help it if men won't pay you attentions, and will fall in love with my beauty?

Ar.: And do you think one troubles oneself about these many lovers of whom you boast? Is it not quite easy to judge at what a price they may be enlisted nowadays? Do you wish it to be believed that your merit alone attracts this crowd, that they are consumed merely with an honourable love for you? If my eyes envied the conquests made by yours, one could easily be reckless, and one could soon show you that one has lovers when one wishes for them.

Cél.: Do have some, then, madame, and let us see how you manage the business; try to please by this wonderful way of yours, and without——

Ar.: Let us break off this sort of talk; it might put too severe a strain both on your temper and on mine. I should already have taken my formal leave had not the non-arrival of my carriage compelled me wait.

Cél.: You can stay as long as you please madame. But I am going to give you better company than my own. (*To* **Alceste**, *who has come in at the end of the conversation*) Alceste, I must go and write a line or two. Please stay with this lady; she will be good enough, readily to pardon my incivility. [*Exit.*

[Left alone with **Alceste**, **Arsinoe** exercises her flatteries, and tells him how it vexes her to see nothing done for him by the court. **Alceste** replies that he has no claims to place or preferment, and that the very atmosphere of the court would choke him. **Arsinoe** then expresses her sympathy for him in his love affairs, assures him that **Célimène** is unworthy of him and false to him, and when **Alceste** demands proofs in place of hints and insinuendoes, promises them in abundance if he will accompany her to her house. The result of this visit is seen in a frantic appeal made by **Alceste** to **Eliante** to avenge him on **Célimène** for her treachery by accepting his hand.

But though **Eliante** has never disguised her regard for **Alceste**, she is unwilling to accept him off hand and in those circumstances, and having been told that the proof of **Célimène**'s faithlessness is a love-letter of hers in **Alceste's** possession written to **Oronte**, she tells the latter's jealous rival that there may be some mistake, and that the wrong done him may not be so great as he supposes. This, indeed, proves to be the case, for when **Alceste** goes to his mistress in a frenzy of rage, and accuses her of treachery, she disarms him by saying that the letter was written to a woman, and almost convinces him that she is true to him.

CELIMENE'S love for **Alceste** is, however, to be submitted to a final and more searching proof. The misanthrope loses the lawsuit in which right has been so clearly on his side and, in a passion of resentment, declares to **Philinte** his resolution to withdraw from all intercourse with the world. **Philinte** urges him to appeal against the judicial decision and to have the case re-tried. 'No,' says **Alceste**, 'I shall abide by the decision. Whatever cruel injury such a verdict may inflict on me, I shall take good care not to have it quashed. One sees in this case too plainly how right is trampled on, and I wish it to go down to posterity as a signal proof, as a glaring evidence of the wickedness of the men of to-day. It may cost me twenty thousand francs, but at the cost of twenty thousand francs I shall have the right to inveigh against the iniquity of human nature, and to nourish an eternal hatred for it.'

In this mood **Alceste** approaches **Célimène**, to have a final understanding with her. He finds **Oronte** with her, and they are both urging her to make a definite choice between them, when **Acaste** and **Clitandre**, two marquises who have long dangled at **Célimène's** heels, appear to demand from the lady an explanation of two letters which she has written.

Acaste reads out one written to **Clitandre** mocking at **Acaste**, **Oronte** and **Alceste**; and **Clitandre** reads out another written to **Acaste** abusing **Clitandre**. At this **Oronte** withdraws his offer to **Célimène**, the latter confesses to **Alceste** that she is in the wrong, and he offers to forgive her if she will marry him and withdraw with him from the world. But **Célimène** cannot in the end prevail upon herself to make such a renunciation, and **Alceste**, having made an unsuccessful offer of his hand to **Eliante**, who, however, agrees to marry **Philinte**, retires to seek out some secluded place on earth where he may be free and honest.]

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL

IN 1822 Scott contemplated writing a series of imaginary letters which would describe the life of James I's day, but being persuaded that he was wasting material for a good novel, he embodied his researches in The Fortunes of Nigel, which was published in the same year. Opinions vary as to the literary merit of the novel, some condemning it for its looseness of construction, while by others it is acclaimed as the finest of Scott's novels. Its chief charm lies not so much in its plot as in the vigorous and truthful pictures it gives of seventeenth century London in all its varied aspects, from the life of the Court to that of the Whitefriars district, which was the haunt of adventurers and fugitives from the law known as Alsatia. In this novel Scott followed his masterly portraits of Mary Stewart and Elizabeth with an equally brilliant character study of James I. Another interesting character is George Heriot, the king's goldsmith, who was an historical figure, the founder of Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh.

I—How Nigel Met King James



THE hostilities which had for centuries separated the north and south divisions of the island of Britain had been happily terminated by the succession of the pacific James I to the English crown; but the prejudices still existed, and brawls often disturbed the court and spread from the highest to the lowest classes.

One morning Nigel Olifaunt, the young Lord of Glenvarloch, was seated sad and solitary in his humble lodging near Paul's Wharf, in great perplexity as to the fate of his trusty and only follower, Richard Moniplies, whom he had despatched to the Court at Westminster the preceding morning, but who had not yet returned. Just as Nigel was about to belt on his rapier and go to seek the help of a magistrate, his faithful emissary appeared, pale and bloodstained. "Some misleard rascals had abused his country," and in the end had been too many for him; he had been carried insensible to a watchmaker's booth, where they had bled him, and been civil, but he had completely lost his way and had had to wait in the churchyard till daylight.

While he was telling his story, the landlady ushered in an elderly, respectable citizen, who explained that he was George Heriot, and had been warmly befriended by the young nobleman's late father and introduced by him into the employment of the royal family of Scotland, twenty years before. He had now come to offer his services to his respected patron's son. He had seen Richie Moniplies at his old friend the horologer's booth, the day before, and so had learnt of the Lord of Glenvarloch's presence in the city.

Lord Nigel thanked him heartily for his good will, but said his business was done and ended, and he was leaving London forthwith for travel and military service.

Master Heriot did not take the hint, but sat fast, as one who had something to say which he did not know how to make effectual. There was a cordial good humour about him which, added to the reverence of his appearance, induced Lord Nigel, after a little more conversation, to tell him that the king had treated with contempt his supplication for the repayment of large loans advanced by his father for the service of the state.

Master Heriot looked at the original draught of the supplication, and said, "Nothing can be more well-tempered and respectful. Is it possible that the king could—I may say, have dared—to be so unjust to the memory of such a man as your father?"

"He threw it down on the pavement," said the Lord of Glenvarloch, "and sent me for answer that proclamation, in which he classes me with the paupers and mendicants from Scotland, who disgrace his court in the eyes of the proud English—

that is all. Had not my father stood by him, with heart, sword and fortune, he might never have seen the court of England himself."

Master Heriot, from his knowledge of the king, was sure there was some mistake, and, on strictly questioning Richie, it appeared that he had, with his master's supplication, put into his majesty's hand a little bill of his own father's, a butcher of Edinburgh, "due by her majesty the king's maist gracious mother when she lived in the castle."

The good-humoured citizen interposed between Richie and Nigel's wrath, and encouraged Nigel to believe that the king would do him justice; though he had found out already that there were those round the king who were trying to prevent it. There was a mortgage over the estate, due ostensibly to the Conservator Peterson; but he had only lent his name to shroud the Lord Chancellor of Scotland, who hoped, under cover of this debt, to gain possession of the estate himself- perhaps to gratify a yet more powerful third person.

LORD NIGEL hardly believed this possible. The Lord Chancellor had been so kind to him, though he had thought for some time that those to whom the chancellor had given him letters had only wanted to get rid of him- one yesterday had pressed money upon him when he talked of going abroad. He would go to him that instant and tell him his mind of his baseness.

"Under your favour," said Heriot, "you shall not do so. By a quarrel you would become the ruin of your informer; just leave the matter in my hands—I will almost answer for the king taking up this matter as you would have him."

"Sir," said the young nobleman, "your speech is so friendly, and my own state so helpless, that I know not how to refuse your kind proffer, even while I blush to accept it at the hands of a stranger."

"We are, I trust, no longer such," said the goldsmith, "and I am glad to see you smile, my lord. Methinks it makes you look still more like the good old lord your father."

And the kindly citizen was emboldened to ask Lord Nigel to a homely dinner with him on the morrow, with one or two of their own loving countrymen, and a bonny Scots lass or two. On seeing the young man hesitate he said he lived by lending money, as well as by selling plate, and begged him to accept a hundred pounds, at interest, till his affairs were settled. He had no children, he said, "and for the wealth that God had sent him, it should not want inheritors while there were orphan lads in Auld Reekie."

"One orphan has cause to thank you already," said Nigel, as he attended the old citizen to the door.

Master George Heriot went straight to the court, and was admitted at once to the royal presence. The king had been for years on terms of familiarity with him, and



MARGARET RAMSAY IN HER PAGE'S DRESS
From the painting by James Drummond, R.S.A.

was soon on the full tide of gossip, so the goldsmith presently found an opportunity of stating Lord Nigel's case. The king remembered the debt well, but his exchequer was empty; if Heriot would find the money, he would gladly pay the poor lad, that he might redeem the inheritance of his fathers. In the meantime, let him have two hundred pounds to fit him out so that he might come to court in a manner beseeming his quality.

Taking the carcanet of rubies from his old hat, his majesty gave them to Heriot, saying, "Keep them in gage, ye auld Levite that ye are, till I gie ye back the siller out of the neist subsidy! But now I think on't, away—away, George, for the bairns will be coming home presently, and we would not they kent of this matter."

II—A Duel in the King's Grounds

BEING enabled by the generosity of his more plebeian countryman to set out a very handsome person to the best advantage, the young Lord of Glenvarloch was escorted by Master George Heriot to the court, where he was received very graciously by the king; his education abroad gave the king an opportunity of displaying his own learning. But his majesty had learnt since his interview with George Heriot that the Duke of Buckingham, his favourite 'Steenie,' the friend of the prince 'Babie Charles,' had the promise of the estate and lands of Glenvarloch, the best hunting ground in Scotland. A timely allusion to Naboth's vineyard from the Earl of Huntinglen, an old Scottish nobleman who espoused Nigel's cause from respect to his father's memory, at last made the king—though he asserted it would be better for the young man himself if he did not—write an order on the Scottish Exchequer for the sum required.

Lord Huntinglen hurried Master Heriot and Nigel from the court to his own house to dine and to consider the next steps necessary in the business. Here they found the earl's son, Lord Dalgarno, who made the most friendly advances to Nigel, which met with a ready and cheerful acceptation. Lord Nigel, so long restrained from the conversation of his equals by adverse circumstances, gladly allowed his new acquaintance to introduce him to the pleasures of London life. He had to obtain certain forms to render his sign-manual effectually useful, and these were delayed in such a manner as to make him suspect secret opposition.

He wished to go again to court, and appeal to his majesty, but both Lord Huntinglen and his son advised him aginst this step, until he could obtain the countenance of the Duke of Buckingham, who had openly declared himself his enemy.

George Heriot had to make a hasty journey to Paris on important business, and Richie Moniplies very soon informed his lordship he must leave his service—he could not approve of the gay life he was living. An anoymous letter first suggested to Nigel that Dalgarno was playing a double game, and he soon had proof.

He was walking in the park with an old courtier, and was met by the Prince of Wales, attended by the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Dalgarno, who apparently found the sunshine too strong to allow him to see his great friend Nigel. But the prince signed to Nigel's companion to come forward, and sent him a message to the effect 'that he had heard, but could not believe, that the heir of Glenvarloch was leading an idle, scandalous, and precarious life in London, while the king's drums were beating in Germany.' This the old man interpreted as a command not to appear in the prince's presence again, but Nigel determined to stay where he was, and heard them. The prince, however, left the park, and Nigel demanded an explanation from Dalgarno.

HIS resentment was excited to the uttermost by the cold-blooded and insulting manner in which Dalgarno vindicated himself, and he drew his rapier and struck him with the flat.

A number of people came rushing to the place at once, and the cry went round. "Keep the peace! Keep the peace! Swords drawn in the park! What ho, guards, keepers, yeomen-rangers!"

Lord Dalgarno, who had half drawn his sword, returned it to its scabbard and walked hastily away, saying: "You shall dearly abye this insult! We will meet again!"

A decent-looking, elderly man, observing that Lord Glenvarloch remained on the spot, said, "Are you aware this is a Star Chamber business, young gentleman, and may cost you your right hand? Shift for yourself. Get into Whitefriars or somewhere for sanctuary till you can make friends!"

III—Nigel Keeps Strange Company in Alsatia

LORD GLENVARLOCH made hastily for the issue from the park, and the officers who came to apprehend him got no information from the crowd, so that he made his way in safety through the Temple to Whitefriars, then known as Alsatia, which had then, and for nearly a century afterwards, the privilege of a sanctuary.

On his way, he met a young man of the Temple named Lowestoffe, whom he had often seen in the course of his pleasures, and by his good offices was soon lodged in the house of an old usurer, Trapbois by name, who seemed anxious to do him every service in his power—for a consideration. The same good Templar sent Nigel's clothes and valuables to him, with the news that he himself was detained in the Marshalsea Prison. Nigel immediately wrote in earnest entreaty to know the cause of his detention. He had determined to surrender himself if he did not hear from him in twenty-four hours.

He spent the day in a good deal of discomfort, being annoyed by the repeated visits of his landlord, who seemed fascinated by Nigel's possessions. During the night he was startled by hearing screams, following so close after one another that he felt sure they were in the same house as himself. He jumped up hastily, put on some clothes, seized sword and pistols and ran in the direction of the suspicious sounds.

A small door at the bottom of the staircase gave way as Nigel precipitated himself upon the scene of action—a cocked pistol in one hand, a candle in the other, and his naked sword under his arm.

Two ruffians were on the point of overpowering the daughter of old Trapbois, whose resistance appeared to have been most desperate. One villain had drawn a long clasp knife, when Nigel entered and shot him dead upon the spot ; and when the other advanced towards him, he hurled the candlestick at him, and then attacked him with his sword. The ruffian, after firing one shot, made for the window, leaped from it and escaped. Nigel fired his remaining pistol after him at a venture, and called for a light.

"There is light in the kitchen," said Martha Trapbois, with surprising presence of mind. "Stay, I will fetch it. Oh, my father—my poor father ! I knew it would come to this, and all along of the accursed gold ! They have murdered 'im ! "

Her haggard and austere features were exaggerated by all the desperation of grief, fear and passion, but the latter was predominant. A number of people were soon on the spot attendant on the bailiff of the liberty and sanctuary of Whitefriars to inquire into the crime.

Among them was a young man in the dress of a waterman, who took Nigel aside to say that Master Lowestoffe prayed him to consult his own safety by at once leaving Whitefriars, for that a warrant from the Lord Chief Justice had been issued for apprehending him, and would be put in force to-morrow by a party of musketeers, whom the Alsatians neither would nor dared to resist. He, the messenger, would meet him at the Temple stairs at five and take him down the river in his wherry.

"Where is the king just now, knowest thou ? " said Lord Glenvarloch.

ON hearing he was at Greenwich, Nigel said he would go, and asked the waterman to come back for his baggage.

"Ay, ay, master," said the fellow, and left the house.

Moved by the misery and despair of the daughter of the murdered man, Nigel allowed her to go with him, in spite of the protests of the waterman at the overloading of the boat with a strong box she brought with her. She confessed after they had started that her father's character had left her no friends, and what she now wished was to obtain the shelter of a decent lodging until she could get legal advice as to obtaining justice on her father's murderer. She had no doubt as to his identity.

When Nigel found she had no plan of her own, he recommended her to go to his old lodging at Paul's Wharf, which they were now approaching, and gave her a letter to the landlord. The poor woman thanked him, briefly indeed, but with expressions

of deep gratitude. She was accordingly landed there, and, guided by two porters, who carried her strong box, arrived at the house just as Richie Moniplies was leaving it in angry haste. The landlord was furious and, seizing the letter Martha presented to him, threw it down, trampled on it, and shut the door. Richie caught sight of Lord Glenvarloch's signature, and at once questioned the unhappy woman. Though her singular destiny had heaped her with wealth, Mistress Martha Trapbois was left with no wiser counsellor and protector than honest Richie Moniplies.

IV—In the Tower of London

THE watermen would not land Lord Glenvarloch at Greenwich till he had given them a written testimony that such was his will; a Scotch vessel, they said, was waiting him at Gravesend. But he was determined to see the king forthwith and, after visiting a hairdresser's and an eating-house, he waited for his majesty as he hunted in Greenwich Park.

He was fortunate enough to be present as his majesty reached the stag at its death; but that timid king was so startled at his sudden reappearance, after the terrible stories he had heard of his assault on Lord Dalgarno, that he persuaded himself that Nigel sought his life; and within a few hours of his arrival Lord Glenvarloch was on his way up the river again, to be confined in the Tower. The lieutenant met him with much courtesy, and said he would make his imprisonment as easy as his duty would permit; but shortly after his admission, a warder came to inform him that he was to have a companion; and though Nigel hastily said he would rather be alone, a boy was pushed into the room, who stood still, his eyes on the ground, and trembling in every limb.

It was not Nigel's nature to behold distress without trying to relieve it. The boy suffered himself to be led and seated by the fire, but very soon wept so pitifully that the tears found their way in floods through his slender fingers.

Nigel applied the most soothing terms which occurred to him to alleviate this distress, and at last the boy told him he had left his father's house without leave, to see the king hunt at Greenwich. There came a cry of treason, the gates were shut; he was found by some of the rangers, could give no account of himself, and so was sent there. Presently the boy seemed to resign himself to sleep.

"Poor child!" said Nigel to himself, "the dew is yet on thy eyelashes. Peace to thy slumbers; I will not disturb them. My own misfortunes require my attention." So he continued his pensive walk up and down, but was much more concerned about his fellow-prisoner's situation than his own. The pleading tones of one of the sweetest voices he had ever heard continued to haunt him, in spite of himself!

Presently a warder announced a visitor, and the worthy citizen George Heriot appeared. He bowed with much formality—he evidently credited Dalgarno's slanders, though his fidelity to the house of Glenvarloch had made him come to ask Nigel to trust him with the sign-manual, that he might still try to redeem his inheritance for him. The king's good sense, he said, and some information he had procured, he knew not how, had induced him to contradict his charge of the attempt on his life. But when the casket was opened the sign-manual was gone, and, in spite of Nigel's protestations, Heriot believed he had lost it at play.

This last suspicion drove Nigel to the end of his patience, and he maintained a proud silence, till George Heriot, to sum the matter up, went up to the apparently sleeping boy, and, as he attempted to cover his face, removed first mantle, then hands, and disclosed to view his own fair god-daughter, Margaret Ramsay.

"Here is goodly gear," said Master Heriot; and could not prevent himself giving her a slight shake as he peremptorily demanded an explanation.

"On my honour, Master Heriot," said Lord Glenvarloch, "you remind me now, for the first time, that I saw this young lady in your family. Her features are not easily forgotten, and yet I was trying in vain to recollect where I had last looked on them. I had but discovered her disguise as you entered. I am satisfied from her whole behaviour that her presence here in this dress was involuntary."

Margaret could only say she had been sent there by the lady of the lieutenant of the Tower, and could die now of shame and confusion to be there in such a dress. She owned she had been in the park and had seen the king, who had been most kind and compassionate and had sent her to Lady Mansel. Needless to say, the whole thing had been arranged by the sapient king, who had had a place built by that prison chamber, where he might hear the prisoners' conversation, and so arrive at those judgements which he loved to consider equal to Solomon's. Lord Dalgarno's villainy had been proved by the testimony Margaret had been able to lay before the king in the morning. Nigel was pardoned and set free. Richie Moniplies had presented himself at the Tower, and resumed his old duties, with even more than his accustomed self-satisfaction.

V—Nigel Comes to His Own

KING JAMES announced his intention of being present at Lord Glenvarloch's marriage to pretty Peg-a-Ramsay, as he called her, a few weeks later, and busied himself in tracing her pretensions to noble descent. The king himself gave the bride away, and the royal carriages conveyed the company from St. Paul's to George Heriot's, where a splendid collation awaited them.

The king, flinging sword, belt and plumed hat on the table, as who should say, "Lie there, authority!" swallowed a hearty cup of wine to the happiness of the married couple, and began to amble about the room, cracking jests and laughing at them; when the door opened, and there entered, to the astonishment of Lord Glenvarloch, his late serving-man, Richie Moniplies, now sumptuously dressed, and leading Martha Trapbois by the hand, arrayed in black velvet, which suited so ill with the pallid and severe melancholy of her countenance that the king exclaimed, "What the de'il has the fellow brought here? Body of our regal selves, it is a corpse that has run off with the mort cloth!"

"May I sifflicate your majesty to be gracious unto her," said Richie; "being that she is my ain wedded wife, Mrs. Martha Moniplies by name? There was a convention that I should wed her when I had avenged her father's death—so I slew and took possession."

"Peace, peace, I pray you peace," said the bride. "Let us do that we came for." So saying, she handed a bundle of parchments to Lord Glenvarloch, and said, "I take this royal presence to witness that I restore the ransomed lordship of Glenvarloch to the right owner. This paper"—delivering another—"is also your property; take it."

The king bustled forward beside Lord Glenvarloch and, fixing an eager eye on the writing, exclaimed:

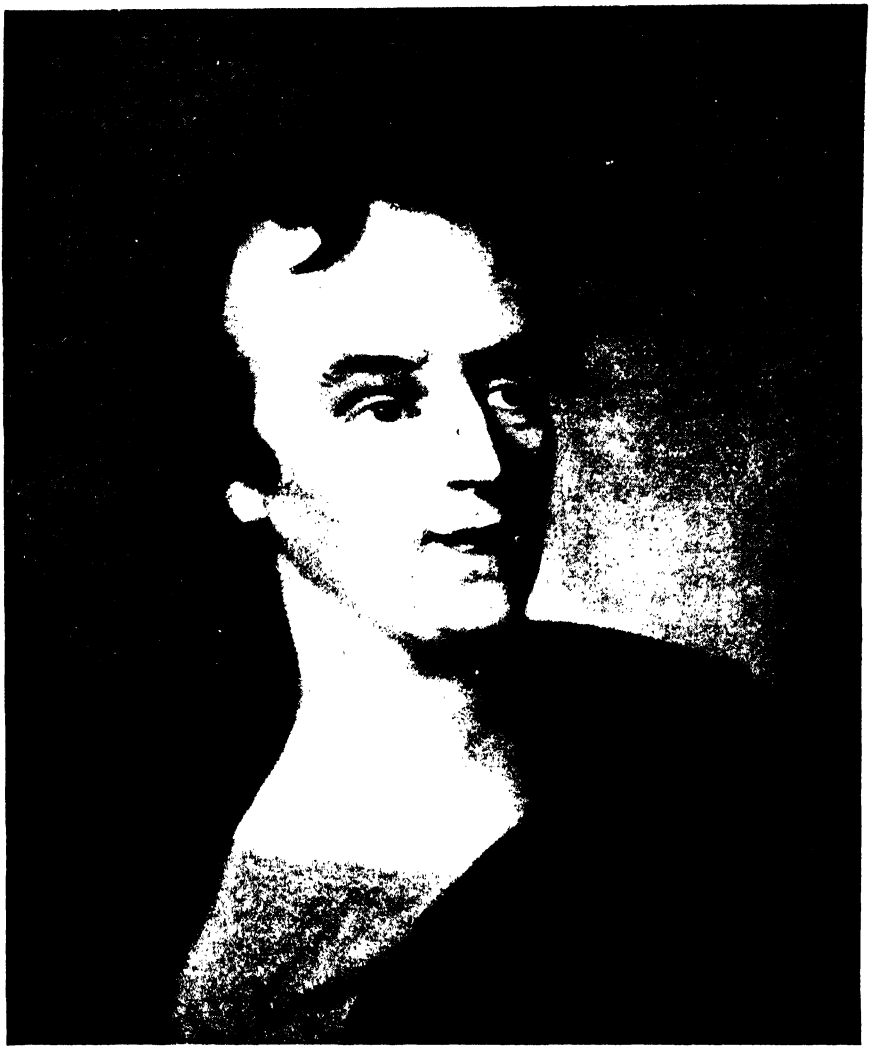
"Body of ourselves, it's our royal sign-manual for the money which was so long out of sight. How came you by it, Mistress Bride?"

"It is a secret," said Martha drily; but had to confess that her father had purloined it, and begged Lord Glenvarloch to say nothing. "*My* debtor *you* cannot be."

The king congratulated her on her choice of a husband, as having, for a fule, a pretty turn of wit.

"There are fools, sire," replied she, "who have wit, and fools who have courage—aye, and fools who have learning, and yet are great fools, notwithstanding. I chose this man because he was my protector when I was desolate. He is truly honest, and has a heart and hand that make amends for some folly. Since I was condemned to seek a protector through the world, I may thank God that I have come by no worse."

"And that is sae sensibly said," replied the king, "that, by my soul, I'll try whether I canna make him better. Kneel down, Richie—somebody lend me a rapier." He took the drawn sword and, with averted eyes, for it was a sight he loved not to look on, endeavoured to lay it on Richie's shoulder, but nearly stuck it into his eye. Richie, starting back, attempted to rise, but was held down, while the honour-bestowing blow was given and received. "Rise up, Sir Richard Moniplies, of Castle Collop! And, my lords and lieges, let us all to our dinner, for the cock-a-leekie is cooling."



Schiller, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (1759–1805) ranks second only to his contemporary Goethe as exponent of the aspirations of the German nation. In 1780 he published his first tragedy, The Robbers, and its success determined him to devote himself to literature. With his two prose dramas, Fiesco, 1783, and Kabale und Liebe—Love and Intrigue—1784, he definitely established himself in the front rank of dramatists, while Don Carlos, 1787, his first drama in classical form, secured his reputation as a poet subsequently enhanced by some inimitable ballads. History and philosophy occupied him for the next twelve years, resulting notably in his History of the Thirty Years War and his brilliant Letters on the Aesthetic Education of Man and on Naive and Sentimental Poetry. In 1799 he took up his abode permanently in Weimar and began the series of master dramas, Wallenstein, Maria Stuart, The Maid of Orleans, and William Tell, which display his rich imagination and rhetorical gifts and, reflecting his high idealism and enthusiastic optimism, are among the most glorious treasures of German literature. This portrait is from the painting by A. Tischbein.

THOMAS CARLYLE

THE LIFE OF FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

IN the summer of 1822 Taylor, proprietor of The London Magazine, invited Carlyle to write a series of Portraits of Men of Genius and Character for that periodical, the first to be a life of Schiller. The proposal was congenial to Carlyle, who had recently finished his translation of Schiller's Wilhelm Meister, and in the course of 1823 and 1824 the resultant Life of Friedrich Schiller, Comprehending an Examination of his Works, was published in The London Magazine and appeared in book form in 1825. It was Carlyle's first essay in the study of German literature which afterwards he did so much to popularise in Britain. A second edition was published in 1845 in order to prevent piratical reprints, and in his introduction to this Carlyle pleaded for the indulgence of the reader, asking him to remember that 'it was written twenty years ago.' It was very highly praised on its first appearance but has been superseded since by more temperate studies of Schiller; nevertheless its tone of enthusiasm gives it great value of its own.

Inexpensive editions are published by George Routledge and by Chapman & Hall.

I—Schiller's Youth



DISTINGUISHED alike for the splendour of his intellectual faculties and the elevation of his tastes and feelings, Friedrich Schiller has left behind him in his work a noble emblem of these great qualities. Much of his life was deformed by inquietude and disease, and it terminated at middle age; he composed in a language then scarcely settled into form, yet his writings are remarkable for their extent, their variety and their intrinsic excellence, and his own countrymen are not his only, or perhaps his principal admirers.

Born on November 10, 1759, a few months later than Robert Burns, he was a native of Marbach, in Württemberg. His father had been a surgeon in the army, and was now in the pay of the Duke of Württemberg; and the benevolence, integrity and devoutness of his parents were expanded and beautified in the character of their son. His education was irregular; desiring at first to enter the clerical profession, he was put to the study of law, and then of medicine; but he wrenched asunder his fetters with a force that was felt at the extremities of Europe. In his nineteenth year he began the tragedy of The Robbers, and its publication forms an era in the literature of the world.

It is a work of tragic interest, bordering upon horror. A grim, inexpiable fate is made the ruling principle; it envelops and overshadows the whole, and under its louring influence the fiercest efforts of human will appear but like flashes that illuminate the wild scene with a brief and terrible splendour and are lost for ever in the darkness. The unsearchable abysses of man's destiny are laid open before us, black and profound and appalling as they seem to the young mind when it first attempts to explore them.

Schiller had meanwhile become a surgeon in the Württemberg army; and the duke, scandalised at the moral errors of The Robbers, and not less at its want of literary merit, forbade him to write more poetry. Dalberg, superintendent of the Mannheim theatre, put the play on the stage in 1781, and in October 1782 Schiller decided his destiny by escaping secretly from Stuttgart beyond the frontier. A generous lady, Madam von Wollzogen, invited him to her estate of Bauerbach, near Meiningen.

Here he resumed his poetical employments, and published within a year the tragedies Verschwörung des Fiesco and Kabale und Liebe. This Conspiracy of Fiesco, the story of the political and personal relations of the Genoese nobility, has the charm of a kind of colossal magnitude. The chief incidents have a dazzling magnificence, the chief characters an aspect of majesty and force. The other play, Court Intriguing and Love, is a tragedy of domestic life; it shows the

conflict of cold worldly wisdom with the pure, impassioned movements of the young heart.

Now, in September 1783, Schiller went to Mannheim as poet to the theatre, a post of respectability and reasonable profit. Here he undertook his Thalia, a periodical work devoted to poetry and the drama, in 1784. Naturalised by law in his new country, surrounded by friends that honoured him, he was now exclusively a man of letters for the rest of his days.

II—His Settlement at Mannheim

SCHILLER had his share of trials to encounter, but he was devoted with unchanging ardour to the cause he had embarked in. Few men have been more resolutely diligent than he, and he was warmly seconded by the taste of the public. For the Germans consider the stage as an organ for refining the hearts and minds of men, and the theatre of Mannheim was one of the best in Germany.

Besides composing dramatic pieces and training players, Schiller wrote poems, the products of a mind brooding over dark and mysterious things, and his Philosophic Letters unfold to us many a gloomy conflict of the soul, surveying the dark morass of infidelity, yet showing no causeway through it. The first acts of Don Carlos, printed in Thalia, had attracted the attention of the Duke of Sachsen-Weimar, who conferred on their author the title of counsellor. Schiller was loved and admired in Mannheim, yet he longed for a wider sphere of action, and he determined to take up his residence at Leipzig.

Here he arrived in March 1785, and at once made innumerable acquaintances; but went to Dresden in the end of summer, and here Don Carlos was completed. This, the story of a royal youth condemned to death by his father, is the first of Schiller's plays to bear the stamp of maturity. The Spanish court in the sixteenth century; its rigid, cold formalities; its cruel, bigoted, but proud-spirited grandees; its inquisitors and priests; and Philip, its head, the epitome at once of its good and bad qualities, are exhibited with wonderful distinctness and address. Here Schiller's genius does not thrill, but exalts us; it is impetuous, exuberant, majestic. The tragedy was received with immediate and universal approbation.

He now contemplated no further undertaking connected with the stage, but his mind was overflowing with the elements of poetry, and with these smaller pieces he occupied himself at intervals through the remainder of his life. The Walk, The Song of the Bell, contain exquisite delineations of the fortunes of man; The Cranes of Ibycus, and Hero and Leander are among the most moving ballads in any language.

Schiller never wrote or thought with greater diligence than while at Dresden. A novel, The Ghost-seer, suggested by the doings of the great quack, Cagliostro, was a great popular success. But Schiller had begun to think of history. Very few of his projects in this direction reached even partial execution; portions of a History of the Most Remarkable Conspiracies and Revolutions in the Middle and Later Ages, and of a History of the Revolt of the Netherlands were published.

A VISIT to Weimar, the Athens of Germany, was accomplished in 1787; to Goethe he was not introduced, but was welcomed by Wieland and Herder. Thence he went to see his early patroness at Bauerbach and on this journey, at Rudolstadt, he met the Fräulein Lengefeld, whose attractions made him loth to leave and eager to return. The visit was repeated next year, and this lady honoured him with a return of love. At this time, too, he first met the illustrious Goethe, whom we may contrast with Schiller as we should contrast Shakespeare with Milton.

The Revolt of the Netherlands, of which the first volume appeared in 1788, is accurate, vivid and coherent, and unites beauty to a calm force. It happened that the professorship at the University of Jena was about to be vacant, and through Goethe's solicitations Schiller was appointed to it in 1789. In February 1790 he obtained the hand of Fräulein Lengefeld. 'Life is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife,' he wrote a few months later; 'the world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms.'

III—Professor of History at Jena

THE duties of his new office called upon Schiller to devote himself with double zeal to history. We have scarcely any notice of the plan or success of his academical prelections; his delivery was not distinguished by fluency or grace, but his matter, we suppose, would make amends for these deficiencies of manner.

His letters breathe a spirit not only of diligence but of ardour, and he was now busied with his History of the Thirty Years' War. This work, published in 1791, is considered his chief historical treatise, for The Revolt of the Netherlands was never completed. In Schiller's view, the business of the historian is not merely to record, but also to interpret; his narrative should be moulded according to the science and impregnated with the liberal spirit of his time.

In 1791 Schiller was overtaken by violent and threatening disorder in the chest, and though nature overcame it in the present instance, the blessing of entire health never returned to him. Total cessation from intellectual effort was prescribed to him, and his prospect was a hard one; but the Hereditary Prince of Holstein-Augustenberg came to his assistance with a pension of a thousand crowns for three years, presented with a delicate politeness which touched Schiller even more than the gift itself. He bore bodily pain with strenuous determination and with unabated zeal in the great work of his life.

He now relaxed his connexion with the university; his weightiest duties were discharged by proxy; and his historical studies were forsaken. His mind was being attracted by the philosophy of Kant. This transcendental system had filled Germany with violent contentions; Herder and Wieland were opposing it vehemently; Goethe alone retained his wonted composure, willing to allow this theory to 'have its day, as all things have.' How far Schiller penetrated its arcana we cannot say, but he wrote several essays, imbued in its spirit, upon aesthetic subjects; notably, Grace and Dignity, Naïve and



SCHILLER AT THE COURT OF WEIMAR

After the painting by Eduard Ender

Sentimental Poetry, and Letters on the Aesthetic Culture of Man.

The project of an epic poem brought Schiller back to his art; he first thought of Gustavus Adolphus, then of Frederick the Great of Prussia, for his hero, and intended to adopt the *ottave rime*, and in general construction to follow the model of the Iliad. He did not even begin to execute this work, but devoted himself instead to the tragedy of Wallenstein, which occupied him for several years.

Among other engagements were the editing of the Thalia, which was relinquished at the end of 1793; a new periodical, the Horen, which began early in 1794; and another, the Musen-Almanach, in which the collection of epigrams known as the Xenien appeared. In these new publications Schiller was supported by the co-operation of Goethe.

Wallenstein was given to the world in 1799. Wallenstein is the model of a high-souled, great, accomplished man whose ruling passion is ambition. A shade of horror, of fateful dreariness, hangs over the hero's death, and except in Macbeth or Othello we know not where to match it. This tragedy is the greatest work of its century.

Schiller now spent his winters in Weimar, and at last lived there constantly, often staying for months with Goethe. The tragedy of Maria Stuart, which appeared in 1800, is a beautiful work; but compared with Wallenstein, its purpose is narrow and its result common. It has no true historical delineation. The Maid of Orleans (1801), a tragedy on the subject of Jeanne d'Arc, will remain one of the very finest of modern dramas, and its reception was beyond example flattering. It was followed, in 1803, by The Bride of Messina, a tragedy which fails to attain its object; there is too little action in the play, and the interest flags.

But Wilhelm Tell (1804) exhibits some of the highest triumphs which Schiller's genius, combined with his art, ever realized. In Tell are combined all the attributes of a great man, without the help of education or of great occasions to develop them. The play has a look of nature and substantial truth, which neither of its rivals can boast of. Its characters are a race of manly husbandmen, heroic without ceasing to be homely, poetical without ceasing to be genuine.

This was Schiller's last work. The spring of 1805 came in cold, bleak and stormy, and along with it the malady returned. On May 9 the end came. Schiller died at the age of forty-five years and a few months, leaving a widow, two sons and two daughters. The news of his death fell cold on many a heart throughout Europe.

IV—Schiller's Character

Physically, Schiller was tall and strongly boned, but unmuscular and lean; his body wasted under the energy of a spirit too keen for it. His face was pale, the cheeks and temples hollow, the chin projecting, the nose aquiline, his hair inclined to auburn. Withal his countenance was attractive, and had a certain manly beauty. His face expressed the features of his mind—it is mildness tempering strength; fiery ardour shining through clouds of suffering and disappointment; it is at once meek, tender, unpretending and heroic.

In his dress and manner, as in all things, he was plain and unaffected. Among strangers, shy and retiring; in his own family, or among his friends, he was kind-hearted, free and gay as a little child.

Schiller's mind was grand by nature, and cultivated by the assiduous study of a lifetime. It is not the predominating force of any one faculty that impresses us, but the general force of all. His intellect seems powerful and vast rather than quick or keen; for he is not notable for wit, though his fancy is ever prompt with its metaphors, illustrations and comparisons.

Perhaps his greatest faculty was a half-poetical, half-philosophical imagination, a faculty teeming with magnificence and brilliancy, now adorning a stately pyramid of scientific speculation, now brooding over the abysses of thought and feeling, till thoughts and feelings, else unutterable, were embodied in expressive forms.

Combined with these intellectual faculties was that vehemence of temperament

which is necessary for their full development. Schiller's heart was at once fiery and tender; impetuous, soft, affectionate, his enthusiasm clothed the universe with grandeur, and sent his spirit forth to explore its secrets and mingle in its interests. Thus poetry in Schiller was not one, but many gifts. It was, what true poetry is always, the quintessence of general mental riches, the purified result of strong thought and conception, and of refined as well as powerful emotion.

His works exhibit rather extraordinary strength than extraordinary fineness or versatility. His power of dramatic imitation is perhaps never of the highest, the Shakespearean kind; and in its best state, it is further limited to a certain range of characters. It is with the grave, the earnest, the exalted, the affectionate, the mournful that he succeeds; he is not destitute of humour, but neither is he rich in it.

The sentiments which animated Schiller's poetry were converted into principles of conduct; his actions were as blameless as his writings were pure. He was unsullied by meanness, unsubdued by the difficulties or allurements of life. With the world, in fact, he had not much to do; without effort, he dwelt apart from it. Wishing not to seem, but to be, envy was a feeling of which he knew little, even before he rose above its level. To all men he was humane and sympathising; among his friends, open-hearted, generous, helpful; in his family, tender, kind, sportive. Schiller presents to the world a fine example of the German character; he has all its good qualities in a high degree, with very few of its defects.

The kingdoms which Schiller conquered were not for one nation at the expense of suffering to another; they are kingdoms conquered from the barren realms of Darkness, to increase the happiness and dignity and power of all men; new forms of Truth, new maxims of Wisdom, new images and scenes of Beauty, won from the 'void and formless Infinite'; a 'possession for ever' to all the generations of the earth.

Monumental Work that First Popularised Science

BUFFON

NATURAL HISTORY

MATHEMATICS, physics and agriculture occupied Buffon's intellectual activities in his earlier working years, and he wrote valuable papers on all these subjects and also translated Stephen Hales's Vegetable Statics and Sir Isaac Newton's Fluxions into French. After his appointment to the directorship of the King's Garden in 1739 he devoted himself to the biological sciences and began to collect materials for the encyclopedic Natural History, General and Particular on which his reputation is permanently based. This immense undertaking was the first work to present the facts of the physical globe and of animate nature in a generally intelligible and attractive form, and made a great sensation on its first appearance. It contains many errors and many omissions, but nevertheless it performed a valuable service in making the study of nature popular and formed a basis for the work of later scientists. Buffon is the author of the famous aphorism 'Le style, c'est l'homme meme' (The style is the man himself), which occurred in the Discourse on Style which he delivered on his admission to the French Academy.

General Introduction



BUFFON planned his Natural History on an encyclopedic scale. His point of view was unique. Natural history in its widest sense, he tells us, embraces every object in the visible universe. The obvious divisions of the subject, therefore, are, first, the earth, the air and the water; then the animals —quadrupeds, birds, fishes and so on— inhabiting each of these 'elements,' to use the phrase of his day.

Now, Buffon argued, if man were required to give some account of the animals by which he was surrounded, of course

he would begin with those with which he was most familiar, as the horse, the dog, the cow. From these he would proceed to the creatures with which he was less familiar, and finally deal—through the medium of travellers' tales and other sources of information—with the denizens of field, forest and flood in foreign lands. In similar fashion he would consider the plants, minerals and other products of Nature, in addition to recounting the marvels revealed to him by astronomy.

Whatever its defects on the scientific side, Buffon's plan was simplicity itself, and was adopted largely, if not entirely, in consequence of his contempt—real or affected for the systematic method of the illustrious Linnaeus. Having charted his course, the rest was plain sailing. He starts with the physical globe, discussing the formation of the planets, the features of the earth—mountains, rivers, seas, lakes, tides, currents, winds, volcanoes, earthquakes, islands and so forth—and the effects of the encroachment and retreat of the ocean.

Animate nature next concerns him. After comparing animals, plants and minerals, he proceeds to study man literally from the cradle to the grave, garnishing the narrative with those incursions into the domains of psychology, physiology and hygiene which rendered his work specially attractive and popular.

I—The Four-Footed Animals

Such questions occupied the first three volumes, and the ground was now cleared for the celebrated treatise on Quadrupeds, which filled no fewer than twelve volumes, published at various dates from 1753 (vol. iv) to 1767 (vol. xv, containing the New World monkeys, indexes and the like). Buffon's *modus operandi* saved him from capital blunders.

Though inordinately vain 'I know but five great geniuses,' Buffon once said; 'Newton, Bacon, Leibniz, Montesquieu and myself' he was quite conscious of his own limitations, and had the common sense to entrust to Daubenton the description of the anatomy and other technical matters as to which his own knowledge was comparatively defective. He reserved to himself what may be called the 'literary' aspect of his theme, recording the place of each animal in history, and relating its habits with such gusto as his ornate and grandiose style permitted.

After a preliminary dissertation on the nature of animals, Buffon plunges into an account of those that have been domesticated or tamed. Preference of place is given to the horse, and his method of treatment is curiously anticipatory of modern lines. Beginning with some notice of the horse in history, he goes on to describe its appearance and habits and the varieties of the genus, ending (by the hand of Daubenton) with an account of its structure and physiology.

As evidence of the pains he took to collect authority for his statements, it is of interest to mention that he illustrates the running powers of the English horse by citing the instance of Thornhill, the postmaster of Stilton, who, in 1745, wagered he would ride the distance of Stilton to London thrice in fifteen consecutive hours. Setting out from Stilton, and using eight different horses, he accomplished his task in 3 hours 51 minutes. In the return journey he used six horses, and took 3 hours 52 minutes.

For the third race he confined his choice of horses to those he had already ridden and, selecting seven, achieved the distance in 3 hours 49 minutes. He performed the undertaking in 11 hours and 32 minutes. 'I doubt,' comments Buffon, 'whether at the Olympic Games there was ever witnessed such rapid racing as that displayed by Mr. Thornhill.'

Justice having been done to it, the horse gives place to the ass, ox, sheep, goat, pig, dog and cat, with which he closes the account of the domesticated animals, to which three volumes are allotted. It is noteworthy that Buffon frequently, if not always, gives the synonyms of the animals' names in other languages, and usually supports his textual statements by footnote references to his authorities.

When he comes to the Carnivores—*les animaux nuisibles*—the defects of Buffon's higgledy-piggledy plan are almost ludicrously evident, for flesh-eaters, fruit-

eaters, insect-eaters and gnawers rub shoulders with colossal indifference. Doubtless, however, this is to us all the more conspicuous because use and wont have made readers of the present day acquainted with the advantages of classification, which it is but fair to recognize has been elaborated and perfected since Buffon's time.

As his gigantic task progressed, Buffon's difficulties increased. At the beginning of vol. xii (1764) he intimates that, with a view to break the monotony of a narrative in which uniformity is an unavoidable feature, he will in future, from time to time, interrupt the general description by discourses on nature and its effects on a grand scale. This, he naïvely adds, will enable him to resume 'with renewed courage' his account of details the investigation of which demands 'the calmest patience, and affords no scope for genius.'

II—The Birds

Scarcely had he finished the twelve volumes of Quadrupeds when Buffon turned to the Birds. If this section was less exacting, yet it made enormous claims upon his attention, and nine volumes were occupied before the history of the class was concluded. Publication of Des Oiseaux was begun in 1770, and continued intermittently until 1783.

But troubles dogged the great naturalist. The relations between him and Daubenton had grown acute, and the latter, unwilling any longer to put up with Buffon's love of vainglory, withdrew from the enterprise to which his co-operation had imparted so much value. Serious illness, also, and the death of Buffon's wife, caused a long suspension of his labours, which were, however, lightened by the assistance of Guéneau de Montbéliard.

One stroke of luck he had, which no one will begrudge the weary Titan. James Bruce, of Kinnaird, on his return from Abyssinia in 1773, spent some time with Buffon at his château in Montbard, and placed at his disposal several of the remarkable discoveries he had made during his travels. Buffon was not slow to appreciate this godsend.

Not only did he, quite properly, make the most of Bruce's disinterested help, but he also expressed the confident hope that the British Government would command the publication of Bruce's 'precious' work. He went on to pay a compliment to the English, and so commit them to this enterprise. 'That respectable nation,' he asserts, 'which excels all others in discovery, can but add to its glory in promptly communicating to the world the results of the excellent traveller's researches.'

Still unfettered by any scheme of classification, either scientific or logical, Buffon begins his account of the birds with the eagles and owls. To indicate his course throughout the vast class, it will suffice to name a few of the principal birds in the order in which he takes them after the birds of prey. These, then, are the ostrich, bustard, game birds, pigeons, crows, singing birds, humming birds, parrots, cuckoos, swallows, woodpeckers, toucans, kingfishers, storks, cranes, secretary bird, herons, ibis, curlews, plovers, rails, diving birds, pelicans, cormorants, geese, gulls, and penguins. With the volume dealing with the picarian birds (woodpeckers), Buffon announces the withdrawal of Guéneau de Montbéliard, and his obligations for advice and help to the Abbé Bexon (1748-1784).

III—Supplement and Sequel

At the same time that the Birds volumes were passing through the press, Buffon also issued periodically seven volumes of a supplement (1774-1789), the last appearing posthumously under the editorship of Count Lacépède. This consisted of an olla podrida of all sorts of papers, such as would have won the heart of Charles Godfrey Leland. The nature of the hotch-potch will be understood from a recital of some of its contents, in their chronological order.

It opened with an introduction to the history of minerals, partly theoretical (concerning light, heat, fire, air, water, earth, and the law of attraction), and partly experimental (body heat, heat in minerals, the nature of platinum, the

ductility of iron). Then were discussed incandescence, fusion, ships' guns, the strength and resistance of wood, the preservation of forests and reafforestation, the cooling of the earth, the temperature of planets, additional observations on quadrupeds already described, accounts of animals not noticed before, such as the tapir, quagga, gnu, nylghau, many antelopes, the vicuña, Cape ant-eater, star-nosed mole, sea-lion and others; the probabilities of life and his essay on the Epochs of Nature.

Nor did these concurrent series of books exhaust his boundless energy and ingenuity, for in the five years preceding his death (1783–1788), he produced his Natural History of Minerals in five volumes, the last of which was mainly occupied with electricity, magnetism and the loadstone.

Buffon invoked the aid of the artist almost from the first, and his Natural History is illustrated by hundreds of full-page copper-plate engravings, and embellished with numerous elegant head-piece designs. The figures of the animals are mostly admirable examples of portraiture, though the classical backgrounds lend a touch of the grotesque to many of the compositions.

Illustrations of anatomy, physiology, and other features of a technical character are to be numbered by the score, and are, of course, indispensable in such a work. The editio princeps is cherished by collectors because of the 1,008 coloured plates in folio, the text itself being in quarto, by the younger Daubenton, whose work was spiritedly engraved by Martinet. Apparently anxious to illustrate one section exhaustively rather than several sections in a fragmentary manner, the artist devoted himself chiefly to the birds, which monopolise probably nine-tenths of the plates, and to which he may also have been attracted by their gorgeous plumages.

As soon as the labourer's task was over, his scientific friends thought the best monument which they could raise to his memory was to complete his Natural History. This duty was discharged by two men, who, both well qualified, worked, however, on independent lines. Count Lacépède, adhering to the format of the original, added two volumes on the Reptiles (1788-1789), five on the Fishes (1798-1803) and one on the Cetaceans (1804).

Sonnini de Manoncourt (1751-1812), feeling that this edition, though extremely handsome, was cumbersome, undertook an entirely new edition in octavo. This was begun in 1797 and finished in 1808 and constituted the cope-stone of Buffon's work. It occupied no fewer than 127 volumes and, Lacépède's treatises not being available, Sonnini himself dealt with the Fishes (thirteen volumes) and Whales (one volume), P. A. Latreille with the Crustaceans and Insects (fourteen volumes), Denys-Montfort with the Molluscs (six volumes), F. M. Dandin with the Reptiles (eight volumes), and C. F. Brisseau-Mirbel and N. Jolyclerc with the Plants (eighteen volumes).

IV—Place and Doctrine

Buffon may justly be acclaimed as the first populariser of natural history. He was, however, unscientific in his opposition to systems, which, in point of fact, essentially elucidated the important doctrine that a continuous succession of forms runs throughout the animal kingdom. His recognition of this principle was one of his greatest services to science.

Another of his wise generalisations was that Nature proceeds by unknown gradations, and consequently cannot adapt herself to formal analysis, since she passes from one species to another, and often from one genus to another, by shades of difference so delicate as to be wholly imperceptible.

In Buffon's eyes Nature is an infinitely diversified whole which it is impossible to break up and classify. 'The animal combines all the powers of nature; the forces animating it are peculiarly its own; it wishes, does, resolves, works and communicates by its senses with the most distant objects. One's self is a centre where everything agrees, a point where all the universe is reflected, a world in miniature.' In natural history, accordingly, each animal or plant ought to have its own biography and description.

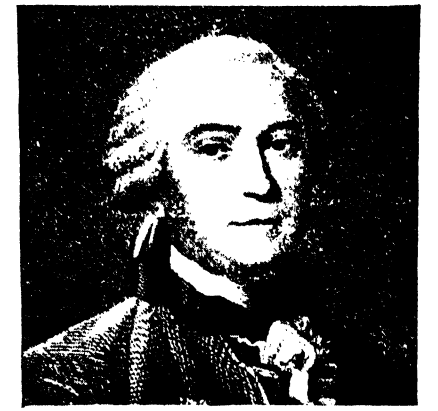
Life, Buffon also held, abides in organic molecules. 'Living beings are made up of these molecules, which exist in countless numbers, which may be separated but cannot be destroyed, which pierce into brute matter and, working there, develop, it may be animals, it may be plants, according to the nature of the matter in which they are lodged. These indestructible molecules circulate throughout the universe, pass from one being to another, minister to the continuance of life, provide for nutrition and the growth of the individual, and determine the reproduction of the species.'

Buffon further taught that the quantity and quality of life pass from lower to higher stages—in Tennysonian phrase, men 'rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things'—and showed the unity and structure of all beings, of whom man is the most perfect type.

It has been claimed that Buffon in a measure anticipated Lamarck and Darwin. He had already foreseen the mutability of species, but had not succeeded in proving it for varieties and races. If he asserted that the species of dog, jackal, wolf and fox were derived from a single one of these species, that the horse came from the zebra, and so on, this was far from being tantamount to a demonstration of the doctrine. In fact, he put forward the mutability of species rather as probable theory than as established truth, deeming it the corollary of his views on the succession and connexion of beings in a continuous series.

As to his geological works, Buffon expounded two theories of the formation of the globe. In his Théorie de la Terre he supported the Neptunists, who attributed the phenomena of the earth to the action of water.

In his Epoques de la Nature he amplified the doctrines of Leibniz, and laid down the following propositions: (1) The earth is elevated at the equator and depressed at the poles in accordance with the laws of gravitation and centrifugal force; (2) it possesses an internal heat, apart from that received from the sun; (3) its own heat is insufficient to maintain life; (4) the substances of which the earth is composed are of the nature of glass, or can be converted into glass as the result of heat and fusion—that is, are vitrifiable; (5) everywhere on the surface, including mountains, exist enormous quantities of shells and other maritime remains.



GEORGES LOUIS LECLERC, COMTE DE BUFFON, was born at Montbard, Côte d'Or, Burgundy, September 7, 1707. He read law at the Jesuit College at Dijon, and after travelling in Italy and England devoted himself to the study of science. In 1739 he was appointed director of the King's Garden and Museum in Paris, and spent the rest of his life in the production of his monumental work on Natural History. He was elected to the French Academy in 1752, and was also a fellow of the Royal Society of London and member of nearly all the learned societies in Europe. He died in Paris, April 16, 1788.

To the theses just enumerated Buffon added what he called the monuments, or what Hugh Miller, a century later, more aptly described as the Testimony of the Rocks. From a consideration of all these things, Buffon at length arrived at his succession of the Epochs, or Seven Ages of Nature, namely: (1) the age of fluidity, or incandescence, when the earth and planets assumed their shape; (2) the age of cooling, or consolidation, when the rocky interior of the earth and the great vitrescible masses at its surface were formed; (3) the age when the waters covered the face of the earth; (4) the age when the waters retreated and volcanoes became active; (5) the age when the elephant, hippopotamus, rhinoceros and other giants roamed through the northern hemisphere; (6) the age of the division of the land into the vast areas now styled the Old and the New Worlds; and (7) the age when man appeared.

JANE AUSTEN

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

STILL the most popular of the six novels by which Jane Austen enriched English literature, Pride and Prejudice was written between 1796 and 1797, at Steventon Rectory, and was then called First Impressions, but it was not until 1813, two years after the appearance of Sense and Sensibility (see page 559) that, carefully revised, it was published by Egerton. Sir Walter Scott's opinion of it has often been quoted. 'I read again, and for the third time, Miss Austen's very fine novel Pride and Prejudice. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I have ever met with. The big bow-wow I can do myself like anyone going; but the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description, and the sentiment, is denied to me.' The delicate irony and minute brushwork of the miniature painting that are the distinguishing marks of Jane Austen's genius are perhaps best represented in this novel. Numerous cheap editions are procurable.

I—A Society Ball at Longbourn



ALL Longbourn was agape with excitement when it became known that Netherfield Park, the great place of the neighbourhood, was let to a rich and handsome young bachelor called Bingley, and that Mr. Bingley and his party were to attend the forthcoming ball at the Assembly Rooms.

Nowhere did the news create more interest and rouse greater hopes than in the household of the Bennets, the chief inhabitants of Longbourn; for Mr. Bennet who was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character—was the father of five unmarried daughters; while Mrs. Bennet a still handsome woman, of mean understanding, little information and uncertain temper—made the business of her life getting her daughters married, and its solace visiting and news.

The evening fixed for the ball came round at last; and when the Netherfield party entered the Assembly Rooms it was found to consist of five persons altogether—Mr. Bingley, his two sisters, the husband of the elder, and another young man.

Mr. Bingley was good-looking and gentleman-like; he had a pleasant countenance and easy, unaffected manners. His sisters were fine women, with an air of decided fashion. His brother-in-law, Mr. Hurst, merely looked the gentleman; but his friend, Mr. Darcy, soon drew the attention of the room by his fine, tall person, handsome features, noble mien, and the report, which was in general circulation within five minutes after his entrance, of his having ten thousand a year. He was looked at with great admiration for about half the evening, till his manners gave a disgust which turned the tide of his popularity; for he was found to be proud, to be above his company and above being pleased.

Mr. Bingley had soon made himself acquainted with all the principal people in the room. He was lively and unreserved, danced every dance, was angry that the ball closed so early, and talked of giving one himself at Netherfield. What a contrast between him and his friend! Mr. Darcy danced only once with Mrs. Hurst, and once with Miss Bingley, and declined being introduced to any other lady.

It so happened that Elizabeth, the second eldest of the Bennet girls, had been obliged, by the scarcity of gentlemen, to sit down for two dances; and during part of that time Mr. Darcy had been standing near enough for her to overhear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes.

"Come, Darcy," said he, "I must have you dance. I hate to see you standing about by yourself in this stupid manner. You had much better dance."

"I certainly shall not. You know how I detest it, unless I am particularly acquainted with my partner. At such an assembly as this it would be insupportable. Your sisters are engaged, and there is not another woman in the room whom it would not be a punishment to me to stand up with."

"I would not be so fastidious as you are," cried Bingley, "for a kingdom! Upon my honour, I never met with so many pleasant girls in my life as I have this evening."

"*You* are dancing with the only handsome girl in the room," said Mr. Darcy, looking at the eldest Miss Bennet.

"Oh, she is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld! But there is one of her sisters sitting down just behind you who is very pretty, and I dare say very agreeable. Do let me ask my partner to introduce you."

"Which do you mean?" And turning round, he looked for a moment at Elizabeth, till, catching her eye, he withdrew his own and coldly said: "She is tolerable, but not handsome enough to tempt *me*; and I am in no humour at present to give consequence to young ladies who are slighted by other men. You had better return to your partner and enjoy her smiles, for you are wasting your time with me."

Mr Bingley followed his advice. Mr. Darcy walked off; and Elizabeth remained, with no very cordial feelings towards him. She told the story, however, with great spirit among her friends, for she had a lively, playful disposition, which delighted in anything ridiculous.

II—The Bennet Girls and Their Lovers

DESPITE its rather unpromising commencement the course of a few days placed the acquaintance of the Bennets with the Bingleys on a footing approaching friendship; and soon matters began to stand somewhat as follow. It was obvious that Charles Bingley and Jane Bennet were mutually attracted, and this despite the latter's outward composure, which, like her amiability of manner and charity of view, was apt to mislead the superficial observer.

On the other hand, while the Bingley ladies expressed themselves as willing to know the two elder Miss Bennets and pronounced Jane 'a sweet girl,' they found the other females of the family impossible. Mrs. Bennet was intolerably stupid and tedious; Mary, who, being the only plain member of her family, piqued herself on the extent of her reading and the solidity of her reflections, was a platitudinous moralist; while Lydia and Kitty were loud, silly, giggling girls, who spent all their time in running after men.

As for Mr. Darcy, the indifference he at first felt to Elizabeth Bennet was gradually converted into a sort of guarded interest. Originally he had scarcely allowed her to be pretty, but now he admired the beautiful expression of her dark eyes. To this discovery succeeded some others equally mortifying. Though he had detected more than one failure of perfect symmetry in her form, he was forced to acknowledge her figure to be light and pleasing; and in spite of his asserting that her manners were not those of the fashionable world, he was caught by their easy playfulness.

He began to wish to know more of her and, as a step towards conversing with her himself attended to her conversation with others, while, since both he and she were of a satirical turn, they soon began to exchange little rallying, challenging speeches, so that Caroline Bingley, who was openly angling for Darcy herself, said to him one night: "How long has Miss Elizabeth Bennet been such a favourite? And pray when am I to wish you joy?" To which remarks he merely replied: "That is exactly the question which I expected you to ask. A lady's imagination is very rapid; it jumps from admiration to love, from love to matrimony, in a moment. I knew you would be wishing me joy."

Meantime, the friendship subsisting between the two families was advanced by a visit of some days paid by the two Bennet sisters to the Bingleys, at whose house Jane, thanks to her mother's scheming,

was laid up with a bad cold. On this occasion Jane was coddled and made much of by her dear friends Caroline and Mrs. Hurst; but Elizabeth was now reckoned too attractive by one sister, and condemned as too sharp-tongued by both.

"Eliza Bennet," said Miss Bingley, when the door was closed on her, "is one of those young ladies who seek to recommend themselves to the other sex by undervaluing their own; and with many men, I dare say it succeeds. But in my opinion it is a very mean art."

"Undoubtedly," replied Darcy, to whom this remark was chiefly addressed, "there is meanness in *all* the arts which ladies sometimes condescend to employ for captivation. Whatever bears affinity to cunning is despicable."

Miss Bingley was not so entirely satisfied with this reply as to continue the subject.

Nevertheless, Darcy's growing attachment to Eliza was little dreamt of by that young lady. Indeed, her prejudice against him was strengthened by her pleasant intercourse with a handsome and agreeable young man called Wickham, an officer of the Militia regiment quartered at Meryton, the nearest town to Longbourn. He told her how he was the son of a trusted steward of Darcy's father, and had been left by the old gentleman to his heir's liberality and care, and how Darcy had absolutely disregarded his father's wishes and had treated his protégé cruelly.

On the top of this disclosure, and just as it seemed certain that Bingley was on the point of proposing to Jane, the whole Netherfield party suddenly abandoned Hertfordshire and returned to town, partly, as Elizabeth could not help thinking, in consequence of the behaviour of her family at a ball given at Netherfield Park, where it appeared to her that, had they made an agreement to expose themselves as much as they could during the evening, they could not have played their parts with more spirit or finer success.

III—Elizabeth Rejects the Rector

About this time the Rev. Mr. Collins, heir-presumptive to Longbourn, came on a visit to the Bennets. He was a tall, heavy-looking young man of five-and-twenty. His air was grave and stately, and his manners were very formal. He was a strange mixture of pomposity, servility and self-importance, a creature most abjectly, yet most amusingly, devoid of anything like tact, taste, or humour.

Being ready to make the Bennet girls every possible amends for the unwilling injury he must eventually do them, he thought first of all of offering himself to Jane; but hearing that her affections were pre-engaged, he had only to change from Jane to Elizabeth. It was soon done—done while Mrs. Bennet was stirring the fire. His proposal he made to the younger lady in a long, set speech, in which he explained, first of all, his general reasons for marrying, and then his reasons for directing his matrimonial views to Longbourn, finally assuring her that on the subject of the small portion she would bring him no ungenerous reproach should ever pass his lips when they were married.

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him then, so Elizabeth told him he was too hasty, thanked him for his proposals, and declined them.

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept when he first applies for their favour; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second, or even a third, time. I am, therefore, by no means discouraged by what you have said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long."

"Upon my word, sir," cried Elizabeth, "your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration! I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. You could not make *me* happy; and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make *you* so. Nay; were your friend, Lady Catherine, to know me, I am persuaded she would find me in every respect ill qualified for the situation."

"Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so——" said Mr. Collins, very

gravely. "But I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honour of seeing her again, I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy and other amiable qualifications."

Twice more was Mr. Collins refused, and even then he would not take "No" for an answer.

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin," said he, "that your refusals of my addresses are merely words, of course. My reasons for believing it are chiefly these. It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connexions with the family of de Bourgh, and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favour; and you should take it into further consideration that, in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made to you. Your portion is unhappily so small that it will, in all likelihood, undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must, therefore, conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"I do assure you, sir," said Elizabeth, "that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honour you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming," said he, with an air of awkward gallantry; "and I am persuaded that, when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

IV—Darcy Loves and Loses

REJECTED by Elizabeth, to the great satisfaction of her father and to the great indignation of her mother, the rector of Hunsford lost no time in betaking himself to Elizabeth's dearest friend, Charlotte Lucas, who, being a girl with unromantic, not to say prosaic, views of marriage, readily accepted and married him, thereby moving to further disgust and anger poor Mrs. Bennet, who was already wondering and repining at Mr. Bingley's returning no more into Hertfordshire. Jane suffered in silence, and despite Elizabeth's efforts to point out the duplicity of Caroline Bingley, was inclined to believe the protestations that the latter made in her letters from London of Bingley's growing attachment to Darcy's sister Georgiana.

Mr. Bennet treated the matter in his customary ironical way.

"So, Lizzy," said he, one day, "your sister is crossed in love, I find. I congratulate her. Next to being married, a girl likes to be crossed in love a little now and then. It is something to think of, and gives her a sort of distinction among her companions. When is your turn to come? You will hardly bear to be long outdone by Jane. Now is your time. Here are officers enough at Meryton to disappoint all the young ladies in the country. Let Wickham be your man. He is a pleasant fellow, and would jilt you creditably."

"Thank you, sir, but a less agreeable man would satisfy me. We must not all expect Jane's good fortune."

"True," said Mr. Bennet; "but it is a comfort to think that, whatever of that kind may befall you, you have a mother who will always make the most of it."

As it turned out, Wickham, though he had not arrived at an intimacy which enabled him to *jilt* Elizabeth, yet most certainly transferred his attentions very shortly from her to a Miss King, who, by the death of her grandfather, had come into £10,000. Elizabeth, however, was quite heart-whole; and she and her former admirer parted on friendly terms when she left Longbourn to pay her promised visit to Mr. and Mrs. Collins at Hunsford.

There she found Charlotte, managing her home and her husband with considerable discretion: and, as the rectory adjoined Rosings Park, the seat of Lady Catherine de Bourgh, the patroness of the living, she was introduced to that lady, in whom she could discover nothing but an insolent aristocratic woman, who dictated to everyone about her, meddled in everybody's business, aimed at marrying her sickly daughter to Darcy, and was slavishly adored by Mr. Collins.

In the third week of her visit Mr. Darcy and his cousin, Colonel Fitzwilliam, came down to see their aunt, and thus—to Elizabeth's indifference—an acquaintance was renewed which Darcy soon seemed to show a real desire to take up again. He sought her society at Rosings Park, he called familiarly at the rectory, he waylaid her in her favourite walk; and all the time, in all his intercourse with her, he revealed such a mixture of interest and constraint as demonstrated that some internal struggle was going on within him.

Mrs. Collins began to hope for her friend; but Elizabeth, who had received from Colonel Fitzwilliam ample confirmation of her suspicion that it was Darcy who had persuaded Bingley to give up Jane, was now only more incensed against the man who had broken her sister's peace of mind.

On the very evening of the day on which she had extracted this piece of information from his cousin, Darcy, knowing her to be alone, called at the rectory and, after a silence of several minutes, came towards her in an agitated manner.

"In vain have I struggled," he said. "It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you."

Elizabeth's astonishment was beyond expression. She stared, coloured, doubted, and was silent. This he considered sufficient encouragement; and the avowal of all that he felt, and had long felt, for her immediately followed. He spoke well; but there were feelings besides those of the heart to be detailed. His sense of her inferiority, of marriage with her being a degradation, of the family obstacles which judgement had always opposed to inclination, were dwelt on with a warmth which was very unlikely to recommend his suit.

In truth, it was already lost, for though Elizabeth could not be insensible to the compliment of such a man's affection, her intentions did not vary for an instant. Accusing him of having ruined, perhaps for ever, the happiness of her sister Jane, and of having blighted the career of his former friend Wickham, she gave him her answer in the words:

"You could not have made me the offer of your hand in any possible way that would have tempted me to accept it."

Soon after, Darcy took his leave; but the next day he accosted Elizabeth in the park and handed her a letter, which he begged her to read. She read it, and had the mortification to discover not only that Darcy made some scathing but perfectly justifiable comments on the objectionable members of her family, but that he was able to clear himself of both the charges she had brought against him. He maintained that in separating Bingley from Jane he had not the slightest notion that he was doing the latter any injury, since he never credited her with any strong attachment to his friend; and he assured Elizabeth that, though Wickham had always been an idle and dissipated person, he had more than fulfilled his father's intentions to him, and that Wickham had repaid him for his generosity by trying to elope with his young sister Georgiana, a girl of fifteen.

When Elizabeth returned to Longbourn, she found it a relief to tell Jane of Darcy's proposal and of his revelation of Wickham's real character; but she thought it best to suppress every particular of the letter in which Jane herself was concerned.

V—An Elopement

Some two months later Elizabeth went on a tour in Derbyshire with her maternal uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner. The latter had lived for some years at a town called Lambton, and wished to revisit her old friends there; and as Pemberley—Mr. Darcy's seat—was only five miles off, and was a show place, the Gardiners determined to see it, though their niece was reluctant

to accompany them until she had learnt that its owner was not at home. As they were being shown over the place, Elizabeth could not help reflecting that she might have been mistress of it, and she listened with surprise as the old housekeeper told them that she should never meet with a better master, that she had never had a cross word from him in her life, and that there was not one of his tenants or servants but would testify to his excellent qualities as a landlord and a master.

As they were walking across the lawn the owner of Pemberley himself suddenly came forward from the road, and as if to justify the praises of his housekeeper, and to show that he had taken to heart Elizabeth's former complaints of his behaviour, proceeded to treat the Gardiner party with the greatest civility, and even cordiality. He introduced his sister to them, asked them to dinner, invited Mr. Gardiner to fish at Pemberley as often as he chose, and, in answer to a spiteful remark of Miss Bingley's to the effect that he had thought Elizabeth pretty at one time, made the crushing reply:

"Yes, but that was only when I first knew her; for it is many months since I have considered her as one of the handsomest women of my acquaintance."

But just when Elizabeth's growing esteem and gratitude might have deepened into affection for Darcy, circumstances were communicated to her in a letter from Jane which seemed to render it in the highest degree improbable that so proud and fastidious a man as he would ever make any further advances. Lydia, who had got herself invited by some friends to Brighton in order to be near the Militia regiment which had been transferred there from Meryton, had eloped with Wickham, and the pair, instead of going to Scotland to be married, appeared - though their whereabouts could not yet be discovered—to be living together in London unmarried.

[illegible]d to be staggered when he heard the news, and instantly acquiesced in the immediate return of the Gardiner party to Longbourn. They found on their arrival that Mr. Bennet was searching for his daughter in London, where Mr. Gardiner agreed to go to consult with him.

"Oh, my dear brother," said Mrs. Bennet, on hearing this, "that is exactly what I could most wish for! And now do, when you get to town, find them out wherever they may be; and if they are not married already, *make* them marry. And as for wedding clothes, do not let them wait for that; but tell Lydia she shall have as much money as she chooses to buy them after they are married. And, above all things, keep Mr. Bennet from fighting. Tell him what a dreadful state I am in—that I am frightened out of my wits, and have such tremblings, such flutterings all over me; such spasms in my side, and pains in my head, and such beatings at my heart that I can get no rest by day nor by night. And tell my dear Lydia not to give any directions about her clothes till she has seen me. I know you will contrive it all."

Mr. Collins improved the occasion by writing a letter of condolence, in which he assured the distressed father that the death of Lydia would have been a blessing in comparison with her elopement. But, unfortunately, much of this instruction was wasted, the distress of the Bennets proving less irremediable than their cousin had anticipated or their neighbours feared for, thanks, as it seemed, to the investigations and to the generosity of Mr. Gardiner, the eloping couple were discovered, and it was made worth Wickham's while to marry Lydia. Longbourn society bore the good news with decent philosophy, though, to be sure, it would have been more for the advantage of conversation had Miss Lydia Bennet come upon the town.

VI—Three Bennet Weddings

After arrangements had been made for Wickham's entering the regulars and joining a regiment at Newcastle, his marriage with Lydia took place, and the young couple were received at Longbourn. Their assurance was quite reassuring.

"Well, mamma," said Lydia, "and what do you think of my husband? Is not he a charming man? I am sure my

sisters must all envy me. I only hope they may have half my good luck. They must all go to Brighton. That is the place to get husbands. What a pity it is, mamma, we did not all go!"

"Very true. And if I had my will we should. But, my dear Lydia, I don't at all like your going such a way off. Must it be so?"

"Oh, Lord, yes! There is nothing in that. I shall like it of all things. You and papa and my sisters must come down and see us. We shall be at Newcastle all the winter; and I dare say there will be some balls, and I will take care to get good partners for them all."

"I should like it beyond anything!" said her mother.

"And then, when you go away, you may leave one or two of my sisters behind you; and I dare say I shall get husbands for them before the winter is over."

"I thank you for my share of the favour," said Elizabeth; "but I do not particularly like your way of getting husbands!"

Indeed, from some remark which Lydia let slip about Darcy being at the wedding, Elizabeth soon began to think that it was only due to outside efforts that Mrs. Wickham had succeeded in getting *her own* husband.

An application for information which she made to her Aunt Gardiner confirmed this suspicion. Darcy, it seems, had hurried up to London immediately on hearing of the elopement; and he it was who, thanks to his knowledge of Wickham's previous history, found out where Lydia and he were lodging, and by dint of paying his debts to the tune of a thousand pounds, buying his commission, and settling another thousand pounds on Lydia, persuaded him to make her an honest woman. That is to say, thought Elizabeth, Darcy had met, frequently met, reasoned with, persuaded, and finally bribed the man whom he always most wished to avoid and whose very name it was punishment to him to pronounce. Meantime, Bingley, accompanied by Darcy, made his reappearance at Netherfield Park and at the Bennets'; and Elizabeth had the mortification of seeing her mother welcome the former with the greatest effusiveness, and treat the latter coldly and almost resentfully.

"Any friend of Mr. Bingley's will always be welcome here, to be sure; but else I must say that I hate the very sight of him," said Mrs. Bennet, as she watched the two men approaching the house to pay their first visit.

Despite, however, rather than by reason of, this surfeit of amiability on the part of the mother, the lovers quickly came to an understanding, and this, strangely enough, in the absence of Darcy, who had gone up to town. It was in Darcy's absence, also, that Lady Catherine de Bourgh came over to Longbourn and helped to bring about what she most ardently wished to prevent by making an unsuccessful demand on Elizabeth that she should promise not to accept Darcy for a husband, and by then reporting to him that Elizabeth had refused to give such a promise. The natural result followed. Elizabeth mustered up courage one day to thank Darcy for all he had done for Lydia; and this subject soon led *him* to affirm that in that matter he had thought only of Elizabeth, and to renew—and to renew successfully—his former proposals of marriage.

When Mrs. Bennet first heard the great news she sat quite still, and unable to utter a syllable. She began at length to recover, wonder and bless herself.

"My dearest child," she cried, "ten thousand a year, and very likely more! 'Tis as good as a lord! And a special licence. You must and shall be married by a special licence. But, my dearest love, tell me what dish Mr. Darcy is particularly fond of, that I may have it to-morrow."

At first even Jane and her father were almost incredulous of the engagement, because they had seen practically nothing of the courtship. But in the end they were all convinced, and Mr. Bennet's decisive comment was: "I admire all my three sons-in-law highly. Wickham, perhaps, is my favourite; but I think I shall like *your* husband quite as well as Jane's. If any young men come for Mary or Kitty, send them in, for I am quite at leisure."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

KING LEAR

WRITTEN about 1606 and produced at Whitehall the tragedy of King Lear was first published in 1608. It is founded on an old Celtic legend told by Geoffrey of Monmouth and retold by Holinshed and Spenser; but Shakespeare may have been indebted also to an earlier play, while the Gloster byplot was probably suggested by the story of the Paphlagonian King in Sidney's Arcadia. All the early versions had a happy ending. This was revived in Nahum Tate's adaptation of 1681, discarded by Kean in 1823 and by Macready, who first restored Shakespeare's text to the theatre, in 1838. Shakespeare transfigured the old legend into an epic drama, the grandeur of which o'erreaches the resources of the stage and needs the leisure of the study for its full appreciation. The modern text is derived from the 1608 Quarto and the Folio of 1623.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Lear, King of Britain	Earl of Kent
King of France	Fool
Duke of Burgundy	Goneril, daughter to Lear and wife to Albany
Duke of Cornwall	Regan, daughter to Lear and wife to Cornwall
Duke of Albany	Cordelia, youngest daughter to Lear and Queen of France
Earl of Gloster	
Edgar, son to Gloster	
Edmund, natural son to Gloster	

SCENE: *Britain*

First Act

A room of State in the King's palace



LEAR: Give me the map there. Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths.
Tell me, my daughters,
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
Goneril, our eldest-born, speak first.

Goneril: Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter,
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,
No less than life:
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable.

Cordelia (*aside*): What shall Cordelia do?
Love, and be silent.

Lear: Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue [daughter,
Be this perpetual. What says our second
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Regan: I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love,
Only she comes too short.

Cor. (*aside*): Then, poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since I am sure my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear: To thee and thine, hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity and pleasure
Than that conferred on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although our last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interessed; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters'? Speak.

Cor.: Nothing, my lord.

Lear: Nothing?

Cor.: Nothing. [again.

Lear: Nothing will come of nothing; speak

Cor.: Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit.
Why have my sisters husbands if they say
They love you all?

Lear: So young, and so unkinder?

Cor.: So young, my lord, and true. [dower.

Lear: Let it be so: thy truth then be thy

Kent: Good my liege—

Lear: Peace, Kent!
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.

[Despite protests by the faithful **Kent**, who is forthwith banished for his pains, **Lear** adds **Cordelia's** dower to those of her sisters and invests **Albany** and **Cornwall** with sovereign power. He reserves to himself only the name of king and the right with a hundred knights to make his abode with **Goneril** and **Regan** in turn. Then he summons **Burgundy** and **France**, great rivals for long to **Cordelia's** love. **Cordelia** beseeches the King to make known the real reason of his displeasure: that it is 'no unchaste action or dishonoured step.']



'FAIREST CORDELIA, THAT ART MOST RICH, BEING POOR'

From the painting by Ford Madox Brown

Lear : Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better.

France : Is it but this ? My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady ? Will you have her ?
She is herself a dowry.

Burgundy : Royal king,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear : Nothing. I have sworn. [father

Bur. : I am sorry, then, you have so lost a
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. : Peace be with Burgundy !
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France : Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor ;
Most choice, forsaken ; and most loved, despised !
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair France :
Bid them farewell, Cordelia.

Lear : Thou hast her, France : let her be thine ; for we
Have no such daughter. Therefore, be gone.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Exeunt* **Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany** *and* **Attendants.**

France : Bid farewell to your sisters. [eyes

Cor. : The jewels of our father, with washed
Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are,
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Use well our father :
To your professèd bosoms I commit him.

Reg. : Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. : Let your study
Be to content your lord. [hides.

Cor. : Time shall unfold what pleated cunning

France : Come, my Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* **France** *and* **Cordelia.**

[**Goneril** and **Regan** discuss their father's unruly waywardness and the unconstant starts they are like to have from him, and they agree to 'hit together.' The scene changes to Gloster's Castle, where **Edmund** schemes, Iago-like, to secure his brother's birthright by leading **Gloster** to think **Edgar** is plotting against him.]

Gloster : These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide : in cities, mutinies ; in countries, discord ; in palaces, treason ; and the bond cracked between father and son. This villain of mine comes under the prediction ; there's son against father : the king falls from bias of nature ; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time.

Edmund : This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeit of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and the stars : as if we were villains by necessity ; fools by heavenly compulsion.

[**Lear** takes up his abode with **Goneril. Kent,** disguised, seeks the King, chastises **Oswald,**

Goneril's servant, for rudeness to him, and is taken into his service. The **Fool** repeatedly girds at **Lear** for giving up his kingdom and dismissing **Cordelia**.]

Lear : Dost thou call me fool, boy ?

Fool : All thy other titles thou hast given away ; that thou wast born with. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away.

[In a stormy scene **Goneril**, who has shown already that her love was a sham, throws off the mask.] [fool,

Gon. : Not only, sir, this, your all-licensed
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel ; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endurèd riots. [rabble
You strike my people ; and your disordered
Make servants of their betters.

Lear : Woe, that too late repents.
Detested kite ! thou liest :
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know.

[**Albany** intervenes, but is chided by **Goneril** for his harmful mildness. **Lear** decides to seek **Regan** with his followers. **Goneril** sends **Oswald** with a warning to **Regan**. **Lear** dispatches **Kent** with letters to his friend **Gloster**. 'O,' he exclaims in his anger, 'let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven ! Keep me in temper ; I would not be mad !']

Second Act

ON a false pretence **Edmund** persuades **Edgar** to flight and **Gloster** to order his pursuit. **Cornwall** and **Regan** arriving at Gloster's Castle surprise **Kent** beating **Oswald**. At **Cornwall's** bidding **Kent** is put in the stocks. **Lear** arrives and is claiming **Regan's** hospitality when **Goneril** appears, having followed quickly her messenger. **Regan** urges **Lear** to return to **Goneril** and admit he has wronged her.] [so.

Regan : I pray you, father, being weak, seem
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me :
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear : Return to her ? and fifty men dismissed ?
No ; rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air.

[**Regan** says that if her father comes to her it must be with no more than five-and-twenty knights.]

Lear (*to* **Goneril**) : I'll go with thee.
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. : Hear me, my lord.
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five ?

Reg. : What need one ?

Lear : O, reason not the need. [need !
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth.—O fool, I shall go mad !

[*Exeunt* **Lear, Kent** *and* **Fool.**

[A storm is heard at a distance. **Gloster** is loath to let **Lear** go. 'For many a mile about,' he says, 'there's scarce a bush.' But at the request of **Cornwall, Goneril** and **Regan**, he shuts his doors against the storm. 'To wilful men,' says **Regan**, 'The injuries that they themselves procure Must be their schoolmasters.' **Lear** has called to horse, but they know not whither.]

Third Act

KENT and **Gloster** receive news of a division between **Albany** and **Cornwall** and of a French landing at Dover. **Kent**, after sending a messenger to Dover, seeks the King on the Heath. He finds him bareheaded contending with the raging elements, his only companion the **Fool**. **Gloster**, deprived of the use of his house and forbidden by his visitors to succour **Lear**, tells **Edmund** in secret of the French landing and of his resolve to aid the King. Meanwhile, **Lear, Kent** and the **Fool** come upon a hovel which **Kent** tries to persuade the King to enter.]

Lear : Let me alone.

Kent : Good my lord, enter here.

Lear : Wilt break my heart ?

Kent : I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear : Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fixed
The lesser is scarce felt.—In such a night
To shut me out !—Pour on ! I will endure.—
In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril !
Your old, kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O ! that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
No more of that.

[**Lear** consents to go in the hut, but pitifully bids the **Fool** to enter first. The **Fool** runs out alarmed. He has seen a spirit. It is **Edgar**, who appears 'disguised as a madman.']

Lear : Didst thou give all to thy daughters ? and art thou come to this ?

Edgar : Who gives anything to poor Tom ? Tom's a-cold. Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes.

Lear : What ! have his daughters brought him to this pass ? Could'st thou save nothing ? Didst thou give them all ?

Fool : Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all ashamed.

Lear : Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters !

Kent : He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear : Death, traitor ! Nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters

Fool : This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. : Tom's a-cold.

Lear : Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this ? Ha ! unaccommodated man is no more

but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool : Pry'thee, nuncle, be contented ; 'tis a naughty night to swim in.

Gloster (*entering with a torch*) : What are you, there ? Your names ?

Edg. : Poor Tom. [company ?

Glo. : What, hath your Grace no better

Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands.

Lear : First let me talk with this philosopher.

Kent : Importune him once more to go, my lord ;
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. : Canst thou blame him ? [friend,
His daughters seek his death.—I'll tell thee,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son, [life.
Now outlawed from my blood ; he sought my
But lately, very late : I loved him, friend,—
No father his son dearer ; true to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this !
I do beseech your Grace, —

Lear : O ! cry you mercy, sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. : Tom's a-cold. [thee warm.

Glo. : In, fellow, there ; into the hovel : keep

Lear : Come, let's all in.

Kent : This way, my lord.

Lear : With him ;
I will still keep with my philosopher.

Kent : Good my lord, soothe him ; let him take the fellow.

Glo. : Take him you on.

Kent : Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

Lear : Come, good Athenian.

Glo. : No words, no words ; hush. [*Exeunt.*

[**Edmund** betrays his father to **Cornwall,** who creates him Earl of Gloster. **Gloster** houses **Lear, Kent,** the **Fool** and **Edgar** in a farmhouse near his castle. Later he has the King sent on to Dover, attended by **Kent** and the **Fool. Cornwall,** learning of this, has **Gloster** arrested and, in his anger, blinds him, but is himself mortally wounded by one of the outraged servants. **Gloster** calls out for **Edmund.**]

Regan : Out, treacherous villain !
Thou callest on him that hates thee ; it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us.
Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.

[Before **Gloster** is thrust out, servants do what they can to assuage his pain.]

Fourth Act

As old tenant leads **Gloster** across the Heath. They encounter **Edgar.**]

Gloster : Is it a beggar-man ?

Old Man : Madman and beggar too. [beg.

Glo. : He has some reason, else he could not
I' the last night's storm I such a beggar saw,
Which made me think a man a worm : my son
Came then into my mind ; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him : I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods ;
They kill us for their sport.—If for my sake
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love ;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Who I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man : I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have. [*Exit.*

Glo. (*giving* **Edgar** *a purse*) : Sirrah, naked fellow, know'st thou the way to Dover ?

Edgar : Ay, master. [head

Glo. : There is a cliff, whose high and bending
Looks fearfully on the confined deep :
Bring me but to the very brim of it
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me ; from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. : Give me thy arm :
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

[**Albany** hears of **Cornwall's** death and of **Edmund's** treachery. The French king is compelled to return to France, leaving his force under command of his marshal. **Cordelia** receives **Kent's** message. **Goneril** and **Regan** are rivals for **Edmund's** love. Near Dover, **Edgar** makes **Gloster** think he is near the cliff edge.]

Edg. : How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low ! [air
The crows and choughs that wing the midway
Show scarce so gross as beetles ; half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire,—dreadful trade !
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock,—her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. : Set me where you stand.
Here, friend, 's another purse ; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking : fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off ;
Bid me farewell and let me hear thee going.

Edg. : Gone, sir ; farewell.

[**Gloster** falls forward. Pretending to be another than Poor Tom, **Edgar** greets **Gloster** and persuades him he has fallen and yet survived. **Lear** is taken to the French camp. **Goneril's** servant **Oswald** is killed by **Edgar** for attempting to kill **Gloster.** In **Oswald's** pocket **Edgar** finds a letter in which **Goneril** urges **Edmund** to 'cut off' her husband and supply his place. **Edgar** places **Gloster** with a friend. The last scene is a tent in the French camp. **Lear** is on a bed asleep. Soft music is playing. **Cordelia, Kent** and a **Doctor** are watching. **Lear** wakes.]

Cordelia : How does my royal lord ? How fares your majesty ?

Lear : You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave :—
Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. : Sir, do you know me ?
Lear : You are a spirit, I know ; when did you die ?
Cor. : Still, still far wide. [awhile.
Doctor : He's scarce awake : let him alone
Lear : Where have I been ? Where am I ?
Cor. : O ! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
Lear : Pray, do not mock me :
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or less ;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind. [man ;
Methinks I should know you, and know this
Yet I am doubtful : for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is. Do not laugh at me ;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. : And so I am, I am.
Lear : Be your tears wet ? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not ;
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me ; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :
You have some cause ; they have not.
Cor. : No cause, no cause.
Lear : Am I in France ?
Kent : In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear : Do not abuse me. [great rage,
Doctor : Be comforted, good madam ; the
You see, is killed in him ; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Cor. : Will't please your highness walk ?
Lear : You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive : I am old and foolish. [*Exeunt.*

Fifth Act

ALBANY cannot but fight, seeing **France** invades the land ; but he intends mercy to **Lear** and **Cordelia**. **Edmund** resolves there shall be no mercy. **Edgar**, disguised, gives **Goneril's** letter to **Albany**. **Lear** and **Cordelia** are brought prisoners to the British camp. **Edmund** gives to the captain of the guard special orders as to their disposal.]

Cordelia : We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.
For thee, oppressèd king, am I cast down ;
Myself would else outfrown false Fortune's frown. [sisters ?
Shall we not see these daughters, and these
Lear : No, no, no, no ! Come, let's away to prison ;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage :
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask thee forgiveness : so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news. Wipe thine eyes. Come.
[*Exeunt* **Lear** *and* **Cordelia** *guarded.*

[**Albany** arrests **Edmund** for treason. **Edgar** enters to prove it in combat, but without disclosing his identity. They fight. **Edmund** falls. **Albany** then shows him **Goneril's** letter. **Regan**, first, overcome by sudden sickness, then **Goneril**, makes a hurried exit.]

Edmund : What you have charged me with, that have I done,
And more, much more : the time will bring it out :
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou'rt noble
I do forgive thee.
Edgar : Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;
My name is Edgar and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.
Edm. : Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;
The wheel has come full circle ; I am here.
Albany (*to* **Edgar**) : Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee :
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father.
Edg. : Worthy prince, I know't.

[**Edgar** tells his story to the Duke. **Goneril**, who in her jealousy had poisoned **Regan**, fatally stabs herself. Ere he dies **Edmund** says he has given orders for **Cordelia** to be hanged. He begs that someone be sent forthwith to the prison to stay the order. It is too late. **Lear** enters with **Cordelia** dead in his arms.]

Lear : A plague upon you, murderers, traitors, all ! [ever ! -
I might have saved her ; now, she's gone for
Cordelia, Cordelia ! stay a little Ha !
What is't thou say'st ? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman. -
I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee !
Officer : 'Tis true, my lords, he did. [come,
Alb. : What comfort to this great decay may
Shall be applied : for us, we will resign
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power.
(*To* **Edgar** *and* **Kent**) : You, to your rights ;
With boot and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. O ! see, see !
Lear : And my poor fool is hanged ! No, no, no life !
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all ? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never !
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.
Do you see this ? Look on her look, her lips !
Look there, look there ! [*Dies.*
Edg : He faints ! -Look up, my lord.
Kent : Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass ! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. : He is gone, indeed.
Kent : The wonder is he hath endured so long.
Alb. : Bear them from hence. (*To* **Kent** *and* **Edgar**) : Friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gored State sustain.
Kent : I have a journey, sir, shortly to *go* :
My master calls me ; I must not say no. [obey ;
Alb. : The weight of this sad time we must
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most : we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
[***Exeunt, with a Dead March.***



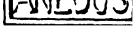
Sir Joshua Reynolds, the greatest English portrait painter, was born at Plympton, Devonshire, July 16, 1723. In 1740 he became a pupil of Thomas Hudson, in whose studio he spent two years, and from 1749 to 1752 he studied in Italy. He settled in London in 1753, first in Great Newport Street and in 1760 in Leicester Square, where he remained till his death, which occurred February 23, 1792. A man of noble character and beautiful disposition, with a well-informed mind and irresistible charm of manner, Reynolds was a most popular man in the best London society of his period, the intimate friend of Dr. Johnson, Burke, Garrick and Goldsmith. It was he who suggested the formation of the Literary Club in 1764 and in 1765 he became a member also of the Society of Dilettanti. On the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1768 he was elected its first president and received the honour of knighthood and he was responsible for the establishment of the Royal Academy Schools. The original of this portrait, painted by himself, is in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

DISCOURSES ON ART

FROM the very inception of the idea King George III took great interest in the project of a Royal Academy of Arts, and it was with his approval that Sir Joshua Reynolds was appointed first president of the institution on its foundation, December 1, 1768. Sir Joshua immediately took the most active part in organizing the Academy and its schools, which were an essential part of the scheme, and on January 2, 1769, he delivered his first Discourse on Painting, dwelling mainly on the value of academies and the right direction of study. During his term of presidency, that is, from 1768-1792, he delivered fifteen of these discourses and they form the major portion of his literary activity. Some of them were published separately in 1769 onwards, and seven were issued together in 1778. The whole series first appeared together in his Works, edited by Malone in 1794. A cheap edition is now included in Everyman's Library.

I—Of the Choice of Models



GENTLEMEN,—Dividing the study of painting into three distinct periods, I shall address you as having passed through the first of them, which is confined to the rudiments, the grammar of your art: facility of drawing any object, readiness in the management of colours and the most obvious rules of composition.

In the second period of study it is the artist's business to learn all that has been known and done before his own time. With a variety of models, each with its peculiar merit, thus before him, the student will avoid that narrowness of conception which inevitably attends a bigoted admiration of a single master. But this period is still a time of subjection and discipline.

The third period emancipates the student from this subjection. Confiding now in his own judgement, he will consider and separate those different principles to which different modes of beauty owe their origin. He will now exercise a sort of sovereignty over those rules which have hitherto restrained him. Having well established his judgement and stored his memory, he may now without fear try the power of his imagination.

Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory. A student unacquainted with the attempts of former adventurers is apt to mistake the most trifling excursions for discoveries of moment. The productions of such minds are seldom distinguished by an air of originality. The more, therefore, you know of the art of the past the more extensive will be your power of invention. The difficulty is to determine what ought to be proposed as models of excellence. On whom is the student to rely? Obviously, upon those who have stood the test of ages.

Mechanical copying of the minute details of a favourite picture is not only a tedious but a very erroneous method. Every large composition is *commonplace* in parts. If you copy without selection, your powers of invention will lie torpid, and lose their energy for want of exercise. Even colouring will never be perfectly attained by servilely copying the model before you. But you should attentively observe well-coloured pictures, their manner of handling, the artifices of contrast, glazing and other expedients by which nature has been so happily imitated. You must also try to discover through dirt and old varnish the obscured brilliancy of the original tints. Then have recourse to nature herself, compared with whose splendour the best pictures are but faint and feeble.

Copy only those parts which have recommended the work to notice. If its excellence consists in its general effect,

make slight sketches of the machinery and general management of the picture. Copy not the touch, but the conception. Possess yourself of the spirit of the masters. Enter into a kind of competition with them by painting a similar subject, and then compare it with the model to discover your own deficiencies.

In choosing your models, take the world's opinion rather than your own—established reputations rather than your own fancy. The best model for style in painting for power over materials is, in my opinion, Lodovico Carracci, whose best works are the nearest approach to perfection. His unaffected breadth of light and shadow, the simplicity of his colouring and the solemn twilight effect diffused over his pictures appear to me to correspond with grave and dignified subjects better than the more artificial brilliancy of sunshine which enlightens the pictures of Titian. Unfortunately, the best works of Carracci are not often found out of Bologna, to which city travellers should devote more time than they commonly do.

Do not be misled by promises of short cuts to excellence. Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labour. A facility of drawing cannot be acquired but by an infinite number of acts. After your return from the academy, endeavour to draw the figure by memory. Perseverance will enable you to draw it tolerably correct, with as little effort as is needed for writing the letters of the alphabet.

Whenever an opportunity offers, paint your studies instead of drawing them, so as to acquire facility in using colours. If by a short struggle of resolute industry the same expedition is attainable in painting as in drawing on paper, I cannot see why that should be done in parts which may be done altogether. The Venetian and Flemish schools, which excelled in colouring, have left very few examples of drawing. Those of Titian, Paul Veronese and Tintoret are, in general, slight and undetermined. Rubens and Vandyck made their designs for the most part either in colours or in *chiaro-oscuro*.

You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour; nothing is to be obtained without it.

II—*Of the Beau Ideal*

NATURE herself is not to be too closely copied. There are excellences in the art of painting beyond what is commonly called the imitation of nature. Instead of endeavouring to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his imitations, the painter must endeavour to improve them by the grandeur of his ideas. The *gusto grande* of the Italians, the *beau idéal* of the French, the *great style*, *genius* and *taste* among the English, are all appellations of the same thing.

It is not easy to define in what this great style consists. Could we teach taste or genius by rules, they would be no longer taste or genius. Yet rules there are which operate in proportion to our attention in observing nature, to our skill in selecting, and to our care in digesting and comparing our observations. This great ideal perfection is not to be sought in the heavens, but upon the earth. The whole beauty and grandeur of the arts consists in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, particularities and details of every kind.

All the objects in nature have their blemishes and defects, but it is not every eye that perceives these blemishes. Only long habit of observing what any set of objects of the same kind have in common will reveal what each wants in particular.

This is the first essential of the great style. It enables you to correct nature and to make her more perfect. The idea of the perfect state of nature which the artist calls the ideal beauty is the great leading principle by which works of genius are conducted. By this Phidias acquired his fame; and by this method you who have courage to tread the same path may attain equal reputation.

Every deviation from this central form is deformity. But the investigation of this form is painful, and I know but of one method of shortening the road; this is by

a careful study of the works of the ancient sculptors. Of course, there are different kinds of beauty. The beauty of Hercules is one, of the Gladiator another, of the Apollo another; but, still, none of them is the representation of an individual, but of a class. Though the forms of childhood and age differ exceedingly, there is a common form in childhood, and a common form in age, which is the more perfect, as it is more remote from all peculiarities. And so it is with every division of the human figure. Perfect beauty in any species must combine all the characters which are beautiful in that species, and the knowledge of these different characters is necessary to the painter, who is to vary his compositions with figures of various forms and proportions.

There is likewise a kind of proportion belonging to deformity. A figure lean or corpulent, tall or short, though departing from beauty, may still have a common union of the various parts.

The artist must learn to distinguish the genuine habits of nature from those of fashion, to separate simple chaste nature from the airs and actions with which she is loaded by modern education. I need only remind you that the fashion of turning the feet outwards is contrary to the intent of nature; and so is the erect position of the head, the projection of the chest, and the walking with straight knees. The painter must disregard all local and temporary ornaments, and look only on those general habits which are everywhere and always the same. The neglect of this rule leads to that ridiculous style which has given to Grecian heroes the airs and graces practised in the court of Louis XIV. You will again be helped by studying the works of the ancients, who had probably little or nothing to unlearn, as their manners were nearly approaching to the simplicity of nature.

BEAUTY and simplicity have so great a share in the composition of a great style that he who has acquired them has little else to learn. Nobleness of conception can only be acquired by storing your imagination with the best productions of ancient and modern poetry. An artist thus equipped will leave the meaner artist servilely to suppose that those are the best pictures which are most likely to deceive the spectator. It is not the eye, it is the mind which the painter of genius desires to address. Albert Dürer, as Vasari remarked, would probably have been one of the first painters of his age had he been initiated into the great principles practised by his contemporaries in Italy.

The painters who have applied themselves to low and vulgar characters and passions (such as we see in the works of Hogarth) deserve great praise, but the praise must be as limited as its object. This principle may be applied to the battle pieces of Paul Borgognone, the French gallantries of Watteau and even to the landscapes of Claude Lorraine. All these painters have the same right, in different degrees, to the name of a painter which a satirist, a sonneteer, a writer of pastorals or descriptive poetry has to that of a poet.

III—Art in Historical Painting

THE principle of obtaining perfect form by leaving out particularities applies to every part of the art, and gives the grand style to invention, to composition, to expression and even to colouring and drapery.

Invention in painting does not imply the invention of the subject. With respect to the choice the subject ought to be either some eminent instance of heroic action or heroic suffering. No subject can be of universal concern, but there are events, such as those of Greek and Roman fable and history, so popularly known that they are sufficiently general for all our purposes. Whenever a story is related every man pictures in his mind the actions and expressions of the persons employed. The power of representing this mental picture on canvas is what we call invention in a painter. Everything that is subordinate to the central idea should also be subordinated in the picture.

The usual and most dangerous error is on the side of minuteness; and, therefore, I think caution most necessary where most have failed. Though to the principal group a second or third be added, and a second or

third mass of light, these subordinate actions and light must not come into competition with the principal. Even in portraits the grace and the likeness consist more in taking the general air than in observing the exact similitude of every feature.

It is not enough in invention that the artist should restrain all the inferior parts of his subject; he must sometimes deviate from vulgar and strict historical truth in pursuing the grandeur of his design. Observe the nobleness of the apostles in Raffaelle's cartoons; yet we are expressly told in Scripture they had no such respectable appearance. This is not falsifying any fact; it is taking an allowed poetical licence.

As in invention, so in expression, care must be taken not to run into particularities. Those expressions alone should be given to the figures which their respective situations generally produce; each person should also have that expression which men of his rank generally exhibit. Bernini, in many respects admirable, has given a very mean expression to his statue of David — an expression which is far from being general, and still farther from being dignified.

In colouring, to give a general air of grandeur at first view, all trifling, or artful play of little lights, or an attention to a variety of tints, is to be avoided; a quietness and simplicity must reign over the whole work. Grandeur is produced either by reducing the colours to little more than *chiaro-oscuro*, as did the Bolognese, or by making the colours very distinct and forcible, as was the method of the Romans and Florentines.

The historical painter does not debase his conceptions with minute attention to the discriminations of drapery. To make the folds merely natural is a mechanical operation; but it requires the nicest judgement to dispose the drapery so that the folds shall gracefully follow each other, with such natural negligence as to look like the effect of chance and yet show the figure under it to the utmost advantage.

Upon these principles, the Roman, the Florentine, the Bolognese schools formed their practice, and so did the best of the French school: Poussin, Le Sueur and Le Brun. Next to these, but in a very different degree of excellence, we may rank the Venetians, the Flemings and the Dutchmen, all proposing to depart from the great purposes of painting, and catching at applause by inferior qualities. Though I cannot allow them to rank with the nobler schools of painting, they accomplished perfectly the thing they attempted. Their principal object is mere elegance; but what may heighten the elegance may degrade the sublime.

The Venetian painters loved to crowd their pictures with a great number of figures; Annibale Carracci thought twelve figures enough for obtaining grandeur. Though the Venetians were great colourists, their colouring is not only too brilliant, but too harmonious to produce that solidity, steadiness and simplicity of effect which heroic subjects require. I exclude Titian from my remarks, who, though his style is not so pure as that of many other of the Italian schools, yet has a sort of senatorial dignity. The Flemish school, of which Rubens is the head, was formed upon that of the Venetians; like them, he took his figures too much from the people before him. The painters of the Dutch school have still more locality. With them, a history piece is properly a portrait of themselves. The painters of this are excellent in their own way; they are only ridiculous when they attempt general history on their own narrow principles.

It will be seen that there are two distinct styles in history painting; the grand and the splendid or ornamental. A union of the two is likely to be more imperfect than either which go to its composition. At any rate, the great style is always contaminated by any meaner mixture; but in a few instances the lower may be improved by borrowing from the grand. A portrait painter desirous to raise and improve his object may approach it to a general idea by leaving out all the minute breaks and peculiarities in the face, and changing the dress from a temporary fashion to one more permanent. Of those who have practised the composite style, and have succeeded in this perilous attempt, perhaps the foremost is Correggio.

IV—Styles of the Great Masters

THE attempt to combine incompatible excellences only produces a harsh jarring of incongruent principles. A single figure thus treated will either be monstrous or insipid. And this applies also to the passions. If you mean to preserve beauty in its most perfect state, you cannot express the passions, all of which produce distortion and deformity. The summit of excellence seems to be an assemblage of contrary qualities, but mixed in such proportion that no one part is found to counteract the other.

Fresco painting excludes attention to minute elegances; yet upon their works in fresco depends the fame of the greatest masters. Such are the pictures of Michelangelo and Raffaelle in the Vatican, and of Giulio Romano at Mantua. Raffaelle's easel works stand in a lower degree of estimation. When he painted in oils his hand seemed to be so cramped and confined that he not only lost that facility of hand and spirit, but, I think, even that correctness of form which is so perfect and admirable in his fresco works.

Michelangelo did not possess so many excellences as Raffaelle, but those which he had were of the highest kind. It cannot be thought strange that such a mind should have slighted or have been withheld from paying due attention to all those graces and embellishments of art which have diffused such lustre over the works of other painters; but, together with these, he rejected all the false, though specious, ornaments which disgrace the works of even the most esteemed artists. Raffaelle had more taste and fancy; Michelangelo more genius and imagination. The one excelled in beauty, the other in energy.

The excellence of every style, but of the subordinate styles more especially, will very much depend on preserving that union and harmony between all the component parts, that they may appear to hang well together, as if the whole proceeded from one mind. A faithful picture of a mind, though it be irregular, wild and incorrect, yet if it be marked with the spirit and firmness of genius, will always claim attention.

One of the strongest-marked characters of this kind is that of Salvator Rosa. He gives us a peculiar cast of nature, which has nothing of the elevation and dignity belonging to the grand style, yet has the dignity which belongs to savage and uncultivated nature. What is most to be admired in him is the perfect correspondence between the subjects which he chose, and his manner of treating them.

RUBENS is a remarkable instance of the same mind being seen in all the various parts of the art. If we should allow him a greater purity and correctness of drawing, his want of simplicity in composition, colouring and drapery would appear more gross. In his composition his art is too apparent. His figures have expression and energy, but lack simplicity or dignity. Throughout there is a proportionable want of distinction and elegance of mind; and to this want may be ascribed that the qualities of this subordinate style appear with their greatest lustre.

A complete contrast to Rubens is Poussin's simple, careful, pure and correct style. Yet he, again, always preserved a perfect correspondence between all the parts, so that any alteration of what is considered as defective would perhaps destroy the effect of the whole. His best performances have a remarkable dryness of manner, which seems perfectly correspondent to that ancient simplicity which distinguishes his style.

Always form yourselves upon great principles and great models. There is another caution which I wish to give you. Be as select in those whom you endeavour to please as in those whom you endeavour to imitate. Without the love of fame you can never do anything excellent; but by an excessive and undistinguishing thirst after it, you will come to have vulgar views, you will degrade your style and your taste will be entirely corrupted. It is certain that the lowest style will be the most popular, as it falls within the compass of ignorance itself; and the vulgar will always be pleased with what is natural in the confined and misunderstood sense of the word.

The Most Charming Prose Idyll in English

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

LIKE his poem The Traveller, The Vicar of Wakefield was written by Goldsmith for his own pleasure and according to his own best ideas of literary art, and as a distraction from the compilations and task work on which he was engaged for various booksellers. It was towards the end of 1764 that Dr. Johnson obtained £60 from Francis Newbery for the MS. and so secured Goldsmith's liberation from arrest for debt, but the book was not published until March 7, 1766. With this single story, a new creation in English literature, Goldsmith secured a high place among the novelists of the eighteenth century and a permanent place in the affectionate regard of posterity which has been denied to other distinguished members of that great company. Six editions were published in England before Goldsmith died, and French and German translations were published before it was four years old. Of several dramatic versions that entitled Olivia by W. G. Wills, produced in 1878 and later made famous by Irving and Ellen Terry, is the best known.

I—Family Portraits



I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population. From this motive I chose my wife, as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. There was nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

My children, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy: my four sons hardy and active, my two daughters beautiful and blooming. Olivia, the elder daughter, was open, sprightly and commanding; Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution, for they were soft, modest and alluring.

The profits of my living I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward.

My eldest son, George, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon Miss Arabella Wilmot, the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was in circumstances to give her a large fortune. Mr. Wilmot was not averse to the match, but after the day for the nuptials had been fixed, I engaged in a dispute with him which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance. I have always maintained that it is unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second; and I showed Mr. Wilmot a tract which I had written in defence of this principle. It was not till too late that I discovered that he was violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife.

While the controversy was hottest, a relation, with a face of concern, called me out.

"The merchant in town," he said, "in whose hands your money was lodged has gone off to avoid a statute of bankruptcy. Your fortune is now almost nothing."

It would be useless to describe the sensations of my family when I divulged the news. Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction; for premature consolation is but a remembrance of sorrow. During this interval I determined to send my eldest son to London, and I accepted a small cure of fifteen pounds a year in a distant neighbourhood.

The first day's journey brought us within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up at an obscure inn in a village by the way. At the inn was a gentleman

who, the landlord told me, had been so liberal in his charity that he had no money left to pay his reckoning. I could not avoid expressing my concern at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered the stranger my purse. "I take it with all my heart, sir," replied he, "and am glad that my late oversight has shown me that there are still some men like you." The stranger's conversation was so pleasing and instructive that we were rejoiced to hear that he was going the same way as ourselves.

The next morning we all set forward together. Mr. Burchell and I lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, and he also informed me who owned the different seats that lay in our view.

"That, Dr. Primrose," he said to me, pointing to a very magnificent house, "belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependent upon the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill."

"What!" cried I, "is my young landlord, then, the nephew of one who is represented as a man of consummate benevolence?"

At this point we were alarmed by the cries of my family, and I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream and struggling with the torrent; she must have certainly perished had not my companion instantly plunged in to her relief. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described; she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words. Soon afterwards Mr. Burchell took leave of us and we pursued our journey to the place of our retreat.

II—The Squire

At a small distance from our habitation was a seat overshaded by a hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together to enjoy an extensive landscape in the calm of the evening.

On an afternoon about the beginning of autumn, when I had drawn out my family to the seat, dogs and horsemen swept past us with great swiftness. After them a young gentleman, of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward and, instead of pursuing the chase, stopped short and approached us with a careless, superior air. He let us know that his name was Thornhill and that he was the owner of the estate that lay around us. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and the whole family seemed earnest to please him.

As soon as he was gone my wife gave the opinion that it was a most fortunate hit, and hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them.

"For my part," cried Olivia, "I don't like him, he is so extremely impudent and familiar." I interpreted this speech by contrary, and found that Olivia secretly admired him.

"To confess the truth," said I, "he has not prepossessed me in his favour. I had heard that he was particularly remarkable for faithlessness to the fair sex."

A few days afterwards we entertained our young landlord at dinner, and it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor; and my wife exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own.

On one evening Mr. Thornhill came with two young ladies, richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade, for they would talk of nothing but high life and high-lived company. 'Tis true they once or twice mortified us sensibly by slipping out an oath; their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation.

I now began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity and contentment were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awakened that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. When the two ladies of quality showed a willingness to take our girls to town with them as companions, my wife was overjoyed at our good fortune. But Mr. Burchell, who had at first been a welcomed guest at our

house, but had become less welcome since we had been favoured with the company of persons of superior station, dissuaded her with great ardour and so angered her that she ended by asking him to stay away.

Returning home one day, I found my wife and girls all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there to inform them that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies having heard reports of us from some malicious person, were that day set out for London. We were not long in finding who it was that had been so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours. One of our boys found a letter-case which we knew to belong to Mr. Burchell. Within it was a sealed note, superscribed, 'The copy of a letter to be sent to the two ladies at Thornhill Castle.' At the joint solicitation of the family, I opened it, and read as follows:

'Ladies,—I am informed that you have some intention of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon nor virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. Take, therefore, the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided.'

Our doubts were now at an end. It appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had ever met with. As we sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, Mr. Burchell himself entered and sat down.

"Do you know this, sir—this pocket-book?" said I.

"Yes, sir," returned he, with a face of impenetrable assurance.

"And do you know this letter?"

"Yes; it was I that wrote that letter."

"And how could you so basely presume to write this letter?"

"And how came you," replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery, "so basely to presume to open this letter?"

I could scarcely govern my passion. "Ungrateful wretch!" I cried. "Begone, and no longer pollute my dwelling with thy baseness!"

So saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and left us astonished at the serenity of his assurance.

III—The Elopement

The visits of Mr. Thornhill now became more frequent and longer; but all the schemes of Olivia and her mother to bring him to a declaration came to nothing. And although Olivia considered his fine sentiments as instances of the most exalted passion, it seemed to me plain that they had more of love than matrimony in them.

One evening as I sat by the fireside, thanking Heaven for tranquillity, health and competence, and thinking myself happier than the greatest monarch upon earth, I noticed that Olivia was absent.

"Where is my darling Olivia?" I asked. Just as I spoke, my boy Dick came running in.

"Oh, papa, papa, she is gone from us; she is gone from us for ever!"

"Gone, child?"

"Yes; she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise, and one of them kissed her and said he would die for her. And she cried very much, but he persuaded her, and she went into the chaise."

"Now, then," cried I, "may Heaven's everlasting fury light upon him and his! Thus to rob me of my child! Bring me my pistols; I'll pursue the traitor. Old as I am, he shall find that I can sting him yet—the perfidious villain!"

My poor wife caught me in her arms.

"Indeed, sir," said my son Moses, "your rage is too violent."

"I did not curse him, child, did I?"

"Indeed, sir, you did."

"Then may Heaven forgive me and him. But it is not—it is not a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes. My child—to undo my darling! May confusion seize—— Heaven forgive me! Had she but died! My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff. I will pursue her; and though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of her iniquity."



'I CHOSE MY WIFE AS SHE DID HER WEDDING GOWN'

From the painting by William Mulready, R.A.

My suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill Castle. He soon appeared, with the most open, familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement. A man, however, averred that my daughter and Mr. Burchell had been seen driving very fast towards the Wells, about thirty miles distant.

I walked towards the Wells with earnestness, and on entering the town I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the squire's, and he assured me that if I followed them to the

races, which were but thirty miles further, I might depend upon overtaking them.

Early the next day I walked forward to the races, but saw nothing of my daughter or of Mr. Burchell.

The agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, now threw me into a fever. I retired to a little alehouse by the roadside, and here I languished for nearly three weeks.

The night coming on as I was twenty miles from home on my return journey, I put up at a little public-house, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. I could hear the landlady bitterly reproaching a lodger who could not pay.

"Out, I say," she cried; "pack out this moment!"

"Oh, dear madam," replied the stranger, "pity a poor, abandoned creature for one night, and death will soon do the rest!"

I instantly knew the voice of my poor, ruined child, Olivia, and flew to her rescue.

"Welcome, anyway welcome, my dearest lost one, to your poor old father's bosom!"

"Oh, my own dear"—for minutes she could say no more—"my own dearest, good papa! You can't forgive me I know you cannot!"

"Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive thee." After we had talked ourselves into some tranquillity, I said, "It surprises me how a person of Mr. Burchell's seeming honour could be guilty of such deliberate baseness."

"My dear papa," returned my daughter, "you labour under a strange mistake. It is Mr. Thornhill who has ruined me; who employed the two ladies, as he called them, but who, in fact, were abandoned women of the town, to decoy us up to London. Their artifices would certainly have succeeded but for Mr. Burchell's letter, who directed those reproaches at them which we all applied to ourselves."

"You amaze me, my dear!" cried I. "But tell me, what temptation was it that could thus obliterate your virtue?"

"He offered me marriage," replied she. "We were indeed married secretly by a popish priest, whose name I was sworn to conceal."

"What!" interrupted I. "And were you indeed married?"

"Alas!" she said, "he has been married already by the same priest to six or eight wives more, whom, like me, he has deceived and abandoned."

"Have patience, my child," cried I, "and I hope things will yet be better. To-morrow I'll carry you home to your mother. Poor woman, this has gone to her heart; but she loves you still, Olivia, and will forget it."

IV—Fresh Calamities

It was late the next night when I approached my own home. I had left Olivia at an inn five miles away, intending to prepare my family for her reception. To my amazement, I saw the house bursting out into a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud, convulsive outcry, which alarmed my son, and all my family ran out, wild with apprehension. Our neighbours came running to our assistance; but the flames had taken too strong a hold to be extinguished, and all the neighbours could do was to stand spectators of the calamity. They brought us clothes and furnished one of our outhouses with kitchen utensils; so that by daylight we had a wretched dwelling to retire to.

In the midst of this affliction our poor lost one returned to us. "Ah, madam," cried her mother, "this is but a poor place to come to after so much finery! I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with persons of distinction; but I hope Heaven will forgive you."

The unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply.

"I entreat, woman," I said to my wife, with severity in my voice and manner, "that my words may be now marked once for all. I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer—her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not increase them by dissensions among each other. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example."

My daughter's grief, however, seemed formed for continuing, and her wretchedness was increased by the news that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to the rich Miss Wilmot, who had formerly been betrothed to my eldest son.

On a morning of peculiar warmth for the season, when we were breakfasting out of doors, Mr. Thornhill drove up in his chariot, alighted and inquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity.

"Sir," replied I, "your present assurance only serves to aggravate your baseness."

"My dear sir," returned he, "I cannot understand what this means!"

"Go!" cried I. "Thou Art a poor, pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger!"

"I find," he said, "you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. My steward talks of driving for the rent, and it is certain he knows his duty. Yet, still, I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage."

"Mr. Thornhill," replied I, "as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I will never consent to! And though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both."

"Depend upon it," returned he, "you shall feel the effects of this insolence," and departed abruptly.

On the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by reason of the accidents already related, I was unable to pay. On the following day two officers of justice took me to the county gaol.

There is no situation, however wretched it seems, but has some sort of comfort attending it; and I found mine in the help and kindness of a fellow-prisoner, Mr. Jenkinson by name, who was awaiting trial for several acts of cheating and roguery. I myself, indeed, had been one of his victims.

THE fortune of my family, who were lodged in the town, was wholly and distressingly adverse. Olivia was ill, and longed for me to make my submission to Mr. Thornhill by approving his marriage with Miss Wilmot. When I had been confined a fortnight, Mr. Jenkinson brought me dreadful news. Olivia was dead! And while yet my grief was fresh upon me, my wife came weeping to tell me that Sophia had been seized by ruffians and carried off.

The sum of my miseries, thought I, is now made up; nor is it in the power of anything on earth to give me another pang. Yet another awaited me. My eldest son, George, to whom I had written, went to Thornhill Castle to punish our betrayer; he was attacked by the servants, injured one, and was brought into the very prison where I was confined.

The enemy of my family had now triumphed completely. My only hope was in a letter I had written to Sir William Thornhill, telling him of the misdeeds of his nephew. I was by this time myself extremely ill. I sought to break from my heart all ties that bound it to earth and to fit myself for eternity.

V—The Rescue

ON parting from my unhappy son, who was removed to a stronger cell, I laid me down in bed, when Mr. Jenkinson informed me that there was news of my daughter Sophia. He had scarcely delivered his message when my dearest girl entered with Mr. Burchell.

"Here, papa," she cried, "here is the brave man to whom I owe my delivery; to this gentleman's intrepidity——"

A kiss from Mr. Burchell interrupted what she was going to add.

"Ah, Mr. Burchell," said I, "you were ever our friend. We have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented our ingratitude. And now, as you have delivered my girl, if you think her a recompense, she is yours."

"But I suppose, sir," he replied, "you are apprised of my incapacity to support her as she deserves?"

"I know no man," I returned, "so worthy to deserve her as you."

Without the least reply to my offer, he ordered from the next inn the best dinner that could be provided. While we were

at dinner, the gaoler brought a message from Mr. Thornhill, desiring permission to appear before his uncle in order to vindicate his innocence and honour. The poor, harmless Mr. Burchell, then, was in reality the celebrated Sir William Thornhill!

Mr. Thornhill entered with a smile, and was going to embrace his uncle.

"No fawning, sir, at present," cried the baronet. "The only way to my heart is by the road of honour; but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice and oppression."

At this moment Jenkinson and the gaoler's two servants entered, hauling in a tall man very genteelly dressed. As soon as Mr. Thornhill perceived the prisoner and Mr. Jenkinson, he seemed to shrink backward with terror, for this was the man whom he had put upon the carrying off of Sophia.

"Heavens," cried Sir William, "what a viper have I been fostering in my bosom!"

"As Mr. Thornhill and I have been old fellow-sporters," said Jenkinson, "I have a friendship for him; and I hope he will show a proper return of friendship to his own honest Jenkinson, who brings him a wife."

So saying, he went off and left us.

"I am surprised," said the baronet, "what he can intend by this?"

"When we reflect," I replied, "on the various schemes—Amazement! Do I see my lost daughter? It is—it is my Olivia!"

"As for you, squire," said Jenkinson, "this young lady is your lawful wedded wife. Here is the licence to prove it. He commissioned me, gentlemen," he continued, "to procure him a false licence and a false priest in order to deceive this young lady. What did I do, but went and got a true licence and a true priest. To my shame, I confess it, my only design was to keep the licence and let the squire know that I could prove it upon him whenever I wanted money."

A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment. Happiness was expanded upon every face, and even Olivia's cheek seemed flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends, and fortune at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress of decay, and restore former health and vivacity. But, perhaps among all, there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusion.

"How could you," I cried, "add to my miseries by the story of her death?"

"That," replied Jenkinson, "is easily answered. I thought the only probable means of freeing you from prison was by submitting to the squire and consenting to his marriage with the other young lady. But this you had vowed never to grant while your daughter was living, so I had to join with your wife in persuading you that she was dead."

Mr. Thornhill's assurance had now entirely forsaken him. He fell on his knees before his uncle and implored compassion.

"Thy vices, crimes and ingratitude," said the baronet, "deserve no compassion; but a bare competence shall be supplied thee, and thy wife shall possess a third part of that fortune which once was thine." Then, turning to Sophia, he caught her to his breast with ardour. "I have sought," he cried, "for a woman who, a stranger to my fortune, could think I had merit as a man. How great must be my rapture to have made a conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty!"

On the next day Sophia was wedded to Sir William Thornhill; and my son George, now freed from justice, as the person supposed to be wounded by him was detected to be an impostor, led Miss Wilmot to the altar. As soon as I had awakened that morning, I had heard that my merchant had been arrested at Antwerp and that my fortune had been restored to me.

It may not be improper to observe, with respect to Mr. Thornhill, that he now resides as companion at a relation's house. My eldest daughter has told me that when he reforms she may be brought to relent.

I had now nothing on this side of the grave to wish for. All my cares were over. It only remained that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my submission in adversity.

THE BOOKS OF BRAHMANIS

Abridgement by Professor T. Witton Davies

THE religion of the ancient Persians and of the ancient Aryan Indians was at one time the same, and it is easy now to see the common basis of the beliefs and practices embodied in the Hindu Vedas and the Zend Avesta (the sacred books of the Parsees), and their general resemblance. The religion of the ancient Aryan Indians has passed through three outstanding phases, designated by modern scholars: Vedism, or that taught by the Vedas; Brahmanism, based on the Brahmanas, or ritual additions to the Vedas; and Hinduism, the form which revived Brahmanism took after the expulsion of Buddhism. Though the latter is strictly an Indian religion, judged by its origin and characteristic features, it has for centuries almost ceased to exist in India proper. It will be found generally true that in Brahmanism there is, as compared with Vedism, an increase of the ritual and a corresponding decrease of the moral element. The gods become more material, and the means of conciliating them ceremonial and magical. Also there is a growth in the power of the priesthood. It has to be remembered carefully, however, that the distinction between Vedism, Brahmanism and Hinduism is more logical than actual. The seeds of Hinduism, even the doctrine of caste, may be traced in the Rig Veda, and a modern orthodox Hindu will tell you that his principal scriptures are the Vedas (see page 1545), and that his creed and practice have their source in these scriptures. Brahmanism, as represented in the present summaries, will appear as a system of law and custom – the Laws of Manu; as a philosophy – the Upanishads; and as a mythology – the Ramayana and Mahabharata. Epitomes of these two great epics appear in later pages of *The World's Great Books*.

The Laws of Manu

General Introduction



THE word 'manu' means in Sanskrit 'knowing one,' and there can be little doubt that a man bearing that name and character never lived. According to Hindu tradition, Manu was the son (or grandson?) of the god Brahma, the first of created beings, and the holiest, as well as the earliest, of legislators. We have, however, in the name and the mythical history wrapped about it, the shadow of a real personage, who arose in far-back India and acted as reformer and lawgiver—compare Solon among the Greeks, Minos (Manu?) among the Cretans, and Moses among the Hebrews.

We should probably differentiate between two Manus of Hindu tradition. One, the Manu of the Vedas, the father of the human race, who escapes from the Deluge by a ship which, by the advice of a large fish, he builds, the fish being used afterwards to tow the ship (compare the ark) to a mountain. The other Manu is the legislator who, indeed, seems in one of the codes to refer to the Veda Manu as different from himself. Yet the second name was no doubt suggested by the first, and neither is historical.

The Manu code was originally a local collection of rules that gradually extended its authority over the entire Hindu population of India. Sir William Jones, the great Welsh Orientalist, says that this code is at least as old as 880 B.C. Many of its parts are much older than this, but in its present form it is not older than A.D. 500, and in it, on the whole, we are to see a witness to the Indian religion (Brahmanism) of that time, and not of the earlier date to which the oldest Vedas belong.

Behind this code are many older ones, notably those called the Sutras. Sir Henry Maine, the great authority on Indian law, holds that this code was never fully accepted or completely enforced; it formed a kind of ideal to which actual law should approximate.

The translations chiefly used in the summary which follows are those by Sir William Jones—a monumental achievement for its time (1794)—and by

Professor G. Bühler, volume 25 of the Sacred Books of the East, published by the Clarendon Press. Many other works have afforded considerable help.

The Manu code is divided into twelve chapters or books, each treating of a separate theme, though there is much overlapping.

I—The Creation

THE wise men approached Manu and begged him to give the laws about the four principal castes—priests, warriors and rulers, farmers and merchants, and sudras or pariahs. In reply the all-wise and all-powerful one spake:

This universe was once swathed in darkness, imperceptible, indefinable, immersed, as it were, in a deep sleep. Then came on the scene the self-existing one, making the invisible visible and dispelling the darkness. Desiring the creation from himself of beings of many orders, he first with bare thought called into existence water, and in it planted seed, which in time grew to be a golden egg. In that egg he himself deigned to be born as the male Brahma, the first-born of mankind.

The waters, because produced from Nara, came to have the name Nara. And because they were his first abode (ayana) he is therefore called Nara-yana. After remaining for the whole year motionless in that egg, the great spirit caused the egg to be divided into two halves, out of one making the heavens above, and out of the other the earth underneath, between which he set the subtle ether, the eight points of the horizon, and the permanent reservoir of waters.

He made then from himself mind, self-consciousness, and the five organs of sense. He thus created all things that live, the visible and transitory, from the absolute and eternal.

He made, also, time and its divisions according to the heavenly bodies. He caused to come into being the opposites—pain and pleasure, good and bad.

That men may make progress he created out of his mouth, arms, thighs and feet these four classes—priests (Brahmanas), warriors and rulers (Kshatriyas), farmers and merchants (Vaisyas), and pariahs (Sudras).

Dividing his substance, the great creator became male—the active principle—and female—the passive principle. I, Manu, am the offspring of that female (Viray).

I, Manu, then summoned into being ten great sages, lords of the rest of men, who in turn produced hosts of living beings.

It was then ordered that living creatures should beget living creatures, and plants propagate themselves.

One thousand ages of the gods make but one day with the great Brahma, and his night is of the same length.

The following is the order of capacity and merit of created beings: 1, the priests (Brahmanas); 2, men; 3, intelligent beings other than men; 4, animated beings without intelligence; 5, the inanimate.

The birth of a priest is an incarnation of the sacred law, for he is born to carry out its provisions and to become one with Brahma. Whatever exists in the world is of right the property of priests, they being born lords of created beings. In truth, all other men depend on the priests, and owe what they have to the generosity of those lords of the earth.

Manu sprang from the Eternal One (Brahma), in order that he might decide what men's duties are and codify them in these institutes.

A priest who meditates upon these institutes and follows their directions will be free from evil thoughts and commit no evil deeds. There is no preventive against evil to be compared with the study of the sacred law.

II—Education and the Priestly Class

ACTING from self-interest is not praiseworthy, yet entire exemption from that motive is impossible in this world, for self-love is the driving power that makes men read the scriptures and act as they direct.

The man who performs his duty with no eye on the reward will in the present life have all he desires, and in the hereafter will attain to a deathless state.

This sacred law rests primarily on the Veda, then on tradition, and finally on the

good lives of the virtuous—whatever law I (Manu) enact, was foreseen by the omniscient sage of the Veda. In the Veda there is revelation; in the institutes (of Manu) there is tradition. But neither of these dares be in the slightest matter questioned, for they make up between them the sacred law.

If any twice-born [*i.e.* any man belonging to the three highest classes] despises either of these sources of the sacred law, let him be dismissed from the company of virtuous ones as an atheist.

If two Veda texts seem mutually contradictory, yet must both be retained, since both are in the Veda.

The standard of conduct is the custom handed down from time immemorial among the four chief castes and the mixed races in the divinely chosen land—the plain of the Kurus. To a priest born in that sacred territory everyone must listen, and in the lands of this territory twice-born men must seek to dwell.

This human body is rendered capable of union with Brahma by these things: study of the Veda, by vows, by burnt offerings, by the recitation of sacred texts, by sacrifices to the gods, by begetting children, by the five great sacraments, and by the special Granta rites.

The father is to name the child on the tenth or twelfth day after birth, or on a lucky day under a lucky constellation.

The first part of the priest's name should denote something connected with good luck; that of a warrior or ruler's name something connected with power; and that of a merchant or farmer's something connoting wealth. But the first part of a pariah's (sudra's) name should mean something contemptible.

The second part of a priest's name should imply happiness, that of a warrior and ruler's name, defence; of a merchant's and farmer's name, thriving; of a pariah's (sudra's), service.

The staff of a priest should be of a length necessary to reach his hair; that of a warrior and ruler of a length to reach his forehead, and that of a merchant and farmer just long enough to reach his nose. The sudra is to have no staff. A twice-born should perform his ablutions before he takes food. Excessive eating is injurious to health and reputation in this world, and to bliss in heaven. The twice-born one, having been initiated, must be instructed by his teacher in the rules of purification, of good manners, of fire worship and of the evening devotions.

The Rules Enjoined in the Veda

BURNT offerings and solemn sacrifices pass away, but the syllable OM [a symbol of Brahma] is imperishable.

The act of pronouncing his holy name is ten times better than sacrifices; a hundred times better when inaudibly muttered, and best of all when said only mentally.

He who salutes and shows respect to the aged has length of life, knowledge, fame and health.

He whose heart and conversation are pure, and secured against evil, gains the reward which comes from reading the Vedas.

A priest must shun worldly honour as he would poison; and the rather seek disrespect as he would nectar.

The (priest) pupil is to show every respect to his preceptor. He is to answer or speak to him standing, not reclining on a bed, nor sitting, nor eating. He is to advance to the teacher if the latter advances to him, and even to run if the teacher does.

The teacher, the father, the mother and the elder brother must be treated with respect, especially by a priest; for a teacher of the Veda is an image of Brahma, the father the image of Prajapati, lord of created beings, the mother the image of the earth, and the brother the image of oneself.

III—Of Marriage

A STUDENT who has mastered the three Vedas, or two, or even one, and observed the rules of studentship, is free to take to himself a wife. But he must see to it that the woman of his choice is of his own caste.

He must not marry into a family having any of the following defects, however famed or rich it may be: One in which no male children have been born; one which has not studied the Veda; one the members of which have thick hair on the

body or are subject to phthisis, indigestion, or leprosy.

He must not marry a girl with red hair or inflamed eyes, one with too much hair on the body or with none, or one suffering physical weakness, or any bodily defect.

Though for a first marriage twice-born men should marry women of their own caste, yet for a second marriage a woman of the caste next below may be wed.

A twice-born man, even a priest, who marries a sudra woman reduces himself to that class. There are various kinds of marriage: (1) When a man gives his daughter to a Vedic scholar without pay (a Brahman marriage); (2) when for his daughter the father receives a couple or four cows (an Arsha marriage); (3) when the bridegroom presents his bride and her father with costly gifts (an Asura marriage).

IV—Of Private Morals

A PRIEST having spent a quarter of his life with a preceptor studying the Veda, should pass the next quarter in his own home with his wife and family. He is to earn a living for himself and his household if it is possible; but, if necessary, he may beg the means of sustenance he cannot earn.

But in no case is he to become worldly, or make the acquisition of wealth or fame his ruling passion. He is to avoid every occupation that hinders close study of the Veda. He must be a constant student of the sacred scriptures but he is not bound to engage in any secular calling.

He is to keep far away from sensual pleasures, and check the least inclination towards them. Daily should he ponder over these institutes. Nor should he ever neglect to offer sacrifice to the sages, to the gods, to spirits, to ancestors.

Let him cut his hair and beard, and clip his nails and subdue his passions. His mantle must be white, his body clean and he must not relax from reading the Veda.

He is not to look at the sun at rising or setting, or when in eclipse, or when reflected in water, or when at its zenith at noon.

He is not to eat with his wife, or to look at her eating, or sneezing, yawning, or sitting at her ease.

Teachers and students of the Vedas should avoid reading the sacred books at certain times (e.g. by night), when they hear the howling wind, or by day when a blinding dust is being driven about, etc.

V—Of Diet and Women

THE sages asked Bhrigu, son of Manu, "How can death prevail over priests who know the Veda and keep its precepts?" The just Bhrigu replied: "Through neglecting the study of the scriptures (Vedas), turning away from approved usages, and eating forbidden food."

A twice-born man who eats any of the following intentionally degrades himself: garlic, leeks, onions, mushrooms, the flesh of a tame hog, or a town cock, etc., etc., and whatever food is offered to the gods. If inadvertently a man has partaken of these viands he must do penance in the prescribed way.

He who avoids flesh food will attain to far more pleasure than he loses. Such food involves death and pain to animals and, therefore, partaking of such hinders the way to true felicity.

No more wicked man can be imagined than he who refuses to sacrifice animals to the manes [dead ancestors] and the gods, and yet kills animals to gratify his own greed. The man who lives on fruit, roots and plants reaps a great reward. But a greater reward awaits the man who abstains from all flesh food.

There is no necessary sin in drinking fermented liquors, or in eating animal food, for these gratify human instincts. But abstinence brings with it a wondrous compensation.

Men are made pure by Vedic learning, ascetic devotion, fire, earth, water, air, the sun, the prescribed rites of religion. But of all purities, purity in acquiring wealth is the most excellent; since the man who becomes rich with clean hands is a much purer man than he who owes his purity to physical element (water), or religious rite. The man versed in the Veda is made pure by forgiving his foes; he who has neglected his duty, by generosity; he who has secret sins, by meditation; and the man best

acquainted with the scriptures (Vedas), by devout asceticism.

No woman is allowed to offer a sacrifice or to perform a religious rite apart from her husband. Her religion consists in adoring her husband and doing what he needs and desires. A wife wishing to attain her husband's heavenly mansion must act kindly towards him if living, and cherish and honour his memory if dead.

Let her keep to her one husband, forgive wrongs, performing hard tasks, if necessary, avoiding sensual pleasures, and joyously practising the virtues which become a woman. Then shall she have reward in heaven.

VI—On Devotion

In the third quarter of his life the priest may leave his home and wander in forests and other solitary places, reading the Veda with his mind on the Supreme One.

He will leave his wife to the care of his sons and, abandoning the city and its ways, he will have no thought of worldly things. Dressed in a black antelope's hide, or a covering of bark, let him bathe day and night, allowing hair, beard and nails to grow. Living on the plainest fare, he will offer the best he has, or can obtain, to his gods. Homeless, fireless, silent, living on fruit and roots, lying at nights on the bare earth, depending for actual existence on the generosity of others, so will he bring his life to a close.

Having thus shuffled off his bodily encumbrances, by the modes practised by the sages of all ages, and becoming free from fear and grief, he is exalted to the divine essence. He must not wish for life nor death, but uncomplainingly wait until the fixed time, as the servant waits for his wages.

VII—On Government

Let me now show you the duties of rulers. When men were without rulers the great lord created a king to defend and guide them, taking for that purpose eternal particles from Indra [the rain god], the wind Jama, the sun, fire, Varuna [the sky god], the moon and Kubera [god of wealth]. In consequence of this mode of creation kings are vastly superior to other created beings. Even a child king is to be honoured, for he, too, has in him the divine particles. No one can, therefore, disobey with impunity the behests of the king, for the lord of all being is on his side.

The great lord created Punishment, his own son, for the king's sake.

It is punishment that governs and protects men even when they are wrapt in unconscious slumber. Properly administered, punishment is a boon to all. Even the gods would be without their wonted favours, but for the fear of punishment. The king is created to be the father of his people. He must, therefore, be their pattern—rising early to worship the priests who know the Vedas, and humbly listening to their instructions as to what his duties are. From those skilled in the three Vedas let him learn the triple sacred science; the science of government, metaphysics and logic; and also that of theology.

He must abstain from all vices and excessive love of pleasure, listen to no talebearers, avoid all excess in eating, drinking, music, etc., etc. He must have a domestic priest (chaplain), and observe the sacred rites in the home. He is entitled to the taxes of his people, but they are, on the other hand, entitled to his fatherly consideration. His revenue must neither be too little, lest he cut up his own roots, nor excessive, lest he cut up the roots of others.

In battle he is to lead the people and never to recede. In the event of victory he has a claim to a good proportion of the spoil, horses, elephants, chariots, etc. Of all that he takes as booty he is to have the best.

He is to defend his people against attack in these ways. In each bordering district he is to plant officers with suitable forces. He is to divide his territory into districts, appointing governors in each. He may, under specified circumstances, ally himself and other kings for mutual defence and help. He is to show great respect to the soldiers and to obey their instructions. In all wars he is to act on definite principles laid down at length.

VIII—On Civil and Ceremonial Law

THE warrior who is also king and magistrate must have with him, as he enters the court of justice, priests and experienced counsellors, who will keep him acquainted with the law and advise him as to his decisions. He is to hold a magisterial court daily, so that cases dealing with debt, loans, sales, wages, contracts, boundaries, slander, assaults, robbery, etc., may be dealt with and settled as they arise. He is to defend helpless women, to restore alienated property to its proper owner, to discourage litigation, to listen to all complaints, and with the aid of his assessors to sift all evidence. Witnesses are to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, knowing that though false testimony may escape the notice of other men, yet the gods are onlookers, and know it all, and so do the spirits within their own bosoms.

Do no violence to thy soul, which is its own witness, and testifies against evil.

It is, however, allowed to witness falsely if only by that means an innocent person is saved from a tyrant.

The kinds of witnesses to be heard are these: just and intelligent men belonging to any of the four classes, men who have no personal interest in the issue of the trial, and those whose minds are free from prejudice, etc. In the case of women the witnesses should be women; and members of the castes respectively for persons to be tried belonging to the several castes.

A person who strikes a human being, or an animal, causing pain, shall be struck himself in a similar way. A man may chastise his wife, son, or servant with a small stick, but even with that he must not strike on the head, or on any sensitive or dangerous part of the body.

But no ruler may beat a priest, whatever crimes he may be guilty of. He may, however, be expelled, but his person may not be injured, though others may be flogged as well.

IX—About Women

THE law about the man and wife, whether or not they live together, will now be given. Woman must, day and night, be kept in a state of dependence on man, and if she shows a love of sensual enjoyments she is to be subdued.

In her childhood she is controlled by her father, in her youth by her husband, and in her old age by her sons. A woman is at no time suited for a life of independence.

These are the six causes of the undoing of a woman: drinking spirituous liquors, associating with evil persons, absence from her husband, rambling abroad, sleeping at unseasonable hours, and dwelling in other men's houses.

Manu, in creating woman, allotted to woman a love of her ease, of her seat, of ornament, of impure desires, of malice, ill-temper, dishonesty and lewdness. Woman has nothing to do with sacred texts of the Vedas. Being thus ignorant of the scripture, and having been created with evil propensities, how could she be other than wicked and made to be kept under? Do not the sacred books of the Vedas put men on their guard against the deceit and malice of women?

Good women, however, become like goddesses, and shall be reunited with their husbands in heaven. A man, indeed, is only complete when he is joined to a wife and a son, a trinity in unity.

[Then follow laws regulating the marriage of sons and daughters, and the disposal of property. The remainder of the book deals with crime and penalties.]

X—Castes and Times of Distress

THE twice-born castes (the upper three) must study the Vedas, but the priest (Brahmana) caste is alone permitted to teach. On account of his superior origin, deeper knowledge of the scriptures, and greater sanctity, the priest (Brahmana) caste is lord of all the others. The twice-born ones are the priests (Brahmanas), the warriors and rulers (Kshatriyas), and the husbandmen and merchants (Vaisyas). The fourth class, the pariah (Sudra) has but one birth.

Only those sons whose parents belong to the same caste belong to the father's caste.

Sons begotten of the twice-born by wives of the class immediately below them, our wise legislators regard as similar in caste to their fathers, yet as not the same, since they are degraded by the lowness of their mothers. This is the primeval law for the sons of women one degree lower than their husbands.

For the sons of women two or three degrees lower than their husbands the rules are as follows: A priest father and a mother of the third (merchant and farmer) caste have a son; that son must be called Ambashtha, 'a healer of disorders,' and belong to the class so designated. Or the mother is of the Sudra class; in that case the son is viewed as one of the aborigines which have become the fishing class. If a warrior has a son by a Sudra woman the son must be reckoned with the Heras, who have a nature partly ferocious, partly warlike and partly servile. These people live by killing animals living in holes, and form a class, in which this son is reckoned.

The sons of a priest by a woman three degrees below him, or the sons of a warrior by a woman two degrees below him—these are all called base-born (Apasada). The sons of a warrior by a woman of the caste above become Sutas—those who have their livelihood by managing horses and driving chariots.

From a merchantman and a warrior or priestly woman there springs a pedlar (Maghada), and a woman-servant (Vaideha).

The sons of a Sudra man and a merchant or warrior or priestly woman are called Ayogava (a monstrous junction), a Khsttri (a degraded being who must live by killing animals), and a Kandala (the lowest of mortals), etc.

All those races of men who were born from the mouth, the arms, the thighs and the feet of Brahma have become outcasts, and are designated Dasyus, whether or not they speak the language of the Aryans or that of the barbarians (Mlakkhas).

Property may be lawfully acquired in seven ways viz. inheritance, gift, purchase (which is allowed to all castes), conquest (peculiar to the warrior and ruler caste), lending at interest, husbandry, or commerce (peculiar to the merchant and farmer caste) and acceptance of gifts from virtuous men (by the priest caste only).

Neither a priest nor a warrior may lend at interest, except in cases of deep distress, when at a small interest either may lend even to a wicked man for sacred purposes.

XI- Penance and Expiation

The priests of the following classes have a claim upon the gifts of others; a man wishing to marry for the sake of offspring, one desiring to offer a sacrifice, a traveller who has given away all his means, one who begs for his teacher, his father or mother, or a student of the Vedas, or for a sick man.

On priests learned in the Vedas the king ought to bestow jewels of all sorts and gifts for sacrifice. Anyone who gives of his wealth to such priests will have his reward in heaven.

The soma intoxicating juice[1] may be drunk by a man who has the means to provide for his household; but a man who has not means enough to buy the necessary food for himself and family, and otherwise to see to their needs, is forbidden the soma juice. But, in any case, no one is permitted to drink any intoxicating liquors except at the soma sacrifice.

Sacrifices are highly efficacious with the gods, therefore let every man offer them. If a man is too poor, and what he needs is in the house of a Sudra, he may forcibly take that, for no Sudra has any business with sacrifices. Or, if a poor man knows of a man who owns one hundred cows and kindles not the sacred fire, or has one thousand cows and yet drinks not the same soma juice, he may without hesitation take the wherewithal of sacrifice from the house of either—yea, even though they be priests.

A priest who is guilty of a crime is to be punished more lightly than members of

[1] The ceremony of drinking the fermented juice of the moon plant (the acid *axlepias*) is a religious one, and is still to some extent observed. The Vedic hymns of the Soma Veda are still sung during this rite.

the lower castes. And, on the other hand, a crime committed against a priest must be more severely punished. Because of his high birth the priest is an object of veneration, even to the gods, and his evidence is decisive.

A priest who has performed an expiation with his mind set wholly on God, cleanses himself from sin and frees himself from guilt.

These sins are mortal, and past forgiveness; killing a priest, drinking the spirituous liquor called sura, stealing a priest's money, adultery with the wife of a guru [a religious teacher], and associating with such offenders.

Falsely claiming to belong to a superior caste, informing the king about a crime, accusing a guru falsely: these are crimes equal to slaying a priest.

Forgetting the Veda, reviling the Veda, giving false evidence, slaying a friend, eating forbidden food; these are offences equal to drinking sura.

The following minor offences have for punishment the loss of caste alone.

Slaying cows[1], adultery, casting adrift one's teacher, mother, father, or son, giving up the daily study of the Veda, neglecting the sacred domestic fire, allowing one's younger brother to marry before oneself, marrying before one's elder brother, subsisting on the earnings of one's wife, injuring living plants, cutting down green trees for firewood, studying bad books, practising the art of dancing and singing, liquors, atheism, etc.

Anyone who kills a donkey, a horse, a camel, a deer, an elephant, a goat, a sheep, a fish, a snake, or a buffalo, degrades himself thereby to a mixed caste.

The man who kills a cow must wait on a herd of cows, and stand quaffing the dust raised by their hoofs. At night, after having tended them during the day, he must abide near them to serve them. He is, moreover, to stand when they stand, to lie when they lie, and to follow when they move on. A cow killer who thus waits on a herd for three months has expiated his sin, and is free.

A low caste man who shows disrespect to a priest, or even overcomes one in argument, must fast a whole day, and then fall prostrate before him.

A man who strikes a priest shall spend a thousand years in hell. Yet very potent is sincere devotion, for, by such, a guilty one may absolve himself from guilt by repentance, open confession, reading the Veda, almsgiving and reformation.

Even the souls of women, insects and plants reach heaven by the power of devotion. But chief among devotional acts is the reading of the scriptures. A man who can recite the whole Rig Veda would free himself from guilt, even if he had killed the inhabitants of the three worlds.

XII—Transmigration and Final Beatitude

"O SINLESS one," said the sages, "thou hast declared to us the whole sacred law regarding the four castes; explain to us now the ultimate retribution for their deeds."

In reply, Bhrigu, son of Manu, answered: Hear ye the decision concerning the connexion between deeds and their issues.

All human thoughts, words and actions have corresponding fruit, good or bad; but out of the heart proceed these classes of sins: 1. Three of thought—covetousness, disobedience, atheism. 2. Four sins of the tongue—scurrilous, false, frivolous and wicked words. 3. Three sins of the body—theft, bodily injury and lust. He is threefold a ruler who keeps in subjection his thoughts, words and deeds.

There are three qualities of the soul that give a tendency to goodness, to passion and to darkness. The first leads to knowledge, the second to desire, the third to sensuality. To the first belongs the study of the Vedas, devotion, purity, self-control and obedience. The second gives rise to hypocrisy, anxiety, disobedience and self-indulgence. From the third there arise greed, atheism, indolence and other shameful evils.

For great sins one is condemned to pass many times over into the bodies of dogs, insects, spiders, snakes, or even grasses, the change being in proportion to the sin. Thus the man who steals grain shall be born a rat; he who steals meat shall become a vulture; those who have

[1] Next to priests, cows were the principal objects of reverence, probably due to the fact that the ancient Aryans depended on this animal for food.

gratified unlawfully their senses shall have their senses intensified, so that they shall feel pain all the more keenly.

'The highest virtue is disinterested goodness, performed out of a pure love of God and through studying the scriptures. A man who performs a religious act on account of the reward attached to it will indeed reach heaven, but only the lowest part of it. But the man who acts religiously from a sense of its rightness, fixing his mind on God, becomes himself god-like.'

The Upanishads or Brahmanic Philosophy

Introduction

THIS name is given to a series of treatises of a theosophic and philosophic character, some of them (the oldest) being attached to the Brahmanas and Aranyakas, joined to the Vedas.

The word means probably 'sitting below,' which is explained usually as instruction given to pupils sitting under their teachers. Hopkins, however, in his great work on the Religions of India, is inclined to think that the word denotes 'subsidiary,' and that it is applied to these treatises because they were subsidiary to the ritualistic Brahmanas contained in the Aranyakas, or forest books.

The word Upanishad is also used to denote a passage of a philosophic or theosophic character: an excursion into a higher and freer region of thought, away from the details of the ceremonial and its exposition.

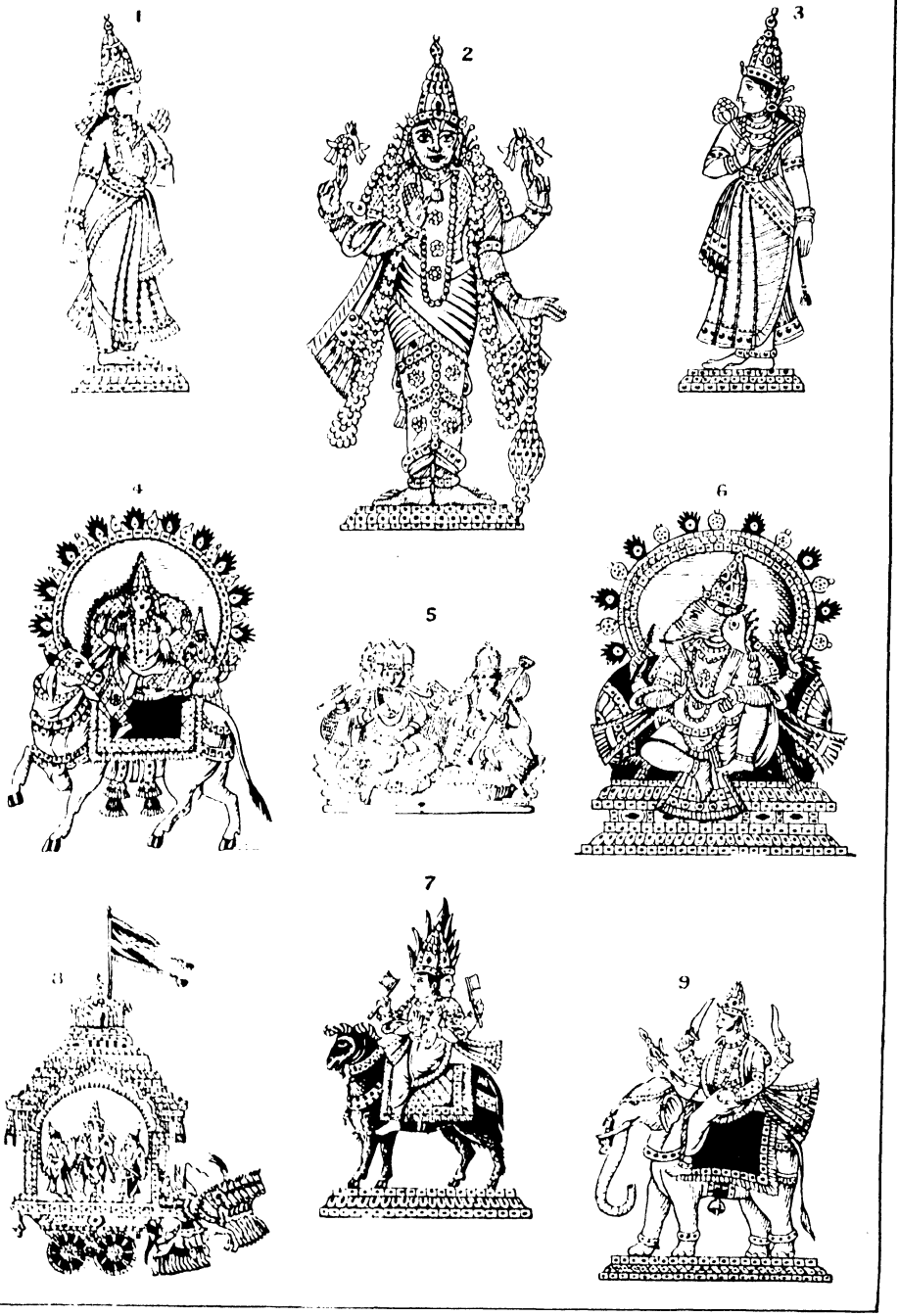
As compared with the Vedas and the ritualistic Brahmanas, it has been said that, in the first, man fears the gods; in the second, he subdues them; while, in the Upanishads, man becomes God. These three stages of thought, culminating in pantheism, represent in the main the course taken by the Indian mind in religious and philosophical matters. But pure succession in these momenta of thought there was not; some of the Upanishads teach the doctrines of the Vedas, and are, at least in parts, as old as the oldest Vedas. Some of the Brahmanas are later in date than a large number of the Upanishads, and there are hymns in the Vedas which belong to the Brahmanic and even Hindu periods.

The teaching of the Upanishads is not set forth in a systematic way, but is to be gathered from dialogues and isolated statements. There is, in fact, in them a combination of legends, fables, beliefs in God, denials of God. They represent, as the Jewish Talmud, the opinions of many ages and of various teachers. The prevailing note that runs through these philosophic compositions is pantheism. When the gods are mentioned, they are not the gods of the Vedas and Brahmanas, but rather abstractions or figures representing the forms in which the One-All, Brahma, the Absolute One, has manifested himself. There are in all between two and three hundred Upanishads, yet hardly a dozen of these belong to a remote antiquity. The names given to them designate their subject-matter. Thus, the Brahma Upanishad is that Upanishad which deals with the subject of the Brahma.

They are of various dates, ranging from 600 B.C. to about A.D. 600. Parts are older than the first date, and other parts are later than the second.

The six great philosophic systems of India are based ostensibly upon the Upanishads.

The first translation into European languages was made by the distinguished traveller and Orientalist, Anquetil Duperron, who was the first to make known to Europe the Zend Avesta, the Bible of the Zoroastrians. His French translation of the Upanishads was never published. That into Latin, however, was, and notwithstanding the clumsiness and the obscurity of its Latinity, this version was voraciously read by Schopenhauer, whose philosophy was very greatly influenced by these ancient philosophic essays. The great Indian reformer, Ram Mohan Roy, who died in 1833, regarded the Upanishads as superior in value to the Vedas or the



CONVENTIONAL REPRESENTATIONS OF GODS OF THE HINDU MYTHOLOGY

1. Lakshmi, goddess of prosperity. 2. Vishnu, one of the principal Hindu deities. 3. Saraswati, goddess of learning. 4. Siva, the destroyer, second of the Hindu deities. 5. Brahma, the supreme god. 6. Ganesha, god of success. 7. Agni, a guardian deity. 8. Surya, the sun god. 9. Indra, king of heaven.

Indian Puranas, and more inspired, as well as inspiring, than either. Max Müller acknowledges that his love of Sanskrit was first awakened by the charms of the Upanishads.

The only translation which has been used by the present writer is that by Max Müller, in volumes 1 and 2 of the Sacred Books of the East, published by the Oxford University Press, together with scraps of translation and comment scattered in manuals bearing on the Indian and other religions, among which may be mentioned especially the untranslated History of Religions, edited by de Saussaye; the works by Monier Williams on Brahmanism and Hinduism; a treatise by Hopkins on Indian Religions; and Ancient and Hindu Mythology, by Kennedy.

Khandogya Upanishad

LET a man meditate on the syllable OM[1], which has in many minds many meanings, but which in the highest sense denotes Brahma, the first great cause of all being.

A man's sacrifice (especially that of soma juice) becomes acceptable to the gods only when this (magical) syllable is recited before it is made. Does someone think it is all one whether or not the true knowledge of OM is possessed if sacrifice is offered with right feelings? But that is not so. The omission of this syllable vitiated the richest offerings of the best men.

When the devas [gods] went to war with the suras [demons], they carried with them the OM, meditating on it, and were victorious.

This OM is a symbol of Brahma. All existence is wrapped up in Brahma. Let a man meditate on this as the beginning and ending, as the breath of all being. After this life a man will exist in accordance with the life he passes now. The knowing one whose body is spirit, whose form is light, whose thoughts are true, whose nature is as ether, from him proceeded all feelings and acts, all desires and endeavours. The being who perceives all this is myself within the heart, smaller than a grain of rice, or barley, or mustard seed, smaller than a canary seed, or the kernel of one. This self within me is greater than the earth or the sky or the heaven, or all those worlds together. That inner self which perceives and feels all this is the Brahma. After death I shall enter the great all, and my breath will become a part of the universal breath.

[1] This syllable, probably a magical symbol, was pronounced every time a Vedic hymn was recited.

A Ritualistic Hymn

MAN is sacrifice. His first twenty-four years make up the morning offering. The next forty-four years constitute the mid-day offering. We have the evening offering in the following forty eight years. By his knowledge of this Malvidasa Aitareya, son of Itara, lived to be a hundred and sixteen years old (=24+44+48).

A man who has the feelings appropriate to sacrifice, though he actually makes no offerings, and mutters no formula, yet truly offers sacrifice. Sacrifice offered mentally, with the mind centred on Brahma, is the best and most acceptable. Indeed, in place of gifts to the priests and sacrifices to the gods, truthfulness, generosity, innocence, rectitude, are most acceptable substitutes.

There is but one ruler, the self within all things. This self makes the one to appear manifold. But the wise man meditates and perceives in his mind the image of the one, and thereby attains eternal life.

Not so those who fail in this manifold to see the manifestation of the one. These have not eternal life.

There is one eternal thinker who thinks thoughts that are not eternal, who through one ministers to the needs of many, and appears as manifold. He alone has perennial peace and satisfaction who, in this apparent manifold, sees the one.

Mind, breath, west, east, north and south, ether, etc. are but manifestations of Brahma. The man seen in the moon, he also is Brahma; all is Brahma. The self in each man is the self in the universe. The man seen in the eye, the spirit in every man—all is Brahma. He who but knows this will go after death to light, thence to day, thence to the moon, thence to the sun, and thence he enters Brahma.

All such as follow this path and attain to Brahma return no more to this world to live the life of finite beings.

The Father-god (Prajapati) brooded over the worlds, and from them extracted the essences- fire from the earth, wind from the sky, and sun from heaven.

By brooding over these three divinities – fire, wind and sun he produced from them these essences: The Rig Veda from fire, the Yagur Veda from wind, the Sama Veda from the sun.

He who knows what is oldest and best becomes himself the oldest and best.

A CREATURE can live without senses, and even without intellect; but no living creature can, as such, exist without breath. Therefore must breath be the oldest and best. But Brahma, the first universal substance, is breath, and antedates all other living creatures. The course of the man who knows Brahma as breath is this: First, he ascends to the moon; when his good works are used up he will first become mist, then a cloud, and then rain, in which form he descends to the earth; and being transformed into seed, he begins life once more in the earth, becoming like the people who eat him – the good becoming priests, warriors, or merchants; the bad turning into dogs, hogs, or members of the lowest class. Once, great doctors of the law came together to discuss what spirit is, what Brahma is. Their conclusion was that the universal spirit is one's own self.

There once lived a boy, Svelaketu, son of Uddalaka. The father sent him to school, saying, "Go, learn, for none of our family are priests by descent alone!" After he had been in a school from his twelfth to his twenty-fourth year, the boy returned swollen with pride, thinking himself master of all knowledge. The father said to him, "Sonnie, since your airs show you think you have learnt much, give me leave to ask: Have you sought that instruction by which we hear what we cannot hear, and know what cannot be known?" "What," the son answered, "pray, is this instruction?"

"It is contained in these sayings. A clod of clay differs from the mass in name only, each being identical in character. So a nugget of gold and a mass of gold have no difference of substance. In a similar way an iron knife will tell you all you can know of iron, the difference being merely one of name. This, my boy, is the instruction I have spoken of."

The son answered, "My venerable teachers could not have known this, or they would have taught it to me. Will you, my father, impart to me this neglected truth?" "By all means," was the reply. "In the beginning there existed only that which exists, there being no second. According to others, however, what existed in the beginning now is, not being alone and no second, what now is being born of that which is not."

"But how could what is be begotten of what is not?'

"Nay; what existed in the beginning was what is, and there was no second. Know, my son, that when a man sleeps he becomes one with the True One (Brahma) speech, mind and the senses are at rest. In order to recover itself from its earthly toils, the soul returns to its true self. He who sees himself and all things as manifestations of the Brahma escapes all grief, and is the highest being, because he has the highest knowledge."

From Other Upanishads

WHATEVER man gets, he longs for more. But Brahma is the A, towards which the self goes forth. A is speech, speech is truth, truth is spirit, and spirit brooding over water produces matter. Water is therefore the parent of all things. Man has three births; he is born of his mother, reborn in his son, and in his death finds his highest birth.

When a man dissolves into the absolute one, and returns no more to earth, what becomes of his virtues? The relations he loves gets his good qualities; those he hates, his bad ones.

Brahma is without passion and without parts. When the self (individual) has knowledge of the universal as its own reality, it attains to perfect and endless bliss. Desire ceasing, the person becomes immortal. He has attained to Brahma.

Brahma, the imperishable one, made the world; like a spider, he sends forth a web (of being), and then draws it back to himself.

[Sometimes salvation appears in the Upanishads as reaching heaven, at others

as being absorbed in the Brahma There are many other inconsistencies in this medley of philosophical reflections, though they all seem to inculcate a kind of Pantheism.]

If there are two ultimates, one sees the other, one smells the other, one tastes the other, one perceives the other, one touches and knows the other. But when in this the self acts, how is this possible? How could one see, smell, taste, salute, hear, touch, know him by whom all these experiences are made possible?

That universal self can be described only as the No, No. He is incomprehensible, imperishable, unfettered, free from suffering. And all those who, in very truth, know him, are delivered from pain and become eternally happy.

The primeval Narayana loves the being he has created. From him came the vital breath, the mind, the senses, the organs, ether, fire, air, water and earth. From Narayana came forth Brahma, Rudra, the Prajapati (Father-god), the twelve suns, and the Vasavas. From him proceeded also the Vedas and all sacred learning. Narayana creates all things, preserves them, destroys them and again creates them. He is the one only god, and there is no second. He is for certain Vishnu.

Let one say first OM (one syllable) then nama (two syllables), and afterwards, Narayanaya (five syllables). OM Narayanaya nama is that eight syllabled invocation by repeating which men obtain length of life, wealth and progeny, and in the end eternal bliss.

He who recites the word OM shall escape the miseries of transitory being. He who meditates on this portion of the Atharva Shiras Upanishad at night shall have forgiveness for all the sins of the day.

Meditated on in the morning, the sins of the night shall be pardoned. If this is done at mid-day, seated face to face with the sun, the five great sins, and all lesser ones, shall be remitted him. His virtue shall become as great as if he knew all the Vedas and carried out all their commands, and in the end that man shall be absorbed in Narayana.

A Masterpiece of Russian Fiction

DMITRI SERGEIEVITCH MEREJKOVSKI

THE DEATH OF THE GODS

SOME of Merejkovski's early writings were translations from Greek and Latin, and much of his work is a glorification of antiquity, culminating in the great trilogy of historical romances entitled Christ and Anti-Christ, published between 1901 and 1905. The theme of these is the struggle between Greek polytheism and Christianity in all its philosophical and spiritual aspects, and Merejkovski selected three periods when the struggle was acute. The Death of the Gods, by many considered the finest of the three, is a vivid picture of the times of the Roman Emperor Julian. It was followed by The Resurrection of the Gods, or The Forerunner, dealing with Leonardo da Vinci and the Renaissance, and by Anti-Christ, of which the central figure is Peter the Great. The construction of the novels is often faulty, details and secondary characters being unduly prominent; but his deep researches and his vivid imagination enabled Merejkovski to call up a series of historical pictures almost perfect in their accuracy. A Translation of The Death of the Gods is published by Constable at 3s. 6d.

I—Julian's Boyhood



ALL was dark in the great palace at Macellum, an ancient residence of Cappadocian princes. Here dwelt Julian and Gallus, the youthful cousins of the reigning Emperor Constantius, and the nephews of Constantine the Great. They were the last representatives of the hapless house of the Flavii. Their father, Julian Constantius, brother of Constantine, was murdered by order of Constantius on his accession to the throne, and the two orphans lived in constant fear of death.

Julian was not asleep. He listened to the regular breathing of his brother, who slept near him on a more comfortable bed, and to the heavy snore of his tutor Mar-

donius in the next room. Suddenly the door of the secret staircase opened softly, and a bright light dazzled Julian. Labda, an old slave, entered, carrying a metal lamp in her hand.

The old woman, who loved Julian and held him to be the true successor of Constantine the Great, placed the lamp in a stone niche above his head and produced honey cakes for him to eat. Then she blessed him with the sign of the cross and disappeared.

The child was restless, and in a half-waking dream there passed before his eyes pictures of his family history, where stories told him by Labda and scenes he had witnessed himself were mingled in a nightmare confusion of blood and terror. At last a heavy slumber fell on Julian, and then again he awoke full of fears. He sat up in his bed, and listened in the silence to the beatings of his own heart. Suddenly, voices and steps resounded from room to room. Then the steps approached, the voices became distinct.

The boy called out, "Gallus, wake up! Mardonius, can't you hear something?"

Gallus awoke, and at the same moment old Mardonius, with his grey hair all dishevelled, entered and rushed towards the secret door.

"The soldiers of the Prefect! . . . . Press! . . . We must fly! . . ." he exclaimed.

MARDONIUS was too late; all he could do was to draw an old sword and stand in warlike attitude before the door, brandishing his weapon. The centurion, who was drunk, promptly seized him by the throat and threw him out of the way, and the Roman legionaries entered.

"In the name of the most orthodox and blessed Augustus Constantius Imperator! I, Marcus Scuda, Tribune of the Fretensian Legion, take under my safeguard Julian and Gallus, sons of the Patrician Julius Flavius."

It was Scuda's plan to gain favour with his superiors by boldly carrying off the lads and sending them down to his barracks at Caesarea. There were rumours from time to time of their escaping from Macellum, and Scuda knew the emperor's fear lest these possible claimants for the throne should gain a following among the soldiers or the people. At Caesarea they would be in safe custody.

For the first time he gazed upon Gallus and Julian. The former, with his indolent and listless blue eyes and flaxen hair, trembled and blinked, his eyelids heavy with sleep, and crossed himself. The latter, thin, sickly and pale, with large shining eyes, stared at Scuda fixedly and shook with bridled rage. In his right hand, hidden by the panther skin of his bed, which he had flung over his shoulder, he gripped the handle of a Persian dagger given him by Labda; it was tipped with the keenest of poisons.

A WILD chance of safety suddenly occurred to Mardonius. Throwing aside his sword, he caught hold of the tribune's mantle and shrieked out, "Do you know what you're doing, rascals? How dare you insult an envoy of Constantius? It is I who am charged to conduct these two princes to court. The august emperor has restored them to his favour. Here is the order from Constantinople!"

"What is he saying? What order is it?" Scuda waited in perplexity while Mardonius, after hunting in a drawer, pulled out a roll of parchment and presented it to the tribune. Scuda saw the name of the emperor, and read the first lines, without remarking the date of the document. At the sight of the great imperial seal of dark green wax he became frightened.

"Pardon, there is some mistake," said the tribune humbly. "Don't ruin us! We are all brothers and fellow-sinners! I beseech you in the name of Christ!"

"I know what acts you commit in the name of Christ. Away with you! Begone at once!" screamed Mardonius.

The tribune gave the order to retire, and only when the sound of the steps dying away assured Mardonius that all peril was over did the old man forget his tutorial dignity. A wild fit of laughter seized him and he began to dance.

"Children, children!" he cried gleefully. "Glory to Hermes! We've done them cleverly! That edict was annulled three years ago! Ah, the idiots, the idiots!"

At daybreak Julian fell into a deep sleep.

II—Julian the Emperor

GALLUS had fallen at the hands of the imperial executioner and Julian had been banished to the army in Gaul. Constantius hoped to get news of the defeat and death of Julian, and was horribly disappointed when nothing was heard but tidings of victory.

Julian, successful in arms and worshipped by his soldiers, became more and more convinced that the old Olympian gods were protecting him and advancing his cause, and only for prudential reasons did he continue to attend Christian churches. In his heart he abhorred the crucified Galilean God of the Christians, and longed for the restoration of the old worship of Apollo and the gods of Greece and Rome.

More than two years after the victory of Argentoratum, when Julian had delivered all Gaul from the barbarians, he received an important letter from the Emperor Constantius.

Each new victory in Gaul had maddened the soul of Constantius and smitten his vanity to the quick. He writhed with jealousy, and grew thin and sleepless and sick. At the same time he sustained defeat after defeat in his own campaign in Asia against the Persians. Musing, during nights of insomnia, the emperor blamed himself for having let Julian live.

Finally, Constantius decided to rob Julian of his best soldiers and then, by gradually disarming him, to draw him into his toils and deal him the mortal blow.

With this intention he sent a letter to Julian by the tribune Decensius, commanding him to select the most trusted legions, namely, the Heruli, Batavians and Celts, and to dispatch them into Asia for the emperor's own use. Each remaining legion was also to be deflowered of its three hundred bravest warriors and Julian's transport crippled of the pick of the porters and baggage carriers.

Julian at once warned Decensius, and proved to him that rebellion was inevitable among the savage legions raised in Gaul, who would prefer to die rather than quit their native soil. But Decensius took no account of these warnings.

On the departure of the first cohorts, the soldiers, hitherto only restrained by Julian's stern and wise discipline, became excited and tumultuous. Savage murmurs ran through the crowd. The cries came nearer; wild agitation seized the garrison.

"What has happened?" asked a veteran.

"Twenty soldiers have been beaten to death!"

"Twenty! No; a hundred!"

A legionary, with torn clothes and terrified appearance, rushed into the crowd shouting, "Comrades, quick to the palace! Quick! Julian's just been beheaded!"

These words kindled the long smouldering flame. Everyone began to shout, "Where is the envoy from the Emperor Constantius?"

"Down with the envoy!"

"Down with the emperor!"

Another mob swept by the barracks, calling out, "Glory to the Emperor Julian! Glory to Augustus Julian!"

Then the cohorts, who had marched out the night before, mutinied and were soon seen returning. The crowd grew thicker and thicker, like a raging flood.

"To the palace! To the palace!" the cry was raised. "Let us make Julian emperor! Let us crown him with the diadem!"

FORESEEING the revolt, Julian had not left his quarters nor shown himself to the soldiers, but for two days and two nights had waited for a sign.

The indistinct cries of the mutineers came to him, borne faintly upon the wind. A servant entered and announced that an old man from Athens desired to see the Caesar on urgent business. Julian ran to meet the newcomer; it was the high-priest of the mysteries of Eleusis, whom he had impatiently expected.

"Caesar," said the old man, "be not hasty. Decide nothing to-night; wait for the morrow, the gods are silent."

Outside could be heard the noise of soldiers pouring into the courtyard and thrilling the old palace with their cries. The die was cast. Julian put on his armour, war-cloak and helmet, buckled on his sword and ran down the principal

staircase to the main entrance. In a moment the crowd felt his supremacy; in action his will never vacillated; at his first gesture the mob was silenced.

Julian spoke to the soldiers, asked them to restore order and declared that he would neither abandon them nor permit them to be taken from Gaul.

"Down with Constantius!" cried the legionaries. "Thou art our emperor! Glory to Augustus Julian the Invincible!"

Admirably did Julian affect surprise, lowering his eyes and turning aside his head with a deprecating gesture of his lifted palms.

The shouts redoubled. "Silence!" exclaimed Julian, striding towards the crowd. "Do you think that I can betray my sovereign? Are we not sworn?"

The soldiers seized his hands, and many, falling at his feet, kissed them, weeping and crying, "We are willing to die for you! Have pity on us; be our emperor!"

With an effort that might well have been thought sincere, Julian answered, "My children, my dear comrades, I can refuse you nothing!"

A standard-bearer pulled from his neck the metal chain denoting his rank, and Julian wound it twice round his own neck. This chain made him Emperor of Rome.

"Hoist him on a shield!" shouted the soldiery. A round buckler was tendered. Hundreds of arms heaved the emperor. He saw a sea of helmeted heads and heard, like the rolling of thunder, the exultant cry, "Glory to Julian, the divine Augustus!"

It seemed the will of destiny.

III—The Worship of Apollo

CONSTANTIUS was dead and Julian sole emperor of Rome.

Before all the army the golden cross had been wrenched from the imperial standard, and a little silver statue of the sun-god, Mithra-Helios, had been soldered to the staff of the labarum.

One of the men in the front rank uttered a single word so distinctly that Julian heard it, '*Anti-Christ!*'

Toleration was promised to the Christians, but Julian organized processions in honour of the Olympian gods, and encouraged in every way the return of the old and dying worship.

. . . . . .

Five miles from Antioch stood the celebrated wood of Daphne, consecrated to Apollo. A temple had been built there, where every year the praises of the sun-god were celebrated.

Julian, without telling anyone of his intention, quitted Antioch at daybreak. He wished to find out for himself whether the inhabitants remembered the ancient sacred feast. All along the road he mused on the solemnity, hoping to see lads and maidens going up the steps of the temple, the crowd of the faithful, the choirs and the smoke of incense.

Presently the columns and pediments of the temple shone through the wood, but not a worshipper yet had Julian encountered. At last he saw a boy of twelve years old, on a path overgrown with wild hyacinth.

"Do you know, child, where are the sacrificers and the people?" Julian asked.

The child made no answer.

"Listen, little one. Can you not lead me to the priest of Apollo?"

The boy put a finger to his lips and then to both his ears, and shook his head gravely. Suddenly he pointed out to Julian an old man, clothed in a patched and tattered tunic, and Julian recognized a temple priest. The weak and broken old man stumbled along in drunken fashion, carrying a large basket and laughing and mumbling to himself as he went. He was red-nosed, and his watery eyes had an expression of child-like benevolence.

"The priest of Apollo?" asked Julian.

"I am he. I am called Gorgius. What do you want, good man?"

He smelt strongly of wine. Julian thought his behaviour indecent.

"You seem to be drunk, old man!"

Gorgius, in no wise dismayed, put down his basket and rubbed his bald head.

"Drunk? I don't think so. But I may have had four or five cups in honour of the celebration; and, as to that, I drink more through sorrow than mirth. May the Olympians have you in their keeping!"

"Where are the victims?" asked Julian. "Have many people been sent from Antioch? Are the choirs ready?"

"Victims? Small thanks for victims! Many's the long year, my brother, since we saw that kind of thing. Not since the time of Constantine. It is all over—done for! Men have forgotten the gods. We don't even get a handful of wheat to make a cake; not a grain of incense, not a drop of oil for the lamps. There's nothing for it but to go to bed and die. . . . The monks have taken everything. . . . Our tale is told. . . . And you say 'don't drink.' But it's hard not to drink when one suffers. If I didn't drink I should have hanged myself long ago."

"And no one has come from Antioch for this great feast day?" asked Julian.

"None but you, my son. I am the priest, you are the people! Together we will offer the victim to the god. It is my own offering. We've eaten little for three days, this lad and I, to save the necessary money. Look; it is a sacred bird!"

He raised the lid of the basket. A tethered goose slid out its head, cackling and trying to escape.

"Have you dwelt long in this temple; and is this lad your son?" questioned Julian.

"For forty years, and perhaps longer; but I have neither relatives nor friends. This child helps me at the hour of sacrifice. His mother was the great sibyl Diotima, who lived here, and it is said that he is the son of a god," said Gorgius.

"A deaf mute the son of a god?" murmured the emperor, surprised.

"In times like ours if the son of a god and a sibyl were not a deaf mute he would die of grief," said Gorgius.

"One thing more I want to ask you," said Julian. "Have you ever heard that the Emperor Julian desired to restore the worship of the old gods?"

"Yes, but . . . what can *he* do, poor man? He will not succeed. I tell you—all's over. Once I sailed in a ship near Thessalonica and saw Mount Olympus. I mused and was full of emotion at beholding the dwellings of the gods; and a scoffing old man told me that travellers had climbed Olympus and seen that it was an ordinary mountain, with only snow and ice and stones on it. I have remembered those words all my life. My son, all is over. Olympus is deserted. The gods have grown weary and have departed. But the sun is up, the sacrifice must be performed. Come!"

They passed into the temple alone.

From behind the trees came the sound of voices, a procession of monks chanting psalms. In the very neighbourhood of Apollo's temple a tomb had been built in honour of a Christian martyr.

IV—'Thou Hast Conquered, Galilean'

At the beginning of the spring Julian quitted Antioch for a Persian campaign with an army of sixty-five thousand men.

"Warriors, my bravest of the brave," said Julian, addressing his troops at the outset, "remember the destiny of the world is in our hands. We are going to restore the old greatness of Rome! Steel your hearts, be ready for any fate. There is to be no turning back. I shall be at your head, on horseback or on foot, taking all dangers and toils with the humblest among you; because, henceforth, you are no longer my servants, but my children and my friends. Courage then, my comrades; and remember that the strong are always conquerors!"

He stretched his sword, with a smile, toward the distant horizon. The soldiers, in unison, held up their bucklers, shouting in rapture, "Glory, glory to conquering Caesar!"

But the campaign so bravely begun ended in treachery and disaster.

At the end of July, when the Roman army was in steady retreat, came the last battle with the Persians. The emperor looked for a miracle in this battle, the victory which would give him such renown and power that the Galileans could no longer resist; but it was not till the close of the day that the ranks of the enemy were broken. Then a cry of triumph came from Julian's lips. He galloped ahead, pursuing the fugitives, not perceiving that he was far in advance of his main body. A few bodyguards surrounded the Caesar, among them old General Victor. This old man, though wounded, was unconscious of his hurt, not quitting the emperor's side, and shielding him time



DMITRI SERGEIEVITCH MEREJKOVSKI was born in St. Petersburg, August 2, 1865, the son of an official of the Imperial court, and educated there, being especially interested in the classics. His first book of poems was published in 1888, followed by two other books of verse. He first appeared as a literary critic in 1893, when he published an essay on The Causes of Decadence in Modern Russian Literature, and his studies of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky in 1901 and 1902 established his reputation in that direction. Merejkovski also wrote dramas, but his greatest work is in fiction, notably in Christ and Anti Christ, in connexion with which he travelled widely and made many historical researches.

after time from mortal blows. He knew that it was as dangerous to approach a fleeing enemy as to enter a falling building.

"Take heed, Caesar!" he shouted. "Put on this mail of mine!" But Julian heard him not, and still rode on, as if he, unsupported, unarmed and terrible, were hunting his countless enemies by glance and gesture only from the field.

Suddenly a lance, aimed by a flying Saracen who had wheeled round, hissed and, grazing the skin of the emperor's right hand, glanced over the ribs and buried itself in his body. Julian thought the wound a slight one and, seizing the double-edged barb to withdraw it, cut his fingers. Blood gushed out. Julian uttered a cry, flung his head back and slid from his horse into the arms of the guard.

They carried the emperor into his tent and laid him on his camp-bed. Still in a swoon, he groaned from time to time. Oribazius, the physician, drew out the iron lance-head and washed and bound up the deep wound. By a look Victor asked if any hope remained and Oribazius sadly shook his head. After the dressing of the wound Julian sighed and opened his eyes.

Hearing the distant noise of battle, he remembered all, and with an effort rose upon his bed. His soul was struggling against death. Slowly he tottered to his feet.

"I must be with them to the end. . . . You see, I am able-bodied still . . . Quick, give me my sword, buckler, horse!"

Victor gave him the shield and sword. Julian took them and made a few unsteady steps, like a child learning to walk. The wound re-opened; he let fall his sword and shield, sank into the arms of Oribazius and Victor, and, looking up, cried contemptuously, "All is over! Thou hast conquered, Galilean!" And, making no further resistance, he gave himself up to his friends and was laid on the bed.

At night he was in delirium.

"One must conquer . . . reason must. . . . Socrates died like a god. . . . I will not believe! . . . What do you want from me? . . . Thy love is more terrible than death. . . . I want sunlight, the golden sun!"

At dawn the sick man lay calm, and the delirium had left him.

"Call the generals—I must speak."

THE generals came in, and the curtain of the tent was raised so that the fresh air of the morning might blow on the face of the dying. The entrance faced east and the view to the horizon was unbroken.

"Listen, friends," Julian began, and his voice was low but clear. "My hour is come and, like an honest debtor, I am not sorry to give back my life to nature, and in my soul is neither pain nor fear. I have tried to keep my soul stainless; I have aspired to ends not ignoble. Most of our earthly affairs are in the hands of destiny. We must not resist her. Let the Galileans triumph. We shall conquer later on!"

The morning clouds were growing red and the first beam of the sun washed over the rim of the horizon. The dying man held his face towards the light, with closed eyes.

Then his head fell back, and the last murmur came from his half-open lips, "Helios! Receive me unto thyself!"



To face page 1851

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

POEMS AND PLAYS

A Critical Appreciation by Forrest Reid

I—Yeats and the Celtic Revival



UNDOUBTEDLY the most famous name connected with the Irish Literary Revival, a movement which may be said to have begun in 1878 with Standish O'Grady's History of Ireland, is that of William Butler Yeats, who was born at Sandymount, Dublin, on June 13, 1865. The poet is the eldest son of J. B. Yeats, the well-known artist, and his boyhood was passed principally in Ireland—the Sligo country, where his grandparents lived, forming the background of most of his early work in prose and verse.

For from the beginning Mr. Yeats has practised both arts, though it is always poetry he is making—the rural sketches of The Celtic Twilight, the stories of The Secret Rose, the essays in philosophy and criticism and autobiography, the plays and the lyrics, all belonging to the same world, which is never the world of crude material things, but always the world of vision and imagination. And he himself, writing in 1919 to Lady Gregory of the Abbey Theatre, of which he was a founder, says, 'When you and Synge find such an uneasy footing, what shall I do there who have never observed anything, or listened with an attentive ear, but value all I have seen or heard because of the emotions they call up or because of something they remind me of that exists, as I believe, beyond the world?' And it is true that there has always been something 'beyond the world' even in the earliest tales and poems, which nevertheless have the coolness and freshness of some dewy May morning in the meadows of this world.

Where dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water rats;
There we've hid our faery vats,
Full of berries,
And of reddest stolen cherries
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

. . . . . .

Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills above Glen-Car,
In pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star,
We seek for slumbering trout
And whispering in their ears
Give them unquiet dreams,
Leaning softly out
From ferns that drop their tears
Over the young streams,
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

Away with us he's going,
The solemn eyed:
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside,
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal chest
For he comes, the human child,
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
From a world more full of weeping than he can understand.

So we find the pages of The Celtic Twilight, his first prose book, filled with fairies and ghosts. It is the simplest and most light-hearted of Mr. Yeats's books (published for the most part by Macmillan and by Fisher Unwin). 'My ghosts inhabit the village of H—, in Leinster. To approach the village at night a timid man requires great strategy. A man was once heard complaining, "By the cross

of Jesus! how shall I go? If I pass by the hill of Dunboy, old Captain Burney may look out on me. If I go round by the water, and up by the steps, there is the headless one and another on the quays, and a new one under the old churchyard wall. If I go right round the other way, Mrs. Stewart is appearing at Hillside Gate, and the devil himself is in the Hospital Lane.'"

Two volumes of poems, however, had preceded The Celtic Twilight. The most important poem in the first volume is The Wanderings of Usheen. It is an epic told, like the Rime of the Ancient Mariner, by the hero himself, Saint Patrick taking the place of the Wedding Guest. Usheen confesses to the Saint his three hundred years of wandering in fairyland, where he has been the lover of Niam. He tells how one day in his youth he and his companions, while hunting a deer, found by the sea's edge a lady on horseback:

> And like a sunset were her lips,
> A stormy sunset on doomed ships;
> A citron colour gloomed in her hair.

She is Niam, daughter of Aengus, the god of Love.

> 'O Usheen, mount by me and ride
> To shores by the wash of the tremulous tide,
> Where men have heaped no burial mounds,
> And the days pass by like a wayward tune.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Music and love and sleep await,
> Where I would be when the white moon climbs,
> The red sun falls and the world grows dim'

Usheen, heedless of the prayers of his companions, goes with her, and they ride over the sea to a wooded island where for a hundred years they linger in pleasure. But one day, as he stands on the beach, Usheen finds in the foam the broken shaft of a lance, and with that he remembers the 'ancient sorrow of men.'

> An old man stirs the fire to a blaze,
> In the house of a child, of a friend, of a brother;
> He has overlingered his welcome; the days,
> Grown desolate, whisper and sigh to each other;
> He hears the storm in the chimney above,
> And bends to the fire and shakes with the cold,
> While his heart still dreams of battle and love,
> And the cry of the hounds on the hills of old.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> But the love-dew dims our eyes till the day
> When God shall come from the sea with a sigh
> And bid the stars drop down from the sky,
> And the moon like a pale rose wither away.

With this singing in his ears, he and Niam mount once more on horseback, and they ride on to the Island of Victories. Usheen sets free a maiden who is held captive by a demon, 'dry as a withered sedge,' whom he slays. But every fourth day the demon comes to life again, and so for a hundred years the battle is prolonged.

> The hundred years had ceased;
> I stood upon the stair: the surges bore
> A beech bough to me, and my heart grew sore,
> Remembering how I had stood by white-haired Finn
> Under a beech at Allen and heard the thin
> Outcry of bats.

In Book III they come to the Island of Forgetfulness. There, in a valley, they see

> Under the starlight and shadow, a monstrous slumbering folk,
> Their naked and gleaming bodies poured out and heaped in the way.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> So long were they sleeping, the owls had builded their nests in their locks,
> Filling the fibrous dimness with long generations of eyes.

Usheen blows a note on the horn of Niam, and one of the sleepers half opens his eyes, and sways the bell-branch that has brought down upon them this magical slumber.

> Half open his eyes were, and held me, dull with the smoke of their dreams;
> His lips moved slowly in answer, no answer out of them came;
> Then he swayed in his fingers the bell-branch, slow dropping a sound in faint streams
> Softer than snow-flakes in April and piercing the marrow like flame.
>
> Wrapt in the wave of that music, with weariness more than of earth,
> The moil of my centuries filled me; and gone like a sea-covered stone
> Were the memories of the whole of my sorrow and the memories of the whole of my mirth,
> And a softness came from the starlight and filled me full to the bone.

For a hundred years Usheen and Niam sleep side by side in the tangled grass and

sorrels, and when he awakens he feels a longing to return to his own world, if only for a day. Niam, though filled with foreboding of unhappiness, allows him to go; but she warns him that if he touches the earth—even so much as a grain of its sand—he will never be able to come back to her.

Usheen comes to Ireland, which he had left in its heroic pagan days, to find his companions dead and the country mournful with the prayer and penance of the new religion. Sick at heart, lonely and sad, he seeks to return to his immortal love; but in a moment of anger aroused by the sight of two men of this degenerate age staggering under the weight of a sack of sand, he leans from his saddle and, seizing the sack, flings it five yards. At the same instant the enchantment is broken, he drops from his horse, and when he rises again he is no longer a hero, but

> A creeping old man, full of sleep, with the spittle on his beard never dry.

He is brought to Saint Patrick, but instead of repenting and begging for forgiveness, he rejects the salvation offered to him. In spirit he is still a proud old pagan 'wrecked among heathen dreams' and, praising his dead comrades, he cries aloud that he will join them there where they are tossed 'on the burning stones' of hell.

II—The Artist at the Height of His Power

THE Wanderings of Usheen is filled with a vivid beauty, and its verse is melodious and varied. But the version of 1889 is markedly inferior to the version we now possess, and it was with his early plays, The Countess Cathleen, and The Land of Heart's Desire, and with the lyrics written about the same time, that Yeats first became a great original poet. With them he brought an absolutely new beauty into literature—a new imagery and a new music. There followed in 1899 The Wind Among the Reeds (his finest book of lyrics) and The Shadowy Waters (1900), a play; and these, with the poems of The Seven Woods (1903), may be said to mark the ending of a definite period in his work.

It is the period of his greatest magic. His mind is aglow with a spiritual and intellectual passion, while as an artist he is at the height of his power, and it is no exaggeration to say that for sheer beauty of sound the poems he produced during this decade have seldom been equalled and never surpassed.

The slow, trailing splendour of the lines of the short poem beginning 'O women, kneeling by your altar rails long hence' is intensely characteristic. The love poems have an emotion that is expressive of the passion of the spirit more than of the passion of the body.

> When my arms wrap you round I press
> My heart upon the loveliness
> That has long faded from the world.

In pursuit of his ideal the lover grows old and weary, but 'a fire is in his head,' and he cannot rest.

> Though I am old with wandering
> Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
> I will find out where she has gone,
> And kiss her lips and take her hands;
> And walk among long dappled grass,
> And pluck till time and times are done,
> The silver apples of the moon,
> The golden apples of the sun.

Love is transformed by the imagination; the beauty of the beloved is the last perfected gift of Time; it has made the great dramas of the world's history, and the past lives in it as in a memory.

> For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
> Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
> Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
> And Usna's children died.

> Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode:
> Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
> Weary and kind one lingered by His seat;
> He made the world to be a grassy road
> Before her wandering feet.

The imagery of these poems is as individual as their music. It is drawn from the lonely woods, from the desolate lakes, from the grey seas and skies of Ireland; but the poet's view of nature is mystical and subjective; everything is reflected through his imagination; he loves the earth under certain lights and at certain hours—the hour 'when white moths

are on the wing,' when 'owls begin to call,' when the whole world seems on the point of dissolving into a dream. And wood and stream and mountain are haunted; 'the rushes and the fowl of the air cry of love with their pitiful cries'; the 'unquiet leaves,' the 'shaken boughs' whisper with strange voices, or, when they are still, 'drop old silence'; everywhere is 'the fluttering sadness of earth.' 'Desolate winds' cry 'over the wandering sea' and 'beat the doors of Heaven, and beat the doors of Hell'; through the 'broken branches go the ravens of unresting thought.'

Water becomes the symbol of the passing of mortal beauty and of the passing of time. 'All that's beautiful drifts away like the waters,' and Fergus sees his life 'go dripping like a stream from change to change.' The messages of wind and water, of the thin rushes and the shaken trees, are nearly always messages of sadness; and when they invite to joy it is to an unearthly joy.

The sea is the symbol of the 'drifting indefinite bitterness of life.' It is 'the bitter tide,' 'the dim sea that cries her old cry still.' The moon is a symbol of weariness.

I had a thought for no one's but your ears:
That you were beautiful, and that I strove
To love you in the old high way of love;
That it had all seemed happy, and yet we'd
grown
As weary hearted as that hollow moon

In contrast with this earth-weariness and sorrow is the passionate glowing life of immortal beings, 'the embattled flaming multitude who rise wing above wing, flame above flame.'

The host is riding from Knocknarea,
And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare;
Caolte tossing his burning hair,
And Niam calling *Away, come away:*
Empty your heart of its mortal dream.
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are a-gleam,
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart;
And if any gaze on our rushing band,
We come between him and the deed of his hand,
We come between him and the hope of his heart.

The stories of The Secret Rose reveal this same withdrawal from ordinary life into the more intense life of the imagination; the subject is still the war of the spiritual upon the material world. So we find the heroes of many of these tales consumed by a fever of the soul, spending their lives in the search for forbidden knowledge, for experiences or loves that hurry them to the abyss or to death. And none of them finds peace. Even he who renounces the strange unholy rites of the Alchemical Rose, and turns to fasting and to prayer, still hears the lawless demons, and while he clasps his rosary to his breast a fatal beauty glows in his memory and fills his days and nights with the terror of uncertainty.

Rosa Alchemica is the longest and most elaborate of these tales. Its beauty is in the highest degree exotic, but the preoccupations and fascinations it expresses have been with Yeats from the beginning, playing a large part in his imaginative and intellectual life, and leading finally to the occult philosophy of A Vision.

He leant forward and began speaking with a slightly rhythmical intonation, and as he spoke I had to struggle again with the shadow, as of some older night than the night of the sun, which began to dim the light of the candles and to blot out the little gleams upon the corner of picture-frames and on the bronze divinities, and to turn the blue of the incense to a heavy purple. I made a violent effort, which seemed almost to tear me in two, and said with forced determination: 'I command you to leave me at once, for your ideas and phantasies are but the illusions that creep like maggots into civilizations when they begin to decline, and into minds when they begin to decay.'

I had suddenly grown angry and, seizing the *alembic* from the table, was about to rise and strike him with it, when the peacocks on the door behind him appeared to grow immense; and then the *alembic* fell from my fingers and I was drowned in a tide of green and blue and bronze feathers, and as I struggled hopelessly I heard a distant voice saying: 'Our master Avicenna has written that all life proceeds out of corruption.' The glittering feathers had now covered me completely, and I knew that I had struggled for hundreds of years and was conquered at last. I was sinking into the depth when the green and blue and bronze that seemed to fill the world became a sea of flame and swept me away; and then a multitude of pale hands were reaching towards me, and strange gentle faces bending above me, and half-wailing and half-caressing voices uttering words that were forgotten the moment they were spoken.

III—Later Poems and Dramatic Works

AFTER the lyrics of The Seven Woods, which are to some extent transitional, we shall not again, in verse at least, find the poet returning to his earlier manner. He determines to discard the embroidered coat woven from old mythologies in which he had invested his song, since fools had caught it and flaunted it before the world, and for his own part decides that there is more enterprise in walking naked. And so his style becomes more and more bare and austere, and at the same time a whole new range of subjects is introduced. Is it merely familiarity with them that keeps us faithful to the early favourites, even while admitting freely that this greyer, harsher style has its own more difficult beauty?

> Unquiet wanderer
> Draw the Glasnevin coverlet anew
> About your head till the dust stops your ear;
> The time for you to taste of that salt breath
> And listen at the corners has not come;
> You had enough of sorrow before death—
> Away, away! You are safer in the tomb.

The later poems, as I say, are sometimes difficult; the later plays are not written for the ordinary theatre. They are 'plays for dancers,' and the audience, the poet tells us, 'must be those who care for his kind of poetry.' 'All must be played to the accompaniment of drum and zither and flute—and the players must move a little stiffly and gravely like marionettes and, I think, to the accompaniment of drum taps.' Of all the plays, early and late, probably the two that have most chance of success with an average audience, are Cathleen ni Houlihan, and The Hour Glass. The appeal of the former is direct and powerful, and the play has this very practical advantage that it demands no more from the actors than to be played with simplicity and sincerity. The Hour Glass, being partly in verse, does demand more. It is a Morality. Its beauty is delicate and half fantastic; its emotion veiled and restrained. A Wise Man, in the pride of intellect, has put from him all faith in the unseen, the

> foolish stories they have told of ghosts
> That fumbled with the clothes upon the bed,
> Or creaked and shuffled in the corridor,
> Or else, if they were pious bred,
> Of angels from the skies,
> That coming through the door,
> Or, it may be, standing there,
> Would solidly outstare
> The steadiest eyes with their unnatural eyes:

and he has been so successful in his teaching that all the people living in that place where his school is are given over to materialism and to the cares and pleasures of the body. Only Teigue, the Fool, still believes in a spiritual life, and it is he who sees the Angel coming to the Wise Man with a message that 'he will die when the last grain of sand has fallen through this glass.'

He must die, because

> 'no soul has passed
> The heavenly threshold since you have opened school,
> But grass grows there, and rust upon the hinge;
> And they are lonely that must keep the watch.'

He will die, and he will go to hell, which is 'the place of those who have denied.' Yet, if he can find one soul that still believes in its immortality, he may, through purgatory, come at last to heaven. Then the Wise Man, thinking the unbelief of his pupils to be but lightly rooted, cries out in relief,

> 'Before you have begun to climb the sky
> I shall have found that soul.'

HIS teaching, however, has struck deeper than he had imagined. His pupils, in high spirits, come trooping in with the Fool, whom they are mocking, dancing about him and singing. The Wise Man eagerly, and at last despairingly, questions them, seeking beneath their young self-conscious learning the old faith of their childhood. But they see in his eagerness only an eagerness for argument, and in the end, half frightened by the strangeness of his manner, they run out, leaving him alone. When he turns to his wife and children it is the same; and the Fool, who alone knows, and who before had spoken of his knowledge freely enough, now refuses to speak except to reiterate

his whine of 'Give me a penny. Give me a penny,' which sounds like a refrain throughout the play. It is only after a last appeal to Teigue that the Wise Man realizes he will get no help from anyone, and with this his dignity returns:

'The last hope is gone,
And now that it's too late I see it all,
We perish into God and sink away
Into reality—the rest's a dream.'

The Fool comes back. 'There was one there there by the threshold stone, waiting there and said, "Go in, Teigue, and tell him everything that he asks you. He will give you a penny if you tell him."'

'Be silent. May God's will prevail on the instant,
Although His will be my eternal pain.
I have no question:
It is enough, I know what fixed the station
Of star and cloud.'

The Angel enters; the sand has run out; and the curtain goes down on the Fool, alone and singing over the body:

'I hear the wind a-blow,
I hear the grass a-grow,
And all that I know, I know.
But I will not speak, I will run away.'

Famous Figures Recalled to Life

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

To the average appreciator of English literature Landor appears an interesting personality rather than a great writer, yet with equal facility and distinction he wrote verse and prose, English and Latin. In spite of the high praise of some of his admirers—Swinburne declared Count Julian to be 'the finest poem published in our language between the last masterpiece of Milton and the first masterpiece of Shelley'—his dramas and epics lack life, though the mass of his poetry contains miniature jewels like Rose Aylmer and Dirce. The work by which Landor is remembered, however, is the prose collection of Imaginary Conversations, written between 1821 and 1829. The form, though little likely to appeal to the public, is one for which Landor's immense scholarship and forceful style made him unusually fitted. Nearly 150 of the Conversations were written in all, of which five of the best known are epitomised here. The subjects treated are of the most varied nature, ranging from ancient Greece to contemporary incidents, and Landor endeavoured to make the treatment as varied. Several cheap editions are procurable.

I—Peter the Great and Alexis



PETER: And so, after flying from thy father's house, thou hast returned again from Vienna. After this affront in the face of Europe, thou darest to appear before me?

Alexis: My emperor and father! I am brought before your majesty not at my own desire.

Peter: I believe it well. What hope hadst thou, rebel, in thy flight to Vienna?

Alex.: The hope of peace and privacy; the hope of security and, above all things, of never more offending you.

Peter: Didst thou take money?

Alex.: A few gold pieces. Hitherto your liberality, my father, hath supplied my wants of every kind.

Peter: Not of wisdom, not of duty, not of spirit, not of courage, not of ambition. I have educated thee among my guards and horses, among my drums and trumpets, among my flags and masts. I have rolled cannon balls before thee over iron plates; I have shown thee bright new arms, bayonets and sabres. I have myself led thee forth to the window when fellows were hanged and shot; and I have made thee, in spite of thee, look steadfastly upon them, incorrigible coward! Thy intention, I know, is to subvert the institutions it has been the labour of my lifetime to establish. Thou hast never rejoiced at my victories.

Alex.: I have rejoiced at your happiness and your safety.

Peter: Liar! Coward! Traitor! When the Polanders and the Swedes fell before me, didst thou congratulate me? Wert thou not silent and civil and low-spirited?

Alex.: I lamented the irretrievable loss of human life, I lamented that the bravest and noblest were swept away the first, that order was succeeded by confusion and that your majesty was destroying the glorious plans you alone were capable of devising.

Peter: Of what plans art thou speaking?

Alex.: Of civilizing the Muscovites. The Polanders in parts were civilized; the Swedes more than any other nation.

Peter : Civilized, forsooth ? Why the robes of the metropolitan, him at Upsal, are not worth three ducats. But I am wasting my words. Thine are tenets that strike at the root of politeness and sound government.

Alex. : When I hear the God of Mercy invoked to massacres and thanked for furthering what He reprobates and condemns—I look back in vain on any barbarous people for worse barbarism.

Peter : Malignant atheist ! Am I Czar of Muscovy, and hear discourse on reason and religion—from my own son, too ? No, by the Holy Trinity ! thou art no son of mine. Unnatural brute, I have no more to do with thee. Ho there ! Chancellor ! What ! Come at last ! Wert napping, or counting thy ducats ?

Chancellor : Your majesty's will, and pleasure !

Peter : Is the senate assembled ?

Chan. : Every member, sire.

Peter : Conduct this youth with thee and let them judge him ; thou understandest ?

Chan. : Your majesty's commands are the breath of our nostrils.

Peter : If these rascals are amiss, I will try my new cargo of Livonian hemp upon 'em

Chan. (*returning*) : Sire ! Sire !

Peter : Speak, fellow ! Surely they have not condemned him to death without giving themselves time to read the accusation, that thou comest back so quickly.

Chan. : No, sire ! Nor has either been done.

Peter : Then thy head quits thy shoulders

Chan. : O sire ! he fell.

Peter : Tie him up to thy chair, then. Cowardly beast ! What made him fall ?

Chan. : The hand of death.

Peter : Prythee speak plainlier.

Chan. : He said calmly, but not without sighing twice or thrice, ' Lead me to the scaffold I am weary of life My father says, too truly, I am not courageous, but the death that leads me to my God shall never terrify me.' When he heard your majesty's name accusing him of treason and attempts at parricide, he fell speechless. We raised him up ; he was dead !

Peter : Inconsiderate and barbarous varlet as thou art, dost thou recite this ill accident to a father—and to one who has not dined ? Bring me a glass of brandy. Away and bring it ; scamper ! Bring the bottle with it ; and—hark ye ! a rasher of bacon on thy life ! and some pickled sturgeon and some krout and caviar

II—Joseph Scaliger and Montaigne

MONTAIGNE : What could have brought you, M. de l'Escale, other than a good heart ? You rise early, I see ; you must have risen with the sun, to be here at this hour. I have capital white wine and the best cheese in Auvergne. Pierre, thou hast done well ; set it upon the table, and tell Master Matthew to split a couple of chickens and broil them.

Scaliger : This, I perceive, is the ante-chamber to your library ; here are your every-day books.

Mont. : Faith ! I have no other. These are plenty, methinks.

Scal. : You have great resources within yourself, and therefore can do with fewer.

Mont. : Why, how many now do you think here may be ?

Scal. : I did not believe at first that there could be above fourscore.

Mont. : Well ! are fourscore few ? Are we talking of peas and beans ?

Scal. : I and my father (put together) have written well-nigh as many.

Mont. : Ah ! to write them is quite another thing. How do you like my wine ? If you prefer your own country wine, only say it. I have several bottles in my cellar. I do not know, M. de l'Escale, whether you are particular in these matters ?

Scal. : I know three things—wine, poetry and the world.

Mont : You know one too many, then. I hardly know whether I know anything about poetry ; I prefer Clem Marot to Ronsard.

Scal. : It pleases me that you like Marot. His version of the Psalms is lately set to music, and added to the New Testament of Geneva.

Mont. : It is putting a slice of honeycomb into a barrel of vinegar, which will never grow the sweeter for it.

Scal. : Surely, you do not think in this fashion of the New Testament ?

Mont. : Who supposes it ? Whatever is mild and kindly is there. But Jack Calvin has thrown bird-lime and vitriol upon it, and whoever but touches the cover dirties or burns his fingers.

Scal. : Calvin is a very great man.

Mont. : I do not like your great men who beckon me to them, call me their begotten, their dear child, and their entrails ; and, if I happen to say on any occasion, ' I beg leave, sir, to dissent a little from you,' stamp and cry, ' The devil you do ! ' and whistle to the executioner.

Scal. : John Calvin is a grave man, orderly and reasonable.

Mont. : In my opinion he has not the order nor the reason of my cook. Mat never swore God should not have his own way.

Scal. : M. de Montaigne, have you ever studied the doctrine of predestination ?

Mont. : I should not understand it if I had ; and I would not break through an old fence merely to get into a cavern. Would it make me honester or happier, or, in other things, wiser ?

Scal. : I do not know whether it would.

Mont. : I should be an egregious fool, then, to care about it. Come, walk about with me ; I can only show you my house and my dairy.

Scal. : Permit me to look a little at those banners. They remind me of my own family, we being descended from the great Cane della Scala, Prince of Verona, and from the House of Hapsburg, as you must have heard from my father.

Mont. : What signifies it to the world whether the great Cane was tied to his grandmother or not ? As for the House of Hapsburg, if you could put together as many such houses as would make up a city larger than Cairo, they would not be worth his study, or a sheet of paper on his table.

III—Bossuet and the Duchesse de Fontanges

BOSSUET: Mademoiselle, it is the king's desire that I compliment you on the elevation you have attained.

Fontanges: O monseigneur, I know very well what you mean. His majesty is kind and polite to everybody. The last thing he said to me was, 'Angélique! do not forget to compliment monseigneur the bishop on the dignity I have conferred upon him, of almoner to the dauphiness. I desired the appointment for him only that he might be of rank sufficient to confess you, now you are duchess.' You are so agreeable a man, monseigneur, I will confess to you, directly.

Boss.: Have you brought yourself to a proper frame of mind, young lady?

Font.: What is that?

Boss.: Do you hate sin?

Font.: Very much.

Boss.: Do you hate the world?

Font.: A good deal of it; all Picardy, for example, and all Sologne; nothing is uglier—and, oh my life! what frightful men and women!

Boss.: I would say in plain language, do you hate the flesh and the devil?

Font.: Who does not hate the devil? If you will hold my hand the while, I will tell him so—'I hate you, beast!' There now. As for flesh, I never could bear a fat man. Such people can neither dance nor hunt, nor do anything that I know of.

Boss.: Mademoiselle Marie Angélique de Scoraille de Rousille, Duchesse de Fontanges! Do you hate titles and dignities and yourself?

Font.: Myself! does anyone hate me? Why should I be the first? Hatred is the worst thing in the world; it makes one so very ugly.

Boss.: We must detest our bodies if we would save our souls.

Font.: That is hard. How can I do it? I see nothing so detestable in mine. Do you? As God hath not hated me, why should I? As for titles and dignities, I am glad to be a duchess. Would not you rather be a duchess than a waiting-maid if the king gave you your choice?

Boss.: Pardon me, mademoiselle. I am confounded at the levity of your question. If you really have anything to confess, and desire that I should have the honour of absolving you, it would be better to proceed.

Font.: You must first direct me, monseigneur. I have nothing particular. What was it that dropped on the floor as you were speaking?

Boss.: Leave it there!

Font.: Your ring fell from your hand, my lord bishop! How quick you are! Could not you have trusted me to pick it up?

Boss.: Madame is too condescending. My hand is shrivelled; the ring has ceased to fit it. A pebble has moved you more than my words.

Font.: It pleases me vastly. I admire rubies. I will ask the king for one exactly like it. This is the time he usually comes from the chase. I am sorry you cannot be present to hear how prettily I shall ask him. I am sure he will order the ring for me, and I will confess to you with it upon my finger. But, first, I must be cautious and particular to know of him how much it is his royal will that I should say.

IV—The Empress Catherine and Princess Dashkof

CATHERINE: Into his heart! Into his heart! If he escapes, we perish! Do you think, Dashkof, they can hear me through the double door? Yes, hark! they heard me. They have done it! What bubbling and gurgling! He groaned but once. Listen! His blood is busier now than it ever was before. I should not have thought it could have splashed so loud upon the floor. Put your ear against the lock.

Dashkof: I hear nothing.

Cath.: My ears are quicker than yours, and know these notes better. Let me come. There! There again! The drops are now like lead. How now? Which of these fools has brought his dog with him? What trampling and lapping! The creature will carry the marks all about the palace with his feet! You turn pale and tremble. You should have supported me, if I had needed it

Dash.: I thought only of the tyrant. Neither in life nor in death could any one of these miscreants make me tremble. But the husband slain by his wife! What will Russia say?

Cath.: Russia has no more voice than a whale. She may toss about in her turbulence, but my artillery (for now, indeed, I can safely call it mine) shall stun and quiet her.

Dash.: I fear for your renown.

Cath.: Europe shall be informed of my reasons, if she should ever find out that I countenanced the conspiracy. She shall be persuaded that her repose made the step necessary; that my own life was in danger; that I fell upon my knees to soften the conspirators; that only when I had fainted, the horrible deed was done.

Dash.: Europe may be more easily subjugated than duped.

Cath.: She shall be both, God willing! Is the rouge off my face?

Dash.: It is rather in streaks and mottles, excepting just under the eyes, where it sits as it should do.

Cath.: I am heated and thirsty. I cannot imagine how. I think we have not yet taken our coffee. I could eat only a slice of melon at breakfast—my duty urged me *then*—and dinner is yet to come. Remember, I am to faint at the midst of it, when the intelligence comes in, or, rather, when, in despite of every effort to conceal it from me, the awful truth has flashed upon my mind. Remember, too, you are to catch me and to cry for help, and to tear those fine flaxen hairs which we laid up together on the toilet; and we are both to be as inconsolable as we can be.

Come, sing. I know not how to fill up the interval. Two long hours yet! How stupid and tiresome! I wish all things of the sort could be done and be over in a day. They are mightily disagreeable when by nature one is not cruel.

People little know my character. I have the tenderest heart upon earth. Ivan must follow next; he is heir to the throne. But not now. Another time. Two such scenes together, and without some interlude, would perplex people.

I thought we spoke of singing. Do not make me wait. Cannot you sing as usual, without smoothing your dove's throat with your handkerchief and taking off your necklace? Sing, sing! I am quite impatient!

V—Bacon and Richard Hooker

Bacon: Hearing much of your worthiness and wisdom, Master Richard Hooker, I have besought your comfort and consolation in this my too heavy affliction. It is no small matter to lose the respect of those who looked up to us for countenance; and the favour of a right learned king, and, O Master Hooker, such a power of money! But money is mere dross. I should always hold it so, if it possessed not two qualities—that of making men treat us reverently and that of enabling us to help the needy.

Hooker: The respect of those who respect us for what a fool can give and a rogue take away, may easily be dispensed with; but it is a high prerogative to help the needy; and when it pleases the Almighty to deprive us of it, he hath removed a most fearful responsibility.

Bac.: Methinks it beginneth to rain, Master Richard. What if we comfort our bodies with a small cup of wine, against the ill temper of the air? Pledge me; hither comes our wine. (*To the servant*) Dolt! Is not this the beverage I reserve for myself?

Bear with me, good Master Hooker, but verily I have little of this wine and I keep it as a medicine for my many and growing infirmities. You are healthy at present: God, in His infinite mercy, long maintain you so! Weaker drink is more wholesome for you. But this Malmsey, this Malmsey, flies from centre to circumference and makes youthful blood boil.

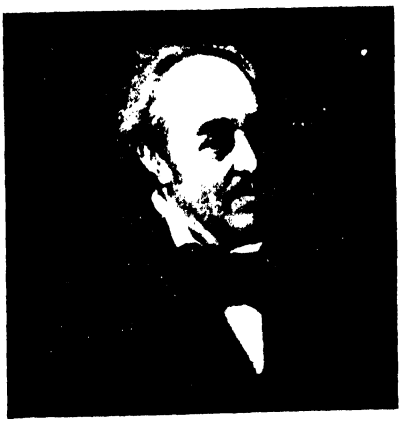
Hook.: Of a truth, my knowledge in such matters is but sparse. My lord of Canterbury once ordered part of a goblet, containing some strong Spanish wine, to be taken to me from his table when I dined by sufferance with his chaplains and, although a most discreet, prudent man, as befitteth his high station, was not so chary of my health as your lordship. Wine is little to be trifled with; physic less. The Cretans, the brewers of this Malmsey, have many aromatic and powerful herbs among them. On their mountains, and notably on Ida, grows that dittany which works such marvels, and which perhaps may give activity to this hot medicinal drink of theirs. I would not touch it knowingly; an unregarded leaf dropped into it above the ordinary might add such puissance to the concoction as to break the buckles in my shoes.

Bac.: When I read of such things I doubt them; but if I could procure a plant of dittany I would persuade my apothecary and my gamekeeper to make experiments.

Hook.: I dare not distrust what grave writers have declared in matters beyond my knowledge.

Bac.: Good Master Hooker, I have read many of your reasonings and they are admirably well sustained. Yet forgive me, in God's name, my worthy master, if you descried in me some expression of wonder at your simplicity. You would define to a hair's breadth the qualities, states and dependencies of principalities, dominations and powers; you would be unerring about the apostles and the churches, and 'tis marvellous how you wander about a pot-herb!

Hook.: I know my poor, weak intellects, most noble lord, and how scantily they have profited by my hard painstaking. Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things, or even in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory.

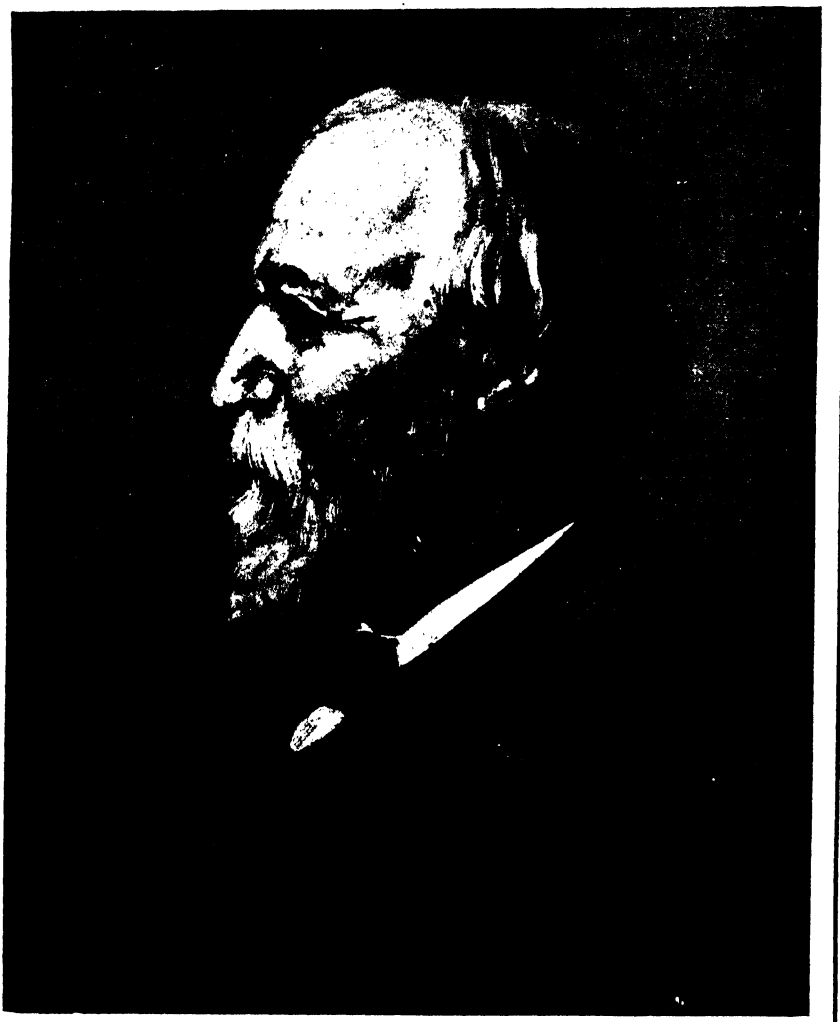


WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born at Warwick, January 30, 1775, and educated at Rugby and Oxford, where he displayed high qualities as a classical scholar. His epic Gebir was published in English in 1798 and in Latin in 1803. In 1808 Landor raised and accompanied a force to fight for Spanish independence in the Peninsular War. From 1815 to 1835 he lived in Italy, where he wrote his Imaginary Conversations (1824-29), the Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare (1834), Pericles and Aspasia (1836) and The Pentameron (1837). Landor spent the years from 1838 to 1858 at Bath, and in 1846 published his collected works. In 1858 he returned to Florence where he died, September 17, 1864.

Bac.: I have observed among the well-informed and the ill-informed nearly the same quantity of infirmities and follies; those who are rather the wiser keep them separate, and those who are wisest of all keep them better out of sight. I have persuaded men, and shall persuade them for ages, that I possess a wide range of thought unexplored by others and first thrown open by me. One subject, however, hath almost escaped me, and surely one worth the trouble.

Hook.: Pray, my lord, if I am guilty of no indiscretion, what may it be?

Bac.: Francis Bacon



Robert Browning (1812–89) stands in the forefront of the Victorian poets side by side with Lord Tennyson, with whom, however, in respect of genius he is essentially incomparable. Intensely individual, Browning had an almost apostolic tolerance of spirit and was a militant optimist, preaching faith in a soul of good beneath all evil and proclaiming energy and effort, regardless of success or failure, to be the essence of true life. Imbued though he was with a high reverence for the art of poetry, his own style had a ruggedness and massive grandeur in marked contrast to the exquisite polish which distinguished that of his great contemporary, and the sublimity and profundity of his thought are often veiled by the obscurity and the difficulty of the language in which they are expressed. His genius was fostered by his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806–61), herself one of England's greatest poets. This portrait is reproduced from the painting by Professor Legros in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

ROBERT BROWNING

STRAFFORD: A TRAGEDY

WRITTEN for Macready and produced at Covent Garden, May 1, 1837, Strafford: A Tragedy was not a successful stage production, but read in the study it is notable as a revelation of the poet's power of reading character and appreciating subtle springs of conduct. It takes an original and powerful view of the riddle of the career of Charles I's great minister, whose betrayal is one of the darkest blots on his master's character. Wentworth, at first a Parliamentary leader, became the great instrument of absolute government. Lady Carlisle plays a quite unhistorical part in the drama. Later dramas were King Victor and King Charles (1842), The Return of the Druses, and A Blot in the 'Scutcheon (1843)—the latter performed at Drury Lane, February 11, 1843—Colombe's Birthday (1844) and Luria, and A Soul's Tragedy (1846). An outline of A Blot in the 'Scutcheon appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Charles I	Hampden	Fiennes
Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford	Young Vane	Savile
	Hollis	The Queen
Pym	Rudyard	Lady Carlisle

Strafford's Adherents Puritans, etc.

First Act

SCENE I.—*The* King *has sent for* Wentworth *from Ireland.* Young Vane, Hampden *and other parliamentary leaders are assembled to take counsel.*



VANE: This Charles, who treads our England underfoot,
Has just so much—it may be fear or craft—
As bids him pause at each fresh outrage; friends,
He needs some sterner hand to grasp his own,
Some voice to ask, "Why shrink? Am I not by?"
A man, that England loved for serving her,
Found in his heart to say, "I know where best
The iron heel shall bruise her, for she leans
Upon me when you trample." Witness, you!
So Wentworth heartened Charles; so England fell. [*Enter* Pym.

Pym: Spite of the past, Wentworth rejoins you, friends. [man,
Vane never knew that Wentworth, loved that
Felt glad to stroll with him, arm locked in arm,
Never sat down, say, in the very house
Where Eliot's brow grew broad with noble thoughts. . . .
I have had friends—all here are fast my friends—
But I shall never quite forget that friend.

Vane: Till we crush Wentworth for her, there's no act
Serves England.

Voices: Vane for England!

Pym: Pym should be
Something to England. I seek Wentworth.

SCENE II.—*Whitehall.* Wentworth *and* Lady Carlisle.

WENTWORTH: And the king?

Lady Carlisle: Dear Wentworth, lean on me! Sit then.

Went.: Why does the king distrust me?

Lady Carl.: He does not.

Went.: Lucy, you can help me; you
Have even seemed to care for me: help me!
Is it the queen?

Lady Carl.: No, not the queen, the party
That poisons the queen's ear. . . A council sits
About this Scots affair

Went.: A council sits?
The war? They cannot have agreed to that?
Not the Scots war? Without consulting me
Me, that am here to show how rash it is . . .
Forget it, Lucy! Cares make peevish; mine
Weigh me—but 'tis a secret—to my grave.
[*Exit* Lady Carlisle.

Forsake the people! I did not forsake
The people! They shall know it, when the king
Will trust me! Who trusts all beside at once,
While I have not spoke Vane and Savile fair
And am not trusted. But he'll see me now.

[*Enter* King Charles.

Sire, trust me! But for this once, trust me, sire!

Charles: What can you mean?

Went.: That you should trust me! now!
Oh, not for my sake! but 'tis sad, so sad
That for distrusting me you suffer—you
Whom I would die to serve. Sire, do you think
That I would— — Ah, one can't tear out one's heart,
And show it, how sincere a thing it is.

Char.: Your friend the countess told me.

Went.: No, hear nothing,
Be told nothing, about me. You're not told
Your right hand serves you, or your children love you!

Char.: You love me, Wentworth; rise!

Went.: I can speak now.
Sire, a great thought comes to reward your trust.
Summon a Parliament! In Ireland first,
Then here. That saves us. All the faction's plans
Suppose no Parliament.

Char. : Take this ere you go!
Now, do I trust you? You're an earl, my friend
Of friends.
Went. : My whole heart stays with you, my king! [*Exit* **Wentworth.**

Second Act

SCENE I.—*In the absence of* **Wentworth,** *now* **Earl of Strafford,** *Parliament has been called, subsidies demanded and refused, and the Parliament dissolved, without* **Strafford's** *knowledge.* **Pym** *assures the Parliament leaders that this will make* **Strafford** *break with the* **King** *and rejoin them.*

SCENE II.—*Whitehall.* **Strafford,** *just returned, is with the* **King.**

STRAFFORD : Sire, who has done this? My army all is raised,
When for some little thing, my whole design
Is set aside. Where is the wretched paper—
Is this my plan?
Charles : You are disrespectful, sir.
Straf. : My liege, do not believe it! I am yours,
Yours ever; 'tis too late to think about;
To the death yours. Elsewhere, this untoward step [mine.
Shall pass for mine; the world shall think it
But here! But here! I am so seldom here,
Seldom with you, my king! I soon to rush
Alone upon a giant in the dark.
Now, for God's sake, sire, not one error more!
We can afford no error; we draw now
Upon our last resource: the Parliament
Must help us.
Char. : I've undone you, Strafford!
Straf. : Nay—
Sire, do you turn from me?
Char. : My friend of friends!
Straf. : We'll make a shift. Leave me the Parliament!
Char. : Alas!
Straf. : (What has he done?)
But speak at once, sire, this grows terrible . . .
You have dissolved them. I'll not leave this man.
Well, then, I take the army. . . .
Sire, you'll not ever listen to these men,
And I away fighting your battles? Sire,
Say you 'At any time when he returns
His head is mine!' Don't stop me there! You know
My head is yours; but never stop me there!
Char. : Too shameful, Strafford! You advised the war . . .
Straf. : I! I! That was never spoken with
Till it was entered on! That loathe the war!
Do you know, sire, I think within my heart
You will not step between the raging people
And me to say. . . I knew it! Oh, to have
A heart of stone, of smooth, cold, frightful stone.
[*Enter* **Pym, Hampden, Vane** *and others.* **Strafford** *at once before them announces the responsibility for the war. Exit* **Charles.**
Pym : Strafford is doomed. Touch him no one of you! [*Exeunt all but* **Strafford.**
[*Enter* **Lady Carlisle.**
Lady Carlisle : I know it all.
Straf. : Ah? You know?
Well, I shall make a sorry soldier, Lucy!
All knights begin their enterprise, we read,
Under the best of auspices; 'tis morn,
The lady girds his sword upon the youth—
We've the fair lady here; but she apart—
A poor man, rarely having handled lance,
And rather old, weary, and far from sure
His squires are not the giant's friends; well—well—
Let us go forth.
Lady Carl. : To Scotland? Not to Scotland?
Straf. : The King stood there, 'tis not so long ago,
There; and the whisper, Lucy, 'Be my friend
Of friends'—My King! I would have——
Lady Carl. : Died for him?
Straf. : Sworn him true, Lucy. I *will* die for him. [love like that.)
Lady Carl. : (One must not lure him from a
You'll think of me sometimes?
Straf. : How think of him
And not of you? Of you, the lingering streak
(A golden one) in my good fortune's eve?
Lady Carl. : Strafford . . . Well, when the eve has its last streak,
The night has its first star. [*Exit.*
Straf. : Her voice . . . His voice
Is soft too. Only God can save him now . . .
The man with the mild voice and sorrowful eyes
Which send me forth . . . to breast the bloody sea
That sweeps before me: with one star for guide.
Night has its first supreme forsaken star.

Third Act

SCENE I.—*Whitehall. Again while* **Strafford** *is in the north, a Parliament has been summoned. The* **King** *has sent for* **Strafford,** *and* **Pym** *has moved the Commons to impeach him.* **Savile** *and others bring the news to the* **Queen** *and* **Lady Carlisle.**

SAVILE : 'Tis to the Lords they go; to seek redress
On Strafford from his peers—the legal way.
The Commons only mean to frighten him
From leaving York. In my poor mind, a fright
Is no prodigious punishment We'll dispense
With seeing Strafford for a month or two.
[*Enter* **Strafford.**
Queen : You here!
Strafford : The King sends for me, madam.
Queen : Sir,
The King . . . [King.
Straf. : An urgent matter that imports the
Queen : Keep him in play, Lucy—you, self-possessed
And calm. To spare your lordship some delay
I will myself acquaint the King. (*To* **Lady Carlisle**) Beware.
[*Exeunt all but* **Lady Carlisle** *and* **Strafford.**
Straf. : The moment's the great moment of all time.
She knows my purpose?
Lady Carl. : Thoroughly. Just now
She bade me hide it from you.

Straf. : Quick, dear girl,
The whole o' the scheme ?
Lady Carl. : Strafford, the whole is known.
Straf. : He'll sanction it ! I stayed, girl, tell him, long ;
Tell him I waited long !
Lady Carl. : What can he mean ?
You were not wont to look so happy.
Straf. : Sweet,
God put it in my mind to love, serve, die
For Charles, but never to obey him more.
While he endured their insolence at Ripon
I fell on them at Durham.
Lady Carl. : Strafford, Strafford,
What daring act is this you hint ?
Straf. : No, no. (*Drawing out papers.*)
'Tis here, not daring if you knew ! all here !
Full proof ! From Savile and his lords to Pym —
I crush them, girl ! Pym shall not ward the blow
Nor Savile crawl aside from it. I go
Straight to the House of Lords to claim these men.
This life is gay and glowing, after all.
'Tis worth while, Lucy, having foes like mine
Just for the dear bliss of crushing them. To-day
Is worth the living for ! ' My friend of friends ! '

SCENE II.—*Antechamber of the House of Lords.* **Strafford** *is within ; his* **Adherents** *and* **Puritans** *of the other party are bandying words. Then the doors of the chamber open ;* **Strafford** *issues through them, amid cries from within of ' Void this House.'*

STRAFFORD : Impeach me ! Pym ! I never struck, I think,
The felon on that calm, insulting mouth
When it proclaimed—Pym's mouth proclaimed me . . God !
Was it a word, only a word, that held
The outrageous blood back on my heart—which beats !
Which beats ! Some one word—' Traitor,' did he say,
Bending that eye, brimful of bitter fire
Upon me ? [*Cries from within of* ' Strafford.'
Slingsby, I've loved you at least ;
Stab me . . . You then, dear Bryan . . .
(*To the Presbyterians*) You !
Not even you ?
The Queen and Vane—I see
The trap (*Tearing off the George.*)
I tread a gew-gaw under foot
And cast his memory from me. One stroke now !
[*His own* **Adherents** *disarm him.*
England ! I see thy arm in this and yield.
Pray you now—Pym awaits me ; pray you now
[*The doors open as* **Strafford** *reaches them : as he kneels the scene closes.*

Fourth Act

SCENE I.—*The impeachment has proceeded.* **Hollis, Strafford's** *friend, has urged the* **King** *to intervene. What if* **Strafford** *produces the proofs that all he had done was by the* **King's** *orders ?* **Charles** *will not dare to assume the responsibility, but signs an order—a plan proposed by* **Lady Carlisle**—*for bringing the army up from York.* **Lady Carlisle** *is to give this to* **Strafford** *before he opens his defence.*

SCENE II.—*A passage adjoining Westminster Hall.* **Strafford, Hollis, Lady Carlisle.**

STRAFFORD : Girl, I refuse his offer ; whatsoever [so grieved ?
It be ! Too late ! Nay, girl, why look
All's gained without the King. Girl, I'll tell you
Why I stood patient. I was fool enough
To see the will of England in Pym's will ;
To dream that I had wronged her, and to wait
Her judgement. When behold ! in place of it —
Girl, care not for the past, so indistinct,
Obscure—there's nothing to forgive in it,
'Tis so forgotten. From this day begins
A new life, founded on a new belief
In Charles.
Hollis : In Charles ? Return, appeal to Pym.
Straf. : I would not look upon Pym's face again. [*Exeunt.*

[*Enter* **Young Vane** *and* **Hampden ;** *then* **Pym, Fiennes, Rudyard** *and others.*
Vane : Oh, Hampden save that great misguided man !
Plead Strafford's cause with Pym
Fiennes : Take heart !
This Bill of his Attainder shall not have
One true man's hand to it. [this Bill !
Vane : Dear Hampden, not this Bill ! Reject
Pym : But I have made myself familiar, Fiennes, [slept,
With this one thought—have walked and sat and
That thought before me. I have done such things
Being the chosen man that should destroy
The traitor.
Rud. : But this unexplained course,
This Bill !
Pym. : By this, we roll the clouds away
Of precedent and custom, and at once
Bid the great beacon-light God set in all,
The conscience of each bosom, shine upon
The guilt of Strafford. We introduce
The Bill of his Attainder. Pray for me.

SCENE III.—*Whitehall.* **King Charles.**

CHARLES : My noble servant ! To defend himself
Thus irresistibly, withholding aught
That seemed to implicate us. [*Enter* **Pym.**
Pym : I would apprise you of the novel course
The people take. I pray you, read. That Bill
Is framed by me. If you determine, sire,
That England's manifested will should guide
Your judgement, ere another week that will
Shall manifest itself. If not—I cast
Aside the measure. Yet, I warn you, sire
(With Strafford's faded eyes yet full on me),
As you would have no deeper question moved
—' How long the Many must endure the One,'
Assure me, sire, if England shall assent
To Strafford's death, you will not interfere !
Charles : God forsakes me. I am in a net,
I cannot move. Let all be as you say !
[*Exit* **Charles.**
Pym : The great word went from England to my soul,
And I arose. The end is very near. [*Exit.*



THE TRIAL OF THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD, IN WESTMINSTER HALL, 1641

From the painting by W. Fisk

Fifth Act

SCENE I.—*The Tower.* **Strafford** *with his children.*

STRAFFORD (*meditating*): Forsook them!
What, the common songs will run
That I forsook the people? Nothing more?
The Patriot Pym, and the Apostate Strafford!
[*Enter* **Hollis** *with a companion.*
No—Hollis? in good time! Who is he?
Hollis: One
That must be present.
Straf.: Ah, I understand.
They will not let me see poor Laud alone!
How politic! Well, Hollis? Say at once
The King could find no time to set me free.
I know, instead of coming here at once—
Leading me forth before them by the hand,
I know the King will leave the door ajar
As though I were escaping. Let me have
The order of release!
Hol.: Spare me.
Straf.: Why, he'd not have me steal away?
(*To* **Hollis**'s *companion.*)
Ah, you feel for me!
Still there is one that does not come . . . .
there's one
That shut out heaven from me.
Hol.: Think on it then!
Calmly . . . as one . . . as one to die!
Straf.: Sir, if your errand is to set me free,
This heartless jest . . . What if . . .
We'll end this! See this paper! warm—warm
With lying next my heart. Whose hand is there?
Whose promise? Read! The King, who lived—
Hol.: To sign the warrant for your death.
Charles: You would not see me, Strafford,
perish at your foot!
It was wrong from me! Only curse me not.
[*The children are heard singing.*
Straf.: You'll be good to those children, sire?
You know
'Tis between you and me. What has the world
To do with it? Farewell.
[*Enter* **Lady Carlisle**, *with attendants.*
Lady Carlisle: Follow me, Strafford, and be
saved.
Straf.: My king!
Oh, had he trusted me, his friend of friends!
Leave me. Girl, humour me, and let me die.
Lady Car.: To save the King!
[*The door opens, discovering* **Pym, Hampden** *and others.*
Pym: Have I done well? Speak, England!
Whose great sake
I still have laboured for.
Straf.: I have loved England too. .
I trust the King now wholly to you, Pym—
And yet I know not. Oh, my fate is nothing—
Nothing! But not that awful head! Not that!
Pym, save the King! . . .
See, Pym, for my sake, mine who kneel to you!
Pym.: England, I am thine own! Dost thou
That service? I obey thee to the end! [exact
Straf.: Oh God, I shall die first!

A Modern Masterpiece of Idealistic Fiction

ROMAIN ROLLAND

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE

A Study by Edgar Preston

APART from his plays, Romain Rolland's literary activities were mainly concerned with the history and interpretation of music, in which connexion he published critical biographies of Beethoven (1903) and Handel (1916) and three volumes entitled Musicians of the Past and Musicians of To-day (1908) and Masters of Music (1912). Rolland had meanwhile been engaged upon his masterpiece Jean-Christophe, which sums up his study of music and musicians. Published in ten volumes, 1905-12, this is not so much a novel as a rambling romance in which the author philosophises over many things. It might really be called an epic of music, for praise of music is its chief theme. The first four volumes, which are concerned almost solely with the growth of Jean-Christophe's mind and musical powers, are the best, the remainder lacking cohesiveness and proportion, but the whole work is fascinating as the life story of a musician of genius and as a study of contemporary social history. A translation by Gilbert Cannan is published by Heinemann in four volumes.



ALL things come to an end,' it was once wearily remarked, 'except eternity and Wigmore Street.' (Some say it was Gower Street.) Another exception that suggests itself is the celebrated work of M. Romain Rolland—Jean-Christophe—surely one of the longest books of fiction in existence.

Someone who had promised himself to read these ten volumes was warned that they contained a million words; nevertheless, greatly daring, he undertook the task, and found that there were not more than about 800,000 words,

after all! But, seriously, although its inordinate length might well serve as a deterrent, this book is worth all the trouble involved in the reading of it. One must, of course, have plenty of patience and, as always, must be in sympathy with the author—meeting him half way and doing one's utmost to realize the full meaning of the thoughts he expresses with such profusion. Above all, the reader who would enjoy the book thoroughly to-day should take his time over it, remembering that the original reader had about ten years in which to absorb M. Rolland's masterpiece, as it appeared, volume after volume, year by year, between 1904 and 1912.

Jean-Christophe is not a novel; it is the story of a strong man's life, showing how, in face of difficulties and trials innumerable, he came out victorious at the last, his chief triumph being the conquest he ultimately made over his own violent, intractable self. It is dedicated 'To the free souls of all nations who suffer, and fight on, and shall conquer.' The narrative floats throughout in an atmosphere of music. To many—of whom I am one—this will be a strong recommendation; to others it may prove to be a drawback, if not an essential, insuperable bar, to the enjoyment of the work. However, there is the fact, and everyone to his taste!

I—Dawn

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE was the eldest son of Melchior Krafft and grandson of Jean-Michel Krafft, musicians both, and well known and esteemed in their own little Rhineland town, as indeed they were throughout the whole district between Cologne and Mannheim. Melchior was first violin at the Hof-Theater, while the grandfather had once been conductor of the Grand Duke's concerts. Not wholly German there was Belgian blood somewhere the Kraffts had a touch of that superiority often found in men of mixed race; and though of peasant origin their art had done much to tone down, if not quite to obliterate, the native roughness. Physically big, strong and healthy, they had transmitted their rude health and muscularity to the boy—which was just as well, since he needed all his inherited toughness before many years had passed. Jean-Christophe's mother—good, kind, patient Louisa—frankly peasant throughout and all-German—was rather despised by her husband Melchior, who was always tormented by the thought that, with his gifts and presence, he ought to have married higher, perhaps 'married money.' Vain and self-indulgent, he turned into an incurable tippler, and in his bad moments was certainly a most undesirable husband and parent.

When little Jean-Christophe, at the age of six or seven, showed clearly that he had inherited the family talent for music, the father took him in hand—often too literally—and tried his hardest to make him a child-prodigy, a second Mozart. The boy loved music, while detesting Melchior's method of teaching, which was all drudgery, and for some time his life was almost a martyrdom. Luckily, the grandfather had more intelligence and sympathy and, thanks to him, Jean-Christophe made rapid progress. At last he actually achieved a little composition of his own which, 'by permission,' was dedicated to the august ruler and performed in his presence before the whole Court. The infant composer, ridiculously dressed up in conventional evening clothes, like a miniature man, had to climb on to the music stool, while everyone laughed at his appearance; but the performance was a huge success, and when, after the concert, he was presented to the Grand Duke, his master and patron, and petted by one of the little princesses, the pride of Melchior and his father knew no bounds. It was characteristic of the boy, and of the man he was to become, that he should have confided to the princess that the work performed was not entirely his own—that grandfather had written the trio in the minuet.

About this time appears Gottfried, Louisa's brother, one of the author's best-drawn and most sympathetic figures. Gottfried is a humble little pedlar, bald and bent, prematurely old, but infinitely patient and philosophical; also, he has

an intuitive sense of what music should be. The rough, hasty brother-in-law and his father make a sort of butt of the decent, self-effacing little man, to whom Jean-Christophe—at first inclined to ridicule, like his elders—soon becomes deeply attached. The boy hears his uncle singing softly to himself one evening by the river-side, and realizes that what he hears is *music*. Another sunset hour finds the pair together again, but indoors. Gottfried will not sing; he cannot, unless he feels in the mood. So Christopher—let us call him so, for convenience sake—ventures to play one of his own compositions, a song. Gottfried is not impressed; frankly, he thinks it very ugly. Perhaps there are others better? So the boy plays and sings all the airs he has composed. But the critic shakes his head.

"They're uglier still."

Christopher hardly kept back his tears.

"But why do you say they're ugly?"

Gottfried looked at him with his frank eyes:

"Why? . . . I don't know . . . . Stay . . . your music is ugly—in the first place—because it is silly. • Yes, that's it. . . . It is silly because it means nothing. When you wrote that you had nothing to say. Why did you write it?"

"I don't know," said Christopher sadly. "I wanted to write something pretty."

"So! You wrote just for the sake of writing. You wrote to be admired. You were proud, you were false, and you have been punished. You see, you are always punished for being vain and untrue in music. Music must be humble and sincere—otherwise, what is it? Something impious, something blasphemous against the Lord, who has given us lovely song that we may utter that which is true and honest."

Christopher had had his first real music lesson, and it was to sink deeper than he knew at the time.

II—Morning

THINGS go badly with the Kraffts. Melchior's drinking bouts grow more and more frequent, his private lessons fewer. Louisa is so hard pressed for money that she has to find work as a daily cook in the Grand Ducal kitchen; Christopher, now ten, brings a little grist to the mill by playing the violin in the Court orchestra. His delight and consolation are the evening walks and talks with wise, honest Gottfried. Then Jean-Michel, the kindly old grandfather, has a stroke and dies.

With the mainstay of the family gone, Melchior grows daily more reckless, drinking heavily and neglecting his work in the orchestra. The piano has to be sold, and the salary he receives from the Grand Duke is transferred for safety's sake to Christopher, who finds himself head of the house at fourteen! One night Louisa's husband does not return. This causes little surprise, for he has no regular hours; but presently there is a confusion of hushed voices; Melchior's dripping body is brought home; he has fallen in the mill-stream and been drowned.

There are two younger brothers—both commonplace, and one rather vicious. They leave home, and Christopher, whose industry and whose devotion to his poor, struggling mother are beyond praise, finds for Louisa and himself another and a smaller home. It is a lodging house, occupied by several sets of tenants, among them a young widow of no more than twenty, with a little daughter. Christopher, now seventeen or so, is gradually attracted by Madame Sabine Frochlich, an inscrutable creature with a certain fascinating, cat-like indolence about her. She grows fond of the big, awkward, gifted boy; encourages him till he declares his love, then goes away for a little holiday, and dies of pneumonia. So we were in a blind alley all the time! This episode, which M. Rolland takes nearly a hundred pages to tell—with infinite charm, be it said—could have been told at least as effectively by Guy de Maupassant in ten.

A little later Christopher comes across a shop girl, whose rather vulgar charms he cannot resist, and for a time Ada monopolises all his leisure, by no means platonically. Meanwhile, his scallywag brother Ernst turns up in rags, and billets himself on his mother. When Christopher discovers that Ada has no objection to flirting with this young man he very wisely casts her off. But the goody-goody family in whose house the Kraffts are lodging are, or profess to be, so shocked at the young musician's conduct, and make things so unpleasant for him and for Louisa, that they are compelled to find other quarters. The quarrel with flighty Ada, added to all

the other troubles, makes Christopher reckless. To the grief of long-suffering Louisa, he begins to drink more than is good for him, until one day he meets Gottfried, who pretends to mistake him for his dead father, and addresses him as 'Melchior.' The lesson is not wasted; Christopher is sane enough to profit by it; so again the despised pedlar has been of service to the lad he loves and understands.

III—Adolescence

BEFORE they part company Christopher has recovered his balance and his self-respect. Clear-eyed and calm, now that he is free from the degrading companionship of the shop girl and her set, he devotes himself entirely to his work, determined to win through sooner or later. Strong within him is the resolve to create something of real worth. "To create is to kill death!" he exclaims, new-born enthusiasm. Henceforth he will not write a single note unless he feels inspired to write it. Having thus begun to criticise himself, it is but natural that he should criticise others, and soon he is finding fault with even his best-loved composers. As for the music he hears in his home town, he despises it utterly, making not the slightest effort to conceal his opinions. It can easily be understood that this contemptuous attitude soon makes him unpopular with his neighbours, who at last come to the conclusion that the boy is 'quite cracked.'

He gives a concert; but the enemies he has made conspire to spoil it. The Grand Duke is absent; the singer—a local favourite—flatly refuses to interpret her part as Christopher intended; the instrumentalists play abominably, and the conductor is completely apathetic. Result—hideous failure, and impotent fury on the part of the baffled composer.

Christopher finds sympathisers in a group of young *dilettanti* who have started a high-brow magazine called Dionysos. With one or two exceptions, they are sons of Jewish millionaires, and they write just for the fun of the thing. They offer the post of music critic to Christopher, who jumps at the chance of being able to reply to the attacks made on him in the Rhineland newspapers. He gives his critics scorpions for their whips, and soon everyone is talking of his ferocious articles.

However, the Dionysos people soon tire of their too earnest critic; and after a time they go so far as to tone down his contributions which he never troubles to read in print—and even to reverse their sense completely. When Christopher accidentally discovers the tricks being played on him he throws up the job in furious indignation and, without thinking of the consequences, undertakes the musical criticism of a Socialist sheet notorious for its attacks on the Grand Duke and his *entourage*. Christopher's patron is, of course, informed of what has happened. He sends for his *Hof Musicus*, to know what it all means. The august personage is very angry, but not more angry than honest, blundering Christopher, who, at the end of a stormy scene, is practically kicked out of the place, and actually kicked out of his miserably-paid official position. Nothing dismayed, he gives another concert, at which his latest composition, a symphonic poem, is produced for the first time. The performance is simply a burlesque of his intentions, and the newspapers tear the work and its unfortunate author to pieces. Never before did Christopher realize that he had so many enemies!

He sets to work again; writes some *Lieder*, and gets them published. But 'stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,' he won't have them advertised, loathing even the suspicion of *réclame*. Naturally, the venture is still-born; scarce one copy of the songs is sold.

IV—Revolt

SOMEONE gives Christopher a box at the theatre, where a French company is playing Hamlet. In the foyer he notices a young girl who is going away disappointed, all the seats being booked. Timidly he asks her if she will join him, as he is alone. As timidly, after a good deal of hesitation, she accepts and, being French, gets real enjoyment from hearing her own tongue spoken. She and Chris-

topher say very little the one to the other; he does not ask her name, nor she his; and when he leaves her in the box, before the play is finished, all he can recall of her is her shy but trustful glance; he would never forget her beautiful eyes.

A day or two later he had to go to Frankfort. On his return, during a halt at a station, he noticed a girl seated in a carriage going in the opposite direction. It was she who had been with him in the box at the theatre, and he wondered where she could be going. Home again, and chaffed by one of his friends on his 'French conquest,' Christopher discovers that the unknown possessor of the haunting eyes is, or rather was, a governess employed in the town; that her presence with him in the box was considered scandalous by her employers, who promptly dismissed her; and that she was on her way back to Paris when he saw her in the train.

Her name, as we discover later, is Antoinette Jeannin, a brave, devoted creature whose tragic story is told later in one of those long discursions which recall Fielding's 'Man of the Hill' chapters in Tom Jones. But there is the excuse that Antoinette's brother Olivier becomes Christopher's bosom friend in Paris, and plays a really important part in his life.

Christopher, looking about for friends —Gottfried, to his deep sorrow, is dead— suddenly remembers having been presented, while still quite a tiny boy, to Hassler, the famous composer, now conducting in Berlin. The great man had embraced him, and told him to come and see him when he was grown up. So Christopher, taking his latest MSS in his pocket, goes off and find Hassler, who, of course, has forgotten all about him, and shows not the least interest in his career. True, Hassler repents of his callous behaviour soon after, sending a letter to Christopher's hotel to ask him to call again; but already the indignant, disillusioned lad is on his way home, and the letter never reaches him.

•

On his way back, Christopher bethinks him of an old gentleman named Schulz, who had once written to him in enthusiastic appreciation of some of his compositions. Accordingly, he breaks his journey and calls on his admirer. This excellent old fellow, with a couple of musical cronies, makes a tremendous fuss of the youngster, and the story of his stay with them is delightful reading. Having made the acquaintance of a fascinating actress who played Ophelia in Hamlet, Christopher resolves to go to Paris, if only his mother will consent. As it turns out, he goes sooner than he expects. In fact, he has to clear out of Germany, after a row in a country inn, where he gets into a fight with a band of drunken soldiers and leaves the sergeant senseless on the floor. A warrant is soon issued for his arrest, but he gets quickly away to the Belgian frontier, and there takes train to Paris.

V—Exile in Paris

In Paris Christopher is at first utterly desolate and miserable, among a strange people whose language he speaks very imperfectly. He hunts up a couple of German friends, who introduce him here and there, and by degrees he gets lessons enough to save him from starvation. One of the music publishers to whom he shows his works wants the young composer to 'simplify' Schumann's Carnival and other classics for the benefit of the ignorant; but, sick and hungry though he is, Christopher instantly quarrels with the imperturbable Hebrew and stalks out of his shop. The old pride never deserts him; in fact, his absolute honesty and disregard of consequences cause him before long to make almost as many enemies in Paris as he had left in his Rhineland home.

When things are at their most desperate, Christopher makes the acquaintance of a Socialist deputy and his wife, M. and Madame Roussin, who, unlike some others, are not shocked by his bluntness and his rather coarse, provincial manners and appearance. There are pupils to be had in their circle, and one who comes to him is Grazia, an Italian child of fourteen. Although adoring her stern teacher, especially when she hears him reviled and ridiculed, she shows so little promise that very soon Christopher refuses to continue the lessons, and the girl is broken-hearted.

She has a good deal to do with his later life.

Christopher had been in Paris a year or two when at an evening reception at the Roussins he noticed a timid, delicate, rather distinguished-looking young man whose eyes, which seemed familiar, again and again sought and then avoided his own. They became acquainted, and though his expression never failed to recall something familiar to Christopher it was not until long after that he discovered Olivier Jeannin to be the brother of the young governess, Antoinette. From acquaintances they become fast friends; inseparable when they decide to live together. David and Jonathan were not more devoted than this strong, self-willed, obstinate musician and this fragile, cultured, affectionate poet—the one a typical German, the other as typically French.

VI—The Friends

THE pair are really happy together in their modest rooms in the Montparnasse quarter, and each of them works hard and well. Olivier is soon delivered of a book of verse, the failure of which—because it is not 'pushed'—exasperates his friend. In his usual clumsy way, Christopher tries to influence the newspapers in its favour, but with no success. Then he gives a concert—to empty benches. But though very hard up, the pair are strong and brave, and Christopher aggressive as ever. In turn he fights a bloodless duel with a tiresome French literary dandy; has his symphonic work, David, published and performed with *éclat*; receives letters from publishers, 'asking for more'; in fact, he has 'arrived'—or nearly so.

All this time for Christopher has been away some years, and is no longer a boy—his patient old mother has not set eyes on him, though they have corresponded regularly. One day he gets a letter from her; she is not very well, and longs to see him again. By scraping together all the little money they possess, and pawning a few things, the two friends manage to find enough to pay their fares to Germany, and they go off without a moment's delay. Christopher, of course, risks arrest for the old offence; but that doesn't trouble him. Louisa dies in her son's arms soon after his arrival. Friends warn him that he has been recognized, and must hurry away. With difficulty he is persuaded to go, Olivier staying behind for the funeral.

Back in Paris, Christopher is invaded by newspaper interviewers. The Grand Journal has published his portrait, with a fulsome article proclaiming him a genius; the bumptious, all-powerful editor will have the new celebrity—*his* 'discovery'—lunch with him; more interviews and articles follow, and for a fortnight the composer is in the limelight. He hates it, and cannot understand why suddenly everybody seems to be so fond of him. Nor can he understand why, a little later, this same newspaper should turn and rend him in a series of bitterly hostile articles. Christopher does not yet realize what the Press is!

THE long and happy association of Christopher and Olivier comes to an end when the poet marries a rich girl, Jacqueline Longeais, who carries him off on a long honeymoon, leaving the German half of the partnership desolate and feeling like a widower. Christopher knows that Olivier will always be his dearest friend; but it can never be the same again, for 'a married man is only half a man.' Olivier and his bride are madly, selfishly in love at first. Now that they are rich there is no need for Olivier to work, and gradually he loses tone. Jacqueline has a son; but soon she grows restless, having exhausted her passion; and in a year or two she runs away with an elderly man of the world who soon tires of his easy conquest, and disappears. Before this she had even tried to beguile Christopher himself. Like a wise man, he packed up and fled!

There is a subtle sketch of an actress, Françoise Oudon, who for a time more or less takes the place of Olivier in Christopher's affections. Indeed, I may as well say now how vivid, how lifelike, are all M. Rolland's characters. Many of them I have had to ignore—some I find unintèresting, others superfluous—but there is no denying that every one of them is drawn from life. They are all real flesh and blood—live men and women. It is chiefly for

this reason, I suppose, that the book takes so strong a hold of one.

Olivier comes back to Paris, crushed and despairing since Jacqueline's flight. Even Christopher, with all his true, understanding affection, cannot quite console his friend; yet the renewal of their comradeship is a source of satisfaction to both. For some time past the attacks on Christopher in the Grand Journal and other papers, already mentioned, have been regular and bitter. Suddenly they cease, and in their place comes praise unlimited. About the same time a Leipzig firm offers him good terms for the publication of his works. What is the cause of this change in his fortunes? And when he lets it be known that he has an urgent desire to revisit the old home on the Rhine he is astonished to receive an intimation from the German Embassy that he has permission to stay forty-eight hours in the Fatherland.

On his return he is told by one of his hostesses that Comte and Comtesse Berény are anxious to make his acquaintance. They have for years taken a keen interest in his career, he learns, and the husband, holding a high diplomatic position, is emphatically a man to know. When Comtesse Berény comes forward, smiling and holding out her hand, Christopher recognizes the little Grazia of old. So the secret is out: *she* has been his guardian angel all the time.



ROMAIN ROLLAND was born at Clamecy, France, January 29, 1866. He was educated at the Ecole Normale Supérieure in Paris, and also studied art and music at the French School of Archæology in Rome. He was lecturer in the history of art at his old school until a chair of musical aesthetics was created for him at the Sorbonne, his doctor's thesis on The Origin of the Modern Lyrical Drama, 1895, being crowned by the Academy. In 1901 he founded the Revue Musicale, to which he contributed frequently, winning also wide reputation for his writings for the stage, criticism, fiction and biography. Rolland received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1915 for his great novel Jean-Christophe.

VII—The Burning Bush

ALTHOUGH they no longer live together, Christopher and Olivier see one another daily. Somehow the composer, who is always by instinct in sympathy with the under dog, gets in touch with the workers of the district, and he takes Olivier to their meeting places. The Frenchman, with his aristocratic prejudice, finds it hard, even for his friend's sake, to take much interest in these Socialists and Syndicalists, with whom the peasant-born German is on such familiar terms. Christopher talks to them quite frankly. It has not taken him long to discover that the last thing these 'brothers' want is honest work. And when they taunt him with being a lazy 'artist,' an idler, he retorts that he has had to struggle hard for a living from the time he was a little boy. Yet, for all his contempt of these so-called 'workers,' Christopher is sufficiently sympathetic to write them a Revolutionary song. He laughs when warned that the police have him under observation.

The First of May arrives, with a general strike threatened, by way of celebration. Christopher takes Olivier—rather against his will, for he is weak and listless after influenza—into the streets, and soon they are in a dense crowd. Cuirassiers trot up, to disperse the mob, and then the *agents* come on the scene. In the rush, Olivier is separated from his friend and knocked down; while Christopher, resenting interference, finds himself at grips with two policemen. One of them draws his sabre, and it would go hard with the German but for his sinewy hand. Seizing his opponent's wrist, he turns the weapon from his own breast to that of the *agent* and, in the fury of the moment, slays him.

By this time the Red Flag is flying; revolvers and knives are out; blood flows; fighting is going on all over the

place. An omnibus, thrown over on its side by a score of grimy hands, serves as a barricade. Mad with excitement, Christopher finds himself the leader of a cause he despises. He would inevitably have been shot or arrested had not a calmer friend dragged him away and put him in a motor car, which immediately drives off at full speed.

Arrived at Laroche, Christopher and the other man take train for Switzerland. Constantly inquiring for Olivier, Christopher is told he is hurt, but will rejoin them over the border on the morrow; the truth being that the fragile little poet had been trampled to death under 'the wild mob's million feet.'

When a letter arrives next day, telling him Olivier is dead, Christopher is frantic with grief. He tries to get back to Paris, but after several days and nights of wandering, returns to Switzerland to find shelter with an old German friend, Dr. Erich Braun, and his strange, silent wife. It is weeks before Christopher can pull himself together sufficiently to get a few music lessons; he has no money, and cannot billet himself indefinitely on the kind-hearted friend without making some payment for his board. In Anna, the doctor's wife, we have an unforgettable study of a woman full of fire hiding her passion until at last it bursts into flame suddenly and terrifically. Christopher is well-nigh consumed in the outbreak. Flight alone preserves him. He has passed, not wholly unscathed, through 'the burning bush.' The eloquence, the earnestness, of all this part of the narrative, of which I give but the barest outline, are among the most remarkable features of this fascinating book.

VIII—Journey's End

YEARS have passed. Jean-Christophe has made his name; he has conquered. And though his hair has whitened, he is still young at heart, still full of force, and more than ever full of the simple faith he had so long renounced. Germany being free to him now, the May Day tragedy forgotten, he can go where he will, and his pleasure is to roam from place to place, resting nowhere long.

In Switzerland he meets Grazia again. She is widowed, and has two children. Full of joy at recovering a real friend, and longing for affection—since none has taken Olivier's place in his heart—Christopher, revived by the warmth of her gracious presence, would fain have her marry him. But she, though she has loved him always, feels she must refuse, lest marriage spoil that more perfect thing which is friendship. So, Grazia urging him, he goes to Paris to conduct a series of concerts, while she stays in Switzerland with her boy and girl. There is still some of the old Adam left in him. He quarrels, quite unnecessarily, with the management on some quixotic point concerning a new opera of his; and, when he is attacked in the Press, young Georges Jeannin, son of Olivier and Jacqueline, annoys him deeply by fighting a duel in his behalf. But he is very fond of Georges, for his dead father's sake, and soon forgives him.

A little later Christopher receives Fate's rudest blow. Grazia herself falls ill, and dies almost suddenly. He takes his punishment with wonderful calm. A large, benignant philosophy assuages his sorrow; and to console himself for the loss of the two people he has loved best in the world—Olivier and Grazia—he sets about uniting their children, Georges and Aurora.

Gradually Christopher's health gives way, and he feels he must see his native place once more. But everything is changed in the old home; a street has been named after him, and he hears, almost without recognizing, a work of his own performed in a gigantic new concert hall. So he returns to Paris and hides his illness until the young people are married. Then he breaks down, and takes to his bed as a dying lion to his lair. Obstinate to the last, he will not have a nurse. He murmurs to himself, *Ich hab' genug*—'I can stand no more.' One night in his delirium he conducts an orchestra, playing his own music, and dies content, with its strains still in his ears.

. . . . . .

A wonderful, uplifting, thought-compelling book, with a score of high qualities and one conspicuous defect—its utter lack of humour!

VOLTAIRE

RUSSIA UNDER PETER THE GREAT

DRAMA, poetry, prose romance, physics and philosophy, criticism and history all engaged Voltaire's astounding intellectual activity and in addition to all this he carried on an enormous correspondence which has probably not even yet been exhausted. An outline of Voltaire's best and best known work of fiction, Candide, appears in page 1129. The historical division of his work is the bulkiest of all except the correspondence, but although some parts of it have been among the most read it is not the department of literature in which he excelled. While he had a gift for clear narrative, he was deficient in comprehension of the philosophy of history, was affected by prejudice, was by no means reliable on questions of fact, and was much too inclined to regard everything from the viewpoint of a somewhat pessimistic, very self-satisfied philosopher. His Russia Under Peter the Great was written after he took up his residence at Ferney in 1758. This epitome has been prepared from the French text.

I—All the Russias



WHEN, about the beginning of the present century, the Tsar Peter laid the foundations of Petersburg, or, rather, of his empire, no one foresaw his success. Anyone who then imagined that a Russian sovereign would be able to send victorious fleets to the Dardanelles, to subjugate the Crimea, to clear the Turks out of four great provinces, to dominate the Black Sea, to set up the most brilliant court in Europe and to make all the arts flourish in the midst of war—anyone expressing such an idea would have passed for a mere dreamer. Peter the Great built the Russian Empire on a foundation firm and lasting.

That empire is the most extensive in our hemisphere. Poland, the Arctic Ocean, Sweden and China lie on its boundaries. It is so vast that when it is mid-day at its western extremity it is nearly midnight at the eastern. It is larger than all the rest of Europe, than the Roman empire, than the empire of Darius which Alexander conquered. But it will take centuries, and many more such tsars as Peter, to render that territory populous, productive and covered with cities like the northern lands of Europe.

The province nearest to our own realms is Livonia, long a heathen region. Tsar Peter conquered it from the Swedes.

To the north is the province of Reval and Esthonia, also conquered from the Swedes by Peter. The Gulf of Finland borders Esthonia; and here at this junction of the Neva and Lake Ladoga is the city of Petersburg, the youngest and fairest of the cities of the empire, built by Peter in spite of a mass of obstacles. Northward, again, is Archangel, which the English discovered in 1533, with the result that the commerce fell entirely into their hands and those of the Dutch. On the west of Archangel is Russian Lapland. Then, ascending the Dvina from the coast, we arrive at the territories of Moscow, long the centre of the empire. A century ago Moscow was without the ordinary amenities of civilization, though it could display an Oriental profusion on state occasions.

West of Moscow is Smolensk, recovered from the Poles by Peter's father Alexis. Between Petersburg and Smolensk is Novgorod; south of Smolensk is Kiev or Little Russia; and Red Russia, or the Ukraine, watered by the Dnieper, the Borysthenes of the Greeks—the country of the Cossacks. Between the Dnieper and the Don northwards is Belgorod; then Nischgorod, then Astrakhan, the march of Asia and Europe with Kazan, recovered from the Tartar empire of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane by Ivan Vasilovitch. Siberia is peopled by Samoyeds and Ostiaks, and its southern regions by hordes of Tartars—like the Turks and Mongols, descendants of the ancient Scythians. At the limit of Siberia is Kamschatka.



PETER THE GREAT AT DEPTFORD DOCKYARD STUDYING NAVAL CONSTRUCTION

From the painting by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

Throughout this vast but thinly populated empire the manners and customs are Asiatic rather than European. As the Janissaries control the Turkish government, so the Strelitz Guards used to dispose of the throne. Christianity was not established till late in the tenth century, in the Greek form, and liberated from the control of the Greek Patriarch, a subject of the Grand Turk, in 1588.

Before Peter's day, Russia had neither the power, the cultivated territories, the subjects, nor the revenues which she now enjoys. She had no foothold in Livonia or Finland, little or no control over the Cossacks or in Astrakhan. The White, Black, Baltic and Caspian seas were of no use to a nation which had not even a name for a fleet. She had to place herself on a level with the cultivated nations, though she was without knowledge of the science of war by land or sea, and almost of the rudiments of manufacture and agriculture, to say nothing of the fine arts. Her sons were even forbidden to learn by travel; she seemed to have condemned herself to eternal ignorance. Then Peter was born and Russia was created.

II—At the School of Europe

It was owing to a series of dynastic revolutions and usurpations that young Michael Romanoff, Peter's grandfather, was chosen tsar at the age of fifteen, in 1613. He was succeeded in 1645 by his son, Alexis Michaelovitch. Alexis, in his wars with Poland, recovered from her Smolensk, Kiev and the Ukraine. He waged war with the Turk in aid of Poland, introduced manufactures and codified the laws, proving himself a worthy sire for Peter the Great; but he died in 1677, too soon—he was but forty-six—to complete the work he had begun.

He was succeeded by his eldest son, Feodor. There was a second, Ivan; and Peter, not five years old, the child of his second marriage. Dying five years later, Feodor named Peter his successor. An elder sister, Sophia, intrigued to place the incapable Ivan on the throne instead, as her own puppet, by the aid of the turbulent Strelitz Guard. After a series of murders, the Strelitz proclaimed Ivan and Peter joint sovereigns, associating Sophia with them as co-regent.

Sophia ruled with the aid of an able minister, Galitzin. But she formed a conspiracy against Peter, who, however, made his escape, rallied his supporters, crushed the conspiracy and secured his position as Autocrat of the Russias, being then in his seventeenth year (1689).

Peter not only set himself to repair his neglected education by the study of German and Dutch, and an instinctive horror of water by resolutely plunging himself into it; he developed an immediate interest in boats and shipping, and promptly set about organizing a disciplined force, destined for use against the Strelitz. The nucleus was his personal regiment, called the Preobazinsky. He had already a corps of foreigners, under the command of a Scot named Gordon. Another foreigner, Le Fort, on whom he relied, raised and disciplined another corps, and was made admiral of the infant fleet which he began to construct on the Don for use against the Crim Tartars.

His first political measure was to effect a treaty with China, his next an expedition for the subjugation of the Tartars of Azov. Gordon and Le Fort, with their two corps and other forces, marched on Azov in 1695. Peter accompanied, but did not command, the army. Unsuccessful at first, his purpose was effected in 1696; Azov was conquered, and a fleet placed on its sea. He celebrated a triumph in Roman fashion at Moscow; and then, not content with dispatching a number of young men to Italy and elsewhere to collect knowledge, he started on his travels himself.

As one of the suite of an embassy he passed through Livonia and Germany till he arrived at Amsterdam, where he worked as a hand at ship-building. He also studied surgery at this time, and incidentally paid a visit to William of Orange at The Hague. Early next year he visited England, formally, lodging at Deptford and continuing his training in naval construction. Thence, and from Holland, he collected mathematicians, engineers and skilled workmen. Finally, he returned to Russia by way of Vienna, to establish satisfactory relations

with the emperor, his natural and necessary ally against the Turk.

Peter had made his arrangements for Russia during his absence. Gordon with his corps was at Moscow; the Strelitz were distributed in Astrakhan and Azov. Nevertheless, sedition raised its head. Insurrection was checked by Gordon, but disaffection remained. Reappearing unexpectedly, he punished the mutinuous Strelitz mercilessly, and that body was entirely done away with. New regiments were created on the German model; and he then set about reorganizing the finances, reforming the political position of the Church, destroying the power of the higher clergy and generally introducing more enlightened customs from Western Europe.

III—War With Sweden

In 1699, the sultan was obliged to conclude a peace at Karlowitz, to the advantage of all the powers with whom he had been at war. This set Peter free on the side of Sweden. The youth of Charles XII tempted Peter to the recovery of the Baltic provinces. He set about the siege of Riga and Narva. But Charles, in a series of marvellous operations, raised the siege of Riga and dispersed or captured the very much greater force before Narva in November 1700.

The continued successes of Charles did not check Peter's determination to maintain Augustus of Saxony and Poland against him. It was during the subsequent operations against Charles's lieutenants in Livonia that Catherine—afterwards to become Peter's empress—was taken prisoner.

The tsar continued to press forward his social reforms at Moscow and his naval and military programmes. His fleet was growing on Lake Ladoga. In its neighbourhood was the important Swedish fortress of Niantz, which he captured in May 1703; after which he resolved to establish the town which became Petersburg where the Neva flows into the Gulf of Finland; and designed the fortifications of Cronstadt, which were to render it impregnable. The next step was to take Narva, where he had before been foiled. The town fell on August 20, 1704; when Peter, by his personal exertions, checked the violence of his soldiery.

Menshikov, a man of humble origin, was now made governor of Ingria. In June 1705, a formidable attempt of the Swedes to destroy the rapidly rising Petersburg and Cronstadt was completely repulsed. A Swedish victory, under Lewenhaupt, at Gemavers, in Courland, was neutralised by the capture of Mittau. But Poland was now torn from Augustus, and Charles's nominee, Stanislaus, was king. Denmark had been forced into neutrality; exaggerated reports of the defeat at Gemavers had once more stirred up the remnants of the old Strelitz. Nevertheless, Peter, before the end of the year, was as secure as ever.

In 1706, Augustus was reduced to a formal abdication and recognition of Stanislaus as King of Poland; and Patkul, a Livonian, Peter's ambassador at Dresden, was subsequently delivered to Charles and put to death, to the just wrath of Peter. In October, the Russians, under Menshikov, won their first pitched battle against the Swedes, a success which did not save Patkul.

In February 1708, Charles himself was once more in Lithuania, at the head of an army. But his advance towards Moscow was disputed at well-selected points and even his victory at Hollosin was a proof that the Russians had now learnt how to fight.

When Charles reached the Dnieper, he unexpectedly marched to unite with Mazeppa in the Ukraine, instead of continuing his advance on Moscow. Menshikov intercepted Lewenhaupt on the march with a great convoy to join Charles, and that general was only able to cut his way through with 5,000 of his force. Mazeppa's own movement was crushed and he only joined Charles as a fugitive, not an ally. Charles's desperate operations need not be followed. It suffices to say that in May 1709, he had opened the siege of Poltava, by the capture of which he counted that the road to Moscow would lie open to him.

Here the decisive battle was fought on July 12. The dogged patience with which Peter had turned every defeat into a lesson in the art of war met with its reward.

The Swedish army was shattered; Charles, prostrated by a wound, was himself carried into safety across the Turkish frontier. Peter's victory was absolutely decisive and overwhelming; and what it meant was the civilizing of a territory till then barbarian. The year 1710 witnessed the capture of a series of Swedish provinces in the Baltic provinces; and the Swedish forces in Pomerania were neutralised.

IV—The Expansion of Russia

Now the Sultan Ahmed III declared war on Peter; not for the sake of his guest, Charles XII, but because of Peter's successes in Azov, his new port of Taganrog, and his ships on the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea. He outraged international law by throwing the Russian envoy and his suite into prison. Peter at once left his Swedish campaign to advance his armies against Turkey.

Before leaving Moscow he announced his marriage with the Livonian captive, Catherine, whom he had secretly made his wife in 1707. Apraksin was sent to take the supreme command by land and sea. Cantemir, the hospodar of Moldavia, promised support, for his own ends.

The Turkish vizier, Baltagi Mehemet, had already crossed the Danube and was marching up the Pruth with 100,000 men. Peter's general Sheremetov was in danger of being completely hemmed in when Peter crossed the Dnieper, Catherine stoutly refusing to leave the army. No help came from Cantemir, and supplies were running short. The tsar was too late to prevent the passage of the Pruth by the Turks, who were now on his lines of communication; and he found himself in a trap, without supplies, and under the Turkish guns. When he attempted to withdraw, the Turkish force attacked, but were brilliantly held at bay by the Russian rearguard.

Nevertheless, the situation was desperate. It was Catherine who saved it. At her instigation, terms—accompanied by the usual gifts—were proposed to the vizier; and, for whatever reason, the vizier was satisfied to conclude a peace then and there. He was probably unconscious of the extremities to which Peter was reduced. Azov was to be retroceded, Taganrog and other forts dismantled; the tsar was not to interfere in Poland and Charles was to be allowed a free return to his own dominions. Charles's hopes were destroyed and he was reduced to intriguing at the Ottoman court.

Peter carried out some of the conditions of the Pruth treaty. The more important of them he successfully evaded for some time. The treaty, however, was confirmed six months later. But the Pruth affair was a more serious check to the tsar than even Narva had been, for it forced him to renounce the dominion of the Black Sea. He turned his attention to Pomerania, though the injuries his health had suffered drove him to take the waters at Karlsbad.

His object was to drive the Swedes out of their German territories and confine them to Scandinavia; and to this end he sought alliance with Hanover, Brandenburg and Denmark. About this time he married his son Alexis (born to him by his first wife) to the sister of the German Emperor; and proceeded to ratify by formal solemnities his own espousal to Catherine.

Charles might have saved himself by coming out of Turkey, buying the support of Brandenburg by recognizing her claim on Stettin, and accepting the sacrifice of his own claim to Poland, which Stanislaus was ready to make for his sake. He would not. Russians, Saxons and Danes were now acting in concert against the Swedes in Pomerania. A Swedish victory over the Danes at Gadebusch and the burning of Altona were of no real avail. The victorious general not long after was forced to surrender with his whole army. Stettin capitulated on condition of being transferred to Prussia. Stralsund was being besieged by Russians and Saxons; Hanover was in possession of Bremen and Verden; and Peter was conquering Finland, when, at last, Charles suddenly reappeared at Stralsund, in November 1715. But the brilliant naval operation by which Peter captured the Isle of Aland had already secured Finland.

During the last three years a new figure had risen to prominence, the ingenious, ambitious and intriguing Baron Gortz, who was now to become the chief minister



PETER THE GREAT
From the painting by Gibber

and guide of the Swedes. Under his influence, Charles's hostility was now turned in other directions than against Russia, and Peter was favourably inclined towards the opening of a new chapter in his relations with Sweden, since he had made himself master of Ingria, Finland, Livonia, Esthonia and Carelia. The practical suspension of hostilities enabled Peter to start on a second European tour, while Charles, driven at last from Weimar and Stralsund was planning the invasion of Norway.

During this tour the tsar passed three months in Holland, his old school in the art of naval construction; and while he was there intrigues were on foot which threatened to revolutionise Europe. Gortz had conceived the design of allying Russia and Sweden, restoring Stanislaus in Poland, recovering Bremen and Verden from Hanover, and finally of ejecting the Hanoverian Elector from his newly acquired sovereignty in Great Britain by restoring the Stewarts. Spain, now controlled by Alberoni, was to be the third power concerned in effecting this *bouleversement*, which involved the overthrow of the regency of Orleans in France.

The discovery of this plot, through the interception of some letters from Gortz, led to the arrest of Gortz in Holland and of the Swedish ambassador, Gyllemborg, in London. Peter declined to commit himself. His reception when he went to Paris was eminently flattering; but an attempt to utilise it for a reunion of the Greek and Latin Churches was a complete failure. The Gortz plot had entirely collapsed before he returned to Russia.

V—Peter the Great

PETER had been married in his youth to Eudoxia Feodorovna Lapoukin. With every national prejudice, she had stood persistently in the way of his reforms. In 1696 he had found it necessary to divorce her and seclude her in a convent. Alexis, the son born of this marriage in 1690, inherited his mother's character and fell under the influence of the most reactionary ecclesiastics. Politically and morally the young man was a reactionary. He was embittered, too, by his father's second marriage; and his own marriage, in 1711, was a failure.

Peter wrote to Alexis warning him to reform, since he would sooner transfer

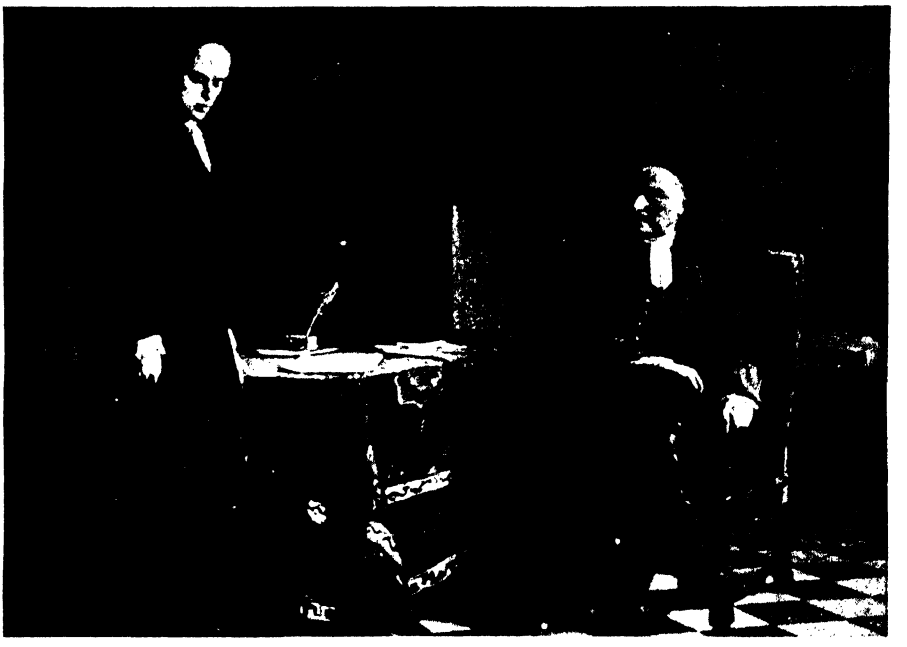
the succession to one worthy of it than to his own son if unworthy. Alexis replied by renouncing all claim to the succession. Renunciation, Peter answered, was useless. Alexis must either reform, or give the renunciation reality by becoming a monk. Alexis promised; but when Peter left Russia, he betook himself to his brother-in-law's court at Vienna. Peter ordered him to return; if he did, he should not be punished; if not, the tsar would assuredly find means.

Alexis obeyed, returned, threw himself at his father's feet. A reconciliation was reported. But next day Peter arraigned his son before a council and struck him out of the succession in favour of Catherine's infant son Peter. Alexis was then subjected to a series of incredible interrogations as to what he would or would not have done under circumstances which had never arisen.

At the strange trial, prolonged over many months, the 144 judges unanimously pronounced sentence of death. Catherine herself is said by Peter to have pleaded for the stepson, whose accession would certainly have meant her own destruction. Nevertheless, the unhappy prince was executed. That Peter slew him with his own hand, and that Catherine poisoned him, are both fables. The real source of the tragedy is to be found in the monks who perverted the mind of the prince.

This same year, 1718, witnessed the greatest benefits to Peter's subjects in general improvements, in the establishment and perfecting of manufactures, in the construction of canals and in the development of commerce. An extensive commerce was established with China through Siberia, and with Persia through Astrakhan. The new city of Petersburg replaced Archangel as the seat of maritime intercourse with Europe.

Peter was now the arbiter of Northern Europe. In May 1724 he had Catherine crowned and anointed as empress. But he was suffering from a mental disease, and of this he died, in Catherine's arms, in the following January, without having nominated a successor. Whether or not it was his intention, it was upon his wife Catherine that the throne devolved.



PETER INTERROGATING HIS REACTIONARY SON ALEXIS

From the painting by N. Gué

A Classic 'Chronique Scandaleuse'

ANTHONY HAMILTON

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT DE GRAMMONT

COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON was born at Roscrea, Tipperary, in 1646, grandson of the Duke of Hamilton. His boyhood was spent in France, but on the Restoration he was brought to England and was associated with the Stewart court until the revolution of 1688, and afterwards at St. Germain, where he died, April 21, 1720. Philibert, Count de Grammont, born in 1621, was exiled from France in 1662 and coming to England, won the affection of Elizabeth, Anthony Hamilton's sister; but showing an inclination to abandon her, he was overtaken at Dover by Hamilton and compelled to marry her. The Count de Grammont died in Paris, January 10, 1707. Anthony Hamilton's memoirs of his brother-in-law were published anonymously in French in 1713, and an English translation appeared in 1714. Witty, malicious and gracefully gay, they are perfectly French in quality and are a classic of the French tongue. The work was edited anonymously by Sir Walter Scott in 1811. Inexpensive English editions are published by Allen & Unwin, and by Chapman & Dodd.

I—Soldier and Gamester



THOSE who read only for their amusement seem to me more reasonable than those who read only in order to discover errors; and I may say at once that I write for the former, without troubling myself about the erudition of the critics. What does chronological order matter, or an exact narrative, if only this sketch succeeds in giving a perfect impression of its original?

I write, with something of Plutarch's freedom, a life more amazing than any which that author has left us; an inimitable character whose radiance covers faults which it would be vain to dissemble; an illustrious personality whose vices and virtues are inextricably interwoven, and seem as rare in their perfect harmony as they are brilliant in their contrast. In war, in love, at the gaming table and in all the varied circumstances of a long career, Count de Grammont has been the wonder of his age.

Louis XIII reigned, and Cardinal Richelieu governed the kingdom. His vast projects were establishing the formidable grandeur of the France of to-day. But matters of police were a trifle neglected; the highways were unsafe and theft went unpunished. Youth, entering on life, took what part it chose; everyone might be a knight; everyone who could became a beneficed priest. The sacred and military callings were not distinguished by their dress, and the Chevalier de Grammont adorned them both at the siege of Trin.

Many deeds of daring marked this siege of Trin; there had been great fatigues and many losses. But of boredom, after de Grammont's arrival, there was never any throughout the army; no more weariness in the trenches, no more dullness among the generals. Everywhere, this man sought and carried joy.

Some vainly imitated him; others more wisely sought his friendship. Among these was Matta, a fellow of infinite frankness, probity and naturalness, and of the finest discernment and delicacy. A friendship was quickly established between the two; they agreed to live together, sharing expenses, and began to give a series of sumptuous banquets, at which they found the cards marvellously profitable.

But the greatest prosperity is not always the most lasting. Lavish expenditure such as theirs begins to be felt when the luck changes, and the chevalier soon had to call his genius to aid him in maintaining his honourable reputation. Rejecting Matta's suggestion of retrenchment and reforms as contrary to the honour of France, Grammont laid before him the better way. He proposed to invite Count de Caméran, a wealthy and eager player, to supper on the following evening. Matta objected their present straits.

"Have you not a grain of imagination?" continued the chevalier. "Order a supper of the best. He will pay. But listen first to the simple precautions which I mean to take. You command the Guards, don't you? Well, have fifteen or twenty men, under your Sergeant Laplace, lying in some quiet place between here and headquarters."

"Great heavens!" cried Matta. "An ambush? You mean to rob the unhappy man? I cannot go so far as that!"

"Poor simpleton that you are!" was the reply. "Look fairly at the facts. There is every appearance that we shall gain his money. The Piedmontese, such as he is, are honest enough, but are by nature absurdly suspicious. He commands the cavalry. Well, you are a man who cannot rule your tongue, and it is ten to one that some of your jests will make him anxious. If he were to take into his head that he was being cheated, what might not happen? He usually has eight or ten mounted men attending him, and we must guard against his natural resentment at losing."

"Give me your hand, dear chevalier," said Matta, "and forgive me for having doubted you. How wonderful you are! It had never occurred to me before that a player at the card table should be backed by a detachment of infantry outside."

The supper passed most agreeably. The chevalier kept his guest in continual merriment, and Caméran's ardour was divided between the good cheer on the table and the play that was to follow. Meanwhile, the trusty Laplace drew up his men in the darkness.

De Grammont steeled his heart against sentimental weakness; and Matta went to sleep in an easy chair. Play began for small sums, but rose to higher stakes; and presently Matta was awakened by the loud indignation of their guest to find the cards flying through the air.

"Play no more, my poor count!" cried Matta, laughing at his transports of rage. "Don't hope for a change of luck!"

Caméran insisted, however, and Matta was again aroused by a more furious storm. "Stop playing!" he shouted. "Don't I tell you it is impossible that you should win? We are cheating you!"

The Chevalier de Grammont, all the more annoyed at this ill placed jest because it had a certain appearance of truth, rebuked Matta for his rude gaiety; but the losing player, reassured by Matta's frankness, refused to be offended by him, and turned again to deal the cards. Caméran lost fifteen hundred pistoles and paid them the next morning. Matta, severely reprimanded for his dangerous impertinence, confessed that a brush between the forces outside would have been a diverting conclusion to the evening.

II—A Complete Education

"TELL me the story of your education," said Matta one evening, as the intimacy of the two friends advanced. "The most trifling particulars of a life like yours are worth knowing."

"I was sent to college," replied the Count, "with a view to the Church, but as I had other views, I profited ittle. I was so fond of gaming that my teachers lost their Latin in trying to teach it to me. Old Brinon, who accompanied me as servant and governor, threatened me with my mother's anger, but I rarely listened. But when I left college they considered that I knew enough for the living which my brother had procured for me.

"He had just married the niece of the great Richelieu, to whom he wished to present me. I arrived in Paris and, after enjoying for a few days the run of the town, I put on a cassock to appear at court in a clerical character. But my hair was well powdered and dressed, my white boots and gilt spurs showed below, and the cardinal was offended at what he took to be a slight on the tonsure.

"The costume, a compromise between Rome and the army, delighted the court, but my brother pointed out that the time had come to choose between them. 'On the one hand,' he said, 'by declaring for the Church you may have great possessions and a life of idleness; on the other hand, a soldier's life offers you slende pay, broken arms and legs, the court's ingratitude, and at length, perhaps, the rank of camp marshal, with a glass eye and a wooden leg. Choose.'

"'I very well know,' I replied, 'that these two careers cannot be compared as regards the comfort and convenience of life; but since it is our duty to seek salvation first of all, I will renounce the Church that I may save my soul—always on the understanding that I may keep my benefice.' Neither my brother's remonstrances nor his authority could shake my resolution, and I had even to go without my benefice.

"My mother, who hoped that I should be a saint in the Church, but feared that in the world I should become a devil, or be killed in battle, was at first inconsolable. But after I had somewhat acquired the manners of the court and of society she idolised me, and kept me with her as long as possible. At last the time came for my departure to the war, and the faithful Brinon undertook to be responsible for my morals and welfare, as well as for my safety on the field.

"Brinon and I fell out very soon. He had been entrusted with four hundred pistoles for my charges, and I naturally wanted to have them. Brinon refused to part with the money, and I was compelled to take it by force. From this point my spirits rose exceedingly.

"At last we reached Lyons. Two soldiers stopped us at the gate to take us to the governor, and I ordered one of them to guide me to the best hotel, while the other should take Brinon before the governor to give an account of my journey and purpose. There is as good entertainment in Lyons as in Paris, but, as usual, my soldier led me to the house of one of his friends, praising it as the haunt of the best company. We came thither, and I was left in the hands of the landlord, who was Swiss by race, poisoner by profession and robber by custom.

"Presently Brinon arrived, angrier than an aged monkey and, finding me preparing to go down to the company below, assured me that there were none in the house but a dozen noisy gamblers, playing cards and dice. My money began to tingle in my pocket from the moment when Brinon spoke of the cards.

"The public room below was crowded with the astonishing figures. Here were German and Swiss chapmen playing backgammon with the manners of cattle. One especially was pointed out to me by my host as a horse dealer from Basel, who was willing to play high and was always ready to pay his losses. This was sufficient. I immediately proposed to ruin that horse-dealer. I stood behind him and studied his play, which was inconceivably bad.

"We dined side by side, and when the worst meal I have ever taken was finished everyone disappeared, with the exception of my Swiss and the landlord. After a little conversation I proposed a game, and, apologising for the great liberty he was taking, the horse dealer consented. I won. The play continued in my favour until the little Swiss, having passed over the stakes, apologised again and would have retired. That, however, was not what I wanted. I offered to stake all my winnings in one throw. He made a good deal of difficulty over it, but at last consented, and won. I was annoyed, and staked again. Again he won. There was no more bad play now. Throw after throw went in his favour, until all my money was gone. Then he rose, apologetic as ever, wished me good-night and left the house. Thus my education was completed."

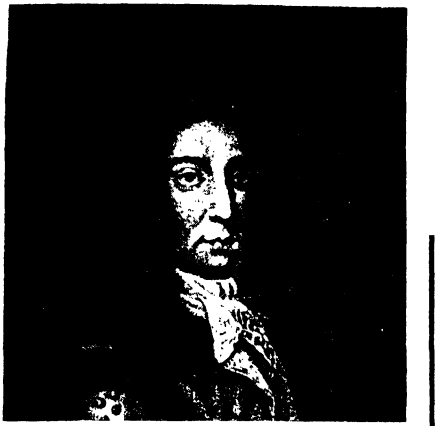
"But what did you do then?" Matta inquired.

"Brinon hadn't given me all the money."

III—The Restoration Court

THE Chevalier de Grammont had visited England at the time when that proud nation lay under Cromwell's yoke and all was sad and serious. But he found a very different scene the next time he crossed the Channel. The joy of the Restoration was everywhere.

He arrived about two years after Charles II had ascended the throne, and his welcome at the English court mitigated his sorrows at leaving France. It was indeed a happy retreat for an exile of his character. Accustomed as he was to the grandeur of the French court, he was surprised at the refinement and majesty of that of England. The king was second to none in bodily or in mental graces, his temperament was agreeable and familiar.



PHILIBERT, COUNT DE GRAMMONT



COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON

From the paintings by Harding

Capable of everything when affairs of state were urgent, he was unable to apply himself in times of ease; his heart was often the dupe, and oftener still the slave, of his affections. The Duke of York was of a different character. His courage was reputed indomitable, his word inviolable, and his economy, pride and industry were praised by all.

The Duke of Ormonde enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his royal master. The magnitude of his services, his high birth and personal merit, and the sacrifices which he had made in following the fortunes of Charles II justified his elevation to be master of the king's household, first gentleman of the chamber, and governor of Ireland. The Duke of Buckingham and the Count of St. Albans were in England what they had been in France; the former, spirited and fiery, dissipating ingloriously his immense possessions; the other, without notable talent, having risen from indigence to a considerable fortune, which his losses at play and abundant hospitality seemed only to increase.

Lord Berkeley, who later became Lord Falmouth, was the king's confidant and favourite, though a man of no great gifts, either physical or intellectual; but the native nobility of his mind was shown in an unprecedented disinterestedness, so that he cared for nothing but the glory of his master.

The eldest of the Hamiltons was the best dressed man at court. He was handsome, and had those happy talents which lead to fortune and to the victories of love. He was the most assiduous and polished of courtiers; no one danced or flirted more gracefully. The handsome Sydney, less dangerous than he seemed, had too little vivacity to make good the promise of his features.

Strangely enough, it was on the little Jermyn, nephew and adopted son of the aged St. Albans, that all good fortunes showered. Backed by his uncle's wealth, he had made a brave show at the court of the Princess of Orange and, as is so often the case, magnificent equipments had made a way for love. True, he was a courageous and well-bred man, but his personal attractions were slight; he was small, with a big head and short legs, and though his features were not disagreeable, his gait and manner were affected. His wit was limited to a few expressions, which he used indiscriminately; yet on these poor advantages was founded a formidable success in gallantry.

Such were the heroes of the court. As for the beauties, one could not turn without seeing some of them. Those of greatest repute were Lady Castlemaine (later Duchess of Cleveland), Lady Chesterfield, Lady Shrewsbury, with a hundred other stars of this shining constellation; but Miss Hamilton and Miss Stewart outshone them all. The new queen added but little to its brilliancy, either personally or by the members of her suite.

Into this society, then, the Chevalier de Grammont entered. He was familiar with everyone, enjoyed everything, praised everything. With his natural complacency he delighted the whole of England.

At first he paid court to the king, with whom he found favour. He played high, and rarely lost. He was soon in so much request that his presence at a dinner or reception had to be secured eight or ten days beforehand. These unintermitted social duties wearied him, but he acceded to them as inevitable, keeping himself free, however, for supper at home. The hour of these exquisite little suppers was irregular, because it depended on the course of play. The company was small but well chosen. The pick of the courtiers accepted his invitations, and the celebrated Saint-Evremond, a fellow-exile, was always of the party. De Grammont was his hero, and Saint-Evremond used to make prudent little lectures on his friend's weakness.

"Here you are," he would say, "in the most agreeable and fortunate circumstances which a man of your honour could find. You are the delight of a youthful, lively and gallant court. You play every night to morning, without knowing what it is to lose. You spend lavishly, but your fortune is multiplying itself beyond your wildest dreams. My dear Chevalier, leave well alone. Don't renew your ancient follies. Keep to your gaming; amass money; do not interfere with love." And de Grammont would laugh at his mentor as the 'Cato of Normandy.'

IV—The Chevalier's Marriage

The Hamilton family lived next to court, in a large house where the most distinguished people in London, and among them the Chevalier de Grammont, were to be found daily. Everyone agreed that Miss Hamilton deserved a sincere and worthy attachment; her birth was of the highest and her charms were universally acknowledged. Her figure was beautiful, every movement was gracious, and the ladies of the court were led by her taste in dress and in coiffure. Affecting neither vivacity nor deliberation in speech, she said as much as was needed, and no more. After seeing her, the Chevalier wasted no more time elsewhere.

The English court was at this time seething with amorous intrigues, and the Chevalier and his friends were involved in many a risky adventure. The days were spent in hunting, the nights in dancing and at play. One of the most splendid masquerades was devised by the queen herself. In this spectacle, each dancer was to represent a particular nation; and you may imagine that the tailors and dressmakers were kept busy for many days. During these preparations, Miss Hamilton took a fancy to ridicule two very pushing ladies of the court.

Lady Muskerry, like most great heiresses, was without physical endowments. She was short, stout and lame, and her features were disagreeable; but she was the victim of a passion for dress and for dancing. The queen, in her kindness to the public, never omitted to make Lady Muskerry dance at a court ball; but it was impossible to introduce her into a superb pageant such as the projected masquerade.

To this lady, then, when the queen was sending her invitations, Miss Hamilton addressed a fac-simile note, commanding her attendance in the character of a Babylonian; and to another, a Miss Blague, who was extremely blonde with a most insipid tint, she sent several yards of the palest yellow ribbon, requesting her to wear it in her hair. The jest, which succeeded admirably, was characteristic of Miss Hamilton's playful disposition.

During a season at Tunbridge Wells, and another at Bath, the brilliant Chevalier, admired by all and more successful than ever at play, prosecuted his suit. Then, almost all the merry courtier-lovers fell at once into the bonds of marriage. The beautiful Miss Stewart married the Duke of Richmond; the invincible little Jermyn fell to a conceited lady from the provinces; Lord Rochester took a melancholy heiress; George Hamilton married the lovely Miss Jennings; and, lastly, the Chevalier de Grammont, as the reward of a constancy which he had never shown before, and which he has never practised since, became the possessor of the charming Miss Hamilton

JAMES MACPHERSON

OSSIAN

IN 1760 Macpherson published a volume entitled Fragments of Ancient Poetry Collected in the Highlands. This book excited much attention, and a subscription was raised to enable the editor to collect more of these poems. As a result of this mission two further volumes appeared, Fingal in 1762 and Temora in 1763, both being described as composed by Ossian, son of Fingal, and translated from the Gaelic. No ancient or modern work in the history of literature has excited such wild admiration and such profound contempt as these. Dr. Johnson said of Macpherson: 'He has found names and stories and phrases, nay, passages in old songs, and with them has blended his own compositions, and so made what he gives to the world as the translation of an ancient poem,' and this verdict is now confirmed by the best authorities. Nevertheless, Ossian is a work of considerable merit and great historic interest. It contains some fine passages of real poetry, and it has served to attract universal attention to the magnificent poetic traditions of Scotland and Ireland.

I—Carthon



A TALE of the times of old—the deeds of days of other years!

Who comes from the land of strangers, with his thousands around him? The sunbeam pours its bright stream before him; his hair meets the wind of his hills. His face is settled from war. He is calm as the evening beam that looks, from the cloud of the west, on Cona's silent vale. Who is it but Fingal, the king of mighty deeds! The feast is spread around; the night passed away in joy.

"Tell," said the mighty Fingal to Clessammor, "the tale of thy youthful days. Let us hear the sorrow of thy youth, and the darkness of thy days."

"It was in the days of peace," replied the great Clessammor. "I came in my bounding ship to Balclutha's walls of towers. Three days I remained in Reuthamir's halls, and saw his daughter—that beam of light. Her eyes were like stars of night. My love for Moina was great; my heart poured forth in joy.

"The son of a stranger came—a chief who loved the white-bosomed Moina. The strength of his pride arose. We fought; he fell beneath my sword. The banks of Clutha heard his fall, a thousand spears glittered around. I fought; the strangers prevailed. I plunged into the stream of Clutha. My white sails rose over the waves, and I bounded on the dark blue sea. Moina came to the shore, her loose hair flew on the wind; and I heard her mournful, distant cries. Often did I turn my ship, but the winds of the east prevailed. Nor Clutha ever since have I seen, nor Moina of the dark brown hair. She fell in Balclutha, for I have seen her ghost. I knew her as she came through the dusky night, along the murmur of Lora. She was like the new moon seen through the gathered mist, when the sky pours down its flaky snow and the world is silent and dark."

"Raise, ye bards," said the mighty Fingal, "the praise of unhappy Moina."

The night passed away in song; morning returned in joy. The mountains showed their grey heads; the blue face of ocean smiled. But as the sun rose on the sea Fingal and his heroes beheld a distant fleet. Like a mist on the ocean came the strange ships and discharged their youth upon the coast. Carthon, their chief, was among them, like the stag in the midst of the herd. He was a king of spears, and as he moved towards Selma his thousands moved behind him.

"Go, with a song of peace," said Fingal. "Go, Ullin, to the king of spears. Tell him that the ghosts of our foes are many; but renowned are they who have feasted in my halls!"

When Ullin came to the mighty Carthon, he raised the song of peace.

"Come to the feast of Fingal, Carthon, from the rolling sea! Partake of the feast of the king, or lift the spear of war! Be-

hold that field, O Carthon. Many a green hill rises there, with mossy stones and rustling grass. These are the tombs of Fingal's foes, the sons of the rolling sea!"

"Dost thou speak to the weak in arms," said Carthon, "bard of the woody Morven? Have not I seen the fallen of Balclutha? And shall I feast with Fingal, the son of Comhal, who threw his fire in the midst of my father's hall? I was young, and knew not the cause why the virgins wept. But when the years of my youth came on, I beheld the moss of my fallen walls: my sigh arose with the morning and my tears descended with night. Shall I not fight, I said to my soul, against the children of my foes? And I will fight, O bard! I feel the strength of my soul."

His people gathered round the hero and drew their shining swords. The spear trembled in his hand. Bending forward, he seemed to threaten the king.

"Who of my chiefs," said Fingal, "will meet the son of the rolling sea? Many are his warriors on the coast, and strong is his ashen spear."

Cathul rose in his strength, the son of the mighty Lormar. Three hundred youths attend the chief, the race of his native streams. Feeble was his arm against Carthon; he fell, and his heroes fled. Connal resumed the battle, but he broke his heavy spear; he lay bound on the field; Carthon pursued his people.

"Clessammor," said the king of Morven, "where is the spear of my strength? Wilt thou behold Connal bound?"

Clessammor rose in the strength of his steel, shaking his grizzly locks. He fitted the shield to his side; he rushed in the pride of valour.

Carthon saw the hero rushing on and loved the dreadful joy of his face; his strength, in the locks of age!

"Stately are his steps of age," he said. "Lovely the remnant of his years! Perhaps it is the husband of Moina, the father of car-borne Carthon. Often have I heard that he dwelt at the echoing stream of Lora."

Such were his words, when Clessammor came and lifted high his spear. The youth received it on his shield, and spoke the words of peace.

"Warrior of the aged locks! Hast thou no son to raise the shield before his father to meet the arm of youth? What will be the fame of my sword shouldst thou fall?"

"It will be great, thou son of pride!" began the tall Clessammor. "I have been renowned in battle, but I never told my name to a foe. Yield to me, son of the wave; then shalt thou know that the mark of my sword is in many a field."

"I never yield, king of spears!" replied the noble pride of Carthon. "Retire among thy friends! Let younger heroes fight."

"Why dost thou wound my soul?" replied Clessammor, with a tear. "Age does not tremble on my hand; I still can lift the sword. Son of the sea, I never fled! Exalt thy pointed spear!"

They fought, like two contending winds that strive to roll the wave. Carthon bade his spear to err; he still thought that the foe was the spouse of Moina. He broke Clessammor's beamy spear in twain; he seized his shining sword. But as Carthon was binding the chief, the chief drew the dagger of his fathers. He saw the foe's uncovered side and opened there a wound.

Fingal saw Clessammor low; he moved in the sound of his steel. The host stood silent in his presence; they turned their eyes to the king. He came, like the sullen noise of a storm before the winds arise. Carthon stood in his place; the blood is rushing down his side; he saw the coming down of the king. Pale was his cheek; his hair flew loose, his helmet shook on high. The force of Carthon failed, but his soul was strong.

"King of Morven," Carthon said, "I fall in the midst of my course. But raise my remembrance on the banks of Lora, where my father dwelt. Perhaps the husband of Moina will mourn over his fallen Carthon."

His words reached Clessammor. He fell, in silence, on his son. The host stood darkened around; no voice is on the plain. Night came; the moon from the east looked on the mournful field; but still they stood, like a silent grove that lifts its head on Gormal, when the loud winds are laid and dark autumn is on the plain; and then they died.

Fingal was sad for Carthon; he commanded his bards to sing the hero's praise. Ossian joined them, and this was his song:

"My soul has been mournful for Carthon; he fell in the days of his youth. And thou, O Clessammor, where is thy dwelling in the wind? Has the youth forgot his wound? Flies he on clouds with thee? Perhaps they may come to my dreams. I think I hear a feeble voice! The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon. I feel it warm around.

"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun, thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult thee, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely. It is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey."

II—Darthula

DAUGHTER of heaven, fair art thou! The silence of thy face is pleasant! Thou comest forth in loveliness. Nathos is on the deep, and Althos, that beam of youth. Ardan is near his brothers. They move in the gloom of their course. The sons of Usnoth move in darkness, from the wrath of Cairbar of Erin. Who is that, dim, by their side? The night has covered her beauty! Who is it but Darthula, the first of Erin's maids? She has fled from the love of Cairbar, with blue-shielded Nathos. But the winds deceive thee, O Darthula! They deny the woody Etha to thy sails. These are not the mountains of Nathos; nor is that the roar of his climbing waves. The halls of Cairbar are near; the towers of the foe lift their heads! Erin stretches its green head into the sea. Tura's bay receives the ship. Where have ye been, ye southern winds, when the sons of my love were deceived? But ye have been sporting on plains, pursuing the thistle's beard. Oh that ye had been rustling in the sails of Nathos till the hills of Etha arose in their clouds and saw their returning chief!

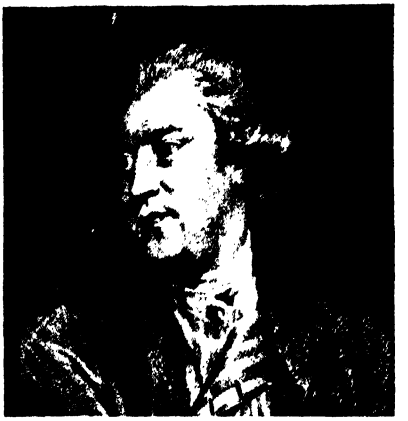
Long hast thou been absent, Nathos—the day of thy return is past! Lovely thou wast in the eyes of Darthula. Thy soul was generous and mild, like the hour of the setting sun. But when the rage of battle rose, thou wast at sea in a storm. The clang of thy arms was terrible; the host vanished at the sound of thy course. It was then Darthula beheld thee from the top of her mossy tower; from the tower of Selama, where her fathers dwelt.

"Lovely art thou, O stranger!" she said, for her trembling soul arose. "Fair art thou in thy battles, friend of the fallen Cormac! Why dost thou rush on in thy valour, youth of the ruddy look? Few are thy hands in fight against the dark-browed Cairbar! Oh that I might be freed from his love to rejoice in the presence of Nathos!"

Such were thy words, Darthula, in Selama's mossy towers. But now the night is around thee. The winds have deceived thy sails, Darthula! Cease a little while, O north wind! Let me hear the voice of the lovely. Thy voice is lovely, Darthula, between the rustling blasts!

"Are these the rocks of Nathos?" she said. "This the roar of his mountain streams? Comes that beam of light from Usnoth's mighty hall? The mist spreads around; the beam is feeble and distant far. But the light of Darthula's soul dwells in the chief of Etha! Are we in the land of strangers, chief of echoing Etha?"

"These are not the rocks of Nathos," he replied, "nor this the roar of his streams. We are in the land of strangers, in the land of cruel Cairbar. The winds have deceived us, Darthula. Erin lifts here her hills. Go towards the north, Althos; be thy steps, Ardan, along the coast; that the foe may



JAMES MACPHERSON was born at Ruthven, Inverness shire, October 27, 1736, the son of a farmer, and educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh universities. He composed a great deal of verse while at college, but none of it was successful. After experience as a bookseller's assistant and a tutor, he brought out Fragments of Ancient Poetry in 1760, followed by Fingal in 1762 and Temora in 1763. In 1764 Macpherson was employed by the government as a political writer, and also took up historical literature. In 1779 he was appointed agent to the Nabob of Arcot, and was M.P. for Camelford, Cornwall, from 1780 to 1790. He died in Scotland, February 17, 1790.

not come in darkness and our hopes of Etha fail. I will go towards that mossy tower to see who dwells about the beam."

He went. She sat alone, the big tear in her eye. She looked for returning Nathos.

He returned, but his face was dark.

"Why art thou sad, O Nathos?" said the lovely daughter of Colla.

"We are in the land of foes," replied the hero. "The winds have deceived us, Darthula! The strength of our friends is not near, nor the mountains of Etha. Where shall I find thy peace, daughter of mighty Colla? But the brothers of Nathos are brave and his own sword has shone in fight! The sons of Usnoth may prevail!"

"And they will prevail, O Nathos!" said the rising soul of the maid. "Never shall Darthula behold the halls of gloomy Cairbar. Give me those arms of brass, that glitter to the passing meteor. I see them dimly in the dark-bosomed ship. Darthula will enter the battle of steel."

Joy rose in the face of Nathos when he heard the white-bosomed maid. He looks towards the coming of Cairbar. The wind is rustling in his hair. Darthula is silent at his side. Her look is fixed on the chief. She strives to hide the rising sigh.

Morning rose with its beams. The sons of Erin appear, like grey rocks, with all their trees; they spread along the coast. Cairbar stood in the midst. Nathos rushed forward in his strength; nor could Darthula stay behind. She came with the hero, lifting her shining spear.

"Come," said Nathos to Cairbar—"come, chief of high Temora! Let our battle be on the coast, for the white-bosomed maid. His people are not with Nathos; they are behind these rolling seas. Why dost thou bring thy thousands against the chief of Etha?"

"Youth of the heart of pride," replied Cairbar, "shall Erin's king fight with thee? Cairbar does not fight with feeble men!"

The tear started from car-borne Nathos. He turned his eyes to his brothers. Their spears flew at once. Three heroes lay on earth. Then the light of their swords gleamed on high. The ranks of Erin yield, as dark clouds before a blast of wind!

THEN Cairbar ordered his people, and they drew a thousand bows. A thousand arrows flew. The sons of Usnoth fell.

Darthula stood in silent grief and beheld their fall! Pale was her cheek. Her trembling lips broke short a half-formed word. Her breast of snow appeared. It appeared; but it was stained with blood. An arrow was fixed in her side. She fell on the fallen Nathos, like a wreath of snow!

"Daughter of Colla—thou art low!" said Cairbar's hundred bards. "When wilt thou rise in thy beauty, first of Erin's maids? Thy sleep is long in the tomb. The sun shall not come to thy bed and say, 'Awake, Darthula! Awake thou first of women! The wind of spring is abroad. The flowers shake their heads on the green hills. The winds wave their growing leaves.' Retire, O sun, the daughter of Colla is asleep! She will not come forth in her beauty. She will not move in the steps of her loveliness!"

Such was the song of the bards when they raised the tomb. I, too, sang over the grave when the king of Morven came to green Erin to fight with the car-borne Cairbar!

CHARLES READE

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

FULL of learning, of pictorial truthfulness, of shrewd reflection and of happy touches, The Cloister and the Hearth, a Tale of the Middle Ages is by common consent the greatest of all Charles Reade's stories. A portion of it originally appeared in Once a Week under the title of A Good Fight, and its publication greatly increased the circulation of that periodical. During the next two or three years Reade, recognizing its romantic possibilities, expanded it to its present length. As a picture of the manners and customs of the fifteenth century it is almost unsurpassable; yet pervading the whole is the strong, clear atmosphere of romantic drama never allowing the somewhat ample descriptions to predominate over the thrilling interest with which the story is charged. Sir Walter Besant regarded it as the greatest historical novel in the language. Swinburne declared that 'a story better conceived, better constructed or better related it would be difficult to find anywhere.' Many editions of The Cloister and the Hearth are procurable.

I—Gerard Falls in Love



IT was past the middle of the fifteenth century when our tale begins.

Elias and Catherine his wife lived in the little town of Tergou, in Holland. He traded, wholesale and retail, in cloth and curried leather, and the couple were well to do. Nine children were born to them; four of these were set up in trade, one, Giles, was a dwarf, another, little Catherine, was a cripple. Cornelis, the eldest, and Sybrandt, the youngest, lived at home, too lazy to work, waiting for dead men's shoes.

There remained young Gerard, a son apart and distinct, destined for the Church. The monks taught him penmanship, and continued to teach him, until one day, in the middle of a lesson, they discovered he was teaching them. Then Gerard took to illuminating on vellum, and in this he was helped by an old lady, Margaret van Eyck, sister of the famous brothers van Eyck, who had come to end her days near Tergou.

When Philip the Good, Count of Flanders, for the encouragement of the arts, offered prizes for the best specimens of painting on glass and illumination on vellum, Gerard decided to compete. He sent in his specimens, and his mother furnished him with a crown to go to Rotterdam and see the work of his competitors and the prize distribution. Gerard would soon be a priest, she argued; it seemed hard if he might not enjoy the world a little before separating himself from it for life.

It was on the road to Rotterdam, within a league of the city, that Gerard found an old man sitting by the roadside, quite worn out, and a comely young woman holding his hand. The old man wore a gown and a fur tippet and a velvety cap—sure signs of dignity; but the gown was rusty and the fur old—sure signs of poverty. The young woman was dressed in plain russet cloth, yet snow-white lawn covered her neck.

"Father, I fear you are tired," said Gerard, bashfully.

"Indeed, my son, I am," replied the old man; "and faint for lack of food."

The girl whispered, "Father, a stranger—a young man!" But Gerard, with simplicity, and as a matter of course, was already gathering sticks for a fire. This done, he took down his wallet and brought out his tinder-box and an iron flask his careful mother had put in.

Ghysbrecht van Swieten, the burgomaster of Tergou, an old man redolent of wealth, came riding by while Gerard was preparing a meal of soup and bread by the roadside. He reined in his steed and spoke uneasily. "Why, Peter—Margaret—what mummery is this?" Then, seeing Gerard, he cast a look of suspicion on Margaret and rode on. The wayfarers did not know that more than half the wealth of the

burgomaster belonged to old Peter Brandt, now dependent on Gerard for his soup; but Ghysbrecht knew it, and carried it in his heart, a scorpion of remorse that was not penitence.

From that hour Gerard was in love with Margaret, and now began a pretty trouble. For at Rotterdam, thanks to a letter from Margaret van Eyck, Gerard won the favour of the Princess Marie, who, hearing that he was to be a priest, promised him a benefice. And yet no sooner was Gerard returned home to Tergou than he must needs go seeking Margaret, who lived alone with her father, old Peter Brandt, at Sevenbergen. Ghysbrecht's one fear was that if Gerard married Margaret the youth would sooner or later get to hear about certain documents in the burgomaster's possession, documents which established Brandt's right to lands held by the burgomaster, and which old Peter had long forgotten.

So Ghysbrecht went to Eli and Catherine and showed them a picture Gerard had made of Margaret Brandt, and said that if Eli ordered it his son should be locked up until he came to his senses. Henceforth there was no longer any peace in the little house at Tergou, and at last Eli declared before the whole family that he had ordered the burgomaster to imprison his son Gerard in the Stadthouse rather than let him marry Margaret.

Gerard turned pale at this, and his father went on to say, "and a priest you shall be, my son, before this year is out, willy-nilly."

"Is it so?" cried Gerard. "Then hear me all. By God and St. Bavon, I swear I will never be a priest while Margaret lives. Since force is to decide it, and not love and duty, try force, father. And the day I see the burgomaster come for me I leave Tergou for ever, and Holland too, and my father's house, where it seems I am valued only for what is to be got out of me."

And he flung out of the room, white with anger and desperation.

"There!" cried Catherine. "That comes of driving young folk too hard. Now, heaven forbid he should ever leave us, married or single."

Gerard went to his good friend Margaret van Eyck, who advised him to go to Italy, where painters were honoured like princes, and to take the girl he loved with him. Ten golden angels she gave him besides to take him to Rome.

GERARD decided to marry Margaret Brandt at once, and a day or two later they stood before the altar of Sevenbergen Church. But the ceremony was never concluded, although Gerard got a certificate from the priest, for Ghysbrecht getting wind of what was afoot, sent his servants, who stopped the marriage and carried Gerard off to the burgomaster's prison. In the room where he was confined were various documents, which the prisoner got hold of.

Gerard escaped from the prison and, vowing he had done with Tergou, bade farewell to Margaret and set off for Italy. Once across the frontier in Germany he was safe from Ghysbrecht's malice. He also had the piece of parchment which gave certain lands to Peter Brandt, hitherto held by Ghysbrecht.

II—To Rome

IT is likely Gerard would never have reached Rome but for his faithful comrade Denys, a soldier making his way home to Burgundy, whom he met early on the road. Gerard, at first, was for going on alone, but Denys would not be refused.

"You will find me a dull companion, for my heart is very heavy," said Gerard.

"I'll cheer you, *mon gars*."

"I think you would," said Gerard sweetly; "and sore need have I of a kindly voice in mine ear this day."

"Oh, no soul is sad alongside me. I lift up their poor little hearts with my consigne; '*Courage, tout le monde, le diable est mort.*' Ha! ha!"

"So be it, then," said Gerard. "We will go together as far as the Rhine, and God go with us both!"

"Amen!" said Denys, and lifted his cap.

The pair trudged manfully on, and Denys enlivened the weary way. He chattered about battles and sieges, and things which were new to Gerard; and he was one of

those who *make* little incidents wherever they go.

He passed nobody without addressing him. "They don't understand it, but it wakes them up," said he.

But the time came for parting and Denys, with a letter from Gerard to Margaret Brandt, reached Tergou and found Eli and Catherine and gave them news of their son.

"Many a weary league we trod together," said Denys. "Never were truer comrades; never will be while earth shall last. First I left my route a bit to be with him, then he his to be with me. We talked of Sevenbergen and Tergou a thousand times, and of all in this house. We had our troubles on the road, but battling them together made them light. I saved his life from a bear, he mine in the Rhine; for he swims like a duck, and I like a hod o' bricks; and we saved one another's lives at an inn in Burgundy, where we two held a room for a good hour against seven cut-throats, and crippled one and slew two; and your son met the stoutest champion I ever encountered and spitted him like a sucking-pig, else I had not been here. And at our sad parting, soldier though I be, these eyes did rain salt, scalding tears, and so did his, poor soul. His last word to me was: 'Go, comfort Margaret!' So here I be. Mine to him was: 'Think no more of Rome. Make for Rhine, and down stream home.'"

MARGARET BRANDT had removed to Rotterdam, and there was no love lost between her and Catherine; but Gerard's letter drew them to a reconciliation, and from that day Catherine treated Margaret as her own daughter and made much of Gerard's child when it was born. Eli agreed with his son Richart, now a wealthy merchant, that Gerard must be bidden return home on the instant, for they longed to see him, and since he was married to Margaret it were useless to carry on any further strife in the matter.

But Ghysbrecht, the burgomaster, knew by this time that Gerard had obtained the parchment relating to Peter Brandt's lands, and was anxious that Gerard should not return. Cornelis and Sybrandt were also against their brother and willing to aid the burgomaster in any diabolical adventure. So a letter was concocted and Margaret van Eyck's signature forged to it, and in this letter it was said that Margaret Brandt was dead.

In the meantime, Gerard had reached Rome. The ship he sailed in was wrecked off the coast between Naples and Rome and here Gerard was nearly drowned. He and a Dominican friar clung to a mast when the ship had struck. It was a terrible situation; one moment they saw nothing, and seemed down in a mere basin of watery hills; the next they caught glimpses of the shore speckled bright with people, who kept throwing up their arms to encourage them.

WHEN they had tumbled along thus a long time, suddenly the friar said quietly to Gerard: "I touched the ground."

"Impossible, father," said Gerard. "We are more than a hundred yards from shore. Prythee, leave not our faithful mast."

"My son," said the friar, "you speak prudently. But know that I have business of Holy Church on hand, and may not waste time floating when I can walk in her service. There, I felt it with my toes again! Thy stature is less than mine; keep to the mast; I walk."

He left the mast accordingly and, extending his powerful arms, rushed through the water. Gerard soon followed him. At each overpowering wave the monk stood like a tower and, closing his mouth, threw his head back to encounter it, then emerged and ploughed lustily on. At last they came close to the shore, and then the natives sent stout fishermen into the sea, holding by long spears, and so dragged them ashore.

The friar shook himself, bestowed a short paternal benediction on the natives and went on to Rome, without pausing.

Gerard grasped every hand upon the beach. They brought him to an enormous fire and fetched clothes for him to wear.

Next day Gerard—twice as old as last year, thrice as learned in human ways, a boy no more, but a serious man who had shed his blood in self-defence and grazed the grave by land and sea—reached the Eternal City.

III—The Cloister

GERARD stayed in Rome, worked hard and got money for his illuminations. He put by money of all he earned and Margaret seemed nearer and nearer. Then came the day when the forged letter reached him. "Know that Margaret Brandt died in these arms on Thursday night last. The last word on her lips was 'Gerard!' She said, 'Tell him I prayed for him at my last hour, and bid him pray for me.'" The letter was signed with Margaret van Eyck's signature, sure enough.

Gerard staggered against the window-sill and groaned when he read this. His senses failed him; he ran furiously about the streets for hours. Despair followed.

On the second day he was raving with fever on the brain, and on his recovery from the fever a dark cloud fell on Gerard's noble mind. Fra Jerome, the same Dominican friar who had escaped from the wreck with him, exhorted him to turn and consecrate his gifts to the Church.

"Malediction on the Church!" cried Gerard. "But for the Church I should not lie broken here, and she lie cold in Holland." Fra Jerome left him at this.

Gerard's pure and unrivalled love for Margaret had been his polar star. It was quenched and he drifted on the gloomy sea of no hope. He rushed fiercely into pleasure, and in those days, more than now, pleasure was vice. The large sums he had put by for Margaret gave him ample means for debauchery and he sought for a moment's oblivion in the excitements of the hour. "Ghysbrecht lives; Margaret dies!" he would cry out. "Curse life, curse death, and whosoever made them what they are!"

His heart deteriorated along with his morals and he no longer had patience for his arts, as the habits of pleasure grew on him.

Then life itself became intolerable to Gerard and one night, in resolute despair, he flung himself into the river. But he was not allowed to drown, and was carried, all unconscious, to the Dominican convent. Gerard awoke to find Father Jerome by his bedside.

"Good Father Jerome, how came I hither?" he inquired.

"By the hand of Heaven! You flung away God's gift. He bestowed it on you again. Think of it! Hast tried the world and found its gall. Now try the Church! The Church is peace. *Pax vobiscum!*"

Gerard learnt that the man who had saved him from drowning was a professional assassin. Saved from death by an assassin!

Was not this the finger of Heaven—of that Heaven he had insulted, cursed and defied?

He shuddered at his blasphemies. He tried to pray, but found he could only utter prayers, and could not pray.

"I am doomed eternally!" he cried. "Doomed, doomed!" Then rose the voices of the choir chanting a full service. Among them was one that seemed to hover above the others—a boy's voice, full, pure, angelic.

He closed his eyes and listened. The days of his own boyhood flowed back upon him.

"Aye," he sighed, "the Church is peace of mind. Till I left her bosom I ne'er knew sorrow, nor sin."

And the poor, torn, worn creature wept; and soon was at the knees of a kind old friar, confessing his every sin with sighs and groans of penitence.

And, lo! Gerard could pray now, and he prayed with all his heart.

HE turned with terror and aversion from the world and begged passionately to remain in the convent. To him, convent nurtured, it was like a bird returning wounded, wearied, to its gentle nest. Upon a shorter probation than usual, he was admitted to priest's orders, and soon after took the monastic vows and became a friar of St. Dominic.

Dying to the world, the monk parted with the very name by which he had lived in it, and so broke the last link of association with earthly feelings. Here Gerard ended and Brother Clement began.

The zeal and accomplishments of Clement, especially his rare mastery of language, soon transpired, and he was destined to travel and preach in England, corresponding with the Roman centre.

It was rather more than twelve months later when Clement and Jerome set out for England. They reached Rotterdam, and here Jerome, impatient because his companion lingered on the way, took ship alone and advised Clement to stop awhile and preach to his own countrymen.

Clement was shocked and mortified at this contemptuous desertion. He promised to sleep at the convent and preach whenever the prior should appoint, and then withdrew abruptly. Shipwrecked with Jerome, and saved on the same fragment of the wreck; his pupil, and for four hundred miles his fellow-traveller in Christ; and to be shaken off like dirt at the first opportunity. "Why, worldly hearts are no colder nor less trusty than this," said he. "The only one that ever really loved me lies in a grave hard by at Sevenbergen, and I will go and pray over it."

IV—The Cloister and the Hearth

FRIAR CLEMENT, preaching in Rotterdam, saw Margaret in the church and recognized her. Within a day or two he learnt from the sexton, who had been in the burgomaster's service, the story of the trick that had been played upon him by his brothers, in league with Ghysbrecht.

That same night a Dominican friar, livid with rage, burst into the room where Eli and Catherine were collected with their family round the table at supper.

Standing in front of Cornelis and Sybrandt, he cursed them by name, soul and body, in this world and the next. Then he tore a letter out of his bosom and flung it down before his father.

"Read that, thou hard old man, that didst imprison thy son, read, and see what monsters thou hast brought into the world! The memory of my wrongs and hers dwell with you all for ever! I will meet you again at the Judgement Day; on earth ye will never see me more!"

And in a moment, as he had come, so he was gone, leaving them stiff and cold, and white as statues, round the smoking board.

Eli drove Cornelis and Sybrandt out of doors at the point of a sword when he understood their infamy, and heavy silence reigned in his house that night.

And where was Clement?

Lying at full length upon the floor of the convent church, with his lips upon the lowest step of the altar, in an indescribable state of terror, misery, penitence and self-abasement; through all which darkness struggled gleams of joy that Margaret was alive.

Then he suddenly remembered that he had committed another sin besides intemperate rage. He had neglected a dying man. He rose instantly and set out to repair the omission.

The house he was called to was none other than the Stadthouse, and the dying man was his old enemy Ghysbrecht, the burgomaster. Clement trembled a little as he entered, and said in a low voice '*Pax vobiscum.*' Ghysbrecht did not recognize Gerard in the Dominican friar, and promised to make full restitution to Margaret Brandt for the withholding of her property from her.

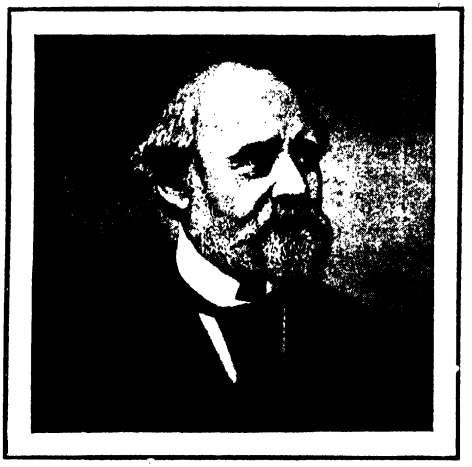
As soon as he was quite sure Margaret had her own, and was a rich woman, Friar Clement disappeared.

The hermit of Gouda had recently died, and Clement found his cell amidst the rocks and appropriated it. The news that he had been made vicar of Gouda never reached his ears to disturb him.

IT was Margaret who discovered Clement's hiding-place and sought him out, and begged him to leave the dismal hole he inhabited and come to the vacant vicarage.

"My beloved," said he, with a strange mixture of tenderness and dogged resolution, "I bless thee for giving me one more sight of thy sweet face, and may God forgive thee, and bless thee, for destroying in a minute the holy peace it hath taken six months of solitude to build. I am a priest, a monk, and though my heart break I must be firm. My poor Margaret, I seem cruel; yet I am kind; 'tis best we part; aye, this moment."

But Margaret went away and, determined to drive Clement from his hermitage, returned again with their child, whom she left in the cell in its owner's



CHARLES READE was born at Ipsden House, Oxfordshire, June 8, 1814. He was educated privately and at Oxford, being elected a fellow of Magdalen College in 1835. He originally contemplated taking up the law as a profession, and was called to the bar in 1843, but soon turned to literature. He began by writing plays, making his chief success with Masks and Faces in 1852, followed by The Lyons Mail, and Drink, adapted from Zola's L'Assommoir. In 1853 he found his true vocation as a novelist with Peg Wottington, his chief works in this direction being The Cloister and the Hearth, 1861; It's Never too Late to Mend, 1856; Hard Cash, 1863; and Foul Play, 1869. Reade died in London, April 11, 1884.

absence. Now, Clement was fond of children and, thinking the infant had been deserted by some unfortunate mother, he at once set to work to comfort it.

"Now bless thee, bless thee, sweet innocent! I would not change thee for e'en a cherub in heaven," said Clement. Soon the child was nestling in the hermit's arms, while Clement chanted a child's story in a sort of recitative. The boy listened with rapture and presently succumbed to sleep.

Clement began to rock his new treasure in his arms, and to croon over him a little lullaby well known in Tergou, with which his own mother had often set him off.

He sighed deeply, and could not help thinking what might have been but for a piece of paper with a lie in it.

The next moment the moonlight burst into his cell and with it, and in it, Margaret Brandt was down at his knee with a timorous hand upon his shoulder.

"Gerard, you do not reject us. You cannot."

The hermit stared from the child to her in throbbing amazement.

"Us?" he gasped at last.

Margaret was surprised in her turn.

"What!" she cried. "Doth not a father know his own child? Fie, Gerard, to pretend! 'Tis thine own flesh and blood thou holdest to thine heart."

Long they sat and talked that night, and the end of it was that Clement promised to leave his cave for the manse at Gouda. But once the new vicar was installed Margaret kept away from the parsonage. She left little Gerard there to complete the conquest her maternal heart ascribed to him, and contented her aching heart with stolen meetings with her child.

Then the new vicar of Gouda, his beard close shaved, and in a grey frock and large felt hat, came to bring her to the vicarage.

"My sweet Margaret!" he cried. "Why is this? Why hold you aloof from your own good deed? We have been waiting and waiting for you every day, and no Margaret."

And Margaret went to the manse and found Catherine, Clement's mother, there; and next day being Sunday the two women heard the vicar of Gouda preach in his own church. It was crammed with persons who came curious, but remained. Never was Clement's gift as a preacher displayed more powerfully. In a single sermon, which lasted two hours and seemed to last but twenty minutes, he declared the whole scripture.

The two women in a corner sat entranced, with streaming eyes. As soon as they were by themselves, Margaret threw her arms round Catherine's neck and kissed her.

"Mother, mother, I am not quite a happy woman, but oh! I am a proud one."

And she vowed on her knees never by word or deed to let her love come between this young saint and heaven.

THE child, who lived to become the great Erasmus, was already winning a famous name at school, when Margaret was stricken with the plague and died. A fortnight later and Clement left his vicarage and entered the Dominican convent to end life as he began it. A few days later and he, too, was dead, and they counted him a saint.

ROBERT BURTON

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

IN 1606 Robert Burton wrote a Latin comedy, Philosophaster, which was acted at Oxford in 1617, but the work by which he is remembered is The Anatomy of Melancholy, one of the most fascinating books in literature. First published in 1621, it ran through six editions in thirty years, brought an estate to the bookseller Cripps, and was continually revised by its author. It is an enormous compendium of sound sense, sly humour, universal erudition, medieval science, fantastic conceits and noble sentiments, arranged in the form of a methodical treatise and illustrated with numberless quotations from the wisdom of all the ages. Dr. Johnson said it was 'the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise,' and the works of Heywood, Fletcher, Milton, Sterne and Lamb also bear witness to its influence. The long preface, Democritus to the Reader, is one of the most interesting parts of the book. The Anatomy of Melancholy is published in three volumes of Bohn's Library.

I—Democritus Junior to the Reader



GENTLE reader, I presume thou wilt be very inquisitive to know what antick or personate actor this is that so insolently intrudes upon this common theatre to the world's view, arrogating another man's name; whence he is, why he doth it and what he hath to say. Seek not after that which is hid; if the contents please thee, suppose the man in the moon to be the author; I would not willingly be known.

I call myself Democritus, to assume a little more liberty of speech, or, if you will needs know, for that reason which Hippocrates relates, how, coming to visit him one day, he found Democritus in his garden at Abdera, under a shady bower, with a book on his knees, busy at his study, sometimes writing, sometimes walking.

The subject of his book was melancholy and madness. About him lay the carcasses of many several beasts, newly by him cut up and anatomised; not that he did contemn God's creatures, but to find out the seat of this black bile, or melancholy, and how it is engendered in men's bodies, to the intent he might better cure it in himself, and by his writings teach others how to avoid it; which good intent of his Democritus Junior is bold to imitate, and because he left it imperfect and it is now lost, to revive again, prosecute and finish in this treatise. I seek not applause; I fear good men's censures, and to their favourable acceptance I submit my labours. But as the barking of a dog I contemn those malicious and scurrile obloquies, flouts, calumnies of railers and detractors.

Of the necessity of what I have said, if any man doubt of it, I shall desire him to make a brief survey of the world, as Cyprian adviseth Donate; supposing himself to be transported to the top of some high mountain, and thence to behold the tumults and chances of this wavering world, he cannot choose but either laugh at, or pity it. St. Hierom, out of a strong imagination, being in the wilderness, conceived that he saw them dancing in Rome; and if thou shalt climb to see, thou shalt soon perceive that all the world is mad, that it is melancholy, dotes; that it is a common prison of gulls, cheats, flatterers, etc. and needs to be reformed. Kingdoms and provinces are melancholy; cities and families, all creatures vegetal, sensible and rational, all sorts, sects, ages, conditions, are out of tune; from the highest to the lowest have need of physic. Who is not brain-sick? Oh, giddy-headed age! Mad endeavours! Mad actions!

If Democritus were alive now, and should but see the superstition of our age, our religious madness, so many professed Christians, yet so few imitators of Christ, so much talk and so little conscience, so

many preachers and such little practice, such variety of sects—how dost thou think he might have been affected? What would he have said to see, hear and read so many bloody battles, such streams of blood able to turn mills, to make sport for princes, without any just cause? Men well proportioned, carefully brought up, able in body and mind, led like so many beasts to the slaughter in the flower of their years, without remorse and pity, killed for devils' food, 40,000 at once!

At once? That were tolerable; but these wars last always; and for many ages, nothing so familiar as this hacking and hewing, massacres, murders, desolations! Who made creatures, so peaceable, born to love, mercy, meekness, so to rave like beasts and run furiously to their own destruction?

How would our Democritus have been affected to see so many lawyers, advocates, so many tribunals, so little justice; so many laws, yet never more disorders; the tribunal a labyrinth; to see a lamb executed, a wolf pronounce sentence? What's the market but a place wherein they cozen one another, a trap? Nay, what's the world itself but a vast chaos, a theatre of hypocrisy, a shop of knavery, a scene of babbling, the academy of vice? A warfare, in which you must kill or be killed, wherein every man is for himself; no charity, love, friendship, fear of God, alliance, affinity, consanguinity, can contain them. Our goddess is Queen Money, to whom we daily offer sacrifice. It's not worth, virtue, wisdom, valour, learning, honesty, religion, for which we are respected, but money, greatness, office, honour.

All these things are easy to be discerned, but how would Democritus have been moved had he seen the secrets of our hearts! All the world is mad, and every member of it, and I can but wish myself and them a good physician, and all of us a better mind.

II—The Causes of Melancholy

THE impulsive cause of these miseries in man was the sin of our first parent, Adam; and this, belike, is that which our poets have shadowed unto us in the tale of Pandora's box, which, being opened through her curiosity, filled the world full of all manner of diseases. But as our sins are the principal cause, so the instrumental causes of our infirmities are as diverse as the infirmities themselves. Stars, heavens, elements and all those creatures which God hath made, are armed against sinners. But the greatest enemy to man is man, his own executioner, a wolf, a devil to himself and others.

Again, no man amongst us so sound that hath not some impediment of body or mind. There are diseases acute and chronic, first and secondary, lethal, salutary, errant, fixed, simple, compound, etc. Melancholy is the most eminent of the diseases of the phantasy or imagination; and dotage, phrensy, madness, hydrophobia, lycanthropy, St. Vitus's dance and ecstasy are forms of it.

Melancholy is either in disposition or habit. In disposition it is that transitory melancholy which comes and goes upon every small occasion of sorrow; we call him melancholy that is dull, sad, sour, lumpish, ill-disposed and solitary; and from these dispositions no man living is free; none so wise, patient, happy, generous or godly that can vindicate himself.

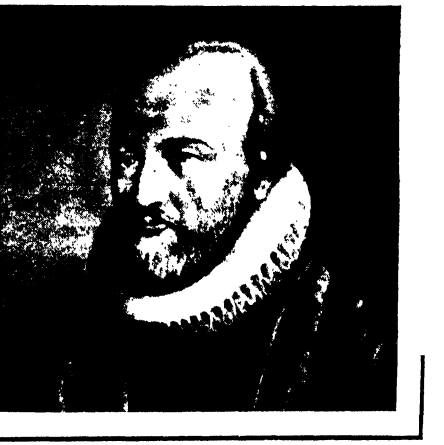
Melancholy is a cold and dry, thick, black and sour humour, purged from the spleen; it is a bridle to the other two hot humours, blood and choler, preserving them in the blood and nourishing the bones. Such as have the Moon, Saturn, Mercury, misaffected in their genitures; such as live in over-cold or over-hot climes; such as are solitary by nature; great students, given to much contemplation; such as lead a life out of action; all are most subject to melancholy.

Six things are much spoken of amongst physicians as principal causes of this disease; if a man be melancholy, he hath offended in one of the six. They are diet, air, exercise, sleeping, waking and perturbations of the mind.

Idleness, the badge of gentry, or want of exercise, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins,

and a sole cause of this and many other maladies, the devil's cushion and chief reposal, begets melancholy sooner than anything else. Such as live at ease, and have no ordinary employment to busy themselves about, cannot compose themselves to do aught; they cannot abide work, though it be necessary, easy, as to dress themselves, write a letter, or the like. He or she that is idle, be they never so rich, fortunate, happy, let them have all that heart can desire, they shall never be pleased, never well in body and mind, but weary still, sickly still, vexed still, loathing still, weeping, sighing, grieving, suspecting, offended with the world, with every object, wishing themselves gone or dead, or else carried away with some foolish phantasy or other.

Others, giving way to the passions and perturbations of fear, grief, shame, revenge, hatred, malice, etc. are torn in pieces, as Actaeon was with his dogs, and crucify their own souls. Every society and private family is full of envy; it takes hold of all sorts of men, from prince to ploughman; scarce three in a company, but there is siding, faction, emulation, between two of them, some jar, private grudge, heart-burning in the midst. You shall find scarce two great scholars in an age but with bitter invectives they fall foul one on the other. Being that we are so peevish and perverse, insolent and proud, so factious and seditious, malicious and envious, we do maul and vex one another, torture, disquiet and precipitate ourselves into that gulf of woes and cares, aggravate our misery and melancholy and heap upon us hell and eternal damnation.



ROBERT BURTON was born of an old family at Lindley, Leicestershire, February 8, 1577, and educated at Nuneaton Grammar School, Sutton Coldfield Free School, and Brasenose College, Oxford, and was elected a student at Christ Church in 1599. He took the degree of B.D. in 1614, and in 1616 was made vicar of St. Thomas's, Oxford. In 1630 he was appointed by Lord Berkeley rector of Segrave, Leicestershire, and he held both these livings till his death. Most of his life was spent, however, in his rooms at Christ Church, where he died January 25, 1640, being buried in the north aisle of Christ Church Cathedral.

III—The Cure of Melancholy

'It matters not,' saith Paracelsus, 'whether it be God or the devil, angels or unclean spirits, cure him, so that he be eased.' Some have recourse to witches; but much better were it for patients that are troubled with melancholy to endure a little misery in this life than to hazard their souls' health for ever. All unlawful cures are to be refused, and it remains to treat of those that are admitted.

These are such as God hath appointed, by virtue of stones, herbs, plants, meats and the like, which are prepared and applied to our use by the art and industry of physicians, God's intermediate ministers. We must begin with prayer and then use physic; not one without the other, but both together.

Diet must be rectified in substance and in quantity; air rectified; for there is much in choice of place and of chamber, in opportune opening and shutting of windows and in walking abroad at convenient times. Exercise must be rectified of body and mind. Hawking, hunting, fishing are good, especially the last, which is still and quiet, and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk and pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams.

But the most pleasant of all pastimes is to make a merry journey now and then with some good companions, to visit friends, see cities, castles, towns, to walk amongst orchards, gardens, bowers, to disport in some pleasant plain. St. Bernard, in the description of his monastery, is

almost ravished with the pleasures of it. 'Good God,' saith he, 'what a company of pleasures hast Thou made for man!'

But what is so fit and proper to expel idleness and melancholy as study? What so full of content as to read, and see maps, pictures, statues, jewels and marbles, so exquisite to be beheld that, as Chrysostom thinketh, 'if any man be sickly or troubled in mind, and shall but stand over against one of Pheidias's images, he will forget all care in an instant?'

If thou receivest wrong, compose thyself with patience to bear it. Thou shalt find greatest ease to be quiet. I say the same of scoffs, slanders, detractions, which tend to our disgrace; 'tis but opinion; if we would neglect or contemn them, they would reflect disgrace on them that offered them.

'Yea, but I am ashamed, disgraced, degraded, exploded; my notorious crimes and villainies are come to light!'

Be content; 'tis but a nine days' wonder; 'tis heavy, ghastly, fearful news at first, but thine offence will be forgotten in an instant. Thou art not the first offender, nor shalt thou be the last. If he alone should accuse thee that were faultless, how many executioners, how many accusers, wouldst thou have? Shall every man have his desert, thou wouldst peradventure be a saint in comparison. Be not dismayed; it is human to err. Be penitent, ask forgiveness and vex thyself no more.

IV—Love-Melancholy

THERE will not be wanting those who will much discommend this treatise of love-melancholy, and object that it is too light for a divine, too phantastical, and fit only for a wanton poet. So that they may be admired for grave philosophers and staid carriage, they cannot abide to hear talk of love-toys; in all their outward actions they are averse; and yet, in their cogitations, they are all but as bad, if not worse than others. I am almost afraid to relate the passions which this tyrant love causeth among men; it hath wrought such stupendous and prodigious effects, such dire mischances, such foul offences.

As there be divers causes of this heroical love, so there be many good remedies, among which good counsel and persuasion are of great moment, especially if it proceed from a wise, fatherly, discreet person. They will lament and howl for a while; but let him proceed, by foreshewing the miserable dangers that will surely happen, the pains of hell, joys of paradise, and the like; and this is a very good means for abating of the evil that afflicts them, for love is learned of itself, but hardly left without a tutor.

In sober sadness, marriage is a bondage, a thraldom, a hindrance to all good enterprises; 'he hath married a wife, and therefore cannot come'; a rock on which many are saved, many are cast away. Not that the thing is evil in itself, or troublesome, but full of happiness and a thing which pleases God; but to indiscreet, sensual persons, it is a feral plague, many times an hell itself.

If thy wife be froward, all is in an uproar; if wise and learned, she will be insolent and peevish; if poor, she brings beggary; if young, she is wanton and untaught. Say the best, she is a commanding servant; thou hadst better have taken a good housewifely maid in her smock. Since, then, there is such hazard in the married state, keep thyself as thou art; 'tis good to match, much better to be free. Consider withal how free, how happy, how secure, how heavenly, in respect, a single man is.

But when all is said, since some be good, some bad, let's put it to the venture. Marry while thou mayest and take thy fortune as it falls. Be not so covetous, so distrustful, so curious and nice, but let's all marry; to-morrow is St. Valentine's Day. Since, then, marriage is the last and best cure of heroical love, all doubts are cured and impediments removed. Let us marry, therefore, and may God send us all good wives!

TAKE this for a corollary and conclusion; as thou tenderest thine own welfare in love-melancholy, in the melancholy of religion and in all other melancholy; observe this short precept—Be not solitary; be not idle.

ARISTOPHANES

THE CLOUDS

As in The Knights (see page 1477) it was directed against mob rule typified by Cleon, so in The Clouds the natural conservatism of Aristophanes was directed against the new spirit of intellectual inquiry and culture represented under the general name of sophism. The Sophists really included two groups: the physical philosophers indicated by allusions to the doctrines of Anaxagoras, Heracleitus and Diogenes of Apollonia, and the professed teachers of rhetoric such as Protagoras and Prodicus. Aristophanes ridicules them all in the person of Socrates, his constant butt. The play, which was first produced in 423 B.C., a second edition being brought out the following year, contains both in the dialogue and in the choruses some of the master passages of Greek dramatic literature and shows a richness and fertility of fancy equalled in modern times only by Shakespeare and that set Aristophanes definitely among the immortal poets. A translation of The Clouds by B. B. Rogers is published by George Bell at 2s.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Strepsiades	Dicaeologus	Adicaeologus
Pheidippides, his son	Pupil of Socrates	Pasias } Creditors of
Socrates	Chorus of Clouds	Amynias } Strepsiades

First Act



STREPSIADES is a rustical Athenian citizen, who has married an aristocratic wife and is paying the penalty through the extravagances of his son Pheidippides. Strepsiades is discovered tearing his hair over the bills that must be met, while Pheidippides slumbers undisturbed, except by dreams of horse and chariot racing. At last Strepsiades wakes him. He has a plan for discomfiting the creditors.

Strepsiades : Boy, do you love me ?
Pheidippides : Yea, by Poseidon's self, the charioteer.
Strep. : Come, don't you name to me the charioteer—
The very god that's cause of all my troubles.

"Do what I tell you. Yonder house is the thinking-shop of the wise souls."

"I know them—those scurvy, barefoot, ragged devils—Socrates and Chaerephon!"

"Sh! They've the trick of logic! Go and learn the art, and we shall avoid paying the creditors a penny."

Pheidippides refuses; he will go to his uncle, Megacles.

Strepsiades resolves that if his clever son won't help him, he must try going to school with Socrates himself. He shouts and hammers at the thinking-shop door, which is opened by a disciple of Socrates. The disciple abuses him roundly for having spoilt the birth of a great thought—a favourite allusion to the saying of Socrates that it was his business to bring men's thoughts to birth, as his mother had been a midwife. He is admitted, and sees a crowd of pupils in attitudes of intense abstraction. The disciple points out sundry machines for solving absurd problems. Suddenly Strepsiades discovers a figure suspended in a basket. 'Tis Socrates himself!

Socrates explains his situation:

"I tread the air and meditate the sun. Lowered to earth, I cannot contemplate things celestial."

Strepsiades asks for his help. He swears by the gods to pay the philosopher his own price. "The gods! Suppose I introduce to you my own deities, the Clouds?" After a brief ceremonial, Socrates invokes the Clouds, who are heard singing:

Clouds ever-fleeting are we,
And we rise into light
In our dewy forms bright
From the arms of our father, the thunderous sea;
From the deep-voiced sea,
To the towering mountain's tree-plumed crest,
Where on far-seen summits our night may rest,
And we look on the holy soil

Whose moisture ripens her fruitful store,
And the sacred streams with their wild turmoil,
And the loud sea's roar.

Presently the chorus of Cloud goddesses enters. Strepsiades is very much surprised at finding them substantial ladies. Socrates explains that they can take any form they like; in fact, they are the only real deities except the Ethereal Whirl. Among them, they do everything that Zeus is supposed to do—rain, thunder, lightning. Zeus is dethroned. Strepsiades finds the Socratic exposition of natural phenomena so convincing that he declares himself a convert.

The Clouds tell him that he has only to absorb the higher wisdom from them, to determine to succeed, and to show a Socratic disregard of the amenities of life and he will be the happiest man in Athens. Socrates invites him to repudiate all gods except the trio, Chaos, Clouds and Cackle, which he does with enthusiasm.

"What can we do for you?" ask the Clouds. Strepsiades wants nothing much, only a tongue 'miles ahead' of anyone else's; not for political speaking, but for circumventing his creditors.

"By all means. But let Socrates make him give an account of his qualities."

Socrates plies him with interrogations. What kind of memory has he? "Two kinds; a long one for his debtors, and a very short one for his creditors." Can he speak? "No; but he can swindle."

The Clouds then become the mouthpiece of Aristophanes; they reproach the Athenian populace for their want of taste in rejecting The Clouds when it was first presented [the play as we have it is a second edition revised] and indulge in hits at the poet's rivals. After this interpolation, they invoke the gods, and reproach the Athenians for disregarding them.

Judicious spectators! Attention, we pray,
We are hurt, and we've something reproachful to say.
Not a god of them all gives more help to the nation,
Yet never an offering, ne'er a libation
Comes our way—just ours, who look after you so.
Why, whene'er on some cracked expedition you go,
We thunder or drizzle. When, everyone knows,
That accursed Paphlagonian tanner you chose
To be general, black brows we drew down, and we scowled
And made a terrific to do; thunder howled,
Lightning blazed; the moon slid from her natural way,
And the sun shut his lamp up and vowed 'not a ray
Shall be granted if Cleon be general'; and still
You elected just him. Well, when counsels of ill
Possess you, they say that, whatever befall,
The gods turn your blunders to luck after all.
So we'll tell in a word how to turn this to healing.

The song becomes in effect a diatribe against the demagogues Cleon and Hyperbolus.

Second Act

SOCRATES reappears in extreme disgust. Never was such a hopeless dolt as old Strepsiades, who is victimised by—animals. The teacher begins to question him about metres. Strepsiades does not want to know anything about trochees and dactyls, which he mixes up with meal-measures; he only wants instruction in the gentle art of cheating. Socrates tests him with grammar, involving a series of paradoxes with regard to genders.

Finally, Strepsiades has to try a course of contemplation. Being ordered to lie on his pallet instead of the ground, he presently gives birth to a thought—a plan for stopping the moon and so upsetting the monthly calculation of interest by his creditors. Socrates commends the plan, and suggests that he should devise another for dealing with the writ when he is arrested, and when he finally suggests evading the judicial sentence by hanging himself, Socrates gives him up in despair. The Clouds, however, invite him to make his clever son come in his place.

Strepsiades meets Pheidippides and tackles him with his new theories. The youth swears by Zeus, and Strepsiades promptly tells him that there is no more Zeus: 'Whirl' is king now. Socrates says so, and Chaerephon, thrifty folk who have nothing to do with barbers and perfumers and baths, and such-like prodigalities. He then proceeds to distract the horrified youth with practical instances of the Socratic paradoxes about gender, and finally persuades his son to humour him by listening to Socrates. Pheidippides reluctantly receives his first lesson from the argument between the Just and the Unjust Reason.

The Just Reason—Dicaeologus—is caught up at every turn by the quibbles of his antagonist, Adicaeologus, who denies the existence of justice, since Zeus was never punished for his unnatural behaviour to his father. Dicaeologus becomes vituperative, and Adicaeologus accepts each fresh term of abuse as the highest compliment. The Clouds intervene and bid Dicaeologus speak in support of the rules of discipline.

"In the good old days," says he, "we went to school, rain, sun, or snow, orderly, silent and well-behaved; and learnt martial hymns and the praise of Pallas. None of your hot baths and light ditties and sentimental folly."

"Stupid old moral tales!"

"That is how we won Marathon. Follow my discipline, and you will be modest, reverent and clean."

"And be a rank milk-and-water booby."

"Not a bit; you'll be a sportsman, not a loafer; deep-chested, broad-shouldered, big-limbed, clean-skinned. But follow the modern fashion and you'll be yellow and weedy, narrow-shouldered, hollow-cheeked. And you'll learn from this fellow to honour all that's despicable and despise all that's honourable, and grow into an Antimachus, a perfect sink of turpitude."

The Clouds applaud. Adicaeologus will have no easy task in answering. Adicaeologus has no qualms. "Mine is the logic which refutes law and justice. No hot baths, quotha? Who is the typical hero? Hercules, of course; what about his hot baths? Silence and modesty! Peleus was chaste—and much he got by it. Zeus and his amours are good celestial warrant for mortal gallantries. What if you turn out no better than you should be? Look round—our leading advocates, our tragedians, our popular leaders—look where you like."

"I admit it," cries Dicaeologus; "the whole lot are in the same basket; no better than they should be. You have won. I'm with you!"

Strepsiades returns, and Pheidippides agrees to take the proffered schooling.

Third Act

AFTER the chorus has held the stage with another song, Strepsiades reappears. It is the 'old and new day,' ending one month and beginning another, when creditors claim their dues. Strepsiades has come to Socrates, to see if his son has been educated up to getting him out of his difficulties. When Pheidippides appears, with contradictoriness stamped on every feature, the father dances with joy; his troubles will be over. "What troubles?" "Why, this is the new and old day." "New and old? Both at once? It can't be both. We have the creditors in a cleft stick to start with," and he routs a pair of them with jibes and outrageous quibbles.

The chorus again occupy the stage, with lyric warnings of the rod Strepsiades has prepared for his own back.

Strepsiades rushes out of the house with wild cries for help, followed by Pheidippides who engages to demonstrate the complete propriety of assaulting his parent with a choice of arguments. The Clouds proffer themselves as judges, and Strepsiades relates how it all happened. Pheidippides refused to sing a song of Simonides, sniffed at him, scoffed at Aeschylus, and went off on an offensive declamation from Euripides. Whereat Strepsiades in turn became vituperative, and Pheidippides fell upon him with blows—the father who had petted him from infancy.

The son, however, accepts the challenge.

"Did you spare the rod in my childhood?"

"No, for your own good."

"Well, there you are; it was for your good I beat you. Why should children only be chastised? And even if they should, you're in your second childhood."

"But if I had no right to beat you, you'll have no right to beat your own son."

"But if I don't have one at all, my tears were wasted, and the laugh will be with you."

Strepsiades can see no answer to that argument.

When Pheidippides says that henceforth he will beat his mother, too, the rage of Strepsiades turns against Socrates, especially as the son drives home the futility of appeals to Zeus by announcing that not Zeus but 'Whirl' is king. Strepsiades sets fire to the thinking-shop; Socrates and Chaerephon hurry out, choking, and this act of expiation ends the play to the satisfaction of the Clouds.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

BARCHESTER TOWERS

SECOND of what has come to be known as the Barsetshire series of novels, Barchester Towers was published in 1857. Like its predecessor The Warden (see page 1593) it brought Trollope a fair amount of notice, but little immediate profit. In his Autobiography he computes that his pecuniary returns from both books up to the spring of 1876 amounted to only £727 11s. 3d. Barchester Towers contains some of Trollope's freshest and most original work, Dr. Proudie in particular being a new creation in English fiction, and for humour stands first of all his novels. It was written for the most part in pencil while the author was travelling about the country on his duties as post-office surveyor, what was thus done being afterwards copied by his wife. The Barchester of the story is to be identified with Winchester, and scattered at random throughout the book are many references to the neighbourhood of Hampshire's ancient capital. The book is published in a volume of Everyman's Library.

I—The New Bishop



IN the latter days of July, in the year 185—, a most important question was hourly asked in the cathedral city of Barchester, Who was to be the new bishop?

The death of old Dr. Grantly, who had for many years filled that chair with meek authority, took place exactly as the ministry of Lord —— was going to give place to that of Lord ——. The illness of the good old man was long and lingering, and it became at last a matter of intense interest to those concerned whether the new appointment should be made by a Conservative or Liberal government.

It was pretty well understood that the outgoing premier had made his selection, and that, if the question rested with him, the mitre would descend on the head of Archdeacon Grantly, the old bishop's son, who had long managed the affairs of the diocese.

A trying time was this for the archdeacon as he sat by his father's dying bed. The ministry were to be out within five days; his father was to be dead within—— No, he rejected that view of the subject.

Presently Mr. Harding entered noiselessly.

"God bless you, my dears," said the bishop, with feeble voice—"God bless you both." And so he died.

"It is a great relief, archdeacon," said Mr. Harding—"a great relief. Dear, good, excellent old man. Oh, that our last moments may be as innocent and as peaceful as his."

The archdeacon's mind, however, had already travelled from the death chamber to the study of the prime minister.

It was already evening, and nearly dark. It was most important that the prime minister should know that night that the diocese was vacant. Everything might depend on it; and so, in answer to Mr. Harding's further consolation, the archdeacon suggested that a telegraph message should be immediately sent off to London.

Mr. Harding got as far as the library door with the slip of paper containing the message to the prime minister, when he turned back.

"I forgot to tell you," he said. "The ministry are out. Mr. Chadwick got the news by telegraph."

Thus terminated our unfortunate friend's chance of possessing the glories of a bishopric.

The names of many divines were given in the papers as that of the bishop-elect. And then The Jupiter declared that Dr. Proudie was to be the man.

Dr. Proudie was the man. Just a month after the demise of the late bishop, Dr. Proudie kissed the queen's hand as his successor elect and was consecrated Bishop of Barchester.

Dr. Proudie was one among those who early in life adapted himself to the views held by the Whigs on most theological and religious subjects. Toleration was to be the basis on which he was to fight his battles, and at such a time he was found to be useful by the government. In person he is a good-looking man, and it is no fault of his own if he has not a commanding eye, for he studies hard to assume it.

Dr. Proudie may well be said to have been a fortunate man, for he was not born to wealth, and he is now Bishop of Barchester with £5,000 a year; but nevertheless he has his cares. He has a large family, of whom the three eldest are daughters, now all grown up and fit for fashionable life—and he has a wife.

Now, Mrs. Proudie is not satisfied with home dominion, but stretches her power over all her husband's movements and will not even abstain from things spiritual. In fact, the bishop is henpecked. In her own way, the bishop's wife is a religious woman, and the form in which this tendency shows itself in her is by a strict observance of Sabbatarian rule. Dissipation in low dresses during the week is, under her control, atoned for by three services, an evening sermon read by herself, and a perfect abstinence from any cheering employment on the Sunday.

In these matters Mrs. Proudie allows herself to be often guided by that eloquent preacher, the Rev. Mr. Slope and, as Dr. Proudie is guided by his wife, it necessarily follows that Mr. Slope has obtained a good deal of control over Dr. Proudie in matters concerning religion. Mr. Slope's only preferment hitherto has been that of reader and preacher in a London district church; and on the consecration of his friend the new bishop, he readily gave this up and undertook the onerous but congenial duties of domestic chaplain.

II—The Bishop's Chaplain

WHEN Mr. Slope sat himself down in the railway carriage, confronting the bishop and Mrs. Proudie, as they started on their first journey to Barchester, he began to form in his own mind a plan of his future life. He knew well his patron's strong points, but he knew the weak ones as well; and he rightly guessed that public life would better suit the great man's taste than the small details of diocesan duty.

He, therefore, he, Mr. Slope, would in effect be Bishop of Barchester. Such was his resolve; and, to give Mr. Slope his due, he had both courage and spirit to bear him out in his resolution. He knew that he should have a hard battle to fight, for Mrs. Proudie would also choose to be Bishop of Barchester. At first, doubtless, he must flatter and cajole, perhaps yield, in some things; but he did not doubt of ultimate triumph. If all other means failed, he could join the bishop against his wife, inspire courage into the man and emancipate the husband.

Such were Mr. Slope's thoughts as he sat looking at the sleeping pair in the railway carriage. He intends to lead, and to have followers; he intends to hold the purse strings of the diocese, and draw round him an obedient herd of his poor and hungry brethren. He has, however, a fawning, greasy way with him, and he is not a man to make himself at once popular in the circle of Barchester.

The second day after his arrival came Mr. Slope's first introduction to the clergy of Barchester, when Archdeacon Grantly and Mr. Harding called together at the palace to pay their respects to the bishop.

Our friends found Dr. Proudie sitting in the old bishop's chair, looking very nice in his new apron; they found, too, Mr. Slope, standing on the hearthrug, persuasive and eager; but on the sofa they found Mrs. Proudie, an innovation for which no precedent could be found in all the annals of Barchester. There she was, however, and they could only make the best of her.

The introductions were gone through in much form. The archdeacon shook hands with the bishop, and named Mr. Harding. His lordship then presented them to his lady wife. After this, Mr. Slope presented himself. The bishop did mention his name, and so did Mrs. Proudie, too, in a louder tone; but Mr. Slope took upon himself the chief burden of his own introduction. He thrust out his hand and

grasping that of the archdeacon bedewed it unmercifully. Dr. Grantly in return bowed, looked stiff, contracted his eyebrows and wiped his hand with his pocket-handkerchief. Nothing abashed, Mr. Slope then noticed the precentor and descended to the grade of the lower clergy.

There were four persons there, each of whom considered himself—or herself, as Mrs. Proudie was one of them—the most important personage in the diocese. The bishop himself actually wore the visible apron. The archdeacon knew his subject, and really understood the business of bishoping, which the others did not. Mrs. Proudie had her habit of command. Mr. Slope had only his own courage and tact to depend on.

"I fear there is a great deal of Sabbath travelling here," said Mr. Slope. "On looking at the 'Bradshaw,' I see that there are three trains in and three trains out every Sabbath. Could not the company be induced to withdraw them?"

"If you can withdraw the passengers, the company, I dare say, will withdraw the trains," said the archdeacon. "It's merely a question of dividends."

"But surely, Dr. Grantly," said the lady, "surely we should look at it differently? Don't you think so, Mr. Harding?"

Mr. Harding thought that all the porters and stokers, guards and pointsmen ought to have an opportunity of going to church, and he hoped they all had.

"But surely, surely," continued Mrs. Proudie, "surely that is not enough?"

Come what might, Dr. Grantly was not to be forced into a dissertation on a point of doctrine with Mrs. Proudie, nor yet with Mr. Slope; so he turned his back upon the sofa, and hoped that Dr. Proudie had found the palace repairs satisfactory.

At once Mr. Slope began a catalogue of grievances concerning the stables and out-houses.

Mrs. Proudie, while she lent her assistance in reciting the palatial shortcomings in the matter of gas, hot-water pipes and the locks on the doors of the servants' bedrooms, did not give up her hold of Mr. Harding. Over and over again had she thrown out her 'Surely, surely,' at Mr. Harding's devoted head, and ill had that gentleman been able to parry the attack.

He had never before found himself subjected to such a nuisance, or been so hard pressed in his life. Mrs. Proudie interrogated him, and then lectured. "Neither thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant," said she, impressively, and more than once, as though Mr. Harding had forgotten the words.

MR. HARDING felt that he ought to rebuke the lady for presuming to talk to a gentleman and a clergyman many years her senior; but he recoiled from the idea of scolding the bishop's wife, in the bishop's presence, on his first visit to the palace; moreover, to tell the truth, he was somewhat afraid of her.

However, the archdeacon was ready to depart, and he and the precentor, after bowing low to the lady and shaking hands with my lord, made their escape from Mr. Slope as best they could.

It was not till they were well out of the palace, and in the gravel walk of the close, that the archdeacon allowed his wrath to find expression.

"He is the most thoroughly bestial creature that ever I set my eyes upon," said the archdeacon. "But what are we to do with him? Impudent scoundrel! To dare to cross-examine me about out-houses, and Sunday travelling, too. I never in my life met his equal for sheer impudence. Why, he must have thought we were two candidates for ordination!"

"I declare I thought Mrs. Proudie was the worse of the two," said Mr. Harding.

III—Mrs. Proudie Gets a Fall

AN act of Parliament had decided that in future the warden of Hiram's Hospital should receive £450 a year, and no one thought for a moment that the new bishop would appoint any other than Mr. Harding.

Mr. Slope, however, had other plans. He saw from the first that he could not conciliate Dr. Grantly, and decided on open battle against the archdeacon and all his adherents. Only those came to call on Mr. Slope who, like Mr. Quiverful, the

Rector of Puddingdale, had large families and small incomes and could not afford to neglect the loaves and fishes of the diocese, even if a Mr. Slope had charge of the baskets.

So Mr. Harding received a note begging him to call on Mr. Slope at the palace concerning the wardenship. The result of this interview was so offensive to Mr. Harding that he said, "You may tell the bishop, Mr. Slope, that, as I altogether disagree with his views about the hospital, I shall decline the situation if I find that any such conditions are attached to it as those you have suggested." And, so saying, he took his hat and went his way.

Mr. Slope was contented. He considered himself at liberty to accept Mr. Harding's last speech as an absolute refusal of the appointment. At least, he so represented it to the bishop and to Mrs. Proudie.

"I really am sorry for it," said the bishop.

"I don't know that there is much cause for sorrow," said the lady. "Mr. Quiverful is a much more deserving man."

"I suppose I had better see Quiverful?" said the chaplain.

"I suppose you had," said the bishop.

But no sooner had Mr. Slope promised Quiverful the wardenship, Mrs. Proudie writing at the same time to Mrs. Quiverful, than he repented of the step he had taken.

ELEANOR BOLD—Mr. Harding's daughter—was a widow, and in prosperous circumstances. And when Mr. Slope had made her acquaintance, and learnt of her income, he decided that he would woo her. Mr. Harding at the hospital, and placed there by his means, would be more inclined to receive him as a son-in-law. Mr. Slope wanted a wife, and he wanted money, but he wanted power more than either. He had fully realized that sooner or later he must come to blows with Mrs. Proudie. He had no desire to remain in Barchester as her chaplain; he had higher views of his own destiny. Either he or Mrs. Proudie must go to the wall; and now had come the time when he would try which it should be.

To that end he rode over to Puddingdale and persuaded Mr. Quiverful to give up all hope of the wardenship. Mrs. Quiverful, however, with fourteen children, refused to yield without a struggle and went off there and then to Mrs. Proudie at the palace.

She told her tale, and Mrs. Proudie walked quickly into her husband's room and found him seated at his office table with Mr. Slope opposite to him.

"What is this, bishop, about Mr. Quiverful?" said she, coming to the end of the table and standing there.

"I have been out to Puddingdale this morning, ma'am," replied Mr. Slope, "and have seen Mr. Quiverful; and he has abandoned all claim to the hospital. Under these circumstances I have advised his lordship to nominate Mr. Harding."

"Who desired you to go to Mr. Quiverful?" said Mrs. Proudie, now at the top of her wrath, for it was plain to her the chaplain was taking too much upon himself. "Did anyone send you, sir?"

THERE was a dead pause in the room. The bishop sat twiddling his thumbs. How comfortable it would be, he thought, if they could fight it out between them—fight it out so that one should kill the other utterly, as far as diocesan life was concerned, so that he, the bishop, might know clearly by whom he ought to be led. If he had a wish as to which might prove victor, that wish was not antagonistic to Mr. Slope.

"Will you answer me, sir?" Mrs. Proudie repeated. "Who instructed you to call on Mr. Quiverful?"

"Mrs. Proudie," said Mr. Slope, "I am quite aware how much I owe to your kindness; but my duty in this matter is to his lordship. He has approved of what I have done, and, having that approval and my own, I want none other."

What horrid words were these which greeted the ear of Mrs. Proudie? Here was premeditated mutiny in the camp. The bishop had not yet been twelve months in the chair and rebellion had already reared her hideous head in the palace.

"Mr. Slope," said Mrs. Proudie, with slow and dignified voice, "I will trouble you, if you please, to leave the apartment. I wish to speak to my lord alone."

Mr. Slope felt that everything depended on the present interview. Should the bishop now be re-petticoated, his thraldom would be complete and for ever. Now was

the moment for victory or rout. It was now that Mr. Slope must make himself master of the diocese, or else resign his place and begin his search for fortune elsewhere.

"His lordship has summoned me on most important diocesan business," said Mr. Slope, glancing with uneasy eyes at Dr. Proudie. "My leaving him at the present moment is, I fear, impossible."

"Do you bandy words with me, you ungrateful man?" said the lady. "My lord, is Mr. Slope to leave this room or am I?"

The bishop twiddled his thumbs, and then proclaimed himself a Slopeite.

"Why, my dear," said he, "Mr. Slope and I are very busy."

That was all. There was nothing more necessary. Mr. Slope saw at once the full amount of his gain and turned on the vanquished lady a look of triumph, which she never forgot and never forgave.

Mrs. Proudie, without further parley, left the room; and then followed a close conference between the new allies. The chaplain told the bishop that the world gave him credit for being under his wife's governance, and the bishop pledged himself, with Mr. Slope's assistance, to change his courses.

IV—Mr. Slope Bids Farewell

MR. SLOPE had not a chance against Mrs. Proudie. Not only could she stun the poor bishop by her anger when the two were alone, but she could assuage him by daily indulgences.

On the death of Dr. Trefoil, the Dean of Barchester, Mr. Slope had not shrunk from urging the bishop to recommend his chaplain for the post.

"How could you think of making such a creature Dean of Barchester?" said Mrs. Proudie to her now submissive husband.

"Why, my dear," said he, "it appeared to me that you and Mr. Slope did not get on quite so well as you used to do, and therefore I thought that if he got this place, and so ceased to be my chaplain, such an arrangement might please you."

Mrs. Proudie laughed aloud.

"Oh, yes, my dear, of course he'll cease to be your chaplain," said she. "That must be a matter of course. The man has gone mad with arrogance."

The bishop said nothing further, was again taken into favour, and spent the pleasantest evening he had had in his own house for a long time.

Mr. Slope did not get the deanery, though for a week he was decidedly the favourite—owing to the backing he received from The Jupiter. And Mr. Quiverful was, after all, appointed to the hospital, with the complete acquiescence of Mr. Harding.

To Mr. Harding's infinite relief, Mrs. Bold regarded Mr. Slope's proposal with horror and refused him with indignation.

The news that the deanery was not for him ended Mr. Slope's prospects in Barchester. He was aware that, as regarded the diocese, Mrs. Proudie had checkmated him.

Having received a formal command to wait upon the bishop, he went into Dr. Proudie's study. There, as he had expected, he found Mrs. Proudie also.

"Mr. Slope," began the bishop, "I think you had better look for some other preferment. I do not think you are well suited for the situation you have lately held. I will enclose you a cheque for any balance that may be due to you; and it will, of course, be better for all parties that you should leave the palace at the earliest possible moment."

"If, however, you wish to remain in this neighbourhood," said Mrs. Proudie, "the bishop will mention your name to Mr. Quiverful, who now wants a curate at Puddingdale; the stipend is £50 a year, sufficient for your requirements."

"May God forgive you, madam, for the manner in which you have treated me," said Mr. Slope; "and remember this, madam, that you yourself may still have a fall. As to the bishop, I pity him!"

Mr. Slope returned to town, and promptly consoled the widow of a rich sugar refiner. He soon was settled with much comfort in Baker Street and is now possessed of a church in the New Road.

Mr. Harding is still precentor and still pastor of the little church of St. Cuthbert's. In spite of what he has often said, he is not even yet an old man.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE
POETRY AND TRUTH FROM MY OWN LIFE

NOTHING Goethe wrote is more full of popular charm than his Poetry and Truth From My Own Life. The first volume appeared in 1811, and the second and third in 1812 and 1814, the fourth volume being published in 1833 after his death. This story of his childhood and early manhood is one of the most fascinating autobiographies in any language. In it Goethe tells of his early days in Frankfort and of his happy relations with his young mother, who influenced him so greatly; of his years of study at Leipzig and Strasbourg; and of his friendships and love affairs. It was at Strasbourg that he met Herder, the poet and critic, and under his guidance learnt to appreciate the beauties of Gothic architecture, the German Volkslied and the greatness of Shakespeare, whereby his genius was awakened. The story ends with his coming to Weimar in 1775. A further light on his life is thrown by the Conversations with Eckermann, of which an epitome appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*. A translation of Poetry and Truth is published by George Bell in Bohn's Library.

I—Birth and Childhood



ON August 28, 1749, at mid-day, I came into the world at Frankfort-on-Main. Our house was situated in a street called the Stag Ditch. Formerly the street had been a ditch, in which stags were kept. On the second floor of the dwelling was a room called the garden room, because there they had endeavoured to supply the want of a garden by means of a few plants placed before a window. As I grew older, it was there that I made my somewhat sentimental retreat, for from thence might be viewed a beautiful and fertile plain.

When I became acquainted with my native city, I loved more than anything else to promenade on the great bridge over the Main. Its length, its firmness and fine aspect rendered it a notable structure. And one liked to lose oneself in the old trading town, particularly on market days, among the crowd collected about the church of St. Bartholomew. The Römerberg was a most delightful place for walking.

My father had prospered in his own career tolerably according to his wishes; I was to follow the same course, only more easily and much further. He had passed his youth in the Coburg Gymnasium, which stood as one of the first among German educational institutions. He had there laid a good foundation and had subsequently taken his degree at Giessen. He prized my natural endowments the more because he was himself wanting in them, for he had acquired everything simply by means of diligence and pertinacity.

During my childhood the Frankforters passed a series of prosperous years, but scarcely, on August 28, 1756, had I completed my seventh year, when that world-renowned war broke out, which was also to exert great influence upon the next seven years of my life. Frederick II of Prussia had fallen upon Saxony with 60,000 men. The world immediately split into two parties, and our family was an image of the great whole. My grandfather took the Austrian side, with some of his daughters and sons-in-law; my father leant towards Prussia, with the other and smaller half of the family; and I also was a Prussian in my views, for the personal character of the great king worked on our hearts.

As the eldest grandson and godchild, I dined every Sunday with my grandparents, and the event was always the most delightful experience of the week. But now I relished no morsel that I tasted, because I was compelled to listen to the most horrible slanders of my hero. That parties existed had never entered into my conceptions. I trace here the germ of that disregard and even disdain of the public which clung to me for a whole period of my life and only in later days was brought within bounds by insight and cultivation. We continued to tease each other till the

occupation of Frankfort by the French, some years afterwards, brought real inconvenience to our homes.

The New Year's Day of 1759 approached, as desirable and pleasant to us children as any preceding one, but full of import and foreboding to older persons. To the passage of French troops the people had certainly become accustomed; but on January 2 the troops remained and bivouacked in the streets till lodgings were provided for them by regular billeting.

Siding as my father did with the Prussians, he was now to find himself besieged in his own chambers by the French. This was, according to his way of thinking, the greatest misfortune that could happen to him. Yet, could he have taken the matter more easily, he might have saved himself and us many sad hours, for he spoke French well, and it was the Count Thorane, the king's lieutenant, who was quartered on us. That officer behaved himself in a most exemplary manner, and if it had been possible to cheer my father, his presence would have caused little inconvenience.

During this French occupation I made great progress with the French language. But the chief profit was that which I derived from the theatre, for which my grandfather had given me a free ticket. I saw many French comedies acted, and became friendly with some of the young people connected with the stage. From the first day of the military occupation there was no lack of diversion; plays and balls, parades and marches constantly attracted our attention.

II—A Romantic Episode

After the French occupation we children could not fail to feel as if the house were deserted. But new lodgers came in, Chancery-Director Moritz and his family being received in this capacity. They were quiet and gentle, and peace and stillness reigned. About this time a long-debated project for giving us lessons in music was carried into effect. It was settled that we should learn the harpsichord. And as we also received lessons from a drawing-master, the way to two arts was thus early opened to me.

English was also added to my studies; and as on my own account I soon felt that I ought to know Hebrew, my father allowed the rector of our gymnasium to give me private lessons. I studied the Old Testament no longer in Luther's translation, but in the literal version of Schmid. I also paid great attention to sermons at church and wrote out many that I heard, in a style that greatly gratified my father.

At this time my first romantic experience occurred. I fell under the enchantment of Gretchen, a beautiful girl who waited on me and some comrades at a restaurant. The form of that girl followed me from that moment on every path. At church, during the long Protestant service, I gazed my fill at her. I wrote her love-letters, which she did not resent. The first propensities to love in an uncorrupted youth take altogether a spiritual direction. Nature seems to desire that one sex may by the senses perceive goodness and beauty in the other. And thus to me, by the sight of this girl, a new world of the beautiful and excellent had arisen. But my friendship for this maiden being discovered by my father, a family disturbance ensued which plunged me into illness. I had been ordered to have nothing to do with anyone but the family.

My sorrow was deepened as I slowly recovered by the addition of a certain secret chagrin, for I plainly perceived that I was watched. It was not long before my family gave me a special overseer. Fortunately, it was a man whom I loved and valued. He had held the place of tutor in the family of one of our friends, and his former pupil had gone to the university. This friend, in skilful conversations, began to make me acquainted with the secrets of philosophy.

After a time I took to wandering about the mountain range, and thus visited Homburg, Kronenburg, Wiesbaden, Schwalbach, and reached the Rhine. But the time was approaching when I was to go to the university. My mind was quite as much excited about my life as about my learning. I grew more and more conscious of an aversion from my native city. I never again went into Gretchen's quarter of it, and even my old walls and towers had become disagreeable.

III—University Life

I had always had my eye upon Göttingen, but my father obstinately insisted on Leipzig. I arrived in that handsome city just at the time of the fair, from which I derived particular pleasure, being specially attracted by the inhabitants of eastern countries in their strange dresses. I commenced to study under Böhme, professor of history and public law, and Gellert, professor of literature. The reverence with which Gellert was regarded by all young people was extraordinary.

Much has been written about the condition of German literature at that time. I need only state how it stood towards me. The literary epoch in which I was born was developed out of the preceding one by opposition. Foreign influences had previously predominated, but in this epoch the German sense of freedom and joy began to stir itself. Göttsched, Lessing, Haller and, above all, Wieland had produced works of genius. The venerable Bengel had procured a decided reception for his labours on the Revelation of St. John, from the fact that he was known as an intelligent, upright, God-fearing, blameless man. Deep minds are compelled to live in the past as well as the future.

Plunging into literature on my own account, I at this period wrote the oldest of my extant dramatic labours, The Lover's Caprice, following it with The Accomplices. I had seen already many families ruined by bankruptcies, divorces, vice, murders, burglaries and poisonings, and, young as I was, I had often, in such cases, lent a hand for help and preservation. Accordingly, these pieces were written from an elevated point of view, without my having been aware of it. But they could find no favour on the German stage.

My health had become somewhat impaired, though I did not think I should soon become apprehensive about my life. I had brought with me from home a certain touch of hypochondria, and a chronic pain in my breast, induced by a fall from horseback, perceptibly increased and made me dejected. By an unfortunate diet I destroyed my powers of digestion, so that I experienced great uneasiness, yet without being able to embrace a resolution for a more rational mode of life. Besides, the epoch of the cold-water bath, the hard bed slightly covered, and other follies unconditionally recommended, had begun, in consequence of some misunderstood suggestions of Rousseau, under the idea of bringing us nearer to nature and delivering us from the corruption of morals.

One night I awoke with a violent haemorrhage and for several days I wavered between life and death. Recovery was slow, but nature helped me, and I appeared to have become another man, for I had gained a greater cheerfulness of mind than I had known for a long time and I was rejoiced to feel my inner self at liberty. But what particularly set me up at this time was to see how many eminent men had undeservedly given me their affection, among them being Dr. Hermann, Groening, Horn and, above all, Langer, afterwards librarian at Wolfenbüttel, whose conversation so far blinded me to the miserable state I was in that I actually forgot it.

The confidence of new friends develops itself by degrees. The religious sentiments, the affairs of the heart which relate to the imperishable, are the things which both establish the foundation and adorn the summit of friendship. The Christian religion was wavering between its own historically positive base and a pure deism, which, grounded on morality, was in its turn to lay the foundation of ethics.

Langer was of the class who, though learned, yet give the Bible a peculiar pre-eminence over other writings. He belonged to those who cannot conceive an immediate connexion with the great God of the universe; a mediation, therefore, was necessary for him, an analogy to which he thought he could find everywhere, in earthly and heavenly things. Grounded as I was in the Bible, all that I wanted was merely the faith to explain as divine that which I had hitherto esteemed in human fashion. To a sufferer, delicate and weak, the Gospel was therefore welcome.

I left Leipzig in September 1768 for my native city and my home, where my

delicate appearance elicited loving sympathy. Again sickness ensued, and my life was once more in peril, chiefly through a disturbed, I might even say destroyed digestion. But a skilful physician helped me to convalescence.

In the spring I felt so much stronger that I longed to wander forth again from the chambers and spots where I had suffered so much. I journeyed to beautiful Alsace and took up lodgings on the summer-side of the fish-market in Strasbourg, where I designed to continue my studies in law. Most of my fellow-boarders were medical students, and at table I heard nothing but medical conversations.

I was thus easily borne along the stream and at the beginning of the second half-year I attended lectures on chemistry and anatomy. Yet this dissipation and dismemberment of my studies were not enough, for a remarkable political event secured for us a succession of holidays. Marie Antoinette was to pass through Strasbourg on her way to Paris and the solemnities were abundantly prepared. In the grand saloon erected on an island in the Rhine I saw a specimen of the tapestries worked after Raffaele's cartoons, and this sight was for me of very decided influence, for I became acquainted with the true and the perfect on a large scale.

IV—Fascinating Friendship

THE most important event at this period, and one that was to have the weightiest consequences for me, was my meeting with Herder. He accompanied on his travels the Prince of Holstein-Eutin, who was in a melancholy state of mind, and had come with him to Strasbourg. Herder was singular, both in his personal appearance and also in his demeanour. He had somewhat of softness in his manner, which was very suitable and becoming without being exactly easy. I was of a very confiding disposition, and with Herder especially I had no secrets; but from one of his habits—a spirit of contradiction—I had much to endure.

Herder could be charmingly prepossessing and brilliant, but he could just as easily turn an ill-humoured side forward. He resolved to stay in Strasbourg because of a complaint in one of his eyes of the most irritating nature, which required a tedious and uncertain operation, the tear-bag being closed below. Therefore he separated from the prince and removed into lodgings of his own for the purpose of the operation. He confided to me that he intended to compete for a prize offered at Berlin for the best treatise on the origin of language. His work, written in a very neat hand, was nearly completed. During the troublesome and painful cure he lost none of his vivacity, but he became less and less amiable. He could not write a note to ask for anything without scoffing bitterly.

Herder contributed much to my culture, yet he destroyed my enjoyment of much that I had loved before, and especially blamed me in the strongest manner for the pleasure I took in Ovid's Metamorphoses. I most carefully concealed from him my interest in certain subjects which had rooted themselves within me and were little by little moulding themselves into poetic form. These were Goetz von Berlichingen and Faust. Of my poetical labours, I believe I laid before him The Accomplices, but I do not recollect that on this account I received from him either correction or encouragement.

At this epoch of my life took place a singular episode. During a delightful tour in beautiful Alsace, round about the Vosges, I and two fellow-students halted for a time at the house of a Protestant clergyman, pastor in Sesenheim. I had visited the family previously. Herder here joined us, and during our readings in the evenings introduced to us an excellent work, The Vicar of Wakefield. With the German translation, he undertook to make us acquainted by reading it aloud.

The pastor had two daughters and a son. The family struck me as corresponding in the most extraordinary manner to that delineated by Goldsmith. The elder daughter might be taken for Olivia in the story, and Frederica, the younger, for Sophia, while, as I looked at the boy, I could scarcely help exclaiming, "Moses, are you here, too?" A Protestant country clergyman is, perhaps, the most beautiful subject for a modern idyll; he appears, like Melchizedek, priest and king in one.



GOETHE AS ORESTES IN A PERFORMANCE OF IPHIGENIA AT WEIMAR

From the painting by Wilhelm Kaulbach

Between me and the charming Frederica a mutual affection sprang up. Her beautiful nature attracted me irresistibly and I was happy beyond all bounds at her side. For her I composed many songs to well-known melodies. They would have made a pretty book ; a few of them still remain and may easily be found among the others.

But we were destined soon to part. Such a youthful affection, cherished at random, may be compared to a bombshell thrown at night, which rises with a soft, brilliant light, mingles for a moment with the stars, then describes a similar path in the reverse direction and brings destruction where it terminates its course.

V—Among the Jurists

In 1772 I went to Wetzlar, the seat of the Reichskammergericht, or Imperial Chamber. This was a kind of court of chancery for the whole empire ; and I went there in order to gain increased experience in jurisprudence. Here I found myself in a large company of talented and vivacious young men, assistants to the commissioners of the various states, and by them was accorded a genial welcome.

To one of the legations at Wetzlar was attached a young man of good position and abilities, named Jerusalem, whose sad suicide soon after resulted through an unhappy passion for the wife of a friend. On this story the plan of The Sorrows of Werther was founded.

The effect of this little book was great, nay, immense, and chiefly because it exactly hit the temper of the times. For as it requires but a little match to blow up an immense mine, so the explosion which followed my publication was mighty from the circumstances that the youthful world had already undermined itself ; and the shock was great because all extravagant demands, unsatisfied passions and imaginary wrongs were brought to an eruption.

At this period I usually combined the art of design with poetical composition. Whenever I dictated, or listened to reading, I drew the portraits of my friends in profile on grey paper in white and black chalk. But feeling the insufficiency of this copying, I betook myself once more to language and rhythm, which were much more at my command. How briskly, how joyously, I went to work with them will appear from the many poems which, enthusiastically proclaiming the art of nature and the nature of art, infused, at the moment of production, new spirit into me as well as into my friends.

At this epoch, and in the midst of these occupations, I was sitting one evening with a struggling light in my chamber, when there entered a well-formed, slender man, who announced himself by the name of von Knebel. Much to my satisfaction, I learnt that he came from Weimar, where he was the companion of Prince Constantin. Of matters there I had already heard much that was favourable ; for several strangers who had come from Weimar assured us that the widowed Duchess Amalia had gathered round her the best men to assist in the education of the princes, her sons ; that the arts were not only protected by this princess, but were practised by her with great diligence.

At Weimar was also one of the best theatres of Germany, which was made famous by its actors as well as by the authors who wrote for it. When I expressed a wish to become better acquainted with these persons and things, my visitor replied, in the most friendly manner possible, that nothing was easier, since the hereditary prince, with his brother, the Prince Constantin, had just arrived in Frankfort and desired to know me.

I at once expressed the greatest willingness to wait upon them ; and my new friend told me that I must not delay, as their stay would not be long. I proceeded with von Knebel to the young princes, who received me in a very easy and friendly manner.

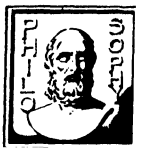
As the stay of the young princes in Frankfort was necessarily short, they made me promise to follow them to Mayence. I gave this promise gladly enough, and visited them. The few days of my stay passed very pleasantly, for when my new patrons, with whom I enjoyed delightful conversations on literature, were abroad on visits and banquets, I remained with their attendants, drew portraits, or went skating. I returned home full of the kindness I had met with.

THOMAS CAMPANELLA

THE CITY OF THE SUN

OF all the works which Tommaso Campanella composed during his long imprisonment at Naples his Civitas Solis—The City of the Sun, published in 1626—is the most interesting and the most famous. In this work of political philosophy, composed in the form of a dialogue, Campanella develops a scheme of socialism and sketches an ideal communism, based to a large extent upon the ideas of Plato and of Sir Thomas More, yet containing many original notions. His ideal state has for its distinguishing characteri dic, among others, community of wives and property, government control of population and compulsory universal military training. Thus it appears in Campanella's philosophy, that the state is an artificial organism whose existence is determined by the aim of the promotion of the individual and the collective well-being. Though Campanella was neither an original nor a systematic thinker he was undoubtedly one of the founders of modern empirical science and a conspicuous precursor of Descartes and Spinoza. An English version of The City of the Sun is included in a volume entitled Ideal Commonwealths, published by George Routledge at 3s.

I—Wealth and Growth of the Solarians



THE Grand Master of the Hospitallers: Tell me, I pray, about your voyage.

The Genoese Sailor: You already know how I sailed round the world and how, when I arrived at Taprobana, I was compelled to land and hide in a forest for fear of the natives. After marching through this forest, I came to a great plain under the equator.

Hosp.: And what happened to you there?

Gen.: I was surrounded by a band of armed men and women, who at once led me to the City of the Sun. This city was built on a great hill rising out of the plain, and it was about two miles wide and seven miles round, and very strongly fortified. Strange to say, there were no small or mean houses to be seen in the city. The streets were lined with noble palaces built out of marble, each of which contained a great number of beautiful galleries and splendid rooms, adorned with pictures and fine works of art. You cannot imagine the magnificence of this city.

Hosp.: And the people? Of what race were they? Were you able to talk to them?

Gen.: Yes, there were many of them who spoke Italian. For you must know that the inhabitants of the City of the Sun are the most learned and enlightened people in the world. Many years ago they fled from India, in order to escape from the cruelty of the tyrants and brigands who depopulated that land. And, being very wise, they resolved to found a philosophic republic on a communal plan. There is no private property in the City of the Sun. Everything is held in common.

Hosp.: But how is the division of the common wealth regulated?

Gen.: By the magistrates. Not only is the division of the necessities of life regulated by them, but all honours, all pleasures and all noble pursuits are divided in such a way that no one is able to follow his own desires to the injury of the community.

Hosp.: It is possible, no doubt, that a system of that sort would conduce to the general comfort of a people. But would it make them more virtuous?

Gen.: The Solarians hold that nearly all human vices are produced by the spirit of selfishness, and that selfishness originates in the private ownership of property. Poverty, they say, engenders baseness, cunning, treachery, thievishness and ignorance; wealth creates insolence, pride, blindness of soul, indifference and even cruelty. But, thanks to their system of government, the inhabitants of the City of the Sun are neither rich nor poor. Yet they are rich because they possess great wealth in common, and they are poor because they have nothing of their own. They are the masters of worldly things,

and not the servants of them. It is this which they greatly admire in the members of the religious orders of Christendom, and still more in the lives of our apostles.

Hosp.: All that you say seems to me to be conceived in the true spirit of Christianity. But the real problems of a system of communism are very difficult of solution. There is the question of marriage, for instance.

Gen.: In the City of the Sun matters of marriage are also regulated by the magistrates. The Solarians greatly wonder at us, who take so much care and trouble to improve the breeds of our cattle, horses and dogs, and neglect entirely to improve ourselves. The Solarians pay more attention to improving the breed of men and women than to anything else. The candidates for matrimony are chosen by the magistrates. No one is allowed to follow his own choice; for marriage is regarded as a matter closely related to the welfare of the state.

Hosp.: But are not the women allowed to keep their own children?

Gen.: As soon as the child is born, the mother is taken to one of the nursery palaces. There she remains with her offspring for two years. When the child is weaned, it is handed over to masters or mistresses, according to its sex, and is brought up with the other children of the community. At first it is only taught the alphabet, and encouraged to play and run about; and what instruction it receives is given only in the form of beautiful pictures. At six years of age it begins to learn a little natural history and afterwards it is instructed in those branches of knowledge for which it shows most aptitude. Children with a dull mind are sent into the country; and, if they improve as they grow older, they are brought back to the city.

Hosp.: But when the children have grown up, how do they choose their vocations in life? Do they not struggle bitterly for the best positions?

Gen.: There is no jealousy or discontentment in the City of the Sun. Every person there is employed in the calling for which he is designed by nature. Some men, for instance, are born peasants; they delight as much in tilling the earth as I do in sailing the sea.

Hosp.: But there are disagreeable trades, such as the butcher's.

Gen.: There are few butchers in the City of the Sun. The food of the Solarians consists chiefly of butter, milk, cheese and honey, dates and vegetables. As a matter of principle, they did not at first wish to kill any animal for food, for this seemed to them to be very cruel. But when they reflected that it was equally cruel to destroy plants, which also have a certain life and feeling, and that mankind in this case would perish of hunger, they understood that secondary things are created for the use of higher beings.

And, to return to the question of trades, work is so evenly distributed in the City of the Sun that no one there labours more than four hours a day. The rest of the time is employed in study, entertainment and games. The Solarians are very fond of warlike exercises, such as wrestling, running, and archery and shooting, in all of which women take as much part as men. What is stranger still, in cases of need the women fight by the side of the men. They are all trained up in the arts of war.

II—War and Government

The Hospitaller: But on whom do so happy a people as the inhabitants of the City of the Sun make war?

The Genoese: Even if the Solarians never made war, they would not cease to exercise themselves in the military arts, lest they should grow soft in body and acquire too great a love of ease. But in the same island there are four other states, the kings of which hate the people of the City of the Sun and often make war on them. But the Solarians are always victorious. Every city they take, they keep under their government. In time they will win over the whole island to their way of living.

Hosp.: But don't they engage in commerce as well as in war?

Gen.: Sometimes strange merchants come to the gates of the city; the Solarians, however, never sell anything for money, but only exchange their goods for

other goods that they want. Possessing, nevertheless, many gold-mines, they often buy, though they will never sell. Their children laugh when they see what a great quantity of useful merchandise foolish strangers are willing to give for a few pieces of useless money. But the old men do not laugh; for they are afraid that the manners of the people may be corrupted by the customs of the foreigners. This is why they have ordained that these transactions should take place outside the city gates.

Hosp.: So they forbid strangers to enter their city? How was it then, that you were admitted?

Gen.: You misunderstand me. The Solarians are exceedingly hospitable. For three days all strangers are lodged and nourished at the cost of the community. They are shown over the city, and all its usages are explained to them, and they are admitted to the honour of the common table. Certain magistrates are entrusted with the task of watching over their safety and their well-being. If they desire to become citizens, they are put to certain tests and after they have spent a month in the country, and a month in the city, their case is decided upon. If they are found worthy of becoming members of the community, they are sworn in with great ceremony.

Hosp.: You say that the City of the Sun is a republic. But how is the government conducted?

Gen.: At every new moon, and at every full moon, after a service in the great temple standing in a vast square on the top of a hill, a council is held. To this, every person above the age of twenty years is admitted, and there the people give their opinion on the state of the republic.

There are twelve magistrates, and these are governed by a triumvirate known as Wisdom, Power and Love. Wisdom and the magistrates under him have the direction of everything relating to art, science and learning. Power and his officers have the direction of all matters of war, and the manufacture of iron, and finance and architecture. Love is concerned with food, clothing and the education of the people, and with marriage, children, public health and the care and breeding of animals.

Above this triumvirate is a priestly ruler, who in the language of the Solarians is called the Sun; in our language he would be called the Metaphysician. He is the arbiter of all things temporal and spiritual, and there is no appeal from his decision. But in any affair of great importance, such as a war, Wisdom, Power and Love consult with him, and the matter is then put before the people.

Hosp.: And who is the judge in cases of crime?

Gen.: By reason of their education and their way of life, the Solarians have very little to quarrel about. As the causes of selfishness have been removed, most of the causes of crime are absent. There is only one prison in the City of the Sun, and in it only rebellious enemies are locked up. What little offences are committed are punished by exile from the common table or by reprimand by one of the magistrates. The pain of death, in case of crime committed against the liberty of the republic, is inflicted only by the assembled people, and carried out by them by stoning. For they have neither police officers nor executioners, as they consider men of this sort are a stain upon humanity.

Their laws are few, short and clear, and they are inscribed on tablets of bronze, hung at the gates of the temple. These laws are affirmative and instructive, and not negative and minatory. They contain exact definitions of every virtue. When a judge sentences a culprit, he shows him the tablet, saying, 'My son, thou hast sinned against the sacred definition of magnanimity, or beneficence, and so on. Read it.' Then, having heard his defence, the magistrate condemns the wrongdoer to the punishment which is incurred through not practising the virtue in question.

III—Solarian Religion and Labour

The Hospitaller: I should be glad if you told me something about the rites and religion of this wonderful race.

The Genoese: All the officers of the state are priests. The people go to confession regularly and confess their sins to the magistrates. The magistrates in turn



THOMAS CAMPANELLA was born September 5, 1568, at Stilo in Calabria. He entered the Dominican order and became famous as a philosopher of the modern school. At the age of thirty he took part in an insurrection against the Spaniards, was taken prisoner, and spent the next 27 years in a dungeon. Then at the instance of Pope Urban VIII he was sent to Rome to be tried by the Inquisition and was eventually set free. He was not permitted, however, to remain in Italy and on the invitation of Cardinal Richelieu he went to Paris, where he died May 26, 1639.

confess their faults to the triumvirs, and also tell them what sins the people have committed, but without giving any names. The triumvirs then confess their sins and those of the magistrates and of the people to the Sun, and he, being thus aware of all the faults committed in the city, tries to remedy them. He then confesses his own sins, in a loud voice, before the assembly, and he and the people pray humbly to God that He will pardon the city and instruct and protect it.

In the ordinary way, the Solarians pray four times a day. They always repeat the same prayer, in which they ask for a sound body and a sound mind and eternal life for themselves and for all mankind. For they believe very passionately in the immortality of the soul.

Hosp.: From what you tell me, this people is very religious. I should like to know more about their ways of life. I remember that Aristotle objected to Plato's theory of communism, that if men held all things in common, many of them would become lazy. For since the better sort would be able to get nothing by working harder than their neighbours, there would be no incentive to enterprise.

Gen.: I do not know how to carry on any discussion, as I have never learnt to argue. I can only assure you that the patriotism of the Solarians is unimaginable. Do we not see in history that the more the ancient Romans despised wealth, the more they devoted themselves to their country?

The inhabitants of the City of the Sun do not think that they lower themselves by serving the community in ways that we should consider mean. The most laborious trades, such as those of the smith and the mason, are held in high esteem among them. They do not think that it is more shameful to work with one's hands than it is to see with one's eyes and to speak with one's mouth.

Alas, it is not the same in Italy! There are now seventy thousand persons in Naples, and among this number there are scarcely ten thousand men who work, and these exhaust themselves, aye, and kill themselves, by having to labour above their strength to support a vast crowd of vile, avaricious idlers.

There are no servants in the City of the Sun. The young men and women there wait upon all those above the age of forty, and also upon each other. Both sexes work, as I have said, four hours every day. The Solarians help their friends in their studies, in their games and in war. Of course, they assist them also in cases of sickness; but happily, the inhabitants of the City of the Sun do not often fall sick.

Hosp.: Now that is wonderful! How do they avoid sickness?

Gen.: By means of their science, and especially by their plain diet and their healthful exercises. They, moreover, have found out many secrets of medicine unknown to us.

Hosp.: I should be much pleased if you would reveal some of the secrets to me.

Gen.: I should, indeed, be happy to do so. And if I had but the time I would relate to you some still more astonishing things. But if I do not hasten away, my ship will depart without me.

Hosp.: Stay! Stay! Just one more minute.

Gen.: I cannot! I cannot!

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY

BEFORE retiring from the Navy Captain Marryat had already captured the attention of the public as a novelist with The Naval Officer or Scenes and Adventures in the Life of Frank Mildmay, published in 1829, and had also written The King's Own. After 1830 he definitely devoted himself to literary work and from 1832 to 1835 edited The Metropolitan Magazine in which the best of his novels were published serially: Newton Forster, 1832; Peter Simple, and Jacob Faithful, 1834; and Mr. Midshipman Easy, and Japhet in Search of a Father in 1836. As Peter Simple is the best of Captain Marryat's romantic novels, and Masterman Ready the best of his children's book, so Mr. Midshipman Easy is his most humorous story. While it is frankly farcical it displays its author's graphic powers and whimsical humour to great advantage, and especially his really great gift of drawing English character. An outline of Peter Simple appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*. A cheap edition of Captain Marryat's novels is published by George Routledge.

I—Mr. Easy Joins His Majesty's Service



R. NICODEMUS EASY was a gentleman who lived down in Hampshire. He was a married man, and in very easy circumstances, and having decided to be a philosopher, he had fixed upon the rights of man, equality and all that—how every person was born to inherit his share of the earth—for his philosophy.

At the age of fourteen his only son, Jack, decided to go to sea.

"It has occurred to me, father," he said, "that although the whole earth has been so nefariously divided among the few, the waters at least are the property of all. No man claims his share of the sea; everyone may there plough as he pleases without being taken up for a trespasser. It is, then, only upon the ocean that I am likely to find that equality and rights of man which we are so anxious to establish on shore; and therefore I have resolved not to go to school again, which I detest, but to go to sea."

"I cannot listen to that, Jack. You must return to school."

"All I have to say is, father, that I swear by the rights of man I will not go back to school, and that I will go to sea. Was I not born my own master? Has anyone a right to dictate to me as if I were not his equal?"

Mr. Easy had nothing to reply.

"I will write to Captain Wilson," he said mournfully.

Captain Wilson, who was under considerable obligations to Mr. Easy, wrote in reply promising that he would treat Jack as his own son, and our hero very soon found his way down to Portsmouth.

As Jack had plenty of money, and was very much pleased at finding himself his own master, he was in no hurry to join his ship, and five or six companions whom he had picked up strongly advised him to put it off until the very last moment. So he was three weeks at Portsmouth before anyone knew of his arrival.

At last, Captain Wilson, receiving a note from Mr. Easy, desired Mr. Sawbridge, the first lieutenant, to make enquiries; and Mr. Sawbridge, going on shore, and being informed by the waiter at the Fountain Inn that Mr. Easy had been there three weeks, was justly indignant.

Mr. Sawbridge was a good officer, who had really worked his way up to the present rank—that is, he had served seven-and-twenty years and had nothing but his pay. He was a good-hearted man; but when he entered Jack's room and saw the dinner-table laid out in the best style for eight, his bile was raised by the display.

"May I beg to ask," said Jack, who was always remarkably polite in his address, "in what manner I can serve you?"

"Yes, sir, you may—by joining your ship immediately."

Hereupon Jack, who did not admire the peremptory tone of Mr. Sawbridge, very coolly replied, "And pray, who are you?"

"Who am I, sir? My name is Sawbridge, sir, and I am the first lieutenant of the *Harpy*. Now, sir, you have your answer."

Mr. Sawbridge was not in uniform, but he imagined the name of the first lieutenant would strike terror to a culprit midshipman.

"Really, sir," replied Jack. "What may be your exact situation on board? My ignorance of the service will not allow me to guess; but if I may judge from your behaviour you have no small opinion of yourself."

"Look ye, young man, you may not know what a first lieutenant is; but, depend upon it, I'll let you know very soon! In the meantime, sir, I insist that you go immediately on board."

"I'm sorry that I cannot comply with your very moderate request," replied Jack coolly. "I shall go on board when it suits my convenience, and I beg that you will give yourself no further trouble on my account." He then rang the bell. "Waiter, show this gentleman downstairs."

"By the god of war!" exclaimed the first lieutenant. "But I'll soon show you down to the boat, my young bantam! I shall now go and report your conduct to Captain Wilson, and if you are not on board this evening, to-morrow morning I shall send a sergeant and a file of marines to fetch you."

"You may depend upon it," replied Jack, "that I also shall not fail to mention to Captain Wilson that I consider you a very quarrelsome, impertinent fellow, and recommend him not to allow you to remain on board. It will be quite uncomfortable to be in the same ship with such a bear."

"He must be mad—quite mad!" exclaimed Sawbridge, whose astonishment even mastered his indignation. "Mad as a March hare!"

"No, sir," replied Jack. "I am not mad, but I am a philosopher."

"A *what?* Well, my joker, I shall put your philosophy to the proof."

"It is for that very reason, sir, that I have decided upon going to sea; and if you do remain on board, I hope to argue the point with you and make you a convert to the truth of equality and the rights of man. We are all born equal."

"Twenty-seven years have I been in the service!" roared Sawbridge. "But he's mad—downright, stark, staring mad!" And he bounced out of the room.

"He calls me mad," thought Jack. "I shall tell Captain Wilson what is my opinion about his lieutenant." Shortly afterwards the company arrived, and Jack soon forgot all about it.

In the meantime, Sawbridge called at the captain's lodgings and made a faithful report of all that had happened.

Sawbridge and Wilson were old friends and messmates, and the captain put it to the first lieutenant that Mr. Easy, senior, having come to his assistance and released him from heavy difficulties with a most generous cheque, what could he do but be a father to his son?

"I can only say," replied Sawbridge, "that, not only to please you, but also from respect to a man who has shown such good will towards one of our cloth, I shall most cheerfully forgive all that has passed between the lad and me."

Captain Wilson then dispatched a note to our hero, requesting the pleasure of his company to breakfast next morning, and Jack answered in the affirmative.

Captain Wilson, who knew all about Mr. Easy's philosophy, explained to Jack the details and rank of every person on board, and that everyone was equally obliged to obey orders. Lieutenant Sawbridge's demeanour was due entirely to his zeal for his country.

That evening Mr. Jack Easy was safe on board his majesty's sloop *Harpy*.

II—On Board the Harpy

Jack remained in his hammock during the first few days at sea. He was very sick, bewildered and confused, every minute knocking his head against the beams with the pitching and tossing of the sloop.

"And this is going to sea," thought Jack. "No wonder that no one talks about a trespass here; I am sure anyone is welcome to my share of the ocean."

When he was well enough he was told to go to the midshipmen's berth, and Jack,

who now felt excessively hungry, crawled over and between chests until he found himself in a hole infinitely inferior to the dog-kennels which received his father's pointers.

"I'd not only give up the ocean," thought Jack, "and my share of it, but also my share of the *Harpy*, unto anyone who fancies it. Equality enough here, for everyone appears equally miserably off."

But when he had gained the deck, the scene of cheerfulness, activity and order lightened his heart after the four days of suffering, close air and confinement from which he had just emerged.

Jack dined with the captain that night, and was very much pleased to find that everyone drank wine with him, and that everybody at the captain's table appeared to be on an equality. Before the dessert had been on the table five minutes, Jack became loquacious on his favourite topic. All the company stared with surprise at such an unheard-of doctrine being broached on board a man-of-war.

This day may be considered as the first in which Jack really made his appearance on board, and it also was on this first day that Jack made known, at the captain's table, his very peculiar notions. If the company at the captain's table were astonished at such heterodox opinions being started, they were equally astonished at the cool, good-humoured ridicule with which they were received by Captain Wilson. The report of Jack's boldness, and every word and opinion that he had uttered—of course, much magnified—were circulated that evening through the whole ship; the matter was canvassed in the gun-room by the officers and descanted upon by the midshipmen as they walked the deck. The boatswain talked it over with the other warrant officers, till the grog was all gone, and then dismissed it as too dry a subject.

The bully of the midshipmen's berth—a young man about seventeen, named Vigors—at once attacked our hero.

"So, my chap, you are come on board to raise a mutiny here with your equality? You came off scot free at the captain's table, but it won't do; someone must knock under in the midshipmen's berth, and you are one of them."

"I can assure you that you are mistaken," replied Easy.

At school Jack had fought and fought again until he was a very good bruiser and, although not so tall as Vigors, he was much better built for fighting.

"I've thrashed bigger fellows than he," he said to himself.

"You impudent blackguard!" exclaimed Vigors. "If you say another word, I'll give you a good thrashing and knock some of your equality out of you!"

"Indeed!" replied Jack, who almost fancied himself back at school. "We'll try that!" Whereupon the whole party went out into the steerage to settle the business.

Vigors had gained his assumed authority more by bullying than fighting; others had submitted to him without a sufficient trial. Jack, on the contrary, had won his way up in his school by hard and scientific combat. The result, therefore, may easily be imagined. In less than a quarter of an hour Vigors, beaten dead, with his eyes closed and three teeth out, gave in; while Jack, after a basin of water, looked as fresh as ever.

After that, Jack declared that as might was right in a midshipmen's berth, he would so far restore equality that, let who would come, they must be his master before they should tyrannise over those weaker than he.

II—The Triangular Duel

JACK, although generally popular on board, had made enemies of Mr. Biggs, the boatswain, and Mr. Easthupp, the purser's steward. The latter—a cockney and a thief—had even been kicked down the hatchway by our hero.

When the *Harpy* was at Malta, Jack, wroth at the way the two men talked at him, declared he would give them satisfaction.

"Mr. Biggs, let you and this fellow put on plain clothes and I will meet you both."

"One at a time?" said the boatswain.

"No, sir: not one at a time, but both at the same time. I will fight both or

none. If you are my superior officer, you must *descend* to meet me, or I will not descend to meet that fellow, whom I believe to have been little better than a pickpocket!"

Mr. Biggs having declared that he would fight, of course had to look out for a second, and he fixed upon Mr. Tallboys, the gunner, and requested him to be his friend. Mr. Tallboys consented, but he was very much puzzled how to arrange that *three* were to fight at the same time, for he had no idea of there being two duels. Jack had no one to confide in but Gascoigne, a fellow-midshipman; and although Gascoigne thought it was excessively *infra dig.* of Jack to meet even the boatswain, as the challenge had been given there was no retracting, and he therefore consented and went to meet Mr. Tallboys.

"MR. GASCOIGNE," said the gunner, "you see that there are three parties to fight. Had there been two or four there would have been no difficulty, as the straight line or square might guide us in that instance; but we must arrange it upon the triangle in this."

Gascoigne stared. He could not imagine what was coming.

"The duel between three can only be fought upon the principle of the triangle," the gunner went on. "You observe," he said, taking a piece of chalk and making a triangle on the table, "in this figure we have three points, each equidistant from each other; and we have three combatants, so that, placing one at each point, it is all fair play for the three. Mr. Easy, for instance, stands here, the boatswain here, and the purser's steward at the third corner. Now, if the distance is fairly measured, it will be all right."

"But then," replied Gascoigne, delighted at the idea, "how are they to fire?"

"It certainly is not of much consequence," replied the gunner; "but still, as sailors, it appears to me that they should fire with the sun—that is, Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, Mr. Biggs fires at Mr. Easthupp and Mr. Easthupp fires at Mr. Easy, so that you perceive that each party has his shot at one, and at the same time receives the fire of another."

Gascoigne was in ecstasies at the novelty of the proceeding.

"Upon my word, Mr. Tallboys, I give you great credit. You have a profound mathematical head, and I am delighted with your arrangement. I shall insist upon Mr. Easy consenting to your excellent and scientific proposal."

Gascoigne went out and told Jack what the gunner had proposed, at which Jack laughed heartily. The gunner also explained it to the boatswain, who did not very well comprehend, but replied, "I daresay it's all right. Shot for shot, and d— all favours!"

THE parties then repaired to the spot with two pairs of ship's pistols, which Mr. Tallboys had smuggled on shore; and as soon as they were on the ground, the gunner called Mr. Easthupp. In the meantime, Gascoigne had been measuring an equilateral triangle of twelve paces, and marked it out. Mr. Tallboys, on his return with the purser's steward, went over the ground, and finding that it was equal angles subtended by equal sides, declared that it was all right. Easy took his station, the boatswain was put into his, and Mr. Easthupp was led by the gunner to the third position.

"But, Mr. Tallboys," said the purser's steward. "I don't understand this. Mr. Easy will fight Mr. Biggs, will he not?"

"No," replied the gunner; "this is a duel of three. You will fire at Mr. Easy, Mr. Easy will fire at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs will fire at you. It is all arranged, Mr. Easthupp."

"But," said Mr. Easthupp, "I do not understand it. Why is Mr. Biggs to fire at me? I have no quarrel with Mr. Biggs."

"Because Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs must have his shot as well."

"But still, I've no quarrel with Mr. Biggs, and therefore, Mr. Biggs, of course you will not aim at me."

"Why, you don't think I'm going to be fired at for nothing?" replied the boatswain. "No, no; I'll have my shot, anyhow!"

"But at your friend, Mr. Biggs?"

"All the same, I shall fire at somebody, shot for shot, and hit the luckiest."

"Vel, gentleman, I purtest against these proceedings," remarked Mr. Easthupp. "I came here to have satisfaction from Mr. Easy, and not to be fired at by Mr. Biggs."

"So you would have a shot without receiving one?" cried Gascoigne. "The fact is that this fellow's a confounded coward."

At this effront, Mr. Easthupp rallied and accepted the pistol offered by the gunner.

"You 'ear those words, Mr. Biggs? Pretty language to use to a gentleman! I purtest no longer, Mr. Tallboys. Death before dishonour—I'm a gentleman!"

The gunner gave the word as if he were exercising the great guns on board ship.

"Cock your locks! Take good aim at the object! Fire!"

Mr. Easthupp clapped his hand to his trousers, gave a loud yell, and then dropped down, having presented his broadside as a target to the boatswain. Jack's shot had also taken effect, having passed through both the boatswain's cheeks, without further mischief than extracting two of his best upper double teeth and forcing through the hole of the farther cheek the boatswain's own quid of tobacco. As for Mr. Easthupp's ball, as he was very unsettled and shut his eyes before he fired, it had gone heaven knows where.

The purser's steward lay on the ground and screamed; the boatswain threw down his pistol in a rage. The former was then walked off to the hospital, attended by the gunner, and also the boatswain, who thought he might as well have a little medical advice before going on board.

"WELL, Easy," said Gascoigne, collecting the pistols and tying them up in his handkerchief, "I'll be shot, but we're in a pretty scrape; there's no hushing this up. I'll be hanged if I care: it's the best piece of fun I ever met with."

"I'm afraid that our leave will be stopped for the future," replied Jack.

"Confound it, and they say that the ship is to be here six weeks at least. I won't go on board. Look ye, Jack, we'll pretend to be so much alarmed at the result of this duel, that we dare not show ourselves lest we should be hung. I will write a note and tell all the particulars to the master's mate, and refer to the gunner for the truth of it, and beg him to intercede with the captain and first lieutenant. I know that although we should be punished, they will only laugh; but I will pretend that Easthupp is killed and we are frightened out of our lives. That will be it; and then let's get on board one of the fruit boats, sail in the night for Palermo, and then we'll have a cruise for a fortnight, and when the money is all gone we'll come back."

"That's a capital idea, Ned, and the sooner we do it the better."

They were two very nice lads.

rvice

AT the end of four years at sea, Jack had been cured of his philosophy of equality. The death of his mother, and a letter from the old family doctor that his father was not in his senses, decided him to return home.

"You will be much grieved," his father wrote, "to hear that your poor mother, after sitting in the corner for nearly two years waiting for the millennium, appeared to pine away; whether from disappointment or not I do not know; in spite of all Dr. Middleton could do, she departed this life; and, as the millennium would not come to her as she expected, it is to be hoped she is gone to the millennium. I have done since her death what she never permit me to do during her life. had her head shaved, and examined it very carefully as a phrenologist. I will give you the result. Determination, very prominent; Benevolence, small; Caution, extreme; Veneration, not very great; Imagination, very strong; you know, my dear boy, she was always imagining some nonsense or another. Her other organs were all moderate. Poor dear creature; a better mother or a better wife never existed. Come home as soon as possible. I cannot exist without you."

"It is fortunate for you that the estate is entailed," wrote Dr. Middleton, "or you might soon be a beggar, for there is no saying what debts your father might



FREDERICK MARRYAT, British novelist and sailor, was born at Westminster, July 10, 1792, son of Joseph Marryat, agent for Grenada. As a boy he ran away more than once to go to sea, and was allowed to enter the navy at the age of fourteen, serving first under Lord Cochrane. Before the peace of 1815 he had seen a great deal of service both in European and American waters. In 1815 he received the rank of commander, and he served in the Burmese War in 1824–5. Marryat was made a fellow of the Royal Society in 1819 for his work in improving signalling. He retired in 1830 and died at Langham, Norfolk, August 9, 1848.

in his madness, be guilty of. He has turned away his keepers and allowed poachers to go all over the manor. I consider that it is absolutely necessary that you should immediately return home and look after what will one day be your property. You have no occasion to follow the profession with your income of £8,000 per annum. You have distinguished yourself, now make room for those who require it for their subsistence."

Captain Wilson approved of the decision, and Jack left the service. At his request, his devoted admirer Mesty—an abbreviation of Mephistopheles—an African, once a prince in Ashantee and now the cook of the midshipmen's mess, was allowed to leave the service and accompany our hero to England as his servant.

From the first utterances of Jack on the subject of liberty and equality, he had won Mesty's heart, and in a hundred ways the black had proved his fidelity and attachment. His delight at going home with his patron was indescribable.

Jack had not written to announce his arrival, and when he reached home he found things worse than he expected. His father was at the mercy of his servants, who, insolent and insubordinate, robbed, laughed at and neglected him. The waste and expense were enormous. Our hero, who found how matters stood, soon resolved what to do.

He rose early; Mesty was in the room, with warm water, as soon as he rang.

"By de power, Massa Easy, your fader very silly old man!"

"I'm afraid so," replied Jack. "How are they getting on in the servants' hall?"

"Regular mutiny, sar—ab swear dat dey no stand our nonsense, and dat w both leave the house to-morrow."

Jack went to his father.

"Do you hear, sir, your servants declare that I shall leave your house to-morrow."

"You leave my house, Jack, after four years' absence! No, no, I'll reason with them—I'll make them a speech. You don't know how I can speak, Jack."

"Look you, father, I cannot stand this. Either give me *carte blanche* to arrange this household as I please, or I shall quit it myself to-morrow morning."

"Quit my house, Jack! No, no—shake hands and make friends with them; be civil, and they will serve you."

"Do you consent, sir, or am I to leave the house?"

"Leave the house! Oh, no; not leave the house, Jack. I have no son but you. Then do as you please—but you will not send away my butler?—he escaped hanging last assizes on an undoubted charge of murder. I selected him on purpose, and must have him cured, and shown as a proof of a wonderful machine I have invented."

"MESTY," said Jack, "get my pistols ready for to-morrow morning, and your own too—do you hear? It is possible, father, that you may not have yet quite cured your murderer, and therefore it is as well to be prepared."

Mr. Easy did not long survive his son's return, and under Jack's management, in which Mesty rendered invaluable assistance, the household was reformed and the estate once more conducted on reasonable lines.

A year later Jack was married, and Mesty, as major domo, held his post with dignity and proved himself trustworthy.

PLINY

THE LETTERS OF PLINY THE YOUNGER

BORN a member of an honourable and wealthy family, and by his own ability raised to high offices in the service of the state, Pliny enjoyed the friendship of the most eminent men of his time and the confidence and favour of the emperor Trajan. In his letters he may be considered as writing his memoirs, and he could not have adopted a more agreeable method of transmitting himself to posterity than by their collection and publication. They were issued in nine volumes with a supplementary volume containing his letters to Trajan and the emperor's replies, and they are priceless as a picture of the varied interest of a cultivated Roman gentleman. They are also models of Latin style and reveal one of the most amiable characters in all antiquity, a devoted husband, affectionate and hospitable friend, and loyal public servant who seems to have employed his whole life in the exercise of every generous and social affection. An English translation by W. Melmoth, revised by W. M. L. Hutchinson, is included in the Loeb Library.

To Tacitus and Others



YOU will certainly laugh, and well may you laugh, when I tell you that your old friend has turned sportsman, and has captured three magnificent boars. "What," you say, "Pliny?" Yes, I myself, though without giving up my much loved inactivity. While I sat at the nets, you might have found me holding, not a spear, but my pen. I was resolved, if I returned with my hands empty, at least to bring home my tablets full. This open-air way of studying is not at all to be despised. The activity and the scene stimulate the imagination; and there is something in the solemnity and solitude of the woods, and in the expectant silence of the chase, that greatly promotes meditation. I advise you whenever you hunt in future to take your tablets with you as well as your casket and flask. You will find that Minerva, as well as Diana, haunts these hills.

To Minutius Fundanus

WHEN I consider how the days pass with us at Rome, I am surprised to find that any single day taken by itself is spent reasonably enough, or at least seems to be so, and yet when I add up many days together the impression is quite otherwise. If you ask anyone what he has been doing to-day, he will tell you perhaps that he has been attending the ceremony of a youth's coming of age; he has assisted at a wedding, been present at the hearing of a law-suit, witnessed a will, or taken part in a consultation. These occupations seem very necessary while one is engaged in them; and yet, looking back at leisure upon the many hours we have thus employed, we cannot but consider them mere frivolities. Looking back especially on town life from a country retreat, one is inclined to regret how much of life has been spent in these wretched trifles.

This reflection is one which often occurs to me at my place at Laurentum, when I am immersed in studies or invigorating my bodily health. In that peaceful home I neither hear nor say anything which needs to be repented of. There is no one there who speaks evil of anyone; and I have not to complain of any man, except sometimes of myself when I am dissatisfied with my work. There I live undisturbed by rumours, free from the vicissitudes of hope and fear, conversing only with myself and my books.

What a true and genuine life it is; surely more to be desired than the highest employments. O sea and solitary shore, secret haunt of the muses, with how many noble thoughts have you inspired me! Do you then, my friend, take the first opportunity of leaving the noisy town with all its empty pursuits, and devote your days to study or leisure. For, as

Attilius well says, it is better to have nothing to do than to be doing of nothing.

To Septitius Clarus

How did it happen, my friend, that you failed to keep your engagement to dine with me? I shall expect you to repay me what I spent on the festival—no small sum, I can assure you. I had prepared for each of us, you must know, a lettuce, three snails, two eggs and a barley cake served with sweet wine and snow; the snow most certainly I shall charge to your account, as it melted away. There were olives, beetroots, gourds, onions and a hundred other dainties. You would also have heard a comedian, or the reading of a poem, or a lute-player, or even, if you had liked, all three, such was my liberality. But luxurious delicacies and Spanish dancing girls at some other house were more to your taste. I shall have my revenge of you, depend upon it, but I won't say how.

Indeed, it was not kind thus to mortify your friend I had almost said yourself; for how delightfully we should have passed the evening in jests and laughter, and in deeper talk! It is true you may dine at many houses more sumptuously than at mine, but nowhere will you find more unconstrained gaiety, simplicity and freedom. Only make the experiment, and if you do not ever afterwards prefer my table to any other, never favour me with your company again.

To Avitus

It would be a long story, and of no great importance, if I were to tell you by what accident I dined lately with a man who, in his own opinion, entertained us with great splendour and economy, but in my opinion with meanness combined with extravagance. He and a few of his guests enjoyed some very excellent dishes indeed, but the fare placed before the rest of the company was of the most inferior kind. There were three kinds of wine in small bottles, but it was not intended that the guests should take their choice at all. The best was for himself and for us; another vintage was for his friends of a lower order—for you must know he divides his friends into classes according to their quality—and the third kind was for his own and his guests' freed-men.

My neighbour noticed this, and asked me if I approved of it.

"Not at all," I said.

"What, then," said he, "is your custom in entertaining?"

"Mine," said I, "is to offer the same fare to everybody. I invite my friends to dinner without separating them into classes. Everyone who comes to my table is equal, and even my freed-men are then my guests just as much as anyone else."

He asked me if I did not find this very expensive. I assured him that it was not so at all, and that the whole secret lay in drinking no better wine myself than I gave to others. If a man is wise enough to moderate his own luxury, he will not find it very expensive to entertain all his visitors on equal terms. Restrain your own tastes if you would really economise. This is a better way of saving expense than making these insulting distinctions between guests.

It would be a pity if a man of your excellent disposition should be imposed upon by the immoderate ostentation which prevails at some tables under the guise of frugality. I tell you of this as an example of what you ought to shun.

Nothing is to be more avoided than the preposterous association of extravagance and meanness—defects which are unpleasant enough when found separately, but are particularly detestable when combined.

To Baebius Macer

I am glad to hear that you are so great an admirer of my uncle Pliny's works as to wish to have a complete collection of them. You will wonder how a man so much occupied as he was could find time to write so many books, some of them upon very difficult subjects. You will be still more surprised when you hear that for a considerable time he practised at the Bar, that he died in his fifty-sixth year, and that from the time of his retirement from the Bar to his death he was employed in some of the highest offices of state, and in the immediate service of the emperors. But he had a very quick intelligence, an incredible power of application and an unusual faculty of doing without sleep.

In summer he used to begin to work at midnight; in winter, generally at one in the morning, or two at the latest, and often at midnight. But he would often refresh himself by a short sleep.

Before daybreak he used to wait upon the Emperor Vespasian, who also was a night worker, and after that attended to his official duties. Having taken a light meal at noon, after the custom of our ancestors, he would in summer, if unoccupied, lie down in the sun, while a book was read to him from which he made extracts and notes. Indeed, he never read without making extracts; he used to say that no book was so bad as not to teach one at least something. After this reading he usually took a cold bath, then a light refreshment, and slept for a little while. Then he resumed his studies until dinner, when a book was again read to him, upon which he would make passing comments.

I remember once, when his reader had pronounced a word wrongly, someone at the table made him repeat it again; upon which my uncle asked his friend if he had not understood it. He admitted that the word was clear enough. "Why did you stop him then?" asked my uncle; "we have lost more than ten lines by this interruption of yours." Even so parsimonious was he of every moment of time! In summer he always rose from dinner by daylight, and in winter as soon as it was dark; this was an invariable law with him.

SUCH was his life amidst the noise and bustle of the city; but when he was in the country, his whole time was given to study except when he bathed. And by this exception I mean only the time when he was actually in the bath, for all the time when he was being rubbed and dried he was being read to, or was himself dictating. Again, when travelling he gave his whole time to study; a secretary constantly attended him with books and tablets, and in winter wore very warm gloves so that the cold weather might not interrupt my uncle's work; and, for the same reason, when in Rome, he was always carried in a chair.

I remember he once reproved me for going for a walk, saying that I might have used the hours to greater advantage; for he thought all time was lost which was not given to study. It was by this extraordinary application that he found time to write so many volumes, besides a hundred and sixty books of extracts which he left me, written on both sides in an extremely small hand, so that their number might be reckoned considerably greater.

To Cornelius Tacitus

I UNDERSTAND you wish to hear about the earthquake at Misenum. After my uncle had left us on that day, I went on with my studies until it was time to bathe; then I had supper and went to bed. But my sleep was broken and disturbed. There had been many slight shocks, which were very frequent in Campania, but on this night they were so violent that it seemed as though everything must be overthrown. My mother ran into my room, and we went out into a small court which separated our house from the sea. I do not know whether to call it courage or rashness on my part, as I was only eighteen years old, but I took up Livy and read and made extracts from him. When morning came the light was faint and sickly; the buildings around us were tottering to their fall, and there was great and unavoidable danger in remaining where we were.

We resolved to leave the town. The people followed us in consternation, and pressed in great crowds about us on our way out. Having gone a good distance from the house, we stood still in the midst of a dreadful scene. The carriages for which we had sent, though standing upon level ground, were being thrown from side to side, and could not be kept still even when supported by large stones. The sea appeared to roll back upon itself, driven from its shores by the convulsive movements of the earth; a large portion of the sea bottom was uncovered, and many marine animals were left exposed. Landward, a black and dreadful cloud was rolling down, broken by great flashes of forked lightning and divided by long trains of flame which resembled lightning but were much larger.

Soon afterwards the clouds seemed to descend and cover the whole surface of the

ocean, hiding the island of Capri altogether and blotting out the promontory of Misenum. My mother implored me earnestly to make my escape, saying that her age and frame made it impossible for her to get away, but that she would willingly meet her death if she could know that she had not been the cause of mine. But I absolutely refused to forsake her, and seizing her hand I led her on. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though as yet in no great quantity. I looked back and saw behind us a dense cloud which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed that while we still had life we should turn out of the high road, lest she should be trampled to death in the dark.

We had scarcely sat down when darkness closed in upon us, not like the darkness of a moonless night, or of a night obscured by clouds, but the darkness of a closed room where all the lights have been put out. We heard the shrieks of women, the cries of children and the shouts of men; some were calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands or wives, and recognizing one another through the darkness by their voices. Some were calling for death through very fear of death; others raised their hands to the gods; but most imagined that the last eternal night had come and that gods and world alike were being destroyed.

At last a glimmer of light appeared which we imagined to be a sign of approaching flames, as in truth it was; but the fire fell at a considerable distance from us, and again we were immersed in darkness. A heavy shower of ashes now rained upon us, so that we were obliged from time to time to shake them off, or we should have been buried in the heap. I might congratulate myself that during all this horror not a sigh or expression of fear escaped me, if it had not been that I then believed myself to be perishing with the world itself, and that all mankind was involved in the same calamity—a miserable consolation indeed, but a powerful one.

At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees like a cloud of smoke; real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly, as he appears during an eclipse. Everything before our trembling eyes was changed, being covered over with white ashes as with deep snow. We returned to Misenum, where we passed an anxious night between hope and fear. There was more fear than hope, however, for the earthquake still continued, and many crazy people were running about predicting awful horrors.

To Geminius

YOU must very well know the kind of people who, though themselves slaves to every passion, are mightily indignant at the vices of others, and most severe against those whom they most closely resemble. Surely, leniency is the most becoming of all virtues, even in persons who have least need of anyone's indulgence. The highest of all characters, in my estimation, is that of a man who is as ready to pardon human errors as though he were every day himself guilty of them, and who yet abstains from faults as though he never forgave them.

Let us observe this rule, both in our public and in our private relations—to be inexorable to ourselves, but to treat the rest of the world with tenderness, including even those who forgive only themselves. Let us always remember the saying of that most humane, and therefore very great, Thrasea: 'He who hates vices, hates mankind.'

Perhaps you will ask who it is that has moved me to these reflections. There was a certain person lately—but I will tell you of that when we meet. No; on second thoughts, I will not tell you even then, lest by condemning him and exposing his conduct I should be violating the principle which I have just condemned. So, whoever he is, and whatever he may be, the matter shall remain unspoken, since to expose him would be of no advantage for the purpose of example; but to hide his fault will be of great advantage to good nature.

To Calpurnia, his Wife

IT is incredible how impatiently I wish for your return, such is the tenderness of my love for you, and so unaccustomed are we to separation. I lie awake great part of the nights thinking of you; and in the day my feet carry me of their own accord to your room at the hours when I

used to see you, but not finding you there I go away as sorrowful and disappointed as an excluded lover. The only time when I am free from this distress is when I am in the forum busy with the law-suits of my friends. You may judge how wretched my life is when I find my repose only in labour and my consolation in miseries and cares.

To the Emperor Trajan

It is my rule, sir, to refer to you all matters about which I have any doubt. For who can be more capable of removing my scruples or of instructing my ignorance?

I have never been present at any trials of Christians, and am, therefore, ignorant of the reasons for which punishment is inflicted, as well as of the examinations which it is proper to make of their guilt. As to whether any difference is usually made with respect to the ages of the guilty, or whether no distinction is to be observed between the young and the old; whether repentance entitles them to a pardon, or whether it is of no advantage to a man who has once been a Christian that he has ceased to be one; whether the very profession of Christianity unattended by any criminal act, or only the crimes that are inherent in the profession are punishable—on all these points I am very doubtful.

In the meantime, the method which I have observed towards those who have been brought before me as Christians is this. I have interrogated them as to whether they were Christians; if they confessed I repeated the question twice again, adding threats at the same time; and if they still persevered I ordered them to execution. For I was persuaded that whatever the nature of their opinions might be, their pertinacity and inflexible obstinacy ought certainly to be punished.

As this crime spread while it was actually under prosecution, many fresh cases were brought up. An anonymous paper was given me containing a charge against many persons. Those who denied that they were Christians, or that they had ever been so, repeated after me an invocation to the gods, offered wine and incense before your statue, which for this purpose I had ordered to be placed among the statues of the gods, and even reviled the name of Christ; and so, as it is impossible to force those who are really Christians to do any of these things, I thought it proper to dismiss them. Others who had been accused confessed themselves at first to be Christians, but immediately afterwards denied it; and others owned that they had formerly been of that number, but had now forsaken their error.

They affirmed that the whole of their guilt, or their error, had been as follows. They met on a stated day before sunrise and addressed a form of invocation to Christ as to a god; they also bound themselves by an oath, not for any wicked purpose, but never to commit thefts, robberies, or adulteries, never to break their word, not to deny a trust when they should be called upon to deliver it up. After this had been done they used to separate, and then reassemble to partake in common of an innocent meal. They had desisted, however, from this custom after the publication of my edict, by which I had forbidden fraternities to exist.

Having received this account I thought it all the more necessary to make sure of the real truth by putting two slave-girls who were said to have taken part in their religious functions to the torture; but I could discover nothing more than an absurd and extravagant superstition.

I have, therefore, adjourned all further proceedings in order to consult with you. Many persons are involved in the danger of these prosecutions; for the inquiry has already extended and is likely further to extend to persons of all ranks and ages and of both sexes. This contagious superstition is not confined to the cities only, but has spread its infection among the country districts as well; and it seems impossible to cure this evil. It is true that the temples which were once almost deserted have lately been frequented, and that the religious rites which had been interrupted are again revived; and there is a general demand for animals for sacrificial victims, which for some time past have met with few purchasers. From all this it is easy to imagine that numbers might be reclaimed from this error if pardon were granted to those who may repent it.

The Earliest French Circumnavigator

LOUIS DE BOUGAINVILLE

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

WHEN the French government conceived the project of colonising the Falkland Islands after the Seven Years' War, Bougainville undertook the task at his own expense, but the settlement had to be given up to the Spaniards. Bougainville then received the command of the frigate *La Boudeuse* and the St. Malo transport *L'Etoile*, and set sail in December 1766, on a voyage of discovery round the world. He started from Nantes, sailing to South America and through the Straits of Magellan to the South Sea Islands and thence by way of Java and Mauritius to the Cape of Good Hope, reaching St. Malo in March 1769. Bougainville's account of his voyage, published in 1771 and translated into English in 1772, added considerably to the geographical and scientific knowledge of the age. The name of Bougainville is given to the largest of the Solomon Islands and to a strait in the New Hebrides; he is also commemorated in the name of the South American climbing plant, Bougainvillea.

I—Adventures in the Brazils



IN February 1764 France began to make a settlement on the Isles of Malouines. Spain reclaimed these isles as belonging to the continent of South America and, her right to them having been acknowledged by the king, I received orders to deliver our settlement to the Spaniards and to proceed to the East Indies by crossing the South Seas between the tropics. For this expedition I received the command of *La Boudeuse*, a frigate of twenty-six twelve-pounders.

In the beginning of November 1766 I went to Nantes, where the *Boudeuse* had just been built, and on the 15th we sailed from this road for the River de la Plata. There I was to find the two Spanish frigates, called *La Esmeralda* and *La Liebre*, whose commander was ordered to receive the Isles Malouines, or Falkland's Islands, for his Catholic majesty.

On December 5 we got under sail in the road at Brest. I had eleven commissioned officers and three volunteers, and the crew consisted of 200 sailors, warrant officers, soldiers, boys and servants.

On the 31st, at eleven in the morning, we anchored in Monte Video Bay, having four fathom water, with a black, soft, muddy bottom. The two Spanish frigates, which were to take possession of the Isles Malouines—Falkland's Islands—had lain in the road a whole month. Their commander, Don Philip Ruis Puente, was appointed governor of those islands. We went together to Buenos Ayres, in order to concert the necessary measures with the governor-general for the cession of the settlement, which I was to deliver up to the Spaniards. We did not make a long stay there and I returned to Monte Video on February 16.

The Prince of Nassau went with me; and as a contrary wind prevented our returning in a schooner, we landed opposite Buenos Ayres, above the colony of San Sacramento, and made this tour by land. We crossed those immense plains, in which travellers are guided by the eye, taking care not to miss the fords in the rivers, and driving before themselves thirty or forty horses, among which they must take some with nooses, in order to have relays when those on which they ride are fatigued. We lived upon meat which was almost raw, and passed the nights in huts made of leather, in which our sleep was constantly interrupted by the howling of tigers.

When the Spanish frigates were ready, we prepared to leave Rio de la Plata. Buenos Ayres is built regular, and much larger than the number of its inhabitants would require, which do not exceed twenty thousand—whites, negroes and mestizos. The buildings are nearly all very low and have no more than a ground floor, with

vast courtyards, and most of them a garden.

There is no harbour at Buenos Ayres, or so much as a mole, to facilitate the handling of boats. The ships can only come within three leagues of the town. There they unload cargo into boats, which enter the Rio Chuelo, whence the merchandise is brought in carts to the town.

The cultivated environs of this city do not extend very far; for at the distance of only three leagues from the city there are immense fields, left to an innumerable multitude of horses and black cattle. One scarce meets with a few scattered huts on crossing this vast country, erected not so much with a view of cultivating the soil, as rather to secure the property of the ground, or of the cattle upon it to their several owners. Travellers who cross this plain find no accommodation, and those who travel on horseback are often exposed to lie in the fields without any covering.

The country is a continued plain, without other forests than those of fruit trees. It is situated in the happiest climate and would be one of the most fertile in the world in all kinds of productions if it were cultivated. The small quantity of wheat and maize which is won there multiplies by far more than in our best fields in France. The inhabitants, or travellers, when pressed by hunger, kill an ox, take what they intend to eat of it and leave the rest as a prey to wild dogs and tigers.

The Indians who inhabit this part of America are of that race called by the Spaniards Indios bravos. They are middle sized, very ugly and afflicted with the itch. They are of a deep tawny colour, which they blacken still more by continually rubbing themselves with grease.

During our voyage to the Malouines we had almost always stormy weather and high seas. On April 1, I delivered our settlement to the Spaniards, who took possession of it by planting the Spanish colours, which were saluted at sun-rising and sun-setting from the shore and from the ships. I read the king's letter to the French inhabitants of this infant colony, by which his majesty permits their remaining under the government of his most Catholic majesty.

I WAITED in vain for the *Etoile*; the months of March and April had passed, and that storeship did not arrive. I could not attempt to traverse the Pacific Ocean with my frigate alone, as she had no more room than what would hold provisions for six months. I left the Malouines on June 2 in order to go to Rio de Janeiro.

That town is the emporium and principal staple of the rich produce of the Brazils. The mines annually bring in to the king at least 112 arobas of gold. All the gold which is got out of the mines cannot be sent to Rio without being brought into the houses which have been established in each district, where the part belonging to the Crown is taken.

II—Among the Patagonians

ON July 15 we weighed from Rio de Janeiro and on the 31st anchored in the bay of Monte Video. We had lost much time on account of the *Etoile*, because she made four inches of water every hour.

As we were to stay in the Rio de la Plata till after the equinox, we took lodgings at Monte Video, where we settled our workmen and made an hospital. This having been our first care, I went to Buenos Ayres on August 11 to accelerate our being furnished with the necessary provisions by the provisor-general of the King of Spain.

In a hurricane a register ship, which was at anchor near the *Etoile*, dragged her anchors, ran foul of the *Etoile* at night and at the first shock broke her bowsprit level.

The repair and the loading of the *Etoile* took up all October and cost us a prodigious expense; we were not able to balance our accounts with the provisor-general and the other Spaniards who had supplied our wants till the end of this month. I paid them with the money I received as a reimbursement for the cession of the Malouines, which I thought was preferable to a draught upon the king's treasury. I have continued to do the same in regard to all expenses at the various places we had occasion to touch at in foreign countries. On October 31, I

joined the *Etoile*. This small passage cost us three men, who were drowned. I likewise was sorry to see that, notwithstanding the repairs the *Etoile* had undergone, she still made water.

We employed some days to stow all the victuals she could hold into the *Boudeuse* and to caulk her over again, which was an operation which could not be done sooner on account of the absence of her caulkers, who had been employed in the *Etoile*; cut grass for the cattle we had on board and embarked whatever we had on shore. We had now victuals for ten months, though it is true that the greatest part of the drink consisted of brandy. The crew was in perfect health. Notwithstanding all our care, twelve men, soldiers and sailors, deserted from the two ships. I had, however, taken some of the sailors at the Malouines, who engaged in the fishery there; and likewise an engineer, a supercargo and a surgeon; by this means my ship had as many hands as at her departure from Europe; and it was already a year since we had left the river of Nantes.

On November 14 we sailed from Monte Video. We sounded for several days and on the 27th, at night—being, according to our reckoning, thirty-five leagues from the coast of Patagonia—we sounded seventy fathoms, oozy bottom, with fine black and grey sand.

During all this time we saw the birds called albatross, and what in all the seas in the world is a bad sign, petrels, which disappear when the weather is fair and the sea smooth. We likewise saw seals, penguins and a great number of whales.

At last one morning we passed the first gut of the straits. We saw about twenty men dressed in skins on Tierra del Fuego. We anchored in Boucault's Bay and I hoisted one of my boats. We had hardly set foot on shore but we saw six Patagonians come to us on horseback in full gallop. They cried 'Shawa!' Later they embraced us. After many reciprocal caresses, we distributed among them cakes, which they devoured with avidity. They did not seem surprised to see us, and by imitating the report of muskets with their voice, they showed that they were acquainted with these arms. We gave them each a small draught of brandy, and they beat on their throats with their hands and, by blowing, uttered an inarticulate sound and made droll gestures. When we returned they accompanied us to the shore.

THESE Patagonians are robust, and left entirely to Nature. Many of them are handsome; their faces are round, their eyes very fiery, their teeth extremely white; they have long, black hair, which they tie up on the top of their heads. Their colour is bronze. Some of them had their cheeks painted red. We have not seen their women.

The only arms which we observed among them are two round pebbles fastened to the end of a twisted gut. Their principal food is the marrow and flesh of guanacos and vicuñas; many of them had quarters of this flesh fastened on their horses and we have seen them eat pieces of it quite raw. They had likewise nasty little dogs with them which, like their horses, drink sea water, it being difficult to get fresh water on this coast.

Later we entered the woody part of the straits. We began the year 1768 in the Bay Fortescue and were confined there for three weeks by such weather as one cannot imagine from the worst winter of Paris.

On the 24th we got calm weather and proceeded, and reached the Pacific Ocean after employing fifty-two days to cross the straits.

III—Happy Islands of the Southern Seas

THEN in the Pacific Ocean there was an almost epidemical sore throat among the crew of my frigate, as soon as we had left the straits. As it was attributed to the snow waters of the straits, I ordered every day that a pint of vinegar and red-hot bullets should be put into the scuttled cask containing the water for the crew to drink, on the upper deck. Happily, these sore throats yielded to the simplest remedies and at the end of March we had nobody upon the sick list. Only four sailors were attacked by the scurvy.

On March 21 we caught a tunny, in whose belly we found some little fish of such species as never go far from shore.

This was a sign of the vicinity of land. Indeed, we soon sighted four little isles, which I called 'les quatre Facardins.' Twenty men suddenly appeared on the shore. They were naked and bore long pikes which they brandished fiercely against the ships.

On April 4 we sighted the Isle of Tahiti. With joy we saw fires burning on every part of the coast. Later, we perceived a periagua which, accompanied by a number of others, sailed ahead of us. They were manned by naked men who presented us with branches of banana trees, and their demonstration signified that this was their 'olive' branch. We answered with all the signs of friendship, and they came alongside. The two ships were soon surrounded by more than a hundred periaguas, laden with coconuts and other fruits. The exchange of these fruits, which were delicious to us, was made quite honestly for all sorts of trifles. The men had no arms.

As we came nearer the coast, the number of islanders surrounding us increased. They all cried 'Tayo!' (friend), and asked for nails and ear-rings. Their boats were now full of females with agreeable features. When we were moored, I went on shore with several officers.

We entered the house of the chief of the district, and everyone was pleased except an old man who seemed to fear that the arrival of a new race of men would trouble those happy days which he had spent in peace. We had a meal with them all, and later we let them hear the music of our flutes and violins and entertained them with fireworks, which caused a mixture of surprise and horror in them.

We began to make a camp on shore; but Ereti, the chief, gave me to understand that our stay on shore displeased his people. I promised not to remain longer than eighteen days, in sign of which I gave him eighteen little stones. Joy returned, and Ereti offered us a large shed under which we raised the tents for those who were ill of the scurvy.

Often I have been walking in the interior of the isle, and I thought I was transported into the garden of Eden. Everywhere we found innocent joy and hospitality.

WHEN the time came for us to sail, and they perceived it, Ereti leaped alone into a periagua and came on board, embraced all of us, shedding tears and appearing much affected at our departure. Soon after, his great periagua came on board, laden with refreshments of all kinds; and with him was an islander, who, on the first of our landing, had lodged on board the *Etoile*. Ereti took him by the hand and, presenting him to me, gave me to understand that this man, whose name was Aotourou, desired to go with us, and begged that I would consent to it.

We made Ereti more presents of all sorts; after which he took leave of us and returned to his wives, who did not cease to weep all the time of the periagua's being alongside of us. In it there was likewise a young and handsome girl, whom the islander who stayed along with us went to embrace. He gave her three pearls which he had in his ears, kissed her once more; and notwithstanding the tears of this young wife, he tore himself from her and came on board our ship.

IV—Homeward by the East Indies

DURING the following weeks we discovered several islands and I had occasion to correct or contemplate the charts. Often we landed and made exchange with the islanders.

Those people were middle-sized and nimble. They paint their breasts and their thighs with a dark blue. They shave or tear off their beards, and their black hair stands upright on their heads.

We made regular meteorological and astronomical observations wherever we were. On several occasions islanders attacked us with clubs of iron-wood and stones; but we never suffered much from these onslaughts.

In June we ran many dangers before we sighted New Britain. Hunger, the most cruel of our enemies, was on board. I had to make a great diminution in the allowance of bread, and to forbid the eating of the leather which was wrapped round the yards. Our only goat was condemned to death and a dog shared the same fate.

In July we used our guns against islanders, whenever we anchored near the



LOUIS ANTOINE DE BOUGAINVILLE, Frenc
navigator, was born in Paris, November 11, 172

p to Montcalm in Canada, and ser th
n Years' War from 1761 to 1763.
ed the navy and went on his voyage
d. After some years' interval he agai
d command and saw much act
ceiving the rank of vice admiral in 1791. He was
hosen a member of the Institute at its formation,
and in his old age was honoured by Napoleon.
Bougainville died in Paris, August 31, 1811.

coast of New Britain. One day a member of our crew, being in search of shells, found a piece of lead bearing the English words :

HOR'D HERE
ICK MAJESTY'S. . . .

We found signs that Englishmen had landed there, but nothing more.

On July 22 we sustained several shocks of an earthquake. After a stay in New Guinea, in August, during which we learnt a great deal about the islanders and their customs, we weighed anchor once more. We crossed the line four times in six weeks. On August 27 we discovered several islands. We had reached the entrance to the archipelago of Moluccas. This was the first time we met negroes, probably runaways from one of the neighbouring islands where the Dutch have settlements.

I made numerous observations on the monsoons in these parts. The scurvy was making cruel havoc among us, and half of our ship's company was not able to do any duty. Our provisions were rotten and had a cadaverous smell.

Eventually we put in at Buru where a good reception was given us. Henry Ouman, the chief at Buru, lives there like a sovereign. He has 100 slaves and all the conveniences of life in abundance. He was most hospitable ; his house was ours, and we found something to eat and drink there all the time.

On September 7 we sailed. We made for Batavia. The difficulties of navigation in the Moluccas were very great, for we had no accurate charts. We passed the Straits of Button and on the 22nd sighted Java. We made a stay at Batavia, the capital. The inhabitants did their utmost for us. Great feasts, concerts, the sight of the emporium of the richest commerce in the world, everything concurred to charm the eye, instruct the navigator and interest even the philosopher.

Unfortunately, disease made its appearance. People were in three days brought to the grave. I hastily weighed anchor on October 16. Most of my officers were ill and even the man from Tahiti fell sick. When he speaks of Batavia, he calls it the land which kills, *enona mate*.

We safely cleared the Straits of Sonda and made a happy run to the Isle of France. In this run we found nothing remarkable except the fine weather. We reached the Isle of France in November 1768. I left twenty of my men and two of my officers there ; and I was happy, after so long a voyage, to be in a condition to enrich this colony with men and necessary goods.

On the 10th we made for the Cape of Good Hope, where we touched. Later, in February 1769, we sighted St. Helena, stopped at Ascension, and passed the line.

On March 16 we sighted St. Malo and entered the harbour, having lost only seven men during the two years and four months since leaving Nantes.

THUCYDIDES

HISTORY OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR

Abridged by A. D. Innes from the Greek Text

AT the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War in 431 B.C. Thucydides began to write a history of the conflict, which he believed 'would be great and memorable above any previous war.' His History in eight books gives an account of the hostilities to 411 B.C., but the war, a twenty-seven years' struggle between Athens and Sparta for the hegemony of the Greek world, did not end until the surrender of Athens to Lysander in 404. The work is remarkable for its truth to fact and for its judicial impartiality, but chiefly for its analysis of the causes that underlay the events recorded. In this respect Thucydides was the first and remains the greatest of philosophical historians. Though the style is often harsh and obscure, the work contains some fine descriptive passages, and in the substantially authentic summaries of speeches attributed to various prominent men on both sides, some magnificent declamation. A translation by H. Dale is published by George Bell, and translations are included in Everyman's Library and the Temple Classics.

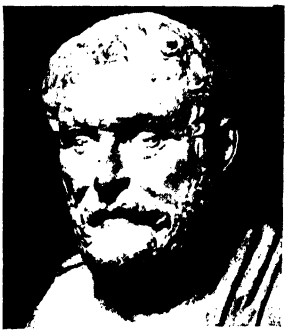
I—The Beginning of the War



I HAVE written the account of the war between Athens and Sparta, since it is the greatest and the most calamitous of all wars hitherto to the Greeks. For the contest with the Medes was decided in four battles; but this war was protracted over many years, and wrought infinite injury and bloodshed.

Of the immediate causes of the war the first is to be found in the affairs of Epidamnus, Corcyra and Corinth, of which Corcyra was a colony. Of the Greek states, the most were joined to either the Athenian or the Peloponnesian league, but Corcyra had joined neither. But having a quarrel with Corinth about Epidamnus, she now formed an alliance with Athens, which enraged the Corinthians.

They then helped Potidaea, a Corinthian colony but an Athenian tributary, to revolt from Athens. Corinth next appealed to Sparta, as the head of Hellas, to intervene ere it should be too late and check the Athenian aggression, which threatened to make her the tyrant of all Greece. At Sparta the war party prevailed, although Archidamus urged that sufficient pressure could be brought to bear without hostilities.



THUCYDIDES (c. 471-401) came of good Athenian stock. In the eighth year of the Peloponnesian War he was in command of an Athenian fleet detailed to protect the coast of Thrace, where he owned gold mines. His failure to prevent Amphipolis from falling into the hands of the Spartans was attributed to interested motives and punished by banishment. The date of his death is uncertain.

The great prosperity and development of Athens since the Persian war had filled other states with fear and jealousy. She had rebuilt her city walls and refortified the port of Piraeus after the Persian occupation; Sparta had virtually allowed her to take the lead in the subsequent stages of the war, as having the most effective naval force at command. Hence she had founded the Delian league of the maritime states, to hold the seas against Persia. At first these states provided fixed contingents of ships and mariners; but Athens was willing to accept treasure in substitution, so that she might herself supply ships and men.

Thus the provision of forces by each state to act against Persia was changed in effect into a tribute for the expansion of the Athenian fleet. The continuous development of the power of Athens had been checked only momentarily by her

disastrous Egyptian expedition. Her nominal allies found themselves actually her tributary dependencies, and various attempts to break free from her yoke had made it only more secure and burdensome.

Hence the warlike decision of Sparta was welcomed by others besides Corinth. But diplomatic demands preceded hostilities. Sparta and Athens sent to each other summons for the 'expulsion of the curse,' that is of all persons connected with certain families which lay under the curse of the gods.

In the case of Athens, this amounted to requiring the banishment of her greatest citizen and statesman, Pericles. To this the Spartans added the demand that the Athenians should 'restore the freedom of Hellas,' and should specifically remove certain trading disabilities imposed on the people of Megara.

At this crisis Pericles laid down the rules of policy on which Athens ought to act — rules which required her to decline absolutely to submit to any form of dictation from Sparta. When a principle was at stake, it made no difference whether the occasion was trivial or serious. Athens could face war with confidence. Her available wealth was far greater—a matter of vital importance in a prolonged struggle. Her counsels were not divided by the conflicting interests of allies all claiming to direct military movements and policy. Her fleet gave her command of the sea, and enabled her to strike when and where she chose. If Peloponnesian invaders ravaged Attica, still no permanent injury would be done comparable to that which the Athenians could inflict upon them. The one necessity was to concentrate on the war, and attempt no extension of dominion while it was in progress.

War was not yet formally declared when the Thebans attempted to seize Plataea, a town of Boeotia, which had long been closely allied to Athens. The attempt failed, and the Thebans were put to death; but the Plataeans appealed to Athens for protection against their powerful neighbour, and when the Athenian garrison was sent to them this was treated as a *casus belli*.

PREPARATIONS were urged on on both sides; Sparta summoned her allies to muster their contingents on the Isthmus for the invasion of Attica, nearly all the mainland states joining the Peloponnesian league. The islanders and the cities in Asia Minor, on the other hand, were nearly all either actually subject to Athens or in alliance with her.

As Pericles advised, the Athenians left the country open to the ravages of the invading forces, and themselves retired within the city. In spite of the resentment of those who saw their property being laid waste, Pericles maintained his ascendancy, and persuaded the people to devote their energies to sending out an irresistible fleet and to establishing a great reserve both of ships and treasure, which were to be an annual charge and brought into active use only in the case of dire emergency. The fleet sailed round the Peloponnese, and the ravages it was able to inflict, with the alarm it created, caused the withdrawal of the forces in Attica.

In that winter Pericles delivered a great funeral oration, or panegyric, in memory of the Athenians who had so far fallen gloriously in defence of their country, in which he painted the characteristic virtues of the Athenian people in such a fashion as to rouse to the highest pitch the patriotic pride of his countrymen, and their confidence in themselves and in their future.

II—Early Successes of Athens

IN the second year of the war, Athens suffered from a fearful visitation of the plague, which, however, made no way in the Peloponnese. It broke out also among the reinforcements dispatched to Potidaea; and it required all the skill of Pericles to reconcile the Athenians to the continuation of the war, after seeing their territories over-run for the second time for six weeks. By dint of dwelling on the supreme importance of their decisive command of the sea, and on the vast financial resources which secured their staying power, he maintained his ascendancy until his death in the following year, though he had to submit to a fine.

The events which followed his death only confirmed the profundity of his

political judgement, and the accuracy with which he had gauged the capacities of the state. In that winter Potidaea was forced to capitulate to the Athenians.

In the summer of the third year, the Lacedaemonians called on the Plataeans to desert the Athenian alliance. On their refusal, Plataea was besieged by the allied forces of the Peloponnesians. With splendid resolution, the Plataeans defeated the attempt of the allies to force an entry till they were able to complete and withdraw behind a second and more easily tenable line of defence, when the Peloponnesians settled down to a regular investment. The same year was marked by the brilliant operations of the Athenian admiral Phormio near Naupactus.

On the other hand, a Peloponnesian squadron threatened the Piraeus, caused some temporary panic and awakened the Athenians to the necessity of maintaining a look-out, but otherwise effected little. The year is further noted for the invasion of Macedonia by the Thracian or Scythian king Sitalces, who was, however, induced to retire.

In the next year, Lesbos revolted against the Athenian supremacy. As a result, an Athenian squadron blockaded Mitylene. The Lacedaemonians were well pleased to accept alliance with a sea power which claimed to have struck against Athens, not as being subject to her, but in anticipation of attempted subjugation. The prompt equipment, however, of another Athenian fleet chilled the naval enthusiasm of Sparta.

DURING this winter the Plataeans began to feel in straits from shortage of supplies, and it was resolved that a party of them should break through the siege lines and escape to Athens, a feat of arms which was brilliantly and successfully accomplished.

In the next—the fifth—summer, Mitylene capitulated; the fate of the inhabitants was to be referred to Athens. Here Cleon had now become the popular leader, and he persuaded the Athenians to order the whole of the adult males to be put to death. The opposition, however, succeeded in getting this bloodthirsty resolution rescinded. The second dispatch, racing desperately after the first, did not succeed in overtaking it, but was just in time to prevent the order for the massacre from being carried out. Lesbos was divided among Athenian citizens, who left the Lesbians in occupation as before, but drew a large rental from them.

In the same summer the remaining garrison of Plataea surrendered to the Lacedaemonians, on terms to be decided by Lacedaemonian commissioners. Before them the Plataeans justified their resistance, but the commissioners ignored the defence and, on the pretext that the only question was whether they had suffered any 'wrong' at the hands of the Plataeans, and that the answer to that was obvious, put the Plataeans to death and razed the city to the ground.

MEANWHILE, at Corcyra, the popular and the oligarchical parties, who favoured the Athenians and Peloponnesians respectively, had reached the stage of murderous hostility to each other. The oligarchs captured the government, and were then in turn attacked by the popular party; and there was savage faction fighting. An attempt was made by the commander of the Athenian squadron at Naupactus to act as moderator; the appearance of a Peloponnesian squadron and a confused sea fight, somewhat in favour of the latter, brought the popular party to the verge of a compromise. But the Peloponnesians retired on the reported approach of a fresh Athenian fleet, and a democratic reign of terror followed.

'The father slew the son, and the supplicants were torn from the temples and slain near them.' And thus was initiated the peculiar horror of this war—the desperate civil strife in one city after another, oligarchs hoping to triumph by Lacedaemonian, and democrats by Athenian, support, and either party, when uppermost, ruling by terror. It was at this time also that the Ionian and Dorian cities of Sicily, headed by Leontini and Syracuse respectively, went to war with each other, and an Athenian squadron was first induced to participate in the struggle.

Among the operations of the next, or sixth, summer was a campaign which the Athenian commander Demosthenes con-

ducted in Aetolia—successful at the outset, but terminating in disaster, which made the general afraid to return to Athens. He seized a chance, however, of recovering his credit by foiling a Lacedaemonian expedition against Naupactus; and in other ways he successfully established a high military reputation, so that he was no longer afraid to reappear at Athens.

Next year, the Athenians dispatched a larger fleet, with Sicily for its objective. Demosthenes, however, who had a project of his own in view, was given an independent command. He was thus enabled to seize and fortify Pylos, a position on the south-west of Peloponnese, with a harbour sheltered by the isle of Sphacteria. The Spartans, in alarm, withdrew their invading force from Attica, and attempted to recover Pylos, landing over 400 of their best men on Sphacteria. The locality now became the scene of a desperate struggle, which finally resulted in the Spartans on Sphacteria being completely isolated.

So seriously did the Lacedaemonians regard this blow that they invited the Athenians to make peace virtually on terms of an equal alliance; but the Athenians were now so confident of a triumphant issue that they refused the terms—chiefly at the instigation of Cleon. Some supplies, however, were got into Sphacteria, owing to the high rewards offered by the Lacedaemonians for successful blockade-running.

At this moment, Cleon, the Athenian demagogue, having rashly declared that he could easily capture Sphacteria, was taken at his word and sent to do it. He had the wit, however, to choose Demosthenes for his colleague, and to take precisely the kind of troops Demosthenes wanted; with the result that within twenty days the Spartans found themselves with no other alternatives than annihilation or surrender. Their choice of the latter was an overwhelming blow to Lacedaemonian prestige.

III—Victories of Lacedaemon

The capture of the island of Cythera in the next summer gave the Athenians a second strong station from which they could constantly menace the Peloponnese. On the other hand, in this year the Sicilians were awakening to the fact that Athens was not playing a disinterested part on behalf of the Ionian states, but was dreaming of a Sicilian empire. At a sort of peace congress, Hermocrates of Syracuse successfully urged all Sicilians to compose their quarrels on the basis of *uti possidetis*, and thus deprive the Athenians of any excuse for remaining. Thus for the time Athenian aspirations in that quarter were checked.

At Megara this year the dissensions of the oligarchical and popular factions almost resulted in its capture by the Athenians. The Lacedaemonian Brasidas, however—who had distinguished himself at Pylos—effected an entry, so that the oligarchical and Peloponnesian party became permanently established in power.

The most important operations were now in two fields. Brasidas made a dash through Thessaly into Macedonia, in alliance with Perdiccas of Macedon, with the hope of stirring the cities of Chalcidice to throw off the Athenian yoke; and the democrats of Boeotia intrigued with Athens to assist in a general revolution. Owing partly to misunderstandings and partly to treachery, the Boeotian democrats failed to carry out their programme, the Athenians were defeated at Delium, and Delium itself was captured by the Boeotians.

Meanwhile, Brasidas succeeded in persuading Acanthus to revolt, he himself winning the highest of reputations for justice and moderation as well as for military skill. Later in the year he suddenly turned his forces against the Athenian colony of Amphipolis, which he induced to surrender by offering very favourable terms before Thucydides, who was in command at Thasos, arrived to relieve it.

The further successes of Brasidas during this winter made the Athenians ready to treat for peace, and a truce was agreed upon for twelve months. Brasidas however continued to render aid to the subject cities which revolted from Athens—this being now the ninth year of the war—but he failed in an attempt to capture Potidaea.

The period of truce terminating without any definite peace being arrived at, the

summer of the tenth year is chiefly notable for the expedition sent under Cleon to recover Amphipolis, and for a recrudescence of the old quarrel in Sicily between Leontini and Syracuse. Before Amphipolis, the incompetent Cleon was routed by the skill of Brasidas ; but the victor as well as the vanquished was slain, though he lived long enough to know of the victory. Their deaths removed two of the most zealous opponents of the peace for which both sides were now anxious. Hence at the close of the tenth year peace was concluded.

The Lacedaemonians, however, were almost alone in being fully satisfied by the terms, and the war was really continued by an anti-Laconian confederation of the former Peloponnesian allies, who saw in the peace a means to the excessive preponderance of Athens and Sparta. Argos was brought into the new confederacy in the hope of establishing her nominal equality with Sparta.

For some years from this point the combinations of the states were constantly changing, while Athens and Sparta remained generally on terms of friendliness, the two prominent figures at Athens being the conservative Nicias and the restless and ambitious young intriguer Alcibiades.

In the fourteenth year there were active hostilities between Argos, with which by this time Athens was in alliance, and Lacedaemon, issuing in the great battle of Mantinea, where there was an Athenian contingent with the Argives. This was notable especially as completely restoring the prestige of the Lacedaemonian arms, their victory being decisive. The result was a new treaty between Sparta and Argos, and the dissolution of the Argive-Athenian alliance ; but this was once more reversed in the following year, when the Argive oligarchy was attacked successfully by the popular party.

The next year is marked by the high-handed treatment of the island of Melos by the Athenians. This was one of the very few islands which had not been compelled to submit to Athens, but had endeavoured to remain neutral. Thither the Athenians now sent an expedition, absolutely without excuse, to compel their submission. The Melians, however, refused, and gave the Athenians a good deal of trouble before they could be subdued, when the adult male population was put to death, and the women and children enslaved.

At this time the Athenians resolved, under colour of an appeal for assistance from the Sicilian city of Egesta, deliberately to set about the establishment of their empire in Sicily. The aggressive policy was vehemently advocated by Alcibiades, and opposed by Nicias. Nevertheless, he, with Alcibiades and Lamachus, was appointed to command the expedition, which was prepared on a scale of unparalleled magnificence. It was on the point of starting, when the whole city was stirred to frenzy by the midnight mutilation of the sacred images called Hermae, an act laid at the door of Alcibiades, along with many other charges of profane outrages. Of set purpose, however, the enemies of Alcibiades refused to bring him to trial. The expedition sailed. The Syracusans were deaf to the warnings of Hermocrates until the great fleet had actually arrived at Rhegium.

Nicias was now anxious to find an excuse, in the evident falsity of statements made by the Egestans, for the fleet to content itself with making a demonstration and then returning home. The scheme of Alcibiades, however, was adopted for gaining over the other Sicilian states in order to crush Syracuse. But at this moment dispatches arrived requiring the return of Alcibiades to stand trial. Athens was in a panic over the Hermae affair, which was supposed to portend an attempt to re-establish the despotism which had been ended a hundred years before by the expulsion of the Pisistratidae. Alcibiades, however, made his escape, and for years pursued a life of political intrigue against the Athenian government.

Nicias and Lamachus, left in joint command, drew off the Syracusan forces by a ruse, and were thus enabled to occupy unchecked a strong position before Syracuse. Although, however, they inflicted a defeat on the returned Syracusan forces, they withdrew into winter quarters ; the Syracusans were roused by Hermocrates to improve their military organization ; and

both sides entered on a diplomatic contest for winning over the other states of Sicily.

Alcibiades, now an avowed enemy of Athens, was received by the Lacedaemonians, whom he induced to send an able officer, Gylippus, to Syracuse, and to establish a military post corresponding to that of Pylos on Attic soil at Decelea.

IV—The Disaster of Syracuse

In the spring the Athenians succeeded in establishing themselves on the heights called Epipolae, overlooking Syracuse, began raising a wall of circumvallation, and carried by a surprise the counter-stockade which the Syracusans were raising. In one of the skirmishes, while the building of the wall was in progress, Lamachus was killed; otherwise matters went well for the Athenians and ill for the Syracusans, till Gylippus was allowed to land at Himera, force his way into Syracuse, and give new life.

Nicias was guilty of the blunder of allowing Gylippus to land at Himera to aid the defence at the moment when it was on the point of capitulation. A long contest followed, the Athenians endeavouring to complete the investing lines, the Syracusans to pierce them with counter-works. Nicias sent to Athens for reinforcements, while the Syracusans were energetically fitting out a fleet and appealing for aid in the Peloponnese.

Nicias, in fact, was extremely despondent. He dispatched a pitiable letter (which Thucydides probably gives verbatim from some public record) to the home authorities. The arrival of Gylippus, he said, had completely changed the situation. The Syracusans would soon be strongly reinforced. His army were obliged to give up their own works of circumvallation, and had become rather the besieged than the besiegers. Their ships were leaky, their crews daily diminishing—some even deserting. The expedition must either be recalled at once or strongly reinforced. He himself was suffering from illness, and begged to be relieved of his command. The Athenians, however, answered his dispatches by preparing a great reinforcement under the command of Demosthenes, without accepting the resignation of Nicias. The Lacedaemonians, however, also sent some reinforcements; at the same time they formally declared war, and carried out the plan of occupying and fortifying Decelea, which completely commanded the Athenian territory and was the cause of untold loss and suffering.

Now, at Syracuse, the besieged took the offensive both by sea and land, and were worsted on the water, but captured some of the Athenian forts commanding the entry to the besiegers' lines—a serious disaster. By the time that Demosthenes with his reinforcements reached Sicily nearly the whole island had come over to the side of Syracuse. Before this, the Syracusans had again challenged an engagement by both sea and land, with results indecisive on the first day but distinctly in their favour on the second. At this juncture, Demosthenes arrived and, seeing the necessity for immediate action, made a night attack on the Syracusan lines; but, his men falling into confusion after a first success, the attempt was disastrously repulsed.

Demosthenes was quick to realize that the whole situation was hopeless; but Nicias lacked nerve to accept the responsibility of retiring, and also had some idea that affairs within Syracuse were favourable. His obstinacy gave Demosthenes and his colleague Eurymedon the impression that he was guided by secret information. And now it became the primary object of Gylippus and the Syracusans to keep the Athenians from retiring. Another naval defeat reduced the Athenians to despair; they resolved that they must cut their way out.

The desperate attempt was made, but by almost hopeless men against an enemy now full of confidence. To the excited, almost agonised, watchers on shore, it seemed for a brief space that the ships might force a passage; the fight was a frenzied scuffle; but presently the terrible truth was realized—the Athenian ships were being driven ashore. The last hope of escape by sea was gone, for, though there were still ships enough, the sailors were too utterly demoralised to make the attempt.

Hermocrates and Gylippus, sure that a



ANCIENT GREECE, SHOWING THE AREA OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR

retreat by land would not be tried, succeeded by a trick in detaining the Athenians till they had themselves sent out detachments to hold the roads. On the third day the Athenians began their retreat in unspeakable misery, amid the lamentations of the sick and wounded, whom they were forced to leave behind. For three days they struggled on, short of food and perpetually harassed, cut off from all communications. On the third day their passage was barred in a pass, and they found themselves in a trap. On the third night they attempted to break away by a different route, but the van and the rear lost touch. Overtaken by the Syracusans, Demosthenes attempted to fight a rearguard action, but in vain, and he was forced to surrender at discretion with his whole force.

Next day, Nicias with the van was overtaken and, after a ghastly scene of confusion and slaughter, the remnants of the vanguard were forced to surrender also. Nicias and Demosthenes were put to death; great numbers were seized as private spoil by their captors, the rest of the prisoners—more than 7,000—were confined for weeks under the most noisome conditions in the quarries, and finally the survivors were sold as slaves. So pitiably ended that once magnificent enterprise in the nineteenth year of the war.

The terrific disaster filled every enemy of Athens with confident expectation of her immediate and utter ruin. Lacedaemon anticipated an unqualified supremacy. At Athens there was a stubborn determination to prepare for a desperate stand; but half the islanders were intriguing for Lacedaemonian or Persian aid in breaking free, while Alcibiades became extremely busy.

The first Peloponnesian squadron which attempted to move was promptly driven into Piraeus by an Athenian fleet and blockaded. On the open revolt of some of the states, the Athenians for the first time brought into play their reserve fund and reserve navy—the emergency had arisen. While one after another of the subject cities revolted, the Athenians struck hard at Chios, and especially Miletus, and obtained marked success. Meanwhile, a revolution in Samos had expelled the oligarchy and re-established the democracy,

to which the Athenians accorded freedom, thereby securing a useful ally. In Lesbos also they recovered their supremacy.

Phrynicus now came into prominence as a shrewd commander and a crafty politician, while the intricate intrigues of Alcibiades, whose great object was to recover his position at Athens, created perpetual confusion. These events took place in the twentieth year of the war, and to them must be added a Lacedaemonian treaty with Persia.

All the leading men, however, were engaged in playing fast and loose, each of them having his personal ambitions in view. Of this labyrinth of plots and counter-plots, the startling outcome was the sudden abrogation of the constitution at Athens and the capture of the government by a committee of five with a council of four hundred and a supplementary assembly of five thousand—in place of the whole body of citizens as formerly. The Five and the Four Hundred in effect were the government, and they established a reign of terror.

At Athens, the administration thus formed was effective; but the army and fleet at Samos repudiated the revolution and swore loyalty to the democracy, claiming to be the true representatives of the Athenian state. Moreover, they allied themselves with Alcibiades, expecting through him to receive Persian support; and, happily for Athens, he succeeded in restraining the fleet—which was still more than a match for all adversaries—from sailing back to Piraeus to subvert the rule of the Four Hundred.

The more patriotic of the oligarchs saw, in fact, that the best hopes for the state lay in the establishment of a limited democracy; with the result that the extreme oligarchs, who would have joined hands with the enemy, were overthrown, and the rule of the Five Thousand replaced that of the Four Hundred, providing Athens with the best administration it had ever known. A great naval victory was won by the Athenian fleet, under the command of Thrasybulus, over a slightly larger Peloponnesian fleet at Cynossema.

Happy Scenes of Scottish Peasant Life

ALLAN RAMSAY

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

AMONG the poems published by Allan Ramsay in 1721 were romantic and elegiac pastorals, a pastoral ode, a pastoral masque and the dramatic pastoral Patie and Roger, and his friends urged him to produce a more sustained poem in this style. The result was the appearance in 1725 of the pastoral drama The Gentle Shepherd, the success of which was immediate. It passed through several editions and was performed in Edinburgh. By its directness of impression and its straightforward appreciation of beauty in country life and character the poem was a distinct factor in the return to nature, which was to have full expression a generation or two later. Ramsay's anthologies of old Scottish and English ballads directly inspired the genius of Burns and Scott.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Sir William Worthy
Patie, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy
Peggy, thought to be Glaud's niece
Symon and **Glaud**, two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William
Bauldy, a hind
Roger, a rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny
Jenny, Glaud's only daughter
Mause, an old woman, supposed to be a witch
Elspa, Symon's wife
Madge, Glaud's sister
Neps, betrothed to Bauldy

The scene is laid in a shepherds' village and fields some few miles from Edinburgh

First Act

I.—**Peggy** *and* **Patie** *together*



PEGGY: O, Patie, let me gang, I mauna stay; We're baith cried hame, and Jenny she's away.

Patie: I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane, And Roger he's awa' with Jenny; They're as content, for aught I hear or see, To be alane themselves, I judge, as we. Here where primroses thickest paint the green, Hard by this little burnie let us lean. Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads, How saft the westlin' winds sough through the reeds.

Peggy: The scented meadows, birds and healthy breeze, For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Patie : Ye wrang me sair to doubt my being kind ;
In speaking sae ye ca' me dull and blind.
Gif I could fancy aught's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear ;
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes
That warble through the merle or mavis' throtes.
Peggy : But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna stay—ye joker, let me gang,
Or swear ye'll never 'tempt to do me wrang.
Patie : Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap,
Ere aught by me be either said or done,
Shall do thee wrang : I swear by all aboon
I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young I've loo'd you mony a year.
I mind it well, when thou couldst hardly gang
Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand
Aft' to the tansy-knowe or rashy strand ;
Thou smiling by my side,—I took delyte
To poo the rashes green, with roots sae whyte,
Of which, as well as my young fancy could
For thee I plet the flowr'y belt and snood.
Peggy : When first thou gaed with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.
When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain ;
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me ;
For nane can wrestle, run or putt with thee.

Patie : Jenny sings soft 'The Brooms o' Cowden Knows,'
And Rosie lilts 'The Milking of the Ewes,'
But when my Peggy sings with sweeter skill,
'The Boatman' or 'The Lass of Patie's Mill,'
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me,
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.
Peggy : Agreed ; but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.
Patie : And let them ferly—now, a kindly kiss,
Or five score good anes wad not be amiss ;
And syne we'll sing the sang with tunefu' glee
That I made up last owk on you and me.
Peggy : Sing first, syne claim your hyre.
Patie : Well, I agree. [*Sings.*
By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And roving eye that, smiling, tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny ?
Peggy (*sings*) *:* But ken ye, lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done :
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.
Patie (*sings*) *:* But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye :
Red-cheekèd, you completely ripe appear,
That I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half-year.
Peggy (*singing, falls into* **Patie's** *arms*) *:*
Then dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a' :
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.
Patie (*with his left hand about her waist*) *:*
O charming armfu', hence ye cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day,
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

SCENE II.—**Roger** *and* **Jenny.** **Roger** *has been advised by his friend* **Patie** *to speak up boldly to* **Jenny.**

ROGER : Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye wad ye let,
And yet I ergh ye're ay sae scornfu' set !
Jenny (*who has been urged by* **Peggy** *to give some encouragement to the sighing but bashful* **Roger**) : And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak,
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek ?
Roger : I maun out wi't, altho' I risk your scorn,
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith e'en and morn,
Ah ! cou'd I loe ye less, I'd happy be,
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.
Jenny : And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may ?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nay.
Roger : I fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.
Jenny : I loe my father, Cousin Meg I love ;
But to this day nae man my mind could move :
Except my kin, ilk lad's alyke to me ;
And frae ye all I best had keep me free.
Roger : How lang, dear Jenny,—sayna that again,
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain ?
I'm glad howe'er that ye yet stand free,
Wha kens but ye may rew and pity me ?
Jenny : Wow, but we're bonny, good and everything !
How sweet we breath where'er we kiss or sing !
But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
Then we our daffin and tint power repent.
Roger : That only happens when, for sake of gear,
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare :
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
Jenny : What suggar'd words frae wooer's lips can fa' !
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies.
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile ;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.
Roger : I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,

The day, unclouded, sink in calmest night.
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
Rejoice throw life, and all your fears beguile.
Jenny: Were I but sure you lang wou'd love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart could gain:
I ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest!
Roger: I'm happy now! O'er happy! Ha'd my head!—
This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! Or, strike me! I'm all fir'd
With wondering love! Let's kiss till we be tir'd.
Kiss, kiss! We'll kiss the sun and stars away,
And ferly at the quick return of day!
[*They embrace.*
Jenny: Now by these warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.
Roger: I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb.
Jenny: Well, I agree—neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent; he'll hardly say ye nay.
Ye have what will commend ye to him well;
Auld fouks like them that want na milk and meal.

[When matters are in this train between the two pairs of lovers, two circumstances occur which seem to threaten disaster to the courtship of **Patie** and **Peggy**. In the midst of a feast which old **Symon** and his wife **Elspa** are giving to celebrate the restoration of King Charles and the return of the old laird, **Sir William Worthy**, to his estates, **Sir William** himself enters disguised as a fortune-teller. After predicting that **Patie** will soon be a braw young laird, and will be presented to the king, **Sir William** reveals himself in private to old **Symon**, who, recognizing his old master, rejoices and tells him what a fine good, handsome and well-read youth the young laird entrusted to his care—for **Patie** is really **Sir William's** son and heir—has grown during the troublous times of the Commonwealth.

This revelation of the difference in social position between him and his mistress seems to threaten the gentle shepherd's happiness, against which also a rival swain is practising. For **Bauldy**, who has exchanged lover's vows with **Neps**, has now cast eyes of affection on **Peggy**, and agrees to go by night to an old woman called **Mause**—who has the reputation of being a witch—to see if by her charms and incantations she cannot transfer **Peggy's** love to himself, and **Patie's** love to **Neps**.]

Second Act

Enter **Roger** *and* **Patie**

ROGER: Wow, but I'm cadgie, and my heart loups light;
O Mr. Patrick, ay your thoughts were right:
Sure gentle-fowk are farther seen than we
That naething ha'e to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now wha' brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding—sweet—and nae mair scorn.
I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again,
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.
Patie: I'm glad to hear't—But oh' my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave,
With looks all kindness, words that love confest:
He all the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast.
But he has heard—too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
Which he forbids—oh, this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat my heart must sooner cease.
Roger: Sir William will be won:
Your Peggy's bonny—you're his only son.
Patie: To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
To London next, and afterwards to France,
Where I maun stay some years and learn—to dance,
And twa, three other monkey-tricks. That done,
I come home strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then 'tis designed, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.
Roger: But now let's hear how you've design'd to move
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.
Patie: Then here it lyes—his will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride
But I some time this last design maun hide.
Keep ye the secret close, and leave me here:
I sent for Peggy, yonder comes my dear.
[*Exit* **Roger**.
Patie (*alone*): With what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that has my heart.
I ken she loves, and her saft soul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment. (*Enter* **Peggy**) Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.
Peggy: I dare not think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Patie: Ne'er quarrel fate, while it with me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
Sir William's generous, leave the task to me
To make strict duty and true love agree.
Peggy: Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
But hear my vow—'twill help to give me ease,
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you, I be a wife.
Patie: Sure Heaven approves—and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:
Nor time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.

If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightful maid,
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
To sic as have the patience to be kings.
Wherefore that tear? Believe, and calm thy mind.

Peggy : I greet for joy, to hear my love sae kind;
When hopes were sunk, and naught but murk despair
Made me think life was little worth my care:
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy generous thoughts will save thy heart for me.
With patience, then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
Dream throw that night till my day-star appear;
And all the while I'll study gentler charms,
To make me fitter for my traveller's arms.

Patie : That's wisely said,
Tho' without a' the little helps of art
Thy native charms might gain a prince's heart.

Peggy : Since with nae hazard and sae small expense
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,
Then why, ah, why, should the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life and frighten me?

Patie : There is nae doubt that travelling does improve,
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love:
But soon as I've shook off my landwart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peggy : With every setting day and rising morn,
I'll kneel to heaven and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the Suckler-brae,
Where aft we wont when bairns to run and play;
And to the Hissel-shore where first ye vow'd
You wad be mine, and I as blithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers
With joy that they'll bear witness I am yours.

Patie : My dear, allow me frae thy temple fair
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair.

Peggy : Were ilka hair that appertains to me
Worth an estate, they all belong to thee.

[He cuts off a lock of her hair.

Patie : Nae mair I'll ask; but since we've little time,
To waste't on words wad border on a crime:
Love's safter meaning better is exprest,
When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest.

[They embrace one another.

[Fortunately for **Patie's** peace of mind, **Bauldy** has a most disastrous midnight interview with **Mause**, the reputed witch. Instead of assisting him to obtain the love of **Peggy**, she raises up a ghost or devil, who proceeds to administer the most humiliating kind of corporal punishment to him.

Bauldy, on this, appeals to **Sir William Worthy** to do him justice on the witch and, the parties having been summoned before him, **Sir William** decides that the punishment the young herd has received was deserved by his desertion of **Neps**, and by some rude remarks he had made about **Madge, Glaud's** spinster sister, who in reality had been the ghost.



ALLAN RAMSAY, Scottish poet, was born at Leadhills, Lanarkshire, October 15, 1686. He was educated at the parish school at Crawford, and began life as a wig maker in Edinburgh. Between 1716 and 1718 he changed his business to that of book-selling, his shop becoming a resort for many of the well-known literary figures of Edinburgh. Having made some reputation as a writer of occasional verse, he published his collected poems in 1721, followed by the Tea Table Miscellany and The Ever Green in 1724–27 and The Gentle Shepherd in 1725. In 1726 he opened the first circulating library in Scotland. Ramsay died in Edinburgh, January 7, 1758.

The other persons having then appeared before **Sir William**, he is attracted by the beauty of **Peggy**, who, he says, reminds him of his dead sister. **Glaud**, on being asked who the girl is, replies that, though generally taken for his niece, **Peggy** is really a foundling whom he found as an infant, many years ago, on his doorstep, wrapped in costly clothes. **Mause**, then, to the surprise of all, reveals herself to **Sir William** as his dead sister's nurse, and tells how, learning that **Peggy's** death was threatened by an uncle's wife, who had since usurped her estate, she had secretly carried off the child, travelled eastward fifty miles, laid the babe on **Glaud's** doorstep, and had lived near her charge ever since in order to watch over her.

Sir William, in his joy, embraces **Peggy**, swears to recover her possessions for her, and consents immediately to the union of the cousins. He also rewards **Mause** by receiving her into his house, and gives to **Symon** and to **Glaud**, hitherto his tenants, and to their heirs in perpetuity, the mailins and farms which they hold from him.]

Most Amusing of All Travel Books

MARK TWAIN

As stated in the note on Mark Twain in page 992, it was while Samuel Langhorne Clemens was engaged in journalistic work in San Francisco that he was commissioned, in 1867, to make a trip to the Mediterranean ports and supply his paper with a series of descriptive articles similar to those written during his previous expedition to the Sandwich Islands and preserved in Roughing It (1872). The letters thus written were collected and published in 1869 in a volume entitled Innocents Abroad, later being revised and re-issued as The New Pilgrim's Progress. Mark Twain was the first American to take a purely American view of the life and art of Europe. He never admired anything because he was told to admire it, but set down clearly and honestly his own individual impressions. This gave an extraordinary freshness to his work which time has not staled, and the book still retains a wide and enduring popularity. Like all Mark Twain's books Innocents Abroad is published in England by Chatto & Windus.

I—Entertaining an Angel



A WEEK of buffeting a tempestuous and relentless sea; then the tall, yellow-splotched hills of Africa were sighted. We passed one of the Pillars of Hercules, the African one—a grand old mountain, its summit streaked with granite ledges; a few moments later a lonely and enormous mass of rock, standing apparently in the centre of the wide strait, swung magnificently into view. We needed no tedious travelled parrot to tell us it was Gibraltar. There could not be two rocks like that in one kingdom.

We rode on asses and mules up the steep, narrow streets, and entered the subterranean galleries, from which the great guns frown out upon sea and town. Looking through one of the portholes, we caught a glimpse of a hill not far away, and an English soldier said to us, "That high hill yonder is called the Queen's Chair. A queen of Spain placed her chair there when the French and Spanish troops were besieging Gibraltar, and said she would never move from the spot till the English flag was lowered from the fortress. If the English had not been gallant enough to lower the flag for a few hours one day, she'd have had to break her oath or die up there."

That was very well, but every time we stopped to look at the view someone came up and repeated the story. I was dog-tired of hearing it. At last we reached the topmost pinnacle of Gibraltar. The sight from the narrow ledge was superb. On one side we looked down upon an endless mass of batteries, and on the other straight down to the sea, with Spain and Africa and the blue Mediterranean spread in a noble panorama at our feet.

While I was cooling my baking head in the delicious breeze and surfeiting myself in silence with the beauty of the scene, a guide belonging to another party came up and said, "That high hill yonder is called the Queen's Chair——"

"Have pity on me!" I implored. "I am a helpless orphan in a foreign land. Don't—now don't inflict that infernal old legend on me any more to-day!"

Finding it was impossible to escape from it on the Rock, I fled with Dan and the ship's surgeon to the town, and on our way to the theatre I turned into a little variety store by the Hall of Justice to buy some kid gloves. I had heard it was the stylish thing to go to the play in kid gloves, and I meant to do so.

A very handsome young lady in the store offered me a pair of blue gloves. I did not want blue, but she said they would look very pretty on a hand like mine. The remark touched me tenderly. I glanced furtively at my hand, and somehow it did seem rather a comely member. I tried a glove on my left, and blushed a little. Manifestly the size was too small for me.

But I felt gratified when she said, "Ah, I see *you* are accustomed to wearing kid gloves—but some gentlemen are *so* awkward about putting them on."

It was the last compliment I had expected. I made another effort, and tore the glove from the base of the thumb into the palm of the hand, and tried to hide the rent. She kept up her compliments, and I kept up my determination to deserve them or die.

"Ah, you have had experience!" (A rip down the back of the hand.) "They are just right for you. Your hand is very small. If they tear, you need not pay for them." (A rent across the middle.) "I can always tell when a gentleman understands putting on kid gloves. There is a grace about it that only comes with long practice." (The whole afterguard of the glove 'fetched away,' as the sailors say, the fabric parted across the knuckles, and nothing was left but a melancholy ruin.)

I was too much flattered to make an exposure and throw the merchandise on the angel's hands. I was hot, vexed, confused, but still happy; but I hated the other boys for taking such an absorbing interest in the proceedings. I wished they were in Jericho. I felt exquisitely mean when I said cheerfully, "This one does very well; it fits elegantly. I love a glove that fits. No, never mind, ma'am, never mind. I'll put the other on in the street. It is warm here."

It *was* warm. It was the warmest place I ever was in. I paid the bill and, as I passed out with a fascinating bow, I thought I detected a light in the woman's eye that was gently ironical; and when I looked back from the street she was laughing all to herself.

The silence of the boys annoyed me. Finally, Dan said musingly, "Some gentlemen don't know how to put on kid gloves at all, but some do."

And the doctor said, "Ah, yes. There is a grace about it that only comes with long, very long practice."

"Yes, indeed, I've noticed that when a man hauls on a kid glove like he was dragging a cat out of an ash-hole by the tail, *he* understands putting on kid gloves; *he's* had ex——"

"Boys, enough of a thing's enough! You suppose you are very smart, I suppose, but I don't! And if you tell any of those old gossips in the ship about this thing, I'll never forgive you for it, that's all."

They let me alone then, for the time being. We always let each other alone in time to prevent ill feeling from spoiling a joke. But they had bought gloves, too. We threw all the purchases away this morning. They were coarse, unsubstantial, freckled with yellow splotches, and could stand neither wear nor public exhibition. We had entertained an angel unawares, but we did not take her in. She did that for us.

II—Seeing the Louvre

IN arriving at Marseilles, Dan and the doctor and I went for an excursion to Paris. We wanted to see the Louvre. After a railway journey of five hundred miles we put up at the Grand Hôtel de Louvre, thinking that we should be near the palace we so ardently desired to see. The next morning we were up and dressed at ten o'clock, but to make sure of losing no time we engaged a guide. The man was such a gentleman, so quiet, neatly dressed and polite, that we hired him at once. We never even asked him his price. And we were sorry when we asked him his name. It was Billfinger. To think of a Frenchman by the name of Billfinger! We wanted a guide named Henri de Montmorency or Armand de la Chartreuse, or something that would sound grand in our letters to the villagers at home. I suggested we should name him over again.

"Call him Ferguson," said Dan.

That was practical, unromantic good sense. Without debate we expunged Billfinger and named him Ferguson. We asked Ferguson to breakfast with us. It was a mistake. After that the fellow was always hungry; he was always thirsty. We could not pass a restaurant; he looked with a lecherous eye upon every wine-shop. Suggestions to stop, excuses to eat and drink were for ever on his lips. We tried all we could to fill him so full that he would have no room to spare for a fortnight. It was a failure. Ferguson did

not hold enough to smother the cravings of his superhuman appetite.

He had another little fault. On the shallowest pretences he inveigled us into shirt stores, boot stores, tailor shops, glove shops—anywhere under the broad sweep of the heavens where there seemed a chance of our buying anything. Anyone could have guessed that the shopkeepers paid him a percentage on the sales, but in our blessed innocence we didn't. As we were driving to the Louvre, Dan happened to mention that he thought of buying some silk dresses for presents. Ferguson's hungry eye was upon him in an instant. In the course of twenty minutes the carriage we had hired to take us to the Louvre stopped.

"What's this?"

"Zis is ze finest silk magazin in Paris—ze most celebrate."

"What did you come here for? We told you to take us to the palace of the Louvre."

"I suppose ze gentleman say he wish to buy some silk."

"You are not required to 'suppose' things for the party, Ferguson. We do not wish to tax your energies too much. We will bear some of the burden and heat of the day ourselves. Drive on!"

Within fifteen minutes the carriage halted again, and before another store. The doctor said, "Ah, the palace of the Louvre: beautiful edifice! Does the Emperor Napoleon live here now, Ferguson?"

"Ah, doctor, you do jest! Zis is not ze palace; we come there directly. But since we pass right by zis store, where is such beautiful silk——"

"Ah, I see, I see. I meant to have told you that we did not wish to purchase any silks, but in my absent-mindedness I forgot it. I also meant to tell you that we wished to go directly to the Louvre, but I forgot that also. However, we will go there now. Pardon my seeming carelessness, Ferguson! Drive on!"

Within half an hour we stopped again—in front of another silk store. We were angry, but the doctor was always serene, always smooth-voiced. He said, "At last! How imposing the Louvre is, and yet how small! How exquisitely fashioned, how charmingly situated! Venerable pile——"

"Pairdon, doctor, zis is not ze Louvre. It is——"

"*What* is it?"

"I have ze idea—it come to me in a moment—zat ze silk in zis magazin——"

"Ferguson, how heedless I am. I fully intended to tell you that we did not wish to buy any silks, and I also intended to tell you that we yearned immediately to go to the palace of the Louvre, but enjoying the happiness of seeing you devour four breakfasts this morning has so filled me with pleasurable emotions that I neglect the commonest interests of the time. However, we will proceed now to the Louvre."

"But, doctor" (excitedly), "it will take not a minute—not but one small minute! Ze gentleman need not to buy if he not wish to—but only *look* at ze beautiful fabric. Sair, just only one *leetle* moment!"

DAN said, "Confound the idiot! I don't want to see any silks, and I won't look at them. Drive on!"

And the doctor, "We need no silks now, Ferguson. Our hearts yearn for the Louvre. Let us journey on—let us journey on."

"But, *doctor!* It is only one moment—one leetle moment. And ze time will be save—entirely save! Because zere is nothing to see now—it is too late. It want ten minute to four, and ze Louvre close at four. *Only* one leetle moment, doctor!"

The treacherous miscreant! After four breakfasts and a gallon of champagne, to serve us such a scurvy trick! We got no sight of the countless treasures of art in the Louvre galleries, and our only poor little satisfaction was in the reflection that Ferguson sold not a solitary silk dress.

III—Roughing It in Palestine

AFTER coasting round the northern shores of the Mediterranean, and scampering through Rome and Athens, our ship put in at Beirout and we approached the grand goal of the expedition—the Holy Land. We were divided into parties of six or eight, but ours was the only one doing the long trip—out into Syria and thence down through the full length of Palestine. I knew what camping-

out in the desert was, for I had done it in Nevada, so I took a blanket and shawl to sleep in, and two woollen shirts, and a towel and a cake of soap.

In the evening the pack-train caught us up on the hills of Lebanon. It was composed of twenty-six mules and nineteen serving-men. I wondered what we wanted with such a vast turn-out as that for eight travellers. And I began to long for a tin plate and some bacon and beans. I went off and unsaddled my horse and washed him down. When I came back, behold! five stately circus tents were up —brilliant within with gold and blue and crimson. Eight iron bedsteads were set up in the tents; on each bed were soft mattresses, pillows, good blankets and two snow-white sheets; by it was a table on which were placed pitchers, basins, soap and the whitest of towels.

They took me into another tent. It was a gem of a place. A table for eight, and eight canvas chairs; tablecloth and napkins, whose whiteness and whose fineness laughed to scorn the things we were used to in the great excursion steamer. We sat down, and stately fellows in baggy trousers and turbaned fezzes brought in roast mutton, roast chicken, roast goose, potatoes, bread, tea, puddings, apples and delicious grapes. When the dinner was over our dragoman came in and apologised for the whole affair on account of the unavoidable confusion of getting under way for a very long trip, and promised to do a great deal better in future. So it looks as though a modern pilgrimage through the Holy Land will not be as stern a discipline as it was in the days of the Crusaders. It is not the sort of camping-out I have been used to; but I have survived the ordeal.

From the hill sides, the valley of Lebanon seemed like a garden. When we descended, we found that it was a desert littered thickly with large stones. A few flocks of sheep were doing what they honestly could to get a living, but the chances were against them. For days we rode through leagues and leagues of blighted, blasted, sandy, rocky, sunburnt, ugly, dreary, infamous country.

At last, from a tower of the crumbling castle of Banias, we looked down upon a broad, far-reaching green plain. It was a grateful vision after so much desert. Around the sources of the River Jordan there was almost enough fertile land to make a farm. It almost warranted the enthusiasm of the spies of that host of desert-worn Jews that captured the place many thousands of years ago. You will remember they said, "We have seen the land, and behold it is very good. A place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth." And at any rate, they had never seen a country as good as this. There were only two acres of soil with evidences of cultivation, but they formed a thrilling spectacle in such a region. Close to the field was a stream, and on its banks a great herd of curious-looking Syrian goats and sheep were gratefully eating gravel. At least, I suppose they were eating gravel, because there did not appear to be anything else for them to eat.

IV—The Prudence of the Pilgrims

After travelling through miles of desolate country, we reached a hill, and there, a few miles before us, lay a vision which millions of worshippers in the far ends of the earth would give half their possessions to view—the sacred Sea of Galilee. The pilgrim enthusiasts of our party, who had been so happy ever since they touched holy ground that they did little but mutter incoherent rhapsodies, could scarcely eat their luncheon, such was their anxiety to hire a ship and sail upon the waters that had borne the vessels of the Apostles.

I began to have misgivings that they would break recklessly loose from all considerations of prudence and buy a whole fleet of ships to sail in, instead of hiring one for an hour. Still, I felt I had no right to be surprised at their intemperate zeal. These men had been taught from infancy to revere the holy places on which their happy eyes were now resting. To look upon this picture and sail upon this sea, they had journeyed thousands of miles in weariness and tribulation. "Let them squander millions," I said. "Who speaks of money at a time like this?"

I followed as fast as I could the eager footsteps of the pilgrims, and stood upon the shore of the lake and swelled the frantic hail which they sent after the ship that was speeding by. It was a success. The toilers of the sea ran in and beached their barque. Joy sat upon every countenance.

"How much? Ask him how much, dragoman! How much to take us all—eight of us, and you—to Bethsaida, yonder, and to the mouth of Jordan, and to the place where the swine ran down into the sea—quick! And we want to coast around everywhere—everywhere—all day long! I could sail a year in these waters! Ask him how much—anything—anything whatever! Tell him we don't care what the expense is."

Dragoman (interpreting): "He says two napoleons—eight dollars."

One or two countenances fell.

"Too much! We'll give him one!"

I NEVER shall know how it was—I shudder yet when I think how the place is given to miracles—but in a single instant of time, as it seemed to me, that ship was twenty paces from the shore, and speeding away like a frightened thing! Eight crest-fallen creatures stood upon the shore, and, oh, to think of it! This, this, after all that overmastering ecstasy! Instantly there was wailing and gnashing of teeth in the camp. The two napoleons were offered—more, if necessary—and pilgrims and dragomen shouted themselves hoarse with pleadings to the retreating boatmen to come back.

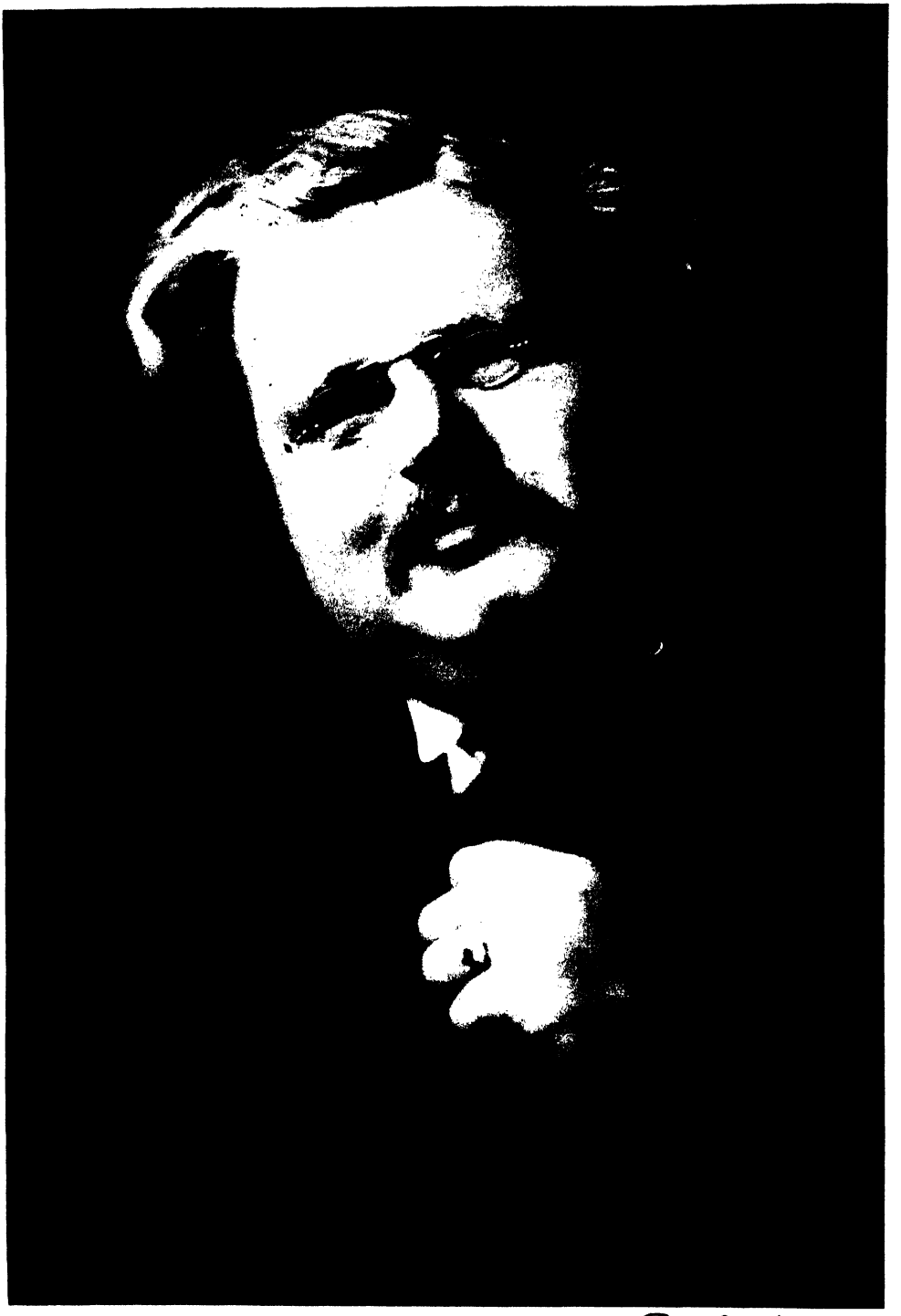
But they sailed serenely away, and paid no further heed to pilgrims who had dreamt all their lives of some day skimming over the sacred waters of Galilee and listening to its hallowed story in the whisperings of its waves, and had journeyed countless leagues to do it, and—and then concluded that the fare was too high. How the pilgrims abused each other! Each said it was the other's fault, and each in turn denied it. It did us a world of good to hear the pilgrims fall out, because it showed that, after all, they were only poor human people like us.

I will not describe our journey to Jerusalem. Oriental scenes look best in steel engravings. In the engravings there is no desolation, no dirt, no rags, no stench, no ugly features, no besotted ignorance in the countenances, no feasting flies and raw places on the backs of horses and asses, no suggestion that a couple of tons of gunpowder placed under a group of Arabs, and touched off, would heighten the effect and give to the picture a genuine interest and a charm which would always be pleasant to recall.

IT was in the middle of the day, after we had spurred up hill after hill, and seen unsightly landscapes, that we toiled up one last height and saw the Holy City. Perched on its eternal hills, white and domed and solid, massed together and hooped with high grey walls, Jerusalem gleamed in the sun. But so small! It was no larger than an American village of four thousand inhabitants. Rags, wretchedness, poverty and dirt are the signs and symbols which indicate Moslem rule more surely than the crescent-flag itself. To see the numbers of maimed, malformed and diseased creatures that throng the holy places, one might suppose that the ancient days had come again, and that the Angel of the Lord was expected to descend at any moment to stir the waters of Bethesda. Jerusalem is mournful, and dreary, and lifeless. I would not desire to live there.

You can see everything in Jerusalem, from the grave of Adam and the tomb of Melchisedek to the house where the wandering Jew stood on the day of the Crucifixion. One is grave and thoughtful when he stands by the tomb of the Saviour, but he has not the slightest possible belief that ever the Lord lay there. He looks at all the holy places with the same conviction that there is nothing genuine about them, and that they are imaginary holy places created by the monks.

The only spot which really affects one is the hill of Calvary. Men could not have forgotten in three hundred years the place where the Saviour gave up his life, and there must have been genuine traditions to guide Saint Helena when she built a church to preserve the sacred spot in the memories of men. But that was all that interested me in Jerusalem, and I was glad to get back to our ship and set out on the return voyage to New York.



G. K. Chesterton

To face page 1949

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

CRITIC POET AND ESSAYIST

An Appreciation by E. B. Osborn



MR. G. K. CHESTERTON is perhaps the most vivid and varied writer of this new Alexandrine Age, and his personality is so well known that he is G.K.C. to the public just as Mr. Bernard Shaw is G.B.S.—both sets of initials appear in the head-lines of the popular journals with a million or more readers. He has been more prolific than Mr. Shaw. Born in Kensington in 1874, he was educated at St. Paul's School and afterwards attended classes at the Slade School, then making his first appearance in the press as a reviewer of art books. Since then he has contributed to virtually all the principal daily, weekly and monthly periodicals, and in the files of these there are many articles which have not been republished in volume form. In addition to all this busy work as a journalist he has found time to produce between forty and fifty books, none of them negligible, surely a remarkable achievement to have been performed within a space of something like 25 years. Both Chesterton and Shaw, moreover, give an impression that their personality is too large to be fully and freely expressed—that, like Samuel Johnson, or W. E. Henley in a later age and on a lesser scale, we have to know them personally before their real bigness can be comprehended.

Mr. Chesterton's ample physique has made him the most impressive figure in the modern Grub Street. I once heard a literary lady of renown say to a friend as he moved majestically towards his platform: "How glorious it would be to be his wife and have the right to walk behind him into a public meeting!" Certainly, in his case, physical bigness is a sign of the absence of moral littleness; his large outlook and broad-beamed cordiality, veined with a quaint boyishness, have helped to make him a most popular platform speaker on any whipped topic of the moment, concerning which he can always be relied upon to utter breezy and original aphorisms.

G.K.C. has a Presence, whereas G.B.S. has but a Port in comparison (I am recalling the Meredithian contrast between the 'Great Mel' and Mrs. Mel), and that has made for a popular success, among those who have never read any of his numerous books. Defined, appositely enough, as a combination of a Johnson and a Puck, he has the exuberant loyalty of his friends, who have fought his literary battles for him in the spirit of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's 'Lines to a Don':

> Remote and ineffectual Don
> That dared attack my Chesterton,
> With that poor weapon, half-impelled,
> Unlearned, unsteady, hardly held,
> Unworthy for a tilt with men—
> Your quavering and corroded pen;
> Don poor at Bed and worse at Table,
> Don pinched, Don starved, Don miserable;
> Don stuttering, Don with roving eyes,
> Don nervous, Don of crudities.

And so on and so forth—it is a vivacious piece of invective. If some such intimate friend as Mr. Belloc were to 'Boswellise' him in this hilarious fashion, his name and fame would be remembered by posterity beyond a shadow of doubt. But, as a polygrapher, who has diffused himself too generously, he is not so sure of his mundane immortality. Critic, essayist, poet, historian, philosopher, publicist, novelist, playwright, controversialist, he has boxed the whole compass of modern literary expression, yet we cannot point to any book bearing his resounding name which is certain to be read a hundred years hence.

I—As Critic

TAKING his work as a whole, we find that his critical faculty is stronger than his creative impulse. There can be no denying that he is one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, of living critics of English literature; his reasoned enthusiasm for our greater authors, such as Dickens and Thackeray and Browning, is nobly contagious, and if books about books can survive, his wise and witty interpretations will never be quite forgotten.

Occasionally his love of paradox leads him astray, but his way of deducing a famous author from his age is a triumph of the historical method purged of all its academic tendencies. For example, he shows us that Dickens was the product of 'a world that encouraged anybody to do anything' and so tried to create 'not a book, but a cosmos.' He sees in Dickens, judiciously enough as it happens, a writer like himself, in that he wanted to have his say about everything.

Sympathetically he vindicates the great creator of characters from the charges brought against him by critics of a later and more genteel era. For example, the twentieth-century critic is shocked at the amount of drinking in all Dickens's stories. But, as Mr. Chesterton points out, drinking was in his days the symbol of hospitality just as roast beef is the symbol of Sunday in a thousand English rectories even now. How could Dickens leave out the characteristic feature of the social life he was describing?

And even as he glorifies our greatest man of letters since Shakespeare, this arch-critic (who can project himself into any of the Englands that have been) bears in mind that the central message of Dickens was that common folk are never really commonplace. 'It is in private life,' observes the commentator, 'that we find the great characters. They are too great to get into the common world.' Compare with this Lincoln's saying that God must like common people best of all because he has created so many of them. So Dickens, noting that the high-placed person takes on the artificialities of his position, often becoming a mere bundle of official conventions, preferred to write of the common or natural man, and in his books (observes Mr. Chesterton) 'You will find him adrift as an impecunious commercial traveller like Micawber; you will find him but one of a body of silly clerks like Swiveller; you will find him as an unsuccessful actor like Crummles; you will find him as an unsuccessful doctor like Sawyer; you will always find the rich and reeking personality where Dickens found it among the poor.'

He is equally successful in his interpretation of Thackeray, whom he vindicates from the ever-recurring charge of cynicism. It depends upon what you mean by cynicism. 'If it means a war on comfort,' writes Chesterton, 'then Thackeray was, to his eternal credit, a cynic—if it means a war on virtue, then Thackeray, to his eternal honour, was the reverse of a cynic.'

IN the same way he confutes the charges which have been brought against Browning by generation after generation of superficial scribblers. To Chesterton, for example, the common assertion that this poet cared nothing for form is as absurd as it would be to say that Napoleon cared nothing for the love of women or that Nero hated mushrooms. And what could be better than the following appreciation of Browning's knaves: 'They are real somewhere. We are talking to a garrulous and peevish sneak; we are watching the play of his paltry features, his evasive eyes and babbling lips. And suddenly the face begins to change and harden, the eyes glare like a mask, the whole face of clay becomes a common mouthpiece, and the voice that comes forth is the voice of God uttering his everlasting soliloquy.' There, indeed, the true greatness of Browning is indicated—he could always see the spark of the divine in every type of humanity.

In his studies of great authors, Mr. Chesterton has passed on the illuminating torch of appreciation from one generation to another. To do so is perhaps the critic's highest function. But he has also shown a singular *flair* in finding the young prose-writer or poet of distinction, and a wise generosity in awarding the word of praise which encourages future achievement.

II—As Poet

MR. CHESTERTON has written a great deal of excellent verse, nearly all of which is poetical in the true sense. The meaning of his verse is always manifest; both by precept and by practice, for all that there is a touch of mysticism in his poetry, he is a doughty opponent of the Georgian obscurity. In Greybeards at Play he produced a delightful set of satirical verses in which a dear old philosopher patronises nature and all her works:

I love to see the little stars
All dancing to one tune;
I think quite highly of the Sun
And kindly of the Moon.
. . . . . .
The great Niagara waterfall
Is never shy with me.

And what could be more delicately humorous than the Song of Quoodle (no doubt a loving reminiscence of his dog, Winkle) in which the 'noselessness' of men is indicted, and their inability to recognize

The brilliant smell of water,
The brave smell of a stone,
The smell of dew and thunder,
The old bones buried under.

And what more full of jollity than wine-loving Noah's meditation during the Flood:

The cataract of the cliff of heaven fell blinding
off the brink
As if it would wash the stars away as suds go
down a sink,
The seven heavens came roaring down for the
throats of hell to drink,
And Noah he cocked his eye and said, 'It
looks like rain, I think.'
The water has drowned the Matterhorn as deep
as a Mendip mine,
But I don't care where the water goes if it
doesn't get into the wine.

Some of his shorter poems such as Ecclesiastes:

There is one sin: to call a green leaf gray,
Whereat the sun in heaven shuddereth.
There is one blasphemy; for death to pray,
For God alone knoweth the praise of death.

There is one creed: 'neath no world-terror's
wing
Apples forget to grow on apple-trees.
There is one thing is needful—everything—
The rest is vanity of vanities.

have a touch of the memorableness which is the quality so conspicuously lacking in the 'Georgians' who cannot concentrate.

But the poetical fame of this versatile writer, whose facility might well have been fatal to him as a poet, will stand or fall with The Ballad of the White Horse. There have been many White Horses, and some of them still exist in the green, much-remembering countryside, the most famous (the scouring of which is described in Tom Brown's Schooldays) being that which is seen on a Wiltshire hill-side by passengers on the Great Western main line. There are three legends current in the Vale of the White Horse—the familiar tale of King Alfred and the poor woman's cakes which he allowed to get burnt, the story of his playing a harp in the camp of the Danes, and the history of the decisive English victory of Enthandune. All these legends are wrought into Chesterton's inspiring poem of the redemption of Wessex by hard fighting, in which Roman, Celt and Saxon are allied against the barbarians.

Ogier's Danes had descended on Wessex like a cloud of locusts, devouring and destroying all that could be called civilization. As though for grief

The great white horse was grey

and all seemed lost when the national champion appeared:

There was not English armour left,
Nor any English thing,
When Alfred came to Athelney
To be an English King.

Alfred was at first a wanderer in a land bled white by the horde of pirates, and the most dangerous of his adventures was to be carried off to their 'bury' and compelled to sing to his deadly enemies:

And the King with harp on shoulder
Stood up and ceased his song;
And the owls moaned from the mighty trees,
And the Danes laughed loud and long.

There is in this scene the true epic irony (such as we find in the Odyssey when the king of Ithaca sits as a beggar among the suitors), for very soon their laughter was to be turned to lamentation. The description of the great battle, which takes place when Alfred has rallied the broken English

chiefs and put a new heart into them, is indeed inspiring:

> 'Brothers-at-arms,' said Alfred,
> 'On this side lies the foe;
> Are slavery and starvation flowers
> That you should pluck them so?'

The last charge brings victory to the men of Wessex, and Alfred with his own hand slays the Danish leader:

> Short time had shaggy Ogier
> To pull his lance in line—
> He knew King Alfred's axe on high,
> He heard it rushing through the sky;
> He cowered beneath it with a cry—
> It split him to the spine;
> And Alfred sprang over him dead,
> And blew the battle sign.

The fine, virile narrative poem, which has something of the stark simplicity of the Sagas, closes quietly with an account of the scouring of the White Horse in the days 'when the good King sat at home,' and only the small satellites of nature interfered with the august symbol of English possession:

> The turf crawled and the fungus crept,
> And the little sorrel, while all men slept,
> Unwrought the work of man.

III—As Essayist

In all his other literary activities, Mr. Chesterton has made what would be a self-sufficing reputation for the average author. His one play that has been produced, Magic, was a success of esteem with the critics and also with the playgoers who did not resent being compelled to think about what they had seen. When most paradoxical and Puckish, he can always open up new vistas of thought.

His history of England, though a glittering web of paradoxes and utterly unscientific, the established rules for weighing historical evidence being gaily ignored, is full of reflections which prove that he could grasp the action and atmosphere of a by-gone age by a sort of passionate intuition. When he says: 'The Holy Land was much nearer to a plain man's house than Westminster and immeasurably nearer than Runnymede,' he shows that he understands the secret driving-power behind the crusades—the earlier ones at any rate—far better than most of the professional historians. A Short History of England, however, is a misnomer for this very readable book, for it is really a criticism of all preceding histories.

In his controversial works, brilliantly as the argument is developed, we can always see that Chesterton tramples on the conventions of the market-places with a conventionalism of his own. As a philosopher, he prefers the theological to the logical; he has finally evaded the necessity of defining terms (which involves, of course, the creation of a terminology of one's own, since current words and phrases cannot be denaturised) by accepting the authority of the Church of Rome.

As novelist, he would sooner develop an idea fantastically than tell a story—in The Napoleon of Notting Hill, for example, the ruling conception is the desirability of creating centres of civic patriotism in London so that 'Clapham should have a city guard, Wimbledon a city wall, Surbiton a bell to raise its citizens.' In his 'Father Brown' books, however, he proved himself an original inventor of first rate detective tales.

As an essayist, Chesterton has brought new life into a literary form which had become almost stereotyped in the hands of a succession of writers beginning with Charles Lamb. He refused to make it a gentle, garrulous dissertation about something, anything or nothing. He upset all the traditional rules, seeing no reason why a writer should not have an apocalyptic fit in an essay, if he thought proper. His books of essays display a vast range of subject, of sophistry in the Greek sense of the term, of curiosity, of phrase-making and paradox-coining. If any modern collection of brief essays survives into the next century, I really think it will be his Tremendous Trifles, which gives us his secret philosophy of living in a series of tabloid doses, very agreeable to take.

Yet it may well be, as I began by suggesting, that the man is greater than the infinitely variable author and that Chesterton may be remembered when all the Chestertonian logomachy has been forgotten, except by the professional student of the literature that has been. Let us, then, hope that this combination of Johnson and Puck is being chronicled day by day by the right kind of a Boswell.

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE JUNGLE BOOKS

A Study by E. B. Osborn

WHILE Kim of the Rishti (see page 891) may fairly be regarded as the book most representative of Rudyard Kipling's genius, most critics concur in thinking that the Jungle Books contain his best work. The first volume appeared in May 1894, containing seven stories, three of which were concerned with Mowgli, at that time a character new to fiction. The second volume was published in 1895, containing eight stories, five of which were devoted to the same fascinating figure. It is in his portrayal of collective character that Rudyard Kipling is pre-eminent among modern writers and in his embodiment of the tribal character of families or species of animals, as in Shere Khan the tiger, Baghee'a the black panther, Baloo the brown bear and above all in the man-cub Mowgli—that wonderful link between man and beast—he has transcended criticism. Like all Rudyard Kipling's work the Jungle Books are published by Macmillan in various editions at various prices.

Mowgli of the Wolf Pack



THEODORE ROOSEVELT once took up his parable against the 'nature fakers'—all the prolific writers of so-called nature stories who attribute the thoughts and emotions of men and women to wild or domesticated animals, not even excluding the humble inhabitants of a rabbit warren. But he did not extend his condemnation, which was based on a wide knowledge of every conceivable variety of big game to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whose immortal Jungle Books set the new literary fashion that has been carried to such extremes and has brought into being Tarzan of the Apes, that wildly improbable romance of the woods which has been one of the most crowd-compelling of entertainments both as a spoken drama and as a picture play. The creator of Tarzan lacks Kipling's mastery of English style and shows no special knowledge of the great anthropoids and their environment, and that is why—alas, that the critic must seem a cynic to plain people!—his achievement became a 'best-seller' in a two-fold sense of the term.

But the two Jungle Books are not only masterpieces of English literature—they are also contributions to natural history, which have prompted many to exchange the rifle for the camera and study the habits and mentality of the living creature after the manner of Henri Fabre, the famous French naturalist, whose loving-careful and lifelong observation of insects has upset so many *ex cathedrâ* theories and finally confuted statements of supposed fact which have been repeated by writer after writer.

In his Preface to the first Jungle Book, the author 'editor' he calls himself gives a droll list of the 'specialists' he claims to have consulted. He offers his thanks in the first place 'to the scholarly and accomplished Bahadur Shah, baggage elephant 174 on the Indian Register, who, with his amiable sister Pudmini, most courteously supplied the history of Toomai of the Elephants, and much of the information contained in Her Majesty's Servants.' His other informants, most of whom, we are told, desire to preserve the strictest anonymity (it might be assumed that, living as they do in an environment where 'eat or be eaten' is the chief rule of existence, they would get into serious trouble if they were known to have given away racial secrets) include 'Sahi, a savant of infinite research and industry, a member of the recently disbanded Seeonee Pack, and an artist well known at most of the local fairs of Southern India, where his muzzled dance with his master attracts the youth, beauty and culture of many villages.'

In point of fact, the author is indebted for his intimate knowledge of the Indian fauna to his own powers of minute obser-

vation and to the help of many other human observers who have listened to the call of the jungle, and with their own eyes studied the manners and customs of its four-footed and footless inhabitants, acquiring a wealth of curious information not to be found in printed books. Chief of these eye-witnesses was the author's father, *J. Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E.*, whose pictures and decorations, the work of an artist of exquisite aptitude, add so much to the delight of the readers of Kim and the Jungle Books. Indeed, the father was as remarkable a man in his way as his more famous son; he had the jungle by heart and at heart, and his knowledge of its teeming life, and of the animal lore and legends of the native races, has never perhaps been equalled.

The Human Cub

ROMULUS and Remus were brought up by a wolf mother, and there are many other legendary precedents for the adoption of Mowgli by a married member of the Seeonee Pack, led by the great, grey, grim Akela, who was superior to all his four-footed brethren in strength and cunning. It would never have happened but for the insolence of Shere Khan, a tiger lame from birth, who lived by killing the villagers' cattle and sometimes the villagers themselves.

Shere Khan was not popular with the other inhabitants of the jungle, for his depredations caused men to scour its fastnesses and set the grass afire, which was very inconvenient for wolves. Moreover, he was in the habit of changing his quarters without due warning, which is contrary to the Law of the Jungle. Again, this code forbids any beast to eat man, except when he is killing to show his children how to kill, and then he must hunt outside the hunting grounds of his pack or tribe.

The real reason for this is that man-killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men on elephants, with guns, and hundreds of brown men with gongs and rockets and torches. Then everybody in the jungle suffers. The reason the beasts give among themselves is that Man is the weakest and most defenceless of all living things, and it is unsportsmanlike to touch him. They say, too—and it is true—that man-eaters become mangy and lose their teeth.

So when the jackal Tabaqui the Dish-licker visits the cave of Father and Mother Wolf, to tell them that Shere Khan intends to hunt in their neighbourhood for the next moon, neither the obsequious, yet impudent messenger nor his message is well received. Soon, too soon, the man-eater is heard without at his unholy hunting. The snarling, singsong whine of a tiger who has caught nothing changes to the humming purr which seems to come from everywhere and is intended to bewilder the beast's prey. The purr ends in the full-throated 'Aaarh!' of the great cat's charge, but is followed by a howl of pain, for he has foolishly jumped at the woodcutter's fire and has burnt his feet. Then Mother Wolf hears something coming up the hill, and as it enters the family cave Father Wolf stops in the middle of his spring, for he sees before him a naked brown baby, who can just toddle. The soft, dimpled, little man's cub is absolutely fearless; he looks up into Father Wolf's gaunt face and laughs, and when he is taken up in the beast's mouth and laid among Mother Wolf's cubs, he pushes them aside to get close to the warm flank and take his share of the milk.

[OTHER WOLF is pleased with the baby's boldness, and thinks that mothering a man's cub is a thing never heard of before, a thing to be proud of. So when Shere Khan, who had missed the child's parents, the woodcutter and his wife, sticks his great square head and shoulders into the entrance of the cave—it is far too narrow for his body to follow—and demands his meat, and fills the place with the thunder of his angry roaring, Mother Wolf, her eyes like two green moons, defies the 'striped cattle-killer' and refuses to give the child up. Mother Wolf had been known as 'The Demon,' when she ran with the Pack, and she insults the mangy man-eater. "He shall live," she says, "to run with the Pack and to hunt with the Pack; and in the end, look you, hunter of little naked cubs—frog-eater—fish-killer—he shall hunt *thee!*"

She repeats her prophecy when Shere Khan has departed and her mate asks if

she means to keep the man's cub; "Assuredly I will keep him. Lie still, little frog. O thou Mowgli—for Mowgli the Frog I will call thee—the time will come when thou wilt hunt Shere Khan as he has hunted thee."

The prophecy comes true sooner than you would expect.

Mowgli's Education

It is a law of the Pack that, as soon as a wolf's cubs are old enough to stand on their feet, he must bring them to the Pack Council, which is generally held once a month at full moon, in order that the other wolves may identify them. After that inspection the cubs are free to run where they please, and until they have killed their first buck, no excuse is accepted if a grown wolf of the Pack kills one of them; the punishment being death. So Mowgli, with the cubs of his foster-parents, is in due season presented at the Council, which is held on a hill-top covered with stones and boulders where a hundred wolves could hide. Akela lies on his rock and below him sit forty or more wolves of every size and colour, from badger-coloured veterans who could kill a buck alone to black three-year-olds who think they could.

The looking-over proceeds with little noise and less talk until Mowgli is pushed into the centre, where he sits laughing and playing with some pebbles that glisten in the moonlight. A roar comes from behind the rocks as Shere Khan demands the man's cub, but Akela, the leader of the Pack, goes on with his monotonous cry of "Look—look well, O wolves," merely stopping it to remind his followers that they have nothing to do with the orders of any outsider.

A four-year-old wolf repeats the tiger's question: "What have the Free People to do with a man's cub?" So Akela asks who among the Free People speaks for Mowgli, and when he gets no answer, the valiant foster-mother gets ready for her last fierce fight, if it comes to fighting.

In the end Baloo, the brown bear who teaches the wolf cubs the Law of the Jungle, and Bagheera, the black panther, who offers a fat bull that he has just killed not half a mile away, speak for the man's cub, and he is looked over and accepted as a member of the Seeonee wolf-pack.

Baloo is responsible for teaching him the Law of the Jungle in its applications to wolves, and the author of this ever-green romance gives us in verse a few specimens of the simpler rulings, all of which are based on the principle that 'the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.' The whole poem is an ingenious effort to translate into men's language the code of instinctive observances which determines the life of the animals who, like Man himself, combine gregarious habits with a large degree of individuality. The wolf is warned not to be a parasite, like the jackal, but to get food of his own, and to hunt only for the livelihood of himself and his family:

Ye may kill for yourselves, and your mates, and your cubs as they need, and you can;
But kill not for pleasure of killing, and *seven times never kill Man.*

The wolf's home, like the Englishman's, is his castle:

The Lair of the Wolf is his refuge, and where he has made him his home,
Not even the Head Wolf may enter, not even the Council may come.

Like all very old codes of man's making rules of health are prescribed—'wash daily from nose-tip to tail-tip; drink deeply, but never too deep,' is wholesome advice. Wolves are to keep peace with the Lords of the Jungle—the tiger, panther, bear, the silent elephant and the valiant boar—and there are excellent rules devised to limit fighting among the wolves themselves as far as possible:

When Pack meets with Pack in the Jungle, and neither will go from the trail,
Lie down till the leaders have spoken—it may be fair words shall prevail.

When ye fight with a wolf of the Pack, ye must fight him alone and afar,
Lest others take part in the quarrel, and the Pack is diminished by war.

Finally, in all that the code leaves open, the word of the Head Wolf is law. Here,

no doubt, the author might be accused of creating wolves mentally in Man's image; indeed one critic has described Akela's followers as 'four-footed Kiplings.' But we know so little about the *vie intime* of wild, gregarious animals that there may be more truth in this chapter of animal sociology than is generally believed.

Mowgli grows up with the wolf cubs, and Father Wolf teaches him the meaning of the sights and sounds and smells of the Jungle, where, as is the case in all the wildernesses, it is the minute, almost imperceptible, things that matter most. Baloo and Bagheera are also his instructors in jungle craft; the former shows him, for example, where honey is to be found, and the latter trains him so well in tree-climbing that he learns to fling himself almost as boldly through the branches as the grey ape. He is the beloved 'Little Brother' of those jungle lords, and he likes to adopt Bagheera's habit of sleeping through the long, drowsy day and hunting at night. 'Good Hunting!' is the usual greeting among these friends, and among our schoolboys it has become almost proverbial, for they, and their little sisters, too, take a keen delight in the Jungle Book stories.

As he grows older, Mowgli becomes as strong and swift and beautiful as a sylvan deity, and is respected as much for his physical powers as for the spiritual might that shines in his eyes. He finds that the wolves cannot stand his steady gaze, and even the brotherly Bagheera—Bagheera, born in the cages of the king's palace at Oodeypore, who understands the mysterious spirit of Man better than the other four-footed free companions—must drop his eyes when Mowgli looks long into them. A lovely and loyal youth with the might of woodland creatures, and their keen and ineluctable senses to serve a human intellect that is not to be deceived by conventional shams—what more fascinating character has ever been created by novelist or poet?

Many Adventures

Ten years after the human cub took refuge in the cave of his foster-parents the trouble with Shere Khan comes to a climax. Mowgli is inclined to despise the danger, thinking the lame tiger to be 'all long tail and loud talk like Mao, the Peacock.' But he has been plotting successfully with the Pack, flattering the younger wolves and expressing his surprise that they should be content to be 'led by a dying wolf and a man's cub.' Akela is growing old, and the crisis comes when for the first time while leading the Pack in a night hunt, he misses the kill and is knocked over by the escaping buck. When a Pack leader has missed his kill, he is called the 'Dead Wolf' as long as he lives, which is not long, as a rule.

Here the author is psychologically correct, for there can be no doubt that the leadership of a wolf pack is determined as it was with the human race in an early stage of primitive civilization, wherein anthropologists discover:

> The king who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain.

A council is summoned to dispose of Akela—'toothless fool' Shere Khan, who has no right to be there, calls him to his face—and also of Mowgli. But Mowgli is there with a fire-pot, snatched from his village, and with the help of the dreaded 'Red Flower' he terrorises the assembly and puts the cowardly Shere Khan to flight. Then, in sorrow, he decides to go back to men; promising, however, to return and lay out the man-eater's hide upon the Council rock.

He goes back to the village to the amazement of its inhabitants, and Messua, his mother, takes him to her hut, gives him milk and begins to teach him man's talk. He is quick at learning the ways and customs of men, though he loathes wearing a cloth about him, and cannot understand caste. However, he is soon a man again, so to speak, and is able to herd buffaloes and join the circle of gossips, which meets every evening under a great fig-tree. He scoffs at old Buldeo, the village hunter, who explains that the tiger that had carried off Messua's son (as was still believed) is a ghost-tiger—an incarnation, in fact, of Purun Dass, the dead money lender who

limped from a blow he got in a riot when his account books were burnt. Buldeo, annoyed at hearing his tales described as 'cobwebs and moonshine,' tells the 'jungle brat,' if he is so wise, to kill the man-eater, since the Government offers a reward of a hundred rupees for his hide.

MOWGLI gets news of Shere Khan's whereabouts from his four-footed foster-brothers, and the time comes when, with Akela's help, he takes his revenge by a most ingenious stratagem. He and the wolves divide the herd of buffaloes into two clumps, the cow-buffaloes with their calves, and the bulls, old and young, and taking the latter round in a long, long circle, arrange that Shere Khan, heavy with food and drink in his ravine, should be caught between the detachments and trampled to death. So Shere Khan dies a dog's death, and Mowgli sets to work to skin him. Old Buldeo catches him at the task and, wishing to get the reward for himself, orders him to leave the carcass whereupon Mowgli tells Akela to look after the old hunter, who finds himself flat on the ground and a gaunt, grey wolf standing over him. He thinks it black sorcery, and expects every minute to see Mowgli himself turn into a tiger. He is allowed to escape and tell his story to the villagers who receive Mowgli as a sorcerer, a jungle-demon, with blowing of conches and the banging of temple bells and a shower of stones and insults.

So he is cast out of the Man pack and returns to the Wolf pack, showing the tiger's striped hide on the Council rock. The wolves, tired of the evil results of past lawlessness, ask him to lead them, but he replies: "Man pack and Wolf pack have cast me out. Now I will hunt alone in the Jungle."

But, as things befall, he has to take vengeance on the village and, later on, when he has reached his full strength and power of mind and will, save the Seeonee Pack from destruction. The villagers barricade Messua and her husband in their hut, insisting they are the parents of a devil-child, and preparing the torture to make them confess they are witch and wizard, after which they would be burnt alive. The pair are rich, and this is a consideration with their persecutors, who intend to share their lands and herds between them and to tell the English they died of snake bite. They are rescued in time, with Bagheera's help, and then Mowgli asks Hathi, the elephant, and his three sons, to let the jungle in on the village. The villagers, though idle, senseless and cruel, are not to be killed or maimed, but their habitations and their tilled lands are to be utterly wrecked and ruined. All the inhabitants of the jungle, beasts and green things, assist in wiping out the village, and here is a stanza, with its mournful, haunting refrain so characteristic of Kipling's verse of Mowgli's declaration of destruction, his Song against People:

I will let loose against you the fleet-footed vines—
I will call in the Jungle to stamp out your lines!
The roofs shall fade before it,
The house-beams shall fall,
And the *Karela*, the bitter *Karela*,
Shall cover it all.

So, his debts duly paid, Mowgli goes back to the Jungle life back to:

. . the nights of swift running,
Fair ranging, far-seeing, good hunting, sure cunning!

and every living thing there is his friend, though even the mightiest are now a bit afraid.

HE has many wonderful experiences, and is often in danger. For example, he was caught up once during the Great Famine by the moving of the deer and nearly crushed to death in the hot swaying herds. Baloo grows very old and stiff, Akela becomes milky white with sheer old age. Even Bagheera is a little slower on the kill. One of his best friends, though unsociable with his other comrades, is Kaa, the thirty-foot rock-python, who is Lord of the Middle Jungle. Kaa it was who rescued Mowgli from the *Bandar-log*, the mob of monkeys, who had carried him off to Cold Lairs through the tree-tops, travelling by their aerial routes fifty, seventy, or a hundred feet above ground, twenty feet at a bound. The monkeys,

unstable of purpose and full of fine, bragging talk, are despised by all the other Jungle folk. Our author, who regards them as a type of human mobocracy, presents us with the Road Song of the *Bandar-log*, of which the second stanza shall be quoted :

> Here we sit in a branchy row,
> Thinking of beautiful things we know ;
> Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,
> All complete, in a minute or two—
> Something noble and wise and good,
> Done by merely wishing we could.
> We've forgotten, but—never mind •
> *Brother, thy tail hangs down behind*

Baloo and Bagheera, sorely beset by the hordes of monkeydom, would never have rescued him without the assistance of Kaa, a living battering-ram of vast weight, with a cool, quiet mind in its handle, so to speak, and a terror by day and by night to all the generations of four-handed braggarts, for he alone was as much at home as themselves in tree-land. Kaa is one of Mowgli's kindest friends ; he forms his vast coils into a comfortable armchair for the youth, laying his flat head with the jewel-eyes on his shoulder, and teaching him to wrestle and spar, always carefully refraining from the full use of his own gigantic strength.

On one occasion, however, he led the boy into deadly danger. He took him to Cold Lairs again, that wonderful lost city in the jungle, to visit the White Cobra, who guarded the Forgotten King's treasure. The floor of the vault was buried five or six feet deep in coined gold and silver, the metal having escaped from its sacks and packed and settled as sand does at low tide. In this mass of two or three hundred tons of precious metal, all manner of ornaments and armour and weapons and works of artifice were half hidden, and there were piles of uncut precious stones. Every Indian prince has his ancient sacred hoard, but this one was incredibly more valuable than all others that are, or ever have been. The White Cobra had killed every human fortune-seeker who had discovered it, and he proposes in his dark, decrepit mind to slay Mowgli, despite the fact that he has the words and friendship of the Poison People.

But Mowgli is no mere man, but the subtlest and most skilful of jungle hunters, and he pins the warden to the ground with a wonderful jewelled *ankus* or elephant-goad, and forcing his mouth open with his knife, shows that his poison-fangs lie black and withered in the gum, that he has outlived his fatal venom. He takes the *ankus* away as the prize of victory, does Mowgli, though the cobra warns him it is death—and so it is, for when thrown away in the jungle by its new owner, six men lose their lives for the lust of possessing so precious a treasure. The moral is set forth in a rhymed Jungle proverb :—

> These are the Four that are never content, that have never been filled, since the Dews began—
> Jacala's mouth, and the glut of the Kite, and the hands of the Ape, and the eyes of Man.

These are wondrous adventures, but more wonderful still is Red Dog, the thrilling story of the saving of the Seeonee Pack by Mowgli's cunning generalship from destruction by a much more numerous army of Dholes, the red hunting-dogs of the Deccan. Even the tiger surrenders a new kill to the Dhole Pack and the elephant moves aside from their line, for until the red dogs find game scarce or are killed, they will go forward with the long lobbing canter which in the end runs down any living creature, however swift and untiring.

Mowgli, profiting by the aged wisdom of Kaa, leads them into a river gorge, which is inhabited by unspeakable multitudes of the busy, furious, black wild bees of India —the length of the gorge on either side is hung with black shining velvet curtains as it were, made up of clotted millions of these Little People of the Rocks. Mowgli delays the dholes at the entrance to the gorge, cuts off their leader's tail, and creates for them a new blood-line, and so beguiles them into the deadly trap, himself swimming safely under water and taking toll with his knife of the red dogs that reached the river. The bees sting most of them to death, and the rest are finished off after a terrific fight by the Seeonee pack waiting down-stream at the only possible landing-place. Thus died the dauntless Akela, the heroic Lone Wolf, after killing nine of the foul invaders.

Toomai and Others

MOWGLI does not appear in all the Jungle Book stories. Indeed, The White Seal, which takes us to the seal-thronged beaches of the Island of St. Paul in the Bering Sea, and Quiquern, which is concerned with the hunters of the Farthest North :

But the people of the Elder Ice, beyond the white man's ken—
Their spears are made of the narwhal-horn, and they are the last of the Men !

depict scenes and personalities utterly beyond the comprehension of a dweller in the warm green heart of the Jungle.

Of the Indian tales and sketches in which Mowgli plays no part, the most remarkable is The Miracle of Purun Bhagat. It is the story of the last years of a prime minister of a semi-independent native state in the North-West, who, when he has won all the honours possible and been applauded by East and West alike, resigns position, place and power, sending back the jewelled order of his knighthood, and becomes a Sunnyasi – a houseless, wandering mendicant, living on what a pious public puts into his begging bowl of polished brown *coco-de-mer*. As The Song of Kabir saith :

He has looked upon Man, and his eye-balls are clear
(There was One ; there is One and but One, saith Kabir),
The Red Mist of Doing has thinned to a cloud—
He has taken the Path, a *bairagi* avowed.

He establishes himself in a little shrine in the hills, for the silence and space for his meditation, and the *langurs*, or big grey-whiskered monkeys of the Himalayas, and all the other local beasts, accept him as a brother. A *langur*, plucking at him with his little hand in the black heart of a rainy night, warns him of a peril approaching, and he is able to pass on the warning in time to save the seventy inhabitants of the little village near by from destruction by a tremendous landslide. The Undertakers is a queer, canny conversation between an adjutant bird, a jackal and a very old crocodile, the Mugger of Mugger-Ghaut, who had lived for many a year on the human beings that fell into his stream. All three are cowardly, treacherous gluttons, who would feed on one another, if the chance offered, and their dialogue is full of grim humour and malignant irony. At the end the mugger is shot by an engineer who had built the bridge to take the place of the dangerous local ford.

Equally entertaining is Toomai of the Elephants, in which a tiny lad, almost a second Mowgli in his sympathetic insight into animal character, sees the elephants, tame as well as wild, at their mysterious dancing. It is a sight seldom seen by human eyes, for it is the captured, working elephant's one night off from his servitude, during which he can say :

I will go out until the day, until the morning break,
Out to the winds' untainted kiss, the waters' clean caress ;
I will forget my ankle-ring and snap my picket-stake.
I will revisit my lost loves and playmates masterless.

Back to Man

WITH more sadness than gladness, with inexplicable tears and a strangely sore heart, Mowgli leaves his jungle friends and goes back to his own people. It happens at the time of the Spring Running, when there is a mystic thrill in the air and all the jungle creatures are restless and riotous and regardless of their human brother, having a new joy of life in their hearts. So his own vexed heart, though he cannot understand the emotions that are troubling it, sends Mowgli back to his mother. He stands in the red light of the oil lamp and almost terrifies her with his power and beauty, as of some ' Godling of the Woods ' (Messua's own words).

It is the last of the Mowgli stories, the last of Mowgli. He married and, we hope, was happy ever afterwards. But, with the wise reticence of a great artist, his creator has told us nothing about the events in his subsequent life.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

MACBETH

WE have no complete or authentic text of this tragedy. It was written about 1604-1606, partly to please King James, and was first published, in what was perhaps a stage version with interpolations by another hand, in the Folio of 1623. Despite the mutilated text the play remains one of the triumphs of Shakespeare's genius, and few plays contain greater poetry. While drawing his material from Holinshed, Shakespeare altered history to suit his needs, and the vision of Banquo and the sleep-walking of Lady Macbeth are his own invention.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Duncan, King of Scotland
Malcolm and **Donalbain**, his sons
Macbeth and **Banquo**, generals in his army
Macduff, Thane of Fife
Fleance, son to Banquo
Lady Macbeth **Three Witches**
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, etc.
Ghost of Banquo and other Apparitions

The scene is laid in Scotland, chiefly in Macbeth's castle at Inverness

First Act

A desert heath. Thunder and Lightning. Enter **Three Witches**



FIRST WITCH : When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?
2 Witch : When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won,
3 Witch : That will be ere the set of sun.
1 Witch : Where the place ?
2 Witch : Upon the heath.
3 Witch : There to meet with Macbeth.
All : Fair is foul and foul is fair :
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt*

[In a camp near Forres **Duncan** learns from a wounded Captain how **Macbeth**, now by Sinel's death thane of Glamis, has, with **Banquo's** aid, vanquished the rebel Macdonwald and the Norwegian invaders who were assisted by the thane of Cawdor.]

Duncan : O valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman ?
No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest : Go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

A heath. Thunder. Enter the **Three Witches.**
1 Witch : Look what I have.
2 Witch : Show me, show me.
1 Witch : Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come. (*Drum within.*)
3 Witch : A drum, a drum !
Macbeth doth come. [*Enter* **Macbeth** *and* **Banquo.**
Macbeth : So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Banquo : How far is't called to Forres ? What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't ? Live you ? or are you aught
That man may question ? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips : you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.
Macb. : Speak, if you can : what are you ?
1 Witch : All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis !
2 Witch : All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee Thane of Cawdor !
3 Witch : All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter !
Ban. : Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair ?

[**Banquo** conjures the **Witches** to speak to him. He neither begs nor fears their favours or their hate. Severally they hail him.]

1 Witch : Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 Witch : Not so happy, yet much happier.
3 Witch : Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo.
Macb. : Stay, tell me more. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence ? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting ? Speak, I charge you.

[**Witches** *vanish.*

[Two noblemen enter, tell **Macbeth** the King has heard of his success, awaits his coming, and has made him thane of Cawdor. **Macbeth** thanks them, but seems unable to extricate

himself from his thoughts of the **Witches'** prophecy, despite **Banquo's** warning that oftentimes

'The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.'

There is a horrid mirage of murder in **Macbeth's** mind, but as yet it is only fantastical. He collects himself and turns to **Banquo.**]

Macb. : Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. : Very gladly.

Macb. : Till then, enough. Come, friends.

Exeunt.

Forres. A Room in the Palace

Dun. : Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?

Malcolm : My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die; who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.

Dun. : There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust. [*Enter* **Macbeth** *and* **Banquo.**
O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee; would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion of both thanks and payment
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. : The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself.

Dun. : Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserved: let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. : There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

[**Duncan** tells **Macbeth** he will be his guest at Inverness, but as he departs to apprise his wife of the King's coming **Macbeth** is disturbed by **Duncan's** naming of **Malcolm** as heir to the throne. At Inverness, in a letter from **Macbeth** his wife reads of the **Witches'** prophecy and of its partial fulfilment.]

Lady Macbeth : Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be [nature;
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition: but without
The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst highly
Thou wouldst holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.

[An attendant announces the coming of **Duncan.**]

Lady M. : The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts! unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry, 'Hold, hold!' [*Enter* **Macbeth.**
Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel e'en now
The future in the instant.

Macb. : My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. : And when goes hence?

Macb. : To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. : O! never
Shall sun that morrow see.
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters; to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't.

[**Duncan** *and his two sons arrive at* **Macbeth's** *Castle.*]

Dun. : This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses. [*Enter* **Lady Macbeth.**
See, see, our honoured hostess.
Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. : Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. : Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.

[While the King is at supper **Macbeth** leaves the feast to ponder what is pending.]

Macb. : If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.

[But will the blow end it? Even-handed justice commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice to our own lips. He (**Macbeth**) is **Duncan's** kinsman, subject and host; is here in double trust. Besides, this **Duncan**

'Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur



ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH
From the painting by John S. Sargent in the Tate Gallery

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er leaps itself.]
[*Enter* **Lady Macbeth.**
Macb. : We will proceed no further in this business ;
He hath honoured me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.
Lady M. : Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself ? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would' ?
Macb. : Pr'ythee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M. : What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man.—
I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this
Macb. : If we should fail ?——
Lady M. : We fail !
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.
[She will drug **Duncan's** two chamberlains with wine and on them will be put the guilt. **Macbeth** resolves to do the deed.]

Second Act

'T is after midnight. Heaven's candles are all out. **Banquo** cannot sleep. He is surprised by **Macbeth,** whom he tells of **Duncan's** gifts, including a diamond for his 'most kind hostess.' Alone, **Macbeth** has a vision of a dagger with the handle towards him. He hears the bell rung by **Lady Macbeth** to apprise him the grooms are drugged. He makes his way to **Duncan's** chamber. **Lady Macbeth** has done her part and would have done the darker deed but that **Duncan** resembled her father as he slept. She is herself unnerved, but when joined by **Macbeth** suppresses her feelings to give courage to her husband. He tells her the grooms did wake each other by talking in their sleep. Ere settling again one cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other. **Macbeth** 'had most need of blessing,' but 'Amen' stuck in his throat.]

Lady Macbeth : These deeds must not be thought
After these ways : so, it will make us mad.
Macbeth : Methought I heard a voice cry,
'Sleep no more !
Macbeth does murder sleep,'—the innocent sleep :
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleave of care.
Still it cried, 'Sleep no more !' to all the house.
'Macbeth shall sleep no more !'
Lady M. : Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. : I'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done.
Lady M. : Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. : Whence is that knocking ?—
How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red. [*Re-enter* **Lady Macbeth.**
Lady M. : My hands are of your colour : but I shame
To wear a heart so white.—(*Knocking within.*) I hear a knocking
At the south entry ;—retire we to our chamber,
A little water clears us of this deed.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. : To know my deed 'twere best not know myself. [*Knocking.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking.—I would thou could'st! [*Exeunt.*

[**Macduff** is at the gate. He has been commanded to call the King betimes. The murder is discovered. **Macbeth** and his wife openly share in the general horror. The grooms are found dead. **Macbeth** says he killed them in his fury. **Lady Macbeth** faints. **Banquo** and **Macduff** appear suspicious. **Malcolm** and **Donalbain** in alarm take flight, the one to England the other to Ireland, and they become suspect. **Macbeth** is named King and departs for Scone to be invested.]

Third Act

Forres. A Room in the Palace. Enter **Banquo**

BANQUO : Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't.

[**Macbeth** as King and **Lady Macbeth** as Queen enter and invite **Banquo** as chief guest at a great feast they are giving that night. **Macbeth** asks him 'Ride you this afternoon?' 'Goes **Fleance** with you?' and being answered in the affirmative plans their murder. He thinks 'To be thus is nothing; But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo Stick deep.' **Lady Macbeth,** unaware of her husband's plot, chides him with his moodiness: 'What's done is done.' **Macbeth** speaks of 'these terrible dreams']

That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well. Nothing
Can touch him further.—
O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife;
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady Macbeth : But in them nature's copy's not eterne. [assailable.

Macb. : There's comfort yet: they are
Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.

[**Banquo** is murdered, but **Fleance** escapes. **Macbeth** sees the Ghost of **Banquo** take his place at the banquet, and his fright is such that **Lady Macbeth,** after trying in vain to shame him into self-restraint, has to bid the guests depart lest he betray himself. **Macduff** goes to England to seek the English king's help against **Macbeth's** tyranny. 'To know, by the worst means, the worst,' **Macbeth** determines again to question the weird sisters.]

Fourth Act

THE THREE WITCHES meet in a cavern. Thunder rolls while they move round a boiling cauldron chanting an incantation:

'Double, double toil and trouble:
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.'

Macbeth enters. Visions rise before him of an Armed Head, which bids him beware **Macduff**; a Bloody Child, that tells him 'none of woman born' shall harm him; a Child Crowned, saying

'Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him';



MACBETH AND THE MURDERERS

From the painting by George Cattermole in the Victoria and Albert Museum

and Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand showing many more, **Banquo** smiling and pointing at them for his. There is music and the **Witches** vanish. **Macbeth** cries:

'Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them!'

A messenger brings him news of **Macduff**'s flight to England. He raids **Macduff**'s castle and puts his wife, children and retainers to the sword. At the English court **Malcolm** and **Macduff**, with English aid, prepare to bring **Macbeth** to book. **Macduff**, when he hears of the massacre of his wife and little ones, cries aloud to Heaven:

'Front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him. If he 'scape
Heaven forgive him too.']

Fifth Act

At Dunsinane **Lady Macbeth**, who had counselled her husband on the need of sleep, has become a sleep-walker. One night, as a Doctor and a gentlewoman-in-waiting discuss her state, she enters, bearing a taper.]

Doctor: How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman: Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct.: You see, her eyes are open.

Gen.: Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct.: What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gen.: It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands.

Lady M.: Yet here's a spot. Out, damned spot! Out, I say! One, two: why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, he! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct.: What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Lady M.: Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone! To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doct.: Will she go now to bed?

Gen.: Directly.

Doct.: Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gen.: Good night, good Doctor. [*Exeunt.*

[The English forces draw near, ten thousand strong, led by **Malcolm** and his uncle **Siward**, earl of Northumberland, and **Macduff**. **Macbeth** has fortified the castle. Some say he is mad. Those he commands move only in command, nothing in love. He calls to his *officer*.]

Macb.: Seyton!—I am sick at heart
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.

[He asks for his armour. He will put it on though it be not needed yet. Then he turns to the **Doctor.**]

Macb.: How does your patient, Doctor?

Doct.: Not so sick, my lord.
But she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.

Macb.: Cure her of that!
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet, oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct: Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb.: Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

[The attacking army reaches Birnam Wood.]

Malcolm: Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host.

[Within the castle **Macbeth** has mustered his forces.]

Macb.: Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, 'They come!' Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn.—
What is that noise? [*A cry within.*

Seyton: It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*

Macb.: I have almost forgot the taste of fears.

Sey. (*returning*): The Queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb.: She should have died hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. [*Enter a messenger.*

Messenger: As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked towards Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.



MACBETH AND THE WITCHES

From the painting by Coyd in the Wallace Collection

Macb. : If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth. —Arm, arm, and out !
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here. —
Ring the alarm-bell !—Blow, wind ! Come, wrack !
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[Sallying forth **Macbeth** fights and kills **Siward's** young son. Then **Macduff**, who will shed no blood but **Macbeth's**, encounters him.]

Macduff : Turn, hell-hound, turn !

Macb. : Of all men else I have avoided thee :
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. : I have no words,
My voice is in my sword. (*They fight.*)

Macb. : Thou losest labour :
I bear a charmèd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. : Despair thy charm.
Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped. [so.

Macb. : Accursèd be that tongue that tells me
And be these juggling fiends no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense ;—
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. : Then yield thee, coward.

Macb. : I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet.
Lay on, Macduff ;
And damned be he that first cries, 'Hold, enough !' (*Exeunt fighting.*

[Old **Siward** hears of his son's death.]

Ross : He only lived but till he was a man ;
But like a man he died

Siward : Had he his hurts before ?

Ross : Ay, on the front.

Siward : Why then, God's soldier be he !

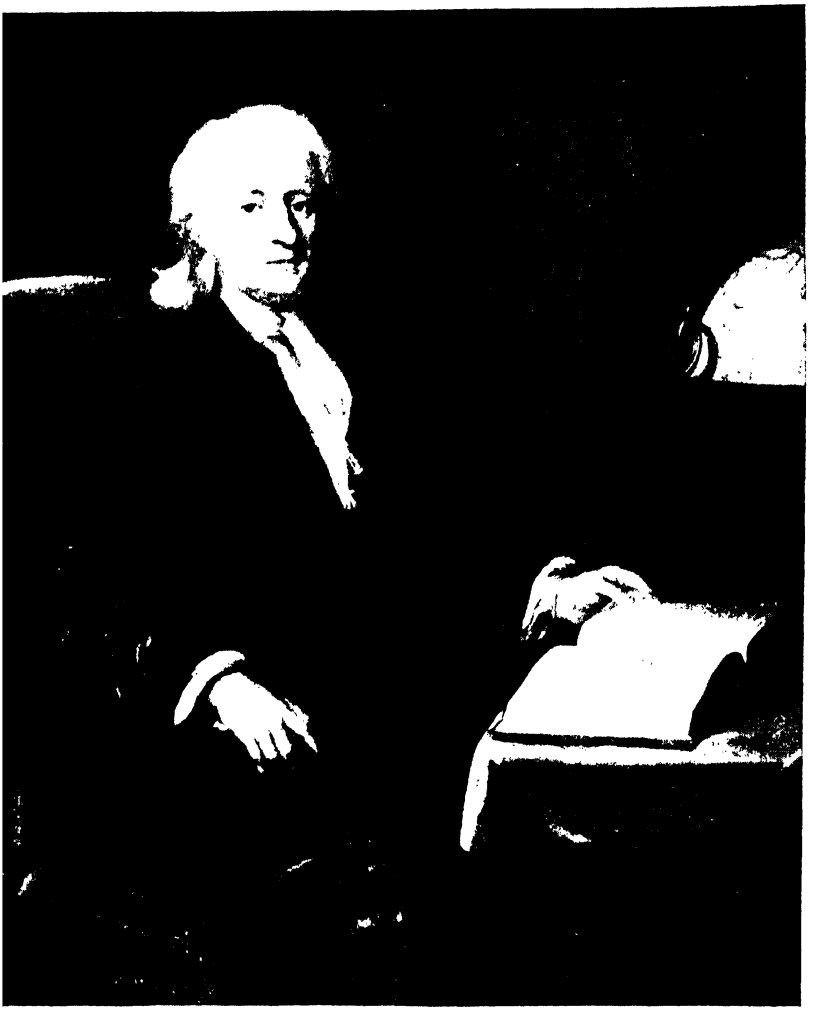
[**Macduff** *re-enters with* **Macbeth's** *head.*

Macduff (*to* **Malcolm**) : Hail, King ! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursèd head : the time is free.

All : Hail, King of Scotland. [*Flourish.*

Malcolm : We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life ; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time and place ;
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*



Isaac Newton (1642–1727), the English mathematician and natural philosopher, is universally acknowledged to rank among the greatest geniuses of all time. 'In no other mind,' it has been said, 'have the demonstrative faculty and the inductive faculty co-existed in such supreme excellence and perfect harmony.' He manifested his genius for mathematical speculation at an early age, and before he passed the age of twenty-five had already discovered the binomial theorem, found the method of fluxions, originated his theory of gravitation and begun his optical discoveries. The evolution of the calculus was one of the great intellectual achievements of his day. In geometrical optics he developed the mathematical exposition and for the first time offered an explanation of colour phenomena. He also invented a reflecting telescope, microscope, and sextant and from these investigations proceeded to a theory of physical optics. His work on mechanics and gravitation was even more important, for it profoundly affected the ideas of man about the universe. This portrait is from the painting by John Vanderbank in the National Portrait Gallery.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER

LIFE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON

FROM 1808 to 1830 Brewster was editor of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia and during the same years edited other scientific periodicals and also contributed numerous important papers to the Royal Society. His treatise on Optics (1831) embodies the sum of his learning on a subject which he made peculiarly his own and on which he wrote many important papers. About the same time he wrote the Life of Sir Isaac Newton for Murray's Family Library, and although this work is written in popular style it presents the results of years of investigation and throws a brilliant light on the life of the celebrated scientist. Another popular work which he wrote for the same publication was Letters on Natural Magic, an entertaining and instructive book. Brewster supplemented his Life of Newton in 1855 with the much fuller Memoirs of the Life, Writings and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton.

I—The Young Scientist



SIR ISAAC NEWTON was born at the hamlet of Woolsthorpe on December 25, 1642. His father, a yeoman farmer, died a few months after his marriage, and never saw his son.

When Isaac was three years old his mother married again, and he was given over to the charge of his maternal grandmother. While still a boy at school, his mechanical genius began to show itself, and he constructed various mechanisms, including a windmill, a water-clock and a carriage put in motion by the person who sat in it. He was also fond of drawing, and wrote verses. Even at this age he began to take an interest in astronomy. In the yard of the house where he lived he traced the varying movements of the sun upon the walls and roofs of the buildings, and by means of fixed pins he marked out the hourly and half-hourly subdivisions.

At the age of fifteen his mother took him from school and sent him to manage the farm and country business at Woolsthorpe, but farming and marketing did not interest him, and he showed such a passion for study that eventually he was sent back to school to prepare for Cambridge.

In the year 1660 Newton was admitted into Trinity College, Cambridge. His attention was first turned to the study of mathematics by a desire to inquire into the truth of judicial astrology, and he is said to have discovered the folly of that study by erecting a figure with the aid of one or two of the problems in Euclid. The propositions contained in Euclid he regarded as self-evident; and, without any preliminary study, he made himself master of Descartes's Geometry by his genius and patient application. Dr. Wallis's Arithmetic of Infinites, Sanderson's Logic, and the Optics of Kepler were among the books which he studied with care; and he is reported to have found himself more deeply versed in some branches of knowledge than the tutor who directed his studies.

In 1665 Newton took his Bachelor of Arts degree, and in 1666, in consequence of the breaking out of the plague, he retired to Woolsthorpe. In 1668 he took his Master of Arts degree and was appointed to a senior fellowship. And in 1669 he was made Lucasian professor of mathematics.

During the years 1666–69 Newton was engaged in optical researches which culminated in his invention of the first reflecting telescope. On January 11, 1671, it was announced to the Royal Society that his reflecting telescope had been shown to the king, and had been examined by the president, Sir Robert Murray, Sir Paul Neale and Sir Christopher Wren.

In the course of his optical researches, Newton discovered the different refrangi-

bility of different rays of light, and in his professorial lectures during the years 1669, 1670 and 1671 he announced his discoveries; but not till 1672 did he communicate them to the Royal Society. No sooner were these discoveries given to the world than they were opposed with a degree of virulence and ignorance which have seldom been combined in scientific controversy. The most distinguished of his opponents were Robert Hooke and Huyghens. Both attacked his theory from the standpoint of the undulatory theory of light which they upheld.

II—The Colours of Natural Bodies

In examining the nature and origin of colours as the component parts of white light, the attention of Newton was directed to the explanation of the colours of natural bodies. His earliest researches on this subject were communicated in his Discourse on Light and Colours, to the Royal Society in 1675.

Dr. Hooke had succeeded in splitting a mineral substance called mica into films of such extreme thinness as to give brilliant colours. One plate, for example, gave a yellow colour, another a blue colour, and the two together a deep purple, but as plates which produced this colour were always less than the twelve-thousandth part of an inch thick, it was quite impracticable, by any contrivance yet discovered, to measure their thickness and to determine the law according to which the colours varied with the thickness of the film.

Newton surmounted this difficulty by laying a double convex lens, the radius of the curvature of each side of which was fifty feet, upon the flat surface of a plano-convex object-glass, and in this way he obtained a plate of air, or of space, varying from the thinnest possible edge at the centre of the object-glass where it touched the plane surface to a considerable thickness at the circumference of the lens. When the light was allowed to fall upon the object-glass, every different thickness of the plate of air between the object-glass gave different colours, so that the point where the two object-glasses touched one another was the centre of a number of concentric coloured rings. Now, as the curvature of the object-glass was known, it was easy to calculate the thickness of the plate of air at which any particular colour appeared, and thus to determine the law of the phenomena.

By accurate measurements Newton found that the thickness of air at which the most luminous parts of the first rings were produced were, in parts of an inch, as 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 and 11 to 178,000.

If the medium or the substance of the thin plate is water, as in the case of the soap bubble, which produces beautiful colours according to its different degrees of thinness, the thicknesses at which the most luminous parts of the ring appear are produced at $\frac{1}{1\cdot336}$ of the thickness at which they are produced in air and, in the case of glass or mica, at $\frac{1}{1\cdot525}$ of that thickness, the numbers 1·336, 1·525 expressing the ratio of the sines of the angles of incidence and refraction which produce the colours.

From the phenomena thus briefly described Newton deduced that ingenious, though hypothetical, property of light called its 'fits of easy reflection and transmission.' This property consists in supposing that every particle of light from its first discharge from a luminous body possesses, at equally distant intervals, dispositions to be reflected from, and transmitted through, the surfaces of the bodies upon which it is incident. Hence, if a particle of light reaches a reflecting surface of glass *when in its fit of easy reflection*, or in its disposition to be reflected, it will yield more readily to the reflecting force of the surface; and, on the contrary, if it reaches the same surface *while in a fit of easy transmission*, or in a disposition to be transmitted, it will yield with more difficulty to the reflecting force.

The application of the theory of alternate fits of transmission and reflection to explain the colours of thin plates is easy.

Transparency, opacity and colour were thus explained by Newton:

Bodies that have the greatest refractive powers reflect the greatest quantity of light from their surfaces, and at the confines of equally refracting media there is no reflection.

The least parts of almost all natural bodies are in some measure transparent.

Between the parts of opaque and coloured bodies are many spaces, or pores, either empty or filled with media of other densities.

The parts of bodies and their interstices or pores must not be less than of some definite bigness to render them coloured.

The transparent parts of bodies, according to their several sizes, reflect rays of one colour, and transmit those of another on the same ground that thin plates do reflect or transmit these rays.

The parts of bodies on which their colour depend are denser than the medium which pervades their interstices.

The bigness of the component parts of natural bodies may be conjectured by their colours.

Transparency he considers as arising from the particles and their intervals, or pores, being too small to cause reflection at their common surfaces; so that all light which enters transparent bodies passes through them without any portion of it being turned from its path by reflection.

Opacity, he thinks, arises from an opposite cause, viz., when the parts of bodies are of such a size as to be capable of reflecting the light which falls upon them, in which case the light is 'stopped or stifled' by the multitude of reflections.

The *colours* of natural bodies have, in the Newtonian hypothesis, the same origin as the colours of thin plates, their transparent particles, according to their several sizes, reflecting rays of one colour and transmitting those of another.

Among the optical discoveries of Newton those which he made on the inflection of light hold a high place. They were first published in his Treatise on Optics, in 1707.

III—The Discovery of the Law of Gravitation

From the optical labours of Newton we now proceed to the history of his astronomical discoveries, those transcendent deductions of human reason by which he has secured to himself an immortal name and vindicated the intellectual dignity of his species.

In the year 1666, Newton was sitting in his garden at Woolsthorpe reflecting on the nature of gravity, that remarkable power which causes all bodies to descend towards the centre of the earth. As this power does not sensibly diminish at the greatest height we can reach he conceived it possible it might reach to the moon and affect its motion, and even hold it in its orbit. At such a distance, however, he considered some diminution of the force probable, and in order to estimate the diminution, he supposed that the primary planets were carried round the sun by the same force. On this assumption, by comparing the periods of the different planets with their distances from the sun, he found that the force must decrease as the squares of the distance from the sun. In drawing this conclusion he supposed the planets to move in circular orbits round the sun.

Having thus obtained a law, he next tried to ascertain if it applied to the moon and the earth, to determine if the force emanating from the earth was sufficient, if diminished in the duplicate ratio of the moon's distance, to retain the moon in its orbit. For this purpose it was necessary to compare the space through which heavy bodies fall in a second at the surface of the earth with the space through which the moon, as it were, falls to the earth in a second of time, while revolving in a circular orbit. Owing to an erroneous estimate of the earth's diameter, he found the facts not quite in accordance with the supposed law; he found that the force which on this assumption would act upon the moon, would be one-sixth more than required to retain it in its orbit.

Because of this incongruity he let the matter drop for a time. But in 1679 his mind again reverted to the subject; and in 1682, having obtained a correct measurement of the diameter of the earth, he repeated his calculations of 1666. In the progress of his calculations he saw that the result which he had formerly expected was likely to be produced, and he was thrown into such a state of nervous irritability that he was unable to carry on the calculation. In this state of mind he entrusted it to one of his friends, and he had the high satisfaction of finding his



DAVID BREWSTER was born at Jedburgh, December 11, 1781, and educated at Edinburgh University. He entered the Presbyterian ministry, but constitutional nervousness decided him to retire from clerical life and he devoted himself to scientific pursuits. Optics interested him especially, and he invented the kaleidoscope, perfected the lenticular stereoscope and was responsible for an improved system of lighthouse illumination. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1815, knighted in 1832, and was the recipient of honours from all parts of the world. In 1850 he was appointed principal of Edinburgh University, and held the appointment until his death, which occurred February 10, 1868.

former views amply realized. The force of gravity which regulated the fall of bodies at the earth's surface, when diminished as the square of the moon's distance from the earth, was found to be exactly equal to the centrifugal force of the moon as deduced from her observed distance and velocity.

The influence of such a result upon such a mind may be more easily conceived than described. The whole material universe was opened out before him; the sun with all his attending planets; the planets with all their satellites; the comets wheeling in every direction in their eccentric orbits; and the entire system of the fixed stars. All the varied and complicated movements of the heavens must have been at once presented to his mind as the necessary result of that law which he had established in reference to the earth and the moon.

After extending this law to the other bodies of the system, he composed a series of propositions on the motion of the primary planets about the sun, which was sent to London about the end of 1683, and was soon afterwards communicated to the Royal Society.

Between 1686 and 1687 appeared the three books of Newton's immortal work, known as the Principia. The first and second books are entitled On the Motion of Bodies, and the third On the System of the World.

In this great work Newton propounds the principle that 'every particle of matter in the universe is attracted by, or gravitates to, every other particle of matter with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distances.' From the second law of Kepler, namely, the proportionality of the areas to the times of their description, Newton inferred that the force which keeps a planet in its orbit is always directed to the sun. From the first law of Kepler, that every planet moves in an ellipse with the sun in one of its foci, he drew the still more general inference that the force by which the planet moves round that focus varies inversely as the square of its distance from the focus. From the third law of Kepler, which connects the distances and periods of the planets by a general rule, Newton deduced the equality of gravity in them all towards the sun, modified only by their different distances from its centre; and in the case of terrestrial bodies, he succeeded in verifying the equality of action by numerous experiments.

NEWTON also showed that a conic section was the only curve in which a body could move when acted upon by a force varying inversely as the square of the distance; and he established the conditions depending on the velocity and the primitive position of the body requisite to make it describe a circular, an elliptical, a parabolic, or a hyperbolic orbit.

It still remained to show whether the force resided in the centre of planets or in their individual particles; and Newton demonstrated that if a spherical body acts upon a distant body with a force varying as the distance of this body from the centre of the sphere, the same effect will be produced as if each of its particles acted upon the distant body by the same law.

Hence it follows that the spheres, whether they are of uniform density, or consist of concentric layers of varying densities, will act upon each other in the

same manner as if their force resided in their centres alone. But as the bodies of the solar system are nearly spherical, they will all act upon one another and upon bodies placed on their surface, as if they were so many centres of attraction; and therefore we obtain the law of gravity, that one sphere will act upon another sphere with a force directly proportional to the quantity of matter, and inversely as the square of the distance between the centres of the spheres. From the equality of action and reaction, to which no exception can be found, Newton concluded that the sun gravitates to the planets and the planets to their satellites, and the earth itself to the stone which falls upon its surface, and consequently that the two mutually gravitating bodies approach one another with velocities inversely proportional to their quantities of matter.

Having established this universal law, Newton was able not only to determine the weight which the same body would have at the surface of the sun and the planets, but even to calculate the quantity of matter in the sun and in all the planets that had satellites, and also to determine their density or specific gravity.

With wonderful sagacity Newton traced the consequences of the law of gravitation. He showed that the earth must be an oblate spheroid, formed by the revolution of an ellipse round its lesser axis. He showed how the tides were caused by the moon, and how the effect of the moon's action upon the earth is to draw its fluid parts into the form of an oblate spheroid, the axis of which passes through the moon. He also applied the law of gravitation to explain irregularities in the lunar motions, the procession of the equinoctial points, and the orbits of comets.

In the Principia Newton published for the first time the fundamental principle of the fluxionary calculus which he had discovered about twenty years before; but not till 1693 was his whole work communicated to the mathematical world. This delay in publication led to a controversy between him and Leibnitz as to priority of discovery, which was finally settled in Newton's favour in 1713 by a committee of the Royal Society.

IV—Later Years of Newton's Life

In 1695 Newton was appointed Warden of the Mint, and his mathematical and chemical knowledge were of eminent use in carrying on the recoinage of the mint. Four years later he was made Master of the Mint, and held this office during the remainder of his life. In 1690 and again in 1701 he was elected one of the members of parliament for Cambridge University and in 1705 he was knighted.

Towards the end of his life Newton began to devote special attention to theological questions, and in 1733 was published a work entitled Observations upon the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St. John, which is characterised by great learning and sagacity. Other posthumous works were his Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture, and his Lexicon Propheticum.

In addition to theology, Newton also studied chemistry; and in 1701 a paper by him, entitled Scala graduum caloris, was read at the Royal Society; while the queries at the end of his Optics are largely chemical, dealing with such subjects as fire, flame, vapour, heat and elective attractions.

He regards fire as a body heated so hot as to emit light copiously; and flame as a vapour, fume, or exhalation, heated so hot as to shine.

In explaining the structure of solid bodies, he is of the opinion 'that the smallest particles of matter may cohere by the strongest attractions, and compose bigger particles of weaker virtue; and many of these may cohere and compose bigger particles whose virtue is still weaker; and so on for diverse successions, until the progression end in the biggest particles on which the operations in chemistry and the colours of natural bodies depend, and which, by adhering, compose bodies of a sensible magnitude. If the body is compact, and bends or yields inward to pressure without any sliding of its parts, it is hard and elastic, returning to its figure with a force arising from the mutual attraction of its parts.

'If the parts slide upon one another the body is malleable and soft. If they slip

easily, and are of a fit size to be agitated by heat, and the heat is big enough to keep them in agitation, the body is fluid; and if it be apt to stick to things it is humid; and the drops of every fluid affect a round figure by the mutual attraction of their parts, as the globe of the earth and sea affects a round figure by the mutual attraction of its parts by gravity.'

Newton considers that the ether accounts for the refraction of light, the cohesion of two polished pieces of metal in an exhausted receiver, the adhesion of quicksilver to glass tubes, the cohesion of the parts of all bodies, the phenomena of filtration and of capillary attraction, the action of menstrua on bodies, the transmutation of gross compact substances into aerial ones, and gravity.

If a body is either heated or loses its heat when placed in vacuo, he ascribes the conveyance of the heat in both cases 'to the vibration of a much subtiler medium than air'; and he considers this medium also the medium by which light is refracted and reflected, and by whose vibrations light communicates heat to bodies and is put into fits of easy reflection and transmission.

Light, Newton regards as a peculiar substance composed of heterogeneous particles thrown off with great velocity in all directions from luminous bodies, and he supposes that these particles while passing through the ether, excite in it vibrations, or pulses, which accelerate or retard the particles of light, and thus throw them into alternate 'fits of easy reflection and transmission.' He computes the elasticity of the ether to be 490,000,000,000 times greater than air in proportion to its density.

In 1722 Newton began to suffer from stone; a journey to London on February 28, 1727, greatly aggravated the complaint. On Wednesday, March 15, he appeared to be somewhat better. On Saturday evening he became insensible, and continued in that state until Monday, the 20th, when he expired, without pain, between one and two o'clock in the morning, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

A Great Historian's Most Powerful Work

TACITUS
THE ANNALS

Outlined by A. D. Innes from the Latin text

ALTHOUGH during his lifetime Tacitus attained distinction as a pleader at the bar, and in public life, his fame rests on his historical works. A man of strong prepossessions and prejudices, he allowed them to colour his narratives, and particularly his portraits; but he cannot be charged with dishonesty. The portraits themselves are singularly powerful; his narrative is picturesque, vivid, dramatic; but the condensed character of his style and the pregnancy of his phrases make his work occasionally obscure, and particularly difficult to render in translation. His Germania is a most valuable record of the early institutions of the Teutonic peoples. His Histories of the empire from Galba to Domitian are valuable as dealing with events of which he was an eye-witness. His Annals, covering practically the reigns from Tiberius to Nero, open only some forty years before his own birth. Of the original sixteen books, four are lost, and four are incomplete. Tacitus has been admirably translated by A. J. Church and W. J. Brodribb.

I—Emperor and Nephew



TIBERIUS, adopted son and actual stepson of Augustus, was summoned from Illyria by his mother Livia to the bedside of the dying emperor at Nola. Augustus left a granddaughter, Agrippina, who was married to Germanicus, the nephew of Tiberius; and a grandson, Agrippa Postumus, a youth of evil reputation. The succession of Tiberius was not in doubt; but his first act was to have Agrippa Postumus put to death—according to his own statement, by the order of Augustus.

At Rome, consuls, senators and knights

hurried to embrace their servitude. The nobler the name that each man bore, the more zealous was he in his hypocrisy. The grave pretence of Tiberius that he laid no claim to imperial honours was met by the grave pretence that the needs of the state forbade his refusal of them. His mother, Livia Augusta, was the object of a like sycophancy. But the world was not deceived by the solemn farce.

The death of Augustus, however, was the signal for mutinous outbreaks among the legions on the European frontiers of the empire. In Pannonia the ostensible motive was jealousy of the higher pay and easier terms of service of the Praetorian guard. So violent were the men, and so completely did the officers lose control, that Drusus, the son of Tiberius, was sent to make terms with the mutineers, and only owed his success to the reaction caused by the superstitious alarm of the soldiery at an eclipse of the moon. Germanicus, who was in command in Germany, was absent in Gaul. Here the mutiny of the Lower Army, under Caecina, was very serious, because it was clearly organized, the men working systematically and not haphazard.

NEWS of the outbreak brought their popular general, Germanicus, to the spot. The mutineers at once offered to make him emperor, a proposal which he indignantly repudiated. The position, in a hostile country, made some concession necessary; but fresh disturbances broke out when it was suspected that the arrival of a commission from the senate meant that the concessions would be cancelled. Here the reaction which broke down the mutiny was caused by the shame of the soldiers themselves when Germanicus sent his wife and child away from a camp where their lives were in danger. Of their own accord, the best of the soldiers turned on their former ringleaders and slew them. And the legions under Caecina took similar steps to recover their lost credit. Germanicus, however, saw that the true remedy for the disaffection would be found in an active campaign. The desired effect was attained by an expedition against the Marsi, conducted with a success which Tiberius, at Rome, regarded with mixed feelings.

The German tribe named the Cherusci favoured Arminius, the determined enemy of Rome, in preference to Segestes, who was conspicuous for 'loyalty' to Rome. Germanicus advanced to support the latter, and Arminius was enraged by the news that his wife, the daughter of Segestes, was a prisoner. His call to arms, his declamations in the name of liberty, roused the Cherusci, the people who had annihilated the legions of Varus a few years before. A column commanded by Caecina was enticed by Arminius into a swampy position, where it was in extreme danger, and a severe engagement took place. The scheme of Arminius was to attack the Romans on the march; fortunately, the rasher counsels of his uncle, Inguiomerus, prevailed; an attempt was made to storm the camp and the Romans were thus enabled to inflict a decisive defeat on the foe.

IT was at this time that the disastrous practice was instituted of informers bringing charges of treason against prominent citizens on grounds which Tiberius himself condemned as frivolous. The emperor began to make a practice of attending trials, which indeed prevented corrupt awards, but ruined freedom.

Now arose disturbances in the east. The Parthians expelled their king, Vonones, a former favourite of Augustus. Armenia became involved, and these things were the source of serious complications later. Tiberius was already meditating the transfer of Germanicus to these regions. That general, however, was planning a fresh German campaign from the North Sea coast. A great fleet carried the army to the mouth of the Ems, thence Germanicus marched to the Weser and crossed it. Germanicus was gratified to find that his troops were eager for the impending fray. A tremendous defeat was inflicted on the Cherusci, with little loss to the Romans. Arminius, who had headed a charge which all but broke the Roman line, escaped only with the utmost difficulty.

Nevertheless, the Germans rallied their forces and a second furious engagement took place, in which the foe fought again with desperate valour, and were routed

mainly through the superiority of the Roman armour and discipline. The triumph was marred only by a disaster which befel the legions which were withdrawn by sea. A terrific storm wrecked almost the entire fleet, and it was with great difficulty that the few survivors were rescued. The consequent revival of German hopes made it necessary for two large armies to advance against the Marsi and the Catti respectively, complete success again attending the Roman arms.

Jealousy of his nephew's popularity and success now caused Tiberius to insist on his recall. At this time informers charged with treason a young man of distinguished family, Libo Drusus, mainly on the ground of his foolish consultation of astrologers, with the result that Drusus committed suicide. This story will serve as one among many which exemplify the prevalent demoralisation. In the same year occurred the audacious insurrection of a slave who impersonated the dead Agrippa Postumus; and also the deposition of the king of Cappadocia, whose kingdom was annexed as a province of the empire.

A contest took place between the Suevi and the Cherusci, in which Rome declined to intervene. Maroboduus, of the Suevi, was disliked because he took the title of king, which was alien to the German ideas, being in this respect contrasted with Arminius. The Cherusci had the better of the encounter.

II—The Development of Despotism

GERMANICUS on his recall was in danger, while in Rome, of being made the head of a faction in antagonism to Drusus, the son of Tiberius. He was dispatched, however, with extraordinary powers, to take control of the East, where Piso, the governor of Syria, believed that he held his own appointment precisely to be a thorn in the side of Germanicus. The latter made a progress through Greece, settled affairs in Armenia and Parthia, and continued his journey to Egypt.

Piso's machinations, encouraged by the reports which reached him of the emperor's displeasure at the conduct of Germanicus, caused the gravest friction. Finally, on the return from Egypt through Syria, Germanicus became desperately ill. He declared his own belief that Piso and his wife had poisoned him; and, on his death, the rumour met general credence, though it was unsupported by evidence. Agrippina returned to Rome, bent on vengeance, and the object of universal sympathy. Piso attempted to make himself master of Syria, but failed to win over the legions, and then resolved to return to Rome and defy his accusers.

About this time Arminius was killed in attempting to make himself king. Shortly before, Tiberius had rejected with becoming dignity a rival chief's offer to poison the national hero of German independence.

On the arrival in Italy of Agrippina with the ashes of Germanicus, the popular and official expressions of grief and sympathy were almost unprecedented. This public display was not at all encouraged by Tiberius himself. Drusus was instructed to emphasise the fact that Piso must not be held either guilty or innocent till the case had been sifted. Tiberius insisted that not he, but the senate, must be the judge; the case must be decided on its merits, not out of consideration for his own outraged feelings.

Piso was charged with having corrupted the soldiery, levied war on the province of Syria and poisoned Germanicus. All except the last charge was proved up to the hilt; for that alone there was no evidence. Piso, therefore, despaired, fearing less the ebullitions of popular wrath than the emotionless implacability of the emperor. He was found dead in his room; but whether by his own act or that of Tiberius, was generally doubted. The penalties imposed on his wife and son were mitigated by the emperor himself.

A number of notorious scandals at this period emphasise the degradation of morals and the disregard for the sanctity of the marriage tie in a society where children were regarded as a burden, in spite of official encouragement of the birth-rate. There was an instructive debate on a proposal that magistrates appointed to provinces should not take wives with them.

Risings in Gaul of the Treveri and Aedui created much alarm in Rome; the com-

posure of Tiberius was justified by their decisive suppression.

In Africa, Blaesus successfully suppressed, though he did not finally curb, the brigand chief Tacfarinas, who had been building up a nomad empire of his own. It was under Dolabella, the successor of Blaesus, that Tacfarinas was completely overthrown and slain.

Hitherto the rule of Tiberius had been, on the whole, prosperous. But the ninth year marks the establishment of the ascendancy of Aelius Sejanus over the mind of the emperor, whereby his sway was transformed into a foul tyranny. Not of noble birth, Sejanus had neglected no means, however base, to secure favour with Tiberius and with the Praetorian Guard, of which he held the command.

He was now determined to get rid of Drusus, the son of Tiberius, as the most dangerous obstacle to his ambitions. He accomplished his purpose by administering a poison, of which the operation was unsuspected till the facts were revealed many years later by an accomplice. Then the young sons of Germanicus became the accepted representatives of the imperial line, for the infant sons of Drusus died very shortly afterwards. Accordingly, Sejanus now directed his attacks against the more powerful persons who might be regarded as partisans of the house of Germanicus.

Despite the multiplication of prosecutions, it is to be noted that it was still possible for a shrewd and tactful person, as exemplified by the career of Marcus Lepidus, to uphold the principles of justice and liberty without losing the favour of the emperor. Among other prosecutions, that of Cremutius, whose crime was that of praising the memory of Brutus and Cassius, demands attention, as the first of the kind.

THE ambitions of Sejanus received a check when he had the presumption to request Tiberius to grant him the hand of the widow of Drusus in marriage. In order the more surely to bring disgrace on the house of Germanicus, he now implanted in the mind of Agrippina a conviction that Tiberius intended to poison her. That such suspicions were commonplaces of that terrible time is illustrated by the story. The persistent gloom of her face and voice, and her refusal of proffered dishes as she sat near Tiberius at dinner, attracted his attention; to test her, he personally commended and pressed on her some apples; this only intensified her suspicions, and she gave them to the attendants untasted. Tiberius made no open comment, but observed to his mother that it would hardly be surprising should he contemplate harsh measures towards one who obviously took him for a poisoner.

III—Morbid Tyrant and Dotard

IT was at this time that Tiberius withdrew himself from the capital and took up his residence at a country seat where hardly anyone had access to him except Sejanus; whether at the favourite's suggestion or not is uncertain. The retreat finally selected was the island of Caprae.

The monstrous lengths to which men of the highest rank were now prepared to go to curry favour with Tiberius and Sejanus was exemplified in the ruin of Sabinus, a loyal friend of the house of Germanicus. The unfortunate man was tricked into speaking bitterly of Sejanus and Tiberius. Three senators were actually hidden above the ceiling of the room where he was entrapped into uttering his unguarded phrases, and on this evidence he was condemned.

The death of the aged Livia Augusta removed the last check on the influence of Sejanus.

[The account of his two years of unqualified supremacy, and of his sudden and utter overthrow has been lost, two books of the Annals being missing here.]

From this time, the life of Tiberius at Caprae was one of morbid and nameless debauchery. The condition of his mind may be inferred from the opening words of one of his letters to the senate. "If I know what to write, how to write it, what not to write, may the gods and goddesses destroy me with a worse misery than the death I feel myself dying daily." The end came when Marco, the prefect of the Praetorians, to save his own life and secure the succession of Gaius Caesar



BURIAL OF CHRISTIAN MARTYRS IN THE TIME OF NERO

From the painting by E. Armitage, R.A., in the Glasgow Gallery

(Caligula), the surviving son of Germanicus, caused the old emperor to be smothered.

[The record of the next ten years is lost. When the story is taken up again, the wife of Claudius, the infamous Messalina, was at the zenith of her evil career.]

Messalina paraded with utter shamelessness her last and fatal passion for Silius, and went so far as publicly to marry her paramour. It was the freed-man Narcissus who made the outrageous truth known to Claudius, and practically terrorised him into striking. Half measures were impossible; a swarm of Messalina's accomplices in vice were put to death. To her, Claudius showed signs of relenting; but Narcissus gave the orders for her death without his knowledge. When they told Claudius that she was dead, he displayed no emotion, but went on with his dinner, and apparently forgot the whole matter.

A new wife had to be provided; Agrippina, the daughter of Germanicus, niece of Claudius himself, and mother of the boy Domitius, who was to become the emperor Nero, was the choice of the freed-man Pallas, and proved the successful candidate.

Meanwhile, there had been a great revolt in Britain, against the propraetor Ostorius. First the Iceni took up arms, then the Brigantes; then—a still more serious matter—the Silures, led by the most brilliant of British warriors, Caractacus. Even his skill and courage, however, were of no avail against the superior armament of the Roman legions; his forces were broken up and he himself, escaping to the Brigantes, was by them betrayed to the Romans. The famous warrior was carried to Rome, where by his dignified demeanour he won pardon and liberty.

In the Far East, Mithridates was overthrown by his nephew Rhadamistus, and Parthia and Armenia remained in wild confusion. The reign of Claudius was brought to an end by poison—the notorious Locusta was employed by Agrippina for the purpose—and he was succeeded by Nero, to the exclusion of Britannicus.

IV—The Infamies of Nero

At the outset the young emperor was guided by Seneca and Burrus; his first speech—put into his mouth by Seneca, for he was no orator—was full of promise. But he was encouraged in a passion for Acte, a freed-woman, by way of counterpoise to the influence of his mother, Agrippina. The latter, enraged at the dismissal of Pallas, threatened her son with the legitimate claims of Britannicus, son of Claudius; Nero had the boy poisoned. Nero's private excesses and debaucheries developed, while the horrible system of delation flourished and prosecutions for treason abounded.

About this time the emperor's passion for Poppaea Sabina, the wife of Otho, became the source of later disaster. Beautiful, brilliant, utterly immoral, but complete mistress of her passions, she had married Nero's boon companion. Otho was dispatched to Lusitania and Poppaea remained at Rome.

Poppaea was bent on the imperial crown for herself, and urged Nero against his mother. A mock reconciliation took place, but it was only the preliminary to a treacherous plot for murdering the former empress. The plot failed; her barge was sunk, but she escaped to shore. Nero, however, dispatched assassins to carry out the work, and Agrippina was slaughtered.

The emperor forthwith plunged into wild extravagances, on which his mother's life had been some check. He took cover for his passion for chariot-driving and singing by inducing men of noble birth to exhibit themselves in the arena; high-born ladies acted in disreputable plays; the emperor himself posed as a mime, and pretended to be a patron of poetry and philosophy. The wildest licence prevailed.

About this time the Roman Governor in Britain, Suetonius, crossed the Menai Strait and conquered the island of Anglesea. But outrages committed against Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, stirred that tribe to fierce revolt. Being joined by the Trinobantes, they fell upon the Romans at Camulodunum and massacred them. Suetonius, returning hastily from the west, found the Roman population in panic. The troops, however, inspired by the general's resolution, won a decisive victory, in which it is said that no fewer than 80,000 Britons, men and women, were slaughtered.

Not long after, Burrus died and Tigellinus became Nero's favourite and confidant. Nero then capped his matricide by suborning the same scoundrel who had murdered Agrippina to bring foul and false charges against his innocent wife, Octavia; who was thus done to death when not yet twenty, that her husband might be free to marry Poppaea. As a matter of course, the crime was duly celebrated by a public thanksgiving.

The dispatch of an incompetent general into Asia resulted in a most inglorious Parthian campaign. It was well that Corbulo, marching from Syria, restored the Roman prestige in the Far East.

These events were followed by the famous fire which devastated Rome; whether or no it was actually Nero's own work, rumour declared that he appeared on a private stage while the conflagration was raging and chanted appropriately of the fall of Troy. He planned rebuilding on a magnificent scale, and sought popularity by throwing the blame of the fire—and putting to exquisite tortures—a class called Christians, from their first leader, Christus, who had suffered death under Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judea, in the reign of Tiberius.

A widespread conspiracy was now formed against Nero, in favour of one Gaius Calpurnius Piso. The plot, however, was betrayed by a freedman of one of the conspirators.



CORNELIUS TACITUS was born about A.D. 55. He married the daughter of Agricola, adopted a public career and passed through the usual offices of state. Information about his life is sparse apart from allusions in his own works. Tacitus died about A.D 117.

An Eastern Tale by a Western Genius

WILLIAM BECKFORD

VATHEK

An Arabian Tale

ONE of the most remarkable Englishmen of his time, William Beckford was much more than the capricious and extravagant virtuoso around whose lordly pleasure house at Fonthill so many legends gathered. He was a brilliant literary amateur and an accomplished linguist, speaking five modern languages, three of which he wrote with ease and elegance, and reading Greek and Latin, Persian and Arabic fluently. His intellectual precocity was proved as early as 1781 or 1782, when at a single sitting of three days and two nights he wrote Vathek, described as 'the finest oriental romance that ever came from the pen of a Frank.' The tale was written in French, of which its style is a model, and was published in Paris and Lausanne in 1787. An English version, understood to have been the work of the Rev. S. Henley, Rector of Rendlesham, had been published anonymously and surreptitiously in 1784. Beckford's other publications, mostly referring to his continental travels, are unimportant. Henley's translation of Vathek is published at 3s. 6d. by Chapman & Dodd.

I—Vathek and the Magic Sabres



VATHEK, ninth caliph of the race of the Abassides, was the son of Motassem, and the grandson of Haroun al Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to adorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. His figure was pleasing and majestic; but when he was angry one of his eyes became so terrible that no person could bear it, and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger.

Being much addicted to the pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability to procure agreeable companions; and he succeeded the better as his generosity was unbounded and his indulgences were unrestrained; for he was by no means scrupulous, nor did he think, with the caliph Omar Ben Abdalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next. He surpassed in magnificence all his predecessors. The palace of Alkoremmi, which his father, Motassem, had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samarah, was, in his idea, far too scanty. He added, therefore, five wings, or, rather, other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of his senses.

But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the caliph would not allow him to rest there; he had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father as to acquire a great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself for he wished to know everything, even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned and with the orthodox, but liked them not to push their opposition with warmth; he stopped with presents the mouths of those whose mouths could be stopped, while others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood, a remedy that often succeeded.

The great prophet Mahomet, whose vicars the caliphs are, beheld with indignation from his abode in the seventh heaven the irreligious conduct of such a vice-gerent.

"Let us leave him to himself," said he to the genii, who are always ready to receive his commands. "Let us see to what lengths his folly and impiety will carry him. If he run into excess we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him, therefore, to complete the tower which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun, not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned, but from the insolent curiosity of penetrating the

secrets of heaven; he will not divine the fate that awaits him."

The genii obeyed, and when the workmen had raised their structures a cubit in the daytime, two cubits more were added in the night. Vathek fancied that even insensible matter showed a forwardness to subserve his designs, and his pride arrived at its height when, having ascended for the first time the eleven thousand stairs of his tower, he cast his eyes below and beheld men not larger than pismires, mountains than shells, and cities than beehives.

He now passed most of his nights on the summit of his tower, till he became an adept in the mysteries of astrology, and imagined that the planets had disclosed to him the most marvellous adventures which were to be accomplished by an extraordinary personage from a country altogether unknown.

Prompted by motives of curiosity, he had always been courteous to strangers, but from this instant he redoubled his attention, and ordered it to be announced by sound of trumpet through all the streets of Samarah that no one of his subjects, on pain of displeasure, should either lodge or detain a traveller, but forthwith bring him to the palace.

Not long after this there arrived in the city a hideous man who to Vathek's view displayed slippers which enabled the feet to walk, knives that cut without a motion of the hand, and sabres which dealt the blow at the person they were wished to strike, the whole enriched with gems that were hitherto unknown. The sabres, whose blades emitted a dazzling radiance, fixed more than all the caliph's attention, who promised himself to decipher at his leisure the uncouth characters engraven on their sides. Without, therefore, demanding their price, he ordered all the coined gold to be brought from his treasury and commanded the merchant to take what he pleased. The stranger complied with modesty and silence; but, having maintained an obstinate silence on all the points on which the caliph questioned him, he was committed to prison, from which he was found the next day to have vanished, leaving his keepers dead.

VATHEK was at first enraged, but having been comforted by his mother, the Princess Carathis, who was a Greek and an adept in all the sciences and systems of her country, he issued, at her suggestion, a proclamation promising liberality for which he was renowned to whoever should decipher the characters on the sabres. Eventually he had the gratification of meeting with an old man, who read them as follows: 'We were made where everything good is made; we are the least of the wonders of a place where all is wonderful and deserving the sight of the first potentate on earth.' Unfortunately, however, when the old man was ordered the next morning to re-read the inscription, he was then found to intrepret it as denouncing: 'Woe to the rash mortal who seeks to know that of which he should remain ignorant.'

"And woe to thee!" cried the caliph, telling him to take his reward and begone.

II—The Caliph's Strange Adventures

IT was not long before Vathek discovered abundant reason for regretting his precipitation. He plainly perceived that the characters on the sabres changed every day; and the anxiety caused by his failure to decipher them, or to read anything from the stars, brought on a fever which deprived him of his appetite and tormented him with an absolutely insatiable thirst. From this distress he was at length delivered by the stranger, who cured him by giving him to drink of a phial of red and yellow mixture.

But when this insolent person, at a banquet given in his honour, burst into shouts of laughter on being asked to declare of what drugs the salutary liquor had been compounded, and from what place the sabres had come, Vathek kicked him from the steps, with such assiduity as incited all present to follow his example. The stranger, collected into a ball, rolled out of the palace, followed by Vathek, the court and the whole city, and, after passing through all the public places, rolled onwards to the Plain of Catoul, traversed the valley at the foot of the mountain of the Four Fountains, and bounded into the chasm formed there by the continual fall of the waters.



WILLIAM BECKFORD was born at Fonthill, Wiltshire, October 1, 1760, son of Alderman William Beckford, twice Lord Mayor of London, from whom he inherited an immense fortune. In 1783 he married Lady Margaret Gordon, and after her death in 1786 spent ten years in continental travel. In 1796 he settled down at Fonthill and spent a vast sum in rebuilding the house, notable for a lofty tower, 280 feet high, foreshadowed in Vathek. Financial losses compelled him to sell Fonthill in 1822, and he removed to Lansdowne Terrace, Bath, where he died May 2, 1844. By his express wish he was buried under a second tower erected by him on Lansdowne Hill.

Vathek would have followed the perfidious giaour had not an invisible agency arrested his progress and that of the multitude; and he was so much struck by the whole circumstance that he ordered his tents to be pitched on the very edge of the precipice. After keeping several vigils there, he was accosted one night by the voice of the giaour, who, amid the darkness caused by a total eclipse of the moon and the stars, offered to bring him to the palace of subterranean fire, where he should behold the treasures which the stars had promised him and the talismans that control the world, if he would abjure Mahomet, adore the terrestrial influences, and satiate the stranger's thirst with the blood of fifty of the most beautiful Samarahite boys.

The unhappy caliph lavished his promises in the utmost profusion, and by arranging for the celebration near the chasm of some juvenile sports, which were not concluded till twilight, was able to make the direful libation. As the boys came up one by one to receive their prizes, he pushed them into the gulf, the dreadful device being executed with so much dexterity that the boy who was approaching him remained unconscious of the fate of his forerunner.

The popular tumult roused by this atrocity having been appeased by the princess, who possessed the most consummate skill in the art of persuasion, there was offered on the tower a burnt sacrifice to the infernal deities, the main ingredients of which were mummies, rhinoceros' horns, oil of the most venomous serpents, various aromatic woods, and one hundred and forty of the caliph's most faithful subjects. These preliminaries having been settled, a parchment was discovered, in which Vathek was thanked for his burnt offering, and told to set forth with a magnificent retinue for Istakhar, where he would receive the diadem of Gian Ben Gian, the talismans of Soliman and the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans. But he was warned not to enter any dwelling on his route.

VATHEK and the cavalcade set out, and for three days all went well. But on the fourth a storm burst upon them, the frightful roar of wild beasts resounded at a distance, and they soon perceived in the forest glaring eyes that could only belong to devils or tigers. Fire destroyed their provisions, and they would have starved had not two dwarfs, who dwelt as hermits on the top of some rocks, received divine intimation of their plight and revealed it to their emir, Fakreddin. The dwarfs were entertained, caressed, and seated with great ceremony on little cushions of state. But they clambered up the sides of the caliph's seat, and, placing themselves each on one of his shoulders, began to whisper prayers in his ears; and his patience was almost exhausted when the acclamations of the troops announced the approach of Fakreddin. He hastened to their assistance, but, being punctiliously religious and likewise a great dealer in compliments, he made an harangue five times more prolix and insipid than his harbingers had already delivered.

At length, however, all got in motion, and they descended from the heights to the valley by the large steps which the emir had cut in the rocks, and reached a building

of hewn stone overspread by palm trees and crowned with nine domes. Beneath one of these domes the caliph was entertained with excellent sherbet, with sweetbreads stewed in milk of almonds, and other delicacies of which he was fond.

But, unfortunately, the sight of the emir's young daughter tempted the prophet's vice-gerent to violate the rites of hospitality. Vathek fell violently in love with Nouronihar, who was sprightly as an antelope and full of wanton gaiety; and though she was contracted to her cousin and dearly beloved companion Gulchenrouz, he demanded her hand from Fakreddin, who, rather than force his daughter to break her affiances, presented his sabre to Vathek.

"Strike your unhappy host," he said. "He has lived long enough if he sees the prophet's vice-gerent violate the rites of hospitality."

Nouronihar fell down in a swoon, and of this swoon the emir took advantage to carry out a scheme which should deliver him from his difficulties. He gave out that both the children had died from the effect of the caliph's glances and, having administered to them a narcotic powder that would give them the appearance of death for three days, had them conveyed away to the shores of a desolate lake, where, attended by the dwarfs, they were put upon a meagre diet and told that they were in the other world, expiating the faults of which their love was the cause.

But Nouronihar, remembering a dream in which she was told that she was destined to be the caliph's wife, and thereby to possess the carbuncle of Giamschid and the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans, indulged doubts on the mode of her being, and scarcely could believe that she was dead. She rose one morning while all were asleep and, having wandered some distance from the lake, discovered that she knew the district.

This fact, and a meeting with Vathek, convinced her that she was alive, and, submitting to the caliph's embraces, she consented to become his bride and to go with him to the subterranean palace.

III—The Palace of Subterranean Fire

WHEN Princess Carathis heard of the dissolute conduct of her son she sent for Morakanabad.

"Let me expire in flames," she cried.

Having said this, she whirled herself round in a magical way, striking poor Morakanabad in such a way as caused him to recoil. Then she ordered her great camel, Alboufaki, to be brought and, attended by her two hideous and one-eyed negresses, Nerkes and Cafour, set out to surprise the lovers. She burst in upon them, foaming with indignation, and said to Vathek: "Free thyself from the arms of this paltry doxy; drown her in the water before me, and instantly follow my guidance."

But Vathek replied civilly, but decisively, that he was taking Nouronihar with him; and the princess, having heard her declare that she would follow him beyond the Kaf in the land of the Afrits, was appeased, and pronounced Nouronihar a girl of both courage and science.

With a view, however, to preventing any further trouble arising from Gulchenrouz, of whose affection for his cousin Vathek had informed her, she sought to capture the boy, intending to sacrifice him to the giaour. But as he was fleeing from her he fell into the arms of a genius, the same good old genius who, happening on the cruel giaour at the instant of his growling in the horrible chasm, had rescued the fifty little victims which the impiety of Vathek had devoted to his maw. The genius placed Gulchenrouz in a nest higher than the clouds, and there kept him ever young.

Nor was this the only hope of the princess's that was doomed to be frustrated. She learnt from her astrolabes and instruments of magic that Motavakel, availing himself of the disgust which was now inveterate against his brother, had incited commotions among the populace, made himself master of the palace, and actually invested the great tower. So she reluctantly abandoned the idea of accompanying Vathek to Istakhar, and returned to Samarah; while he, attended by Nouronihar, resumed his march and quickly reached the valley of Rocnabad. Here the poor Santons, filled with holy energy, having bustled to light up wax torches in their oratories

and to expand the Koran on their ebony desks, went forth to meet the caliph with baskets of honeycomb, dates and melons. Vathek gave them but a surly reception.

"Fancy not," said he, "that you can detain me; your presents I condescend to accept, but beg you will let me be quiet, for I am not over-fond of resisting temptation. Yet, as it is not decent for personages so reverend to return on foot, and as you have not the appearance of expert riders, my eunuchs shall tie you on your asses, with the precaution that your backs be not turned towards me, for they understand etiquette."

EVEN this outrage could not persuade Vathek's good genius to desert him; and he made one final effort to save the caliph from the fate awaiting him. Disguised as a shepherd, and pouring forth from his flute such melodies as softened even the heart of Vathek, he confronted him in his path, and warned him so solemnly against pursuing his journey that when night fell almost every one of his attendants had deserted him. But Vathek, obdurate, went on, and at length arrived at the mountain which contains the ruins of Istakhar and the entrance to the realm of Eblis.

Nouronihar and he, having ascended the steps of a vast staircase of black marble, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble and resembled a smooth expanse of water. There, by the moonlight, they read an inscription which proclaimed that, despite the fact that Vathek had violated the conditions of the parchment, he and Nouronihar would be allowed to enter the palace of subterranean fire.

Scarcely had these words been read when the mountain trembled, and the rock yawned and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble, down which they descended. At the bottom they found their way impeded by a huge portal of ebony, which, opening at the giaour's command, revealed to them a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything about them. They had all the livid paleness of death; their eyes, deep-sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly along, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about, like tigers wounded with poisonous arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along, more frantic than the wildest maniacs. Each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert no foot had trodden.

Vathek and Nouronihar, frozen with terror at a sight so baleful, demanded of the giaour what these appearances might mean, and why these ambulating spectres never withdrew their hands from their hearts.

"Perplex not yourselves," replied he bluntly, "with so much at once; you will soon be acquainted with all. Let us haste and present you to Eblis."

THEY continued their way through the multitude, and after some time entered a vast tabernacle carpeted with the skins of leopards and filled with an infinity of elders with streaming beards and Afrits in complete armour all of whom had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. He received Vathek's and Nouronihar's homage, and invited them to enjoy whatever the palace afforded—the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans and their bickering sabres and those talismans which compel the Dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf.

The giaour then conducted them to a hall of great extent, covered with a lofty dome, round which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron. A funereal gloom prevailed over the whole scene. Here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of pre-Adamite kings, who had been monarchs of the whole earth; they still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition; their eyes retained a melancholy motion; they regarded each other with looks of the deepest dejection, each hold-

ing his right hand motionless on his heart.

Soliman Ben Daoud, the most eminent of them, told Vathek the story of his great state, of his worship of fire and the hosts of the sky, and of heaven's vengeance upon him. "I am in torments, ineffable torments!" said he. "An unrelenting fire preys upon my heart." Having uttered this exclamation, Soliman raised his hands towards heaven in token of supplication, and the caliph discerned through his bosom, which was as transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames. At a sight so full of horror, Nouronihar fell back like one petrified into the arms of Vathek, who cried out with a convulsive sob: "O Mahomet, remains there no more mercy?"

"None, none!" replied the malicious Dive. "Know, miserable prince, thou art now in the abode of vengeance and despair! A few days are allotted thee as respite, and then thy heart also shall be kindled like those of the other worshippers of Eblis."

This, indeed, was the dreadful fate of Vathek and Nouronihar, a fate indeed to which the Princess Carathis was also most righteously condemned; for Vathek, knowing that the principles by which his mother had perverted his youth had been the cause of his perdition, summoned her to the palace of subterranean fire and enrolled her among the votaries of Eblis.

Such was, and such should be, the punishment of unrestrained passions, atrocious actions and blind ambition.

Classics of Denunciation

JUVENAL

SATIRES

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS was born at Aquinum about A.D. 60 and died about A.D. 140. His long life thus extended from the reign of Nero to that of Antoninus Pius; but details are obscure. The manners and morals of the age in which he lived were regarded by Juvenal with loathing and indignation which found expression in his sixteen Satires, declamatory denunciations in powerful contrast to the genial mockery of Horace. He denounces abuses at Rome in no measured terms and the popular conception of the Roman Empire as a mass of iniquity and corruption, both public and private, is largely due to the pictures drawn by Juvenal and Tacitus. Dryden rendered several of the satires into free and vigorous English and Gifford wrote a complete and highly meritorious translation. The translation which follows has been drawn from both, with adaptations, a few lines being incorporated from Johnson's two poems, London, and The Vanity of Human Wishes, which were paraphrases from Juvenal. Inexpensive editions of Dryden's and Gifford's versions are procurable.

I—Reasons for Writing Satire



STILL shall I hear and never pay the score,
Stunned with hoarse Codrus' Theseid o'er and o'er?
Shall this man's elegies and the other's play
Unpunished murder a long summer day?

[The poet exclaims against the dreary commonplaces in contemporary poetry, and against recitations fit to crack the very statues and colonnades of the neighbourhood! But *he* also underwent his training in rhetoric.]

So, since the world with writing is possessed,
I'll versify in spite, and do my best
To make as much wastepaper as the rest!

[It may be asked, why write satire? The reason is to be found in the ubiquitous presence of offensive men and women. It would goad anyone into fury to note the social abuses, the mannish women and the wealthy upstarts of the imperial city.]

When the soft eunuch weds, and the bold fair
Tilts at the Tuscan boar with bosom bare,
When all our lords are by his wealth outvied
Whose razor on my callow beard was tried,
When I behold the spawn of conquered Nile,
Crispinus, both in birth and manners vile,
Pacing in pomp with cloak of purple dye—
I cannot keep from satire, though I try!

[There is an endless succession of figures to annoy—the too successful lawyer, the treacherous spy, the legacy hunter. How one's anger blazes when a ward is driven to evil courses by the unscrupulous knavery of a guardian, or when a guilty governor gets a merely nominal sentence!]

Marius, who pilled his province, 'scapes the laws,
And keeps his money, though he lost his cause:
His fine begged off, contemns his infamy,
Can rise at twelve and get him drunk ere three—
Enjoys his exile and, condemned in vain,
Leaves thee, victorious province, to complain!
Such villainies roused Horace into wrath,
And 'tis more noble to pursue his path
Than an old tale of Trojan brave to treat,
Or Hercules, or Labyrinth of Crete.

[It is no time to write fabulous epics when cuckolds connive at a wife's dishonour, and when horse-racing ne'er-do-wells expect commissions in the army. One is tempted to fill volumes in the open street about such figures as the forger carried by his slaves in a handsome litter, or about the wealthy widow acquainted with the mode of getting rid of a husband by poison.]

Wouldst thou to honours and preferment climb?
Be bold in mischief—dare some mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or banishment reserves,
For virtue is but drily praised—and starves.
To crime men owe a mansion, park and state,
Their goblets richly chased and antique plate.
Say, who can find a night's repose at need,
When a son's wife is bribed to sin for greed,
When brides are frail, and youths turn paramours?

If nature can't, then wrath our verse ensures!
Count from the time since old Deucalion's boat,
Raised by the flood, did on Parnassus float:
Whatever since that golden age was done,
What human kind desires, and what they shun,
Joy, sorrow, fear, love, hatred, transport, rage,
Shall form the motley subject of my page.

And when could Satire boast so fair a field?
Say, when did vice a richer harvest yield?
When did fell avarice so engross the mind?
Or when the lust of play so curse mankind?
O Gold, though Rome beholds no altar's flame,
No temples rise to thy pernicious name,
Such as to Victory, Virtue, Faith are reared,
Or Concord, where the clamorous stork is heard,
Yet is thy full divinity confessed,
Thy shrine established here, in every breast.

[After a vigorous outburst against the degrading scramble among impoverished clients for doles from their patrons, and a mordant onslaught upon the gluttony of the niggardly rich, Juvenal sees in his age the high-water mark of iniquity.]

Nothing is left, nothing for future times,
To add to the full catalogue of crimes:
Vice has attained its zenith; then set sail,
Spread all thy canvas, Satire, to the gale

II—On the Vices and Inconveniences of Rome

[This sharp indictment is put in the mouth of one Umbricius, who is represented as leaving his native city in disgust. Rome is no place for an honourable character, he exclaims:]

Full on the road to Baiae, Cumae lies,
And many a sweet retreat her shore supplies—
Though I would make e'en Prochyta my home,
Bare as it is, ere the throng'd streets of Rome:
For what rude desert spot breeds more affright
Than fires, wide blazing through the gloom of night,
Houses, with ceaseless ruin, thundering down,
And all the horrors of this hateful town?
Where poets, while the dogstar glows, rehearse,
To gasping multitudes, their barbarous verse!
Since virtue droops in Rome without reward,
And honest toil scarce hopes a poor reward;
Since every morrow sees my means decay,
And still makes less the little of to-day,
I hasten there, where, all his labours past,
The flying artist found repose at last:
While something yet of health and strength remains,
While yet my step no bending staff sustains,
While few grey hairs upon my head are seen,
And my old age is vigorous still and green:—
Here, then, I bid my much loved home farewell.
Ah, mine no more! There let Asturius dwell,
And Catulus; knaves, who, in truth's despite,
Can white to black transform, and black to white,
Build temples, furnish funerals, auctions hold,
Farm rivers, ports, and scour the drains for gold!
But why, my friend, should *I* at Rome remain?
I cannot teach my stubborn lips to feign;
Nor when I hear a great man's verses, smile,
And beg a copy, if I think them vile.
For who is loved, in these degenerate times,
But he whose conscious bosom swells with crimes,
With monstrous crimes he never must impart,
Though the dire secret burst his labouring heart?
He pays, he owes thee nothing, who prepares
To trust an honest secret to thy cares:
But a dishonest!—there he feels thy power,
And buys thy friendship high from hour to hour:
But let not all the Tagus' waves contain,
Not all the gold they pour into the main,
Be deem'd a bribe sufficient to requite
Thy loss of peace by day, of sleep by night:
O take not, take not what thy soul rejects,
Nor sell the faith, which he, who buys, suspects!

[The worst feature is the predominance of crafty and cozening Greeks, who, by their versatility and diplomacy, can oust the Roman.]

I cannot rule my spleen and calmly see
A Grecian capital—in Italy!
A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race
Of torrent tongue and never-blushing face;
A Protean tribe, one knows not what to call,
Which shifts in every form, and shines in all:
Grammarian, painter, augur, rhetorician,
Rope-dancer, conjurer, fiddler and physician,
All trades his own your hungry Greekling counts;
And bid him mount the sky—the sky he mounts!

[The insinuating flatteries of these aliens are so masterfully contrived that the blunt Roman has no chance against such a nation of actors.]

Greece is a theatre where all are players.
For, lo! their patron smiles—they burst with mirth;
He weeps—they droop, the saddest souls on earth;
He calls for fire—they court the mantle's heat;
"'Tis warm," he cries—the Greeks dissolve in sweat!

[Besides, they are dangerously immoral. Their philosophers are perfidious. These sycophant foreigners can poison a patron against a poor Roman client. This leads to an outburst against poverty and its disadvantages.]

The question is not put, how far extends
One's piety, but what he yearly spends.
The account is soon cast up: the judges rate
Our credit in the court by our estate.
Add that the rich have still a gibe in store,
And will be monstrous witty on the poor.
This mournful truth is everywhere confessed—
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.
At Rome 'tis worse; where house-rent by the year,
And servants' bellies cost so devilish dear.

[It is a city where appearance beyond one's means must be kept up; whereas in the country one need never spend money even on a toga. Everything has its price in Rome. To interview a great man, his lackeys must have a fee.

Then there are risks in a great capital unknown in country towns. There are tumbledown tenements with the buttresses ready to give; there are top garrets where you may lose your life in a fire. You could buy a nice rustic home for the price at which a dingy hovel is let in Rome. Besides, the din of the streets is killing. Rome is bad for the nerves. Folk die of insomnia. By day you get crushed, bumped and caked with mud. A soldier drives his hobnails into your toe. You may be the victim of a street accident.]

Heavens! should the axle crack, which bears a weight
Of huge Ligurian stone, and pour the freight
On the pale crowd beneath, what would remain,
What joint, what bone, what atom of the slain?
The body, with the soul, would vanish quite,
Invisible, as air, to mortal sight!
Meanwhile, unconscious of their master's fate,
At home they heat the water, scour the plate,
Arrange the strigils, fill the cruse with oil,
And ply their several tasks with fruitless toil.
But he, the mangled victim, now a ghost,
Sits pale and trembling on the Stygian coast,
A stranger shivering at the novel scene,
At Charon's threatening voice and scowling mien,
Nor hopes a passage, thus abruptly hurled
Without his farthing, to the nether world.

[In the dark there are equal perils.]

Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.

[Lucky if people throw only dirty water from their windows! Be thankful to escape without a broken skull. A drunken bully may meet you.]

There are who murder as an opiate take,
And only when no brawls await them, wake.

[And what chance have you, without attendants, against a street rough? Then there is the burglar; and the criminal classes are regularly increased in town whenever the authorities grow active enough to clear the main Italian roads of bandits.]

The forge in fetters only is employed;
Our iron mines exhausted and destroyed
In shackles; for these villains scarce allow
Goads for our teams or ploughshares for the plough.
Oh, happy ages of our ancestors,
Beneath the kings and tribunician powers!
One jail did all the criminals restrain,
Whom now the walls of Rome can scarce contain.

III—On the Vanity of Human Wishes

Look round the habitable world; how few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, pursue.
To headlong ruin see whole houses driven,
Cursed with their prayers, by too indulgent heaven.

[The several passions and aspirations of mankind, successively examined in the light of legend and history, prove how hollow, if not pernicious, are the principal objects of pursuit. Wealth is one of the commonest aims.]

But avarice wider spreads her deadly snare.
And hoards amassed with too successful care.
For wealth, in the black days, at Nero's word,
The ruffian bands unsheathed the murderous sword.
Cut-throats commissioned by the government
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.
The traveller freighted with a little wealth
Sets forth at night and wins his way by stealth;
Even then he fears the bludgeon and the blade—
Starts in the moonlight at a rush's shade,
While, void of care, the beggar trips along
And to the robber's face will troll his song.

[What would the 'weeping' and the 'laughing' sages of ancient Greece have thought of the pageants of modern Rome? Consider the vanity of ambition. It is illustrated by the downfall of the powerful minister Sejanus. On his overthrow, the fickle mob turned savagely upon his statues.]

What think the people? They!
They follow fortune, as of old, and hate
With all their soul the victim of the state.

Yet in this very hour that self-same crowd
Had hailed Sejanus with a shout as loud,
If his designs (by fortune's favour blessed)
Had prospered, and the aged prince oppressed;
For since our votes have been no longer bought,
All public care has vanished from our thought.
Romans, who once with unresisted sway,
Gave armies, empire, everything, away,
For two poor claims have long renounced the whole
And only ask—the circus and a dole.

[Would you rather be an instance of fallen greatness, or enjoy some safe post in an obscure Italian town? What ruined a Crassus? Or a Pompey? Or a victorious Caesar? Why, the realization of their own soaring desires.

Another vain aspiration covets fame in eloquence. But the gift of oratory overthrew the two greatest orators of Greece and Rome—Demosthenes and Cicero. If Cicero had only stuck to his bad verses, he would never have earned Antony's deadly hatred by his Second Philippic.]

'I do congratulate the Roman state
Which my great consulate did recreate!'
If he had always used such jingling words
He might have scorned Mark Antony's swords.

[A different passion is for renown in war. What is the end of it all? Only an epitaph on a tombstone, and tombstones themselves perish; for even a tree may split them!]

Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the paltry dust which yet remains.
AND IS THIS ALL? Yet THIS was once the bold,
The aspiring chief, whom Afric could not hold.
Spain conquered, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds;
Nature opposed her everlasting mounds,
Her Alps and snows. O'er these with torrent force
He pours, and rends through rocks his dreadful course.
Already at his feet Italia lies;
Yet, thundering on, 'Think nothing done,' he cries,
'Till Rome, proud Rome, beneath my fury falls,
And Afric's standards float upon her walls!'
But what ensued? Illusive glory, say,
Subdued on Zama's memorable day,
He flies in exile to a petty state,
With headlong haste; and, at a despot's gate,
Sits, mighty suppliant, of his life in doubt,
Till the Bithynian monarch's nap be out!
Nor swords, nor spears, nor stones from engines hurled,
Shall quell the man whose frown alarmed the world:
The vengeance due to Cannae's fatal field
And floods of gore a poisoned ring shall yield.
Fly, madman, fly! At toil and danger mock,
Pierce the deep snow and scale the eternal rock,
To please the rhetoricians, and become
A declamation—for the boys of Rome!

[Consider next the yearning after long life.]

Pernicious prayer! for mark what ills attend
Still on the old, as to the grave they bend:
A ghastly visage, to themselves unknown;
For a smooth skin, a hide with scurf o'ergrown;
And such a cheek, as many a grandam ape
In Tabraca's thick woods is seen to scrape.

[The old man rouses feelings of impatient loathing in those around him; his physical strength and faculties for enjoyment are gone. Even if he remain hale, he may suffer harrowing bereavements. Nestor, Peleus and Priam had to lament the death of heroic sons; and in Roman history Marius and Pompey outlived their good fortune.]

Campania, prescient of her Pompey's fate,
Sent a kind fever to arrest his date:
When lo! a thousand suppliant altars rise,
And public prayers obtain him of the skies.
The city's fate and his conspired to save
His head, to perish near the Egyptian wave.

[Again, there is the frequent prayer for good looks. But beauty is a danger. If linked with unchastity, it leads to evil courses. Even if linked with chastity, it may draw on its possessor the tragic fate of a Lucretia, a Virginia, a Hippolytus, or a Bellerophon. What is a Roman knight to do if an empress sets her heart on him?

Amid all such vanities, then, is there nothing left for which men may reasonably pray?]

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

But (for 'tis good our humble hope to prove),
That thou mayst still ask something from above,
Thy pious offerings to the temple bear,
And, while the altars blaze, be this thy prayer:

O THOU, who know'st the wants of human kind,
Vouchsafe me health of body, health of mind;
A soul prepared to meet the frowns of fate
And look undaunted on a future state;
That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
Existence nobly, with its weight of care;
That anger and desire alike restrains,
And counts Alcides' toils and cruel pains
Superior far to banquets, wanton nights
And all the Assyrian monarch's soft delights!
Here bound, at length, thy wishes. I but teach,
What blessings man, by his own powers, may reach.
THE PATH TO PEACE IS VIRTUE. We should see,
If wise, O Fortune, naught divine in thee:
But *we* have deified a name alone
And fixed in heaven thy visionary throne!

WILLIAM COBBETT

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

PUBLISHED in 1830 William Cobbett's Advice to Young Men has always been the most popular of his books, partly because of its subject, and partly because it illustrates so well the bold and forceful directness of his style. An intensely egotistical and confident man, Cobbett believed that his own strangely inconsistent life was a model for all men. Indeed, contrary to what might have been expected, he was a delightful man in the domestic circle, and the story of his marriage—narrated in his Rural Rides [see page 513]—is one of the romances of literary life. The original introduction to the Advice contained personal reference incredible in anyone except Cobbett. Said he, 'Few will be disposed to question my fitness for the task. If such a man be not qualified to give advice, no man is qualified.' And he went on to claim for himself 'genius and something more.' He certainly had a remarkable fund of common sense, except when his subject was himself. Various cheap editions of the book are published.

I—To a Youth



YOU are arrived, let us suppose, at the age of from fourteen to nearly twenty, and I here offer you my advice towards making you a happy man, useful to all about you and an honour to those from whom you sprang. Start, I beseech you, with a conviction firmly fixed in your mind that you have no right to live in this world without doing work of some sort or other. To wish to live on the labour of others is to contemplate a fraud.

Happiness ought to be your great object, and it is to be found only in independence. Turn your back on what is called interest. Write it on your heart that you will depend solely on your own merit and your own exertions, for that which a man owes to favour or to partiality, that same favour or partiality is constantly liable to take from him.

The great source of independence the French express in three words, *Vivre de peu*. 'To live upon little' is the great security against slavery; and this precept extends to dress and other things besides food and drink. Extravagance in dress arises from the notion that all the people in the street will be looking at you as you walk out; but all the sensible people that happen to see you will think nothing at all about you. Natural beauty of person always will and must have some weight, even with men, and great weight with women; but this does not want to be set off by expensive clothes.

A love of what is called 'good eating and drinking,' if very unamiable in a grown-up person, is perfectly hateful in a youth. I have never known such a man worthy of respect.

Next, as to amusements. Dancing is at once rational and healthful; it is the natural amusement of young people, and none but the most grovelling and hateful tyranny, or the most stupid and despicable fanaticism, ever raised its voice against it. As to gaming, it is always criminal, either in itself or in its tendency. The basis of it is covetousness: a desire to take from others something for which you have given, and intend to give, no equivalent.

Be careful in choosing your companions; and lay down as a rule never to be departed from that no youth or man ought to be called your friend who is addicted to indecent talk.

In your manners be neither boorish nor blunt, but even these are preferable to simpering and crawling. Be obedient where obedience is due; for it is no act of meanness to yield implicit and ready obedience to those who have a right to demand it at your hands. None are so saucy and disobedient as slaves; and when you read history you will find that in proportion as nations have been free has been their reverence for the laws.

Let me now turn to the things which you ought to do. Young people require more sleep than those that are grown up, and the number of hours cannot well be, on an average, less than eight. An hour in bed is better than an hour spent over the fire in an idle gossip.

Money is said to be power; but superior sobriety, industry and activity are still a more certain source of power. Book-learning is not only proper, but highly commendable; and portions of it are absolutely necessary in every case of trade or profession. One of these portions is distinct reading, plain and neat writing, and arithmetic. The next thing is the grammar of your own language, for grammar is the foundation of all literature. Excellence in your own calling is the first thing to be aimed at.

After this may come general knowledge. Geography naturally follows grammar; and you should begin with that of this kingdom. When you come to history, begin also with that of your own country; and here it is my bounden duty to put you well on your guard. The works of our historians are, as far as they relate to former times, masses of lies unmatched by any others that the world has ever seen.

II—To a Young Man

To be poor and independent is very nearly an impossibility; though poverty is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real. Resolve to set this false shame of being poor at defiance. Nevertheless, men ought to take care of their means, ought to use them prudently and sparingly, and to keep their expenses always within the bounds of their income, be it what it may.

One of the effectual means of doing this is to purchase with ready money. Innumerable things are not bought at all with ready money which would be bought in case of trust; it is so much easier to order a thing than to pay for it. I believe that, generally speaking, you pay for the same article a fourth part more in the case of trust than you do in the case of ready money. The purchasing with ready money really means that you have more money to purchase with.

A great evil arising from the desire not to be thought poor is the destructive thing honoured by the name of 'speculation,' but which ought to be called gambling. It is a purchasing of something to be sold again with a great profit at a considerable hazard. Your life, while you are thus engaged, is the life of a gamester: a life of general gloom, enlivened now and then by a gleam of hope or of success.

In all situations of life avoid the trammels of the law. If you win your suit and are poorer than you were before, what do you accomplish? Better to put up with the loss of one pound than with two, with all the loss of time and all the mortification and anxiety attending a law suit.

Unless your business or your profession be duly attended to there can be no real pleasure in any other employment of a portion of your time. Men, however, must have some leisure, some relaxation from business; and on the choice of this relaxation much of your happiness will depend.

Where fields and gardens are at hand, they present the most rational scenes for leisure. Nothing can be more stupid than sitting sotting over a pot and a glass, sending out smoke from the head and articulating, at intervals, nonsense about all sorts of things.

Another mode of spending the leisure time is that of books; they cost little, and they are always at hand. The sort of books must, in some degree, depend upon your pursuit in life; but there are some books necessary to every one who aims at the character of a well-informed man. To come at the true history of a country you must read its laws; you must read books treating of its usages and customs in former times; and you must particularly inform yourself as to prices of labour and of food. But there is one thing always to be guarded against, and that is not to admire and applaud anything you read merely because it is the fashion to admire and applaud it. Read, consider well what you read, form your own judgement, and stand by that judgement until fact or argument be offered to convince you of your error.

III—To a Lover

THERE are two descriptions of lovers on whom all advice would be wasted, namely, those in whose minds passion so wholly overpowers reason as to deprive the party of his sober senses, and those who love according to the rules of arithmetic, or measure their matrimonial expectations by the chain of the land-surveyor.

I address myself to the reader, whom I suppose to be a real lover, but not so smitten as to be bereft of reason. You should never forget that marriage is a thing to last for life and, generally speaking, to make life happy or miserable.

The things which you ought to desire in a wife are chastity, sobriety, industry, frugality, cleanliness, knowledge of domestic affairs, good temper and beauty.

Chastity, perfect modesty, in word, deed and even thought, is so essential that without it no female is fit to be a wife. If prudery mean false modesty, it is to be despised; but if it mean modesty pushed to the utmost extent, I confess that I like it. The very elements of jealousy ought to be avoided, and the only safeguard is to begin well and so render infidelity and jealousy next to impossible.

By sobriety I mean sobriety of conduct. When girls arrive at that age which turns their thoughts towards the command of a house it is time for them to cast away the levity of a child. Sobriety is a title to trustworthiness, and that is a treasure to prize above all others. But in order to possess this precious trustworthiness you must exercise your reason in the choice of a partner. If she be vain, fond of flattery, given to gadding about, coquettish, she will never be trustworthy; and you will be unjust if you expect it at her hands. But if you find in her that innate sobriety of which I have been speaking, there requires on your part confidence and trust without any limit.

An ardent-minded young man may fear that sobriety of conduct in a young woman argues a want of warmth; but my observation and experience tell me that levity, not sobriety, is ninety-nine times out of a hundred the companion of a want of ardent feeling.

There is no state in life in which industry in the wife is not necessary to the happiness and prosperity of the family. If she be lazy there will always be a heavy arrear of things unperformed, and this, even among the wealthy, is a great curse. But who is to tell whether a girl will make an industrious woman? There are certain outward signs which, if attended to with care, will serve as pretty sure guides.

If you find the tongue lazy you may be nearly certain that the hands and feet are the same. The pronunciation of an industrious person is generally quick, distinct and firm. Another mark of industry is a quick step and a tread showing that the foot comes down with a hearty good will.

Early rising is another mark of industry. It is, I should imagine, pretty difficult to keep love alive towards a woman who never sees the dew, never beholds the rising sun.

Frugality. This means the contrary of extravagance. It does not mean stinginess; it means an abstaining from all unnecessary expenditure. The outward and vulgar signs of extravagance are all the hardware which women put upon their persons. The girl who has not the sense to perceive that her person is disfigured, and not beautified, by parcels of brass, tin and other hardware stuck about her body, is too great a fool to be trusted with the purse of any man.

CLEANLINESS is a capital ingredient. Occasional cleanliness is not the thing that an English or American husband wants; he wants it always. A sloven in one thing is a sloven in all things. Make up your mind to a rope rather than to live with a slip-shod wife.

Knowledge of domestic affairs is so necessary in every wife that the lover ought to have it continually in his eye. A wife must not only know how things ought to be done, but how to do them. I cannot form an idea of a more unfortunate being than a girl with a mere boarding school education and without a future to enable her to keep a servant when married.

Good temper is a very difficult thing to ascertain beforehand—smiles are so cheap.

By 'good temper' I do not mean easy temper—a serenity which nothing disturbs is a mark of laziness. Sulkiness, querulousness, cold indifference, pertinacity in having the last word, are bad things in a young woman, but of all the faults of temper your melancholy ladies have the worst. Most wives are at times misery-makers, but the melancholy carry it on as a regular trade.

The great use of female beauty is that it naturally tends to keep the husband in good humour with himself, to make him pleased with his bargain.

As to constancy in lovers, even when marriage has been promised, and that, too, in the most solemn manner, it is better for both parties to break off than to be coupled together with the reluctant assent of either.

IV—To a Husband

It is as a husband that your conduct will have the greatest effect on your happiness. All in a wife, beyond her own disposition and education, is nine times out of ten the work of her husband.

First convince her of the necessity of moderation in expense; make her clearly see the justice of beginning to act upon the presumption that there are children coming. The great danger of all is beginning with a servant. The wife is young, and why is she not to work as well as her husband? If the wife be not able to do all the work to be done in the house, she ought not to have been able to marry.

The next thing to be attended to is your demeanour towards a young wife. The first frown that she receives from you is a dagger to her heart. Let nothing put you out of humour with her.

Every husband who spends his leisure time in company other than that of his wife and family tells her and them that he takes more delight in other company than in theirs. Resolve from the very first never to spend an hour from home unless business or some necessary and rational purpose demand it. If you are called away, your wife ought to be fully apprised of the probable duration of the absence and of the time of return. When we consider what a young woman gives up on marriage, how can a just man think anything a trifle that affects her happiness?

Though these considerations may demand from us the kindest possible treatment of a wife, the husband is to expect dutiful deportment at her hands. A husband under command is the most contemptible of God's creatures. Am I recommending tyranny? Am I recommending disregard of the wife's opinions and wishes? By no means. But the very nature of things prescribes that there must be a head of every house, and an undivided authority. The wife ought to be heard, and patiently heard; she ought to be reasoned with, and, if possible, convinced; but if she remain opposed to the husband's opinion, his will must be obeyed.

I now come to that great bane of families jealousy. One thing every husband can do in the way of prevention, and that is to give no ground for it. Few characters are more despicable than that of a jealous-headed husband, and that, not because he has grounds, but because he has not grounds.

If to be happy in the married state requires these precautions, you may ask: Is it not better to remain single? The cares and troubles of the married life are many, but are those of the single life few? Without wives men are poor, helpless mortals.

As to the expense, I firmly believe that a farmer, married at twenty-five, and having ten children during the first ten years, would be able to save more money during those years than a bachelor of the same age, on the same farm, in a like space of time. The bachelor has no one on whom he can rely. To me, no being in this world appears so wretched as he.

V—To a Father

It is yourself that you see in your children. They are the great and unspeakable delight of your youth, the pride of your prime of life and the props of your old age. From the very beginning ensure in them, if possible, an ardent love for their mother. Your first duty towards them is resolutely to prevent

their drawing the means of life from any breast but hers. That is their own ; it is their birthright.

The man who is to gain a living by his labour must be drawn away from home ; but this will not, if he be made of good stuff, prevent him from doing his share of the duty due to his children. There ought to be no toils, no watchings, no breakings of rest, imposed by this duty, of which he ought not to perform his full share. The working man, whether in town or country, who spends his day of rest away from his wife and children is not worthy of the name of father.

The first thing in the rearing of children who have passed from the baby state is, as to the body, plenty of good food ; and, as to the mind, constant good example in the parents. There is no other reason for the people in the American states being generally so much taller and stronger than the people in England are, but that, from their birth, they have an abundance of good food. Children should eat often, and as much as they like at a time. They will never take, of plain food, more than it is good for them to take.

The next thing after good and plentiful and plain food is good air. Besides sweet air, children want exercise. Even when they are babies in arms they want tossing and pulling about, and talking and singing to. They will, when they begin, take, if you let them alone, just as much exercise as nature bids them, and no more.

I am of opinion that it is injurious to the mind to press book-learning upon a child at an early age. I must impress my opinion upon every father that his children's happiness ought to be his first object ; that book-learning, if it tend to militate against this, ought to be disregarded. A man may read books for ever and be an ignorant creature at last, and even the more ignorant for his reading.

And with regard to young women, everlasting book-reading is absolutely a vice. When they once get into the habit they neglect all other matters, in some cases, even their very dress. Attending to the affairs of the house—to the washing, the baking, the brewing, the cooking of victuals, the management of the poultry and the garden, these are their proper occupations.

VI—To the Citizen

HAVING now given my advice to the youth, the man, the lover, the husband and the father, I shall tender it to the citizen. To act well our part as citizens we ought clearly to understand what our rights are. The great right of all is the right of taking a part in the making of the laws by which we are governed.

It is the duty of every man to defend his country against an enemy, a duty imposed by the law of nature as well as by that of civil society. Yet how are you to maintain that this is the duty of every man if you deny to some men the enjoyment of a share in making the laws? The poor man has a body and a soul as well as the rich man ; like the latter, he has parents, wife and children ; a bullet or a sword is as deadly to him as to the rich man ; yet, notwithstanding this equality, he is to risk all, and, if he escape, he is still to be denied an equality of rights ! Why are the poor to risk their lives ? To uphold the laws and to protect property—property of which they are said to possess none? Here, young man of sense and of spirit, here is the point on which you are to take your stand. There are always men enough to plead the cause of the rich and to echo the woes of the fallen great ; but be it your part to show compassion for those who labour, and to maintain their rights.

If the right to have a share in making the laws were merely a feather, if it were a fanciful thing, if it were only a speculative theory, if it were but an abstract principle, it might be considered as of little importance. But it is none of these ; it is a practical matter. Who lets another man put his hand into his purse when he pleases ? It is the first duty of every man to do all in his power to maintain this right of self-government where it exists and to restore it where it has been lost. Men are in such a case labouring, not for the present day only, but for ages to come. If life should not allow them time to see their endeavours crowned, their children will see it.



HONEYWOOD INTRODUCING THE BAILIFFS TO MISS RICHLAND AS HIS FRIENDS

From the painting by W. P. Frith, R.A

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE GOOD-NATUR'D MAN

THE first of Goldsmith's two famous comedies, The Good-Natur'd Man was produced at Covent Garden in January 1768, under the auspices of George Colman, after David Garrick had rejected it for performance at Drury Lane. The play secured the warm approbation of Dr. Johnson, but was at first coldly received by the public. The popularity of the 'sentimental comedy' hindered an appreciation of Goldsmith's high-spirited fun, and the most ludicrous scene in the play—that in which Honeywood introduces the bailiffs in full court dress as his friends—was hissed on the first night, and had to be omitted for some years. The plot, like most of Goldsmith's plots, is ill constructed, and it may be necessary to explain that a portion of Miss Richland's fortune depended on a claim against the treasury, the recognition of which had to be secured by the pressure of political interest. An outline of Goldsmith's other comedy, She Stoops to Conquer, appears in pages 178-181, and a Life of Goldsmith in pages 1703-1709.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Honeywood	Mrs. Croaker	Jarvis
Croaker	Olivia	Garnet
Lofty	Sir William Honeywood	Postboy
Miss Richland	Leontine	Servants

First Act

SCENE.—*An apartment in young* **Honeywood's** *house. Enter* **Sir William** *and* **Jarvis.**



SIR WILLIAM: My letters to my nephew from Italy taught him only that philosophy which might prevent, not defend his errors. However, I will put my scheme into execution; and I don't despair of succeeding, as by your means my return will not be known.

[*Exit* **Sir William.** *Enter* **Honeywood.**

Honeywood: Well, Jarvis, what messages from my friends this morning?

Jarvis: This bill from your tailor, this from your mercer, this from the little broker in Crooked Lane. He has lost all patience.

Honey.: Then he has lost a very good thing.

Jar.: Your uncle in Italy is preparing to disinherit you, your own fortune almost spent. Nothing but pressing creditors, false friends, drunken servants. [*Enter* **Butler.**

Butler: Mr. Croaker is below.

Honey.: Show him up. [*Exit* **Butler.**

Jar.: The old affair, I suppose—the marriage of his son to Miss Richland, that loves you. Well, here he comes. [*Exit. Enter* **Croaker.**

Croaker: My dear friend, you look most shockingly to-day! But with this weather—— Yet what signifies weather with the country going to ruin? My dear friend, I don't find this match between Miss Richland and my son much relished, either by one side or t'other. Now a little of your fine, serious advice to the young lady——

Honey.: But would not that be usurping your authority as her guardian?

Cro.: My authority! My dear friend! Why, my wife has so encroached upon my privileges that I'm little more than a lodger in my own house.

Honey.: It is a melancholy consideration indeed that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties.

Cro.: The very words of poor Dick Doleful to me not a week before he made away with himself. Indeed, Mr. Honeywood, I never see you but you put me in mind of poor Dick. It is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. My son Leontine shan't lose the benefit of such fine conversation. I'll just step home for him. [*Exeunt. Enter* **Leontine,** *with* **Olivia.**

Olivia: But consider, Leontine, your disobedience and my indiscretion; your being sent to France to bring home a sister, and bringing instead——

Leontine: But discovery is impossible. My sister has been with her aunt at Lyons since she was a child. She writes always to me, and her aunt never writes at all.

Ol.: But won't your refusing Miss Richland arouse suspicion?

Leon.: That is my master-stroke. I am going with my father to offer her my heart and fortune. Don't be alarmed, my dearest. She is perfectly certain to refuse, and then perhaps I may have his consent to choose for myself. And at worst, you know, it can but end in a trip to Scotland. [*Exeunt.*

Second Act

SCENE.—**Croaker's** *house.* **Miss Richland.**

MISS RICHLAND: Olivia not his sister, and she has kept it from me! And he is coming with my guardian to make a formal proposal for me, thinking I shall refuse him; and if I do, I lose half my fortune! Well, I shall accept with seeming pleasure—mortify them by compliance, and so throw the refusal at

last upon them. [*Enter* **Croaker** *and* **Leontine.**

Croaker : You're so plaguey shy, one would think you had changed sexes. Why don't you begin ?

Leontine : Madam—my father, madam—has some intentions—hem—of explaining an affair which—himself can best explain.

Cro. : Oh, the fellow will never be brought on ! Madam, you see before you one that loves you, one whose whole happiness is all in you. His very looks declare the force of his passion.

Miss Rich. : There are attractions in modest diffidence above the force of words.

Leon. (*aside*) : Oh, if modesty attracts her, impudence may disgust her ! If you doubt my sincerity, madam, by your dear self I swear ! Ask the brave if they desire glory ! Ask cowards if they covet safety ! Ask ——

Cro. : Ask a fool if they can talk nonsense. What's come over the boy ? Ask the lady if she consents to make you happy.

Miss Rich. : Why, indeed, sir, his ardour almost compels me—forces me to comply.

Leon. : Confusion ! Madam, you talk of force. Consider, sir, the cruelty of constraining her inclinations !

Cro. : But I say there's no cruelty. Silence gives consent. Get you both gone together into the next room.

[*Exeunt* **Miss Richland** *and* **Leontine.** *Enter* **Mrs. Croaker,** *with a letter from Lyons, announcing the aunt's discovery that the real* **Olivia Croaker** *has privately engaged herself to a man of wealth.*

Cro. : Olivia privately contracted to a man of large fortune ! This is good news indeed ! How slily the little baggage has carried it since she came home ! [*Enter* **French servant.**

Servant : An express from Monsieur Lofty. He vill be vid you in one, tree minutes.

Mrs. Croaker : You see now, my dear. Would you ever have been known to Mr. Lofty but for me ? Won't his interest secure Miss Richland's claim at the Treasury ? *Enter* **Lofty.**

Lofty (*to his servant*) : If the Venetian Ambassador calls, I'm not at home. And the Russian Ambassador but he will scarce call to-day. Madam, your most obedient, humble servant. Sincerely, don't you pity us poor creatures in affairs ? Solicited for places here, pensions there, courted everywhere ——

Mrs. Cro. : The world is no stranger to Mr. Lofty's eminence, his importance and his modesty.

Lof. : Oh, if you talk of modesty, 'tis my foible. It was so the Duke of Brentford used to say of me. However, when I ask, I am not to be put off. I have just been mentioning Miss Richland's case to a certain person. Fine girl. Friend of mine. Her business must be done, Mr. Secretary. That's my way, madam.

Mrs. Cro. : How different from applying to understrappers, as Mr. Honeywood advised !

Lof. : Honeywood ! I suppose you've heard ? His creditors have taken him into custody ; a prisoner in his own house.

Third Act

SCENE.—*Young* **Honeywood's** *house.* **Miss Richland,** *having instructed her agent to satisfy* **Honeywood's** *creditors, calls upon him, with her maid, and is surprised by the manner of the officers whom she finds in his company. The announcement that* **Leontine** *wishes to speak with him on earnest business calls him from the room, and the officers with him.* **Miss Richland** *and* **Garnet** *remain.*

MISS RICHLAND : What can all this mean, Garnet ?

Garnet : Mean ? Why, what Mr. Lofty meant you to see. These officers are officers sure enough —sheriff's officers ; bailiffs, madam. But your lawyer ought to have set him free before now.

[*Enter* **Sir William Honeywood.**

Sir William : Ah, she is here before me. Madam, as I am the person that have had some demands upon the gentleman of this house, I hope you'll excuse me if, before I enlarged him, I wanted to see yourself.

Miss Rich. : It was very unnecessary, sir.

Sir Wil. : I was desirous that you should be apprised of the character of the gentleman you intended to serve.

Miss Rich. : It must come, sir, with a very ill grace from you. For yourself, I always suspect those services which are denied where they are wanted, and offered, perhaps, in the hope of a refusal. I insist upon my directions being complied with.

Sir Wil. : I can no longer contain the expression of my gratitude—my pleasure. I have watched and have punished his follies only in hopes to reclaim them. I am his uncle.

Miss Rich. : Sir William Honeywood ? How shall I conceal my confusion ! I fear, sir, you will think I have been too forward ——

Sir Wil. : Don't make any apologies, madam. I only find myself unable to repay the obligation. Yet I have been using my interest to serve you in your claim upon the Treasury.

Miss Rich. : Sir, I am infinitely obliged, but my guardian has employed a gentleman— —

Sir Wil. : Who ? Mr. Lofty ? Trust me, madam, he is quite unable to serve you. But here he is coming. Remember, I'm to continue unknown. With what impudence he enters !

[*Enter* **Lofty.**

Lofty : Miss Richland here before me ! Punctual, as usual, to the calls of humanity. I am very sorry things of this kind should happen ; but, as I often told his uncle, Sir William Honeywood, the man was utterly impracticable.

Sir Wil. : His uncle ! The gentleman is, I suppose, a particular friend of yours ? [suppose ?

Miss Rich. : He confided in your judgement, I

Lot. : Why, yes, madam ; he had some reason. You see, it was I procured him his place.

Sir Wil. : Now you mention him, madam, you'll be glad to hear he's arrived from Italy. This gentleman could be of signal service to us by introducing me to him ; it must be at once.

Lof. : At once ! Now that's unfortunate ; an immediate engagement——"

Sir Wil. : Oh, a letter will do.

Lof. : I protest, a very bad way of doing business. If I spoke first to Sir William—but if you will have it so——

[*Exit with* **Miss Richland**. *Enter* **Jarvis.**

Jarvis : Out of one scrape into another! Now your nephew's helping old Croaker's son to patch up a Scotch marriage with the young lady that passes for his sister. He's to go another way; I'm to go with her, and to get a bill of his changed for them.

Sir Wil. : Well, the journey may prove less fatiguing than you imagine. Come with me, and I will tell you more.

Fourth Act

SCENE.—**Croaker's** *house.* **Lofty** *has made* **Honeywood** *believe that he owes his liberty to him; and has made him promise to help* **Lofty** *himself to gain the hand of* **Miss Richland.** *Enter* **Olivia** *and* **Garnet.**

OLIVIA: No news of Jarvis? (*Enter* **Jarvis.**) Oh, you are come at last? Let us fly.

Jarvis : Ay, to Jericho. No Scotland this bout. We can't go to Scotland without money and my master's bill isn't worth a rush.

Ol. : How base and insincere of your master! Is this his good-nature?

Garnet : Mr. Leontine can't have left the inn yet, and he had forty guineas from his father—a letter will catch him there.

Ol. : Oh, Garnet, my hand trembles so, I can't write a word. Do you write, Garnet.

[**Garnet** writes, following her own inspiration, to 'Muster Croakar.' **Honeywood's** drunken butler is dispatched by her with the letter, but drops it, where old **Croaker** picks it up. She warns the rest, who take flight when he is seen approaching.]

[*Exeunt. Enter* **Croaker.**

Croaker : Death and destruction! An incendiary letter! At my door! 'Muster Croakar, as sone as yowe see this leve twenty guineas at the bar of the Talbot till called for, or yowe and yower experetion will be blown up.' Blood and gunpowder! Blown up! What have I and my poor family done? 'Our pockets are low, and money we must have!' There's the reason! 'May Cupid, the little god of Love, go with you wherever you go.' Oh, go to the devil, you and your little Cupid! We shall all be burnt in our beds. [*Enter* **Miss Richland.**

Miss Richland : Lord, sir, what's the matter?

Cro.: Murder's the matter. We shall all be blown up in our beds before morning.

[*Exit* **Croaker.**

Miss Rich. : What can he mean? Yet why should I inquire, when he alarms us in this manner almost every day? But Honeywood has desired an interview with me in private. Sure he cannot mean to—but he's here.

[*Enter* **Honeywood.**

Honeywood : I presumed to solicit this interview, madam, before I left town—perhaps the kingdom—in order to disclose something which our long friendship prompts—to offer, without offence, what you may refuse without offending.

Miss Rich. : I fear I shall scarce have any power to refuse a request of yours—yet you may be precipitate. Consider, sir.

Honey. : I own my rashness; but I plead the cause of one who loves, loves you with the most ardent passion; though he is too humble to urge his pretensions.

Miss Rich. : I will own, sir, I have long been prejudiced in his favour.

Honey. (*aside*) : I see, she always loved him. How happy is my friend, Mr. Lofty. Madam——

Miss Rich. : He, sir! No more of this, I beg. You wrong my sentiments and yourself. I must disclaim his friendship who ceases to be a friend to himself.

[*Exit* **Miss Richland.** Enter, with the letter, **Croaker**, storming, and **Mrs. Croaker,** laughing. The letter is shown to **Honeywood,** who tries to agree with each in turn; and finally professes that he and **Croaker** should await the incendiary, when he calls for the money at The Talbot, and seize him. **Croaker** agrees. *Exeunt.*]

Fifth Act

SCENE. *The Talbot. The runaways are on the point of starting.* **Jarvis** *has gone to see if money has arrived from* **Leontine.** **Leontine** *has arrived to see* **Olivia** *off.* **Croaker** *has arrived to capture the incendiary, finds the couple, announces that he has been brought thither by* **Honeywood,** *and rushes out to seize the incendiary before explanations have been offered. Enter* **Postboy,** *dragging in* **Jarvis,** *followed by* **Honeywood.**

HONEYWOOD: Come, let's see him. Jarvis! Death, what's here! Leontine! Olivia!

Leontine : So, sir! All the seeming sincerity of your professions were only allurements to betray. Draw, villain! [*Enter* **Croaker.**

Croaker : Where's the villain (*seizing* **Postboy**)? Come, you dog, confess!

Postboy : Zounds, master, what do you throttle me for?

Honey. : Mr. Croaker, we have all been in error; hear me.

Cro. : And I say, sir, the error's yours. I'll hear nothing.

Honey. (*to* **Olivia**) : Madam——

Olivia : Excuse me.

Honey. : Will nobody hear me?

Cro. (*to* **Olivia**) : Madam, if ever you hope for favour or forgiveness, tell me what you know of this affair.

Ol. : Oh, sir, I am one that—is not your daughter——

Cro. : Not my daughter!

Ol. : Not your daughter, but a mean deceiver—who——

Honey. : Help! She's going. Give her air!

Cro. : Oh, take her to the air. I wouldn't hurt a hair of her head, whosever daughter she may be. (*Exeunt all but* **Croaker.**) Yes, yes, all's out; my son is going to marry this lady whom he has imposed on me as his sister, and yet I don't find it affects me so much as one might think. [*Enter* **Miss Richland** *and* **Sir William.**

[Explanations follow. **Sir William** is able, from information of his own, to satisfy **Croaker**

that **Olivia** is a desirable match for his son. **Honeywood,** returning, tells **Miss Richland** that he is leaving England for ever. Then comes the exposure of **Lofty,** who enters, by **Sir William's** discovery of himself to the company present.]

[*Enter* **Mrs. Croaker, Leontine, Olivia.**

Mrs. Croaker : Come, lovey, you must forgive them. Our own was a stolen match, you know, and we never had any reason to repent of it.

Cro. : I wish we could both say so. However, Sir William has already obtained their pardon, so if the two poor fools have a mind to marry——

Leon. : What, what can we say to such goodness? Our future obedience shall be the best reply.

Sir William : And now, nephew, if Miss Richland would complete our joy, and make the man she has honoured by her friendship happy in her love——

Miss Richland : After what has passed, it would be but affectation to pretend to indifference. If my entreaties cannot alter his resolution to quit the country, I will even try if my hand has not power to detain him.

Honey. : Heavens, how can I have deserved all this? I now too plainly perceive my errors. Henceforth it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distress, my friendship for true merit, and my love for her who first taught me what it is to be happy.

A Norwegian Masterpiece

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON

ARNE

THE short novels and tales Synnove Solbakken, Arne, A Happy Boy, and The Fisher Maiden—with which Björnson began his literary life marked a new era in Norwegian literature. Bjornson's aim was, as he said, 'to create a new saga in the light of the peasant,' and these stories, as well as the great trilogy of national dramas, Sigurd the Bastard, were a revelation of the real Norwegian people. The greatest distinctively Norwegian writer, Björnson was a figure so intensely national that the critic Brandes said of him that 'the mention of his name in a gathering of his countrymen is like running up the national flag.' The most characteristic and delightful of all his stories of country life, Arne, was published in 1858, and at once brought the author into the front rank of contemporary writers. It is perhaps the most popular and widely translated of all Björnson's works, and one of the finest examples of the pure peasant tale to be found in all literature. A translation of Arne is published by William Heinemann.

I—The Little Song-Maker



IT was up at Kampen that Arne was born. His mother was Margit, the only child at the little farm among the crags.

When she was eighteen, she stopped too long at a dance one evening; her friends had gone off without her, so Margit thought the way home would be just as long whether she waited till the end of the dance or not.

Thus it came about that Margit remained sitting there till Nils Skraedder, the fiddler, suddenly laid aside his instrument, as was his wont when he had had more than enough to drink, left the dancers to hum their own tune, took hold of the prettiest girl he could find and, letting his feet keep as good time to the dance as music to a song, jerked off with the heel of his boot the hat of the tallest man in the room. "Ho!" laughed he.

As Margit walked home that night, the moon was making wondrous sport over the snow. When she got to the loft where she slept, she could not help looking out at it.

Next time there was a dance in the parish, Margit was present. She did not care much to dance that evening, but sat listening to the music. But when the playing ceased the fiddler rose and went straight across to Margit Kampen. She was scarcely aware of anything but that she was dancing with Nils Skraedder!

Before long the weather grew warmer, and there was no more dancing that spring.

One Sunday, when the summer was getting on, Margit went to church with her mother. When they were at home again her mother threw both her arms around her. "Hide nothing from me, my child!" she cried.

Winter came again, but Margit danced no more. Nils Skraedder went on playing,

drank more than formerly, and wound up each party by dancing with the prettiest girl there. It was said for certain that he could have whichever he wished of the farmers' daughters, and that Birgit, the daughter of Böen, was sick for love of him.

Just about this time a child of the cottar's daughter at Kampen was brought to be christened. It was named Arne and its father was said to be Nils Skraedder.

THE evening of that day saw Nils at a great wedding party. He would not play, but drank all he could and was dancing the whole time. But when he asked Birgit Böen for a dance, she refused him. He turned and took hold of the first good-looking girl near. She, too, held back and answered a request he whispered in her ear with the words: "The dance might go farther than I should like."

At that Nils drew back, and danced the 'Halling' alone. Then he went into the barn, laid himself down and wept.

Margit sat at home with her little boy. She heard about Nils going from dance to dance, and it was not very long before Arne learnt that Nils Skraedder was his father, and the kind of man he was.

It was when Arne was about six years old that two Americans, visiting the place when a bridal party was going on, were so much struck by the way Nils danced the 'Halling' that they proposed to take him as their servant, at whatever wages he wanted. They would call for him on their way back in about a week's time. Nils was the hero of the evening.

The dance was resumed. Nils looked round at the girls, and went over to Birgit Böen. He held out his hand, and she put out hers. Then, turning away with a laugh, he put his arm around the girl next to her and danced off with boisterous glee.

Birgit coloured, and a tall, quiet-looking man took her hand, and danced away. Nils noticed it, and presently danced so hard against them that both Birgit and her partner fell to the ground.

The quiet-looking man got up, went straight to Nils, took him by the arm and knocked him down with a blow over the eyes. Nils fell heavily, tried to rise and found that he couldn't—his back was badly hurt.

Meantime, at Kampen no sooner had the grandmother succeeded in paying off the last instalment of debt on the farm than she was stricken with mortal sickness and died.

A fortnight after the funeral six men brought in a litter, and on the litter lay Nils with his black hair and pale face.

In the springtime, a year after he had been brought to Kampen, Nils and Margit were married. The fiddler's health was ruined, but he was able to help in the fields and look after things. Then, one Sunday afternoon, when Nils and Arne were out together they saw a wedding procession, fourteen carriages in all. Nils stood for a long time motionless after the bride and bridegroom had passed, and for the rest of the day he was sullen and angry. He went out before supper, and returned at midnight, drunk.

From that day Nils was constantly going into town and coming home drunk. He reproached Margit for his wretched life; he cursed her, he struck her and beat her. Then would come fits of wild remorse.

As Arne grew up, Nils took him to dances, and the boy learnt to sing all sorts of songs. His mother taught him to read, and when he was fifteen he longed to travel and to write songs.

AT home, things got worse. As Nils grew feebler he became more drunken and violent, and often Arne would stay at home to amuse him in order that Margit might have an hour's peace. Arne began to loathe his father; but he kept his feeling to himself, as he did his love for his mother.

His one friend was Kristen, the eldest son of a sea captain. With Kristen, Arne could talk of books and travel. But there came a day when Kristen went away to be a sailor and Arne was left alone.

Life was very heavy for him. He made up songs and put his grief into them. But for his mother, Arne would have left Kampen—he stood between her and Nils.

One night, about this time, Nils came back late from a wedding feast. Margit had gone to bed and Arne was reading. The boy helped his father upstairs, and Nils began quoting texts from the Bible and cursing his own downfall, shedding

drunken tears. Presently he made his way to the bed and put his fingers on Margit's throat.

In vain the boy and his mother called on Nils to desist; the drunkard took no notice. Arne rushed to a corner of the room and picked up an axe; at the same moment Nils fell down and, after a piercing shriek, lay quite still.

All that night they watched by the dead. A feeling of relief came upon them both.

"He fell of himself," Arne said simply, for at first his mother was terrified by the sight of the axe.

"Remember, Arne, it's for your sake I've borne it all," Margit said, weeping. "You must never leave me."

"Never, never," he answered fervently.

II—The Call of the Mountains

ARNE grew up reserved and shy; he went on tending the cattle and making songs. He was now in his twentieth year. The pastor lent him books to read, the only thing he cared for.

Many a time he would have liked to read aloud to his mother, but he could not bring himself to do it. One of the songs he made at this time began:

The parish is all restless, but there's peace in grove and wood.
No beadle Lere impounds you, to suit his crabbed mood;
No strife profanes our little church, tho' there it rages high,
But then, we have no little church, and that, perhaps, is why!

The folks round about got to hear of his songs, and would have been glad to talk to him; but Arne was shy of people and disliked them, chiefly because he thought they disliked him.

He gave up tending the cattle, and stayed at home, looking after the farm. He was near his mother all day now, and she would give him dainty meals. In his heart was a song with the refrain 'Over the mountains high!' Somehow, Arne could never finish this song.

There was a field labourer named Upland Knut, at whose side Arne often worked. This man had neither parents nor friends, and when Arne said to him, "Have you no one at all, then, to love you?" he answered, "Ah, no! I have no one."

Arne thought of his own mother and his heart was full of love for her. What if he were to lose her because he had not sufficiently prized her, he thought; and he rushed home, to find his mother sleeping gently like a child.

Mother and son were much together in those days, and once they agreed to go to a wedding at a neighbouring farm.

For the first time in his life Arne drank too much, and all next day he lay in the barn. He was full of self-reproach, and it seemed to him that cowardice was his besetting sin.

Cowardice had been his failing as a boy. It had prevented him taking his mother's part against his father, from leaving home, from mixing with people. Cowardice had made him drunk, and but for his fear and timidity his verses would be better.

After searching everywhere for him, Margit eventually found him in the barn. He tried to soothe her, and vowed that he would join his life more closely to his mother's in future. What moved him was that his loving, patient mother said that she had done a grievous wrong against him, and implored his forgiveness.

"Of course, I forgive you," he said.

"God bless you, my dear, dear Arne."

From that day, Arne was not only happier at home, but he began to look at other people more kindly, more with his mother's gentle eyes. But he still went about alone and a strange longing possessed his soul.

One summer evening Arne had gone out to sit by the Black Lake, a piece of water very dark and deep. He sat behind some bushes and looked out over the water, and at the hills opposite and at the homesteads in the valley.

Presently he heard voices beside him. A young girl, he made out, was grumbling because she had got to leave the parsonage, where she had been staying with Mathilde, the parson's daughter, and it was her father who was taking her home. A third voice, sharp and strident, was heard.

"Hurry up, now, Baard; push off the boat, or we sha'n't be home to-night."

The rattle of cart-wheels followed, and Baard fetched a box out of the cart and carried it down to the boat.

Then Mathilde, the parson's daughter, came running up calling, "Eli! Eli!"

The two girls wept in each other's arms.

"You must take this," said Mathilde, giving her friend a bird-cage. "Mother wants you to. Yes, you must take Narrifas, and then you'll often think of me."

"Eli! Come, come, Eli!" came the summons from the boat.

A moment after, Arne saw the boat out in the water, Eli standing up in the stern, holding the bird-cage and waving her hand to Mathilde. His eyes followed the boat, and he watched it draw near to the land. He could see the three forms mirrored in the water, and continued gazing until they had left the boat and gone indoors at the biggest house on the opposite side of the lake.

Mathilde had sat for some time by the landing stage, but she had left now, and Arne was alone when Eli came out again for a last look across the water. Arne could see her image in the lake. "Perhaps she sees me now," he thought. Then, when the sun had set, he went home feeling that all things were at peace.

Arne's fancies for some time now were of dreams of love and fair maidens. Old ballads and romances mirrored them for him, as the water had mirrored the young girl.

A two-fold longing—the yearning to have someone to love, and a desire to do something great—sprang up together in his soul, and melted into one. Again he began to work at the song, 'Over the mountains high,' altering it, and thinking each time, "One day it will carry me off." But he never forgot his mother in his thoughts of travel, and decided that he would send for her as soon as he had got a footing abroad.

There was in the parish a merry old fellow of the name of Ejnar Aasen. He was well off, and in spite of a lameness that made him use a crutch was fond of organizing parties to go nutting. All the young people called him 'godfather.'

AASEN liked Arne, and invited him to join in the next nutting party, and though Arne blushed and made excuses, he decided to go. He found himself the only young man among many girls. They were not the maidens of whom he had made songs, nor yet was he afraid of them. They were more full of life than anything he had seen, and they could make merry over anything. All of them laughed at Arne, as they caught at the branches, because he was serious, so that he could not help laughing himself.

After a while they all sat on a large knoll, old Aasen in the middle, and told stories. And then they were anxious to tell their dreams, but this could be done only to one person, and Arne was trusted to hear the dreams. The last of the girls to tell her dreams was called Eli, and she was the girl he had seen in the boat.

Arne had to say which was the best dream, and as he said he wanted time to think, they left him sitting on the knoll and trooped off with godfather. Arne sat for some time, and the old yearnings to travel came back, and drove him to his song, 'Over the mountains high.' Now, at last, he had got the words; and taking paper out of his pocket, he wrote the song through to the end. When he had finished he rose, and left the paper on the knoll; and later, when he went back, the paper was gone.

One of the girls, who had returned to seek him, had found—not Arne, but his song.

III—Love's Awakening

WHENEVER Arne mentioned his friend Kristen, and wondered why he never heard from him, his mother left the room and seemed unhappy for days afterwards. He noticed, too, that she would get specially nice meals for him at such times.

He had never been so gentle since his father's death as he was that winter. On Sundays he would read a sermon to his mother, and go to church with her; but she knew this was only to win her consent to his going abroad in the spring. Upland Knut, who had always been alone, now came to live at Kampen. Arne had become very skilful with axe and saw, and that winter he was often busy at the parsonage as well as at Kampen.

One day a messenger came from Böen to ask him if he would go over there for some carpentry work. He answered "Yes," without thinking about the matter. As soon as the man had gone, his mother told him that it was Baard Böen who had injured his father; but Arne decided to go all the same.

It was a fine homestead, and Baard and Arne soon became on friendly terms. He had many talks, too, with Eli, and at times would sing his own songs to her, and afterwards feel ashamed.

Then Eli fell ill, and Birgit blamed Baard because Mathilde had gone away from the parsonage on a visit to town without bidding good-bye to Eli. It seemed to Baard that whatever he did was wrong.

"You either keep silent too much, or you talk too much," said his wife.

During Eli's illness Baard would often sit and talk with Arne, and one day he told him how he had been driven to attack Nils, and then how he had courted and won Birgit.

"She was very melancholy at first," said Baard, "and I had nothing to say; and then she got into bustling, domineering ways, and I had nothing to say to that. But one day of real happiness I've not had the twenty years we've been married."

When Eli was getting better, her mother came down one evening and asked Arne, in her daughter's name, to go up and sing to her. Eli had heard him singing. Arne was confused, but gave in and went upstairs.

The room was in darkness, and he had not seen Eli since the day she had fallen ill and he had helped to carry her to her room. Arne sat down in a chair at the foot of the bed. When people talk in the dark they are generally more truthful than when they see one another's faces.

Eli made Arne sing to her, first a hymn, and then a song of his own. For some time there was silence between them, and then Eli said, "I wonder, Arne, that you, who have so much that is beautiful within, should want to go away. You must not go away."

"There are times when I seem not to want to so much," he answered.

Presently Arne could hear her weeping, and he felt that he must move—either forward or back.

"Eli!"

"Yes." Both voices were at a whisper.

"Give me your hand."

She made no answer. He listened, quickly, closely, stretched out his own hand and grasped a warm little hand that lay bare.

There was a step on the stairs; they let go of one another, and Birgit entered with a light. "You've been sitting too long in the dark," she said, putting the candle on the table. But neither Eli nor Arne could bear the light; she turned to the pillow, and he shaded his face with his hands.

"Ah, yes; it's a bit dazzling at first," said the mother, "but the feeling soon passes away."

Next day Arne heard that Eli was better and going to come down for a time after dinner. He at once put his tools together and bade farewell to the farm. And when Eli came downstairs he was gone.

IV—After Many Years

It was spring-time when Margit went up to the parsonage. There was something heavy on her heart. Letters had come from Kristen for Arne, and she had been afraid to give them to her son lest he should go away and join his friend. Kristen had even sent money, and this Margit had given to Arne, pretending it had been left him by his grandmother. All this Margit poured out to the old pastor, and also her fears that Arne would go travelling.

"Ah!" he said, smiling, "if only there was some little lassie who could get hold of him. Eli Böen, eh? And if we could manage so that they could meet sometimes at the parsonage."

Margit looked up anxiously.

"Well, we'll see what we can do," he went on; "for, to tell you the truth, my wife and daughter have long been of the same mind."

Then came the summer, and one day, when the heavens were clear, Arne walked out and threw himself down on the grass. He meant to go to the parsonage and borrow a newspaper. He had not been to

Böen since that night in the sick-room, and now he glanced towards the house, and then turned away his eyes. Presently he heard someone singing his song, the song he had lost the very day he made it.

Fain would I know what the world may be
Over the mountains high.
Mine eyes can naught but the white snow see,
And up the steep sides the dark fir tree,
That climbs as if yearning to know.
Say, tree, dost thou venture to go ?

There were eight verses, and Arne stood listening till the last word died away. He must see who it was, and presently above him he caught sight of Eli.

The sunlight was falling straight on her, and it seemed to Arne, as he looked at her, that he had never seen or dreamt of anything more beautiful in his life.

Eli went often to the parsonage, and one Sunday evening Margit found her there and persuaded the girl to walk back to Kampen with her. Eli entered the house only when she heard that Arne was not at home. Margit took her all over the homestead, and showed her Arne's room, and opened a little chest full of silk kerchiefs and ribbons.

" He bought something each time he's been to the town," Margit remarked.

In a special compartment in the chest Eli saw a buckle, a pair of gold rings, and a hymn-book bound with silver clasps, and wrought on the clasps was :

ELI BAARDSDATTER BOEN.

The mother put back the things, closed the box and clasped the girl to her heart ; for Eli was weeping.

When they were downstairs again, they heard a man's step in the passage, and Arne entered and saw Eli.

" You here ? " he said, and blushed a fiery red. Then he put his arms around her and she leant her head on his breast. He whispered something in her ear, and for a long while they stood in silence.

It was harvest time when the marriage of Eli with Arne was celebrated. The Black Water was full of boats taking people to Böen. All the doors were open at the house. Eli was in her room with Mathilde and the pastor's wife. Arne was downstairs looking out from the window.

Presently Baard and Birgit, both dressed for church, met on the stairs, and went up together to a garret where they were alone. Baard had something to say, but it was hard to say it.



BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON was born at Kvikne, Norway, December 8, 1832, the son of a Lutheran minister. He was educated at Molde school and Christiania University. As a student he wrote sketches and reviews of plays, and in 1857 he published his first play, Between the Battles. In 1857 he became director of the theatre at Bergen and in 1861 of the National Theatre, Christiania. Leader of the Republican party and a great nationalist, he edited the Norsk Folkeblad from 1866 71. Besides his world-famous plays, Björnson wrote novels and stories, and he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1903. In his later years he lived much in Paris, where he died, April 26, 1910.

" Birgit," he said, " you've been thinking, as I've been, I daresay. *He* stood between us two, I know, and it's gone on a long time. To-day a son of his has come into our house, and to him we've given our only daughter. . . . Birgit, can't we, too, join our hearts to-day ? "

His voice trembled, but no answer came.

They heard Eli outside, calling gently : " Aren't you coming, mother ? "

" Yes, I'm coming now, dear ! " said Birgit in a choking voice. She walked across the room to Baard, took his hand in hers and broke into violent sobs. The two hands clung tight and it was hand in hand they opened the door and went downstairs. And when the bridal train streamed down to the landing stage, and Arne gave his hand to Eli, Baard, against all custom, took Birgit's hand in his own and followed them calmly, happily, smilingly.

In the boat his eyes rested on the bridal pair and on his wife. " Ah ! " he said to himself, " no one would have thought such a thing possible twenty years ago."

Charming Life-Story of 'the Insects' Homer'

JEAN HENRI FABRE

SOUVENIRS ENTOMOLOGIQUES

A Study by Edgar Preston

I—Scenes of Childhood

SCIENCE

THE completest student of the insect world, and the most delightful writer on the subject that ever lived, was Jean Henri Fabre, whom Victor Hugo dubbed 'The Insects' Homer,' and Darwin called 'an incomparable observer.' Born in 1823 in the little town of Sainte-Léone, in the canton of Vezins, in Provence, the son of a small landowner farming 'a poor holding on the cold granite backbone of the Rouergue tableland,' Fabre devoted his whole life, from early childhood, to the investigation of the habits of the tiny, insignificant creatures of the insect world, and when he died, full of years and honours in 1915, the nonagenarian was as keenly interested as ever in the subject he had made fascinating, as none before him, to countless readers all the world over. His achievement finds permanent record in the ten splendid volumes comprising his famous Souvenirs Entomologiques, from which certain typical extracts are given in the pages following.

In 1910 the scientific jubilee of this remarkable man was celebrated at Sérignan, near his birthplace; and a year later official recognition came, tardily enough, when he was elected a Member of the French Academy. Fabre scoffed at most of the scientific text-books, and had no patience with the jargon of the *savants*. Observation, close, continuous, unwearying, was his lifelong principle: 'See for yourself' his motto. An admirable Life has been written by his kinsman, the Abbé Augustin Fabre, an English translation of which is issued by Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., who are also publishers of the faithful and sympathetic English version of the Souvenirs by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos.

Nothing in all the ten portly volumes of the Souvenirs Entomologiques is more fascinating than the great biologist's story of his childhood on the 'lean farm on the cold granite ridge' of the Rouergue tableland, where his grandparents and their forebears, farmers and small landowners, contrived to live. He writes in his Life of the Fly (Vol. 6 of the Souvenirs Entomologiques):

> The house, standing alone, three thousand feet above sea level, amidst the heath and broom, with no neighbour for miles around, and visited periodically by wolves was, nevertheless, to them — his grandparents — the very centre of the universe. In this wild solitude the mossy fens, their quagmires oozing with iridescent pools, supplied the cows with plentiful pasture. In summer the sheep were penned day and night, protected from wild beasts by a fence of hurdles propped by pitchforks. In the centre was the shepherd's hut, a straw cabin. Two watch-dogs, equipped with spiked collars, were responsible for tranquillity if the marauding wolf should appear in the night from the neighbouring woods.
>
> The farmyard, always covered by a coating of cow-dung, in which I, a very small boy, sank knee deep, had many shimmering puddles of liquid, dark brown manure. Here the lambs frisked, the geese quacked, the fowls scratched, and the sow grunted, with her swarm of little ones hanging to her dugs.
>
> Owing to the harshness of the climate, husbandry had not many chances. The hard ground yielded a little rye and oats, and some potatoes. The best corners were reserved for hemp, which provided the distaffs and spindles of the house with material for cloth. They were regarded as my grandmother's special preserve. . . .
>
> I can see her in my mind's eye, patient, diligent, untiring. On her left side the distaff, with its load of tow; in her right hand the spindle, turning under a quick twist of the thumb, moistened from time to time by her tongue. . . .

When meal time came all of us, big and little, would take our seats round a long, ricketty table, on a pair of benches. Each found his wooden bowl and his tin spoon before him. At one end of the table stood an enormous rye loaf, as big round as a cart wheel, wrapped in a fresh-smelling linen cloth, and there it remained until it was all gone. With a vigorous stroke my grandfather would cut off enough bread for the needs of the moment, and divide it among us with the only knife on the table. We all broke up our slices with our fingers and filled the bowls with the pieces.

A capacious pot bubbled and sang upon the flames in the wide hearth, giving forth a most appetising smell of bacon and turnips. Using a long metal ladle, my grandmother would take from the pot and pour into each basin in turn, first the broth, and next the bacon and turnips, till the bowl was full to the brim. At the other end of the table was a pitcher, with water for those who liked to drink. What merry meals they were, especially when we had a home-made cream-cheese to complete the feast. . . .

When Jean Henri was seven years old he was sent to the little school at Sainte-Léone, where his father and mother lived. The master was one Pierre Ricard, the boy's godfather.

Our master was a barber. He shaved the notabilities of the place—the mayor, the parish priest, the notary. Our master was a bell-ringer. A wedding or a christening interrupted the lessons; he had to ring a peal. A gathering storm gave us a holiday; the great bell must be tolled, to ward off the lightning and the hail. Our master was a chorister; with his mighty voice he filled the church, where he led the *magnificat* at vespers. Our master wound up the village clock. This was his proudest function. With a glance at the sun, to ascertain the time more or less nearly, he would climb to the top of the steeple, open a huge cage of rafters, and find himself in a maze of wheels and springs of which the secret was known to him alone.

Needless to say, the scholars did not learn much at school: the master's chief business seems to have been to mend the pens! In French the boys had a few selections from sacred history; of Latin a very little—'to teach us to sing vespers properly.' No one ever heard of history or geography. What difference did it make whether the earth was round or flat? In either case, it was just as hard in that infertile part of the country to make it bring forth anything! Grammar? The master troubled his head very little about that, and the boys still less. And arithmetic? Yes, plenty of 'sums'—all the boys yelling the multiplication table together, until some of it stuck, from sheer force of repetition.

II—First Discoveries

Excellent Monsieur Ricard was not only schoolmaster, barber, clock-winder and so on: he looked after the property of an absentee landlord—an old, four-towered castle and its grounds. His duties included getting in the hay, the walnuts, the apples, the oats, and the boys used to help him. And here we discover the germ of the great naturalist of after years in the little boy.

When the master takes us to kill the snails in the box borders of the castle garden I do not always scrupulously fulfil my duty. My heel sometimes hesitates before coming down in the handful I have gathered. They are so pretty! There are yellow ones and pink, white ones and brown, all with dark spiral streaks. I fill my pockets with the finest, so that I can feast my eyes on them at my leisure.

Jean Henri's parents find it exceedingly hard to earn a living on this niggardly soil. Further economy is impossible; they must breed something that will bring in more money. 'Suppose we try ducks!' says mother. 'They sell very well in town. Henri could mind them and take them down to the brook.' So ducks it was; and a month or two later the child had charge of more than a score of ducklings. A pond on a small plain among the hills is chosen, and here the tiny goose-herd makes wonderful discoveries.

What is this? On the mud lie some loose, knotted, soot-coloured cords—one might take them for threads of wool. I take up one of these cords in my hand. It is sticky and extremely slack, and slips through my fingers before they can catch hold of it. A few of the knots burst and shed their contents. What comes out is a black globule, the size of a pin's head, followed by a flat tail. I recognize, on a very small scale, a familiar object—the tadpole. . . . Let us look at the bottom of the water, pulling aside the branches of green string whence beads of air are rising and gathering into foam. I see pretty shells with compact whorls, flat as beans; I notice little worms carrying tufts and feathers; some, with flabby fins, are constantly flapping on their backs. What are they all doing there? What are their names? I do not know—and I stare at them for ever so long, held by the incomprehensible mystery of the waters.

In the field he finds a beetle, 'smaller than a cherry-stone, but of an indescribable blue—the angels in paradise must wear robes of that colour!'—which he

preserves in an empty snail-shell, plugged with a leaf, to admire when he gets home. And other and larger things he finds—bits of quartz, glittering as with gold, a curly shell, curious treasures of all sorts. When he gets home his bulging pockets betray him. All this 'rubbish,' as his father calls it, must be thrown away at once! And mother is angry too. The stones and things have ruined his pockets. 'A nice thing bringing up children to see them turn out so badly! You'll bring me to my grave.' Already Jean Henri Fabre's troubles have begun, with his very first discoveries.

III—Pasteur and the Chrysalis

ONE day Fabre—a good many years had elapsed—received a visit from Pasteur, not then at the height of his fame, but already a person of considerable eminence. He had just demolished the theory of spontaneous generation, and naturally the still more or less obscure entomologist was flattered when perhaps the most famous man of science of his day did him the honour of asking for information. Pasteur was making a tour of the Avignon region, to inquire into the question of silk culture generally, and particularly into a certain mysterious disease which was afflicting the worms. The conversation that took place is worth recording in Fabre's own words.

'I should like to see some cocoons,' said my visitor. 'I have never seen any, and only know them by name. Could you get me some?'

'Nothing easier. My landlord cultivates them. He lives almost next door. If you will kindly wait a moment I will bring you what you want.'

I went at once to my neighbour, and came back in a few minutes, with my pockets full of cocoons. The *savant* took one in his hand, and turned it this way and that between his fingers, examining it curiously, just as we should examine some strange object from the other end of the world. Then he held it to his ear, and shook it.

'But it rattles!' he exclaimed in surprise. 'There's something in it?'

'Of course.'

'But what?'

'The chrysalis.'

'What do you mean—the chrysalis?'

'I mean the sort of mummy into which the caterpillar changes before becoming a butterfly.'

'And every cocoon contains one of those things?'

'Obviously. It is to preserve the chrysalis that the caterpillar has been spinning.'

'Ah!'

And without more ado the cocoons went into Pasteur's pocket. At his leisure he could now study this great novelty, the chrysalis. I was impressed by his magnificent assurance. Knowing nothing of caterpillar, cocoon, chrysalis or their metamorphosis, Pasteur was out to regenerate the silkworm! The gymnasts of old went into their combats stark naked. This man of genius, fighting against the scourge ravaging the silkworm, also hastened to battle in like condition; that is to say, without being equipped with even the barest knowledge respecting the insect he was to rescue. I was dumbfounded—astonished.

What followed surprised me less. Another question with which Pasteur was concerned at the time was that of the improvement of wines by heating. Suddenly changing the subject, he said:

'Show me your cellar.'

My cellar! I who, on my ridiculous professor's pay, could not even afford ever so little wine, and had to be content with a sort of *piquette*, which I made myself by letting a handful of cask sugar ferment in a jar with a few grated apples. My cellar! Why not my casks, my cobwebby bottles, all ticketed with their age and vintage? My cellar!

I tried to turn the conversation, but he persisted.

'I should be obliged if you would let me see your cellar.'

There was no escape from such insistence. I pointed to a straw-seated chair in the corner of the kitchen: on the chair stood a demijohn holding perhaps a dozen litres of my home-made beverage.

'That's my cellar,' I said.

'What? *That* your cellar?'

'I have no other.'

'That's all you have?'

'Unfortunately, that's all I have.'

'Ah!'

Not another word did the *savant* utter. Pasteur, it was clear, had no acquaintance with the highly seasoned dish which the vulgar call *la vache enragée*. In other words, he knew nothing of what it was to be 'hard up.'

IV—Of Spiders

OF all insects there is none perhaps quite so full of interest as the spider, and, needless to say, Fabre studied the cunning, ferocious, laborious creature in all its varieties, all its aspects. The instinctive repulsion which most people feel at the sight of the spider and other unpleasant looking live things was completely absent with the great naturalist. Children will seldom show any sign of

repugnance at the sight, or even the touch of the 'crawliest' objects. When they 'grow up' a sense of disgust takes the place of the old curiosity and innocent confidence; but Fabre never did grow up; he was always a child, so far as his much-loved *petites bêtes* were concerned.

He relates, with evident sympathy, how Michelet, the famous historian and critic, when quite young, and serving his apprenticeship to a printer, at the back of a cellar, got on friendly terms with a spider. At a certain hour each day a ray of sunshine would penetrate the gloomy recesses of the rough workshop and light up the 'case' where the leaden letters were kept. Regularly at this time Michelet's little eight-legged neighbour would come down to the edge of the 'case' to share in the brightness. The boy let his visitor come and go, without interference, finding a pleasant diversion in watching its movements. As Fabre remarks, in his philosophic way: 'When man's society is lacking, we take refuge in that of the animals—without always losing by the exchange.'

While certain spiders—notably those that hunt their prey without the aid of the web—live five years, or even more, the 'common or garden' spider with which we are most familiar never sees the spring following that in which it was born. This variety is known as the Epeira, whose skill in web-making rouses the author's fullest admiration. As the result of incredible patience in his observation, he is able to describe with the utmost minuteness the process of construction, step by step, from start to finish. 'In wicked ingenuity,' he declares, 'the spider's snare may stand comparison with that of the bird-catcher; indeed, it surpasses it. What exquisitely delicate art is here employed, just to provide a bag of a few flies! Throughout the insect world nay, the entire animal creation the need of food has inspired no more cunning industry.'

Fabre's habit was, when he could, to confine his insects in one way or another, so that he might the more easily keep them under observation; but in the care of the garden spider, or Epeira, this was hardly practicable. However, he knew the haunt of each specimen well enough, and paid frequent visits thereto at all hours, many of his most successful investigations being made by lantern-light. On occasion he was witness of truly dramatic, not to say tragic, encounters. For example:

I observe a striped Epeira advancing towards the web of a silky Epeira which I had had under notice for several days on a certain bush. The legitimate occupant is at her usual post, in the centre of the web. Apparently quite impassive, she waits for the stranger, on whose arrival, however, there is immediate warfare of the fiercest kind. The silky spider has the worst of it. The invader binds her up, drags her on to the area where there is no glutin, and then proceeds to devour her, with all the coolness imaginable. Sucked absolutely dry at a meal lasting twenty-four hours, the empty shell of the unfortunate victim is then cast out of the web, which becomes the abode of the usurper.

What would happen, I asked myself, were two Epeiras of the same striped variety brought into conflict? The answer was soon forthcoming, when I put one of them in the web belonging to another. At once they fought with extreme ferocity. For awhile the issue hung in the balance, but at last the stranger, as before, was victorious, and she had not the least compunction in gobbling up her sister. The winner, of course, took possession of the loser's domicile.

Here, in all its horror, we behold 'the right of the strongest,' which is to eat one's fellow and take his property. In former times men did likewise; and among nations, if not among men, the process is observed even to this day, though the actual devouring may perhaps be omitted. Men ceased to dine off one another when it was found that the mutton cutlet had a better flavour.

V—A Word About Scorpions

The scorpion with which Fabre was most familiar was the Languedoc variety, which abounded in the hills of Villeneuve, beside the Rhône, facing Avignon; and it is characteristic of this untiring observer and student that it should have been quite late in his long life before he could find time to tackle the scorpion seriously and systematically. Fifty years before, he tells us, he had been attracted by the fierce, poisonous, armour-coated creature, and had resolved to make his fuller acquaintance some day. And it was half a century ere the opportunity arrived.

Our author draws a wide distinction between the scorpion of Languedoc, secure in his lair among the rocks and stones, and



JEAN HENRI FABRE AT WORK IN HIS STUDY

the ordinary roving, marauding black scorpion which, in certain seasons, will make its way into houses and even into beds. This sort is repulsive and alarming to the eye, but in reality not dangerous.

The other kind is much more interesting, and decidedly more formidable, on account of its tail, which terminates in a spike, or dart, charged with a poison deadly enough to kill most small animals on the spot, and capable of inflicting a nasty wound on any bare hand or foot.

In a large glass cage Fabre assembled a company of twenty-five scorpions, each provided with a little tiled shelter of its own, and it was the amusement of 'the insects' Homer' and his family to watch what went on therein after supper on fine spring evenings. When darkness came on a lantern was brought to lighten the scene.

Near the glass side of the cage, in the zone discreetly illuminated by the lantern, there is soon quite a large assemblage. Elsewhere, here and there solitary scorpions are roaming about, but on seeing the light they hurry out of the shadows into the brightness, which they evidently appreciate. In fact, they are attracted by the light just as moths are by a lamp. Presently all the inhabitants of the cage are assembled under the beams, and then there is a sort of sarabande quite fascinating to watch. . . . .

From time to time there is a tumult a confused mass of legs and claws and tails, meeting and bending, whether in caress or menace it were hard to tell. In the *mêlée* one may perchance perceive pairs of luminous points gleaming like carbuncles. One might take them for eyes darting fire; but in reality they are just facets in the front of the scorpion's head polished so smooth as to serve as reflectors. All the creatures, big and little, take part in the brawl. What looks like war to the knife, or general massacre, is no more than a jolly, kittenish gambol. Presently the group becomes disunited; each reveller goes his or her own way, without having received the slightest damage.

The Fabre family are spectators of many scenes less pleasant than this, as, for instance, the ruthless murder of a careless young scorpion, dragged by a hungry matron into her lair and devoured on the spot. Like the spider, the scorpion is an inveterate cannibal. Naturally, Fabre was determined, the study of the scorpion once begun, however late in life, to discover all that was to be discovered on the subject; and in all his investigations the study of everything concerning the production and care of the young had a foremost place.

In one text book he found it stated that Mrs. Scorpion's family cares began in the month of September. 'Ah!' he exclaims. 'How much better not to have consulted it at all!' After waiting two years Fabre one day quite accidentally made the discovery that July, not September, was the season when the little scorpions saw the light. From this he arrives again at the conclusion he has already reached on many occasions: 'Don't trust what you read, but see for yourself.'

MARTIN LUTHER

TABLE TALK

IN 1525 Luther married Catherine von Bora, who had been a Cistercian nun, and settled down to a happy and hospitable family life in Wittenberg. Among his visitors were many poor students, and these fervent disciples wrote down all they remembered of their master's conversation. This Table Talk has always enjoyed great popularity for its refreshing unreserve and frequent brilliance. It shows Luther to have been a true child of his age. His shrewdness, humour, plain, bold speech and his change of belief from an infallible Church to an infallible Bible appear in these conversations, as also do his narrowness of knowledge, asperity of temper and susceptibility to superstition. He must be judged by the mind of his times, not by modern standards. We give some of his strong opinions that have not borne the wear and tear of later ages; but they are more than balanced by teaching that is beautiful as well as true.

God's Word and Book



THAT the Bible is God's word and book I prove thus. Infinite potentates have raged against it and sought to destroy and uproot it—King Alexander the Great, the princes of Egypt and Babylon, the monarchs of Persia, of Greece and of Rome, the Emperors Julius and Augustus—but they nothing prevailed; they are all gone and vanished, while the book remains and will remain. Who has thus helped it? Who has thus protected it against such mighty forces? No one, surely, but God Himself, who is the Master of all things.

The Holy Scriptures are full of divine gifts and virtues. The books of the heathen taught nothing of faith, hope or charity; they present no idea of these things; they contemplate only the present, and that which man, with the use of his material reason, can grasp and comprehend. Look not therein for aught of hope and trust in God. But see how the Psalms and the Book of Job treat of faith, hope, resignation and prayer; in a word, the Holy Scripture is the highest and best of books, abounding in comfort under all afflictions and trials. It teaches us to see, to feel, to grasp and to comprehend faith, hope and charity as mere human reason cannot, and when evil oppresses us it teaches how these virtues throw light upon the darkness.

The multitude of books is a great evil. There is no measure or limit to the fever for writing. The Bible is now buried under so many commentaries that the text is nothing regarded. I could wish all my books were buried nine ells deep in the ground by reason of the ill example they will give. I would not have those who read my books, in these stormy times, devote one moment to them that they would otherwise have consecrated to the Bible itself.

God's Dealing With Us

HOW should God deal with us? Good days we cannot bear, evil we cannot endure. Gives He riches unto us—then we are proud, so that no man can live by us in peace; nay, we will be carried on heads and shoulders, and will be adored as gods. Gives He poverty to us—then are we dismayed, impatient and murmur against Him.

God only, and not wealth, maintains the world; riches merely make people proud and lazy. Great wealth cannot still hunger, but rather occasions more dearth, for where rich people are there things are always dear. Moreover, money makes no man right merry, but much rather pensive and full of sorrow; for riches, says Christ, are thorns that prick people. Yet is the world so made that it sets therein all its joy and felicity, and we are such unthankful slovens that we give God not so much as a *Deo Gratias*, though we receive of Him overflowing benefits, merely out of His goodness and mercy. No man can estimate the great charge



Martin Luther was born at Eisleben, November 10, 1483. In 1501 he entered the University of Erfurt, then the most famous in Germany and already affected by modernism, humanism and the anti-clerical Christian socialism of the Hussite propagandists. After three years in the Augustinian convent at Erfurt he was ordained in 1507, and in 1508 was sent to Wittenberg, where he became professor of theology. His work as a reformer began when, on November 1, 1517, he nailed on the door of the castle church of Wittenberg his Ninety-five Theses against the abuse of indulgences, and his final rupture with Rome was demonstrated in 1520 by the publication of his so-called Three Primary Treatises. Luther sternly discountenanced the social disturbances that accompanied the religious revolt and, after a long struggle with Pope and Emperor, devoted himself to reforms in public worship and to the organization of the policy of the Evangelical Church. Luther died at Erfurt, February 18, 1546, and was buried at Wittenberg. This portrait is from the painting by Lucæ Kranoe in the Uffizi Gallery.

God is at only in maintaining birds and such creatures, comparatively nothing worth. I am persuaded that it costs Him yearly more to maintain only the sparrows than the revenue of the French king amounts to.

Points from 'Popedom'

I MUCH marvel that the pope extols his church at Rome as the chief, whereas the church at Jerusalem is the mother; for there Christian doctrine was first revealed. Next was the church at Antioch, whence the Christians have their name. Thirdly, was the church at Alexandria; and still before the Romish were the churches of the Galatians, of the Corinthians, Ephesians, Philippians. Is it so great a matter that St. Peter was at Rome? Which, however, has never yet been proved, nor ever will be, whereas our blessed Saviour Christ Himself was at Jerusalem, where all the articles of our Christian faith were made.

Prayer in popedom is mere tongue-threshing; not prayer but a work of obedience. Hence the confused sea of howling and babbling in cells and monasteries, where they read and sing the psalms and collects without any spiritual devotion. Though I had done no more but only freed people from that torment, they might well give me thanks for it.

Kings and princes coin money only out of metals, but the pope coins money out of everything—indulgences, ceremonials, dispensations, pardons; 'tis all fish comes to his net. 'Tis only baptism escapes him, for children come into the world without clothes to be stolen or teeth to be drawn.

Patristic Literature

I WILL not presume to criticise too closely the writings of the fathers, seeing they are received of the church and have great applause, but whoso reads Chrysostom will find he digresses from the chief points and proceeds on other matters, saying nothing, or very little, of that which pertains to the business. St. Jerome wrote upon Matthew, upon the Epistles to the Galatians, and Titus, but, alas, very coldly. Ambrose wrote six books upon the first book of Moses, but they are very poor.

We must read the fathers cautiously, and lay them in the gold balance, for they often stumbled and went astray. Gregory expounds the five pounds mentioned in the Gospel, which the husbandman gave to his servant to put to use, to be the five senses, which the beasts also possess. The two pounds he construes to be the reason and understanding. Faithful Christians should heed only the embassy of our blessed Saviour Christ, and what He says.

None of the fathers of the church made mention of original sin until Augustine came, who made a difference between original and actual sin, namely, that original sin is to covet, to lust and to desire, which is the root and cause of actual sin.

Hints for Preachers

THE good preacher should know when to make an end. A preacher that will speak everything that comes into his mind is like a maid that goes to market and, meeting another maid, makes a stand, and they hold together a goose-market.

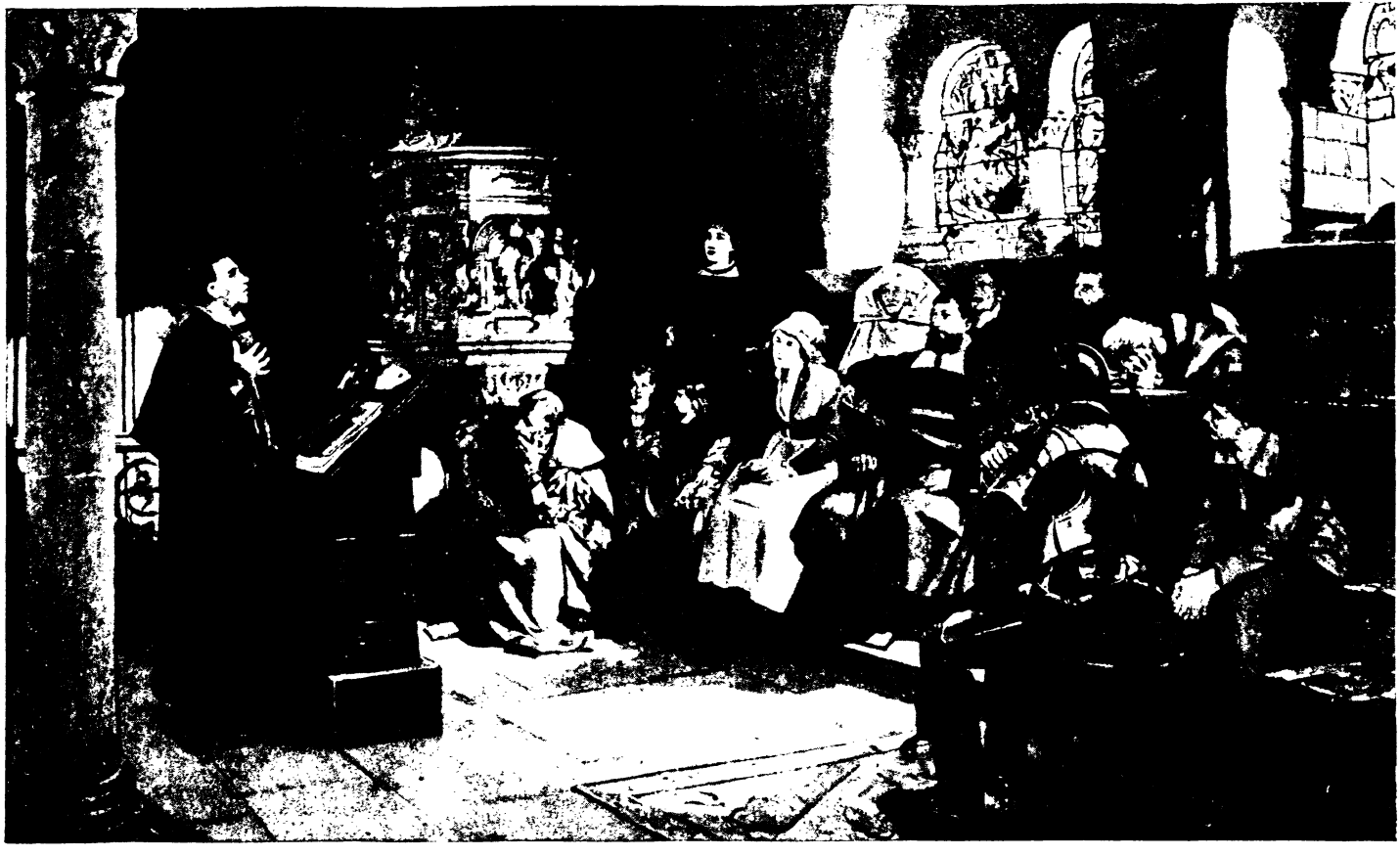
I would not have preachers in their sermons use Hebrew, Greek, or foreign languages, for in the church we ought to speak as we use to do at home, the plain mother tongue, which everyone is acquainted with. It may be allowed in courtiers, lawyers, advocates, etc., to use quaint, curious words. St. Paul never used such high and stately words as Demosthenes and Cicero used.

Ambition is the rankest poison to the church when it possesses preachers. It is a consuming fire.

When I preach I sink myself deep down. I regard neither doctors nor magistrates, of whom are here in this church above forty; but I have an eye to the multitude of young people, children and servants, of whom are more than two thousand. I preach to those. Will not the rest hear me?

Time's Forelock

IT is said Occasion has a forelock, but it is bald behind. Our Lord has taught this by the course of nature. A farmer must sow his barley and oats about Easter;



LUTHER PREACHING DURING HIS SECLUSION AT WARTBURG

From the painting by Vogel

if he defer it till Michaelmas it were too late. When apples are ripe they must be plucked from the tree or they are spoilt. Procrastination is as bad as over-hastiness. There is my servant Wolf, when four or five birds fall upon the bird-net he will not draw it; but says, 'Oh, I will stay until more come.' Then they all fly away, and he gets none.

Occasion is a great matter. Terence says well, 'I came in time, which is the chief thing of all.' Julius Caesar understood Occasion; Pompey and Hannibal did not. Boys at school understand it not, therefore they must have fathers and masters, with the rod, to hold them thereto, that they neglect not time and lose it. Many a young fellow has a school stipend for six or seven years, during which he ought diligently to study, but he thinks, 'Oh, I have time enough yet.' But I say, 'No, fellow; what little Jack learns not great John learns not.'

Occasion salutes thee, and reaches out her forelock to thee, saying, 'Here I am, take hold of me.' Thou thinkest she will come again. Then says she, 'Well, seeing thou wilt not take hold of my top, take hold of my tail,' and she flings away.

Modern Luxury

WHEREFORE serve or profit such superfluity, such show, such ostentation, such extraordinary luxurious kind of life as is now come upon us? If Adam were to return to earth and see our mode of living, our food, drink and dress, how would he marvel. He would say: 'Surely this is not the world I was in?' For Adam drank water, ate fruit from the trees and, if he had any house at all, 'twas a hut supported by four wooden forks; he had no knife or iron, and he wore simply a coat of skin. Now we spend immense sums in eating and drinking, now we raise sumptuous palaces and decorate them with a luxury beyond all comparison. The ancient Israelites lived in great moderation and quiet. Boaz says: 'Dip thy bread in vinegar and refresh thyself therewith.'

Ministers and Matrimony

I ADVISE in everything that ministers interfere not in matrimonial questions. First, because we have enough to do in our own office; secondly, because these affairs concern not the church, but are temporal things, pertaining to temporal magistrates; thirdly, because such cases are in a manner innumerable; they are very high, broad and deep, and produce many offences, which may tend to the shame and dishonour of the Gospel. Moreover, we are therein ill dealt with — they draw us into the business and then, if the issue is evil, the blame is laid altogether upon us. Therefore, we will leave them to the lawyers and magistrates.

Miscellaneous Topics

PHILIP MELANCTHON showing Luther a letter from Augsburg wherein he was informed that a very learned divine, a papist of that city, was converted and had received the Gospel, Luther said, 'I like best those that do not fall off suddenly, but ponder the case with considerate discretion, compare together the writing and arguments of both parties, and lay them on the gold balance, and in God's fear search after the upright truth; and of such fit people are made, able to stand in controversy. Such a man was St. Paul, who at first was a strict Pharisee and man of works, who stiffly and earnestly defended the law; but afterwards preached Christ in the best and purest manner against the whole nation of the Jews.'

As all people feel they must die, each seeks immortality here on earth, that he may be had in everlasting remembrance. Some great princes and kings seek it by raising great columns of stone and high pyramids, great churches, costly and glorious palaces and castles. Soldiers hunt after praise and honour by obtaining famous victories. The learned seek an everlasting name by writing books. With these and such like things people think to be immortal. But as to the true everlasting and incorruptible honour and eternity of God, no man thinks or looks after these things.

When two goats meet on a narrow bridge over deep waters how do they behave? Neither of them can turn back again, and neither can pass the other because the bridge is too narrow. If they should thrust one another they might both fall into the water and be drowned. Nature, then, has taught them that if one lays

himself down and permits the other to go over him both remain without hurt. Even so, people should endure to be trod upon rather than to fall into discord with one another.

I have always loved music; whoso has skill in this art, is of a good temperament, fitted for all things. We must teach music in schools; a schoolmaster ought to have skill in music, or I would not regard him; neither should we ordain young men as preachers, unless they have been well exercised in music. Kings and princes ought to maintain music, for great potentates and rulers should protect good and liberal arts and laws; though private people have desire thereunto and love it, yet their ability is not adequate. We read in the Bible that the good and godly kings maintained and paid singers. Music is the best solace for a sad and sorrowful mind; it expels melancholy, as we see in King Saul; by it the heart is refreshed and settled again in peace.

Strong Opinions Outworn by Time

I SHOULD have no compassion on witches; I would burn all of them. We read in the old law that the priests threw the first stone at such malefactors. Our ordinary sins offend and anger God. What then must be His wrath against witchcraft, which we may justly designate high treason against divine majesty, a revolt against the infinite power of God. The maladies I suffer are not natural but devils' spells.

Luther, taking up a caterpillar, said: 'Tis an emblem of the devil in its crawling walk, and bears his colours in its changing hue.'

The devil plagues and torments us in the place where we are most tender and weak. In Paradise he fell not upon Adam, but upon Eve. It commonly rains where it was wet enough before.

The anabaptists pretend that children, not as yet having reason, ought not to receive baptism. I answer: That reason in no way contributes to faith. Nay, in that children are destitute of reason they are all the more fit and proper recipients of baptism. For reason is the greatest enemy that faith has; it never comes to the aid of spiritual things.

Erasmus of Rotterdam is the vilest miscreant that ever disgraced the earth. He made several attempts to draw me into his snares, and I should have been in danger but that God lent me special aid. Erasmus was poisoned at Rome and at Venice with epicurean doctrines. His chief doctrine is that we must carry ourselves according to the time, or, as the proverb goes, hang the cloak according to the wind. I hold Erasmus to be Christ's most bitter enemy.

I never work better than when I am inspired by anger. When I am angry I can write, pray and preach well, for then my whole temperament is quickened, my understanding sharpened and all mundane vexations and temptations depart.

Characteristic Sayings

WHEN the abbot throws the dice, the whole convent will play.

When men blaspheme we should pray and be silent, and not carry wood to the fire.

When Jesus Christ utters a word, He opens His mouth so wide that it embraces all heaven and earth, even though that word be but in a whisper.

When I lay sucking at my mother's breast I had no notion how I should afterwards eat, drink and live. Even so we on the earth have no idea what the life to come will be.

The two sins, hatred and pride, deck and trim themselves out as the devil clothed himself in the Godhead. Hatred will be godlike; pride will be truth. These two are right deadly sins; hatred is killing, pride is lying.

The allegory of a sophist is always screwed; it crouches and bows itself like a snake, which is never straight, whether she go, creep, or lie still; only when she is dead, she is straight enough.

A scorpion thinks that when his head lies hid under a leaf he cannot be seen; even so the hypocrites and false saints think, when they have hoisted up one or two good works all their sins therewith are covered and hid.

Luther, holding a rose in his hand, said: 'Tis a magnificent work of God. Could a man make but one such rose as this he would be thought worthy of all honour, but the manifold gifts of God lose their value in our eyes from their very infinity.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT

QUENTIN DURWARD

IN mentioning Quentin Durward Scott speaks for the first time of himself as having been ill, and of Peveril of the Peak as having suffered through it. 'I propose a good rally, however,' he says, 'and hope it will have a powerful effect. My idea is a Scottish archer in the French king's guard, tempore Louis XI, the most picturesque of all times.' The novel, which was published in June 1823, was Scott's first venture on foreign ground, and is one of the finest romances in the language. It was coldly received by the British public, though it eventually attained a marvellous popularity. In Paris it created a tremendous sensation, similar to that produced in Edinburgh by the appearance of Waverley. The French public, long wearied of pompous tragedies and feeble romances, were delighted to find Louis XI and Charles the Bold brought to life by Scott. Other fine portraits are those of William de la Marck, Cardinal Balue and Philippe de Gomines, and the Bohemian scenes are noteworthy.

I—'Maitre Pierre'



IT was upon a delicious summer morning that a youth approached the ford of a small river near the royal castle of Plessis-les-Tours, in ancient Touraine.

The age of the young traveller might be about nineteen or twenty, and his face and person were very prepossessing. His smart blue bonnet, with sprig of holly and eagle's feather, was already recognized as the Scottish headgear.

Two persons loitered on the opposite side of the small river and observed the youth. "Hark, sir, he halloes to know whether the water be deep," said the younger of the two.

"Nothing like experience in this world," answered the other; "let him try."

The young man, receiving no hint to the contrary, entered the stream, and to one less alert in the exercise of swimming death had been certain, for the brook was both deep and strong. As it was, he was carried but a little way from the ordinary landing-place.

But the bonnie Scot turned wrathfully on the younger of the strangers for not warning him of the stream, and only the reproof of the elder prevented a violent quarrel.

"Fair son," he said, "from your accent and complexion you seem a stranger, and you should recollect your dialect is not so easily comprehended by us."

"Well, father," answered the youth, "I do not care much about the ducking I have had, provided you will direct me to some place where I can have my clothes dried, for it is my only suit and I must keep it somewhere decent."

"For whom do you take us, fair son?" said the elder stranger.

"For substantial burgesses," said the youth. "You, master, may be a money-broker or a corn-merchant."

"My business is to trade in as much money as I can," said the elder, smiling. "As to your accommodation we will try to serve you. It is but a short walk from hence to the village. Let me know your name, and follow me."

"My true name when at home is Quentin Durward," said the youth.

Proceeding along a path they came in sight of the whole front of the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours.

"I have some friend to see in this quarter," said Durward. "My mother's own brother, Ludovic Lesly—an honest and noble name."

"And so it is, I doubt not," said the old man. "But of three Leslies in the Scottish Guard two are called Ludovic."

"They call my kinsman Ludovic with the Scar," said Quentin.

"The man you speak of we, I think, call Le Balafré, from that scar on his face," answered his companion. "A proper man and a good soldier. Men call me Maître

Pierre—a plain man. I owe you a breakfast, Master Quentin, for the wetting my mistake procured you."

While they were speaking they reached the entrance of the village of Plessis, and presently approached the courtyard of an inn of unusual magnitude.

Maître Pierre lifted the latch of a side door and led the way into a large room, where arrangements had been made for a substantial breakfast. He whistled, and the landlord entered and bowed with reverence.

Quentin Durward had eaten little for two days, and Maître Pierre seemed delighted with the appetite of the young Scot, who indeed devoured an enormous repast. When his appetite had been satisfied, and the old man had put several questions, the door opened, and a girl, whose countenance, so young and so lovely, was graver, Quentin thought, than belongs to early beauty, entered with a platter and a cup of delicate workmanship.

"How now, Jacqueline?" said Maître Pierre. "Did I not desire that Dame Perette should bring what I wanted? But I blame thee not; thou art too young to be—what thou must be one day—a false and treacherous thing, like the rest of thy giddy sex. Here is a Scottish cavalier will tell you the same."

But Durward, with the feelings of youth, answered hastily, "That he would throw down his gage to any antagonist, of equal rank and equal age, who should presume to say such a countenance as that which he now looked upon could be animated by other than the purest and the truest mind."

The young woman grew deadly pale and cast an apprehensive glance upon Maître Pierre, in whom the bravado of the young gallant seemed only to excite laughter.

Jacqueline vanished, and Maître Pierre, after filling a goblet with silver pieces, and bidding Quentin Durward take it and remain in the hostelry until he had seen his kinsman, Le Balafré, also left the apartment.

Within a short time Ludovic Lesly, or Le Balafré (as he was generally known), a robust, hard-featured soldier, upwards of six feet high, was announced.

Quentin greeted his uncle, and the following day the youth was taken before Lord Crawford, the commander of the Scottish Archers, the king's bodyguard, and enrolled in that corps as esquire to Le Balafré

II—The Scottish Archer

QUENTIN, accompanying his uncle into the presence-chamber of Louis XI, started so suddenly that he almost dropped his weapon when he recognized in the King of France the merchant, Maître Pierre. No less astonished was he when the king, whose quick eye had at once discovered him, walked straight to the place where he was posted and, addressing Le Balafré, said, "Your kinsman is a fair youth, though a fiery. We love to cherish such spirits, and mean to make more than ever we did of the brave men who are around us."

A boar-hunt, wherein the life of Louis was saved from imminent danger by the courage and dexterity of Quentin Durward, brought the young Scot still further into royal favour.

"Thou hast begun thy wooderaft well," said the king; "and Maître Pierre owes thee as good an entertainment as he gave thee in the village yonder. I like thee, and will do thee good. Build on no man's favour but mine—not even on thine uncle's or Lord Crawford's—and say nothing of thy timely aid in this matter of the boar; for if a man makes boast that he has served a king in such a pinch, he must take the braggart humour for its own recompense."

So Quentin kept silence discreetly, and was rewarded by a gold chain from the king, by speedy promotion to the rank of free archer and by being employed to act as sentinel in the private gallery of Louis. And here he once more beheld the young lady whom he had seen at his memorable breakfast—Jacqueline. She proved to be the youthful Countess Isabelle, heiress of the rich earldom of Croye, who had fled, with her aunt, the Countess Hameline, from the overlordship of the Duke of Burgundy. Had death been the penalty Durward must needs have rendered to this beauty and her companion the same

homage which he paid to royalty. They received it as those who were accustomed to the deference of inferiors; but he thought that the young lady coloured slightly and seemed embarrassed.

Occupation and adventure now crowded upon Durward with the force of a spring tide.

Louis, anxious to be on good terms with Burgundy, induced the ladies of Croye to retreat from their concealment at the court of France, and to place themselves under the protection of the Prince Bishop of Liège. Durward was delighted when the king told him that he was selected, with four others under his command, to escort the Countess Isabelle and her companion to the little court of their relative the bishop in the safest and most secret manner possible.



COUNTESS ISABELLE BEFORE THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY

From the painting by A. Elmore, R.A.

They set out at midnight, and Lady Hameline soon interrogated the captain of her escort, and learnt that he was of noble birth.

"Methinks, my cousin," said the Lady Isabelle softly, "we must be safe under this young gentleman's safeguard."

The journey was accomplished, not without perils and hazards, and then, four days after the arrival at the bishop's palace, the townsmen of Liège rose in mad revolt and, led by a ferocious noble, William de la Marck, whom all men called the Wild Boar of Ardennes, overpowered the bishop's guards and seized the palace. The bishop himself was murdered by de la Marck's orders in his very dining hall; the Countess Isabelle escaped under Durward's protection, while the Countess Hameline remained to become the wife of the Wild Boar. The son of a burgher with whom Durward had made friends undertook to guide the Countess Isabelle and her companion to the frontiers of Burgundy.

"My resolution is taken," said the young lady; "I return to my native country, to throw myself on the mercy of Charles, Duke of Burgundy."

"And you resolve to become the bride, then, of the Count of Campo-bâsso, the unworthy favourite of Charles?" said Quentin, who had been told the reason why refuge had been sought with Louis.

"No, Durward, no!" said the Lady Isabelle; "to that hated condition all Burgundy's power shall not sink a daughter of the House of Croye. Burgundy may seize on my lands and fiefs, he may imprison my person in a convent, and worse than that I will endure ere I give my hand to Campo-basso. Ah, Durward, were I your sister, and could you promise me shelter in some of those

mountain glens which you love to describe, where, for charity, or for the few jewels I have preserved, I might lead an unharassed life, and forget the lot I was born to, that were indeed a prospect for which it were worth risk of further censure to wander farther and wider!"

The tenderness of voice with which the Countess Isabelle made this admission at once filled Quentin with joy and cut him to the very heart.

"Lady," he said at last, "I should act foully against my honour did I suffer you to think I have power in Scotland to afford you other protection than that of the poor arm which is now by your side. Our castle was stormed at midnight, and all were cut off that belonged to my name. Even had the King of Scotland a desire to do me justice, he dared not, for the sake of one poor individual, provoke a chief who rides with five hundred horse."

"Alas!" said the countess, "there is no corner of the world safe from oppression! No more of Scotland, then; no more of Scotland!"

The artificial distinction which divided the two lovers – for such we may now term them – seemed dissolved by the circumstance in which they were placed. For the present, the countess was as poor as the youth, and for her safety, honour and life she was exclusively indebted to his presence of mind, valour and devotion. They *spoke* not, indeed, of love, but the thoughts of it were on both sides unavoidable.

It was two hours after noon when a party of de la Marck's banditti appeared, and shortly after a body of men-at-arms under a knight's pennon. The former were soon put to rout by the superiority of the latter, whose banner Countess Isabelle recognized as that of the Count of Crèvecoeur, a noble Burgundian.

"Noble count!" said Isabelle, as Crèvecoeur gazed on her with doubt. "Isabelle of Croye, the daughter of your old companion in arms, Count Reinold of Croye, renders herself and asks protection from your valour."

"Thou shalt have it, fair kinswoman, were it against a host," said Crèvecoeur. "This is a rough welcome to your home, my pretty cousin, but you and your foolish match-making aunt have made such wild use of your wings of late that I fear you must be contented to fold them up in a cage for a little while. For my part, my duty will be ended when I have conducted you to the court of the duke, at Peronne."

III—A Prize for Honour

THE king had ventured, with a small company of his Scottish archers, to be his own ambassador to his troublesome subject the Duke of Burgundy, and Louis and Charles were together at Peronne when the news of the revolt at Liège was brought to them by Crèvecoeur, under whose escort the Countess Isabelle returned to the protection of her suzerain.

The countess was lodged in the convent of the Ursulines, and with the lady abbess and the Countess of Crèvecoeur attended the presence of the duke.

In vain Charles stormed and swore that she should marry whom he would.

"My lord," she replied, undismayed, "if you deprive me of my lands, you take away all that your ancestors' generosity gave, and you break the only bonds which attach us together. You cannot dispose of the hand of any gentlewoman by force."

The duke, with a urious glance, turned to his secretary.

"Write," he said, "our doom of forfeiture and imprisonment against this disobedient and insolent minion! She shall to the penitentiary, to herd with those whose lives have rendered them her rivals in effrontery!"

There was a general murmur.

"My lord duke," said Crèvecoeur, "this must be better thought on. We, your faithful vassals, cannot suffer such a dishonour to the nobility and chivalry of Burgundy. If the countess hath done amiss, let her be punished—but in the manner that becomes her rank and ours, who stand connected with her house."

The duke paused for a moment, and looked full at his counsellor with the stare of a bull. Prudence, however, prevailed over fury; he saw the sentiment was general in his council, and, being rather of

a coarse and violent, than of a malignant temper, felt ashamed of his own dishonourable proposal.

" You are right," he said, " Crèvecoeur, and I spoke hastily. Her fate shall be determined according to the rules of chivalry. Her flight to Liège hath given the signal for the bishop's murder. He that best avenges that deed, and brings us the head of the Wild Boar of Ardennes, shall claim her hand of us; and if she denies his right, we can at least grant him her lands, leaving it to his generosity to allow her what means he will to retire into a convent."

" Nay ! " said the countess. " Think; I am the daughter of Count Reinold—of your father's old, valiant and faithful servant. Would you hold me out as a prize to the best sword-player ? "

" Your ancestress," said the duke, " was won at a tourney—you shall be fought for in real *mêlée*. Only thus far, for Count Reinold's sake, the successful prizer shall be a gentleman of unimpeached birth and unstained bearings; but, be he such, and the poorest who ever drew the strap of sword-belt through the tongue of a buckle, he shall have at least the proffer of your hand. I swear it by my ducal crown. Ha, messires," he added, turning to the nobles present, " this at least is, I think, in conformity with the rules of chivalry ? "

Isabelle's remonstrances were drowned in a general and jubilant assent, above which was heard the voice of old Lord Crawford, regretting the weight of years that prevented his striking for so fair a prize.

Le Balafré dared not speak aloud in such a presence, but he muttered to himself, " Now, Saunders Souplejaw, hold thine own ! Thou always saidst the fortune of our house was to be won by marriage, and never had you such a chance to keep your word with us."

The Countess of Crèvecoeur softly whispered to Isabelle that perhaps the successful competitor might prove one who should reconcile to obedience. Love, like despair, catches at straws, and the tears of the Countess Isabelle flowed more placidly while she dwelt upon the hope this insinuation conveyed.

IV—The Winning of the Prize

KING LOUIS and his guards sallied from the gateway of Peronne, to join the Burgundian army under Duke Charles, which commenced at the same time its march against Liège. Ere the troops were fully on march Quentin Durward received from an unknown hand a billet which Lady Hameline had sent to the Countess Isabelle, mentioning that her William—as she called the Wild Boar—had determined, for purposes of policy, in the first action to have others dressed in his coat-armour, and himself to assume the arms of Orleans, with a bar sinister. Durward had also learnt from other sources that the rebels of Liège hoped to scatter confusion amongst the Burgundians by shouting *Vive La France !*

The battle began on the night of the arrival of the forces outside Liège, when de la Marck boldly sallied out and attacked the invaders. It was not till daybreak that the Burgundians began to show the qualities which belong to superior discipline, and the great mass of Liègeois were compelled to retreat, and at length to fly. Soon the whole became a confused tide of fighters, fliers and pursuers, which rolled itself towards the city walls and at last poured into the undefended breach through which the Liègeois had sallied.

Quentin had seen the arms of Orleans, and made more than human exertions to overtake the special object of his pursuit. Le Balafré and several of his comrades were with him, marvelling at the gallantry displayed by so young a soldier. On the very brink of the breach, de la Marck—for it was himself—succeeded in effecting a momentary stand. He had a mace of iron in his hand, before which everything seemed to go down.

Quentin singled him out, and ascended the ruins to measure swords with the Boar of Ardennes. A shout announced that the besiegers were entering the city at another point, and de la Marck endeavoured to effect a retreat, only to be prevented by Quentin, Le Balafré and their comrades. De la Marck found his retreat cut off, and bade his lieutenant break through if he could, and escape. " With me it is over."

he added. "I am man enough now that I am brought to bay to send some of these vagabond Scots to hell before me." About six of de la Marck's best men remained to perish with their master, and fronted the archers, who were not many more in number.

Quentin had but time to bid his uncle and comrades stand back, when de la Marck sprang upon him with a bound; light of foot and quick of eye, Quentin leaped aside.

They then closed like wolf and wolf-dog, their comrades on either side remaining inactive spectators, for Le Balafré roared out for fair play.

Although the blows of the despairing robber's mace fell like those of the hammer on the anvil, yet the quick motions and dexterous swordmanship of the young archer enabled him to escape, and to requite them with the point of his less noisy, though more fatal weapon; and that so often and so effectually that the huge strength of the Boar of Ardennes began to give way to fatigue, so wounded was he, but he fought on, unabated in courage and ire, and Quentin's victory seemed dubious and distant, when a female voice behind him called him by his name, ejaculating, "Help, help! for the sake of the blessed Virgin!"

QUENTIN turned his head and beheld a maiden, who with her family had aided him to escape with Isabelle, dragged forcibly along by a French soldier.

"Wait for me but one moment!" he exclaimed to de la Marck, and sprang to extricate the girl from her dangerous situation.

"I wait no man's pleasure," said de la Marck, flourishing his mace, and beginning to retreat.

"You shall wait mine, though, by your leave," said Balafré; "I will not have my nephew baulked." So saying, he instantly assaulted de la Marck with his two-handed sword.

Quentin was obliged to take the defenceless maiden to her father's house, and in the meantime the king and the Duke of Burgundy entered the city on horseback and dispatched orders to stop the sack of the city. When the terrified town was restored to some moderate degree of order, Louis and Charles proceeded to hear the claims which respected the county of Croye and its fair mistress. Doubt and mystery involved the several pretensions of those who claimed the merit of having dispatched the murderer of the bishop, for the rich reward promised brought death to all who were arrayed in de la Marck's resemblance.

IN the midst of conflicting claims Crawford pressed forward into the circle, dragging Le Balafré after him. "Away with your hoofs and hides, and painted iron!" cried Crawford. "No one, save he who slew the Boar, can show the tusks!"

He flung on the floor the bloody head, easily known as that of de la Marck, and instantly recognized by all who had seen him.

"Crawford," said Louis, "I trust it is one of my faithful Scots who has won this prize?"

"It is Ludovic Lesly, sire, whom we call Le Balafré," replied the old soldier.

"But is he noble?" said the duke. "Is he of gentle blood? Otherwise our promise is void."

"I will warrant him a branch of the tree of Rothes, as noble as any house in France or Burgundy," said Crawford.

"There is, then, no help for it," said the duke; "and the fairest and richest heiress in Burgundy must be the wife of a rude mercenary soldier."

"May it please your majesty and your grace," said Crawford. "I must speak for my countryman and old comrade. He hath acted by my advice, and resigns his claim to him by whom the Wild Boar was actually brought to bay, who is his maternal nephew, and is of the House of Durward, descended from that Allan Durward who was high steward of Scotland."

"Nay, if it be young Durward," said Crèvecoeur, "there is nothing more to be said. I have much reason to believe your grace will find her more amenable to authority than on former occasions. But why should I grudge this youth his preferment, since after all, it is sense, firmness and gallantry which have put him in possession of wealth, rank and beauty!"

THE GREAT INDIAN EPICS

Outlined by Professor T. Witton Davies

In the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, the two great epics of India, the mythological aspect of Brahmanism is presented. These mighty works are more universally read than any other literary work which is written in a Sanskrit language. This is especially true in the case of the Mahabharata, which, like the earliest Upanishads (see page 1841), contains, in the main, universal elements. Before proceeding with the perusal of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, the reader is advised to study the outline of the Books of Brahmanism as made for *The World's Great Books* by Professor T. Witton Davies and contained in pages 1833 to 1845, to which the present summary is complementary.

The Ramayana

Introduction



The Ramayana has been aptly described by Hopkins as the Old Testament of the Ramaite Vishnuites of the present day. The word Ramayana means 'The wandering of Rama,' and the poem gets its name because it describes the wandering life of Rama, the eldest son of Dasaratha, king of Ayodhya (the modern Oudh).

The poem abounds in beautiful descriptions of nature and of human life. It has a mythological sense, for Rama is an incarnation of Vishnu, being the seventh avatar of that god. It is on account of the religious meaning read into it that modern Hindus value it so much, and that Tulsi Das some 300 years ago wrote a Hindi version of the Ramayana—made, however, very freely—which is to-day read probably more generally than the Sanskrit original. The author of the latter is generally believed to be Valmiki, who is supposed to have lived about the beginning of the Christian era in the neighbourhood of Allahabad. Though in its form and wording the work mainly of one man, this beautiful poem crystallises the thoughts and aspirations of the people from whom it sprang. The influence of Buddhism is clearly seen in parts of this romantic poem. It cannot be older than A.D. 500, though it has parts as old as 500 B.C.

There is an admirable English version of the main portions by Romesh Dutt (Everyman's Library). An English translation of the Hindi Ramayana has been made by F. S. Growse (Allahabad, 1883), who has added valuable notes and interesting illustrations.

Outline of the Epic

In the long ago there ruled over the fair land of Ayodhya (Oudh) a king called Dasaratha, greatly beloved by his prosperous people. Of his four sons the eldest and best loved was Rama, who was greatly enamoured of Sita, the charming daughter of Janaka, king of the neighbouring people—the Videhas.

Janaka had, however, issued an edict that no one should win the hand of his daughter who could not bend his bow of brass. Rama, undertaking the task, strung the bow, and drew the cord with such violence that the weapon snapped in two, and so won the bride for whom his heart longed.

Dasaratha, on receiving tidings of his son's brilliant exploit, and of its fortunate issue, hastened to the court of Janaka, bringing with him jewels of gold and silver, horses and elephants and all manner of gifts. Preparations were at once made for the wedding of Rama and Sita, and at last the marriage day arrived. After the nuptials of Rama and Sita had been celebrated with great magnificence, Janaka gave to Rama's three brothers a sister and two cousins of Sita for wives.

The bridegrooms returned with their brides to the court of Dasaratha, where they were received with every sign of joy, and they all settled down in great happiness in their stately mansions. Before they had long returned, Dasaratha besought his son Bharat (half brother to Rama) to go and stay with his grandfather.

Dasaratha, feeling the growing infirmities of old age, urged his people to appoint Rama heir and regent; and the people, readily accepting their king's advice, acclaimed Rama as their future ruler. He himself spent the night in earnest prayer to the gods, and in deep contemplation over the sacred books (the Vedas). On the morrow, amid a scene of unrivalled joyous excitement, Rama was consecrated with the solemn rites of the priests.

THE queen mother, stepmother of Rama, and real mother of Bharat, was as proud of Rama as if he had been her own son, and rejoiced at his elevation. But the purest love can be turned into hate by jealousy and intrigue and, by a course of misrepresentation and subtle manœuvring, the queen's nurse turned the mind of her royal mistress against Rama, so that she departed to the chamber of mourning to brood over her grievance. Had Rama, after all, played her false? Was it merely due to his scheming that her own son had been driven away, and that he himself had been chosen to be the future king?

The king, Dasaratha, after much searching, found the queen, Kaikeya, trembling with passion, lying upon the cold pavement of the mourner's chamber. On her recovering herself, the king promised to grant whatever she prayed for, remembering her devoted and self-denying attentions to him in days that were passed. She immediately begged him to banish Rama, and to instal her son Bharat in his stead.

The king could do no other than comply, and the edict at once went forth, 'Rama must leave the country, and Bharat be restored and appointed regent instead of Rama.' Great was the sorrow of Dasaratha, of Kausalya, Rama's mother, and of all the people of the land at the departure of the noble minded and greatly loved Rama; and tears ran from every eye as his chariot sped out of sight. Sita, the faithful one, said to her husband, "Where thou art I must be, and if thou art banished I must be banished, too." Lakshman said, "My brother true, I shall be true to thee."

In the meantime, the aged Dasaratha died, uttering with his last breath a prayer that he might be forgiven for his treatment of Rama. On hearing of the death of his father, Bharat returned to his native home, but resolutely refused to act as king in the place of his brother Rama.

Wandering away into the jungle, he spent days and nights in holy meditation and in reading of the scriptures, when at length he came upon Rama, dressed as a hermit, who urged with great vehemence that Dasaratha's mandate must be obeyed, and that Bharat should at once return to sit on the vacant throne.

Bharat, after much protesting, came back to his country, and was enthroned amid manifestations of great splendour and popular enthusiasm. But he had brought with him the sandals of his beloved brother Rama, and these he placed and retained on the throne as a sign and symbol that the really lawful occupant of the throne was Rama, and not himself.

NOTWITHSTANDING their being in exile, Rama and Sita were perfectly happy in each other, and also in the fellowship of the ever faithful Lakshman.

After many wanderings in the Deccan, Rama settled down on the banks of the Godavari, near Bombay, where husband, wife and brother spent years of peace and contentment. But this state of peace was suddenly ruffled. One day a Raksha princess, wandering in those parts, was smitten with passion for Rama, and resolved to make him her husband, threatening to kill Sita and Lakshman. Finding her advances repulsed by the faithful husband and realizing also that Lakshman scornfully rejected her approaches, she stirred up in the mind of her brother Ravan, king of Ceylon, the resolve to woo Sita and to carry her off to his own country.

In this he was only too successful, although the chaste wife remained firmly loyal to her marriage vows.

Many and many were the days, and many the nights during which Rama sought the beloved one of his heart. In

the jungle he met the exiled king of the Vanars and helped him to regain his kingdom. In his gratitude the restored king sent henchmen in search of Sita, and one of them found her in close confinement in a garden of Asokas, at Ceylon.

He gave her as a token a ring on which letters of Rama's name were set in jewels and she, with her heart full of joy, took from her raven tresses a jewel, and gave it to him for Rama. He straightway hastened to Rama with it, who at once summoned all the forces he could command and marched against the king of Ceylon.

Sita was now rescued, but though his love for her was unabated, because she had been the captive of a foreign king he thought it not according to his religion to take her back to himself. In order that her chastity might be put beyond all question, Sita therefore prayed aloud to the gods that they might give some sign by which her character could be vindicated. She then walked bodily into a blazing fire, out of which she was borne unscathed by the fire god.

Seeing this divine witness borne to her stainless virtue, Rama clasped her to his bosom and they remained united until the separation of death. On their arrival home they were warmly welcomed by the people of Ayodhya, and by no one so much as by Rama's loyal brother, Bharat, who at once caused him to be set upon the throne.

Then there began that long and prosperous reign for which Rama's name is so greatly honoured; there was no poverty, no disease, not even death.

The Mahabharata

Introduction

THE word Mahabharata means The Great Bharata, the name of a well-known people in ancient India. The epic so called is a very long one, containing at least 220,000 lengthy lines. It is really an encyclopedia of Hindu history, legend, mythology and philosophy. Four fifths of the poem consist of episodes, some of them very beautiful, as the tale of Nala and his wife Damayanti. These have no primary connexion with the original, though they are worked in so deftly as to make the whole appear a splendid unity. For pathos, sublimity and matchless language, no poem in the world excels this.

It is arranged in eighteen books, all of which claim to have been composed by Vyasa—another name for the god Krishna—who is said also in the course of the epic to have composed the Vedas and the Puranas. This is, of course, mythology, and not literary history.

The historical nucleus underlying this poem is the conflict which raged in ancient India between two neighbouring tribes, the Kurus (or Kauravas) and the Pandavas. But this is worked up into another long tale into which and around which Brahman teachers and philosophers have woven a network of religious, theosophic and philosophic speculation. The tale is, in fact, made a vehicle for teaching Brahmanism as it existed in India in the first five centuries of our era, though much of the Mahabharata goes back to a thousand years or so B.C.

Outline of the Epic

THE descendants of Bharata, the king of Hastinapura, about sixty miles north of Delhi, were divided into two branches, the Kauravas and the Pandavas, each of which occupied the territory which had come down to it by inheritance. They lived together in peace and prosperity, worshipping the gods, studying the Vedas, and spending much time in meditation about higher things.

But there came a change for the worse. The Kauravas, not content with their own territory, looked with jealous eyes upon that of their kinsmen, the Pandavas. Soon their covetousness realized itself in action for, gathering their armed men together, they sprang suddenly upon the land of their neighbours, whom they disarmed previously by professions of friendship and good-will.

The Pandavas were conquered and driven into a far country, where they wandered homelessly and yet filled with

undying love for the old home of their fathers and with a resolve to regain at the first opportunity their ancestral territory.

With the help of as many princes and generals as they could win to their side they marched towards the land which they had lost, taking back by force what had been wrested from them by force. The two armies met face to face on the field of Kurukshetra (land of the Kurus), and the battle, which lasted eighteen days, was about to begin.

The father and king of the Kauravas, called Dhritarashtra, aged and blind, felt that he could not stand to witness the bloody affray. He accordingly accepted the offer of Vyasa (Krishna), a relative of both the contending parties, to have the entire course of events described to him when all was over, one Sangara being deputed to perform the task. The battle began and proceeded for ten long days when Bhrisma, the chief general of the Kauravas, fell.

At this point Sangara advanced to the old King Dhritarashtra to acquaint him with the course things had taken, and among the rest to recite to him a conversation which had taken place between Krishna and Arguna, the Pandavan prince and general.

It is this dialogue which constitutes the Holy Song, known as the Bhagavad Gita, or Krishna Song [the Krishna of this philosophic poem is, of course, the eighth avatar, or incarnation, of Vishnu].

The remaining books of the Mahabharata recount the subsequent incidents of the struggle in the remaining eight days it lasted. The Kauravas were destroyed, the only survivors being the Pandavas and Krishna with his charioteer. The many dead that were left on the field were buried with the rites of religion.

Bhrisma, leader of the Kauravas, instructs Yudhishthira on the duties of kings and other topics. The poem then ends.

BHAGAVAD GITA

The Holy Song of Brahmanism

THIS poem forms one of the finest episodes in the great Iliad of India and, in fact, is hardly surpassed for profound thought, deep feeling and exquisite phrasing in the whole literature of India. Telang holds that the song is at least as old as the fourth century, and is inclined to regard it as an original part of the epic. According to most scholars, however, the Divine Song was added at a later period, and, in fact, in its present form it is scarcely older than A.D. 500.

The Bhagavad Gita is so thoroughly Brahmanic in its teaching that there can be little doubt but that this song was introduced in order to convey the teaching of Brahmanism prevalent at the time. The German scholar, Dr. Lorinser, has tried to prove that the author of this song had a knowledge of the New Testament and used it. The following passages are pointed out by him as dependent on New Testament passages.

BHAGAVAD GITA	NEW TESTAMENT
I am exceedingly dear to the wise man; he also is dear to me.	He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him (John xiv. 21).
I am the way, supporter, lord, witness, abode, refuge, friend.	I am the way, the truth, and the life (John xiv. 6). I am the first and the last (Rev. i. 17).
I never depart from him (the true Yogis); he never departs from me.	He dwelleth in Me and I in him (John vi. 56).
They who worship me with true devotion, are in me and I in them.	I in them and thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one (John xvii. 23).
Be assured that he who worships me perishes not.	Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life (John iii. 16).
I am the beginning and the middle and the end of existent things.	I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending (Rev. i. 8).
I will deliver them free from all sin; do not grieve.	Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee (Matt. ix. 2).
He who knows me as unborn and without beginning, the mighty Lord of the World, he among mortals is undeluded, he is delivered from all sins.	This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent (John xvii. 3).
What sacrifice, almsgiving, or austerity is done without faith is evil.	Whatsoever is not of faith is sin (Rom. xiv. 23).
That man obtains the perfect state who honours by his proper work him from whom all things have issued, and by whom this All was spread out.	Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God (1 Cor. x. 31).

See translations by K. T. Telang, M.A., in the Sacred Books of the East (Oxford University Press), and the Rev. John Davies, M.A.; also the version by Romesh Dutt, published, with the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, in Everyman's Library.

Outline of Bhagavad Gita

THE blind old father of the Kauravas asked Sangara to tell him how the battle had gone. He replied that, just as the fighting began, Krishna, the Heaven-Born One, stationed his glorious chariot between the armies and entered into a

long conversation with Arguna, the prince-general of the Pandavas.

Said Arguna, "My grief at seeing these kindred peoples at war is beyond bearing, and the omens are unfavourable. I long not for victory, but for peace and for the prosperity of all. Behold in battle array grandfathers, fathers, sons, friends and allies. We have resolved to commit a great sin, to slay our kindred and associates, and all for lust of wealth and power."

The Holy One (Krishna) said in reply, "Thou grievest for those who need no grief of thine; yet are thy words words of wisdom. The wise have no grief for dead or living; know thou, O Arguna, that the man who has knowledge of the Eternal and Absolute One will never more be born, nor will he know death. As one puts away an old used garment, putting on a new one, so the self in a man puts away the old body and assumes one that is new. He, the Everlasting One, is unchanging and inconceivable. Be not thou grieved and have no fear. If slain in the battle, thou shalt reach endless bliss in heaven. If victorious, thou shalt have happiness on the earth; get thee, therefore, honoured one, to the fight and have no care for pleasure or pain.

"Some obtain comfort from what the Vedas promise with reference to eternal bliss. But these very Vedas teach that a man should strive at self-mortification and advancement in virtue with no regard to any reward. The final good after which men are chiefly to aim is a state of supreme indifference and contempt."

"But," asked Arguna, "what, pray, is that state of equipoise of spirit which thou urgest?"

Said the Holy One, "There is a two-fold law: that of the Sankhyas, or intellectual devotion, and that of Yogis, or practical devotion. Men must strive after the highest knowledge, that of Brahma, and also seek after right conduct." "What," asked Arguna, "is the cause of sin?" To which the Holy One replied, "Love and hatred, for hatred is begotten of love, and ignorance of moral distinctions and of anger; from all this comes unreasonableness and resulting ruin. A man's knowledge carries always with it desire, as the fire smoke. The senses are great, and the intellect still greater, but greatest of all is the Eternal Essence, Brahma.

"Many," said the Holy One, "are my births, and I know them; many too, are thine, but thou knowest them not. I am born from age to age for the defence of the virtuous and the undoing of the wicked. He who believes in my divine birth and work has no second birth, but enters me and abides with me for ever. Know me as the creator of all castes, know me also as the Eternal one that creates nothing. Faith brings with it knowledge, and knowledge contentment. Without knowledge and faith the soul is lost."

Arguna asked, "How fares it with the man who is not able to suppress his lower instincts and to undergo the discipline of Yogis? Is he, for this, to be undone for ever?"

"No," replied the Holy One, "neither in this world nor in the next is he lost. The virtuous man does not enter an evil state. He reaches that heaven provided for all the good, and is born thereafter with higher moral capacities, with which, and by means of the knowledge gained in his previous existence, he rises to greater perfection; so that after many births he reaches absolute perfection and is united for ever with Brahma. But learn thou my higher nature; what thou seest is my lower, for I am divine and human. All the world came forth from me, and I will at the last destroy it. Higher than I does not exist. I am taste, light, moon, sun; I am the mystic OM; I am the mystic seed from which all things grow. He that offers sacrifice to inferior gods goes after death to those gods, but they that worship me come to me."

"What," asked Arguna, "is Brahma, the supreme spirit, the supreme sacrifice?"

The Holy One answered, "He is the Supreme, the Indestructible One. I am the Supreme sacrifice in my present body.

"Hear now, Son of Pritha," said the Holy One. "If thy heart be fixed on me, and thou seekest refuge in me, thou shalt know me fully, and I shall reveal to thee the perfect knowledge of God and man. There are countless myriads of men in this world, but few there are who seek after perfection, and fewer still who obtain it."

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS

GARGANTUA AND PANTAGRUEL

PRODUCED at intervals amid his other vocations, Rabelais's one great work in literature is a series of chronicles narrating the adventures of two mythical giants, Gargantua and Pantagruel, which appeared between 1533 and 1564. Superficially viewed, these chronicles are nothing but an immense, rambling burlesque in which the author's amazing humour runs riot amid the wildest extravagances. But Rabelais was not only a great humorist; he was also one of the boldest and most progressive thinkers of his time, and with all its humour the work is also the vehicle of the most bitter political and religious satire. The theologians perceived the revolutionary potency of its teaching, with the result that the fourth book was condemned by the Sorbonne. Rabelais is one of the few great French writers whose work is closely connected with English literature. But what he borrowed from Sir Thomas More, he generously repaid to Shakespeare, Swift and Sterne. There are various modern reprints of Sir Thomas Urquhart's famous translation of Gargantua from which our version is adapted.

I—The Horrific Life of the Great Gargantua



GRANGOUSIER was a right merry fellow in his time, and he had as great a love as any man living in the world for neat wine and salt meat. When he came to man's estate he married Gargamelle, daughter to the king of the Parpaillons, a jolly wench and good looking, who died in giving birth to a son.

They had gone out with their neighbours in a hurl to Willow Grove, and there on the thick grass they danced so gallantly that it was a heavenly sport to see them so frolic. Then began flagons to go, gammons to trot, goblets to fly, and glasses to rattle.

"Draw, reach, fill, mix. Give it to me—without water; so, my friend. Whip me off this bowl gallantly. Bring me some claret, a full glass running over. A truce to thirst! By my faith, gossip, I cannot get in a drinking humour! Have you caught a cold, gammer? Let's talk of drinking. Which was first, thirst or drinking? Thirst, for who would have drunk without thirst in the time of innocence? I do, as I am a sinner. I drink to prevent thirst, I drink for the thirst to come. Let's have a song, a catch; let us sing a round. Drink for ever, and you shall never die! When not drinking I am as good as dead. Nature abhors a vacuum. Swallow it down, it is wholesome medicine!"

It was at this moment that Gargantua was born. He did not whimper as other babes use to do, but with a high, sturdy and big voice, he shouted out, "Drink, drink, drink!" The sound was so great that it rang over two counties.

I am afraid that you do not thoroughly believe in the truth of this strange nativity. Believe it or not, I do not care. But an honest man, a man of good sense, always believes what is told him and what he finds written. So great was Gargantua, even when a babe of a day old, that seventeen thousand nine hundred and thirteen cows were required to furnish him with milk. By the commandment of his father, he was brought up and instructed in all convenient discipline, and spent his time like the other children of the country—that is, in drinking, eating and sleeping; in eating, sleeping and drinking; and in sleeping, drinking and eating.

In his youth he studied hard under a very learned man, called Master Tubal Holofernes, and, after studying with him for five years and three months, he learnt so much that he was able to say the alphabet backwards. About this time the king of Numidia sent to Grangousier the hugest and most enormous mare that was ever seen. She was as large as six elephants, and of a burnt sorrel colour with dapple grey spots; but, above all, she had a horrible tail.

When Grangousier saw her, he said, "Here is the very thing to carry my son to Paris. He shall go there and learn what the study of the young men of France is, and in time to come he shall be a great scholar!"

The next morning, after, of course, drinking, Gargantua set out on his journey. He passed his time merrily along the highway, until he came a little above Orleans, in which place there was a forest five-and-thirty leagues long and seventeen wide. This forest was most horribly fertile and abundant in gadflies and hornets, so that it was a very purgatory for asses and horses. But Gargantua's mare handsomely avenged all the outrages committed upon beasts of her kind. For as soon as she entered the forest, and the hornets gave the attack, she drew out her tail and swished it about, and swept down all the trees with as much ease as a mower cuts grass. And since then there has been neither a forest nor a hornet's nest in that place, for all the country was reduced to pasture land.

At last Gargantua came to Paris, and inquired what wine they drank there and what learning was to be had. Everybody in Paris looked upon him with great admiration. For the people of this city are by nature so idle and good-for-nothing that a mountebank, a pardoner come from Rome to sell indulgences, or a fiddler in the crossways, will attract together more of them than a good preacher of the Gospel. So troublesome were they in pursuing Gargantua that he was compelled to seek a resting-place on the towers of Notre Dame. There he amused himself by ringing the great bells, and it came into his mind that they would serve as cowbells to hang on the neck of his mare, so he carried them off to his lodging.

At this all the people of Paris rose up in sedition. They are, as you know, so ready to uproars and insurrections that foreign nations wonder at the stupidity of the kings of France in not restraining them from such tumultuous courses, seeing the manifold inconveniences which thence arise from day to day. Believe for a truth that the place where the people gathered together was called Nesle; there, after the case was proposed and argued, they resolved to send the oldest and most able of their learned men unto Gargantua to explain to him the great and horrible prejudice they sustained by the want of their bells. Thereupon Gargantua put up the bells again in their place, and in acknowledgment of his courtesy the citizens offered to maintain and feed his mare as long as he pleased.

For some years Gargantua studied at Paris under a wise and able master, and grew expert in manly sports of all kinds, as well as in learning of every sort. Then he was called upon to return to his country to take part in a great and horrible war.

II—The Marvellous Deeds of Friar John

THE war began in this way. At the time of the vintage the shepherds of Grangousier's country were set to guard the vines and hinder the starlings from eating the grapes. Seeing some cake-bakers of Lerné passing down the highway with ten or twelve loads of cakes, the shepherds courteously asked them to sell some of their wares at the market price. The cake-bakers, however, were in no way inclinable to the request of the shepherds; and, what is worse, they insulted them hugely, calling them gabblers, broken-mouths, carrot-pates, tunbellies, fly-catchers, sneakbies, jolt-heads, slabberdegullion druggels and other defamatory epithets. And when one honest shepherd came forward with the money to buy some of the cakes, a rude cake-baker struck him a rude lash with a whip. Thereupon some farmers and their men, who were watching their walnuts close by, ran up with long staves and thrashed the cake-bakers as if they had been green rye.

When they were returned to Lerné the cake-bakers complained to their king, Picrochole, saying that all the mischief was done by the shepherds of Grangousier. Picrochole incontinently grew angry and furious and, without making any further question, he had it cried throughout his country that every man, under pain of hanging, should assemble in arms at noon before his castle. Thereupon, without order or measure, his men took the field,



ALL IN PARIS LOOKED ON GARGANTUA
From the drawing by Gustave Doré

ravaging and wasting everything wherever they passed through. All that they said to any man that cried them mercy, was, "We will teach you to eat cakes!"

Having pillaged the town of Seuillé, they went on with horrible tumult to an abbey. Finding it well barred and made fast, seven companies of foot and two hundred lances broke down the walls of the close and began to lay waste the vineyard. The poor devils of monks did not know to what saint to pray and they made processions and said litanies against their foes.

But in the abbey at that time was a cloister-monk named Friar John of the Trenchermen, young, gallant, frisky, lusty, nimble, quick, active, bold, resolute, tall, wide-mouthed and long-nosed; a fine mumbler of matins, a fair runner through masses and a great scourer of vigils—a true monk, if ever there was one since the monking world monked a monkery.

This monk, hearing the noise that the enemy made in the vineyard, went out to see what they were doing and, perceiving that they were gathering the grapes out of which next year's drink of the abbey ought to be made, he grew mighty angry.

"The devil take me," he cried, "if they have not already chopped our vines so that we shall have no drink for years to come! Did not St. Thomas of England die for the goods of the Church? If I died in the same cause should I not be a saint likewise? However, I shall not die, but make other men to do so."

Throwing off his monk's habit, he took up a cross made out of a sour apple-tree, which was as long as a lance, and with it he laid on lustily upon his enemies. He scattered the brains of some, and the legs and arms of others. He broke their necks; he had off their heads; he smashed their bones; he caved in their ribs; he impaled them, and he transfixed them. Believe me, it was the most horrible spectacle that ever man saw. So great was the cry of the wounded that the prior and all his monks came forth, and seeing the poor wretches hurt to death, began to confess them. But when those who had been shriven tried to depart, Friar John felled them with a terrible blow, saying, "These men have had confession and are repentant, so straight they go into Paradise!"

Gargantua, who had come from Paris to help his father against Picrochole, heard of the marvellous feats of Friar John, and sought his aid, and by means of it utterly defeated the enemy.

III—The Abbey of Thelema

GARGANTUA was mightily pleased with Friar John, and he wanted to make him abbot of several abbeys in his country. But the monk said he would never take upon him the government of monks. "Give me leave," he said, "to found an abbey after my own fancy."

The notion pleased Gargantua, who thereupon offered him all the country of Thelema by the river of Loire. Friar John then asked Gargantua to institute his religious order contrary to all others. At that time they placed no women in nunneries save those who were ugly, ill-made, foolish, humpbacked, or corrupt; nor put any men into monasteries save those that

were sickly, ill-born, simple-witted and a burden to their family.

Therefore, it was ordained that into this abbey of Thelema should be admitted no women that were not beautiful and of a sweet disposition, and no men that were not handsome, well-made and well-conditioned. And because both men and women that are received into religious orders are constrained to stay there all the days of their lives, it was therefore laid down that all men and women admitted to Thelema should have leave to depart whenever it seemed good to them. And because monks and nuns made vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, it was appointed that those who entered into the new order might be rich and honourably married and live at liberty.

All the life of the Thelemites was laid out according to their own free will. They rose from their beds when it seemed good to them; they drank, worked, ate, slept, when the wish came upon them. No one constrained them in anything, for so had Gargantua established it. Their rule consisted of this one clause:

DO WHAT THOU WILT

Because men who are free, well-born, well-bred, conversant in honest company, have by nature an instinct and a spur that always prompt them to virtue, and this they style honour. When any man wished to leave the abbey, he carried with him one of the ladies who had taken him for her servant, and they were married; and if they had formerly lived together in Thelema in devotion and friendship, still more did they so continue in wedlock; insomuch that they loved one another to the end of their lives, as on the first days of their marriage.

IV—Pantagruel and Panurge

At the age of four hundred four score and forty-four years, Gargantua had a son by his wife, Badebec, daughter of one of the kings of Utopia. And because in the year that his son was born there was a great drought, Gargantua gave him the name of Pantagruel; for *panta* in Greek is as much as to say 'all,' and *gruel* in the Arabic language has the same meaning as 'thirsty.' Moreover, Gargantua foresaw, in the spirit of prophecy, that Pantagruel would be the ruler of the thirsty race.

Like his father, Pantagruel went to Paris to study. There, his spirit among his books was like fire among heather, so indefatigable was it and ardent.



GARGANTUA WITH HIS MEN FIGHTS PICROCHOLE AND HIS CAKE-BAKERS
From the drawing by Gustave Doré



FRANÇOIS RABELAIS (c. 1490-c. 1553) was born at Chinon in Touraine, and educated for the church, entering a Franciscan monastery in 1509. In 1524 he transferred himself to the Benedictine order, in which he remained till 1530. He then took up the study of medicine, lectured, edited medical works and practised in the hospitals at Lyons. In 1534 he accompanied Cardinal du Bellay on a mission to Italy, which country he visited on several other occasions. In 1546-7 he was town physician at Metz, and from 1550-52 curé of Meudon. He removed to Paris in 1553 and died there, it is supposed, shortly after his arrival.

One day as Pantagruel was taking a walk without the city he met a man of a comely stature and elegant in all the lineaments of his body, but most pitifully wounded, and clad in tatters and rags.

"Who are you, my friend?" said Pantagruel. "What do you want, and what is your name?"

The man answered him in German, gibberish, Italian, English, Basque, Lantern-language, Dutch, Spanish, Danish, Hebrew, Greek, Breton and Latin.

"Well, well, my friend," replied Pantagruel, when the man had come to an end, "can you speak French?"

"That I can very well, sir," he replied, "for my name is Panurge, and I was bred and born in Touraine, which is the garden of France. I have just come from Turkey, where I was taken prisoner, and my throat is so parched and my stomach so empty that if you will only put a meal before me, it will be a fine sight to see me walk into it."

Pantagruel had conceived a great affection for the wandering scholar, and he took him home and set a great store of food before him. Panurge ate right on until the evening, went to bed as soon as he finished, and slept till dinner-time next day, so that he only made three steps and a jump from bed to table. Panurge was of a middle height, and had a nose like that of the handle of a razor. He was a very gallant and proper man in his person, and the greatest thief, drinker and roysterer in Paris. With all that, he was the best fellow in the world, and he was always contriving some mischief or other.

Pantagruel, being pleased with him, gave him the Castellany of Salmigondin, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789 royals of certain rent; besides the uncertain revenue of cockchafers and snails, amounting one year with another to the value of 2,435,768, or 2,435,769 French crowns of Berry.

The new castellan conducted himself so well and prudently that in less than fourteen days he wasted all the revenue of his castellany for three whole years. Yet he did not throw it away in building churches and founding monasteries, but spent it in a thousand little banquets and joyful festivals, keeping open house for all good fellows who came that way.

PANTAGRUEL being advertised of the affair was in no wise offended. He only took Panurge aside, and sweetly represented to him that if he continued to live in this manner it would be difficult at any time to make him rich.

"Rich?" answered Panurge. "Have you undertaken the impossible task to make me rich? Be prudent, like me, and borrow money beforehand, for you never know how things will turn out."

"But," said Pantagruel, "when will you be out of debt?"

"The Lord forbid I should ever be out of debt," replied Panurge. "Are you indebted to somebody? He will pray night and morning that your life may be blessed, long and prosperous. Fearing to lose his debt, he will always speak good of you in every company; moreover, he will continually get new creditors for you, in the hope that through them you will be able to pay him."

To this Pantagruel answering nothing, Panurge went on with his discourse, saying, "To think that you should run full tilt at me and twit me with my debts and

creditors! In this one thing only do I esteem myself worshipful, reverend and formidable. I have created something out of nothing—a line of fair and jolly creditors. Imagine how glad I am when I see myself, every morning, surrounded by them, humble, fawning and full of reverence. You ask me when I will be out of debt. May the good Saint Babolin snatch me if I have not always held that debt was the connexion and tie between the heavens and the earth. A world without debts! Everything would be in disorder. Faith, hope and charity would be quite banished. And what would happen to our bodies? The head would not lend the sight of its eyes to guide the hands and the feet; the feet would refuse to carry the head, and the hands would leave off working for it. Life would go out of the body, and the chafing soul would take its flight after my money.

"On the contrary, I shall be pleased to represent unto your fancy another world, in which everyone lends and everyone owes. Oh, how great will be the harmony among mankind! There will be peace among men; love, affection, fidelity, feastings, joy and gladness; gold, silver and merchandise will trot from hand to hand. There will be no suits of law, no wars, no strife. All will be good, all will be fair, all will be just. Believe me, it is a divine thing to lend, and an heroic virtue to owe. Yet this is not all. We owe something to posterity."

"What is that?" said Pantagruel.

"The task of creating it," said Panurge. "I have a mind to marry and get children."

"We must consult the Oracle of the Divine Bottle," exclaimed Pantagruel, "before you enter on so dangerous an undertaking. Come, let us prepare for the voyage."

V—*The Divine Bottle*

PANTAGRUEL knew that the Oracle of the Divine Bottle could only be reached by a perilous voyage in unknown seas and strange islands. But, undismayed by this knowledge, he fitted out a great fleet at St. Malo, and sailed beyond the Cape of Good Hope to Lantern Land. As they were voyaging along, beyond the desolate land of the Popefigs and the blessed island of the Papemanes, Pantagruel heard voices in the air, and the pilot said, "Be not afraid, my lord! We are on the confines of the frozen sea, where there was a great fight last winter between the Arimaspians and the Nepheliabetes. All the din of battle froze in the air, and now that the warm season is come it is melting into sound."

"Look," said Pantagruel, "here are some that are not yet thawed." And he threw on deck great handfuls of frozen words, seeming like sugar-plums of many colours. Panurge warmed some of them in his hands, and they melted like snow into a barbarous gibberish. Panurge prayed Pantagruel to give him some more, but Pantagruel told him that to give words was the part of a lover.

"Sell me some, then," cried Panurge.

"That is the part of a lawyer," said Pantagruel. But he threw three or four more handfuls of them on the deck, and as they melted all the noises of the battle rang about the ship.

From this point Pantagruel sailed straight for Lantern Land, and came to the desired island in which was the Oracle of the Bottle. On the front of the Doric portal was engraved in fine gold the sentence: 'In Wine, Truth.' The noble priestess, Bacbuc, led Panurge to the fountain in the temple, within which was placed the Divine Bottle.

The priestess then filled some small leather vessels with this fantastic water, and gave them to Panurge and Pantagruel, saying: "If you have observed what is written above the temple gates, you at last know that truth is hidden in wine. Be yourselves the expounders of your undertaking, and now go, friends, in the protection of that intellectual sphere, the centre of which is in all places and the circumference nowhere, which we call God. For all philosophers and ancient sages have considered two things necessary for the sure and pleasant pursuit of the way of divine knowledge and choice of wisdom—the goodness of God and the company of men.

"Now go, in the name of God, and may He guide you."

CHARLES MONTAGU DOUGHTY

ARABIA DESERTA

Outlined by Edward Garnett

DURING the two and a half years he spent alone among the Arabs, Doughty made notes of their mode of life and of the scenic features of the country, writing by night and keeping his manuscript hidden. On leaving Arabia he worked for six or seven years on this material, being, however, little inspired by the usual reasons which prompt travellers to relate their experiences. His sole purpose was to write a serious literary composition which should 'redeem English from the slough into which it had fallen since the time of Elizabeth.' The manuscript of Arabia Deserta was declined by several publishers before it was brought out by the Cambridge University Press in 1888, and the book won its way to fame very slowly although a few discerning critics hailed it as a masterpiece. The complete edition of Arabia Deserta, with an introduction by T. E. Lawrence, is published by Jonathan Cape at 30s. and an abridged edition, Wanderings in Arabia, arranged by Edward Garnett, is published by Duckworth at 15s.

I—The Man and the Book



ARABIA DESERTA is one of the great books of the world. In the literature of travel it stands alone. So far as a country and a people can be enclosed in a book, Arabia, its soil, atmosphere, humanity, living creatures, vegetation and products are mirrored in Arabia Deserta. That it came to be written is one of the lucky accidents in the history of literature.

Its author, Charles Montagu Doughty, born August 19, 1843, of an old Suffolk landed family, after taking a degree in natural science at Cambridge spent ten years wandering on the Continent, studying many languages, passing finally from Greece to Syria, Palestine, Egypt and Sinai. On a visit to Petra and Maan he heard of ancient sculptured cliff-monuments bearing strange inscriptions, at Medain Salih, which lay a few days' journey southwards. But for danger of the wild Beduins Doughty, after a year's endeavour, could find no other means of reaching the monuments than to journey thither (November 1876) in the great Damascus Caravan to Mecca. The British Consul at Damascus having declined to help him or take cognisance of his Arabian journey, and the Turkish Haj officers not being favourable, Doughty disguised himself as a poor Syrian and bargained with a Persian camel-master to see him safely to Medain Salih. But his disguise was generally penetrated long before the three weeks' journey was out, and it had become known to the Pasha commander on the first day that a Nasrâny or Christian was accompanying the Caravan. The search made for him was ineffectual, for the Persian did not betray the Englishman's presence.

Much of the Peraea, Ammon and Moab, and of the Flint Land, or Arabia Petraea, had been traversed by Doughty months previously, and in Chapters I and II he gives an extraordinarily graphic, full and recondite description of these Biblical lands, Moab and Edom, of their inhabitants, antiquities and ruined state. Consider the rigorous strength of this passage describing the Mountain of Edom:

> Here, the 19-20 November, our tents are stiffened by the night's frost. Mount Seir or J. Sherra before us (*sherra* is interpreted high), is high and cold, and the Arabs' summer clothing is as nakedness in the winter season. The land is open, not a rock or tree or any good bush to bear off the icy wind; it is reported, as a thing of late memory, that wayfaring companies and their cattle have starved, coming this way over in the winter months. In the night they perished together, and the men were found lying by the cold ash-pits of their burnt-out watch-fires.
>
> Not far from this wady, in front, begins that flint beach, which lies strewn over great part of the mountain of Esau; a stony nakedness blackened by the weather: it is a great head of gravel, whose earth was wasted by the winds and secular rains. This land-face of pebbles shines vapouring in the clear sun, and they are

polished as the stones and even the mountains in Sinai by the *ajàj* or dust-bearing blasts. The widespread and often three fathom deep bed of gravel is the highest platform of land in all that province; the worn flint stones are of the washed chalk rock lying beneath, in which are massy (tabular) silicious veins; we see such gravel to be laid out in shallow streaming water, but since this is the highest ground, from whence that wash of water? The land-height is 4,000 feet above the sea!

Reaching Medain Salih Doughty quitted the Caravan and found lodging in the Kella or Turkish fort, of which the Moorish commandant was 'an amiable bloody ruffian,' savage in his mad humours. In a dispute Doughty was brutally mishandled, but he pacified the Moor and succeeded in taking drawings of the cliff monuments and impressing the rock epitaphs.

Chapters IV—VIII describe life in the Kella, the hardships of the pilgrimage, and the sepulchres of Medain Salih. Doughty here made friends with Zeyd, a Fukara sheykh, and after the return of the Caravan, joined the latter's tribe in its wandering life in the desert. Then follows (Chapters VIII–XX), a detailed chronicle, marvellously rich and intimate, of the nomadic life of the Beduins, men and women, of their character and outlook, encampments and marches, desert lore and handicrafts, tents and beasts, food and clothing, customs, creed, oaths and superstitions, laws and judgements, feuds and forays; of their physique, diseases and their endurance of the hunger and thirst and heat of the desert. This picture of the Beduin tribes is drawn in its natural colours, with the most astonishing art, and conveys a wonderful sense of the vast wilderness of sand and rocky uplands, interspersed with lava drifts and bounded by savage crater peaks, through which the Beduins drive their cattle from brackish well to brackish well, their camels browsing on stunted bushes and scant vegetation. If we estimate the value of the picture of Arabian life as a whole, Colonel T. E. Lawrence's testimony must be quoted: 'Doughty's completeness is devastating. There is nothing we would take away, little we could add.'

But consideration of Doughty as a writer leads to the consideration of Doughty the man. He was 'wise and gentle, patient, generous and pitiful,' was the verdict of the Arabs themselves, as handed down from father to son and transmitted to Colonel Lawrence. Gentleness, patience and humanity indeed carried Doughty safely through all the perils and dangers of his wanderings amid a fickle-minded and fanatical race. But the desert evoked in him also a stubbornness of will, a bluntness of speech and harsh antagonism wherever Mahomedanism, that 'thin-witted' and implacable religion, was concerned. As the dangers grew, when Doughty's journey carried him later amid town-bred and village Arabs, we find him more and more resolute in declaring himself a Christian.

BUT in the main Doughty's gentleness and goodness equally with his stubbornness and endurance evoked the Arabs' respect and made him warm and kindly friends wherever he journeyed. So trusted and intimate a friend was he among the Fejîr tribe that many men offered him their women in marriage (Chapter XI, p. 321), while women proffered themselves; and there are many passages from which one concludes that Doughty was specially befriended by the women who often sought to protect him. His profession of *hakîm* or doctor made him welcome, and the simple cures he effected gave him often a hearing in the face of settled hostility. With the desert Beduins Doughty had far less difficulty than with the town-bred Arabs of the villages, where vulgar clamour awakened and swelled as soon as the wandering Christian had entered the gates.

II—Summer Days in the Wilderness

BEFORE touching on the last year of Doughty's wanderings let us quote a famous example of his incomparable style:

Now longwhile our black booths had been built upon the sandy stretches, lying before the swelling white Nefûd side: the lofty coast of Irnân in front, whose cragged breaches, where there is any footing for small herbs nourished of this barren atmosphere, are the harbour of wild goats, which never drink. The summer's night at end, the sun stands up as a crown of hostile flames from that huge covert of inhospitable sandstone bergs; the desert day

dawns not little and little, but it is noontide in an hour. The sun, entering as a tyrant upon the waste landscape, darts upon us a torment of fiery beams, not to be remitted till the far-off evening. No matins here of birds; not a rock partridge-cock, calling with blithesome chuckle over the extreme waterless desolation.

Grave is that giddy heat upon the crown of the head; the ears tingle with a flickering shrillness, a subtle crepitation it seems, in the glassiness of this sun-stricken nature: the hot sand-blink is in the eyes, and there is little refreshment to find in the tents' shelter; the worsted booths leak to this fiery rain of sunny light. Mountains looming like dry bones through the thin air, stand far around about us: the savage flank of Ybba Moghrair, the high spire and ruinous stacks of el-Jebâl, Chebâd, the coast of Helwân! Herds of weak nomad camels waver dispersedly, seeking pasture in the midst of this hollow fainting country, where but lately the swarming locusts have fretted every green thing.

This silent air burning about us, we endure breathless till the assr: when the dazing Arabs in the tents revive after their heavy hours. The lingering day draws down to the sun-setting; the herdsmen, weary of the sun, come again with the cattle, to taste in their menzils the first sweetness of mirth and repose. The day is done, and there rises the nightly freshness of this purest mountain air: and then to the cheerful song and the cup at the common fire. The moon rises ruddy from that solemn obscurity of jebel like a mighty beacon: and the morrow will be as this day, days deadly drowned in the sun of the summer wilderness.

THE reader should note how much is condensed in this description, the actuality of the physical sensations, the direct force of the imagery, and the manner in which the atmosphere is conveyed by the sparsely mixed Arabic and old English words, as *assr* mid-afternoon, *menzil* camping-ground, *jebel* mountain, and booths, breaches, bergs, fretted, dazing. We can do no more than allude here to the matter of the archaic element in Doughty's language which he uses with extraordinary felicity in Arabia Deserta. His study of the roots of our language and its resources enabled him to translate into imperishable literary form his vision of the archaic, primitive civilization of Arabia. As a master of great style no other writer of his generation approaches Doughty.

To go back on Doughty's steps—after visiting Teyma, the haven of the desert, where flourish the date-palm plantations, 'enclosed by long clay orchard-walls fortified with high towers,' a village of two hundred houses paying tribute to the warlike Emir of Hâyil, and after accompanying the Fukara to another *dîra* or circuit, and revisiting Medain, Doughty joined the Moahîb tribe in their wanderings in the Harra, one of the great volcanic lava fields, where no wells exist but only black and fetid pool water.

THIS narrative of life with the Moahîb (Chapters XIV–XVIII), supplements and enriches the picture of Arab human nature, the tribe being suspicious of the Christian's designs and showing him the grimmer, more wolfish aspects of desert existence. Here Doughty learnt more of the *ghrazzu* or foray, which is 'the destruction of the Aarab,' the tribes raiding one another's camels and no man being safe from grievous loss or sudden penury. First the W. Aly tribe lost many beasts, then the Fukara, and lastly the Moahîb, when Doughty had left the latter.

At the end of August Doughty left with a company of poorer tribesmen for Teyma, where the date harvest was ripening, and on reaching the outskirts news was brought that the well wall had fallen (after Doughty's visit in the spring) three times in the rebuilding. It was said that the Christian's maleficent eye had wrought this curse on Teyma and the treacherous townsfolk would kill the Christian! Doughty, however, paid no heed to such alarms and on entering the village was well received by the sheykhs, who thought that the Christian might, of his science, rebuild the well walls; but though he was willing, nothing came of it. The religious zealots would have inflamed the people to kill the stranger but for the sheykhs countenancing him. The chapters on Teyma and the date harvest (Chapters XIX–XX) contrast the characteristics of the village Arabs and the Beduins, and the picture of daily life in Teyma is no less intimate.

After the harvest, Doughty departed for Hâyil with young men of the Bishr and Anajy tribes, who were mounted on fast dromedaries which outran his old camel and his guides threatened often to leave the Christian to his fate in the vast inhospitable desert.

III—An Interview with an Emir

HOWEVER, after fresh vicissitudes Doughty reached Hâyil safely and, meeting a former acquaintance, Abd el-Aziz, he was given audience by the Emir Mohammed ibn Rashîd. We quote one of his interviews with the Emir :—

It is a busy pensive life to be the ruler at Hâyil, and his witty head was always full of the perplexity of this world's affairs. Theirs is a very subtle Asiatic policy. In it is not the clement fallacy of the (Christian) Occident to build so much as a rush upon the natural goodness (fondly imagined to be) in any man's breast; for it is certain they do account most basely of all men, and esteem without remorse every human spirit to be a dunghill solitude by itself. Their (feline) prudence is for the time rather than seeing very far off, and always savours of the impotent suddenness of the Arab impatience. He rules as the hawk among buzzards, with eyes and claws in a land of ravin yet, in general, not cruelly, for that would weaken him. An Arab stays not in long questioning, tedious knots are in peril to be resolved by the sword.

One showed me to a place where I should sit down before the Emir, who said shortly, "From whence?" "From my makhzan." "And what found I there to do all the day, ha! and what had I seen in the time of my being at Hâyil, was it well?" When the Prince said, "Khalîl!" I should have responded in their manner *Aunak* or *Labbeyk* or *Tawîl el-Ummr*, "O Long-of-age! and what is thy sweet will?" but feeling as an European among these light-tongued Asiatics, and full of mortal weariness, I kept silence. So the Emir, who had not responded to my salutation, turned abruptly to ask Hamûd and Sleymàn: *Mà yarûdd?* "how! he returns not one's word who speaks with him?" Hamûd responded kindly for me, "He could not tell, it might be Khalîl is tired." I answered after the pause, "I am lately arrived in this place, but *aghrûty*, I suppose it is very well." The Emir opened his great feminine Arab eyes upon me as if he wondered at the not flattering plainness of my speech; and he said suddenly, with an emphasis, before the company, "Ay, I think so indeed, it is very well!—and what think you Khalîl, it is a good air?"—"I think so, but the flies are very thick."—"Hmm, the flies are very thick! and went you in the pilgrimage to the Holy City (Jerusalem)?"—"Twice or thrice, and to *J. Tôr*, where is the mountain of our Lord Mûsa."

The Emir was favourably minded toward me, but the company of malignant young fanatics always about him continually traduced the Nasrâny.

This conversation is very characteristic of Doughty's attitude, showing indeed the forbearance on the part of the leading men of the Arabs who both respected and resented the Christian's unflattering bluntness, which imperilled him with vulgar and fanatical minds. Doughty's power of making friends with the more liberal-minded elders stood him in good stead wherever he journeyed. At Teyma, Hâyil, Boreyda, Aneyza and in the desert the stranger's part was always taken by some wise sheykh or elder who gave him hospitality, drove off the mob and sheltered him from the malignantly minded. But their power was limited and the Christian was too uncompromising. Thus at Hâyil the Emir spoke of sending Doughty on a search for gold and metals, but he answered 'with a plainness which must discourage an Arab.' A house and a high place were also offered him if he would become a Moslem. He refused. In a month the Emir tired of this obstinate Christian's presence, and suddenly Doughty was told he was to make ready and leave the town that day, and be guided by some Heteym tribesmen to Kheybar. On protesting, he was mishandled by the Emir's guard, but appealing to Prince Hamûd, he had audience of the Emir who gave him a safe conduct and money for the journey.

BUT ere long the Nasrâny was abandoned at strange tents; luckily, these stranger Arabs were 'full of the godly humanity of the wilderness,' and the next day Ghroceyb, 'a sheykh and a valorous man' for four reals (dollars) engaged to guide Doughty to Kheybar, a three days' journey, through the great craggy blackness of the Harra, upon his swift camel. Thus they came to Kheybar, 'a negro African village as it were in the Hejaz,' governed by a dark-coloured Abyssinian 'Kurdy', the tyrant Abdullah, and it would have fared ill with Doughty, but for the championing of the generous Mohammed en-Nejûmy, a citizen of Medina. After ferocious threats and confiscation of the Christian's saddlebags, his books and papers were sent to the Pasha of Medina along with a letter that Doughty's new friend contrived to forward privily,

while the tyrant governor boasted that he would soon 'chop off the Englesey's head.' Doughty's 'long tribulation' of three months at Kheybar was ended by the arrival of the Pasha's rescript bidding the governor send the Christian safely back to Ibn Rashîd at Hâyil and restore his property immediately, which was done, at some loss; and Eyâd, a Bishr camel-rider, then offered to be his guide to Hâyil, for five dollars.

The chapters on Kheybar (Chapters IV–VIII, Volume II) which contain much lore on Abyssinia gathered by Doughty, contrast the moist, oppressive atmosphère of this negro valley village with 'the blissful free air on the brow of the Harra.' But there was now (March 1877) to be no rest for Doughty, for when after hard days and nights of desert journey he reached Hâyil, he was ordered to quit the town on pain of death by Aneybar, the Emir's Galla deputy, and Eyâd was ordered to reconduct him back to Kheybar. But when the desert was reached, Eyâd and his companion grew violent and threatened him and privily kindled the cord of his matchlock, with intent, so Doughty thought, to murder him:

I said, "This is what?" They answered, "A hare!"—"Where is your hare? I say, show me this hare!" Eyâd had yet to put priming to the eye of his piece; they stumbled in their words, and remained confused. I said to them, "Did I seem to you like this hare? By the life of Him who created us, in what instant you show me a gun's mouth, I will lay dead your hare's carcases upon this earth; put out the match!" he did so. The cool of the evening approached; we marched on slowly in silence, and doubtless they rolled it in their hollow hearts what might signify that vehement word of the Nasrâny. "Look," I said to them, "*rizelleyn!* you two vile dastards, I tell you plainly that in what moment you drive me to an extremity ye are but dead dogs; and I will take this carrion thelûl!"

My adventure in such too unhappy case had been nearly desperate; nigher than the Syrian borders I saw no certain relief. Syria were a great mark to shoot at, and terribly far off; and yet upon a good thelûl, fresh watered—for extremities make men bold, and the often escaping from dangers—I had not despaired to come forth; and one watering in the midway—if I might once find water, had saved both thelûl and rider—Or should I ride towards Teyma; two hundred miles from hence? But seeing the great landmarks from this side, how might I know them again! and if I found any Aarab westward, yet these would be Bishr, the men's tribesmen. Should I ride eastward in unknown dîras? Or hold over the fearful Nefûd sand billows to seek the Sherarât? Whithersoever I rode I was likely to faint before I came to any human relief; and might not strange Aarab sooner kill the stranger, seeing one arrive thus, than receive me? My eyes were dim with the suffered ophthalmia, and not knowing where to look for them, how in the vastness of the desert landscape should I descry any Aarab? If I came by the mercy of God to any wells, I might drink drop by drop, by some artifice, but not water the thelûl.

IV—In Perils Oft

A HUNDRED miles from Hâyil on foot over the hard baked gravel in the flaming heat had Doughty marched, and presently Eyâd cast him off at a Harb hamlet near Aul; and then from Beduin *beyt* (abode) to *beyt* he was guided in turn by fearful men anxious to be rid of the abandoned, friendless Nasrâny, till at last a Shammary Hâmed consented to carry him to Boreyda. Here at dark, at the peasant Emir's hostel, Doughty was set upon, stripped and robbed by six miscreants, but the Emir's officer Jeyber rescued him and his goods were restored. The next day his lodging was twice besieged by fanatical townsmen, but they were driven away by Jeyber. At daybreak following the Christian was conveyed secretly out of the town by Hasan, a guide, and abandoned again a few miles from the neighbouring town of Aneyza; but he was again sheltered by humble people.

Then on Doughty's reaching Aneyza the liberal-minded Emir Zâmil and the rich merchants of Kennèyny and Bessâm protected him with their friendship, while he was bidden to their houses and those of other patricians who discoursed with him on Eastern life and Western marvels and his travels, and took him to view their plantations near by. Though the Christian hakîm was soon in good credit at Aneyza for curing the sick with his medicines, the religious elders preached against him in the mosques, and again faces in the street grew hard and he was often reviled and threatened. Finally, at a council of other unfriendly sheykhs, Doughty was expelled and conveyed at night to Khubbera; but recalled by his friends to

Aneyza some days later, and lodged at an outlying plantation.

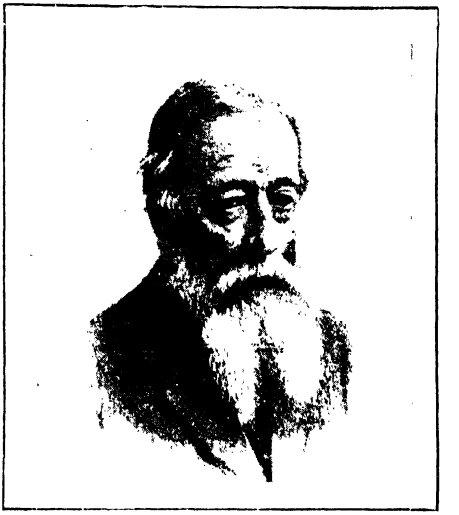
At this time the sheykhs of Meteyr were in Aneyza consulting with Zâmil against their common foe, the Kahtân tribe, who were at hand on a forav, and Zâmil sallied out one day with 400 tribesmen riding on 200 camels, in three troops with the Aneyza ensigns, and came upon the enemy after dawn in time to succour the Meteyr:

> And now the Kahtân giving themselves to save the great cattle, forsook their menzil: where they left booths, household stuff, and wives and children in the power of their foemen.
>
> The horsemen of Meteyr pursued the flying Kahtân; who turned once more and repulsed them: then the Aneyza cavaliers sallied to sustain their friends. The rest of the Meteyr, who alighted, ran in to spoil the enemies' tents. And he and he, whose housewives were lately pierced by the spears of Kahtân, or whose babes those fiend-like men slew, did now the like by their foemen; they thrust through as many hareem, and slit the throats of their little ones before the mothers' faces, crying to them, "Oh, wherefore did your men so with our little ones that other day!" Some frantic women ran on the spoilers with tent staves; and the Meteyries, with weapons in their hands, and in the tempest of their blood, spared them not at all. Thus perished five or six wives and as many children of Kahtân.

An Aneyza Caravan now arrived from Bosra, which was to set out again soon, laden with *samn* (camel butter), for Mecca, a journey of 'twenty great marches in the uneasy camel-saddle with mid-summer's flame of the sun.' Doughty, who was now stricken with ulcers on his limbs and felt great bodily languor, resolved to ride with it to Jidda and so took council of his two merchant friends who purchased a camel, and arranged that he should ride in the company of Sleyman el-Kenneyny, who would see to 'water, cooking and the noon shelter' by the way. On the day Doughty took affecting leave of Abullah 'and gave hearty thanks with the Semitic blessings' and departed in the care of Sleyman and Abd-er-Rahman, a son of Bessâm.

All went well on Doughty's last long journey, till the first coffee-station of the Mecca country was reached, where Doughty was committed to the charge of one Ebd-el-Aziz, on the ride of ninety miles to Jidda. But a mad Sherif, Salem, detained and would have slain Doughty with a knife—(Abd-er-Rahman having forsaken his father's friend among murderers)—had not Maabûb, an old negro servitor of the Sherif Emir of Mecca, persuaded the wolfish fanatic and his companions to carry the Christian to Tâyif to be judged. In these last perilous days Doughty's hidden pistol was discovered and his bags were rifled, and in the fanatic's wrath Doughty was savagely assaulted and struck so that he swooned, while they swore 'to hew in pieces the Nasrâny.' But Maabûb again intervened and in the end, still in charge of the mad Sherif, who looked for a great reward, Doughty arrived safely at last in Tâyif, where his captor was put in irons by the liberal-minded Emir, and Doughty was honourably received and despatched later with a guard of three men to Jidda.

So ends the greatest travel book and the most comprehensive study of a primitive race and an archaic civilization in the English language.



CHARLES MONTAGU DOUGHTY was born on August 19, 1843, and died on January 20, 1926. After the appearance of Travels in Arabia Deserta in 1888, he published nothing until 1906, when he brought out an epic in six volumes, The Dawn in Britain. This was followed by other poems: Adam Cast Forth in 1908, The Cliffs a year later, The Clouds in 1912, The Titans in 1916, and Mansoul in 1920. Doughty was essentially a poet, but, like Arabia Deserta, his poems are not addressed to the general reader, and in them, in spite of many passages of loveliness and grandeur, his use of strange words and deliberate archaism approaches fanaticism. This portrait is reproduced by the courtesy of Jonathan Cape, Ltd.

A Pioneer of Psychological Fiction

STENDHAL

THE CHARTREUSE OF PARMA

ALTHOUGH he published works in many branches of literature—lives of Napoleon, Mozart, Haydn and Rossini, travel sketches, a history of Italian painting, and a critical essay on Racine and Shakespeare—Stendhal's reputation practically rests on two novels, Le Rouge et le Noir, 1831, and La Chartreuse de Parme, 1839. The latter was the last of his publications, and was enthusiastically reviewed by Balzac, though it was many years before Stendhal's work was at all generally read and appreciated. Like Stendhal's other novels it is discursive and formless; it surpasses the others, however, in its keenness of analysis and in its exposition of the acid, materialistic philosophy of the author. Stendhal had considerable influence on the development of the French novel. The Chartreuse of Parma was much read and admired by Flaubert and the realistic school, and may be regarded as the creator of the modern novel of psychological analysis, later developed and popularised by Bourget and D'Annunzio. An English translation of The Chartreuse of Parma is published by William Heinemann.

I—Fabrice del Dongo



"THREE members of your family," said Count Mosca to the Duchess of Sanseverina, "have been archbishops of Parma. Could a better career be open to your nephew Fabrice?"

The duchess disliked the notion and, indeed, Fabrice del Dongo seemed a person little fitted for an ecclesiastical career. His ambitions were military; his hero was Napoleon. The great escapade of his life had been a secret journey into France to fight at Waterloo. His father, the Marquis del Dongo, was loyal to the Austrian masters of Lombardy, and during Fabrice's absence his elder brother, Ascanio, had laid an information against him as a conspirator against Austrian rule. Consequently, Fabrice, on his return, found himself exposed to the risk of ten years in an Austrian prison. By his own address, and by the good offices of his aunt, the Countess Pietranera, Fabrice was able to escape from Milanese territory.

Immediately afterwards the countess wedded the aged and wealthy Duke of Sanseverina and transferred her beauty and unbounded social talents from Milan to the court of Prince Ranuce Ernest IV, absolute ruler of Parma. The duke had his ambitions gratified by an appointment as ambassador to a distant country; the duchess, left behind at Parma, was able to devote herself to the interests of Count Mosca, the prince's chief minister, and to counteracting the intrigues of the celebrated Marchioness Raversi, head of the party that sought to overthrow him.

The welfare of her beloved nephew was the most cherished of all the duchess's aims and she succeeded in inspiring Count Mosca with an equal enthusiasm for the prosperity of that errant youth. But she hesitated over the project of making him an archbishop.

"You must understand," explained the count, "that I do not intend to make Fabrice an exemplary priest of the conventional kind. No; he will, above all, remain a great noble; he may continue to be absolutely ignorant if he so pleases, and will become a bishop and an archbishop just the same—provided, of course, that I succeed in retaining the prince's confidence."

Ultimately, the duchess agreed and undertook to persuade Fabrice to enter the Church. The persuasion was not easy, but at length Fabrice, having been convinced that the clerical yoke would bear but lightly upon him, consented to the step and, as a preliminary, spent three years in a theological college at Naples.

When, at the end of the three years, Fabrice, now a monsignor, returned to Parma, matters there were at a crisis; the Raversi party were gaining ground and Count Mosca was in danger. Nor did the prince's interview with the young cleric

improve matters. Ranuce Ernest IV had two ruling passions—an ambition to become ruler of united Italy and a fear of revolution.

Count Mosca, the diplomatist, was the only man who could further his hopes in the one direction ; his fears in the other were carefully kept alive by Rassi, the fiscal-general—to such an extent that each night the prince looked under his bed to see if by chance a Liberal were lurking there.

Towards this nervous prince Fabrice bore himself with an aristocratic assurance, and a promptness and coolness in conversation that made a bad impression. His political notions were correct enough according to the prince's standard ; but plainly he was a man of spirit, and the prince did not like men of spirit ; they were all cousins-german of Voltaire and Rousseau.

Nevertheless, Count Mosca carried the day against his rivals—a triumph due less to his own efforts than to those of the duchess, to whose charms as the court's chief ornament the prince was far from insusceptible. The count's success was Fabrice's ; that youth found himself established as coadjutor to the archbishop of Parma, with the prospect of a reversion to the see on the decease of its present occupant.

II—Giletti

One of our hero's flirtations had consequences with a very pronounced bearing on his after-career. During a surreptitious visit to the theatre he became captivated with the actress Marietta Valserra. But the trifling little intrigue came to the ears of Count Mosca, with the result that the travelling company to which Marietta belonged received its passports and was asked to move on.

In the affair, moreover, Fabrice had a rival. Giletti was the low comedian of the company, and the ugliest member of it ; he assumed proprietorship over Marietta, who, although she did not love him, was at any rate horribly afraid of him.

Count Mosca was passionately archaeological, and this taste he shared with Fabrice, who had cultivated the hobby at Naples. It so happened that the two were engaged in excavations near the bridge over the Po where the main road passes into Austrian territory at Casal-Maggiore. Early one morning, Fabrice, after surveying the work that was going on in the trenches, strolled away with a gun, intent upon lark shooting. A wounded bird dropped on the road, and as Fabrice followed it he encountered a battered old carriage driving towards the frontier. In it were Giletti and Marietta.

Giletti leapt to the conclusion that Fabrice had come there, gun in hand, to insult him, and possibly to carry off Marietta. He leapt out of the carriage.

" Brigand ! " he yelled. " We are only a league from the frontier—I can finish you ! "

Fabrice saw a pistol levelled at him at a distance of three feet ; he knocked it aside with the butt of his gun, and it went off harmlessly. Giletti then clutched the gun ; the two men wrestled for it, and it exploded close to Giletti's ear. Staggered for an instant, he quickly recovered himself ; drawing from its sheath a ' property ' sword, he fell once more upon Fabrice.

" He will kill you," came an agitated whisper from Marietta. " Take this ! "

A sort of hunting-knife was flung out of the carriage door. Fabrice picked it up, and was nearly stunned forthwith by a blow from the handle of the ' property ' sword. Pulling himself together, Fabrice gave his enemy a gash on the cheek. Giletti, swearing furiously, injured Fabrice on the thigh. Later, when blood poured down our hero's face, the thought " I am disfigured for life ! " flashed through his mind. Enraged at the idea, he thrust the hunting-knife at Giletti's breast with all his force. Giletti fell and lay motionless.

" He is dead ! " said Fabrice to himself. Hastily he turned to thoughts of escape. Marietta gave him Giletti's passport. Obviously his first business was to get across the frontier. And yet the Austrian frontier was no safe one for him to cross. Were he recognized, he might expect ten years in an imperial fortress. But this was the less immediate danger, and he determined to risk it. With considerable trepidation he walked across the bridge and presented Giletti's passport to the Austrian gendarme.

The gendarme looked at it and rose.

"You must wait, monsieur; there is a difficulty," he said, and left the room.

This gendarme knew Giletti, and was quite well aware that the man before him was not the actor. But, for all he could tell, Giletti might have lent the passport for reasons of his own. The easiest way out of the difficulty was to get another gendarme to see to the visa. This man affixed it as a matter of course, and Fabrice escaped danger number one.

The rest was easy, thanks to Ludovico, an old servant of the duchess, whom Fabrice met at an eating-house where he had turned in for some very necessary refreshment. With the aid of this excellent fellow, Fabrice had his wounds attended to and was safely smuggled out of Austria to Bologna.

III—The Citadel

THE party opposed to Count Mosca hastened to take advantage of Fabrice's offence He was represented as a murderer; the workmen in the trenches who had seen the affray, and knew that Fabrice had acted in self-defence, were either bribed or got out of the way. Rassi accused Fabrice of being a Liberal; and since the prince was ill-disposed towards the young man, not all the endeavours of Count Mosca could save him from a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment should he venture upon the territory of Parma.

Just before the sentence was presented to the prince for final confirmation the prince learnt that the Duchess of Sanseverina sought an audience with him. He rubbed his hands; the greatest beauty of his court had come to beg mercy for her nephew. There would be tears and frantic appeals. For a quarter of an hour the prince gloated over the prospect; then he ordered that the duchess be admitted.

She entered—in travelling costume. Never had she looked more charming, never more cheerful.

"I trust your serene highness will pardon my unorthodox costume," she said, smiling archly; "but as I am about to leave Parma for a long time, I have felt it my duty to come and thank you ere I go for all the kindnesses you have deigned to confer upon me."

The prince was astonished and profoundly chagrined.

"Why are you going?" he asked, as calmly he could.

"I have had the project for some time," she replied, "and a little insult paid to Monsignor del Dongo has hastened it."

The prince was beside himself. What would his court be without the duchess? At all costs he must check her flight.

At this moment Count Mosca, pale with anxiety, begged admittance. He had just heard of the duchess's intention to leave Parma.

"Let me speak as a friend to friends," said the prince, collecting himself. "What can I do, madame, to arrest your hasty resolution?'

"If your highness were to write a gracious letter revoking the unjust sentence upon Fabrice del Dongo, I might reconsider my decision; and, let me add, if the Marchioness Raversi were advised by you to retire to the country to-morrow morning for the benefit of her health——"

"Was there ever such a woman?" cried the prince, stamping up and down the room.

But he agreed. At his orders Count Mosca sat down and wrote the letter required. The prince objected to the phrase 'unjust sentence,' and Count Mosca, courtier-like, abstained from using it. The prince did not mind the banishment of the Marchioness Raversi; he liked exiling people.

AT seven o'clock next morning the prince summoned Rassi and dictated to him another letter. The sentence of twenty years upon the criminal del Dongo was to be reduced by the prince's clemency, at the supplication of the Duchess of Sanseverina, to twelve years; and the police were instructed to do their utmost to arrest the offender.

The only difficulty was that of tempting Fabrice into the territory of Parma. A hint to the Marchioness Raversi and her associates removed the obstacle. A forged letter, purporting to be from the duchess, reached Fabrice at Bologna, telling him that there would be little danger in his

meeting her at Castelnovo within the frontier. Fabrice repaired joyfully to Castelnovo. That night he lay a prisoner in the citadel of Parma; while the duchess, alone in her room with locked door, sobbed her heart out and raved helplessly against the treachery of princes.

"So long as her nephew is in the citadel," said the prince to himself, "the duchess will be in Parma."

The citadel of Parma is a colossal building, with a flat roof one hundred and eighty feet above the ground. On this roof are erected two structures—one, the governor's residence; the other, the Farnese tower, a prison specially erected for a recalcitrant prince of earlier days. In this tower Fabrice, as a prisoner of importance, was confined; and as he looked from the window on the evening of his arrival and beheld the superb panorama of the distant Alps he reflected pleasantly that he might have found a worse dungeon.

On the next morning his attention was absorbed by something nearer at hand. His window overlooked one belonging to the governor's palace; in this window were many birdcages, and at eleven o'clock a maiden came to feed the birds. Fabrice recognized her as Clelia Conti, the governor's daughter. He succeeded in attracting her attention; she blushed and withdrew. But the next day she came again at the same hour. On the third day, however, a heavy wooden shutter was clapped upon the window. Nothing daunted, Fabrice proceeded patiently to cut a peep-hole in the shutter by aid of the mainspring of his watch. When he had succeeded in removing a square piece of the wood, he looked with delight upon Clelia gazing at his window with eyes of pity, unconscious that she was observed.

Gradually he broke down the maiden's reserve. She discovered the secret of the peep-hole; she consented to communicate with him; finally the two conversed by a system of signals. Fabrice even dared to tell Clelia that he loved her—and, truly, he was in love, for the first time in his life. The worst of it was that these declarations were apt to bring the conversation to an end; so Fabrice was sparing of them.

CLELIA, meanwhile, was in sore perplexity. Her father, General Fabio Conti, the governor, was a political opponent of Count Mosca, and had ambitions of office. These ambitions might be forwarded, he deemed, by the successful marriage of his daughter. He did not desire that she should remain a lovely recluse, feeding birds on the top of the citadel. Accordingly, he had presented to her an ultimatum: either she must marry the Marquis Crescenzi, the wealthiest nobleman of Parma, who sought her hand, or she must retire to a convent.

The signalled conversations with Fabrice, therefore, could not last long. And yet she had, beyond doubt, fallen deeply in love with Fabrice. She knew he was her father's prisoner and belonged to the party hostile to her father; she was ashamed, as a daughter, of her love for him. But she admired him and pitied him. The stolen interviews with the captive were as dear to her as to him; and so dear were they to him that, after months of imprisonment, he declared that he had never been so happy in his life.

IV—The Escape

ONE night as Fabrice looked through his peep-hole he became aware of a light flashing from the town. Obviously some attempt was being made at signalling. He observed the flashes, counting them in relation to the order of the letters in the alphabet—one for A, two for B, and so on. He discovered that the message was from the duchess, and was directed to himself. He replied, on the same system, by passing his lantern in front of the peep-hole. The answer from the distance was important; arrangements were being made for his escape. But he did not want to escape.

Next day he told Clelia of his message, and of his unwillingness to leave the prison. She gave no answer, but burst into tears. How could she tell him that she herself must presently leave—for marriage or a convent?

Next day, Fabrice, by his gaoler's connivance, received a long letter from Clelia. She urged him to escape, declaring that at

any time the prince might order his execution and, in addition, that he was in danger of death by poison. Straightway he sought an interview with Clelia, with whom he had not hitherto conversed save by signals from their windows. The gaoler arranged that they should meet when Fabrice was being conducted from his cell to the roof of the Farnese tower, where he was occasionally allowed to take exercise.

"I can speak but few words to you," she said, trembling, with tears in her eyes.

"Swear that you will obey the duchess, and escape when and as she wishes."

"And condemn myself to live far away from her whom I love?"

"Swear it! For my sake, swear it!" she implored him.

"Well, then, I swear it!"

The preparations were quickly advanced. Three knotted ropes were smuggled, with Clelia's aid, into Fabrice's cell—one for descending the thirty-five feet between his window and the roof of the citadel; another for descending the tremendous wall of one hundred and eighty feet between the roof and the ramparts; a third for the thirty feet between the top of the ramparts and the ground.

A feast day, when the garrison of the citadel would presumably be drunk, was chosen for the attempt. Fabrice spent the time of waiting in cutting a hole in his shutter large enough to enable him to get through. Fortunately, on the night of the feast day, a thick fog arose and enveloped the citadel. The duchess had seen to it that the garrison was plentifully supplied with wine.

Fabrice attached one of the shorter ropes to his bed, and struggled through the shutter—an ungainly figure, for round his body was wound the immense rope necessary for the long descent. Once on the roof platform he made his way along the parapet until he came to a new stone, which he had been told marked the best spot for lowering the rope. He could hear the soldiers talking near at hand, but the fog made him invisible.

Uncoiling his rope, and fastening it to the parapet by threading it through a water-duct, he flung it over; then, with a prayer and a thought of Clelia, he began the long and weary descent. When he reached the rampart he was quite exhausted; for a few minutes he slept. On waking and realizing the situation, he attached his third rope to a cannon and hurried down to the ground. Two men seized him just as he fainted at the foot.

A few hours afterwards a carriage crossed the frontier with Ludovico on the box, and within it the duchess watching over the sleeping Fabrice. The journey did not end until they had reached Locarno.

V—Clelia's Vow

To Locarno, soon afterwards, came the news that Ranuce Ernest IV was dead. Fabrice could now safely return, for the young Ranuce Ernest V was believed to be entirely under the influence of Count Mosca, and was an honest youth without the tyrannical instincts of his father. Nevertheless, the duchess returned first, to make certain of Fabrice's security.

Fabrice, on reaching Parma, was well received by the young prince. Witnesses, he was told, had been found who could prove that he had killed Giletti in self-defence. He would spend a few days in a nominal confinement in the city gaol, and then would be tried by impartial judges and released.

Imagine the consternation of the duchess when she learnt that Fabrice, having to go to prison, had deliberately given himself up at the citadel! She saw the danger clearly. Fabrice was in the hands of Count Mosca's political opponents, among whom General Conti was still a leading spirit. They would not suffer him to escape this time. Fabrice would be poisoned.

Clelia, too, knew that this would be his fate. When she saw him again at the old window, happily signalling to her, she was smitten with panic terror. Her alarm was realized when she learnt of a plot between Rassi and her father to poison the prisoner.

On the second day of his confinement Fabrice was about to eat his dinner when Clelia forced her way into his cell.

"Hast thou eaten?" she cried, grasping his arm in agitation.

Fabrice guessed the state of affairs with delight. He seized her in his arms and kissed her.

"Help me to die!" he said.

"Oh, my beloved," she answered, "let me die with you!"

"Let me not spoil our happiness with a lie," said he, as he embraced her. "I have not yet tasted."

For an instant Clelia looked at him in anger, then she fell again into his arms.

At that instant there came a sound of men hurrying. There entered the prince's aide-de-camp, with orders to remove Fabrice from the citadel and seize the poisoned food. The duchess had heard of the plot and had persuaded the prince to take instant action.

Clelia, when her father was in danger of death on account of the plot, vowed before the Virgin Mary never again to look upon the face of Fabrice. Her father escaped with a sentence of banishment; and Clelia, to the profound satisfaction of the duchess, was wedded to the Marquis Crescenzi.

The loss of Clelia left Fabrice inconsolable. He shunned society; he lived a life of religious retirement and gained a reputation for piety that even inspired the jealousy of his good friend the archbishop.

At length Fabrice emerged from his solitude; he came forth as a preacher and his success was unequalled. All Parma, gentle and simple, flocked to hear the famous devotee—slender, ill-clad, so handsome and yet so profoundly melancholy. Ere he began each sermon, Fabrice looked earnestly round his congregation to see if Clelia was there. But Clelia, adhering to her vow, stayed away. It was not until she was told that a certain Anetta Marini was in love with the preacher, and that gossip asserted that the preacher was smitten with Anetta Marini, that she changed her mind.

One evening, as Fabrice stood in the pulpit, he saw Clelia before him. Her eyes were filled with tears; he looked so pale, so thin, so worn. But never before had he preached as he preached that night. After the sermon he received a note asking him to be at a small garden door of the Crescenzi Palace at midnight on the next night. Eagerly he obeyed; when he reached the door a voice called him to enter. The darkness was intense; he could see nothing.



STENDHAL. Marie-Henri Beyle, who wrote under the name of Stendhal, was born at Grenoble, January 23, 1783. In 1799 he obtained a post in the ministry of war and followed Napoleon to Italy. After the battle of Marengo he enlisted and rose to be adjutant to General Michaud. From 1806-14 he held a place in the commissariat, taking part in the campaign of 1812. On the fall of Napoleon he retired to Italy, and lived in Milan until 1821, when he was expelled by the Austrians. From 1833-41 he was French consul-general at Civita Vecchia, and he died in Paris, March 23, 1842.

"I have asked you to come here," said the voice, "to say that I still love you. But I have vowed to the Virgin never to see your face; that is why I receive you in this darkness. And let me beg you—never preach again before Anetta Marini."

"My angel," replied the enraptured Fabrice. "I shall never preach again before anyone; it was only in the hope of seeing you that I preached at all."

During the following three years the two often met in darkness. But twice, by accident, Clelia again broke her vow by looking on Fabrice's face. Her conscience preyed upon her; she wore away and died.

A few days afterwards Fabrice resigned his reversion to the archbishopric and retired to the Chartreuse of Parma. He ended his days in the monastery a year afterwards.

A Note on Henrik Ibsen

It is easy to admire Ibsen, but it is almost impossible to love him. He is a great dramatist beyond any doubt; his work is penetrating, vigorous and poetical, yet it is stern almost to harshness, cold and often extremely bitter. We recognize its wonderful qualities, but at the same time it repels us. For this reason his plays do not impress us as being truly universal. Their characters even so commonplace a woman as Mrs. Fanny Wilton in John Gabriel Borkman, do not seem altogether to belong to this sphere. We have the feeling, as we watch them, that we have intruded on the domestic life of Norse trolls; it may interest us very deeply, but we feel it can have no great bearing on our own affairs. This inhuman air is the quality that prevents Ibsen's dramas from being classed with the great tragedies of literature. If Milton had made Satan in Paradise Lost so purely intellectual a figure as Ibsen's Peer Gynt, he might have made a better (or should we say worse?) devil of him, but we could have felt no sympathy for the Angel on his downfall. Aeschylus, Euripides especially, Shakespeare and Racine all give their tragic heroes and heroines a setting of poetry that is at once exquisite and very personal, and by it we are made to feel more deeply their pathetic humanity in contrast to the vastness of the misfortunes to which they are subject. Ibsen was incapable of this because of his very Norwegian mind.



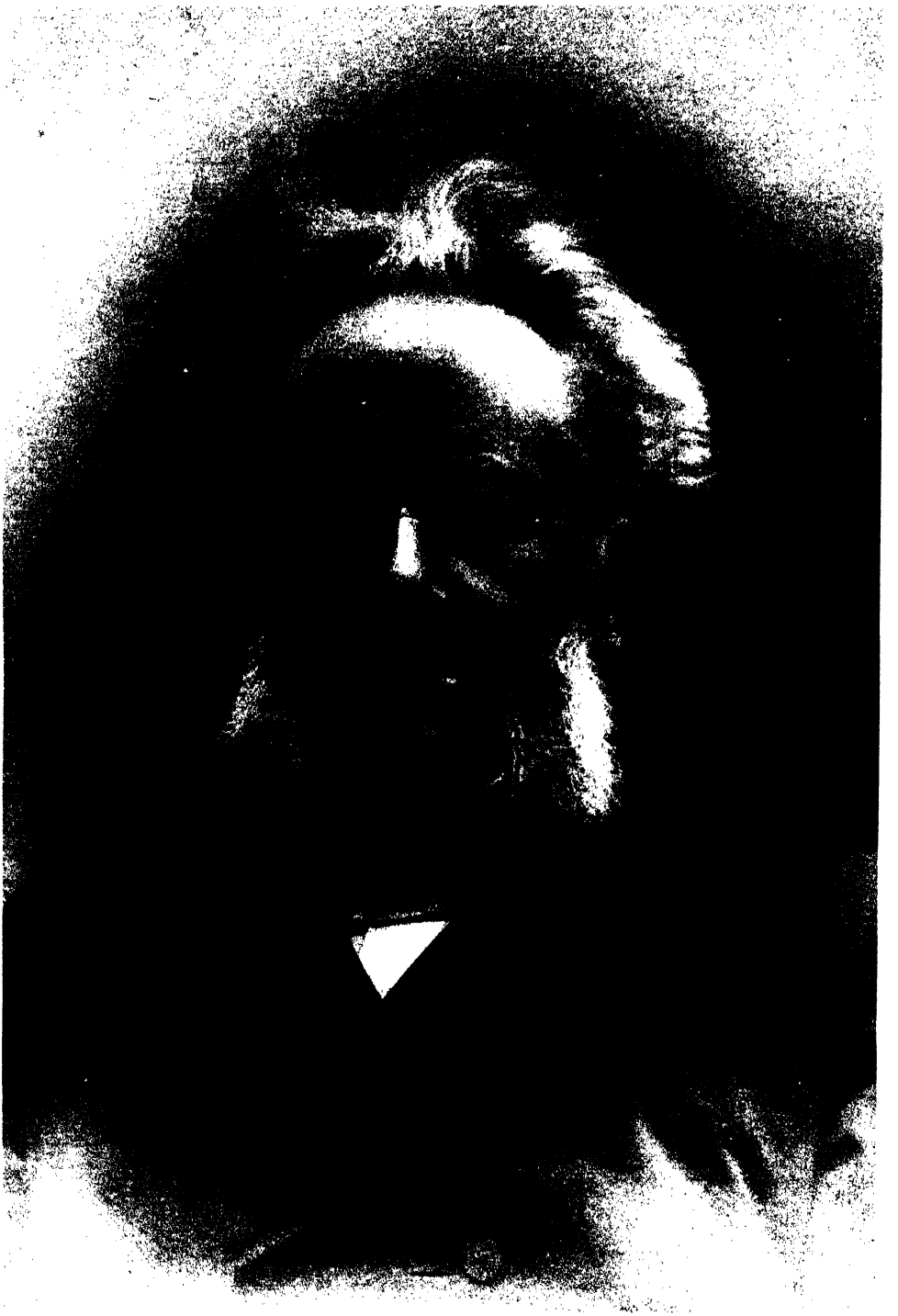
Henrik Ibsen in Middle I

He was born in March 1828, at Skien in Norway, his early years being passed in great poverty. That he steeped himself in the old Scandinavian literature is shown clearly in his first play The Warriors of Helgeland (1858). In 1866, however, he left his own country, and much of his later life was spent abroad. In view of this, and of the facts that his works were at one time very unpopular in Norway, and that his fiercest satire is directed against Norwegian people and manners—although incidentally against similar people and manners the world over—it seems rather fantastic to refer to his 'very Norwegian mind.' The alien cultures, however, with which he came into contact on his travels, only seem to have given greater strength and form to Ibsen's national characteristics.

A deep belief in the littleness, the helplessness of man before what we may call the supernatural is the first of these qualities, and is perhaps best seen in Brand (1866) and Peer Gynt (1867). It is the primary cause of the sternness and coldness that we have remarked in Ibsen's works. When we think of the sombre majesty of Norway, of its fiords and mountains, of the mysterious darkness of its forests and winter nights when the Aurora flickers in the sky we can understand why, to a Norwegian poet, a man seems a very insignificant thing compared with nature and its Maker. Similarly, if we are to realize how Ibsen came to hold his view of the helplessness of man before an awe-inspiring God, or Destiny, we must remember that the hard life of the Norwegian poor is made even more precarious by the rigours of the northern winter—and Ibsen's family was poor.

Ibsen's boldness and independence, again, are typical of his nation. He found much in contemporary society that disgusted him, and with wonderful art pilloried these evils. It is as a satirist, indeed, that he most clearly showed his dramatic genius. But the exercise of his powers required courage since, from the first, people misunderstood his works. He attacked hypocrisy and conventionality, social pretences and the cowardice of public opinion, as in Pillars of Society (1877), A Doll's House (1879), An Enemy of the People (1882) and John Gabriel Borkman (1896), and was almost everywhere denounced as a perverter of morals. He did not hesitate to condemn those public abuses that he found in Norway—and raised further storms of angry criticism. Ibsen, however, proceeded on his crusade, and nobody now questions the excellence of his work. There is one criticism, however, that can justly be made upon it. Like so many writers—Emile Zola, for example—who have prided themselves on being realists, Ibsen was occasionally guided rather by his own preconceived theories than by the clearness of his perception, and this gives many of his works their unreal and inhuman atmosphere. In The Wild Duck (1884), to take one instance, his own determined realism seems as emotional and untrue as the sentimentalism that he is so bitterly attacking.

In 1906, Ibsen died at Oslo, honoured as the great dramatist and poet that he was. His influence on the modern stage has been very great. He was the greatest advocate in his age of realism in the drama, and the effects of his teaching and example are to be seen in every serious play to-day.



To face page 2043

HENRIK IBSEN

THE PILLARS OF SOCIETY

-PERSONS IN THE PLAY-

Consul Bernick
Mrs. Bernick
Olaf, their son
Miss Martha Bernick, sister of the consul
Miss Lona Hessell elder stepsister of Mrs. Bernick
Johan Tonnesen, her younger brother
Hilmar Tonnesen, Mrs. Bernick's brother
Rector Rorlund
Dina Dorf, a young lady living at the
Krap, the consul's clerk [consul's
Shipbuilder Aune
Mrs. Rummel and other ladies, friends of the consul's family

First Act

SCENE.—*A large garden-room in* **Consul Bernick's** *house. A number of ladies are seated in the room.* **Aune,** *who has been sent for by the* **Consul,** *is addressed by* **Krap** *at the door of the* **Consul's** *room.*



KRAP: I am ordered by the consul to tell you that you must stop those Saturday talks to the workmen about the injury that our new machines will do to them. Your first duty is to this establishment. Now you know the will of the consul.

Aune: The consul would have said it differently. But I know I have to thank for this the American that has put in for repairs.

Krap: That is enough. You know the consul's wishes. Pardon, ladies!

[**Krap** *bows to ladies, and he and* **Aune** *go into the street.* **Rector Rorlund** *has been reading aloud, and now shuts the book and begins to converse with the ladies.*]

Rorlund: This book forms a welcome contrast to the hollowness and rottenness we see every day in the papers and magazines, which reflect the condition of the whited sepulchres, the great communities to-day. Doubt, restlessness and insecurity are undermining society.

Dina: But are not many great things being accomplished?

Ror.: I do not understand what you mean by great things.

Mrs. Rummel: Last year we narrowly escaped the introduction of a railroad.

Mrs. Bernick: My husband managed to block the scheme, but the papers, in consequence, said shameful things about him. But we are forgetting, dear rector, that we have to thank you for devoting so much time to us.

Ror.: Do you not all make sacrifices in a good cause to save the lapsed and lost?

Hilmar Tonnesen (*coming in with a cigar in his mouth*): I have only looked in in passing. Good-morning, ladies! Well, you know Bernick has called a cabinet council about this railway nonsense again. When it is a question of money, then everything here ends in paltry material calculations.

Mrs. Ber.: But at any rate things are better than formerly, when everything ended in dissipation.

Mrs. Rum.: Only think of fifteen years ago. What a life, with the dancing club and music club! I well remember the noisy gaiety among families.

Mrs Lynge: There was a company of strolling players, who, I was told, played many pranks. What was the truth of the matter?

[**Mrs. Rummel,** when **Dina** is out of the room, explains to the ladies that the girl is the daughter of a strolling player who years before had come to perform for a season in the town. Dorf, the actor, had deserted both wife and child, and the wife had to take to work to which she was unaccustomed, was seized with a pulmonary malady, and died. Then **Dina** had been adopted by the **Bernicks.**

Mrs. Rummel goes on to explain that at that season also **Johan, Mrs. Bernick's** brother, had run away to America. After his departure it was discovered that he had been playing tricks with the cash-box of the firm, of which his widowed mother had become the head. **Karsten Bernick** had just come home from Paris. He became engaged to **Betty Tonnesen,** but when he entered her aunt's room, with the girl on his arm, to announce his bethrothal, **Lona Hessell** rose from her chair and violently boxed his ear. Then she packed her box and went off to America. Little had been heard of **Lona,** except that in America she had sung in taverns, and had given lectures, and had written a most sensational book.]

Second Act

SCENE.—*The same garden-room.* **Mrs. Bernick. Aune** *enters and greets* **Consul Bernick.**

BERNICK: I am not at all pleased, Aune, with the way things are going on in the yard. The repairs are slow. The Palm Tree should long since have been at sea. That American ship, the Indian Girl, has been lying here five weeks. You do not know how to use the new machines, or else you will not use them.

Aune : Consul, the Palm Tree can go to sea in two days, but the Indian Girl is as rotten as matchwood in the bottom planking. Now, I am getting on for sixty, and I cannot take to new ways. I am afraid for the many folk whom the machinery will deprive of a livelihood.

Ber. : I did not send for you to argue. Listen now. The Indian Girl must be got ready to sail in two days, at the same time as our own ship. There are reasons for this decision. The carping newspaper critics are pretending that we are giving all our attention to the Palm Tree. If you will not do what I order, I must look for somebody who will.

Aune : You are asking impossibilities, consul. But surely you cannot think of dismissing me, whose father and grandfather worked here all their lives before me. Do you know what is meant by the dismissal of an old workman ?

Ber. : You are a stubborn fellow, Aune. You oppose me from perversity. I am sorry indeed if we must part, Aune.

Aune : We will not part, consul. The Indian Girl shall be cleared in two days.

[**Aune** *bows and retires.* **Hilmar Tonnesen** *comes through the garden gate.*]

Hilmar : Good-day, Betty ! Good-day, Bernick. Have you heard the new sensation ? The two Americans are going about the streets in company with Dina Dorf. The town is all excitement about it.

Ber. (*looking out into the street*) *:* They are coming here. We must be sure to treat them well. They will soon be away again.

[**Johan** *and* **Lona** *enter. Presently all disperse into the garden, and* **Bernick** *goes up to* **Johan.**]

Ber. : Now we are alone, Johan, I must thank you. For to you I owe home, happiness, position and all that I have and am. Not one in ten thousand would have done all that you then did for me. I was the guilty one. On the night when that drunken wretch came home it was for Betty's sake that I broke off the entanglement with Madame Dorf ; but still that you should act in such a noble spirit of self-sacrifice as to turn appearances against yourself, and go away, can never be forgotten by me.

Johan : Oh, well, we were both young and thoughtless. I was an orphan, alone and free, and was glad to get away from office drudgery. You had your old mother alive, and you had just engaged yourself to Betty, who was very fond of you. We agreed that you must be saved, and I was proud to be your friend. You had come back like a prince from abroad, and chose me for your closest friend. Now I know why. You were making love to Betty. But I was proud of it.

Ber. : Are you going back to your American farm ? Not soon, I hope.

Joh. : As soon as possible. I only came over to please Lona. She felt homesick. You can never think what she has been to me. You never could tolerate her, but to me she has been a mother, singing, lecturing, writing to support me when I was ill and could not work. And I may as well tell you frankly that I have told her all. But do not fear her. She will say nothing. But who would have dreamt of your taking into your house that little creature who played angels in the theatre, and scampered about here ? What became of her parents ?

Ber. : I wrote you all that happened. The drunken scoundrel, after leaving his wife, was killed in a drinking bout. After the wife died it was through Martha that we took little Dina in charge.

[To the amazement of the **Bernicks** and some others, **Johan** makes it known that he has asked **Dina** to be his wife, and that she has consented. To their further astonishment and annoyance, **Lona** declares her profound approval of this engagement. Moreover, **Lona** now challenges **Bernick** to clear his soul of the lie on which he has stood for these fifteen years. It is a threefold lie —the lie towards **Lona,** then the lie towards **Betty,** then the lie towards **Johan.** But **Bernick** shrinks from the terrible shame that would come on him as one of the ' pillars of society.']

Third Act

SCENE.—**Consul Bernick's** *garden-room again.* **Krap** *is speaking to the* **Consul.**

KRAP : The Palm Tree can sail to-morrow, but as for the Indian Girl, in my opinion she will not get far. I have been secretly examining the bottom of the ship, where the repairs have been pushed on very fast. The rotten place is patched up, and made to look like new, for Aune has been working himself all night at it. There is some villainy at work. I believe Aune wants, out of revenge for the use of the new machines, to send that ship to the bottom of the sea.

Bernick : This is horrible. True, Aune is an agitator who is spreading discontent, but this is inconceivable.

[**Krap** *goes out, and presently* **Lona Hessell** *enters.*]

Ber. : Well, Lona, what do you think of me now.

Lona : Just what I thought before. A lie more or less——

Ber. : I can talk to you more confidentially than to others. I shall hide nothing from you. I had a part in spreading that rumour about Johan and the cash-box. But make allowance for me. Our house when I came home from my foreign tour was threatened with ruin, and one misfortune followed another. I was almost in despair, and in my distraction got into that difficulty which ended with the disappearance of Johan. Then after you and he left various reports were spread. Some folks declared that he had taken the money to America. I was in such difficulty that I did not say a word to contradict the rumours.

Lona : So a lie has made you one of the pillars of society.

Johan (*entering*) : I have come to tell you that I intend not only to marry Dina Dorf, but to remain here and to defy all these liars. Yesterday I promised to keep silence, but now I need the truth. You must set me free by telling the truth, that I may win Dina.

Ber. (*in great agitation*) : But just reflect on my position. If you aim such a blow as this at me I am ruined irretrievably. The welfare of this community is also at stake. If my credit is not impaired, I shall soon be a millionaire. Johan, go away, and I will share with you. I have staked all I possess on schemes now about to mature, but if my character is impaired, my utter ruin is inevitable.

[To the surprise of **Bernick, Johan** announces that he will go to America, but will shortly return for **Dina**, and that accordingly he will sail next day in the Indian Girl. He will sell his farm and be back in two months, and then the guilty one must take the guilt on himself.]

Joh. : The wind is good, and in three weeks I shall be across the Atlantic unless the Indian Girl should go to the bottom.

Ber. (*involuntarily starting*) : Go to the bottom ? Why should she ?

Joh. : Yes, indeed, why ?

Ber. (*very softly*) : Go to the bottom ?

[They separate, and **Aune** enters, and anxiously asks if **Bernick** is positively determined that the American ship shall sail the next day, on pain of his dismissal. He replies that he supposes the repairs are properly finished, and therefore the Indian Girl must sail. A merchant steps in to say that the storm-signals have been hoisted, for a tempest is threatening. This gentleman says to **Bernick** that the Palm Tree ought to start all the same, for she is a splendidly-built craft, and she is only to cross the North Sea ; but as for the Indian Girl, such an old hulk would be in great peril. But **Bernick** evades the remonstrance, and no alteration is made in the plans of procedure. The ship is to sail.]

Fourth Act

SCENE.—*The same garden-room. It is a stormy afternoon and growing dark.*

BERNICK is apprised that he is to be most honourably fêted by his fellow citizens who are about to form a procession and to parade before his house with music. The proudest moment of his life is at hand. But the fact that the sea is running high outside the harbour is causing great agitation to the mind of **Bernick. Lona** looks in to say that she has been saying farewell to **Johan.** He has not changed his determination to sail. A strange incident happens. Little **Olaf Bernick** runs away from home to slip on board the ship and accompany his uncle to America.]

Lona : So the great hour has arrived. The whole town is to be illuminated.

Bernick (*pacing to and fro in agitation*) : Yes. **Lona**, you despise me.

Lona : Not yet.

Ber. : You have no right to despise me. For you little realize how lonely I stand in this narrow society. What have I accomplished, with all my efforts ? We who are considered the pillars of society are but its tools after all. Since you came home from America I have been keenly feeling all this. All this show and deception gives me no satisfaction. But I work for my son, who will be able to found a truer state of things and to be happier than his father.

Lona : With a lie for its basis ? Think what an heritage you are preparing for Olaf.

Ber. : Why did you and Johan come home to crush me ?

Lona : Let me just tell you that after all Johan will not come back to crush you. For he has gone for ever and Dina has gone also to become his wife.

Ber. (*amazed*) : Gone—in the Indian Girl ?

Lona : They did not dare to risk their lives in that crazy tub. They are in the Palm Tree.

[**Bernick** rushes to his office to order the Indian Girl to be stopped in the harbour, but he learns that she is already out at sea. But presently **Hilmar** comes to tell him that **Olaf** has run away in the Indian Girl. He cries out that the ship must be stopped at any cost. **Krap** says it is impossible. Music is heard, for the procession is approaching. **Bernick,** in an agony of soul, declares that he cannot receive anyone. The whole street blazes with the illuminations, and on a great transparency on the opposite house gleams the inscription, 'Long live Karsten Bernick, the Pillar of our Society !']

Ber. (*at the window, shrinking back*) : I cannot look at all this. Away with all these mocking words ! I shall never see Olaf again.

Mrs. Bernick : You will see him again, Karsten, all right. I have got him. Do you think a mother does not watch ? I overheard a few words from our boy which set me on my guard. I and Aune went in the sailing boat from the yard and reached the Indian Girl when she was on the point of sailing, and he was soon discovered hiding away.

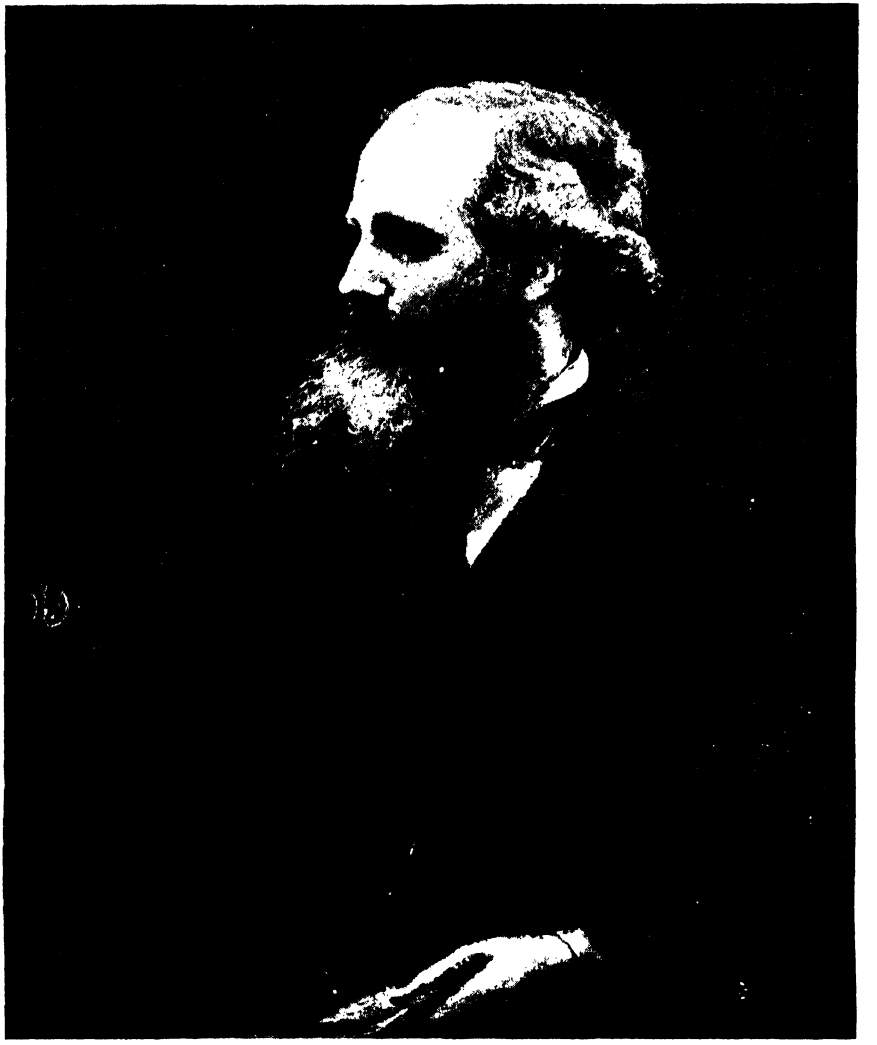
Ber. : And is the ship under sail again ?

Mrs. Ber. : No. The darkness came on more densely, the pilot was alarmed, and so Aune, in your name, took on himself to order the ship to stay till to-morrow.

Ber. : What an unspeakable blessing.

Krap : The procession is coming through the garden gate, consul.

[**Rector Rorlund,** at the head of the procession, makes a presentation to **Bernick** in the name of the committee, and expresses the public esteem and admiration for the consul's services to society. **Bernick,** to the astonishment of the audience, proceeds to make a full confession of the duplicity and deceit of which he has been guilty. He unreservedly places himself in the hands of the people, who quietly disperse. **Bernick** at once finds that, whatever the people may think, he has won the sympathy of all his own immediate circle. **Lona** lays her hands on his shoulder with the words, 'Brother-in-law, you have at last discovered that the spirit of Truth and the spirit of Freedom are the real Pillars of Society.']



James Clerk-Maxwell (1831–79), the British physicist, held a prominent position in the foremost rank of natural philosophers. Like Sir Isaac Newton, he manifested his power as an original investigator at an early age, first contributing to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in his fifteenth year. His paper on Faraday's Lines of Force, read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society in 1855, foreshadowed his great work, A Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism. From 1855 to 1872 Maxwell published important investigations on the theory of colours in relation to colour-blindness and on the kinetic theory of gases, but the researches to which the great work of his life was devoted are those dealing with electricity and magnetism. The electro-magnetic theory of light is inseparably connected with his name and his theoretical work on electric waves suggested the experiments which have been since developed into a system of wireless communications. This portrait is reproduced from the painting by Lowes Dickinson in Trinity College, Cambridge.

JAMES CLERK-MAXWELL

A TREATISE ON ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM

DESCRIBED by a competent critic as 'one of the most splendid monuments ever raised by the genius of a single individual,' James Clerk-Maxwell's famous Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism was published in 1873. It was in this work that he constructed his theory of electricity, in which 'action at a distance' should be replaced by 'action through a medium,' and first enunciated the principle of an electro-magnetic theory of light which has formed the basis of nearly all modern physical science. The Treatise is now published by the Oxford University Press, by whose permission the epitome which follows is included here. In addition to numerous and important scientific papers, a memorial edition of which was published in 1890 by the Cambridge University Press, Clerk-Maxwell wrote a text-book on heat and a small treatise on dynamics called Matter and Motion.

I—The Nature of Electricity



LET a piece of glass and a piece of resin be rubbed together. They will be found to attract each other. If a second piece of glass be rubbed with a second piece of resin, it will be found that the two pieces of glass repel each other and that the two pieces of resin are also repelled from one another, while each piece of glass attracts each piece of resin. These phenomena of attraction and repulsion are called electrical phenomena, and the bodies which exhibit them are said to be 'electrified,' or to be 'charged with electricity.'

Bodies may be electrified in many other ways, as well as by friction. When bodies not previously electrified are observed to be acted on by an electrified body, it is because they have become 'electrified by induction.' If a metal vessel be electrified by induction, and a second metallic body be suspended by silk threads near it, and a metal wire be brought to touch simultaneously the electrified body and the second body, this latter body will be found to be electrified. Electricity has been transferred from one body to the other by means of the wire.

There are many other manifestations of electricity, all of which have been more or less studied, and they lead to the formation of theories of its nature, theories which fit in, to a greater or less extent, with the observed facts. The electrification of a body is a physical quantity capable of measurement, and two or more electrifications can be combined experimentally with a result of the same kind as when two quantities are added algebraically. We, therefore, are entitled to use language fitted to deal with electrification as a quantity as well as a quality, and to speak of any electrified body as 'charged with a certain quantity of positive or negative electricity.'

While admitting electricity to the rank of a physical quantity, we must not too hastily assume that it is, or is not, a substance, or that it is, or is not, a form of energy, or that it belongs to any known category of physical quantities. All that we have proved is that it cannot be created or annihilated, so that if the total quantity of electricity within a closed surface is increased or diminished, the increase or diminution must have passed in or out through the closed surface.

This is true of matter, but it is not true of heat, for heat may be increased or diminished within a closed surface, without passing in or out through the surface, by the transformation of some form of energy into heat, or of heat into some other form of energy. It is not true even of energy in general if we admit the immediate action of bodies at a distance.

There is, however, another reason which warrants us in asserting that electricity,

as a physical quantity, synonymous with the total electrification of a body, is not, like heat, a form of energy. An electrified system has a certain amount of energy, and this energy can be calculated. The physical quantities, 'electricity' and 'potential,' when multiplied together, produce the quantity, 'energy.' It is impossible, therefore, that electricity and energy should be quantities of the same category, for electricity is only one of the factors of energy, the other factor being 'potential.'

ELECTRICITY is treated as a substance in most theories of the subject, but as there are two kinds of electrification, which, being combined, annul each other, a distinction has to be drawn between free electricity and combined electricity, for we cannot conceive of two substances annulling each other. In the two-fluid theory, all bodies, in their unelectrified state, are supposed to be charged with equal quantities of positive and negative electricity. These quantities are supposed to be so great that no process of electrification has ever yet deprived a body of all the electricity of either kind. The two electricities are called 'fluids' because they are capable of being transferred from one body to another, and are, within conducting bodies, extremely mobile.

In the one-fluid theory everything is the same as in the theory of two fluids, except that, instead of supposing the two substances equal and opposite in all respects, one of them, generally the negative one, has been endowed with the properties and name of ordinary matter, while the other retains the name of the electric fluid. The particles of the fluid are supposed to repel each other according to the law of the inverse square of the distance, and to attract those of matter according to the same law. Those of matter are supposed to repel each other and attract those of electricity.

This theory requires us, however, to suppose the mass of the electric fluid so small that no attainable positive or negative electrification has yet perceptibly increased or diminished the mass or the weight of a body, and it has not yet been able to assign sufficient reasons why the positive rather than the negative electrification should be supposed due to an *excess* quantity of electricity.

For my own part, I look for additional light on the nature of electricity from a study of what takes place in the space intervening between the electrified bodies. Some of the phenomena are explained equally by all the theories, while others merely indicate the peculiar difficulties of each theory. We may conceive the relation into which the electrified bodies are thrown, either as the result of the state of the intervening medium, or as the result of a direct action between the electrified bodies at a distance. If we adopt the latter conception, we may determine the law of the action, but we can go no further in speculating on its cause.

If, on the other hand, we adopt the conception of action through a medium, we are led to inquire into the nature of that action in each part of the medium. If we calculate on this hypothesis the total energy residing in the medium, we shall find it equal to the energy due to the electrification of the conductors on the hypothesis of direct action at a distance. Hence, the two hypotheses are mathematically equivalent.

ON the hypothesis that the mechanical action observed between electrified bodies is exerted through and by means of the medium, as the action of one body on another by means of the tension of a rope or the pressure of a rod, we find that the medium must be in a state of mechanical stress. The nature of the stress is, as Faraday pointed out, a tension along the lines of force combined with an equal pressure in all directions at right angles to these lines. This distribution of stress is the only one consistent with the observed mechanical action on the electrified bodies, and also with the observed equilibrium of the fluid dielectric which surrounds them. I have, therefore, assumed the actual existence of this state of stress.

Every case of electrification or discharge may be considered as a motion in a closed circuit, such that at every section of the circuit the same quantity of electricity crosses in the same time; and this is the case, not only in the voltaic current,

where it has always been recognized, but in those cases in which electricity has been generally supposed to be accumulated in certain places.

We are thus led to a very remarkable consequence of the theory which we are examining, namely, that the motions of electricity are like those of an *incompressible* fluid, so that the total quantity within an imaginary fixed closed surface remains always the same.

The peculiar features of the theory as developed in this book are as follows.

That the energy of electrification resides in the dielectric medium, whether that medium be solid or gaseous, dense or rare, or even deprived of ordinary gross matter, provided that it be still capable of transmitting electrical action.

That the energy in any part of the medium is stored up in the form of a constraint called polarisation, dependent on the resultant electromotive force (the difference of potentials between two conductors) at the place.

That electromotive force acting on a dielectric produces what we call electric displacement.

That in fluid dielectrics the electric polarisation is accompanied by a tension in the direction of the lines of force combined with an equal pressure in all directions at right angles to the lines of force.

That the surfaces of any elementary portion into which we may conceive the volume of the dielectric divided must be conceived to be electrified, so that the surface density at any point of the surface is equal in magnitude to the displacement through that point of the surface *reckoned inwards*.

That, whatever electricity may be, the phenomenon we call electric displacement is a movement of electricity in the same sense as the transference of a definite quantity of electricity through a wire.

II—Theories of Magnetism

CERTAIN bodies as, for instance, the iron ore called loadstone, the earth itself, and pieces of steel which have been subjected to certain treatment—are found to possess the following properties, and are called magnets.

If a magnet be suspended so as to turn freely about a vertical axis, it will in general tend to set itself in a certain azimuth, and, if disturbed from this position, it will oscillate about it.

It is found that the force which acts on the body tends to cause a certain line in the body—called the axis of the magnet—to become parallel to a certain line in space called the 'direction of the magnetic force.'

The ends of a long thin magnet are commonly called its poles, and like poles repel each other; while unlike poles attract each other. The repulsion between the two magnetic poles is in the straight line joining them, and is numerically equal to the products of the strength of the poles divided by the square of the distance between them; that is, it varies as the inverse square of the distance. Since the form of the law of magnetic action is identical with that of electric action, the same reasons which can be given for attributing electric phenomena to the action of one 'fluid' or two 'fluids' can also be used in favour of the existence of a magnetic matter, fluid or otherwise, provided new laws are introduced to account for the actual facts.

At all parts of the earth's surface, except some parts of the Polar regions, one end of a magnet points in a northerly direction and the other in a southerly one. Now, a bar of iron held parallel to the direction of the earth's magnetic force is found to become magnetic. Any piece of soft iron placed in a magnetic field is found to exhibit magnetic properties. These are phenomena of *induced* magnetism.

Poisson supposes the magnetism of iron to consist in a separation of the magnetic fluids within each magnetic molecule. Weber's theory differs from this in assuming that the molecules of the iron are always magnets, even before the application of the magnetising force, but that in ordinary iron the magnetic axes of the molecules are turned indifferently in every direction, so that the iron as a whole exhibits no magnetic properties; and this theory agrees very well with what is observed.

The theories establish the fact that magnetisation is a phenomenon, not of large masses of iron, but of molecules ; that is to say, of portions of the substance so small that we cannot by any mechanical method cut them in two, so as to obtain a north pole separate from a south pole. We have arrived at no explanation, however, of the nature of a magnetic molecule, and we have therefore to consider the hypothesis of Ampère—that the magnetism of the molecule is due to an electric current constantly circulating in some closed path within it.

Ampère concluded that if magnetism is to be explained by means of electric currents, these currents must circulate within the molecules of the magnet, and cannot flow from one molecule to another. As we cannot experimentally measure the magnetic action at a point within the molecule, this hypothesis cannot be disproved in the same way that we can disprove the hypothesis of sensible currents within the magnet. In spite of its apparent complexity, Ampère's theory greatly extends our mathematical vision into the interior of the molecules.

III—The Electro-Magnetic Theory of Light

We explain electro-magnetic phenomena by means of mechanical action transmitted from one body to another through a medium occupying the space between them. The undulatory theory of light also assumes the existence of a medium. We have to show that the properties of the electro-magnetic medium are identical with those of the luminiferous medium.

To fill all space with a new medium whenever any new phenomena are to be explained is by no means philosophical, but if the study of two different branches of science has independently suggested the idea of a medium, and if the properties which must be attributed to the medium in order to account for electro-magnetic phenomena are of the same kind as those which we attribute to the luminiferous medium in order to account for the phenomena of light, the evidence for the physical existence of the medium is considerably strengthened.

According to the theory of emission, the transmission of light energy is effected by the actual transference of light corpuscles from the luminous to the illuminated body. According to the theory of undulation there is a material medium which fills the space between the two bodies, and it is by the action of contiguous parts of this medium that the energy is passed on, from one portion to the next, till it reaches the illuminated body. The luminiferous medium is therefore, during the passage of light through it, a receptacle of energy. This energy is supposed to be partly potential and partly kinetic, and our theory agrees with the undulatory theory in assuming the existence of a medium capable of becoming a receptacle for two forms energy.

Now, the properties of bodies are capable of quantitative measurement. We therefore obtain the numerical value of some property of the medium—such as the velocity with which a disturbance is propagated in it. If we find that the velocity of propagation of electro-magnetic disturbance is the same as the velocity of light, we have reason for believing that light is an electro-magnetic phenomenon.

It is, in fact, found that the velocity of light, and the velocity of propagation of electro-magnetic disturbance are quantities of the same order of magnitude. Neither of them can be said to have been determined accurately enough to say that one is greater than the other. In the meantime, our theory asserts that the quantities are equal and assigns a physical reason for this equality, and it is not contradicted by the comparison of the results, such as they are.

Lorenz has deduced from Kirchoff's equations of electric currents a new set of equations, indicating that the distribution of force in the electro-magnetic field may be considered as arising from the mutual action of contiguous elements, and that waves, consisting of transverse electric currents, may be propagated, with a velocity comparable with that of light, in non-conducting media.

The most important step in establishing a relation between electric and magnetic phenomena and those of light must be the

discovery of some instance in which one set of phenomena is affected by the other. Faraday succeeded in establishing such a relation, and showed that in the case of a ray of plane-polarised light the effect of the magnetic force is to turn the plane of polarisation round the direction of the ray as an axis, through a certain angle.

The action of magnetism on polarised light leads to the conclusion that in a medium under the action of a magnetic force, something belonging to the same mathematical class as an angular velocity, whose axis is in the direction of the magnetic force, forms part of the phenomenon. This angular velocity cannot be any portion of the medium of sensible dimensions rotating as a whole. We must, therefore, conceive the rotation to be that of very small portions of the medium, each rotating on its own axis.

This is the hypothesis of molecular vortices. The displacements of the medium during the propagation of light will produce a disturbance of the vortices, and the vortices, when so disturbed, may react on the medium so as to affect the propagation of the ray.

IV—Action at a Distance

THERE appears to be some prejudice, or *a priori* objection, against the hypothesis of a medium in which the phenomena of radiation of light and heat, and the electric actions at a distance, take place. It is true that at one time those who speculated as to the cause of physical phenomena were in the habit of accounting for each kind of action at a distance by means of a special ethereal fluid, whose function and property it was to produce these actions. They filled all space three and four times over with ethers of different kinds, the properties of which were invented merely to 'save appearances,' so that more rational inquirers willingly accepted not only Newton's definite law of attraction at a distance, but even the dogma of Cotes that action at a distance is one of the primary properties of matter, and that no explanation can be more intelligible than this fact. Hence the undulatory theory of light has met with much opposition, directed not against its failure to explain the phenomena, but against its assumption of the existence of a medium in which light is propagated.

The mathematical expression for electrodynamic action led, in the mind of Gauss, to the conviction that a theory of the propagation of electric action would in time be found to be the very keystone of electro-dynamics. Now, we are unable to conceive of propagation in time, except either as the flight of a material substance through space or as the propagation of a condition of motion or stress in a medium already existing in space.

In the theory of Neumann, the mathematical conception called potential, which we are unable to conceive as a material substance, is supposed to be projected from one particle to another, in a manner which is quite independent of a medium, and which, as Neumann has himself pointed out, is extremely different from that of the propagation of light. In other theories it would appear that the action is supposed to be propagated in a manner somewhat more similar to that of light.

But in all these theories the question naturally occurs: 'If something is transmitted from one particle to another at a distance, what is its condition after it has left the one particle, and before it reaches the other?' If this something is the potential energy of the two particles, as in Neumann's theory, how are we to conceive this energy as existing in a point of space coinciding neither with the one particle nor with the other? In fact, whenever energy is transmitted from one body to another in time, there must be a medium or substance in which the energy exists after it leaves one body, and before it reaches the other, for energy, as Torricelli remarked, 'is a quintessence of so subtle a nature that it cannot be contained in any vessel except the inmost substance of material things.'

Hence all these theories lead to the conception of a medium in which the propagation takes place, and if we admit this medium as an hypothesis, I think we ought to endeavour to construct a mental representation of all the details of its action, and this has been my constant aim in this treatise.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

PETER SIMPLE

LIKE most of Marryat's best novels, Peter Simple first appeared serially in The Metropolitan Magazine in 1834, being published in three volumes in 1837. It at once established the reputation as a writer of sea stories which had been won for the author by Frank Mildmay and The King's Own. Marryat's admirable gifts of lucid, direct narrative, unfailing humour and happy delineation of character were never better displayed than in this novel. As Christopher North said, 'He would have stood in the first class of sea scribes had he written nothing but Peter Simple.' Though not avowedly autobiographical as was Frank Mildmay, Peter Simple was based largely upon Marryat's professional experience and knowledge, and the character of Captain Savage of the *Diomede* was drawn from Lord Cochrane, under whom Marryat first served. Many of the types created by Marryat have taken their place as characteristic figures of English fiction, and of these Gentleman Chucks in Peter Simple is one of the most famous. An outline of Marryat's Midshipman Easy appears in pages 1917 to 1922.

I—I am Sacrificed to the Navy



I THINK that had I been permitted to select my own profession in childhood, I should in all probability have bound myself apprentice to a tailor, for I always envied the comfortable seat which they appeared to enjoy upon the shop-board. But my father, who was a clergyman of the Church of England and the youngest brother of a noble family, had a lucrative living, and a 'soul above buttons,' if his son had not. It has been from time immemorial the custom to sacrifice the greatest fool of the family to the prosperity and naval superiority of the country, and at the age of fourteen I was selected as the victim.

My father, who lived in the North of England, forwarded me by coach to London and from London I set out by coach for Portsmouth.

A gentleman in a plaid cloak sat by me, and at the Elephant and Castle a drunken sailor climbed up by the wheel of the coach and sat down on the other side.

I commenced a conversation with the gentleman in the plaid cloak relative to my profession, and asked him whether it was not very difficult to learn.

"Larn," cried the sailor, interrupting us, "no; it may be difficult for such chaps as me before the mast to larn; but you, I presume, is a reefer, and they ain't not much to larn, 'cause why, they pipe-clays their weekly accounts, and walks up and down with their hands in their pockets. You must larn to chaw baccy and drink grog, and then you knows all a midshipman's expected to know nowadays. Ar'n't I right, sir?" said the sailor, appealing to the gentleman in a plaid cloak. "I axes you, because I see you're a sailor by the cut of your jib. Beg pardon, sir," continued he, touching his hat; "hope no offence."

"I am afraid that you have nearly hit the mark, my good fellow," replied the gentleman.

At the bottom of Portsdown Hill I inquired how soon we should be at Portsmouth. He answered that we were passing the lines; but I saw no lines, and I was ashamed to show my ignorance. The gentleman in a plaid cloak asked me what ship I was going to join and whether I had a letter of introduction to the captain.

"Yes, I have," replied I. And I pulled out my pocket-book, in which the letter was. "Captain Savage, H.M. ship *Diomede*," I read.

To my surprise, he very coolly took the letter and proceeded to open it, which occasioned me immediately to snatch the letter from him, stating my opinion at the same time that it was a breach of honour, and that in my opinion he was no gentleman.

"Just as you please, youngster," replied he. "Recollect, you have told me I am no gentleman."

I stayed at the Blue Posts, where all the midshipmen put up, that night, and next morning presented myself at the George Inn with my letter of introduction to Captain Savage.

"Mr. Simple, I am glad to see you," said a voice. And there sat, with his uniform and epaulets and his sword by his side, the passenger in the plaid cloak who wanted to open my letter and whom I had told that he was 'no gentleman!'

I thought I should have died, and was just sinking down upon my knees to beg for mercy, when the captain, perceiving my confusion, burst out into a laugh, and said, "So you know me again, Mr. Simple? Well, don't be alarmed. You did your duty in not permitting me to open the letter, supposing me, as you did, to be some other person, and you were perfectly right, under that supposition, to tell me that I was not a gentleman. I give you credit for your conduct. Now, I think the sooner you go on board the better."

On my arrival on board the first lieutenant, after looking at me closely, said, "Now, Mr. Simple, I have looked attentively at your face, and I see at once that you are very clever, and if you do not prove so in a *very* short time, why —you had better jump overboard, that's all."

I was very much terrified at this speech, but at the same time I was pleased to hear that he thought me clever. My unexpected reputation was shortly afterwards strengthened, when, noticing the first lieutenant in consultation with the gunner, the former, on my approaching, said, "Youngster, hand me that *monkey's tail*."

I saw nothing like a monkey's tail, but I was so frightened that I snatched up the first thing that I saw, which was a short bar of iron, and it so happened that it was the very article which he wanted.

"So you know what a monkey's tail is already, do you?" said the first lieutenant. "Now don't you ever sham stupid after that."

A fortnight later, at daylight, a signal from the flagship in harbour was made for us to unmoor; our orders had come to cruise in the Bay of Biscay. The captain came on board, the anchor weighed and we ran through the Needles with a fine breeze. Presently I felt so very ill that I went down below. What occurred for the next six days I cannot tell. I thought that I should die every moment, and lay in my hammock, incapable of eating, drinking, or walking about.

O'BRIEN, the senior midshipman and master's mate, who had been very kind to me, came to me on the seventh morning and said that if I did not exert myself I never should get well; that he had taken me under his protection, and to prove his regard would give me a good basting, which was a sovereign remedy for seasickness. He suited the action to the word, and drubbed me on the ribs without mercy until I thought the breath was out of my body; but I obeyed his orders to go on deck immediately, and somehow or other did contrive to crawl up the ladder to the main deck, where I sat down and cried bitterly. But, by degrees, I recovered myself, and certainly that night I slept very soundly.

The next morning O'Brien came to me again.

"It's a nasty slow fever, that seasickness, my Peter, and we must drive it out of you."

And then he commenced a repetition of yesterday's remedy until I was almost a jelly. Whether the fear of being thrashed drove away my sickness, I do not know, but this is certain, that I felt no more of it after the second beating, and the next morning when I awoke I was very hungry.

II—I am Taken Prisoner

ONE morning at daybreak we found ourselves about four miles from the town of Cette, and a large convoy of vessels coming round a point. We made all sail in chase, and they anchored close in shore under a battery, which we did not discover until it opened fire upon us. The captain tacked the ship and stood out again, until the boats were hoisted out, and all ready to pull on

shore and storm the battery. O'Brien, who was the officer commanding the first cutter on service, was in his boat, and I obtained permission from him to smuggle myself into it.

We ran ashore, amidst the fire of the gunboats which protected the convoy, by which we lost three men, and made for the battery, which we took without opposition, the French artillerymen running out as we ran in. The directions of the captain were very positive not to remain in the battery a minute after it was taken, but to board the gunboats, leaving only one of the small boats, with the armourer, to spike the guns, for the captain was aware that there were troops stationed along the coast who might come down upon us and beat us off.

THE first lieutenant, who commanded, desired O'Brien to remain with the first cutter, and after the armourer had spiked the guns, as officer of the boat he was to shove off immediately. O'Brien and I remained in the battery with the armourer, the boat's crew being ordered down to the boat to keep her afloat and ready to shove off at a moment's warning. We had spiked all the guns but one, when all of a sudden a volley of musketry was poured upon us, which killed the armourer and wounded me in the leg above the knee. I fell down by O'Brien, who cried out, "By the powers, here they are, and one gun not spiked!" He jumped down, wrenched the hammer from the armourer's hand and, seizing a nail from the bag, in a few moments he had spiked the gun.

At this time I heard the tramping of the French soldiers advancing, when O'Brien threw away the hammer and lifting me upon his shoulders cried, "Come along, Peter, my boy," and made for the boat as fast as he could. But he was too late; he had not got half-way to the boat before he was collared by two French soldiers and dragged back into the battery. The French troops then advanced and kept up a smart fire; our cutter escaped and joined the other boat, which had captured the gunboats and convoy with little opposition.

In the meantime, O'Brien had been taken into the battery with me on his back; but as soon as he was there he laid me gently down, saying, "Peter, my boy, as long as you were under my charge, I'd carry you through thick and thin; but now that you are under the charge of these French beggars, why, let them carry you."

When the troops ceased firing (and if O'Brien had left one gun unspiked they must have done a great deal of mischief to our boats), the commanding officer came up to O'Brien, and looking at him, said, "Officer?" to which O'Brien nodded his head. He then pointed to me—"Officer?" O'Brien nodded his head again, at which the French troops laughed and called me an *enfant*.

Then, as I was very faint and could not walk, I was carried on three muskets, O'Brien walking by my side, till we reached the town of Cette; there we were taken to the commanding officer's house. It turned out that this officer's name was also O'Brien, and that he was of Irish descent. He and his daughter Celeste, a little girl of twelve, treated us both with every kindness. Celeste was my little nurse, and we became very intimate, as might be expected, teaching each other French and English.

Before two months were over, I was quite recovered, and soon the time came when we were to leave our comfortable quarters for a French prison. Captain Savage had sent our clothes and two hundred dollars to us under a flag of truce, and I had taken advantage of this to send a letter off which I dictated to Colonel O'Brien, containing my statement of the affair, in which I mentioned O'Brien's bravery in spiking the gun and in looking after me. I knew that he would never tell if I didn't.

AT last the day came for us to leave and my parting with Celeste was very painful. I promised to write to her and she promised to answer my letters if it were permitted. We shook hands with Colonel O'Brien, thanking him for his kindness, and set off, on parole, on horseback for Toulon.

From Toulon we were moved to Montpelier, and from Montpelier to Givet, a fortified town in the department of Ardennes, where we arrived exactly four months after our capture.

III—We Make Our Escape

O'BRIEN had decided at once that we should make our escape from the prison at Givet.

First he procured a plan of the fortress from a gendarme and then, when we were shown into the room allotted to us, and our baggage was examined, the false bottom of his trunk was not noticed, and by this means various instruments he had bought on the road escaped detection. Round his body O'Brien had also wound a rope of silk, sixty feet long, with knots at every two feet.

The practicability of escape from Givet seemed to me impossible. The yard of the fortress was surrounded by a high wall; the buildings appropriated for the prisoners were built with lean-to roofs on one side, and at each side of the square was a sentry looking down upon us. We had no parole, and but little communication with the townspeople.

But O'Brien, who often examined the map he had procured from the gendarme, said to me one day, "Peter, can you swim?"

"No," replied I; "but never mind that."

"But I must mind it, Peter; for observe we shall have to cross the River Meuse and boats are not always to be had. This fortress is washed by the river on one side; and as it is the strongest side it is the least guarded—we must escape by it. I can see my way clear enough till we get to the second rampart on the river, but when we drop into the river, if you cannot swim, I must contrive to hold you up somehow or other. But first tell me, do you intend to try your luck with me?"

"Yes," replied I, "most certainly, if you have sufficient confidence in me to take me as your companion."

"To tell you the truth, Peter, I would not give a farthing to escape without you. We were taken together and, please God, we'll take ourselves off together, directly we get the dark nights and foul weather."

We had been about two months in Givet when letters arrived. My father wrote requesting me to draw for whatever money I might require, and also informing me that as my Uncle William was dead, there was now only one between him and the title, but that my grandfather, Lord Privilege, was in good health. O'Brien's letter was from Captain Savage; the frigate had been sent home with despatches, and O'Brien's conduct represented to the Admiralty, which had, in consequence, promoted him to the rank of lieutenant.

We read each other's letters, and O'Brien said, "I see your uncle is dead. How many more uncles have you?"

"My uncle John, who is married, and has already two daughters."

"Blessings on him! Peter, my boy, you shall be a lord before you die."

"Nonsense, O'Brien; I have no chance."

"What chance had I of being a lieutenant, and am I not one? And now, my boy, prepare yourself to quit this cursed hole in a week, wind and weather permitting. But, Peter, do me one favour. As I am really a lieutenant, just touch your hat to me, only once, that's all; but I wish the compliment, just to see how it looks."

"Lieutenant O'Brien," said I, touching my hat, "have you any further orders?"

"Yes, sir," replied he; "that you never presume to touch your hat to me again, unless we sail together, and then that's a different sort of thing."

A WEEK later, O'Brien's preparations were complete. I had bought a new umbrella on his advice, and this he had painted with a preparation of oil and beeswax. He had also managed to procure a considerable amount of twine, which he had turned into a sort of strong cord, or square plait.

At twelve o'clock on a dark November night we left our room and went down into the yard. By means of pieces of iron, which he drove into the interistices of the stone, we scaled a high wall, and dropped down on the other side by a drawbridge. Here the sentry was asleep, but O'Brien gagged him, and I threw open the pan of his musket to prevent him from firing.

Then I followed O'Brien into the river. The umbrella was opened and turned upwards, and I had only to hold on to it at arm's length. O'Brien had a tow-line, and

taking this in his teeth, he towed me down with the stream to about a hundred yards clear of the fortress, where we landed. O'Brien was so exhausted that for a few minutes he remained quite motionless.

"Peter," said he, "think God we have succeeded so far. Now we must push on, for we shall have daylight in two hours."

It was not till some months later that, after many adventures, we reached Flushing, and procured the services of a pilot. With a strong tide and a fair wind we were soon clear of the Scheldt, and next morning a cutter hove in sight and in a few minutes we found ourselves once more under the British pennant.

IV—In Bedlam

Once, in the West Indies, O'Brien and I had again come across our good friend Colonel O'Brien and his daughter Celeste. He was now General O'Brien, Governor of Martinique; and Celeste was nineteen, and I one-and-twenty. And though France and England were still at war, before we parted Celeste and I were lovers, engaged to be married; and the general raised no objection to our attachment.

On our return from that voyage a series of troubles overtook me. My grandfather, Lord Privilege, had begun to take some interest in me; but before he died my uncle went to live with him, and so poisoned his mind against me that when the old lord's will was read it was found that £10,000 bequeathed to me had been cancelled by a codicil. As both my brothers and my other uncle were dead, my uncle was enraged at the possibility of my succeeding to the title.

The loss of £10,000 was too much for my father's reason, and from lunacy he went quietly to his grave, leaving my only sister, Ellen, to find a home among strangers.

In the meantime, O'Brien had been made a captain and had sailed for the East Indies. I was to have accompanied him, but my uncle, who had now succeeded to the title, had sufficient influence at the Admiralty to prevent this, and I was appointed first lieutenant to a ship whose captain, an illegitimate son of Lord Privilege's, was determined to ruin me. Captain Hawkins was a cowardly, mean, tyrannical man and, although I kept my temper under all his petty persecutions, he managed at last to string together a number of accusations and, on our return, send me to a court-martial.

The verdict of the court-martial was that 'the charges of insubordination had been partly proved, and therefore that Lieutenant Peter Simple was dismissed his ship; but in consideration of his good character and services his case was strongly recommended to the consideration of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.'

I hardly knew whether I felt glad or sorry at this sentence. On the one hand, in spite of the fourteen years I had served, it was almost a death-blow to my future advancement or employment in the service; on the other, the recommendation very much softened down the sentence, and I was quite happy to be quit of Captain Hawkins and free to hasten to my poor sister.

I hurried on shore, but on my journey north fell ill with fever and for three weeks was in a state of alternate stupor and delirium, lying in a cottage by the roadside.

My uncle, learning of my condition, thought this too favourable an opportunity, provided I should live, not to have me in his power. He sent to have me removed, and some days afterwards—for I recollect nothing about the journey—I found myself in bed in a dark room and my arms confined. Where was I? Presently the door opened, and a man entered who took down a shutter, and the light streamed in. The walls were bare and whitewashed. I looked at the window; it was closed up with two iron bars.

"Why, where am I?" I inquired, with alarm.

"Where are you?" replied he. "Why, in Bedlam!"

As I afterwards discovered, my uncle had had me confined upon the plea that I was a young man who was deranged with an idea that his name was Simple, and that he was the heir to the title and

estates, and that it was more from the fear of my coming to some harm than from any ill will toward the poor young man that he wished me to remain in the hospital and be taken care of. Under these circumstances, I remained in Bedlam for one year and eight months. A chance visit from General O'Brien, a prisoner on parole, who was accompanied by his friend, Lord Belmore, secured my release; and shortly afterwards I commenced an action for false imprisonment against Lord Privilege. But the sudden death of my uncle stopped the action, and gave me the title and estates. The return of my old mess-mate, Captain O'Brien, who had just been made Sir Terence O'Brien, in consequence of his successes in the East Indies, added to my happiness.

I found that Sir Terence had been in love with my sister Ellen from the day I had first taken him home; so when Celeste consented to my entreaties that our wedding should take place six weeks after my assuming the title, O'Brien took the hint and spoke.

Both unions have been attended with as much happiness as this world can afford. O'Brien and I are blessed with children, until we can now muster a large Christmas party in the two families.

Such is the history of Peter Simple, Viscount Privilege, no longer the fool, but the head, of the family.

Spiritual Autobiography of a World-Teacher

LEO TOLSTOY

MY CONFESSION

IN his later years Tolstoy became more and more preoccupied with philosophical, social and religious questions, and all his work after 1880 is an exposition of his views on these subjects. In the autobiographical sketch, *My Confession: A Critique of Dogmatic Theology*, he described the various stages of religious experience through which he passed. Though the work is written in the most elevated tone, Tolstoy's independence of outlook was not approved by the Eastern Orthodox Church, and the book could not be published in Russia. It was issued at Geneva in 1888 by the firm of Epidine, who also published Tolstoy's *What Is My Life?* (1886) and *The Walk in the Light* (1892). In his *Confession* Tolstoy strikes the keynote of all his didactic writings. It is an affirmation of the principle that the pure spirit of religion, apart from external dogma, is the really precious factor of life. An English translation by Aylmer Maude is published by the Oxford University Press in The World's Classics.

I—Early Years of Evil



THOUGH reared in the faith of the Orthodox Eastern, or Russo-Greek Church, I had by the time when, at the age of eighteen, I left the University, ceased to believe what I had been taught. My faith could never have been well grounded in conviction. I not only ceased to pray, but also to attend the services and to fast. Without denying the existence of God, yet I cherished no ideas either as to the nature of God or the teaching of Christ.

I found that my wish to become a good and virtuous man, whenever the aspiration was in any way expressed, simply exposed me to ridicule; while I instantly gained praise for any vicious behaviour.

I look back with horror on the years of my young manhood, for I was guilty of slaying men in battle, of gambling, of riotous squandering of substance gained by the toil of serfs, of deceit and of profligacy. That course of life lasted ten years. Then I took to writing, but the motive was grovelling, for I aimed at gaining money and flattery.

My aims were gratified, for, coming to St. Petersburg at the age of twenty-six, I secured the flattering reception I had coveted from the authors most in repute. The war, about which I had written much from the field of conflict, had just closed. I found that a theory prevailed amongst the 'intelligentsia' that the function of writers, thinkers and poets was to teach; they were to teach not because they knew

or understood, but unconsciously and intuitively. Acting on this philosophy, I, as a thinker and poet, wrote and taught I knew not what, received large remuneration for my efforts with the pen, and lived loosely, gaily and extravagantly.

Thus I was one of the hierarchs of the literary faith, and for a considerable time was undisturbed by any doubts as to its soundness; but when three years had been thus spent, serious suspicions entered my mind. I noted that the devotees of this apparently infallible principle were at variance amongst themselves, for they disputed, deceived, abused and swindled each other. And many were grossly selfish and most immoral.

Disgust supervened, both with myself and with mankind in general. My error now was that though my eyes were opened to the vanity and delusion of the position, yet I retained it, imagining that I, as thinker, poet, teacher, could teach other men while not at all knowing what to teach. To my other faults an inordinate pride had been added by my intercourse with these *littérateurs*. That period, viewed retrospectively, seems to me like one of a kind of madness. Hundreds of us wrote to teach the people, while we all abused and confuted one another. We could teach nothing, yet we sent millions of pages all over Russia, and we were unspeakably vexed that we seemed to gain no attention.

II—Groping in Darkness

I TRAVELLED in Europe at this period, before my marriage, still cherishing in my mind the idea of general perfectibility, which was so popular at that time with the 'intelligentsia.' Cultured circles clung to the theory of what we call 'progress,' vague though the notions are attaching to the term. I was horrified with the spectacle of an execution in Paris, and my eyes were opened to the fallacy underlying the theory of human wisdom. The doctrine of 'progress' I now felt to be a mere superstition, and I was further confirmed in my conviction by the sad death of my brother after a painful illness of a whole year.

My brother was kind, amiable, clever and serious; but he passed away without ever knowing why he had lived or what his death meant for him. All theories were futile in face of this tragedy. Returning to Russia, I settled in my rural home and began to organize schools for the peasants, feeling real enthusiasm for the enterprise. For I still clung to a great extent to the idea of progress by development. I thought that though highly cultured men all thought and taught differently and agreed about nothing, yet in the case of the children of the mujiks the difficulty could easily be surmounted by permitting the children to learn what they liked.

I also tried through my own newspaper to indoctrinate the people, but my mind grew more and more embarrassed. At length I fell sick, rather mentally than physically. I went off to the steppes to breathe the pure air and to take mare's milk and to live the simple life. I married soon after my return to my estate. As time passed on I became happily absorbed in the interests of wife and children, largely forgetting during a happy interval of fifteen years the old anxiety for individual perfection. For this desire was superseded by that of promoting the welfare of my family.

All this time, however, I was writing busily, and was gaining much money as well as winning great applause. And in everything I wrote I persistently taught what was for me the sole truth—that our chief object in life should be to secure our own happiness and that of our family.

Then, five years ago, supervened a mood of mental lethargy. I grew despondent; my perplexity increased and I was tormented by the constant recurrence of such questions as 'Why?' and 'What afterwards?' And by degrees the questions took a more concrete form. 'I now possess six thousand desyatins of land in the government of Samara, and three hundred horses—what then?' I could find no answer.

Life had now lost its meaning and was no longer real to me. I was a healthy and happy man, and yet so empty did life seem to me that I was afraid of being tempted to commit suicide, even though I had not the slightest intention of perpetrating such a deed.

III—The Spirit of Despair

It was in my fiftieth year that the question 'What is life?' had reduced me to utter despair. Various queries clustered round this central interrogation. 'Why should I live? Why should I do anything? Is there any signification in life that can overcome inevitable death?' I found that in human knowledge no real answer was forthcoming to such yearnings.

I found that not only did Solomon declare that he hated life, for all is vanity and vexation of spirit; but that Sakya Muni, the Indian sage, equally decided that life was a great evil; while Socrates and Schopenhauer agree that annihilation is the only thing to be wished for. But neither these testimonies of great minds nor my own reasoning could induce me to destroy myself. For a force within me, combined with an instinctive consciousness of life, counteracted the feeling of despair and drew me out of my misery of soul. I felt that I must study life not merely as it was amongst those like myself, but as it was amongst the millions of the common people. I reflected that knowledge based on reason, the knowledge of the cultured, imparted no meaning to life, but that, on the other hand, amongst the masses of the common people there was an unreasoning consciousness of life which gave it a significance.

This unreasoning knowledge was the very faith which I was rejecting. It was faith in things I could not understand; in God, one yet three; in the creation of devils and angels. Such things seemed utterly contrary to reason. So I began to reflect that perhaps what I considered reasonable was not so, and what appeared unreasonable might not really be so.

Now, I saw that scientific knowledge would give no reply to my questions. I began to comprehend that though faith seemed to give unreasonable answers, these answers certainly did one important thing. They did at least bring in the relation of the finite to the infinite.

What is this faith? It is not only belief in God and in things unseen, but it is the apprehension of life's meaning. It is the force of life. I began to understand that the deepest source of human wisdom was to be found in the answers given by faith, that I had no reasonable right to reject them, and that they alone solved the problem of life.

IV—Mistakes Apprehended

Nevertheless, my heart was not lightened. I studied the writings of Buddhism, Islam and Christianity. I also studied actual religious life by turning to the orthodox, the monks and the Evangelicals, who preach salvation through faith in a Redeemer. I asked what meaning was given for them to life by what they believed. But I could not accept the faith of any of these men, because I saw that it did not explain the meaning of life, but only obscured it. So I felt a return of the terrible feeling of despair.

Being unable to believe in the sincerity of men who did not live consistently with the doctrines they professed, and feeling that they were self-deceived and, like myself, were satisfied with the lusts of the flesh, I began to draw near to the believers amongst the poor, simple and ignorant, the pilgrims, monks and peasants.

The more I contemplated the lives of these simple folk the more deeply was I convinced of the reality of their faith, which I perceived to be a necessity for them, for it alone gave life a meaning and made it worth living. This was in direct opposition to what I saw in my own circle, where I marked the possibility of living without faith, for not one in a thousand professed to be a believer, while amongst the poorer classes not one in thousands was an unbeliever.

The more I learnt of these men of faith the more I liked them, and the easier I felt it so to live. For two years I lived in their fashion. Then the life of my own wealthy and cultured class became repellent to me. It seemed like empty child's play, while the life of the working classes appeared to me in its true significance.

Now I began to apprehend where I had judged wrongly. My mistake was that

I had applied to my question concerning life an answer which only concerned my own life, not life in general. My life had been but one long indulgence of my passions. It was evil and meaningless. Therefore such an answer had no application to life at large.

I had not helped others. My life for thirty years had been that of a mere parasite. I had been contented to remain ignorant of the reason why I lived at all.

There is a supreme will in the universe. Someone makes the universal life his secret care. To know what that supreme will is, we must obey it implicitly. No reproaches against their masters come from the simple workers, who do just what is required of them, though we are in the habit of regarding them as brutes. We, on the contrary, who think ourselves wise, consume the goods of our master while we do nothing willingly that he prescribes. We think that it would be stupid for us to do so. What does such conduct imply? Simply that our master is stupid, or that we have no master.

V—Feeling versus Reason

THUS I was led at last to the conclusion that knowledge based on reason is fallacious and that the knowledge of truth can be secured only by living. I had come to feel that I must live a real, not a parasitical life, and that the meaning of life could be perceived only by observation of the combined lives of the great human community.

The feelings of my mind during all these experiences and observations were mingled with a heart-torment which I can only describe as a searching after God. This search was a feeling rather than a course of reasoning. For it came from my heart and was actually opposed to my way of thinking. Kant had shown the impossibility of proving the existence of God, yet I still hoped to find Him, and I still addressed Him in prayer. Yet I did not find Him Whom I sought.

At times I contended against the reasoning of Kant and Schopenhauer, and argued that causation is not in the same category with thought and space and time. I argued that if I existed, there was a cause of my being, and that cause was the cause of all causes. Then I pondered the idea that the cause of all things is what is called God.

Directly I became conscious of a power over me I felt a possibility of living. Then I asked myself what was this cause, and what was my relation to what I called God? Simply the old familiar answer occurred to me, that God is the creator, the giver of all. Yet I was dissatisfied and fearful, and the more I prayed the more convinced I was that I was not heard.

Yet the conviction kept recurring that I must have appeared in this world with some motive on the part of someone who had sent me into it, and so I passed from the consideration of the existence of God, which was proved, on to that of our relation towards Him as our Redeemer through His Son. But I felt this to be a thing apart from me and from the world, and this God vanished like melting ice from my eyes. Again I was left in despair.

Thus did moods of joy and despair come and go, till one day when I was listening to the sounds in a forest, and was still, on that day in the early springtide, seeking after God in my thoughts, a flash of joy illumined my soul. I realized that the conception of God was not God Himself. I felt that I had only truly lived when I believed in God. God is life. Live to seek God, and life will not be without Him. The light that then shone never left me. Gradually I felt the glow and strength of life return to me. I renounced the life of my own class, because it was unreal, and its luxurious superfluity rendered comprehension of life impossible. The simple men around me, the working classes, were the real Russian people. They made the meaning of life clear. It may thus be expressed:

Each of us is so created by God that he may ruin or save his soul. To save his soul, a man must live after God's word by humility, charity and endurance, while renouncing all the pleasures of life. This is for the common people the meaning of the whole system of faith, traditionally delivered to them from the past.

GESTA ROMANORUM

THE Gesta Romanorum, or Deeds of the Romans, a quaint collection of moral tales compiled by the monks, was used in the Middle Ages for pulpit instruction. Hence the curious 'Applications' to the stories, three of which are here given as examples. Wynkyn de Worde was the first to print the Gesta in English, about 1510. His version is based on Latin manuscripts of English origin, and differs from the first edition, and from the Latin text printed abroad about 1473. The stories have little to do with authentic Roman history, and abound in amusing confusions, contradictions and anachronisms. But their interest is undeniable and they form the source of many famous passages in English literature, including the bond and casket incidents in The Merchant of Venice, and Pericles, Prince of Tyre, versions of which are given in this epitome. A translation of the Gesta by the Rev. C. Swan is published by Routledge, and an edition of the old English version by the Oxford University Press.

Of Love



POMPEY was a wise and powerful king. He had one well-beloved daughter, who was very beautiful. Her he committed to the care of five soldiers, who were to guard her night and day. Before the door of the princess's chamber they hung a burning lamp and, moreover, they kept a loud-barking dog to rouse them from sleep. But the lady panted for the pleasures of the world, and one day, looking abroad, she was espied by a certain amorous duke, who made her many fair promises.

Hoping much from these, the princess slew the dog, put out the light, and fled by night with the duke. Now, there was in the palace a certain doughty champion. When he understood the contempt and ingratitude which the lady had exhibited towards her parent, he armed himself and hastened after the fugitives. A battle speedily ensued, in which the champion triumphed and decapitated the seducer on the spot. He brought the lady home again; but her father would not see her and thenceforward she passed her time bewailing her misdeeds.

Now, at court there was a wise and skilful mediator, who, being moved with compassion, reconciled the lady with her father and betrothed her to a powerful nobleman. The king then gave his daughter diverse gifts. These were a rich, flowing tunic inscribed with the words, 'Forgiven. Sin no more'; and a golden coronet with the legend, 'Thy dignity is from me.' Her champion gave a ring, engraved, 'I have loved thee; learn thou to love.' Likewise the mediator bestowed a ring, saying, 'What have I done? How much? Why?' A third ring was given by the king's son, with the words, 'Despise not thy nobility.' A fourth ring, from her brother, bore the motto, 'Approach! Fear not. I am thy brother.' Her husband gave a golden coronet, superscribed: 'Now thou art espoused, sin no more.'

The lady kept these gifts as long as she lived. She regained the affections of those whom her folly had estranged, and closed her days in peace.

My beloved, the king is our Heavenly Father; the daughter is the soul; the guardian soldiers are the five senses; the the lamp is the will; the dog is conscience; the duke is the Evil One. The mediator is Christ. The cloak is our Lord's wounded body. The champion and the brother are likewise Christ; the coronet is His crown of thorns; the rings are the wounds in His hands and feet. He is also the Spouse. Let us study to keep these gifts uninjured.

THE subject of a certain king, being captured by pirates, wrote to his father for ransom; but the father refused, and the youth was left wasting in prison. Now, his captor had a beautiful and virtuous daughter, who came to comfort the prisoner. At first he was too disconsolate to listen to her, but at length



he begged her to try to set him free. The lady feared her father's wrath, but at last, on promise of marriage, she freed the young man, and fled with him to his own country. His father said "Son, I am overjoyed at thy return, but who is the lady under thy escort?"

When his son told him, he charged him, on pain of losing his inheritance, not to marry her.

"But she released me from deadly peril," said the youth.

The father answered, "Son, thou mayest not confide in her, for she hath deceived her own father; and, furthermore, although she indeed set thee free, it was but to oblige thee to marry her. And since it was an unworthy passion that was the source of thy liberty, I think that she ought not to be thy wife."

When the lady heard these reasons, she answered thus, "I have not deceived my parent. He that deceives dimini hes a certain good. But my father is so rich that he needs not any addition. Wherefore, your son's ransom would have left him but little richer, while you it would have utterly impoverished. I have thus served you, and done my father no injury. As for unworthy passion, that arises from wealth, honours, or a handsome appearance, none of which your son possessed, for he had not even enough to procure his ransom, and imprisonment had destroyed his beauty. Therefore, I freed him out of compassion."

When the father heard this, he could object nothing more. So the son married the lady with great pomp, and closed his life in peace.

My beloved, the son is the human race, led captive by the devil. The father is the world, that will not redeem the sinner. The daughter is Christ.

Of Venial Sin

JULIAN, a noble soldier fond of the chase, was one day pursuing a stag, which turned and addressed him thus, "Thou who pursuest me so fiercely shalt one day destroy thy parents."

In great alarm, Julian sought a far country, where he enlisted with a certain chieftain. For his renowned services in war and peace he was made a knight, and wedded to the widow of a castellan.

Meanwhile, his parents sought him sorrowing, and coming at length to Julian's castle in his absence, they told his wife their story. The lady, for the love she bore her husband, put them into her own bed, and early in the morning went forth to her devotions. Julian returned, and softly entering his wife's apartment, saw two persons therein, and was filled with terrible alarm for his lady's fealty.

Without pause, he slew both, and hurried out. Meeting his wife in the church porch, he fell into amazement, and asked who they might be. Hearing the truth, he was shaken with an agony of tears, and cried, "Accursed that I am! Dearest wife, forgive, and receive my last farewell!"

"Nay," she replied. "Wilt thou abandon me, beloved, and leave me widowed? I that have shared thy happiness will now share thy grief!"



Together they departed to a great and dangerous river, where many had perished. There they built a hospital, where they abode in contrition, ferrying over such as wished to cross the river, and cherishing the poor. After many years, Julian was aroused at midnight by a dolorous voice calling his name. He found and ferried over a leper, perishing with cold. Failing to warm the wretch by other means, Julian placed him in his own bed, and strove by the heat of his own body to restore him. After a while he who seemed sick and cold and leprous appeared robed in immortal splendour and, waving his light wings,

seemed ready to mount up into heaven. Turning upon his wondering host a look of the utmost benignity, the visitant exclaimed, "Julian, the Lord hath sent me to thee to announce the acceptance of thy contrition. Ere long thou and thy partner will sleep in Him."

The angelic messenger disappeared, and Julian and his wife, after a short time occupied in good works, died in peace.

Of the End of Sinners

DIONYSIUS records that Perillus, wishing to become the artificer of Phalaris, the cruel tyrant of Agrigentum, presented him with a brazen bull. In its side was a secret door, for the entry of those who should be burnt to death within. The idea was that the agonised cries of the victim, resembling the roaring of a bull and nothing human, should arouse no feeling of mercy. The king, highly applauding the invention, said, "Friend, the value of thy industry is still untried; thou thyself shalt be the first victim."

There is no law more equitable than that "the artificer of death should perish by his own devices," as Ovid hath observed.

Of Too Much Pride

AS the Emperor Jovinian lay abed, reflecting on his power and possessions, he impiously asked, "Is there any other god than I?"

Amid such thoughts he fell asleep.

Now, on the morrow, as he followed the chase, he separated himself from his followers in order to bath in a stream. And as he bathed, one like him in all respects took the emperor's dress, and arraying himself in them, mounted the monarch's horse, and joined the royal retinue, who knew him not from their master. Jovinian, horseless and naked, was vexed beyond measure.

"Miserable that I am," he exclaimed, "I will to a knight who lives hard by. Him have I promoted; haply he will befriend me." But when he declared himself to be Jovinian, the knight ordered him to be flogged. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed the emperor, "is it possible that one whom I have loaded with honours should use me thus?"

Next he sought out a certain duke, one of his privy counsellors, and told his tale.

"Poor, mad wretch," said the duke. "I am but newly returned from the palace, where I left the emperor."

He therefore had Jovinian flogged and imprisoned. Contriving to escape, he went to the palace. "Surely," he reflected, "my servants will know me." But his own porter denied him. Nevertheless, he persuaded the man to take a secret sign to the empress, and to demand his imperial robes. The empress was much disturbed, and said, "Oh, my lord, there is a vile fellow at the gate who declares the most hidden passages of our life, and says he is my husband."

Being condemned to be dragged at a horse's tail, Jovinian, in despair, sought his confessor's cell. But the holy man would



not open to him, although at last, being adjured by the name of the Crucified, he gave him shrift at the window. Thereupon he knew the emperor, and giving him some clothes, bade him show himself again at the palace. This he did, and was received with due obeisance. Still, none knew which was the emperor, and which the impostor, until the feigned emperor spake.

"I," said he, "am the guardian angel of the king's soul. He has now purged his pride by penance; let your obedience wait in him."

So saying, he disappeared. The emperor gave thanks to God, lived happily after, and finished his days in peace.

My beloved, the emperor represents anyone whom the pride and vanity of life wholly engross. The knight to whom Jovinian first applied is reason; the duke is conscience. The wife is the human soul; the clothes in which the emperor was at last arrayed are the virtues that befit the good Christian.

Of Avarice

A COVETOUS and wicked carpenter placed all his riches in a log, which he hid by his fireside. Now, the sea swept away that part of his house, and drifted the log to a city where lived a generous man. He found the log, cleft it, and laid the gold in a secure place until he should discover the owner.

Now, the carpenter, seeking his wealth, came by chance to the house of him that had found it. When the seeker mentioned this loss, his host said to himself, "I will prove if God will that I return his money to him." He then made three cakes, one filled with earth, the second with dead men's bones, and the third with some of the lost gold. The carpenter, being invited to choose, weighed the cakes in his hand, and finding that with earth heaviest took it.

"And if I want more, my worthy host," said he, "I will choose that," laying his hand on the cake containing the bones. "The third you may keep for yourself."

"Thou miserable varlet," cried the host, "It is thine own gold, which plainly the Lord wills not that I return to thee."

So saying, he distributed all the treasure among the poor, and drove the carpenter away from his house in great tribulation.

Of Temporal Tribulation

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch, had one lovely daughter, who was much courted. But her father, seeking to withhold her from marriage, proposed a riddle to every suitor, and each one who failed to guess the answer was put to death. Among the suitors came Apollonius, the young Prince of Tyre, who guessed the riddle, the answer to which revealed a shameful secret of the king's life. Antiochus, loudly denying that the young man had hit upon the truth, sent him away for thirty days and bade him try again, on pain of death. So Apollonius departed and Antiochus set a price on the head of Apollonius and pursued him.

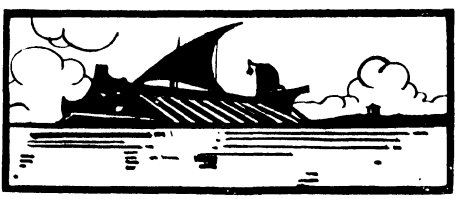
The prince, by the advice of one Stranguilio and his wife, Dionysias, sailed to Pentapolis. There, by his skill in athletics and music, he won the favour of Altistrates, who gave him his daughter to wife.

Some time after, hearing that the wicked Antiochus and his daughter had been killed by lightning, Apollonius and his wife set sail to take up the sovereignty of Antioch, which had fallen to him. On the way the lady died, leaving a new-born daughter. The prince placed his wife's body in a coffin smeared with pitch, and committed it to the deep.

Apollonius returned to Pentapolis and gave his infant daughter into the care of Stranguilio and Dionysias. Then he himself sailed away and wandered the world in deep grief. In the meantime, his wife's body was cast up at Ephesus, and was found by the physician Cerimon, one of whose pupils revived the lady, who became a vestal of Diana.

Years passed, and the child, who was called Tharsia, incurred the jealousy of Dionysias, because she was fairer than her own child Philomatia. Dionysias sought to kill Tharsia who, at the critical moment, was carried away by pirates and sold into slavery at Machylena. There her beauty and goodness protected her, and she won the love of the prince Athanagoras.

Some time afterwards a strange fleet came to Machylena. Athanagoras, struck by the beauty of one of the ships, went on



board, and asked to see the owner. He found a rugged and melancholy man, who was none other than Apollonius. In due time that prince was joyfully reunited with his child, who was given in marriage to her preserver.

Being warned by a dream to return to Ephesus, Apollonius found his wife in the precinct of the vestals and, together with her, he reigned long and happily over Antioch and Tyre. After death he went into everlasting life. To which may God, of His infinite mercy, lead us all.

MOLIERE

THE DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

OF all the learned classes that felt the lash of Molière's merciless scorn and ridicule, none suffered more than the profession of medicine. For years he had had a consumptive tendency, and it is more than probable that he had seen too much of the pedantic physicians of an age when the profession of medicine was exploited by men who relied upon tradition and superstition for much of their therapeutics and when medical science was still only in its infancy. In The Doctor in Spite of Himself (Le Médecin Malgré Lui) he went out whole-heartedly to hold quackery up to contempt. The play was first produced on August 6, 1666, being then acted with The Misanthrope, but its immediate and pronounced success justified its being put on the bill alone. The story is based upon an old fabliau, and while in conception and in motive it is frankly farcical, the lines abound in delicious satire, and on occasions pass from buffoonery into graceful comedy. The play is published by Dent in the Temple Molière.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

ganarelle	**Martine,** Sganarelle's wife
.ucas	**Jacqueline,** Lucas's wife, and nurse in M. Géronte's family
.éandre, lover of Lucinde	**Lucinde,** Géronte's daughter
;éronte	**Valère,** Géronte's attendant

First Act



JUST when the day has been fixed for the marriage of **Lucinde,** daughter of **M. Géronte,** she suddenly becomes dumb, and no doctors are found skilful enough to cure her. One day **Valère, M. Géronte's** attendant, and **Lucas,** the husband of **Jacqueline,** the nurse, are scouring the country in search of someone able to restore their young mistress's speech when they fall in with **Martine,** the wife of **Sganarelle,** a bibulous faggot-binder. **Sganarelle,** who has served a famous doctor for ten years, has just been beating his wife and she, in revenge, hearing the kind of person they are looking for, strongly recommends her husband to them as an eccentric doctor who has performed wonderful and almost incredible cures, but who always disclaims his profession and will never practise it until he has been well cudgelled.

Lucas and **Valère** accordingly go in quest of **Sganarelle** and, having found him, express their desire of availing themselves of his services as doctor. At first the faggot-binder vehemently denies that he is a doctor, but at last—thanks to the use of the persuasion recommended by **Martine**—he confesses to a knowledge of the physician's art, is induced to undertake the cure of **Mlle. Lucinde** and, on being introduced at **M. Géronte's** house, gives proof of his eccentricity as a doctor by cudgelling the master and embracing the nurse.]

[*Enter* **Lucinde, Valère, Géronte, Lucas, Sganarelle** *and* **Jacqueline.**

Sganarelle : Is this the patient ?

Géronte : Yes. I have but one daughter ; I should feel inexpressible grief were she to die.

Sgan. : Don't let her do anything of the kind. She must not die without a doctor's prescription.

Gér. : You have made her laugh, monsieur.

Sgan. : It is the best symptom in the world when the doctor makes his patient laugh. What sort of pain do you feel ?

Lucinde (*replies by signs, putting her hand to her mouth, to her head, and under her chin*) : Ha, hi, ho, ha !

Sgan. (*imitating her*) : Ha, hi, ho, ha ! I don't understand you.

Gér. : That is what her complaint is, monsieur. She became dumb, without our being able to find out the cause. It is this accident which has made us put off the marriage. The man she is going to marry wishes to wait till she gets better.

Sgan. : Who is the fool that does not want his wife to be dumb ? Would to heaven that mine had that complaint ! I would take good care she did not recover her speech.

Gér. : Well, monsieur, I beg of you to take all possible pains to cure her of this illness.

Sgan. (*to the patient*) : Let me feel your pulse. This tells me your daughter is dumb.

Gér. : Yes, monsieur, that is just what her illness is ; you have found it out the very first time.

Sgan. : We great doctors, we know things at once. An ignorant person would have been puzzled, and would have said to you : " It is this, it is that." But I was right the very first time. I tell you your daughter is dumb.

Gér. : But I should be very pleased if you could tell me how this happened.

Sgan : It is because she has lost her speech.

Gér. : But, please, what was the cause of the loss of speech ?

Sgan. : All our best authorities will tell you that it is a case of an impediment in the action of her tongue.

Gér. : But, nevertheless, let us have your opinion on this impediment in the action of her tongue.

Sgan : I hold that this impediment in the action of her tongue is caused by certain humours, which among us learned men are called peccant humours. For as the vapours formed by the exhalations of the influences which arise in the region of complaints, coming—so to speak—to—do you know Latin ?

Gér. : In no sort of a way. [Latin ?

Sgan. (*rising in astonishment*): You don't know

Gér. : No.

SGANARELLE (*assuming various amusing attitudes*) : *Singulariter, nominativo hæc musa,* 'the muse,' *bonus, bona, bonum, Deus sanctus, est-ne oratio latinas ? Quare ?* 'Why ?' *Quia substantivo, et adjectivum concordat in generi, numerum et casus.*

Gér. : Oh ! Why did I not study ?

Jacqueline : What a clever man he is !

Lucas : Yes, it's so fine that I don't understand a word of it.

Sgan. : Thus these vapours of which I speak passing from the left side, where the liver is, to the right side, where the heart is, it happens that the lungs, which we call in Latin *armyan,* having communication with the brain, which in Greek we name *nasmus,* by means of the *vena cava,* which we call in Hebrew *cubile,* in their way meet the said vapours, which fill the ventricles of the omoplata ; and as the said vapours—be sure you understand this argument, I beg you—and as these said vapours have a certain malignancy—listen carefully to this, I pray you.

Gér. : Yes.

Sgan. : Are gifted with a certain malignancy which is caused please pay attention——

Gér. : I am doing so.

Sgan. : Which is caused by the acridity of the humour engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm, it happens that these vapours—*Ossabandus, nequeis, nequer potarinum, quipsa milus.* That is just what makes your daughter dumb.

Gér. : No one, doubtless, could argue better. There is but one thing that puzzles me. It seems to me that you place the heart and liver differently from where they are ; the heart is on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Sgan. : Yes, that was so formerly ; but we have changed all that, and nowadays we practise medicine by an entirely new method.

Gér. : I did not know that. I must ask you to pardon my ignorance.

Sgan. : There is no harm done. You are not obliged to be as clever as we are.

Gér. : Certainly not. But what do you think, monsieur, ought to be done for this complaint ?

Sgan. : My advice is that she should be put to bed and, for a remedy, you must see that she takes plenty of bread soaked in wine.

Gér. : Why so, monsieur ?

Sgan. : Because in bread and wine mixed together there is a sympathetic virtue which causes speech. Don't you know that they give nothing else to parrots, and that they learn to speak by being fed on this diet ?

Gér. : That is true. What a great man you are ! Quick, bring plenty of bread and wine.

Sgan. : I shall come back at night to see how she is getting on.

Gér. : Just wait a moment, please.

Sgan. : What do you want ?

Gér. : To give you your fee, monsieur.

Sgan. (*holding his hand out from under his gown, while* **Géronte** *opens his purse*) : I shall not take it, monsieur.

Gér. : I beseech you.

Sgan. : You are jesting.

Gér. : That is settled.

Sgan. : I will not.

Gér. : What !

Sgan. : I don't practise for money.

Gér. : I am sure you don't.

Sgan. (*after having taken the money*) : Is it good weight ?

Gér. : Yes, monsieur.

Sgan. : I am not a mercenary doctor.

Gér. : I know that.

Sgan. : Self-interest is not my motive.

Gér. : I never thought it was. [*Exit.*

Second Act

LEANDRE, between whom and **Lucinde** a mutual attachment subsists, has an interview with **Sganarelle,** at which he implores the latter's assistance to obtain a meeting with his mistress, and tells him that her dumbness is a mere trick—a sham illness which she has feigned to free herself from a distasteful marriage into which her father wants to hurry her. In consideration of a purse of gold which **Léandre** gives him, **Sganarelle** introduces the young lover into **M. Géronte's** house as his apothecary, and when **Léandre** asks whether it is not necessary to know five or six long medical words with which to lard his conversation, ridicules the notion, and says that a medical dress is quite sufficient disguise. "I am resolved to stick to physic all my life," says **Sganarelle.** "I find that it is the best line of all ; for whatever we do, right or wrong, we are paid, all the same. Blunders make no odds to us ; we cut away the material we have to work with as we choose. The mistakes are never put down to our account ; it is always the fault of the fellow who dies."]

[*Enter* **Jacqueline, Lucinde, Géronte, Léandre** *and* **Sganarelle.**

Jacqueline : Here's your daughter, monsieur. She wishes to walk a bit.

Sganarelle : It will do her good. Go to her, Mr. Apothecary, and feel her pulse, and I will consult with you presently about her malady. (*At this point he draws* **Géronte** *to one side of the stage, puts one arm on his shoulders, places his hand under his chin, and makes him turn towards him whenever* **Géronte** *wants to see what is going on between his daughter and the apothecary, while*



'THIS IS THE DOCTOR WHO HAS PERFORMED THE OPERATION'

From the painting by W. Mac Egley in the Victoria and Albert Museum

he holds the following discourse with him to keep his attention) Monsieur, it is a great and subtle question among doctors whether women are easier to cure than men. I beg you please to listen to this. Some say 'no,' some say 'yes.' I say both 'yes' and 'no'; for as the incongruity of the opaque humours which are found in the natural temperament of women causes the animal side always to struggle for mastery over the spiritual, we find that the inequality of their opinions depends on the oblique motion of the circle of the moon; and as the sun——

Lucinde : No; I can never change my feelings.

Géronte : Hark! My daughter speaks! Oh, the virtue of physic! How deeply am I indebted to you, monsieur, for this marvellous cure!

Sgan. (*walking about wiping his forehead*): It is a complaint that has given me much trouble.

Luc. : Yes, father, I have recovered my speech; but only to tell you that I will never have any other husband than Léandre.

Gér. : But—— [taken.

Luc. : Nothing will shake the resolution I have

Gér. : What—— [vain.

Luc. : All your excellent reasons will be in

Gér. : If——

Luc. : All your talk will have no effect.

Gér. : I——

Luc. : It is a subject on which I am quite determined.

Gér. : But——

Luc. : No paternal power can force me to marry against my will.

Gér. : I have——

Luc. : You can make every effort you like.

Gér. : It—— [tyranny.

Luc. : My heart cannot submit to such a

Gér. : There——

Luc. : And I will sooner throw myself into a convent than marry a man I don't love.

Gér. : But——

Luc. (*speaking in a deafening tone of voice*): It is no use You waste your time. I will not do anything of the kind. I am resolved.

Gér. : Ah! What a wildness of speech! I beg you, monsieur, to make her dumb again.

Sgan. : That is impossible. All that I can do for you is to make you deaf, if you like.

Gér. : You shall marry Horace this very evening.

Luc. : I will sooner marry death.

Sgan. : Let me take this disease in hand. It is a complaint that has got hold of her, and I know the remedy to apply.

Gér. : Is it possible that you can cure this mental malady also?

Sgan. : Yes; let me manage it. I have remedies for everything, and our apothecary is the man for this cure. (*He calls the apothecary, and speaks to him.*) You see that the passion she has for this Léandre is quite against the wishes of her father, and that it is necessary to find a prompt remedy for the evil, which will only become worse by delay. For my part, I see but one remedy, a dose of purgative flight suitably mixed with two drachms of matrimony in pills.

Go and take a little turn in the garden with her to prepare the humours, while I talk here with her father; but, above all, lose no time. Apply the remedy at once—apply the specific remedy.

[*Exeunt* **Léandre** *and* **Lucinde.** *Enter* **Lucas** *and* **Martine.**

Lucas : Your daughter has run away with Léandre. He was the apothecary, and this is the doctor who has performed the operation.

Gér. : Quick, fetch the police, and prevent him from going off! Oh, traitor, I will have you punished by law.

Lucas : You shall hang for this, doctor! Don't stir a step from here!

[*Re-enter* **Léandre** *and* **Lucinde.**

Léandre : Monsieur, I appear before you as Léandre, and to restore Lucinde to your authority. We intended to go off and to get married, but this undertaking has given place to a more honourable course of action. It is only from your hands that I will receive Lucinde. I have to tell you, monsieur, that I have just received letters from which I learn that my uncle is dead and that I am the heir to all his property.

Gér. : Monsieur, your virtue merits every consideration, and I give you my daughter with the greatest pleasure in the world.

Sgan. : Physic has had a narrow escape.

Martine : Since you are not going to be hanged, you may thank me for making you a doctor. It was I who gained you that honour.

Sgan. : I forgive you the beating because of the dignity to which you have raised me, but be prepared henceforth to show great respect towards a man of my consequence; and remember that a doctor's anger is more to be feared than folk imagine.

Philosophy Disguised as Fiction

CAMILLE FLAMMARION

URANIA

THERE is no doubt that many scientific men, notably the great French mathematician Le Verrier, inclined to disparage Flammarion as being rather a poet than astronomer, but he soon vindicated his right to be regarded as a man of science by several important discoveries. Urania, which appeared in 1889, is an excellent example of his ability as a thinker and of his charm as a writer. The work is hardly a novel, though it is far more popular than many works of fiction. It is really an essay in philosophy dealing with the question of the immortality of the soul, and it has an especial interest for English readers owing to the fact that much in it that seems to be pure fantasy is based on researches undertaken by the British Society for Psychical Research. The plot and the characters are of secondary importance; they are only used for the purpose of illustrating certain ideas. An English translation of Urania is published by Chatto & Windus, by whose permission this epitome is published here.

I—The Muse of Astronomy



I WAS seventeen years old when I fell in love with Urania. Was she a fair, young, blue-eyed daughter of Eve? No; she was an exquisite statue of the Muse of Astronomy, chiselled by Pradier in the days of the Empire. She stood on the mantelpiece in the study of the famous mathematician, Le Verrier, who directed the Paris Observatory, where I was working. At four o'clock in the afternoon my illustrious chief used to depart, and I would then steal into his room and sit down before Urania and dream of lovelier worlds than ours, hidden in the infinite spaces of the starry sky. Sometimes my friend and companion in studies, Georges Spero, would come and sit beside me; and, inspired by the immortal beauty of Urania, we would let our young and ardent imaginations play over the glories and wonders of the heavens.

"You will be too late for Jupiter," said Le Verrier, entering unexpectedly one evening, and catching me in an attitude of adoration before Urania. "I am afraid you are more of a poet than an astronomer."

The great man of science himself certainly did not love beauty as much as he loved wisdom, for the next day he sold the lovely image of Urania in order to buy an old Chinese astronomical clock. I was almost heart-broken when I entered his room and found that Urania had disappeared. With her had gone the vivifying power of imagination which had trans-

muted the abstruse calculations on which I was engaged into glimpses of heavenly visions of infinite life. With what wild joy then did I see, when I returned home, Urania shining in all her loveliness on my own mantelpiece. Knowing my love for the beautiful figure of the muse, Georges Spero had bought it back from the watchmaker to whom Le Verrier had sent it, and placed it in my room as a gift.

It was an extraordinary mark of friendship, for Georges loved Urania even more passionately than I did. To him she was the personification of everything in life that lifted man above the brute.

Possessing a nobler and finer intellect than mine, he had thrown himself into the study of the problems of the soul with a fury of passion and a concentration of thought that almost killed him. Are our souls immortal, or do they perish with our bodies? This was the question that tormented him to madness. One night I found him sitting in his room in the Place du Panthéon with a glass of poison in his hand.

"This is the quickest road to the knowledge I want," he said, with a smile. "I shall soon know if the soul is immortal."

He had been dissecting a skull; and by his side was a microscope with which he had been studying the grey matter of the brain. Convinced at last of the uncertainty of the positive sciences, he had fallen into violent despair. But Urania was at hand to comfort him, and his mind became calmer and clearer when we ceased to talk about earthly things, and ascended into the high regions of philosophic speculation over which the muse of heaven presides.

"Ah, Camille," he exclaimed, "the Uranian way is the best. It is only by studying the heavens that we shall be able to understand this little earth of ours, and the part we play on it. Look at the midnight sky, streaming with the light of infinite suns, and filled with an unending procession of worlds in which the spirit of life clothes itself in an unimaginable variety of forms. This clot of dust on which we live will grow cold, and break and scatter in the abysses of space. But it is not our home; we are only passengers, and when our journey here is done, fairer mansions are waiting for us in the depths of the sky. If I die before you, I will return and convince you of this truth."

Returning to the study of astronomy, Spero built up a system of philosophy which made him, at the age of twenty-five, one of the most famous men in France.

II—Love and Death

By way of relief from his severer work, Georges Spero resolved to go to Norway and study the wild and beautiful phenomena of the Aurora Borealis, and I went with him.

One morning, as we were standing on a mountain looking at a magnificent sunrise, I saw a girl climbing a neighbouring peak. She did not perceive us; but when she reached the summit the image of Spero was thrown on a cloud in front of her, by one of those curious plays of sunlight and mist which sometimes occur in hazy, mountainous regions. His fine, austere features and graceful figure were enlarged into a vast, god-like apparition, with a halo of bright colours shining like a glory around his head, and a fainter circle of rainbow hues framing his whole form. It was the first anthelia the girl had seen, and it filled her with wonder and awe.

Theirs was a strange courtship—Spero's and Iclea's. The lovely young Norwegian lady had recently lost her mother; and being, like many of the cultivated women of Northern Europe, somewhat dubious of the dogmas of religion, she had found death a terrible mystery when it was thus brought sharply home to her. She was wandering in the dreadful labyrinth of modern doubt, vainly seeking to forget her trouble in the excitements of mountaineering, when she saw the unearthly apparition of the young French philosopher. A study of his works heightened the feeling of awe with which she regarded him. At first there was no room for love in the passionate desire after knowledge which drew her to him. She was merely a disciple sitting at the feet of a great master.

Accompanied by her father, she continued her studies under him when he

returned to Paris, and for three months they were bound together wholly by intellectual interests. For several hours every day they studied side by side, and much of Iclea's time was spent in translating papers in foreign languages, bearing on subjects in which Georges was interested. One morning he arrived earlier than usual.

"I have settled the problem," he cried, leaning against the mantelpiece. "At least," he added, with his usual modesty, "I have settled it to my own satisfaction."

Striding up and down the room, he rapidly sketched out a system of philosophy in which the ultimate truths of modern science were transformed into the bases of religion. Iclea listened as he went on to explain the spiritual forces still dormant in the human soul.

"We are still in our spiritual infancy," he said. "It is scarcely four thousand years since mankind began to manifest its higher powers. Our greatest conquests over nature are all of recent date, and they are the work of a few noble souls who have erected themselves above the animal conditions of life. The reign of brute force is over, and I am certain that as soon as we learn to exercise the powers of our soul we shall acquire transcendental faculties that will enable us to transport ourselves from one world to another."

"That, too, is my belief," said Iclea.

Georges bent over her and gazed into her eyes of heavenly blue through which her very soul was speaking. There was a strange silence, and then their lips met.

. . . . . .

For some months I lost sight of my two friends. In the ecstasy of their love they forgot for a while the problems of philosophy which had brought them together. The joys of intellectual communion were submerged and almost lost in the new, strange feeling which crowned and glorified their lives. Hand in hand the lovers wandered about Paris, which had now become to them a city in fairyland.

Meeting them one evening on the banks of the Seine, I learnt that they were returning to Norway with Iclea's father, and that they were to be married at Christiania on the anniversary of the mysterious apparition on the mountain which had brought them together. Georges was about to resume his interrupted studies of the Aurora Borealis, which he wished to trace to its source by means of a balloon ascent, accompanied by Iclea.

To my great regret I was unable to go with them to Norway, as my duties as an astronomer kept me in Paris. I anxiously awaited that extraordinary agitation of the magnetic needle which announces the existence of an Aurora Borealis in Northern Europe. When at last the magnetic perturbation occurred in the observatory, I rejoiced to think that Spero and his bride were floating high, feasting their eyes on the most gorgeous of spectacles.

BUT suddenly I had a dreadful presentiment of disaster. Long before the telegram arrived from Christiania I knew what had happened. Georges and Iclea were dead!

Every reader of the newspapers next morning knew as much as I did. An escape of gas which could not be stopped sent the balloon hurtling to the earth. Spero threw everything movable out of the car in a vain attempt to lighten it and break the force of the descent. The balloon still kept falling; then Iclea, with a wild courage born of love, saved Georges' life by leaping out of the car. Relieved of her weight, the balloon rose up, but Spero had now no wish to live. He jumped out with a wild cry, and his body crashed on the edge of the lake into which Iclea had fallen. There the mortal remains of the two lovers now lie, covered by a single stone. But where were their souls?

One night Georges Spero remembered his promise to me, and returned to earth.

III—A Soul from Mars

SITTING alone on the top of the ancient castle of Montlhéry, I was conducting an experiment in optics by means of electrical communications with two assistants at Paris and Juvisy. I was trying to find out if the rays of different colours in the spectrum travel at the same rate. It was just on midnight before I brought the experiment to a successful conclusion. As I covered up my instru-

ments, someone said, "You would not have brought that off, Camille, if it had not been for me. I gave you the idea of comparing the violet vibrations with the red."

I turned round with a cry of fear. Georges Spero was sitting in the moonlight on the parapet, looking at me with a smile.

"Are you afraid of me, Camille?" he said.

"You, Georges! You!" I stammered. "Is it really you? Keep still, and let me touch you."

I put my hands on his face and stroked his hair and felt his body. I could no longer doubt that I had him before me in the actual flesh, but he read my thoughts.

"You are mistaken, Camille," he said. "My real body is asleep on Mars."

"So you still live?" I exclaimed. "You have solved the great problem. And Iclea?"

"Let us sit here and talk," he replied. "There are many things I want to tell you."

MY fears had vanished, and I sat by my beloved friend.

"It seemed to me," said Georges, "that my fall from the balloon knocked me senseless. When I came to, I was lying in the darkness with the ripple of lake-water breaking on my ear. What amazed me was a strange sense of lightness that made me feel I could rise up and float away if I wanted to. Thinking this was a disorder of the mind, I did not attempt to move, but watched with wondering eyes the sky above me. It was lighted by two strange moons. When the day broke, and showed around me a world of unimaginable splendour, I knew the meaning of the two moons and of my strange feeling of lightness. I was dead in the eyes of the world; I was a disembodied spirit that had been transported to Mars.

"Do you know, Camille that the soul is able to choose its mortal covering? This is, at least, the case on Mars. For some time I wandered about in an invisible form, studying the conditions of life there. Animal strength, I found, counted for nothing. The Martians are an aerial race, with exquisite senses, which respond in a way unknown on earth to spiritual influences. Do you remember I read your thoughts when we first met, and answered them before you spoke? That is one of the Martians' gifts. Finding that these wonderful faculties were better developed in the women of Mars than in the men, I chose the feminine form for my reincarnation.'

"And Iclea?" I said.

"ICLEA," said Spero, "was re-born in a masculine shape. It was partly because of the mystic attraction that I felt for her that I chose the other form. Neither of us remembered our earthly existence, but a vague yet deep sentiment of our spiritual relationship made me seek her out and unite myself to her. It was your beloved muse Urania," he added, "who eventually revealed the ties that bound us in our former lives.

"Owing to their superior faculties, the Martians have carried every science to a perfection undreamt of on this earth. In astronomical observations, for instance, they employ a system of telephotography. For thousands of years their instruments have been photographing, on an unending roll of paper, the wild spectacle of terrestrial life.

"One day, as Iclea and I were examining recent photographs, we saw a picture of Paris during the Great Exhibition. Seizing a microscope, we looked at the figures, and recognized ourselves among them. Strange memories stirred within us, and we stared at each other in silent amazement. Suddenly I remembered the sacred words I learnt at my mother's knee. Yes, there were many mansions in our Father's house! The blood-stained planet from which we had escaped was neither the cradle nor the grave of His children.

"Then we wept as we thought of the cruelty, ignorance, misery and grossness of existence on earth. It was, dear Camille, with no joy that I recollected the promise I had made to you. But, you see, I have carried it out. I wish to convince you, and, through you, all the rest of mankind, that the soul is immortal, and that the earth is only a temporary stage of existence in a spiritual progress in which the whole universe is included."

"But how is it possible for you, Georges," I interrupted, "to appear to me in the body you wore on earth?"

"All this," said Spero, touching his body, "is an illusion. Do you not recollect my saying that only invisible things are real? You do not see me with your eyes, or feel me with your hands, as you think you do. The impression which you have of my presence is born of the influence which my mind is exerting in an invisible way on your mind. Can't you understand? It is a kind of hypnotism. At the present moment I am lying asleep on Mars, but my spirit is in direct communication with yours. The form you see sitting beside you on this parapet is only an illusion of your senses. My soul is speaking to your soul."

"But could you not," I said, "give me some description of life on Mars?"

"A dream," he replied, "would be more vivid than a mere description, though it would only be a shadow of the reality. For since you have not, my dear friend, our exquisite faculties of knowledge, your mind could not clearly mirror our life. Hark! Iclea is awake, and calling me. I cannot stay any longer. Shut your eyes, and I will send you a dream."

I turned to say good-bye, but Spero had vanished. A deep drowsiness fell upon me, and just as I got off the parapet and found a safer position I fell asleep.

IV—The Eternal Progress

I WAS sitting under a strange tree covered with gigantic red flowers. In the sky above me were two moons that shed a dim brightness on the lovely and fantastic scenery. A multitude of radiant shapes fluttered and darted through the air. They were Martians—exquisite, aerial and divinely beautiful figures glowing with luminous tints. Airy gondolas, which seemed to be fashioned from phosphorescent flowers, passed above my head, and one of them floated down to the tree under which I was lying. In it were Iclea and Georges, but etherealised beyond the reach of human imagination.

They took me in their flying chariot as day was breaking, and we coursed, with a strange silent interchange of thoughts, over the orange-coloured land of Mars. I could not understand everything which was communicated to me, now by Iclea and now by Georges; but I perceived that all manual labour on the planet was done by means of machines directed by animals whose intelligence was on a level with my own. The Martians themselves lived only for the things of the mind; they had twelve senses instead of five, and their bodies, in which electricity played the part that blood does in our systems, were so finely and yet so strongly organized that they possessed an extraordinary power over the forces of nature. Everything on their world, seas, mountains and rivers was like their wonderful canals, the work of art and science. Nature was completely plastic in their hands. There was no poverty and no crime. Deriving their food from the air, the Martians were liberated from material cares and immersed in the joys of intellectual pursuits.

"You now see, Camille," said Spero, resorting at last to language which I could clearly understand, "that life on Mars has developed as peacefully and nobly as it began. There is no break between our vegetable kingdom and our animal kingdom. We are nourished, like your plants, trees and herbs, by the air which we breathe. Ten million years ago your world was also a scene of innocence and tranquil felicity. The land was overgrown with a wildly beautiful vegetation that fed on the gentle winds of heaven, and primitive forms of animal life had spread from the depths of the sea along the shallow shores, and were there learning to extract from the air a nourishment similar to that which they obtained from the water. But by a woeful chance, one of your primitive animals—a deaf, blind, sexless clot of jelly—then had its body pierced by a drop of sea-water thicker than usual, and it found that this way of feeding was quicker than simple respiration. Such was the origin of the first digestive tube, which has exercised so baleful an influence on the course of terrestrial life, and turned the earth into a vast slaughter-house."

"Is there no hope for us?" I said.

"No," he replied; "the earth is a shipwrecked planet. None of the higher

organisms there will ever rise to our level. How can they alter the structure of their bodies, and empty their veins of blood and fill them with the subtle electricity which serves us as a life force? And the grossness of their blood-fed senses! How can all the fine powers of the immortal soul ever develop along such degraded instruments of knowledge?"

"But even if our earth is a shipwrecked planet," I exclaimed, "there is at least some means of escaping from it. You and Iclea, for instance——"

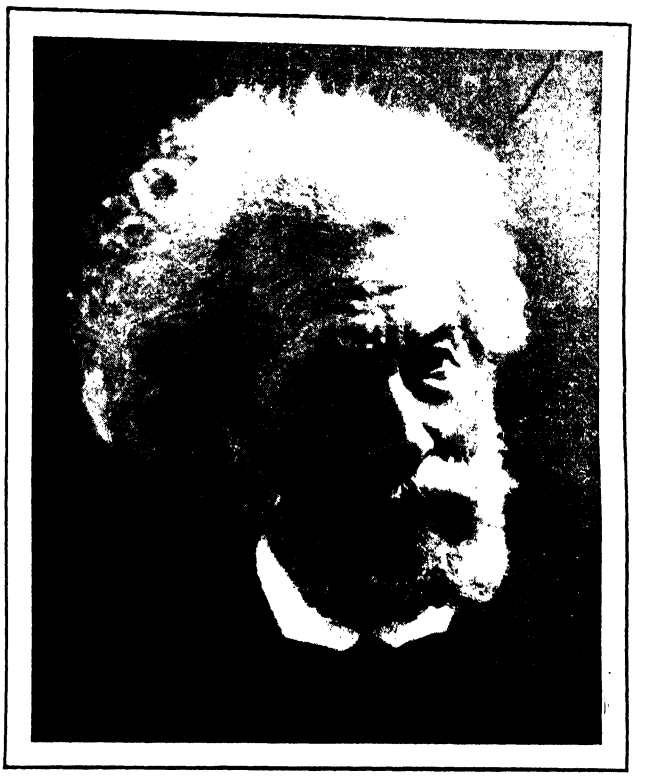
"Yes, there is a way of escape," said Spero, "the Uranian way. By soaring aloft into the serene region of spiritual ideas, a terrestrial soul can still free itself from its animality. Some save themselves by their high moral qualities, others are purified and uplifted by their imagination and intellect. Virtue and science are the wings that enable earth-born spirits to mount the skies. The destiny of a soul is determined by its works and aspirations. Lovers of knowledge sojourn awhile on Mars, which is only the first stage in the eternal progress. Spirits animated by divine feelings rise at once into high regions of starry splendour. The Uranian way is open to all, and the day will arrive when every inhabitant of your wild, dark planet will recognize that he, too, is a citizen of heaven. Then Urania will at last inspire and direct him, and point out the path by which he can ascend from the blood-stained earth to the fairer mansions prepared for him in the skies."

As he was speaking our aerial chariot floated down to a fairy palace by the shore of an enchanted sea. I alighted; and a radiant, flower-like maiden, who was standing by the portal, unfolded her rainbow wings and shadowed me with them, and murmured, "Do you wish to return to the earth?"

"No!" I cried, running up to clasp her in my arms.

I awoke with a sudden shock. I was lying on the top of the tower of Montlhéry; the sun was rising, and the vast circle of country below me shone clear and distinct in the morning light.

"Was it all a dream?" I said to myself. "Surely not. The earth is not the only home of life in the universe. Urania, the celestial muse, is now unfolding before our astonished eyes the panoramas of infinity, and we know at last that we are not the children of the earth, but citizens of the heavens."



Manuel

CAMILLE FLAMMARION was born February 26, 1842, at Montigny-le-Rouen, and as a lad studied theology at Langres and in Paris. Astronomy always attracted him and in 1858 he was admitted as a pupil of the Paris Observatory. In 1862 he was a member of the Bureau des Longitudes. From 1863 onwards he edited Cosmos and L'Astronomie. He carried out many observations, especially on Mars, at his private observatory at Juvisy, won wide fame as a popular writer on astronomy and in 1887 founded the Astronomical Society of France. In 1920 he married Gabrielle Renaudot, his collaborator in some of his chief works. Flammarion died June 4, 1925.



Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1832) in his personality and his poetry sums up the characteristics of the new era in art and literature inaugurated by the French Revolution. From his earliest years he showed the feeling of revolt against established authority and the passion for reform which were developed by his association with William Godwin. This strain of propagandism forms the keynote of the poems Queen Mab, The Revolt of Islam, and Prometheus Unbound, where the poet's sensitive imagination is constantly striving to reconcile his ideals with the existing order of society. The leading quality of Shelley's genius, however, the essential expression of his personality, was the purely lyrical note which places him in the first rank of poets. This lyrical quality predominates even in the longer narrative poems and epics, which are thereby sometimes marred by vagueness and unreality, but the imagery and consummate harmonies of the minor lyrics, To a Skylark and Ode to the West Wind, where emotion and music are exquisitely balanced, hardly have their equal in the literature of the world. This portrait of Shelley is from the painting by George Clint, A.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE REVOLT OF ISLAM

IN 1817 a few copies were printed of a poem by Shelley entitled Laon and Cythna, or The Revolution of the Golden City, which with a few alterations was republished in 1818 as *The Revolt of Islam*. It was produced at a time of great domestic trouble occasioned by the death of Shelley's first wife and estrangement from his father-in-law, Godwin, and nothing gives a higher idea of the energy of Shelley's mind than that amid these worries the most ambitious of his poems was written in the space of six months. 'It may be described,' says Richard Garnett, 'as a poet's impassioned vision of the French Revolution and the succeeding reaction. Compared with the later Prometheus Unbound it is the product of a mighty ferment, as the other poem is of the calm ensuing upon it.' This epic preaching bloodless revolution is written in the Spenserian stanza, and the music of its best passages was never excelled by Shelley himself, and is, indeed, unsurpassed in the language.

I—The High Hope of Freedom



THE starlight smile of children, the sweet looks
Of women, the fair breast from which I fed,
The murmur of the unreposing brooks,
And the green light which, shifting overhead,
Some tangled bower of vines around me shed,
The shells on the sea-sand, and the wild flowers,
The lamplight through the rafters cheerly spread,
And on the twining flax—in life's young hours
These sights and sounds did nurse my spirit's folded powers.

In Argolis, beside the echoing sea,
Such impulses within my mortal frame
Arose, and they were dear to memory,
Like tokens of the dead: but others came
Soon, in another shape: the wondrous fame
Of the past world, the vital words and deeds
Of minds whom neither time nor change can tame,
Traditions dark and old, whose evil creeds
Start forth, and whose dim shade a stream of poison feeds.

The land in which I lived, by a fell bane
Was withered up. Tyrants dwelt side by side,
And stabled in our homes—until the chain
Stifled the captive's cry, and to abide
That blasting curse men had no shame—all vied
In evil, slave and despot; fear with lust
Strange fellowship through mutual hate had tied,
Like two dark serpents tangled in the dust,
Which on the paths of men their mingling poison thrust.

Earth, our bright home, its mountains and its waters,
And the ethereal shapes which are suspended
Over its green expanse, and those fair daughters,
The clouds, of sun and ocean, who have blended
The colours of the air since first extended
It cradled the young world, none wandered forth
To see or feel: a darkness had descended
On every heart: the light which shows its worth
Must among gentle thoughts and fearless take its birth.

For they all pined in bondage; body and soul,
Tyrant and slave, victim and torturer, bent
Before one Power, to which supreme control
Over their will by their own weakness lent,
Made all its many names omnipotent;
All symbols of things evil, all divine;
And hymns of blood or mockery, which rent
The air from all its fanes, did intertwine
Imposture's impious toils round each discordant shrine.

I heard, as all have heard, life's various story,
And in no careless heart transcribed the tale;
But, from the sneers of men who had grown hoary
In shame and scorn, from groans of crowds made pale
By famine, from a mother's desolate wail
O'er her polluted child, from innocent blood
Poured on the earth, and brows anxious and pale
With the heart's warfare, did I gather food
To feed my many thoughts: a tameless multitude!

It must be so—I swore—I will awaken,
The multitude, and like a sulphurous hill,
Which on a sudden from its snows has shaken
The swoon of ages, it shall burst and fill
The world with cleansing fire; it must, it will—
It may not be restrained!—and who shall stand
Amid the rocking earthquake steadfast still,
But Laon? on high Freedom's desert land,
A tower whose marble walls the leaguèd storms withstand!

An orphan with my parents lived, whose eyes
Were lodestars of delight, which drew me home

When I might wander forth ; nor did I prize
Aught human thing beneath heaven's mighty dome [come,
Beyond this child ; so when sad hours were
And baffled hope like ice still clung to me, [come
Since kin were cold, and friends had now be-
Heartless and false, I turned from all, to be,
Cythna, the only source of tears and smiles to thee.

What wert thou then ? A child most infantine,
Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age
In all but its sweet looks and mien divine ; [rage
Even then, methought, with the world's tyrant
A patient warfare thy young heart did wage,
When those soft eyes of scarcely conscious thought
Some tale, or thine own fancies, would engage
To overflow with tears, or converse fraught
With passion, o'er their depths its fleeting light had wrought.

She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,
A power that from its objects scarcely drew
One impulse of her being—in her lightness
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue,
To nourish some far desert : she did seem
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream
Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the wake of life's dark stream.

II—The Spring of the World

BUT Laon and Cythna had only just agreed to preach the gospel of liberty and to rouse the people, the one in countries adjacent, the other in the Golden City itself, when the tyrant, in a murderous frenzy which led him to butcher the citizens and to burn their homes, carried off Cythna to make her a member of his harem, and imprisoned Laon without food on the platform of a mighty column which overlooked the sea. On the fourth day of his imprisonment, when Laon was going mad, he was released by an old hermit, who, conveying him to his abode on the margin of a lake, nursed him back to life. Laon was then told how the old man's powerful eloquence had melted the hearts of the keepers of the prison, how in the Golden City a beautiful maiden had arisen whose speeches had aroused the people to assert their liberty, and how the patriots were now keeping, night and day, a strict blockade around the desperate bands of mercenaries who still maintained the cause and palace of the tyrant.

Stirred by this news, and urged on by the hermit, who hailed the young enthusiast as the inspired prophet of liberty, Laon travelled back to the Golden City, where, despite the fact that the tyrant's guards had just slain 10,000 of the patriots in their sleep, these same murderers were quickly persuaded by his appeals to join the popular party and to desert their master. Great rejoicings then took place in celebration of this auspicious event ; Laon and Cythna—for she it was who was the beautiful and inspired maiden—were publicly acclaimed as the saviours of the nation, and a great altar of the federation was erected to commemorate their victory.

But the tyrant, whose life had been spared, was not yet at the end of his resources. In the midst of these demonstrations of joy and happiness, he called in the aid of foreign powers and, taking the patriots by surprise, crushed them and put them to the sword. Laon fought desperately to the end, and was just on the point of receiving his death-blow when Cythna, mounted on a gigantic Tartarian horse, swept down upon his foes, rescued him and bore him away to a ruined tower which overhung the ocean. There they celebrated their nuptial rites, and Cythna related how, after passing some time in the tyrant's harem, she was imprisoned in a cave, where, in the intervals of madness, she bore a daughter, who was taken from her ; and how, after a long time had passed, she was delivered from her captivity by an earthquake, which cracked the cave and enabled her to sail back to the Golden City. She was not despondent over the ruin of her hopes ; on the contrary, she was confident that they had sown the seeds of ultimate victory for the cause of liberty.]

' O dearest love ! We shall be dead and cold
Before this morn may on the world arise ;
Wouldst thou the glory of its dawn behold ?
Alas ! gaze not on me, but turn thine eyes
On thine own heart - it is a paradise
Which everlasting Spring has made its own,
And while drear Winter fills the naked skies,
Sweet streams of sunny thought, and flowers fresh blown,
Are there, and weave their sounds and odours into one.

' In their own hearts the earnest of the hope
Which made them great, the good will ever find ;
And though some envious shades may interlope
Between the effect and it, One comes behind,
Who aye the future to the past will bind—
Necessity, whose sightless strength for ever
Evil with evil, good with good, must wind
In bands of union, which no power may sever :
They must bring forth their kind, and be divided never !

' Our many thoughts and deeds, our life and love,
Our happiness, and all that we have been,
Immortally must live, and burn and move,
When we shall be no more ; the world has seen
A type of peace ; and—as some most serene
And lovely spot to a poor maniac's eye,
After long years, some sweet and moving scene
Of youthful hope, returning suddenly,
Quells his long madness—thus man shall remember thee.

' And calumny meanwhile shall feed on us,
And worms devour the dead, and near the throne

And at the altar, most accepted thus
Shall sneers and curses be ; what we have done
None shall dare vouch, though it be truly known ;
That record shall remain, when they must pass
Who built their pride on i , oblivion ;
And fame, in human hope which sculptured was
Survive the perished scrolls of unenduring brass.'

III—The Peace of Death

MEANTIME, the tyrant in his lust for blood allied himself with all the kings of the earth, pagan and Christian, for the purpose of slaying his people. Millions of foreign soldiers came over and made the country a shambles, and those who were not put to the sword were devoted to the wheel, the fire, the pincers, the hook and the scorpions. Five days the slaughter lasted, and on the seventh day there was peace.]

Peace in the desert fields and villages,
Between the glutted beasts and mangled dead !
Peace in the silent streets, save when the cries
Of victims to their fiery judgement led,
Made pale their voiceless lips who seemed to dread,
Even in their dearest kindred, lest some tongue
Be faithless to the fear yet unbetrayed ;
Peace in the tyrant's palace, where the throng
Wastes the triumphal hours in festival and song !

Day after day the burning sun rolled on
Over the death-polluted land -- it came
Out of the east like fire, and fiercely shone,
A lamp of Autumn, ripening with its flame
The few lone ears of corn ; the sky became
Stagnate with heat, so that each cloud and blast
Languished and died ; the thirsting air did claim
All moisture, and a rotting vapour passed
From the unburied dead, invisible and fast.

First Want, then Plague came on the beasts ; their food
Failed, and they drew the breath of its decay.
Millions on millions, whom the scent of blood
Had lured, or who, from regions far away,
Had tracked the hosts in festival array
From their dark deserts, gaunt and wasting now,
Stalked like fell shades among their perished prey ;
In their green eyes a strange disease did glow,
They sank in hideous spasm, or pains severe and slow.

The fish were poisoned in the streams ; the birds
In the green woods perished ; the insect race
Was withered up ; the scattered flocks and herds
Who had survived the wild beasts' hungry chase
Died moaning, each upon the other's face
In helpless agony gazing ; round the city
All night, the lean hyaenas their sad case
Like starving infants wailed ; a woeful ditty !
And many a mother wept, pierced with unnatural pity.

Then fell blue Plague upon the race of men.
'Oh, for the sheathèd steel, so late which gave
Oblivion to the dead, when the streets ran
With brothers' blood ! Oh, that the earthquake's grave
Would gape, or ocean lift its stifling wave ! '
Vain cries—throughout the streets, thousands, pursued
Each by his fiery torture, howl and rave,
Or sit, in frenzy's unimagined mood,
Upon fresh heaps of dead ; a ghastly multitude.

It was not hunger now, but thirst. Each well
Was choked with rotting corpses and became
A cauldron of green mist made visible
At sunrise. Thither still the myriads came,
Seeking to quench the agony of the flame,
Which raged like poison through their bursting veins ;
Naked they were from torture, without shame,
Spotted with nameless scars and lurid blains,
Childhood, and youth, and age, writhing in savage pains.

It was not thirst but madness ! Many saw
Their own lean image everywhere ; it went
A ghastlier self beside them, till the awe
Of that dread sight to self-destruction sent
Those shrieking victims ; some, ere life was spent,
Sought, with a horrid sympathy, to shed
Contagion on the sound ; and others rent
Their matted hair, and cried aloud, ' We tread
On fire ! The avenging Power his hell on earth has spread.'

The princes and the priests were pale with terror ;
That monstrous faith wherewith they ruled mankind,
Fell, like a shaft loosed by the bowman's error,
On their own hearts ; they sought and they could find
No refuge —'twas the blind who led the blind !
So, through the desolate streets to the high fane,
The many-tongued and endless armies wind.
In sad procession : each among the train
To his own idol lifts his supplications vain.

[At this point an Iberian priest, the most fanatical of his tribe, proposed that, to appease the wrath of the god whom they all worshipped—though under varying forms—Laon and Cythna should be offered to him as a burnt-offering. Laon, however, anticipating this proposal, surrendered himself on condition that Cythna should be allowed to go to America, the land of the free. This condition the tyrant and the priests swore by a most solemn oath to fulfil. But Cythna, too, surrendering herself, the oath was broken, and the two champions of liberty were burnt alive on an enormous bier, only to pass by this brief and fiery ordeal into a happier and more beautiful world.]

CHARLES DARWIN

THE VOYAGE OF H.M.S. BEAGLE

THE voyage which Darwin undertook from 1831-36 as naturalist with the surveying expedition of *H.M.S. Beagle* must be regarded as the real preparation for his life-work. His original Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited During the Voyage of *H.M.S. Beagle* Round the World was published with the official narrative of Captains Fitzroy and King in 1837, but it was not until 1845 that Darwin issued his independent book, of which the following is an epitome, written from the notes in his journal. It immediately attracted considerable popular and scientific attention, and many editions have been issued since its first publication. The most striking feature of the book is the combined minuteness and breadth of Darwin's observations and descriptions. There can be no doubt that it was the gathered results of his discoveries and the study of his collected specimens of zoology, botany and geology of the countries visited that laid the foundations of his great work on The Origin of Species (see page 205).

I—To the South American Coast



AFTER having been twice driven back by heavy south-west gales, *H.M.S. Beagle*, a ten-gun brig, under the command of Captain Fitzroy, R.N., sailed from Devonport on December 27, 1831. The object of the expedition was to complete the survey of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, commenced under Captain King in 1826–30; to survey the shores of Chile, Peru and some of the islands in the Pacific; and to carry a chain of chronometrical measurements round the world.

On January 16, 1832, we touched at Porto Praya, St. Jago, in the Cape de Verde archipelago, and sailed thence to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Delight is a weak term to express the higher feelings of wonder, astonishment and devotion which fill the mind of a naturalist in wandering through the Brazilian tropical forest. The noise from the insects is so loud that it may be heard at sea several hundred yards from the shore, yet within the recesses of the forest a universal silence seems to reign. The wonderful and beautiful flowering parasites invariably struck me as the most novel object in these grand scenes. Among the cabbage palms waving their elegant heads fifty feet from the ground, were woody creepers two feet in circumference, themselves covered by other creepers.

The humming birds are fond of shady spots, and these little creatures, with their brilliant plumage, buzzing round the flowers with wings vibrating so rapidly as scarcely to be visible, seek the tiny insects in the calyx rather than the fabled honey. Insects are particularly numerous, the bees excepted. The *Beagle* was employed surveying the extreme southern and eastern coasts of America south of the Plata during the two succeeding years. The almost entire absence of trees in the pampas of Uruguay, the provinces of Buenos Aires [now Argentina] and Patagonia is remarkable.

Fifteen miles from the Rio Negro, the principal river on the whole line of coast between the Strait of Magellan and the Plata, are several shallow lakes of brine in winter, which in summer are converted into fields of snow-white salt two and a half miles long and one broad. The border of the lakes is formed of mud, which is thrown up by a kind of worm. How surprising it is that any creatures should be able to exist in brine, and that they should be crawling among crystals of sulphate of soda and lime!

The valley of the Rio Negro, broad as it is, has merely been excavated out of the sandstone plain; for immediately above the bank on which the town stands a level country commences, which is interrupted only by a few trifling valleys and depressions. Everywhere the landscape wears the same sterile aspect; a dry gravelly soil supports tufts of brown withered grass, and low scattered bushes, armed with thorns.

II—Fossil Monsters of the Pampas

THE pampas are formed from the mud, gravel and sand thrown up by the sea during the slow elevation of the land; and the section disclosed at Punta Alta, a few miles from Bahia Blanca, was interesting from the number and extraordinary character of the remains of gigantic land animals embedded in it. I also found remains of immense armadillo-like animals on the banks of a tributary of the Rio Negro; and, indeed, I believe that the whole area of the pampas is one wide sepulchre of these extinct colossal quadrupeds. The following, which I unearthed, are now deposited in the College of Surgeons, London.

(1) Head and bones of megatherium, the huge dimensions of which are expressed by its name; (2) the megalonyx, a great allied animal; (3) the perfect skeleton of a scelidorium, also an allied animal, as large as a rhinoceros, in structure like the Cape anteater, but in some other respects approaching the armadillos; (4) the mylodon Darwinii, a closely related genus, and little inferior in size; (5) another gigantic dental quadruped; (6) another large animal very like an armadillo; (7) an extinct kind of horse (it is a marvellous fact in the history of the mammalia that, in South America, a native horse should have lived and disappeared, to be succeeded in after ages by the countless herds descended from the few introduced with the Spanish colonists); (8) a pachydermatous animal, a huge beast with a long neck like a camel; (9) the toxodon, perhaps the strangest animal ever discovered; in size it equalled an elephant, or megatherium, but was intimately related to the Gnawers, the order which at the present day includes most of the smallest quadrupeds; and judging from the position of the eyes, ears and nostrils, it was probably aquatic.

We have good evidence that these gigantic quadrupeds, more different from those of the present day than the oldest of the Tertiary quadrupeds of Europe, lived whilst the sea was peopled with most of its present inhabitants. These animals migrated on land, since submerged, near Behring's Strait, from Siberia into North America, and thence on land, since submerged, in the West Indies into South America, where they mingled with the forms characteristic of that southern continent, and have since become extinct.

The existing animals of the pampas include the puma, the South American lion, while the birds are numerous. The largest is the ostrich, which is found in groups. The ostriches are fleet in pace, prefer running against the wind, and freely take to the water. At first start they expand their wings and, like a vessel, make all sail. Of mammalia, the jaguar, or South American tiger, is the most formidable. It frequents the wooded and reedy banks of the great rivers. There are four species of armadillos, notable for their smooth, hard, defensive covering. Of reptiles there are many kinds. One snake, a trigonocephalus, has in some respects the structure of a viper with the habits of a rattlesnake. The expression of this snake's face is hideous and fierce. I do not think I ever saw anything more ugly.

III—In the Extreme South

FROM the Rio Plata the course of the *Beagle* was directed to the mouth of the Santa Cruz river, on the coast of Patagonia. One evening, when we were about ten miles from the bay of San Blas, vast numbers of butterflies, in bands and flocks of countless myriads, extended as far as the eye could range. One dark night, with a fresh breeze, the foam and every part of the surface of the waves glowed with a pale light. The vessel drove before her bows two billows of liquid phosphorus, and in her wake she was followed by a milky train. I am inclined to consider that the phosphorescence is the result of organic particles, by which process (one is tempted almost to call it a kind of respiration) the ocean becomes purified.

The geology of Patagonia is interesting. For hundreds of miles of coast there is one great deposit composed of shells—a white pumiceous stone like chalk, including gypsum and infusoria. At Port St. Julian it is eight hundred feet thick, and is capped

by a mass of gravel forming probably one of the largest beds of shingle in the world, extending to the foot of the Cordilleras. For 1,200 miles from the Rio Plata to Tierra del Fuego the land has been raised by many hundred feet, and the uprising movement has been interrupted by at least eight long periods of rest, during which the sea ate deep back into the land, forming at successive levels the long lines of cliffs, or escarpments, which separate the different plains as they rise like steps one behind the other.

What a history of geological change does the simply constructed coast of Patagonia reveal! In some red mud, capping the gravel, I discovered fossil bones which showed the wonderful relationship in the same continent between the dead and the living, and will, I have no doubt, hereafter throw more light on the appearance of organic beings on our earth, and their disappearance from it, than any other class of facts. Patagonia is sterile, but is possessed of a greater stock of rodents than any other country in the world. The principal animals are the llamas, in herds of up to 500, and the puma, which, with the condor and other carrion hawks, preys upon them.

From the Strait of Magellan, the *Beagle* twice made a compass of the Falkland Islands, an archipelago in nearly the same latitude. It is a desolate and wretched land, everywhere covered by a peaty soil and wiry grass of one monotonous colour. The only native quadruped is a large wolf-like fox, which will soon be as extinct as the dodo. The birds embrace enormous numbers of sea-fowl, especially geese and penguins. The wings of a great logger-headed duck called the ' steamer ' are too weak for flight ; but, by their aid, partly by swimming, partly flapping, they move very quickly. Thus we found in South America three birds who use their wings for other purposes besides flight—the penguins as fins, the ' steamers ' as paddles, and the ostrich as sails.

Tierra del Fuego may be described as a mountainous land, separated from the South American continent by the Strait of Magellan, partly submerged in the sea, so that deep inlets and bays occupy the place where valleys should exist. The mountain sides, except on the exposed western coasts, are covered from the water's edge upwards to the perpetual snow line by one great forest, chiefly of beeches. Viewing the stunted natives on the west coast, one can hardly conceive that they are fellow-creatures and inhabitants of the same world ; and I believe that in this extreme part of South America man exists in a lower state of improvement than in any other part of the globe. The zoology of Tierra del Fuego is very poor. In the gloomy woods there are few birds, but where flowers grow there are humming birds, a few parrots and insects, but no reptiles.

IV—The Wonders of the Cordilleras

AFTER encountering many adventures in these Antarctic seas, among which was a narrow escape from shipwreck in a fierce gale off Cape Horn, and amidst hitherto unexplored Antarctic islands, the *Beagle* set a course northward in the open Pacific for Valparaiso, the chief seaport of Chile, which was reached on July 23, 1834. Chile is a narrow strip of land between the Cordilleras and the Pacific, and this strip itself is traversed by many mountain lines which run parallel to the great range. Between these outer lines and the main Cordilleras a succession of level basins, generally opening into each other by narrow passages, extend far to the southward. These basins, no doubt, are the bottoms of ancient inlets and deep bays such as at the present day intersect every part of Tierra del Fuego.

From November 1834 to March 1835, the *Beagle* was employed in surveying the island of Chiloe and the broken land called the Chonos Archipelago. This archipelago is covered by one dense forest, resembling that of Tierra del Fuego, but incomparably more beautiful. There are few parts of the world within the temperate regions where so much rain falls. The winds are very boisterous, and the sky almost always clouded. Fortunately, for once, while we were on the east side of Chiloe the day rose splendidly clear, and we could see the great range of the Andes on the mainland with three active volcanoes, each 7,000 feet high.

While at Valdivia, on the mainland, on February 20, 1835, the worst earthquake ever recorded in Chile occurred, and it was followed for twelve days by no less than 300 tremblings. A bad earthquake at once destroys our oldest associations; the earth, the very emblem of solidity, has moved beneath our feet like a thin crust over a fluid. One second of time has created in the mind a strange idea of insecurity which hours of reflection would not have produced.

THE most remarkable effect was the permanent elevation of the land round the Bay of Concepcion by several feet. The convulsion was more effectual in lessening the size of the island of Quiriquina off the coast than the ordinary wear and tear of the sea and weather during the course of a whole century; but, on the other hand, on the island of St. Maria putrid mussel-shells, still adhering to the rocks, were found ten feet above high-water mark. Near Juan Fernandez Island a volcano uprose from under the water close to the shore, and at the same instant two volcanoes in the far-off Cordilleras burst forth into action.

The space from which volcanic matter was actually erupted is 720 miles in one line and 400 miles in another line at right angles from the first; hence, in all probability, a subterranean lake of lava is here stretched out of nearly double the area of the Black Sea. The frequent quakings of the earth on this line of coast are caused, I believe, by the rending of the strata, necessarily consequent on the tension of the land when upraised, and their injection by fluidified rock. This rending and injection would, if repeated often enough, form a chain of hills.

I made the passage of the Cordilleras to Mendoza, the capital of the republic of that name, on horseback. The features in the scenery of the Andes which struck me most were that all the main valleys have on both sides a fringe, sometimes expanding into a narrow plain of shingle and sand. I am convinced that these shingle terraces were accumulated during the gradual elevation of the Cordilleras by the torrents delivering at successive levels their detritus on the beach-heads of long, narrow arms of the sea, first high up the valleys, then lower down and lower down as the land slowly rose.

If this be so, and I cannot doubt it, the grand and broken chain of the Cordilleras, instead of having been suddenly thrown up—as was till lately the universal, and still is the common, opinion of geologists—has been slowly upheaved in mass in the same gradual manner as the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific have arisen.

The other striking features of the Cordilleras were the bright colours, chiefly red and purple, of the utterly bare and precipitous hills of porphyry; the grand and continuous wall-like dikes; the plainly divided strata, which, where nearly vertical, formed the picturesque and wild central pinnacles, but where less inclined composed the great massive mountains on the outskirts of the range; and lastly, the smooth, conical piles of fine and brightly coloured detritus, which slope up sometimes to a height of more than 2,000 feet.

It is an old story, but not less wonderful, to see shells which were once crawling at the bottom of the sea now standing nearly 14,000 feet above its level. But there must have been a subsidence of several thousand feet as well as the ensuing elevation. Daily it is forced home on the mind of the geologist that nothing, not even the wind that blows, is so unstable as the level of the crust of the earth.

FROM Valparaiso to Coquimbo, and thence to Copiapo, in Northern Chile, the country is singularly broken and barren. On some of the terraced plains rising to the Cordilleras, covered with cacti, there were large herds of llamas. At one point in the coast range great prostrate silicified trunks of fir trees were very numerous, embedded in a conglomerate. I discovered convincing proof that this part of the continent of South America has been elevated near the coast from 400 feet to 1,300 feet since the epoch of existing shells; and further inland the rise possibly may have been greater. From the evidence of ruins of Indian villages at very great altitude, now absolutely barren, and some fossil human relics, man must have inhabited South America for an immensely long period.

From the port of Iquique, in Peru, a visit was made to the nitrate of soda mines. The nitrate stratum, between two and three feet thick, lies close to the surface and follows for 150 miles the margin of the plain. From the troubled state of the country, I saw very little of the rest of Peru.

A month was spent in the Galapagos Archipelago—a group of volcanic islands situated on the Equator between 500 and 600 miles westward of the coast of America. This archipelago is a little world within itself. Hence, both in time and space, we seemed to be brought somewhere near to that great fact, that mystery of mysteries, the first appearance of new beings on this earth. The vegetation is scanty. The principal animals are the giant tortoises, so large that it requires six or eight men to lift one. The most remarkable feature of the natural history of this archipelago is that the different islands are inhabited by different kinds of tortoises; and so with the birds, insects and plants. One is astonished at the amount of creative force, if such an expression may be used, displayed on these small, barren and rocky islands, and still more so at its diverse, yet analogous, action on points so near each other.

V—The Coral Islands of the Pacific

HAVING completed the survey of the coasts and islands of the South American continent, the *Beagle* sailed across the wide Pacific to Tahiti, New Zealand and Australia, in order to carry out the chain of chronometrical measurements round the world. From Australasia a run was then made to Keeling or Cocos Island in the Indian Ocean. This lonely island, 600 miles from the coast of Sumatra, is an atoll, or lagoon island, entirely composed of fragments of coral.

There are three great classes of coral reefs atoll, barrier and fringing. Now, the utmost depth at which corals can construct reefs is between twenty and thirty fathoms, so that wherever there is an atoll a foundation must have originally existed within a depth of from twenty to thirty fathoms from the surface. The coral formation is raised only to that height to which the waves can throw up fragments and the winds pile up sand. The foundation, such as a mountain peak, therefore, must have sunk to the required level, and not have been raised, as has hitherto been supposed.

I venture, therefore, to affirm that, on the theory of the upward growth of the corals during the sinking of the land, all the leading features of these wonderful structures, the lagoon-islands or atolls, as well as the no less wonderful barrier-reefs, whether encircling small islands, or stretching for hundreds of miles along the shores of a continent, are simply explained. On the other hand, coasts merely fringed by reefs cannot have subsided to any perceptible amount, and therefore they must, since the growth of their corals, either have remained stationary or have been upheaved.

The chronometrical measurements were completed in the Indian Ocean by a visit to Mauritius, and thence, voyaging around the Cape of Good Hope, to the islands of St. Helena and Ascension, in the Southern Atlantic, and to the mainland of Brazil at Bahia and Pernambuco, from which the course was set for home. The *Beagle* made the shores of England at Falmouth on October 2, 1836, after an absence of nearly five years.

On a retrospect, among the scenes which are deeply impressed on my mind, including the spectacles of the Southern Cross, the Cloud of Magellan and the other constellations of the southern hemisphere, the glacier leading its blue stream of ice overhanging the sea in a bold precipice, the lagoon islands raised by the reef-building corals, the active volcano, the overwhelming effects of a violent earthquake—none exceed in sublimity the primeval forests undefaced by the hand of man, whether those of Brazil, where the powers of life are predominant, or those of Tierra del Fuego, where death and decay prevail. Both are temples filled with the varied productions of the God of nature. No one can stand in those solitudes unmoved and not feel that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body. And so with the boundless plains of Patagonia, or when looking from the highest crest of the Cordilleras, the mind is filled with the stupendous dimensions of the surrounding masses.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER

HESPERUS

As stated in the preliminary note on his Autobiography (see page 885), the turning-point in Jean Paul Richter's career came with the publication of his romance The Invisible Opera-Box in 1793. That was his first literary success and, seizing the opportunity so given him, he followed it up in 1795 with Hesperus, which made him famous, and had so great a commercial success that thereafter he was enabled to live entirely by literature. Fanciful and extravagant as Hesperus is, and written with little or no regard for the laws of composition, it is nevertheless stamped with genius. In all Richter's stories the plot counts for very little. His fame depends on the thoughts that he strikes out by the way. He owed much to Laurence Sterne, but the great English humorist's influence is seen less in Hesperus than in Richter's other great novel Titan, an outline of which appears in later pages of this work. The following outline has been prepared from the German text.

I—Friendship



"VICTOR," said Flamin to the young Englishman, "give me this night thy friendship for ever, and swear to me that thou wilt never disturb me in my love to thee. Swear thou wilt never plunge me in misfortune and despair!"

The two friends were standing at midnight in the mild, sweet air of May, alone on the watch-tower of the little watering-place of St. Luna. It was their first meeting for eight years. Flamin was the son of Chaplain Eymann, who had retired from the court of the Prince of Flachsenfingen; Victor was the heir of Lord Horion, a noble Englishman who lived at Flachsenfingen and directed all the affairs of the prince. The two boys had been sent in their infancy to London and brought up together there for twelve years; then for six years they had lived with Chaplain Eymann at St. Luna, and Victor had naturally conceived a great affection for the old clergyman and a deep love for his son. When, however, Victor was eighteen years of age, Lord Horion had sent him to Göttingen to study medicine, and he had remained at that university for eight years. Everybody wondered why a great English nobleman should want to bring his son up as a physician; but Horion was a politician and his ways were dark and secret.

Eight years absence had not diminished Victor's affection, but he was alarmed by the wild passion which Flamin displayed as soon as they were alone.

"You know I love you, Flamin, more than I love myself," he said, clasping his friend in his arms, and leading him to a seat on the watch-tower. "Of course, I swear never to overwhelm you in misfortune, nor desert nor hate you. What is it that brings such gloomy thoughts into your mind?"

"I will tell thee everything, now, Victor!" exclaimed his friend. "I will open all my heart to thee."

At first he was too much overcome by his feelings to speak. For a long time the two young men remained silent, gazing into the dark, blue depths of the night. Clear among the stars shone the Twins, those ever-burning, intertwined symbols of friendship; westward they rose, and on the right of them blazed the heart of the Lion. The two friends had studied astronomy together, and when Victor pointed out the happy sign in the midnight sky, Flamin began to tell him his troubles.

He, a poor clergyman's son, had fallen wildly in love with Clotilda, the beautiful daughter of Prince January, of Flachsenfingen. She was living at the country seat of the Lord Chamberlain Le Baut, at St. Luna. Knowing that he could neither forget her nor win her, he was tortured by a strange, hopeless jealousy, and he now confessed that, instead of looking

forward with joy to Victor's return to his home, he had been consumed with fear lest his brilliant, noble, handsome friend should utterly eclipse him in the sight of his beloved lady.

"Cannot I do anything to help you?" said Victor tenderly.

"Your father has immense influence over Prince January," said Flamin, "could you beg him to get me some court position at Flachsenfingen? If only I could make my way in the world, perhaps I might be able to hope to win the hand of my lady, princess though she is."

II—Love

THE next day Chamberlain Le Baut gave a garden party in honour of the son of the great English minister.

"Take care," said the chaplain's wife, as Victor set off. "She is very beautiful."

Victor had no need to ask who she was.

"I shall take care not to take care," he replied, with a smile.

Victor was too much a man of the world to fall in love at first sight. But when he entered the garden, and a sweet, tall and lovely figure came forward to greet him from behind the foliage, he felt as if all his blood had been driven in his face. It was Clotilda. She spoke to him, but he listened to the melody of her voice instead of to her words, so that he did not understand what she was saying. Her quiet, reserved eyes, however, brought him to his senses; but still he could not help feeling glad that, as Flamin's friend, he had some claim upon her attention and her society. It seemed to him as if everything that she did was done by her for the first time in life; and he would no doubt have shown a strange embarrassment in her company if the Lord Chamberlain and his wife and a throng of guests had not come into the garden and surrounded him and distracted him by their compliments. Recovering his self-possession, he concealed his real feelings by giving full play to his faculty for malicious and witty sayings. But, though he succeeded in amusing the company, he displeased Clotilda; for the talk fell on the topic of women.

"The thing which a girl most easily forgets," said the Lord Chamberlain, "is how she looks; that is why she is always gazing into a mirror."

"Perhaps that is also the reason," said Victor, "why no woman regards another as more beautiful than she is. The most that a woman will admit is that her rival is younger than herself."

Nothing fell upon Clotilda—and this is always found in the best of her sex—more keenly than satire upon womankind, and though she concealed the fact that she both endured and despised this sort of wit, she began to distrust the lips and the heart of the young Englishman, and treated him during this time with such cold civility that he had to exaggerate his wild gaiety in order to conceal the grief that he felt.

But as she was walking at evening in the garden, a loose leaf blew out of a book that she was holding, and Victor picked it up and read, 'On this earth man has only two and a half minutes—one to smile, one to sigh, and half a one to love; for in the midst of it he dies.'

"Dahore! This is a saying of Dahore!" exclaimed Victor. "Clotilda, do you know my beloved master Dahore?"

Clotilda turned towards him, her face transfigured with a lovely radiance. The two noble souls discovered at last their affinity in their common love for the wise and gracious spirit who had nourished their young life. For some strange reason Lord Horion, as they found out as soon as they began to converse together in a sweet and sincere intimacy, had had them brought up by the same master; and Dahore, an eccentric, lovable man with a profound wisdom, had made them, in both mind and soul, comrades to each other, though he educated one in London and the other at St. Luna.

"He taught Flamin and me at the same time," said Victor, looking to see what effect the name of his friend had on Clotilda. She smiled sweetly, but mysteriously, when he went on to speak of his loving friendship for the son of Chaplain Eymann.

The next day he knew why her smile had been so mysterious. Lord Horion arrived from Flachsenfingen with some extra-

ordinary news. Flamin had been appointed a counsellor to Prince January. Never had Victor, in his wildest dreams of his friend's advancement, imagined that he would obtain at a leap so high and important a position as this. The young Englishman himself had been sent to study at Göttingen in order that he might be qualified to act as the prince's physician; but Flamin, without any labour, had suddenly obtained a place of authority almost equal to that occupied by Lord Horion.

Late that evening, however, Lord Horion revealed to his son a strange secret, in the light of which everything was explained. The Prince of Flachsenfingen was a man of a rather weak and evil character, over whom Horion ruled by sheer force of will. Prince January had had two children, a boy and a girl, and the English lord had had them brought up far away from the malicious influences of the court. In order that January might not interfere in the education of the heir, Horion had told him that the boy had perished in infancy in London. As a matter of fact, the child had been brought up with Victor.

"So Flamin is the heir to the throne of Flachsenfingen!" exclaimed Victor.

"Yes," said Horion, "and I have trained you to guide and direct him in the same way as I guide his father. For the present, however, I must have complete control of the matter. Swear that you will not divulge the secret of Flamin's birth to anyone before I give you permission."

For a moment Victor hesitated. He remembered the promise that Flamin had wrung from him on the watch-tower, and this, he was beginning to see, might involve him in a perilous misunderstanding.

"Does Clotilda know?" he said.

"I revealed the secret to her when she came to St. Luna," said Horion, "under the same conditions that I am now revealing it to you. She swore to reveal it under no circumstances whatever, and you must do the same before you leave this spot."

So Victor took the oath with a strange mixture of misgiving and joy. As he walked back, slowly and thoughtfully, to the chaplain's house, he at last admitted to himself that he was deeply in love with Clotilda. Instead of returning to England and leaving Flamin in possession of the field, as he had resolved on doing, he was now at liberty to try and win the beautiful, noble girl. On the other hand, Flamin would misunderstand his actions, and this would bring both of them into great danger.

The next day Victor received his appointment as physician to the Prince of Flachsenfingen, and he was summoned to the court, together with Clotilda. He now divined what his father's intentions were in regard to him and the lovely young girl. Instead, however, of going with her to Flachsenfingen, he dressed himself in poor attire and set out on an aimless journey through Europe, without telling anyone where he was going.

III—Enmity

VICTOR had a profound aversion from the wild and yet vacant kind of life that men pursued at the court of the Prince of Flachsenfingen. He was comforted in his separation from Clotilda by the thought that so long as it lasted he was spared from disturbing the delusions of her jealous brother. But when at last he came to Flachsenfingen, he was grieved to find that his beautiful lady had grown pale and sorrowful.

At the sight of her distress, Victor forgot his promise to Flamin. Meeting her at evening in the forest near the palace, he sank on his knees before her and told her all his love for her, and of the promise he had made to Flamin. Clotilda stooped and drew him up, and he folded her to his breast.

"We must part, dearest," he said, "until my father sees fit to reveal to your brother the secret of his birth."

A nightingale broke out into a passion of song as Victor gathered up his courage to bid her farewell. The call of the nightingale was suddenly answered by another nightingale. It kept flying as it sang, and with its voice muffled by the thick blossoms on the trees, it sent a languishing melody flowing out of a dim, flowering dell a hundred paces away. The two lovers, who dreaded to part, wandered confusedly

after the receding nightingale into the hollow of the forest. At last Clotilda recovered herself, and as the nightingale ceased, she turned round to say good-bye. But Victor lingered, and took both of her hands. With tears in his eyes he murmured, "Good-bye, my dearest. My heart is too heavy. I can say no more. Do not sorrow, darling. Nothing can part us now—neither life nor death."

Like a transfigured spirit bending down to an angel, he stooped and touched her sweet mouth. In a gentle kiss, in which their hovering souls only glided tremulously from afar to meet each other with fluttering wings, he took from her yielding lips the seal of her love. As he did so, there came a crashing sound from the dark trees around them.

"You scoundrel!" cried Flamin, rushing into the hollow, his face white with anger. "Take it, take it! I will have your blood for this!"

He had two pistols in his hand, and he thrust one fiercely towards Victor. The Englishman drew Clotilda aside, and then went up to his friend, saying, "I have not wronged you. Believe me, Flamin, I remember my oath, and I swear that I have been faithful to you. Only wait until I see my father, and everything will be explained."

"I want no explanation, you faithless scoundrel," shouted Flamin. "Take it, or I will kill you where you stand."

In his blind fury he was pointing the muzzle of the pistol at the trembling form of Clotilda, and Victor snatched the weapon from him in order to save her.

"You are my brother, my brother!" cried Clotilda. "Don't you hear? You are my brother!"

She ran to Flamin to take the pistol from him, but reeled and fell to the ground in a swoon. Victor looked at her wildly, and, thinking she was dead, turned upon Flamin.

"If you want blood," he said sternly, "take mine."

"You fire first," exclaimed Flamin.

Victor lifted his pistol up into the air and shot at the top of a tree; then he stood calm and silent waiting for Flamin to fire. His old friend pointed the pistol straight at his heart, but hesitated; and Clotilda recovered her senses, staggered to her feet, and threw herself before her lover. Flamin looked at them in gloomy wonder; then the instinct of a life-long friendship unnerved him. He hurled his pistol away, and turned and strode fiercely through the forest.

Some weeks afterwards Victor was standing on the watch-tower at St. Luna alone, with a letter from Lord Horion in his hand. He looked down from the height, and he was tempted to throw himself over. He had regained the friendship of Flamin, but it seemed to him that he had now lost all hope of winning Clotilda. For Lord Horion had explained the whole of his strange, tortuous policy. He informed Victor that he had introduced Flamin to the prince, and had proved to him that the young man was his heir.

"They asked me, my dear Victor," Horion went on to say in his letter, "a question which I was surprised at your not asking. If Flamin is the son of the prince, where is the son of Chaplain Eymann whom I took to London to be educated with him? My dear boy, I have no son, and you really are the child of Eymann and his good wife. This secret I felt bound to reveal to the prince at the same time that I was forced to reveal the secret of Flamin's birth. It was because I wished to postpone the revelations until you were established in the prince's good graces that I made you take the oath that you took so unwillingly."

Victor felt that what the heir to a great English nobleman might aspire to, the son of a poor country clergyman could never hope to attain. By a strange vicissitude of fortune he now found himself in the same position as that in which Flamin had been when they met on the watch-tower after their long separation. His mournful meditations were suddenly interrupted by two figures who had silently crept up the stairs of the tower. They were Flamin and Clotilda, and each put an arm around Victor and led him to the parsonage. On the way he learnt that Clotilda had known all along that he was the son of Chaplain Eymann.

JOHN MORLEY

THE LIFE OF RICHARD COBDEN

IN the triple capacity of journalist, author and statesman, John Morley, afterwards Viscount Morley of Blackburn, proved himself one of the most brilliant and powerful intellects of the nineteenth century. As a man of letters he first made his mark in 1867 with his Burke : A Historical Study, and in the next ten years he published brilliant studies of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot and the Encyclopedists, and also contributed to The Fortnightly Review numerous finely balanced essays on French and English statesmen and writers which were afterwards collected in four volumes of Critical Estimates. His Life of Richard Cobden was published in 1881. For the firm of Macmillan he projected, edited and contributed to the famous series of English Men of Letters and English Statesmen. In 1895 he began the most monumental of his literary works, the Life of Gladstone, published in 1903—a great historical, biographical and popular success. A popular edition of the Life of Richard Cobden is published by Fisher Unwin, by whose permission the following epitome is included here.

I—On the Road



HEYSHOTT is a hamlet in a sequestered corner of West Sussex, not many miles from the Hampshire border. Here, in an old farmhouse, known as Dunford, Richard Cobden was born on June 3, 1804. His ancestors were yeomen of the soil, and it is said, with every appearance of truth, that the name can be traced in the annals of the district as far back as the fourteenth century.

Cobden's father, a man of soft and affectionate disposition, but wholly without the energy of affairs, met with financial disaster in 1814, and relatives charged themselves with the maintenance of his dozen children. Richard was sent by his mother's brother-in-law, a merchant in London, to a school in Yorkshire. Here he remained for five years, a grim and desolate time, of which he could never afterwards endure to speak. In 1819 he was received as a clerk in his uncle's warehouse in Old Change ; and at the age of twenty-one he was advanced from the drudgery of the warehouse to the glories of the road. What made the life of a traveller specially welcome to Cobden was the gratification that it offered to the master-passion of his life, an insatiable desire to know the affairs of the world.

In 1826, his employer failed and for some months Cobden had to take unwelcome holiday. In September he found a situation, and again set out on the road with his samples of muslin and calico prints. Two years afterwards, in 1828, he and two friends determined to begin business on their own account. They arranged with a firm of Manchester calico printers to sell goods on commission ; and so profitable was the enterprise that in 1831 the partners determined to print their own goods and took an old factory at Sabden in Lancashire.

Cobden's imagination was struck by the busy life of the county with which his name was destined to be so closely bound up. 'Manchester,' he writes with enthusiasm, 'is the place for all men of bargain and business.' His pen acquires a curiously exulting animation as he describes the bustle of its streets, the quaintness of its dialect, the abundance of its capital and the sturdy veterans with a hundred thousand pounds in each pocket, who might be seen in the evening smoking clay pipes and calling for brandy and water in the bar-parlours of homely taverns. He prospered rapidly in this congenial atmosphere ; but it is at Sabden, not at Manchester, that we see the first monument of his public spirit—a little stone schoolhouse, built as the result of an agitation led by him with as much eager enthusiasm as he ever threw afterwards into great affairs of state.

Between 1833 and 1836 Cobden's character widened and ripened with surprising



COBDEN ADDRESSING THE COUNCIL OF THE ANTI-CORN LAW LEAGUE

From the painting by J. R. Herbert, R.A.

quickness. We pass at a single step from the natural and wholesome egotism of the young man who has his bread to win to the wide interests and generous public spirit of the good citizen. His first motion was towards his own intellectual improvement, and early in life he perceived that for his purposes no preparation could be so effective as that of travel. In 1833 and 1834 he visited the Continent; in 1835, the United States; and in 1836 and 1837 to Egypt, the Levant and Turkey.

In the interval between the two latter journeys he made what was probably his first public speech, at a meeting to further the demand of a corporation of Manchester. The speech is described as a signal failure. 'He was nervous,' says the chronicler, 'confused, and in fact practically broke down, and the chairman had to apologise for him.'

He was much more successful in two pamphlets he published at this time—'England, Ireland and America,' and 'Russia,'—in which he opened the long struggle he was to wage against the restriction of commerce and the policy of intervention in European feuds. It is no strained pretension to say that already Richard Cobden, the Manchester manufacturer, was fully possessed of the philosophic gift of feeling about society as a whole, and thinking about the problems of society in an ordered connexion.

II—The Corn Laws

IN 1837, Cobden was invited to become candidate for the borough of Stockport. Although he threw himself into the struggle with all his energy, on the day of election he was found to be at the bottom of the poll. Four years later he was returned for Stockport by a triumphant majority. But in 1841 he was no longer a rising young politician; he had become the leading spirit of a national agitation.

In October 1838 a band of seven men met at an hotel in Manchester and formed a new Anti-Corn Law Association. They were speedily joined by others, including Cobden, who from this moment began to take a prominent part in all counsel and action. The abolition of the duties on corn was the single object of Cobden's political energy during the seven years that followed, and their destruction was the one finished triumph with which his name is associated.

After the rejection in the following year by a large majority of Mr. Villiers's motion that the House of Commons should consider the act regulating the importation of corn, the association developed into a League of Federated Anti-Corn Law Associations in different towns and districts. The repealers began the work of propagandism by sending out a band of economic missionaries, who were not long in discovering how hardly an old class interest dies. In many districts neither law nor equity gave them protection. The members of the league were described in the London Press as unprincipled schemers, as commercial and political swindlers and as revolutionary emissaries whom all well-disposed persons ought to assist the authorities in putting down.

Before he entered Parliament, Cobden re-settled his business by entering into partnership with his brother Frederick, and married (May 1840) a young Welsh lady, Miss Catherine Ann Williams. In Parliament Cobden was instantly successful. His early speeches produced that singular and profound effect which is perceived in English deliberative assemblies when a speaker leaves party recriminations, abstract argument and commonplaces of sentiment in order to inform his hearers of telling facts in the condition of the nation.

But Cobden's parliamentary work was at this time less important than his work as an agitator. If in one sense the corn laws did not seem a promising theme for a popular agitation, they were excellently fitted to bring out Cobden's peculiar strength. It was not passion, but persuasiveness, to which we must look for the secret of his oratorical success. Cobden made his way to men's hearts by the union which they saw in him of simplicity, earnestness and conviction, with a singular facility of exposition. Then men were attracted by his mental alacrity, by the instant readiness with which he turned round to grapple with a new objection.

His patience in acquiring and shaping matter for argument was surpassed by his inexhaustible patience in dealing with the mental infirmities of those whom it was his business to persuade. He was wholly free from the unmeasured anger against human stupidity which is itself a most provoking form of that stupidity.

III—Cobden and Bright

In the autumn of 1841, Cobden and Bright made that solemn compact which was the beginning of an affectionate and noble friendship that lasted without a cloud or a jar until Cobden's death nearly twenty-five years later.

"On the day when Mr. Cobden called upon me," said Bright, "I was in the depths of grief, I might almost say of despair; for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life and of a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called upon me as a friend, and addressed me, as you might suppose, with words of condolence. After a time he looked up, and said, 'There are thousands of houses in England at this moment where wives, mothers and children are dying of hunger. Now,' he said, 'when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the Corn Law is repealed.' I accepted his invitation."

Although the agitation for repeal was in Cobden's mind only a part of the broad aims of peace and social and moral progress for which he strove, he was too practical to put forth his thoughts on too many subjects at once. He confined his enthusiasm to repeal until repeal was accomplished. But his efforts left him no time to attend to his own business, which was falling to pieces under the management of his brother Frederick. In the autumn of 1845 he felt compelled to give up his work as an agitator on account of his private affairs, but Bright and one or two friends procured the money that sufficed to tide over the emergency.

The cause was now on the eve of victory. The autumn of 1845 was the wettest in the memory of man. For long the downpour never ceased by night or by day; it was the rain that rained away the Corn Laws. The bad harvest and the Irish potato famine brought the long hesitation of Sir Robert Peel to an end. Soon after the opening of the session of 1846, he announced his proposals.

The repeal of the Corn Laws was to be total, but not immediate. For three years there was to be a lowered duty on a sliding scale, and then the ports were to be opened entirely. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" wrote Cobden to his wife on June 26, "the Corn Bill is law, and now my work is done!"

IV—In the Cause of Peace

Cobden was now absent from England for fourteen months, travelling on the Continent. His reception was everywhere that of a great discoverer in a science which interests the bulk of mankind much more keenly than any other, the science of wealth. People looked on him as a man who had found out a momentous secret. He had interviews with the Pope, with three or four kings, with ambassadors and with all the prominent statesmen. He never lost an opportunity of speaking a word in season. They were not all converted, but they all listened to him; and they all taught him something, whether they chose to learn anything from him in return or not.

On his return he joined with Bright in an agitation for financial and parliamentary reform. While he believed in an extension of the franchise as a means of attaining the objects he had in view, he was essentially an economical, a moral and a social reformer. He was never an enthusiast for mere reform in the machinery. He made it his special mission to advocate financial reform, and left the advocacy for franchise extension very largely to his friend and colleague.

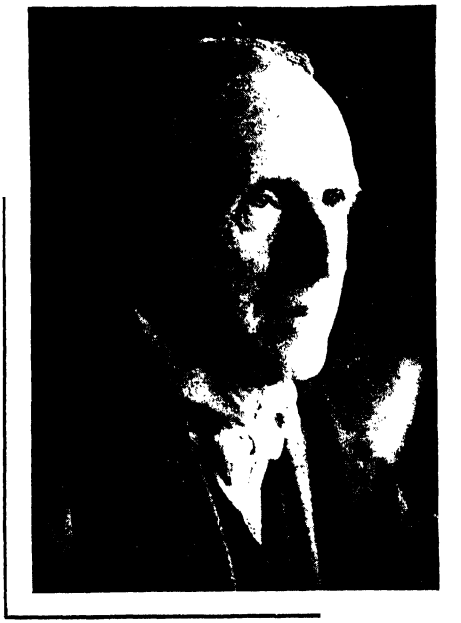
Retrenchment was the keynote of the financial reform urged by Cobden; and retrenchment involved the furtherance of international peace and the reduction of British armaments by means of the

abandonment of the policy of intervention in European disputes and the policy of 'clinging to colonies' with the consequent expenditure upon colonial defence. From 1846 to 1851 Lord Palmerston was at the Foreign Office, and was incessantly active in the affairs of half the countries of Europe. To this policy of interference Cobden offered resolute opposition. He was especially energetic in protesting against the lending to Austria and Russia of money that was in effect borrowed to repay the cost of the oppressive war against Hungary. It is impossible not to admire the courage, the sound sense and the elevation with which Cobden thus constantly strove to diffuse the doctrine of moral responsibility in connexion with the use of capital.

In 1852, a protectionist ministry under Lord Derby came into power, and the Anti-Corn Law League was revived. The danger, however, soon passed away; the Derby ministry made no attempt to interfere with freedom of trade, and ere the year ended gave place to the Aberdeen ministry. Cobden's policy of peace and retrenchment, however, became more and more popular. Cobden's urgent feeling about war was not in any degree sentimental. He opposed war because war and the preparation for it consumed the resources which were required for the improvement of the temporal condition of the population. But in the inflamed condition of public opinion his arguments were powerless.

The invasion panic of 1853 was followed in 1854 by the Crimean War, and in opposing that war Cobden and Bright found themselves absolutely alone.

"The British nation," said Lord Palmerston, "is unanimous in this matter. I say unanimous, for I cannot reckon Cobden, Bright and Co. for anything." His estimate was perfectly correct; Cobden and Bright had the whole world against them in their opposition to Palmerston's foreign policy. The moral fortitude, like the political wisdom, of these two strong men, stands out with a splendour that already recalls the great historic types of statesmanship and patriotism.



Haines

JOHN MORLEY was born at Blackburn, December 24, 1838, and educated at Cheltenham and at Lincoln College, Oxford. From 1867 to 1880 he edited The Fortnightly Review, and from 1880-83 The Pall Mall Gazette as a Liberal organ, making it the most powerful influence of the time upon all readers of opinion. Entering Parliament in 1883, he became chief secretary for Ireland, secretary of State for India, 1905-10, and Lord President of the Council, 1910-14. Morley was one of the original members of the Order of Merit on its institution in 1902, and in 1908 he was created Viscount Morley of Blackburn. He died September 23, 1923.

V—Cobden as Treaty-Maker

In 1857, Cobden was compelled to retire for a time from politics. He vigorously opposed the Chinese War, and succeeded in defeating Lord Palmerston's government in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston, with his usual acuteness and courage, at once dissolved parliament, and in the general election his victory was complete. The Manchester School was routed. Cobden, who contested Huddersfield, was heavily beaten; and at Manchester itself Bright was at the bottom of the poll. Cobden went to his home at Dunford, in Sussex, and remained there nearly two years. Once more he was afflicted with financial trouble. An unfortunate land speculation at Manchester and certain investments in American railroads had again brought him into difficulties, from which he was ultimately



RICHARD COBDEN
From the painting by Lowes Dickinson

rescued by a munificent gift of £40,000 from unknown subscribers.

The general election of 1859 was held while Cobden was absent in the United States, and on his return he found that he had been chosen member for Rochdale. To his surprise, he also received from his old enemy, Palmerston, an offer of the presidency of the Board of Trade. Cobden, who had consistently refrained from accepting any office, courteously declined.

But he was none the less able to render a great service to the new government. Mr. Bright, in a parliamentary speech, incidentally asked why, instead of lavishing the national substance in armaments, they did not go to the French Emperor and attempt to persuade him to allow his people to trade freely with ours. The idea of a commercial treaty occurred to M. Chevalier on reading the speech, and he wrote in this sense to Cobden, who was strongly impressed by the notion. He opened his mind to Gladstone, who was then chancellor of the exchequer, and, as the outcome, Cobden went to Paris in the autumn of 1859 as unofficial negotiator of a treaty.

The negotiation was long and tedious. Cobden had to convert the emperor to his views, and to await the reconciliation of the various French interests that were opposed to freedom of trade. It was not until November 1860 that Cobden's labours were concluded. England cleared her tariff of protection, and reduced the duties which were retained for revenue on the two French staples of wine and brandy. France, on her part, replaced prohibition by a series of moderate duties.

Palmerston offered Cobden a choice between a baronetcy and a privy councillorship as a reward for his services. He replied begging permission most respectfully to deny himself the honour. "An indisposition to accept a title," he wrote, "being in my case rather an affair of feeling than of reason, I will not dwell further on the subject."

VI—The Last Days of Cobden

WHEN Cobden returned to England his public position had more than recovered the authority and renown which had been seriously impaired by his unpopular attitude on the Russian war. But he and Bright were soon involved in an almost angrier conflict than before with the upper and middle classes, on account of their championship of the North in the American Civil War.

The remaining years of his life were largely spent in systematic onslaughts upon the policy of Lord Palmerston and in opposition to military expenditure. It was with the purpose of resisting a Canadian fortification scheme that he made his last journey to London in March 1865. On his arrival he was seized by a sharp attack of asthma; bronchitis supervened and it became evident that he would not recover. On the morning of Sunday, April 2, Bright took his place by the side of the dying man. As the bells were ringing for the morning service the mists of death began to settle heavily on his brow, and his ardent, courageous and brotherly spirit soon passed tranquilly away.

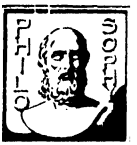
He was buried by the side of his son in the little churchyard at Lavington.

JOHN STUART MILL

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY

THE results of many years of study, disputation and thought are embodied in Mill's Principles of Political Economy, with Some of Their Applications to Social Philosophy. In it he aimed at producing a treatise which might replace in ordinary use Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations (see page 1269), which he pronounced 'in many parts obsolete and in all imperfect. Mill's work is built upon foundations laid by Ricardo and Malthus, and although it failed somewhat of being 'a modern Adam Smith,' it is still considered indispensable for the study of the subject. Throughout it manifests a belief in the possibility of great social improvement to be achieved upon individualistic lines. The work was begun late in 1845, superseding a contemplated work to be called Ethology, and was published early in 1848. Cheap editions are issued by Blackwell and Routledge. An outline of John Stuart Mill's System of Logic is given in pages 1189-1194 of *The World's Great Books.*

I—The Production of Wealth



IN every department of human affairs, practice long precedes science. The conception, accordingly, of political economy as a branch of science is extremely modern; but the subject with which its inquiries are conversant—wealth—has, in all ages, constituted one of the chief practical interests of mankind. Everyone has a notion, sufficiently correct for common purposes, of what is meant by 'wealth.' Money, being the instrument of an important public and private purpose, is rightly regarded as wealth; but everything else which serves any human purpose, and which nature does not supply gratuitously, is wealth also. Wealth may be defined as all useful or agreeable things which possess exchangeable value.

The production of wealth—the extraction of the instruments of human subsistence and enjoyment from the materials of the globe—is evidently not an arbitrary thing. It has its necessary conditions.

The requisites of production are two—labour and appropriate natural objects. Labour is either bodily or mental. Of the other requisite it is to be remarked that the objects supplied by nature are, except in a few unimportant cases, only instrumental to human wants after having been transformed by human exertion.

Nature does more, however, than supply materials; she also supplies powers. Of natural powers, some are practically unlimited, others limited in quantity, and much of the economy of society depends on the limited quantity in which some of the most important natural agents exist, and more particularly land. As soon as there is not so much of a natural agent to be had as would be used if it could be obtained for the asking, the ownership or use of it acquires an exchangeable value.

Where there is more land wanted for cultivation than a place possesses of a certain quality and advantages of situation, land of that quality and situation may be sold, or let for an annual rent.

Labour employed on external nature in modes subservient to production is employed either directly, or indirectly, in previous, or concomitant, operations designed to facilitate, perhaps essential to the possibilities of, the actual production. One of the modes in which labour is employed indirectly requires particular notice—namely, when it is employed in producing subsistence to maintain the labourers while they are engaged in the production. This previous employment of labour is an indispensable condition to every productive operation. In order to raise any product there are needed labour, tools, and materials and food to feed the labourers. But the tools and materials can be remunerated only from the product when obtained. The food, on the contrary, is intrinsically useful, and the labour expended in pro-

ducing it, and recompensed by it, needs not to be remunerated over again from the produce of the subsequent labour which it has fed.

The claim to remuneration founded on the possession of food is remuneration for abstinence, not for labour. If a person has a store of food, he has it in his power to consume it himself in idleness. If, instead, he gives it to productive labourers to support them during their work, he can claim a remuneration from the produce. He will, in fact, expect his advance of food to come back to him with an increase, called, in the language of business, a profit.

Thus, there is necessary to productive operations, besides labour and natural agents, a stock, previously accumulated, of the products of labour. This accumulated stock is termed capital. Capital is frequently supposed to be synonymous with money, but money can afford no assistance to production. To do this it must be exchanged for other things capable of contributing to production.

What capital does for production is to afford the shelter, tools and materials which the work requires, and to feed and otherwise maintain the labourers during the process. Whatever things are destined for this use are capital. That industry is limited by capital is self-evident. There can be no more industry than is supplied with materials to work upon and food to eat. Nevertheless, it is often forgotten that the people of a country are maintained and have their wants supplied, not by the produce of present labour, but of past, and it long continued to be believed that laws and governments, without creating capital, could create industry.

ALL capital is the result of saving. Somebody must have produced it, and forborne to consume it, or it is the result of an excess of production over consumption. Although saved, and the result of saving, it is nevertheless consumed—exchanged partly for tools which are worn out by use, partly for materials destroyed in the using, and by consumption of the ultimate product; and, finally, paid in wages to productive labourers, who consume it for their daily wants. The greater part, in value, of the wealth now existing in England has been produced by human hands within the last twelve months. A very small proportion, indeed, was in existence ten years ago. The land is almost the only thing that subsists. Capital is kept in existence, not by preservation, but by perpetual reproduction.

II—The Distribution of Wealth

THE laws and conditions of the production of wealth partake of the character of physical truths. There is nothing optional or arbitrary about them. It is not so with the distribution of wealth. That is a matter of human institution solely.

Among the different modes of distributing the produce of land and labour which have been adopted, attention is first claimed by the primary institution on which the economical arrangements of society have always rested—private property.

The institution of property consists in the recognition, in each person, of a right to the exclusive disposal of the fruits of their own labour and abstinence, and implies the right of the possessor of the fruits of previous labour to what has been produced by others by the co-operation between present labour and those fruits of past labour—that is, the freedom of acquiring by contract.

We now proceed to the hypothesis of a threefold division of the produce, among labourers, capitalists and landlords, beginning with the subject of wages.

Wages depend mainly upon the demand and supply of labour, or, roughly, on the proportion between population and capital. It is a common saying that wages are high when trade is good. Capital which was lying idle is brought into complete efficiency, and wages, in the particular occupation concerned, rise. But this is only a temporary fluctuation, and nothing can permanently alter *general* wages, except an increase or diminution of capital itself compared with the quantity of labour offering itself to be hired.

Again, high prices can only raise wages if the producers and dealers, receiving more, are induced to add to their capital, or, at

least, to their purchases of labour. But high prices of this sort can only benefit one class of labourers at the expense of others, since all other people, by paying those high prices, have their purchasing power reduced by an equal degree.

Another common opinion, which is only partially true, is that wages vary with the price of food, rising when it rises and falling when it falls. In times of scarcity, people generally compete more violently for employment and lower the labour market against themselves. But dearness or cheapness of food, when of a permanent character, may affect wages. If food grows permanently dearer without a rise of wages, a greater number of children will prematurely die, and thus wages will ultimately be higher; but only because the number of people will be smaller than if food had remained cheap. Certain rare circumstances excepted, high wages imply restraints on population.

As the wages of the labourer are the remuneration of labour, so the profits of the capitalist are properly the remuneration of abstinence. They are what he gains by forbearing to consume his capital for his own uses and allowing it to be consumed by productive labourers for their uses. Of these gains, however, a part only is properly an equivalent for the use of the capital itself—namely, so much as a solvent person would be willing to pay for the loan of it. This, as everybody knows, is called interest. What a person expects to gain who superintends the employment of his own capital is always more than this. The surplus is partly compensation for risk and partly remuneration for his time and labour.

The requisites of production being labour, capital and natural agents, the only person besides the labourer and the capitalist whose consent is necessary to production is he who possesses exclusive power over some natural agent. The land is the principal natural agent capable of being so appropriated, and the consideration paid for its use is called rent.

It is at once evident that rent is the effect of a monopoly. If all the land of the country belonged to one person he could fix the rent at his pleasure. The whole people would be dependent on his will for the necessaries of life. But even when monopolised—in the sense of being limited in quantity—land will command a price only if it exists in less quantity than the demand, and no land ever pays rent unless, in point of fertility and situation, it belongs to those superior kinds which exist in less quantity than the demand.

Any land yields just so much more than the ordinary profits of stock, or capital, as it yields more than what is returned by the worst land in cultivation. The surplus is what is paid as rent to the landlord. The standard of rent, therefore, is the excess of the produce of any land beyond what would be returned to the same capital if employed on the worst land in cultivation, or, generally, in the least advantageous circumstances.

III—Exchange and Value

Of the two great departments of political economy, the production of wealth and its distribution, value has to do with the latter alone. The conditions and laws of production would be unaltered if the arrangements of society did not depend on, or admit of, exchange.

Value always means in political economy value in exchange, the command which its possession gives over purchasable commodities in general; whereas, by the price of a thing is meant its value in money.

That a thing may have value in exchange two conditions are necessary. It must be of some use—that is, it must conduce to some purpose; and, secondly, there must be some difficulty in its attainment. This difficulty is of three kinds. It may consist in an absolute limitation of supply, as in the case of wines which can be grown only in peculiar circumstances of soil, climate and exposure; in the labour and expense requisite to produce the commodity; or, thirdly, the limitation of the quantity which can be produced at a given cost, to which class agricultural produce belongs, increased production beyond a certain limit entailing increased cost.

When the production of a commodity is the effect of labour and expenditure, there is a minimum value, which is the essential condition of its permanent pro-

duction, and must be sufficient to repay the cost of production and, besides, the ordinary expectation of profit. This may be called the *necessary* value. When the commodity can be made in indefinite quantity, this necessary value is also the maximum which the producers can expect. If it is such that it brings a rate of profit higher than is customary, capital rushes in to share in this extra gain and, by increasing the supply, reduces the value. Accordingly, by the operation of supply and demand the values of things are made to conform in the long run to the cost of production.

The introduction of money does not interfere with the operation of any of the laws of value. Things which by barter would exchange for one another will, if sold for money, sell for an equal amount of it, and so will exchange for one another still, though the process of exchanging them will consist of two operations instead of one. Money is a commodity, and its value is determined like that of other commodities, temporarily by demand and supply and permanently by cost of production.

Credit, as a substitute for money, is but a transfer of capital from hand to hand, generally from persons unable to employ it to hands more competent to employ it efficiently in production. Credit is not a productive power in itself, though without it existing productive powers could not be brought into complete employment.

In international trade we find that the law that permanent value is proportioned to cost of production does not hold good between commodities produced in distant places as it does in those produced in adjacent places.

Between distant places, and especially between different countries, profits may continue different, because persons do not usually remove themselves or their capital to a distant place without a very strong motive. If capital removed to remote parts of the world as readily, and for as small an inducement, as it moves to another quarter of the same town, profits would be equivalent all over the world, and all things would be produced in the places where the same labour and capital would produce them in greatest quantity and of best quality. This tendency may even now be observed; capital is becoming more and more cosmopolitan.

It is not a difference in the *absolute* cost of production which determines the interchange between distant places, but a difference in the *comparative* cost. We may often, by trading with foreigners, obtain their commodities at a smaller expense of labour and capital than they cost to the foreigners themselves. The bargain is advantageous to the foreigner because the commodity which he receives in exchange, though it has cost us less would probably have cost him more.

The value of a commodity brought from a distant place does not depend on the cost of production in the place from whence it comes, but on the cost of its acquisition in the place of receipt; which in the case of an imported article means the cost of production of the thing which is exported to pay for it. In other words, the values of foreign commodities depend on the terms of international exchange, which, in turn, depend on supply and demand.

It may be established that when two countries trade together in two commodities the exchange value of these commodities relatively to each other will adjust itself to the inclinations and circumstances of the consumers on both sides in such manner that the quantities required by each country of the articles which it imports from its neighbour shall be exactly sufficient to pay for one another, a law which holds of any number of commodities.

IV—On the Influence of Government

One of the most disputed questions in political science and in practical statesmanship relates to the proper limits of the functions and agency of governments. It may be agreed that they fall into two classes—functions which are either inseparable from the idea of government or are exercised habitually by all governments; and those respecting which it has been considered questionable whether governments should exercise them or not. The former may be termed the

necessary, the latter the *optional*, functions of government.

It may readily be shown that the admitted functions of government embrace a much wider field than can easily be included within the ring-fence of any restrictive definition, and that it is hardly possible to find any ground of justification common to them all, except the comprehensive one of general expediency ; nor to limit the interference of government by any universal rule, save the simple and vague one that it should never be admitted but when the case of expediency is strong.

A most important consideration in viewing the economical effects arising from performance of necessary government functions is the means adopted by government to raise the revenue which is the condition of their existence.

THE qualities desirable in a system of taxation have been embodied by Adam Smith in four maxims or principles, which may be said to have become classical.

(1) The subjects of every state ought to contribute to the support of the government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities—that is, in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the state.

(2) The tax which each individual has to pay ought to be certain, and not arbitrary. A great degree of inequality is not nearly so great an evil as a small degree of uncertainty.

(3) Every tax ought to be levied at the time or in the manner in which it is most likely to be convenient for the contributor to pay it. Taxes upon such consumable goods as are articles of luxury are all finally paid by the consumer, and generally in a manner that is very convenient to him.

(4) Every tax ought to be so contrived as to take out and keep out of the pockets of the people as little as possible over and above what it brings into the public treasury.

Taxes on commodities may be considered in the following way. Suppose that a commodity is capable of being made by two different processes. It is the interest of the community that of the two methods producers should adopt that which produces the best article at the lowest price. Suppose, however, that a tax is laid on one of the processes, and no tax at all, or one of lesser amount, on the other. If the tax falls, as it is, of course, intended to do, upon the process which the producers would have adopted, it creates an artificial motive for preferring the untaxed process, though the inferior of the two. If, therefore, it has any effect at all, it causes the commodity to be produced of worse quality, or at a greater expense of labour ; it causes so much of the labour of the community to be wasted, and the capital employed in supporting and remunerating the labour to be expended as uselessly as if it were spent in hiring men to dig holes and fill them up again. The loss falls on the consumers ; though the capital of the country is also eventually diminished by the diminution of their means of saving and, in some degree, of their inducements to save.

Taxes on foreign trade are of two kinds : taxes on imports and on exports. On the first aspect of the matter it would seem that both these taxes are paid by the consumers of the commodity. The true state of the case, however, is much more complicated.

By taxing exports we may draw into our coffers, at the expense of foreigners, not only the whole tax, but more than the tax ; in other cases we shall gain exactly the tax ; in others less than the tax.

If the imposition of the tax does not diminish the demand it will leave the trade exactly as it was before. We shall import as much and export as much ; the whole of the tax will be paid out of our own pockets.

BUT the imposition of a tax almost always diminishes the demand, more or less. It may, therefore, be laid down as a principle that a tax on imported commodities, when it really operates as a tax, and not as a prohibition, either total or partial, almost always falls in part upon the foreigners who consume our goods. It is not, however, on the person from whom we buy, but on those who buy from us, that a portion of our custom duties spontaneously falls. It is the

foreign consumer of our exported commodities who is obliged to pay a higher price for them because we maintain revenue duties on foreign goods.

We now reach the consideration of the grounds and limits of the principle of *laisser-faire*, or non-interference by government.

Whatever theory we adopt respecting the foundation of the social union, there is a circle round every human being which no government ought to be permitted to overstep; there is a part of the life of every person of years of discretion within which the individuality of that person ought to reign uncontrolled either by any other individual or by the public collectively. Scarcely any degree of utility short of absolute necessity will justify prohibitory regulation, unless it can also be made to recommend itself to the general conscience.

A general objection to government agency is that every increase of the functions devolving on the government is an increase of its power both in the form of authority and, still more, in the indirect form of influence. Though a better organization of governments would greatly diminish the force of the objection to the mere multiplication of their duties, it would still remain true that the great majority of things are worse done by the intervention of government than they would be done by the individuals most interested in the matter if left to themselves.

Letting alone, in short, should be the practice; every departure from it, unless required by some great good, is an evil.

A Challenge to Indifferentism in Religion

MATTHEW ARNOLD

LITERATURE AND DOGMA

COMBINING social with literary criticism, Arnold devoted his energies for many years to the self-imposed mission of combating English indifference to ideas in literature, politics and religion. An outline of his Essays in Criticism appears in pages 1345-50. In literature his chief attack on the intellectual apathy of the public was made in the collection of essays entitled Culture and Anarchy, published in 1869. A more scientific method in politics was advocated in Friendship's Garland (1871). Arnold published a number of books embodying his views on theological subjects, one of the best known of which is Literature and Dogma: An Essay towards a Better Apprehension of the Bible, published in 1873. All these essays attracted much attention at the time of their publication, and had a considerable contemporary influence. It is, however, mainly for the value of Arnold's prose—consistently dignified, calm, lucid and felicitous—that they will be read and remembered in the future. Cheap editions of Literature and Dogma are published by Murray and by Watts. This outline has been prepared by A. D. Innes.

I—Introductory



THE Churches and the Clergy are unanimous in lamenting that religion, the religion of the Bible, has little hold on the masses. We regret the act as much as they do; but the time has come when we must state definitely that the religion of the Bible cannot be made acceptable so long as it is identified with the current dogmatic theology of the Churches and sects, and so long as an equal and infallible authority is claimed for all parts of the Bible alike. For what the Bible itself presents to us is not theology, not an abstruse intellectual system scientifically elaborated on the basis of an unverifiable axiom, but religion; which is *morality touched with emotion;* and the expressions of it in the Bible vary infinitely. It is not till we can bring to bear upon the Bible a criticism resting upon Culture—*knowledge of the best that has been known and thought in the world*, which is Literature—that we can get the power to estimate the proportion and relation in what we read in the Bible. To understand that the language of the Bible is fluid, passing and literary, not rigid, fixed and scientific, is the first step to a right understanding of the religion of the Bible.

II—The Old Testament

RELIGION is morality but with something superadded—emotion. Its language is consequently not precise and definite, but poetic and imaginative. Both morality and religion are practical, dealing with *conduct* which is at least three-fourths of life. Dogma is not practical, not concerned with conduct; it is theoretic. 'Live as you were meant to live'; that is morality. 'Lay hold on eternal life'; that is religion. 'The Holy Ghost is not made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding from the Father and the Son'; that is theo'ogy.

The Hebrews were the people who were possessed with the supreme importance of religion, of the sense of righteousness, the joy of righteousness, the Eternal Righteousness, the *something not ourselves that makes for righteousness;* of righteousness as the fulfilment of our being. The Eternal was necessarily presented anthropomorphically, poetically personified, not metaphysically defined. Other peoples arrived at a morality; only the Hebrews so concentrated upon it that their morality, touched with emotion, their emotional realization of the Eternal Something not ourselves that makes for righteousness, became a religion—the religion of the Bible.

From beginning to end of the Old Testament, that is the religion their prophets constantly proclaim in the plainest terms; Israel goes astray when Israel forgets to follow after righteousness; the way of peace is the return to righteousness; righteousness is the way of happiness, the way of salvation. Holiness and Power are all the attributes of the Eternal; there is no license of defining Him, no Great First Cause, no 'moral and intelligent governor of the universe,' no 'consubstantiation of persons.' Imaginatively, poetically, the Eternal is personified, for 'man never knows how anthropomorphic he is.'

Imaginatively, poetically, the law of righteousness—the original intuition, or perception of Israel, *Righteousness tendeth to life*—is expressed as a Covenant, 'righteousness shall inherit a blessing.' The affirmation of this in the face of the apparent contradiction that the ungodly flourish and the earth is given into the hands of the wicked is the first and the last words of the prophets: 'Unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.' Our Hebrew speakers in fact do plainly mean by God—whatever the name by which they designate him—the enduring not-ourselves which makes for righteousness; and beyond this they will not probe into His nature. 'To him that ordereth his conversation right shall be shown the salvation of God'; but beyond that is the insoluble, unexplored and inexpressible. 'It is more high than heaven, what canst thou do? Deeper than hell, what canst thou know?'

That is the original intuition to which always the prophets recall Israel. But as we pass from the earlier to the later books, a distinct feature appears. In spite of the Covenant, Israel is far removed from peace and happiness. In place of the first realization that the way of righteousness is the way of happiness grows the idea of a postponed fulfilment of the covenant when the seed of Abraham shall inherit the earth; an *Aberglaube*, extra-belief, not precisely a superstition in our sense, but an imagined fulfilment upon which expectation centres. The words of the prophets are translated into a literal foretelling of the coming triumph of Israel; as the idea of the chosen people, the seed of Abraham, predominates over the idea of righteousness—'in thy seed all the nations of the earth shall be blessed,' over 'righteousness shall inherit a blessing'; the poetic expression acquiring a literal interpretation which again finds a fresh poetic expression in the imagined Messianic kingdom. Jesus Christ was undoubtedly the very last sort of Messiah whom the Jews expected.

FOR the *Aberglaube* expected the Son of Man coming in clouds of glory, the Branch of Jesse re-establishing David's kingdom with unexampled splendour. The ordinary Hebrew conception of righteousness regarded it rather on its social and national than on its individual side, expressed in a theocratic polity; the righteous-

ness formulated by the priesthood, the carrying out the letter of precise regulations, a conventional morality untouched by emotion, not the fervent individual righteousness of the poets and prophets. The Messiah who came discarded, even denounced the conventional morality as a positive hindrance to righteousness. He came to proclaim a new ideal of righteousness, the prophetic ideal with fresh elements in it—elements foreshadowed in the prophetic presentments not of the Messiah, as later misinterpretations have assumed, but of Israel returning to his allegiance to the 'Eternal who loveth righteousness'; a conception incompatible with the Messiah of the popular *Aberglaube;* though the popular mind, disappointed of the immediate fulfilment of its *Aberglaube,* retained the expectation of it but postponed its fulfilment till a second advent which should inaugurate the reign of the Elect

III—The New Testament

THE Messiah's function was to bring in everlasting righteousness and the reign of righteousness; not the reign depicted by the *Aberglaube,* not the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees; 'the kingdom of God is *within* you, render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's,' the righteousness is the old emotionally touched righteousness in a new development which especially insists on its *inwardness.* To justice and judgement are added mercy and humbleness, of which even in the prophets only a dim foreshadowing can be found, though it is there.

The new presentment is indicated in that quality in Christ's teaching, *epieikeia,* of which the best rendering is 'sweet reasonableness.' The meaning of righteousness is to be learnt through Christ himself; 'Whoever will come after me, let him renounce himself and take up his cross daily and follow me'; 'Learn of me that I am mild and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' Thus only comes the true inward happiness which is the sanction of righteousness—following not because we have sought it but because we have sought and found righteousness through Christ. It is not the teaching of Jesus but human weakness that will presently re-impose the *Aberglaube.*

The authority of Jesus is in his Truth, his *restoration*—as we shall presently see, *of the intuition.* We do wrong in seeking other warrant for his authority; yet persistently we ask for a sign; orthodox divinity answers us with the proof from prophecy, the proof from miracles, and the dogmas of theology; and we are told that if any of these signs are questioned we destroy the basis of Christianity. Yet all are adventitious, none essential. If they all go, the basis and the structure of Christ's teaching stand unshaken; and it is best not to shut our eyes to the plain fact but to recognize that all are doomed to go; knowing also that salvation through Christ has no need of them, and that they stand in the way as stumbling blocks to the acceptance of the religion of the Bible.

And the stumbling block of prophecy crumbles when scholarship is the interpreter, showing us that the so-called prophecies never bore the distorted meaning which orthodoxy, straining the texts, forced into them; even the orthodoxy of Jewish evangelists; which may be proved passage by passage.

With even more advantage the 'proof from miracles' must be set aside. If we must accept religion and miracles together or not at all, the modern mind will inevitably reject both. By discarding the idea of and the insistence upon a necessary connexion, we are set free to insist upon one while rejecting the other. We have come to regard the religion as bound up with thaumaturgy only because it was overlaid with thaumaturgy in an age when miracles were expected and accepted as matter of course. Today if we find it possible to accept miracles at all we must do so either from the Catholic point of view which admits them on any Catholic evidence, or from the Protestant point of view which will acknowledge only those to which the Bible bears witness. Yet there is nothing in the character of the evidence which gives any more warrant for believing in these than in the miracles recorded in pagan history and legend, in Herodotus or in Plutarch or elsewhere—which Catholic

and Protestant alike reject as mere fiction and superstition, the natural product of the mythopoeic tendency in man. To profit fully by the New Testament, the first thing to be done is to make it perfectly clear to oneself that its reporters both could and did err, both on matter of fact and on matter of theory; but that their errors detract nothing from its religion.

Only one group of the so-called miracles is on a distinct footing as a class (not in respect of details); the healing of the sick is not to be counted as thaumaturgic but as the natural effect of a deeper apprehension in Jesus of the relation between moral evil and physical suffering.

Now when we turn to the New Testament record, we find—not in the words of Jesus but in the commentary of the recorders—much of the *Aberglaube* displaying itself; and in the one called St. John's Gospel, which unquestionably presents Jesus with a closer fidelity than the rest, the metaphysical foundations upon which the subsequent theological structure was built. But there is no difficulty in distinguishing between the words of Jesus which are the essence of the religion and the words of the reporter which are his gloss, a metaphysical interpretation or superstructure for which John, not Jesus, was responsible, and which was his answer to metaphysical criticism. John's metaphysical hypotheses are without the authority of Jesus himself, and are in no way essential to his teaching. There is no warrant whatever for requiring acceptance of the dogma as a necessary condition or accompaniment of acceptance of the religion taught by Jesus.

Moreover, when we come to the words recorded as having been spoken by Jesus himself, we have to bear in mind that they are the words as remembered by the recorders and unconsciously coloured by their own particular preconceptions; just as St. Paul's appeals to the Law and the Prophets are coloured by his own Rabbinical training; though the colouring is unconscious. And this is precisely what orthodox divinity fails to grasp; instead of distinguishing the teaching of Jesus from the comments and glosses of the recorders, its proper task, it treats the whole literally, as having an identical value. Whereas, when we have reached the religion of Jesus freed from the glosses, we have found something acceptable, convincing, the salvation of the Eternal, the glosses are more often a stumbling block than a help to the finding; for which the very highest form of literary criticism is therefore the first essential; and this is precisely what orthodoxy refuses to the study of the Bible.

The function of the Messiah was to restore the intuition of righteousness, clearing it of glosses and formalism which concealed or deadened it, and renewing its promises of the salvation of God, the Eternal that loveth Righteousness, by transforming the idea of righteousness; and to do this Jesus brought a *method*, 'Repentance unto Life,' *metanoia*, the searching of the heart and the change of the inward man; and a *secret*, 'Peace through Jesus Christ,' to know the *happiness* of God in *reality* (terms preferable to 'grace and truth' in their hackneyed acceptation); that renunciation of the lower self, which gives life to the higher self. 'Take up thy cross daily and follow me. He that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal'; no dogma but the statement of a fact verifiable and verified by experience; method and secret blending in the sweet reasonableness of Christ. The *Aberglaube* becomes itself not fiction but truth, because the kingdom is not external but *within you*. 'Follow me who am sent from God,' and ye shall attain; but there is no other Way. 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' The language is the language of religious emotion, not of scientific definition. 'Believe on me,' is not 'believe in a metaphysical theory concerning me.'

The key to the words 'death' and 'life' as used by Christ is not in physical death and life, but in the salvation of the higher life by laying down the lower. And all this we can see reappearing in the disciples; in the first Epistle of St. Peter, the first Epistle of St. John, and many passages of St. Paul: 'If ye live after the flesh ye shall die, but if through the spirit ye mortify the doings of the body, ye shall live.'

IV—The Application

NEVERTHELESS, the disciples themselves were not wholly liberated from their own prepossessions—the *Aberglaube* common to the Jews, the metaphysical aptitudes of the authors of the fourth Gospel and the Epistle to the Hebrews, St. Paul's Rabbinical education. Then as the personal impression of Jesus faded and the apostolic age itself passed, the prepossessions were more and more thoroughly embodied in the orthodox conception, not obliterating but overlaying the fundamental perception. A popular science, so to speak, of religion formulated the Apostles' creed, learned science developed the Nicene creed, and the climax was reached with the Athanasian creed; this whole attempt to apply science with no real data to a subject—religion—which is not at all concerned with science necessarily produced only an inadequate and false science.

In spite of it, however, the medieval church retained its hold on the *secret* of Christ, renunciation; whereas Protestantism re-energised his method, the searching of the heart, personal responsibility; each failing in respect of that which the other emphasised, while both have remained obsessed with the prepossessions which were never properly speaking a part of the religion of Jesus at all. From these it must be released before we can see it recover its hold.

The dogmas in actual fact present to the popular imagination the idea of God as a Trinity of infinitely magnified and improved Lord Shaftesburys, related to each other in a complex and unconvincing manner. In the Bible, God is the Eternal that loveth righteousness; the Power, not-ourselves, which makes for righteousness; whatever we find more definite is what we ourselves read into the Bible conception. The conception itself is absolutely simple and convincing. It verifies itself by experience; but you cannot by experience verify the Great First Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor who thinks and loves. Such language must be discarded altogether if you are to carry emotional conviction, and the essence of religion is emotional conviction of the joy of righteousness which all experience confirms.

No other book concentrates upon and expresses that vital idea with the same force as the Bible; and it is the most vital of all ideas, because it is concerned with that which constitutes three-fourths of life-conduct. The Bible inspires to righteousness as no other book does—whenever it is not obscured by the pseudo-interpretations, allegorisings, systematisings, however plausible, with which intellectual subtlety has overlaid it. So long as these unverifiable glosses are pronounced essential, so long as they are not swept aside, we shall never restore the study and the religion of the Bible.

WHAT is essential is the vivid perception of the Eternal not-ourselves which makes for righteousness and the method and secret of Jesus. In spite of all obscuring glosses, these never have been and never can be entirely obscured to students of the Bible; but it s time to sweep the glosses aside altogether, because now, until they are swept aside, the people refuse to be students of the Bible at all; whereas it is only through studying the Bible that those essentials are revealed to us, while the test of their validity is universal experience. *Try*, and you will find, as men always have found, that it is so. The Hebrews elevated conduct above all else; they fell because they misconceived right conduct. For peoples as for individuals, to elevate something else, whether it be science or art, above conduct, must be ultimately fatal, no less than to misconceive right conduct. What the Bible does is to make conduct convincingly supreme, and show us how to be righteous, if we will but understand it. To peoples as to individuals righteousness is the way of salvation; and in the Bible is its inspiration.

Finally, and above all. As for the right inculcation of righteousness we need the Bible, so for the right inculcation of the method and secret of Jesus, we need the *epieikeia*, the sweet reasonableness of Jesus; and it is only in the Bible records that we can get at his *epieikeia*.

THOMAS DAY

SANDFORD AND MERTON

IN his youth Thomas Day became a great admirer of Rousseau and of his doctrine of the ideal state of nature, and his independent means enabled him to carry his philosophical principles into practical effect. He went so far as to adopt two orphan girls from charitable institutions and undertook to educate and provide for them both and to marry one of the two, and the story of the experiment makes most amusing reading. Actually he married another woman, Miss Hester Milnes, a woman of considerable culture, who herself wrote juvenile poems and appreciated his writing. Thomas Day wrote Sandford and Merton to set forth his ideal of manliness. It was originally intended to be a short story to be included in the Edgeworths' Harry and Lucy, but was expanded into three volumes which appeared between 1783 and 1789. In spite of the quaint didacticism of the book it must certainly be ranked in the first class of literature for children in the English language, inculcating manliness, independence and sterling qualities of character. Thomas Day's other books are now almost entirely forgotten.

I—Mr. Barlow and His Pupils



IN the western part of England lived a gentleman of a large fortune, whose name was Merton. He had a great estate in Jamaica, but had determined to stay some years in England for the education of his only son. When Tommy Merton came from Jamaica he was six years old. Naturally very good-natured, he had been spoilt by indulgence. His mother was so fond of him that she gave him everything he cried for, and would not let him learn to read because he complained that it made his head ache. The consequence was that, though Master Merton had everything he wanted, he was fretful and unhappy, made himself disagreeable to everybody and often met with very dangerous accidents. He was also so delicately brought up that he was perpetually ill.

Very near to Mr. Merton's seat lived a plain, honest farmer named Sandford, whose only son, Harry, was not much older than Master Merton, but who, as he had always been accustomed to run about in the fields, to follow the labourers when they were ploughing and to drive the sheep to their pasture, was active, strong, hardy and fresh-coloured. Harry had an honest, good-natured countenance, was never out of humour, and took the greatest pleasure in obliging others, in helping those less fortunate than himself and in being kind to every living thing. Harry was a great favourite, particularly with Mr. Barlow, the clergyman of the parish, who taught him to read and write, and had him almost always with him.

One summer morning, while Master Merton and a maid were walking in the fields, a large snake suddenly started up and curled itself round Tommy's leg. The maid ran away, shrieking for help, whilst the child, in his terror, dared not move. Harry, who happened to be near, ran up and, seizing the snake by the neck, tore it from Tommy's leg and threw it to a great distance. Mrs. Merton wished to adopt the boy who had so bravely saved her son, and Harry's intelligence so appealed to Mr. Merton that he thought it would be an excellent thing if Tommy could also benefit by Mr. Barlow's instruction. With this view he decided to propose to the farmer to pay for the board and education of Harry that he might be a constant companion to Tommy. Mr. Barlow, on being consulted, agreed to take Tommy for some months under his care; but refused any monetary recompense.

The day after Tommy went to Mr. Barlow's the clergyman took his two pupils into the garden and, taking a spade in his own hand, and giving Harry a hoe, they both began to work. "Everybody that eats," he said, "ought to assist in procuring food. This is my bed, and that

is Harry's. If, Tommy, you choose to join us, I will mark you out a piece of ground, all the produce of which shall be your own."

"No, indeed," said Tommy; "I am a gentleman, and don't choose to slave like a ploughboy."

"Just as you please, Mr. Gentleman," said Mr. Barlow. And Tommy, not being asked to share the plate of ripe cherries with which Mr. Barlow and Harry refreshed themselves after their labour, wandered disconsolately about the garden, surprised and vexed to find himself in a place where nobody felt any concern whether he was pleased or not. Meanwhile, Harry, after a few words of advice from Mr. Barlow, read aloud the story of The Ants and the Flies, in which it is related how the flies perished for lack of laying up provisions for the winter, whereas the industrious ants, by working during the summer, provided for their maintenance when the bad weather came.

Mr. Barlow and Harry then rambled into the fields, where Mr. Barlow pointed out the several kinds of plants to be seen, and told his little companion the name and nature of each. When they returned to dinner Tommy, who had been skulking about all day, came in and, being very hungry, was going to sit down to the table, when Mr. Barlow said, "No, sir; though you are too much of a gentleman to work, we, who are not so proud, do not choose to work for the idle!"

Upon this Tommy retired into a corner, crying as if his heart would break; when Harry, who could not bear to see his friend so unhappy, looked up, half-crying, into Mr. Barlow's face, and said, "Pray, sir, may I do as I please with my dinner?"

"Yes, to be sure, my boy," was the reply.

"Why, then," said Harry, "I will give it to poor Tommy, who wants it more than I do."

Tommy took it and thanked Harry; but without turning his eyes from the ground.

"I see," said Mr. Barlow, "that though certain gentlemen are too proud to be of any use to themselves, they are not above taking the bread that other people have been working hard for."

At this Tommy cried more bitterly than before.

THE next day, when they went into the garden, Tommy begged that he might have a hoe too, and, having been shown how to use it, soon worked with the greatest pleasure, which was much increased when he was asked to share the fruit provided after the work was done. It seemed to him the most delicious fruit that he had ever tasted.

Harry read as before, the story this time being about the gentleman and the basket-maker. It described how a rich man, jealous of the happiness of a poor basket-maker, destroyed the latter's means of livelihood, and was sent by a magistrate with his humble victim to an island, where the two were made to serve the natives. On this island the rich man, because he possessed neither talents to please nor strength to labour, was condemned to be the basket-maker's servant. When they were recalled, the rich man, having acquired wisdom by his misfortunes, not only treated the basket-maker as a friend during the rest of his life, but employed his riches in relieving the poor.

II—Gentleman Tommy Learns to Read

FROM this time forward Mr. Barlow and his two pupils used to work in their garden every morning; and when they were fatigued they retired to the summer-house, where Harry, who improved every day in reading, used to entertain them with some pleasant story. Then Harry went home for a week, and the morning after, when Tommy expected that Mr. Barlow would read to him as usual, he found, to his great disappointment, that gentleman was busy and could not. The same thing happening the next day and the day after, Tommy said to himself, "Now, if I could but read like Harry, I should not need to ask anybody to do it for me." So, when Harry returned, Tommy took an early opportunity of asking him how he came to be able to read.

"Why," said Harry, "Mr. Barlow taught me my letters; and then, by putting syllables together, I learnt to read."

"And could you not show me my letters?" asked Tommy.

"Very willingly," was Harry's reply. And the lessons proceeded so well that Tommy, who learnt the whole alphabet at the very first lesson, at the end of two months was able to read aloud to Mr. Barlow The History of the Two Dogs, which shows how vain it is to expect courage in those who lead a life of indolence and that constant exercise and proper discipline are frequently able to change contemptible characters into good ones.

Later, Harry read the story of Androcles and the Lion, and asked how it was that one person should be the servant of another and bear so much ill treatment.

"As to that," said Tommy, "some folks are born gentlemen, and then they must command others; and some are born servants, and they must do as they are bid." And he recalled how the black men and women in Jamaica had to wait upon him, and how he used to beat them when he was angry. But when Mr. Barlow asked him how these people came to be slaves, he could only say that his father had bought them, and that he was born a gentleman.

"Then," said Mr. Barlow, "if you were no longer to have a fine house, nor fine clothes, nor a great deal of money, somebody that had all these things might make you a slave, and use you ill and do whatever he liked with you."

Seeing that he could not but admit this, Tommy became convinced that no one should make a slave of another, and decided that for the future he would never use their black William ill.

SOME days after this Tommy became interested in the growing of corn, and Harry promising to get some seed from his father, Tommy got up early and, having dug very perseveringly in a corner of his garden to prepare the ground for the seed, asked Mr. Barlow if this was not very good of him.

"That," said Mr. Barlow, "depends upon the use you intend to make of the corn when you have raised it. Where," he asked, "will be the great goodness in your sowing corn for your own eating? That is no more than all the people round here continually do. And if they did not do it, they would be obliged to fast."

"But then," said Tommy, "they are not gentlemen, as I am."

"What," answered Mr. Barlow, "must not gentlemen eat as well as others; and, therefore, is it not for their interest to know how to procure food as well as other people?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tommy; "but they can have other people to raise it for them."

"How does that happen?"

"Why, they pay other people to work for them, or buy bread when it is made."

"Then they pay for it with money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then they must have money before they can buy corn?"



THOMAS DAY was born in London, June 22, 1748, and educated at the Charterhouse and at Oxford, where he studied philosophy and made the acquaintance of Lovell Edgeworth. In 1765 he became a student of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar in 1775, but did not practise. In 1778 he married and settled in the country, where he devoted himself to a life of philanthropy, carrying out his principles of simple living. He took up farming, studied mechanics and chemistry, and spent time and money on improving his estate and caring for the labourers. He died through a fall from an unbroken horse, September 28, 1789.

"Certainly, sir."

"But have all gentlemen money?"

Tommy hesitated some time, and at last said, "I believe not always, sir."

"Why, then," said Mr. Barlow, "if they have not money, they will find it difficult to procure corn, unless they raise it for themselves." And he proceeded to recount the History of the Two Brothers, Pizarro and Alonzo, the former of whom, setting out on a gold-hunting expedition, prevailed upon the latter to accompany him, and became dependent upon Alonzo, who, instead of taking gold-seeking implements, provided himself with the necessaries for stocking a farm.

III—Town Life and Country Life

This story was followed by others, describing life in different and distant parts of the world; and in addition to the knowledge they acquired in this way, Tommy and Harry, in their intercourse with their neighbours and in the cultivation of their gardens, learnt a great deal, Tommy in particular growing much kinder towards the poor and towards dumb animals.

Mr. Barlow's young pupils were gradually taught many interesting and useful facts about natural history. They learnt to cultivate their powers of observation also by studying the heavens. From a study of the stars their tutor drew them on to an acquaintance with the compass, the telescope, the magic lantern, the magnet and the wonders of arithmetic.

The stories of foreign lands were interspersed with others illustrating the habits of society; one, for example, told how a certain rich man was cured of the gout, showing how, while most of the diseases of the poor originate in the want of food necessaries, the rich are generally the victims of their own sloth and intemperance.

"Dear me," said Tommy on one occasion, "what a number of accidents people are subject to in this world."

"It is very true," said Mr. Barlow; "but as that is the case, it is necessary to improve ourselves in every manner, that we may be able to struggle against them."

Tommy: Indeed, sir, I begin to believe it is; for when I was younger than I am now, I remember I was always fretful and hurting myself, though I had two or three people constantly to take care of me. At present I seem quite another thing. I do not mind falling down and hurting myself, or cold, or scarcely anything that happens.

Mr. Barlow: And which do you prefer—to be as you are now, or as you were?

Tommy: As I am now, a great deal, sir; for then I always had something or another the matter with me. At present I think I am ten times stronger and healthier than ever I was in my life.

All the same, Tommy found it difficult at first to understand how people who lived in countries where they had to undergo great hardships could be so attached to their own land as to prefer it to any other country in the world. "I have," he said, "seen a great many ladies and little misses at our house, and whenever they were talking of the places where they should like to live, I have always heard them say that they hated the country of all things, though they were born and bred there."

Mr. Barlow: And yet there are thousands who bear to live in it all their lives, and have no desire to change. Should you, Harry, like to go and live in some town?

Harry: Indeed, sir, I should not, for then I must leave everything I love in the world.

Tommy: And have you ever been in any large town?

Harry: Once I was in Exeter, but I did not much like it. The houses seemed to me to stand too thick and close, and then there are little, narrow alleys where the poor live, and the houses are so high that neither light nor air can ever get to them. And they most of them appeared so dirty and unhealthy that it made my heart ache to look at them. I went home the next day, and never was I better pleased in my life. When I came to the top of the great hill, from which you have a prospect of our house, I really thought I should have cried with joy. The fields looked all so pleasant, and the very cattle, when I went about to see them, all seemed glad that I was come home again.

Mr. Barlow: You see by this that it is very possible for people to like the country and to be happy in it. But as to the fine young ladies you talk of, the truth is that they neither love nor would be contented in any place. They wish to go to London, because they there meet with numbers of people as idle and as frivolous as themselves; and these people assist each other to talk about trifles and to waste their time.

Tommy: That is true, sir, really; for when we have a great deal of company, I have often observed that they never talk about anything but eating or dressing, or men and women that are paid to make faces at the play-house or a great room called Ranelagh, where everybody goes to meet their friends.

Which discourse led on to a story of the ancient Spartans and their superiority to the luxury-loving Persians.

IV—The Bull-Baiting

THE time had now arrived when Tommy was by appointment to go home and spend some time with his parents. Mr. Barlow had been long afraid of this visit, as he knew his pupil would meet a great deal of company there who would give him impressions of a nature very different from those he had, with so much assiduity, been labouring to implant. However, the visit was unavoidable, and Mrs. Merton sent so pressing an invitation for Harry to accompany his friend, after having obtained the consent of his father, that Mr. Barlow, with much regret, took leave of his pupils.

When the boys arrived at Mr. Merton's they were introduced into a crowded drawing-room full of the most elegant company which that part of the country afforded, among whom were several young gentlemen and ladies of different ages who had been purposely invited to spend their holidays with Master Merton.

As soon as Master Merton entered, every tongue was let loose in his praise. As to Harry, he had the good fortune to be taken notice of by nobody except Mr. Merton, who received him with great cordiality, and a Miss Simmons, who had been brought up by an uncle who endeavoured, by a robust education, to prevent in his niece that sickly delicacy which is considered so great an ornament in fashionable life. Harry and this young lady became great friends, though to a considerable extent they were the butt of the others.

A lady who sat by Mrs. Merton, asked her, in a whisper loud enough to be heard all over the room, whether (indicating Harry) *that* was the little *ploughboy* whom she had heard Mr. Barlow was attempting to bring up like a gentleman?

Mrs. Merton answered "Yes."

"Indeed," said the lady, "I should have thought so by his plebeian look and vulgar air. But I wonder, my dear madam, that you will suffer your son, who, without flattery, is one of the most accomplished children I ever saw, with quite the air of fashion, to keep such company."

Whilst Tommy was being estranged from his friend by a constant succession of flattery from his elders and the example of others of his own age, Harry, who never said any of those brilliant things that render a boy the darling of the ladies, and who had not that vivacity, or rather impertinence, which frequently passes for wit with superficial people, paid the greatest attention to what was said to him, and made the most judicious observations upon subjects he understood. For this reason, Miss Simmons, although much older and better informed, received infinitely more satisfaction from conversing with him than with any of the smart young gentlemen she had hitherto seen.

One morning the young gentlemen agreed to take a walk in the country. Harry went with them. As they walked across a common they saw a great number of people moving forward towards a bull-baiting. Instantly they were seized with a desire to see the diversion. One obstacle alone presented itself. Their parents had made them promise to avoid every kind of danger. However, all, except Harry, agreed to go, insisting among themselves that there was no danger.

"Master Harry," said one, "has not said a word. Surely he will not tell of us?"

Harry said he did not wish to tell; but if, he added, he were asked about the matter, he would have to tell the truth.

A quarrel followed, in which Tommy struck his friend in the face with his fist. This, added to Tommy's recent conduct towards him, caused the tears to start to Harry's eyes, whereupon the others assailed him with cries of "Coward!" "Blackguard!" and so on. Master Mash went further and slapped him in the face. Harry, though Master Mash's inferior in size and strength, returned this by a punch, and a fight ensued, from which, though severely punished himself, Harry emerged the victor, to be assailed with a chorus of congratulation from those who before were loading him with taunts and outrages.

The young gentlemen persisting in their intention to see the bull-baiting, Harry followed at some distance, deciding not to quit his friend till he had once more seen him in a place of safety. As it happened, the bull, after disposing of his early tormentors, broke loose when three fierce dogs were set upon it at once. In the stampede little Tommy fell right in the path of the infuriated animal, and would have lost his life had not Harry, with a courage and presence of mind above his years, suddenly seized a prong which one of the fugitives had dropped, and, at the very moment when the bull was stopping to gore his defenceless friend, advanced and wounded it in the flank. The bull turned, and with redoubled rage made at his new assailant, and it is probable that, notwithstanding his intrepidity, Harry would have paid with his own life the price of his assistance to his friend had not a poor negro, whom he had helped earlier in the day, come opportunely to his aid, and by his promptitude and address secured the animal.

The gratitude of Mr. Merton for his son's escape was unbounded, and even Mrs. Merton was ashamed of her disparaging remarks about Harry. As for Tommy, he went to his friend's house to seek reconciliation, reflecting with shame upon the ridiculous prejudices he had once entertained.

He had now learnt to consider all men as his brethren, not forgetting the poor negro; and that, as he said, it is much better to be useful than rich or fine.

France's National Epic

OLD FRENCH

THE SONG OF ROLAND

THIS national French epic is the oldest extant *chanson de geste*. It tells of the treachery by which the rearguard of the army of Charlemagne was annihilated in 778 at Roncesvalles, in the Pyrenees, during the emperor's withdrawal to France after his victorious campaign in Spain. This romantic story was founded upon an actual disaster which overtook him at the hands of the Gascon mountaineers, but in the poem it is the Saracens of Spain who are the foe. The Song of Roland was based on two preceding epics, and did not grow into its present form until the eleventh century. It is thoroughly heroic in spirit, and its austere, direct style, devoid of superfluous ornament, has little in common with the romantic manner of later medieval poems. The manuscript of the Song discovered among the Digby Collection in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, is probably the only complete ancient copy of the epic left in the world. This epitome has been prepared from the French text.

I—The Embassy



CHARLES, the Emperor, the Great,
Sate at Cordova in state—
Captured the city. Round him stood
Warriors many, warriors good:
The Twelve Peers of noble name,
Men of most heroic fame
Roland, Oliver, the best;
Geoffroy, Sansun and the rest:
Men of fierce and fearful glance,
With the chivalry of France.
Came the ambassadors ill sent,
From Saragossa with intent
To deceive, by Marsile, lord
Of the wicked heathen horde.

Blancandrin, their leader, spoke:
"Monarch mighty, who the yoke
Of thine arms on us hath set,
Leave our land, and thou shalt get
Presents rarer than did feast

Ever Sovran of the East.
Four hundred mule-loads of rich gold
From distant Araby, the old,
Thou shalt have ; and falcons chained,
Bears and lions, coursers trained ;
Fifty wagons, treasure charged,
Payment larger and enlarged,
So thou wend thee back to Aix
With thy host. My monarch stakes
All his faith to follow thee,
And himself a Christian be."

Charles, the Emperor, withdrew
With his chosen barons true ;
Asked he for their counsel then,
What to tell the Saracen.
Roland spoke. Said he, " One must
Foolish be such folk to trust.
Well I know yon King Marsile !
Answer send none : never kneel
Messengers of thine before
One who slew the men of yore
Sent by thee ! My speech is o'er."

Bowed the Emperor his head.
Ganelon, the traitor, said,
" Seigneur Great, thou wouldst do wrong
To follow counsel so headstrong."
But Naimes, the sage, he also gave
Like advice. " 'Tis time to save
Further bloodshed. Let us end
War, and peaceful envoy send.
Choose him, sire, whom God defend ! "

Charles, the Emperor, he bent
Head again, with good assent.
Who should be that envoy brave ?
" Be it I ! " did bravely crave
Naimes. But " No," said Charles, " thy worth
Is too great for me on earth."
" Be it I ! " said Roland. " Send
Me ! " " But, no ! " cried forth his friend
Oliver, who stood him by.
" Please the Emperor, be it I ! "

" Silence ! " answered Charles. " Ye both
Of such risk were I too loth."

Archbishop Turpin then arose.
" More than I none rightly knows
How to bear this mission bold."
" Churchman, peace ! " He straight was told
To forego such thought of strife
And preserve his holy life.
Then cried Roland, " Sire, thy choice—
Wouldst thou hearken to my voice—
It should fall on Ganelon,
Best to set this work upon."

" Madman ! " answered in his wrath
Ganelon. " Led'st thou not forth
Daughter mine, to make her wife ?
Wherefore then desire my life ? "

But cried Charles, his wrath above,
" Take the baton and the glove,
Ganelon, and go shalt thou."
All acclaim this judgement now,
Save the chosen one. He gnashed
Teeth, and all his anger lashed
At Roland, Oliver, and they
Who drove him thus to death away
At the hands of King Marsile.
But 'twas done beyond repeal.

" Go ! " said Charles, " the heathen tell
I accept this treaty well,
All he offers ; but I claim
Half his kingdom. Roland's fame
Here hath earned it. Then I leave
Spain ; and trust soon to receive
Him as Christian there at Aix :
And woe to him if word he breaks ! "

II—The Treachery

BLANCANDRIN and Ganelon
Toward Saragossa journeyed on :
Talked together, and they vowed
Treachery to Roland proud.
Came they at last before the king ;
Ganelon spoke all the thing
Charles had spoken. Threat of death
Marsile bellowed, fierce of breath.

But his lords prayed him delay
Vengeance, for another way.
Whispered one : " This envoy bold.
He will yield to bribe of gold ! "
Marsile then withdrew apart
With Ganelon ; another heart
Showed then the king. " Ah, say," said he,
" Why this strife must ever be,
Betwixt me and your great lord.
Constant war can none afford."

" Constant needs must be the wrong,"
Answered Ganelon, " so long
As his nephew, Roland, lives
And all warlike counsel gives.
Hearken then to this I say.
All you offered truly pay
Unto Charles, and Charles will go ;
And will peace on Spain bestow.
He will cross the mountains tall
Into France ; his warriors all
Will obey him. But will I
So contrive that Roland high—
High and mighty—shall be he
To lead the rear-guard tardily
Through the passes ; and his host
Shall twenty thousand be at most.

" Strong, then, in the mountain air,
Have a hundred thousand there.
Launch them on that rear-guard small.
Lay them dead there, one and all ;
Roland, Oliver his friend,
In their midst—and there an end ! "

Hailed this counsel with delight
Marsile, king. Now swore aright

Ganelon he would not fail
With Roland's death him to regale.
Noble presents then were those
Which were given; no more foes,
But the fondest friends were all
To the traitor. Sage they call
Him, and valiant and the best.
And each pressed him to his breast.
Pagans proud, of noble name,
All to thank him thither came.

III—The Rear-Guard

CHARLES, the Emperor, has turned,
Spain to leave, with guerdon earned.
To the mountain passes now
Comes he near. But cross them how?
In what order? This the thought
With which his aged heart is fraught.
Charles he frowned; for he had had
Dreams of omen bitter, bad.
Feared he much some ill was nigh,
The chivalry of France to try.
"Seigneur barons," he did ask,
"See these summits! Whose the task
Through their defiles, dark and drear,
To guide my rear-guard without fear?"
"Roland, son-in-law of mine,
Whom I love—thy hero, thine,"
Answered Ganelon, "is he
Who would best their leader be."

Charles perceived his malice bad.
But was Roland well and glad
Thus to take the danger-charge;
And he vaunted loud at large
That no man, nor mule, nor load,
Should suffer by that mountain road.
But the Emperor, fearing, pressed
Men upon him; but with zest
Answered Roland, "If I keep
Twenty thousand, be they steep
These defiles, I'll bring them through.
Each man safely unto you."

Charles, the Emperor, has passed
With his battle, brave and vast,
Passed by Roncevaux, the vale,
Into France all well and hale.
Roland in the gorge is yet
With his bravery beset
To the task of keeping back
Any treacherous attack.
With him is Oliver, his friend.
And by his side do also wend
Gerin and Gerier, Turpin brave,
Of Rheims Archbishop, born to save
As much by sword as e'er by crook,
And Girard of the aged look;
And Sansun, Anséis and Otto,
With whom do Ive and Ivoire go;
And all the Twelve Peers famed afar
Wherever fame and honour are.
On Veillantif, his charger grand,
Rode Roland; and he had in hand
The haft of Durendal, his blade . . .

He led them on. Through gloomy ways,
With rock and boulder to the gaze,
And beetling heights; and oft they thought—
And oft they fancied that they caught
Glimpse far beneath them of that land
Of smiling Gascony, and where
Was wife and child, and dwelling fair.
Ah! will they ever come thus far?
Turn we where other watchers are.

The pagan panoply, I ween,
By this time on the height was seen,
Led by the nephew of Marsile
In haste to stay the Christian weal.
"Sire," to the king he turned and said,
"Be this, my right of hardihead,
To strike myself yon Roland, knave,
Mahomet aid me, strong to save!
Choose me twelve chieftains of our host
To back me, and I dare to boast,
Of those Twelve Christian Peers also
I'll leave not one not lying low!"
To him responded many, then,
Great kings and emirs, mighty men:
Corsablin, Balaguer, Malprime,
And Turgis, Estorgant, the cream
Of that great host: Estramarin
And Escremis, men made to win:
And Chernuble and Margaris,
And many more as great, I wis.
They crowded round that hero bold,
And prayed the same, that they might hold
Sword face to face with Roland strong,
And vengeance seek for war and wrong,
And pour his blood that path along!

IV—The Battle

OLIVER had climbed a height.
Thence he saw a fearful sight!
Thousands of the hastening foe,
In flashing arms, unnumbered, go
By the passes, hemming in
That brave rear-guard. Sure to win
Were these countless heathen—sure
Roland now should death endure!

Oliver, he hastened back.
"Roland mine!" he cried, "alack!
Lost are we, unless you sound
Horn aloud, from this high ground.
Then shall Charles return again,
And save us from yon horde of men!"
"Never will I sound in air
This horn, that bravery to impair,
Which now is ours. Charles shall not turn
To share the honour we shall earn!"
Answered Roland. Said his friend
Oliver, "The heathen wend
In such multitude—be wise!
In succour no dishonour lies.
Sound thy mighty horn, and call
Charles, or we be slaughtered all!"

"I have Durendal, my sword,"
Answered Roland. "Can afford
One so armed to scoff at aid!
Ne'er by me be others made

Here return! I will not sound
Horn from this exalted ground!"

Oliver saw prayer was vain.
Draw around the might and main
Of the heathen host. But ere
Battle breaks, the Archbishop there,
Turpin brave, he mounts a height.
Kneel the heroes in his sight.
Forth his hands he reaches, so
Gives peace of soul to all below——
Absolution from all sin.
Now the struggle doth begin.

Terrible, forsooth, the fray;
Man to man. No stop or stay
Ere they charge, those fighters fleet,
Christian, Saracen, they meet,
Drop to earth, as stricken through
Helm and head and hauberk too.

Blood is rushing: hour on hour
Lance and sword do life devour.
Blow on blow, and crash on crash,
All anew together dash.
All the deep and mountain track
Thick with men, in death, alack!
None that does not mighty deeds,
Every hero willing bleeds.
Even the Archbishop Turpin, brave,
His blade in blood doth love to lave.
Smites he many: Sansun too;
And Oliver who lordly drew
Hauteclaire, his blazing brand:
Whilst Gerier and Gerin stand
Together, until each is slain,
And, dead with them, nigh all are lain.

Then Roland, he whose wilding might
Had done the fiercest in that fight,
He saw no more around him, then,
Than some few doomed and stubborn men.
He knew their doom—he knew his own.
And now his soul did give a groan.
And now said he, "I'll sound my horn
Of ivory, vast, whereby be borne
To Charles, the Emperor, the news;
And he will rescue not refuse."

But Turpin cried, "Sound all the same."
To Roland's lips that horn it came.
He blew. O such a blast was that!
Blood in his mouth such breath begat.
His brow was racked. The call flew forth
By cleft and gorge toward the north.
Charles heard it. "Lo!" cried he, "that horn
Is only by brave Roland borne.
Alone he fights some fight forlorn!"
"Not he!" said Ganelon. "I guess
Yon Roland, in his recklessness,
Has sounded but for merriment,
Or in the chase." The Emperor sent
For men to seize this man whose smile,
Whose words, were treacherous and vile.

Then Emperor and host, alas!
Too late, haste backward to that pass
Of Roncevaux, where deeds are done
And life is gone, and glory won!

V—The Death of Roland

Now Roland rushes to the fray
Anew, with Durendal to slay.
And also Oliver; but soon,
Smit from behind, he sinks in swoon.
"Montjoie!" he cries, the cry of France.
"Aid, Roland, aid!" But that sharp lance
Of pagan foeman lays him low,
And red the death-stain doth outflow,
And Roland weeps with broken woe!

But scarce hath he his face upraised
From that deep grief, ere worse amazed
Is he to see he stands alone.
All—all are slaughtered. Sole is shown
The valiant form of Turpin yet
Erect anear, death yet unmet.
The Archbishop smites with wheeling blade:
In vain—in vain the dead he laid.
His helm is broke, his hauberk rent,
He staggers—falls! And yet is bent,
As life declines, his head around.
In death he hears delivering sound.
He hears the trumpets of the van
Of Charles! And hear, the heathen can!

"The Emperor comes!" they cry. They fear,
With dreaded Roland's death so near,
He yet may 'scape. A thousand darts
They aim at him. With coward hearts
At last they fly. And Roland brave
The Emperor had joyed to save,
Had not—had not the hero's soul
Surveyed with too great grief the dole
Of that vast slaughter. But, alas!
He groans, and reels. He too must pass!
He drags him to a little height
Of grassy sod: some trees are there;
Of broken stone, a stairway fair.

He lays him down in this still place.
He feels that death draws on apace.
His end is near. Yet ere he dies,
To break his Durendal he tries,
Lest in the foeman's hand it comes.
But break he cannot. Now benumbs
His blood: he lies back once anew;
And for God's pardon will he sue.

He offers prayer: that prayer is heard.
Not long the answer is deferred.
He tends his hand toward Heaven above.
Descend the Ministers of Love.
His hand upholds his gauntlet brave.
Saint Gabriel takes it, strong to save.
Saint Raphael and Saint Michael kind
Receive his soul: his visage blind,
His pallid face in death is set.
Toward Spain, as one unconquered yet.
May Charles there find him; may he know
Brave Roland died, unfearing foe:
And thus did his great nature go!

A Landmark in the History of Physics

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

PRINCIPLES OF PHILOSOPHY

THE discovery by Newton of the law of gravitation in 1666 was the first of three episodes which led to the publication of the Principles of Philosophy. The second discovery was how to calculate the orbit of a body moving under a central force, and the third, that the force of attraction between two spheres is the same as it would be if we supposed each sphere condensed to a point at its centre. In 1684 Newton's treatise De Motu was entered on the register of the Royal Society, and was expanded to form the first book of the Philosophiae Naturalis Principia Mathematica (Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy). This epoch-making work, in which is worked out the whole theory of gravitation, as it affects the heavenly bodies, was largely undertaken at the instigation of Halley, the astronomer, and was, in fact, published at his expense in 1687. It is perhaps the most sublime mathematical work ever written, and has certainly had a greater effect on subsequent thought than any other.

I—General Propositions



OUR design (writes Newton in his preface) not respecting arts but philosophy, and our subject not manual but natural powers, we consider those things which relate to gravity, levity, elastic force, the resistance of fluids and the like forces, whether attractive or impulsive; and, therefore, we offer this work as the mathematical principles of philosophy, for all the difficulty of philosophy seems to consist in this—from the phenomena of motions to investigate the forces of nature, and from these forces to demonstrate the other phenomena; and to this end the general propositions in the first and second books are directed.

In the third book, we give an example of this in the explication of the system of the world; for by the propositions mathematically demonstrated in the former books, we in the third derive from the celestial phenomena the forces of gravity with which bodies tend to the sun and the several planets. Then from these forces, by other propositions, which are also mathematical, we deduce the motions of the planets, the comets, the moon and the sea.

Upon this subject I had (he says) composed the third book in a popular method, that it might be read by many, but afterward, considering that such as had not sufficiently entered into the principles could not easily discern the strength of the consequences, nor lay aside the prejudices to which they had been many years accustomed, therefore, to prevent the disputes which might be raised upon such accounts, I chose to reduce the substance of this book into the form of Propositions (in the mathematical way). So that his third book is composed both 'in popular method' and in the form of mathematical propositions.

The principle of universal gravitation, namely, 'That every particle of matter is attracted by, or gravitates to, every other particle of matter with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distances,' is the discovery which characterises the Principia. This principle the author deduced from the motion of the moon and the three laws of Kepler; and these laws in turn Newton, by his greater law, demonstrated to be true.

From the first law of Kepler, namely, the proportionality of the areas described in planetary motion to the times of their description, Newton inferred that the force which retained the planet in its orbit was always directed to the sun.

From the second, namely, that every planet moves in an ellipse with the sun as one of its foci, he drew the more general inference that the force by which the planet moves round that focus varies inversely as the square of its distance therefrom. He demonstrated that a planet acted upon by such a force could not move

in any other curve than a conic section; and he showed when the moving body would describe a circular, an elliptical, a parabolic, or hyperbolic orbit.

He demonstrated that this force resided in even the least particle; but that in spherical masses it operates as if confined to their centres, so that one sphere or body will act upon another sphere or body with a force directly proportional to the quantity of matter and inversely as the square of the distance between their centres, and that their velocities of mutual approach will be in the inverse ratio of their quantities of matter. Thus he outlined the universal law.

II—The Ancient World System

IT was the ancient opinion of not a few (writes Newton in Book III) in the earliest ages of philosophy that the fixed stars stood immovable in the highest parts of the world; that under the fixed stars the planets were carried about the sun; that the earth, as one of the planets, described an annual course about the sun, while, by a diurnal motion, it was in the meantime revolved about its own axis; and that the sun, as the common fire which served to warm the whole, was fixed in the centre of the universe.

It was from the Egyptians that the Greeks derived their first, as well as their soundest, notions of philosophy. It is not to be denied that Anaxagoras, Democritus and others would have it that the earth possessed the centre of the world, but it was agreed on both sides that the motions of the celestial bodies were performed in spaces altogether free and void of resistance. The whim of solid orbs was of later date, introduced by Eudoxus, Calippus and Aristotle, when the ancient philosophy began to decline.

Whence it was that the planets came to be retained within any certain bounds in these free spaces, and to be drawn off from the rectilinear courses which, left to themselves, they should have pursued, into regular revolutions in curvilinear orbits, are questions which we do not know how the ancients explained; and probably it was to give some sort of satisfaction to this difficulty that solid orbs were introduced.

The later philosophers pretend to account for it either by the action of certain vortices, as Kepler and Descartes, or by some other principle of impulse or attraction, for it is most certain that these effects must proceed from the action of some force or other. This we will call by the general name of a centripetal force, as it is directed to some centre; and as it particularly regards a body in that centre, we call it circum-solar, circum-terrestrial, circum-jovial.

III—Planetary Motions and Forces

THAT by means of centripetal forces the planets may be retained in certain orbits we may easily understand if we consider the motions of projectiles, for a stone projected is by the pressure of its own weight forced out of the rectilinear path, which, by the projection alone, it should have pursued, and made to describe a curved line in the air; and through that crooked way is at last brought down to the ground, and the greater the velocity with which it is projected the further it goes before it falls to earth. We can, therefore, suppose the velocity to be so increased that it would describe an arc of 1, 2, 5, 10, 100, 1,000 miles before it arrived at the earth, till, at last, exceeding the limits of the earth, it should pass quite by it without touching it.

And because the celestial motions are scarcely retarded by the little or no resistance of the spaces in which they are performed, to keep up the parity of cases let us suppose either that there is no air about the earth, or, at least, that it is endowed with little or no power of resisting.

And since the areas which, in this motion, it describes by a radius drawn to the centre of the earth have previously been shown to be proportional to the times in which they are described, its velocity when it returns to the point from which it started will be no less than at first; and, retaining the same velocity, it will describe the same curve over and over by the same law.

But if we now imagine bodies to be projected in the directions of lines parallel

to the horizon from greater heights, as from 5, 10, 100, 1,000 or more miles, or, rather, as many semi-diameters of the earth, those bodies, according to their different velocity and the different force of gravity in different heights, will describe arcs either concentric with the earth or variously eccentric, and go on revolving through the heavens in those trajectories just as the planets do in their orbs.

As when a stone is projected obliquely, the perpetual deflection thereof towards the earth is a proof of its gravitation to the earth no less certain than its direct descent when suffered to fall freely from rest, so the deviation of bodies moving in free spaces from rectilinear paths, and perpetual deflection therefrom towards any place, is a sure indication of the existence of some force which, from all quarters, impels those bodies towards that place.

That there are centripetal forces actually directed to the bodies of the sun, of the earth, and other planets, I thus infer.

The moon revolves about our earth, and by radii drawn to its centre describes areas nearly proportional to the times in which they are described, as is evident from its velocity compared with its apparent diameter; for its motion is slower when its diameter is less (and therefore its distance greater), and its motion is swifter when its diameter is greater.

The revolutions of the satellites of Jupiter about the planet are more regular; for they describe circles concentric with Jupiter by equable motions as exactly as our senses can distinguish.

And so the satellites of Saturn are revolved about this planet with motions nearly circular and equable, scarcely disturbed by any eccentricity.

That Venus and Mercury are revolved about the sun is demonstrable from their moonlike appearances. Venus, with a motion almost uniform, describes an orb nearly circular and concentric with the sun.

But Mercury, with a more eccentric motion, makes remarkable approaches to the sun and goes off again by turns; but it is always swifter as it is near to the sun, and therefore, by a radius drawn to the sun, still describes areas proportional to the times of their description.

Lastly, that the earth describes about the sun, or the sun about the earth, by a radius from one to the other, areas exactly proportional to the times of their description is demonstrable from the apparent diameter of the sun compared with its apparent motion.

These are astronomical experiments; from which it follows that there are centripetal forces actually directed to the centres of the earth, of Jupiter, of Saturn and of the sun.

That these forces decrease in the duplicate proportion of the distances from the centre of every planet appears by Corollary vi, Proposition iv, Book I; for the periodic times of the satellites of Jupiter are one to another in the sesquiplicate proportion of their distances from the centre of this planet. Cassini assures us that the same proportion is observed in the circum-Saturnal planets. In the circumsolar planets, Mercury and Venus, the same proportional holds with great accuracy.

That Mars is revolved about the sun is demonstrated from the phase which it shows and the proportion of its apparent diameters; for, from its appearing full near conjunction with the sun and gibbous in its quadratures, it is certain that it travels round the sun.

Since its diameter appears about five times greater when in opposition to the sun than when in conjunction therewith, and its distance from the earth is reciprocally as its apparent diameter, that distance will be about five times less when in opposition to than when in conjunction with the sun; but in both cases its distance from the sun will be nearly about the same with the distance which is inferred from its gibbous appearance in the quadratures. And as it encompasses the sun at almost equal distances, but in respect of the earth is very unequally distant, so by radii drawn to the sun it describes areas nearly uniform; but by radii drawn to the earth it is sometimes swift, sometimes stationary, and sometimes retrograde.

That Jupiter in a higher orbit than Mars is likewise revolved about the sun with a motion nearly equable as well in distance as in the areas described, I infer from Mr. Flamstead's observations of the eclipses

of the innermost satellite; and the same thing may be concluded of Saturn from his satellite by the observations of Mr. Huyghens and Mr. Halley.

It may be alleged that the sun and planets are impelled by some other force equally; but by such a force no change would happen in the situation of the planets one to another. Let us, therefore, neglect every such force as imaginary and precarious, and the whole remaining force by which Jupiter is impelled will be directed to the centre of the sun.

The distances of the planets from the sun come out the same whether, with Tycho, we place the earth in the centre of the system, or, with Copernicus, the sun; and we have already proved that these distances are true in Jupiter. Kepler and Bullialdus have with great care determined the distances of the planets from the sun, and hence it is that their tables agree best with the heavens.

And in all the planets, in Jupiter and Mars, in Saturn and Earth, as well as in Venus and Mercury, the cubes of their distances are as the squares of their periodic times; and, therefore, the centripetal circum-solar force throughout all the planetary regions decreases in the duplicate proportion of the distances from the sun.

Neglecting those little fractions which may have arisen from insensible errors of observation, we shall always find the said proportion to hold exactly; for the distances of Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Earth, Venus and Mercury from the sun, drawn from the observations of astronomers, do, according to Kepler and Bullialdus, scarcely differ and where they differ most the differences drawn from the periodic times fall in between them.

IV—The Earth as a Centre

THAT the circumterrestrial force likewise decreases in the duplicate proportion of the distances, I infer thus.

The mean distance of the moon from the centre of the earth is, we may assume, sixty semi-diameters of the earth; and its periodic time, in respect of the fixed stars, 27 days 7 hr. 43 min. Now it has been shown in a previous book that a body revolved in our air near the surface of the earth, supposed at rest, by means of a centripetal force which should be to the same force, at the distance of the moon, in the reciprocal duplicate proportion of the distances from the centre of the earth—that is, as 3,600 to 1—would (secluding the resistance of the air) complete a revolution of the earth in 1 hr. 24 min. 27 sec.

Suppose the circumference of the earth to be 123,249,600 Paris feet, then the same body, deprived of its circular motion and falling by the impulse of the same centripetal force as before, would in one second of time describe $15\frac{1}{12}$ Paris feet. This we infer by a calculus formed upon Proposition xxxvi ('To determine the times of the descent of a body falling from a given place'), and it agrees with the results of Mr. Huyghens's experiments of pendulums, by which he demonstrated that bodies falling by all the centripetal force (of whatever nature it is) with which they are impelled near the surface of the earth do in one second of time describe $15\frac{1}{12}$ Paris feet.

But if the earth is supposed to move, the earth and moon together will be revolved about their common centre of gravity. And the moon (by Proposition lx) will in the same periodic time, 27 days 7 hr. 43 min., with the same circumterrestrial force diminished in the duplicate proportion of the distance, describe an orbit whose semi-diameter is to the semi-diameter of the former orbit—that is, to the sixty semi-diameters of the earth—as the sum of both the bodies of the earth and moon to the first of two mean proportionals between this sum and the body of the earth; that is, if we suppose the moon (on account of its mean apparent diameter, $31\frac{1}{2}$ min.) to be about $\frac{1}{4}\frac{1}{2}$ of the earth, as 43 to $\sqrt[3]{42 \times 43^2}$, or as about 128 to 127. And, therefore, the semi-diameter of the orbit—that is, the distance of the centres of the moon and earth—will in this case be $60\frac{1}{2}$ semi-diameters of the earth, almost the same with that assigned by Copernicus; and therefore the duplicate proportion of the decrement of the force holds good in this instance. (The action of the sun is here disregarded as inconsiderable.)

V—Tides and Comets

WHILE the planets are thus revolved in orbits about remote centres, in the meantime they make their several rotations about their proper axes: the sun in 26 days, Jupiter in 9 hr. 56 min., Mars in 24⅔ hr., Venus in 23 hr., and in like manner is the moon revolved about its axis in 27 days 7 hr. 43 min.; so that this diurnal motion is equal to the mean motion of the moon in its orbit; upon which account the same face of the moon always respects the centre about which this mean motion is performed—that is, the exterior focus of the moon's orbit.

By reason of the diurnal revolutions of the planets the matter which they contain endeavours to recede from the axis of this motion; and hence the fluid parts, rising higher towards the equator than about the poles, would lay the solid parts about the equator under water if those parts did not rise also; upon which account the planets are something thicker about the equator than about the poles.

And from the diurnal motion and the attractions of the sun and moon, our sea ought twice to rise and twice to fall every day, as well lunar as solar. But the two motions which the two luminaries raise will not appear distinguished but will make a certain mixed motion. In the conjunction or opposition of the luminaries their forces will be conjoined and bring on the greatest flood and ebb. In the quadratures the sun will raise the waters which the moon depresseth, and depress the waters which the moon raiseth; and from the difference of their forces the smallest of all tides will follow. And because (as experience tell us) the force of the moon is greater than that of the sun, the greatest height of the water will happen about the third lunar hour.

But the effects of the luminaries depend upon their distances from the earth, for when they are less distant their effects are greater and when more distant their effects are less, and that in the triplicate proportion of their apparent diameters.

Therefore it is that the sun in the winter time, being then in its perigee, has a greater effect, whether added to or subtracted from that of the moon, than in the summer season, and every month the moon, while in the perigee, raiseth higher tides than at the distance of fifteen days before or after, when it is in its apogee.

The fixed stars, being at such vast distances from one another, can neither attract each other sensibly nor be attracted by our sun.

There are three hypotheses about comets. For some will have it that they are generated and perish as often as they appear and vanish; others that they come from the regions of the fixed stars, and are near by us in their passage through the system of our planets; and others that they are bodies perpetually revolving about the sun in very eccentric orbits.

In the first case, the comets, according to their different velocities, will move in conic sections of all sorts; in the second they will describe hyperbolas; and in either of the two will frequent indifferently all quarters of the heavens, as well those about the poles as those towards the ecliptic; in the third their motions will be performed in ellipses very eccentric and very nearly approaching to parabolas.

But (if the law of the planets is observed) their orbits will not much decline from the plane of the ecliptic; and, as far as I could hitherto observe, the third case obtains; for the comets chiefly frequent the zodiac, and scarcely ever attain to a heliocentric latitude of 40 degrees.

THAT they move in orbits very nearly parabolical, I infer from their velocity; for the velocity with which a parabola is described is everywhere to the velocity with which a comet or planet may be revolved about the sun in a circle at the same distance, in the subduplicate ratio of 2 to 1; and, by my computation, the velocity of comets is found to be much about the same.

I examined the thing by inferring nearly the velocities from the distances, and the distances both from the parallaxes and the phenomena of the tails, and never found the errors of excess or defect in the velocities greater than what might have arisen from the errors in the distances collected after that manner.

ST. AUGUSTINE

THE CITY OF GOD

A FRENCH critic has said of St. Augustine's City of God that it is the earliest serious attempt to write a philosophy of history, and another has spoken of it as the encyclopedia of the fifth century. These two remarks together characterise the work excellently. A huge treatise in twenty-two books, begun in the year 413 and finished in 426, it is an elaborate answer to the charge that the fall of Rome by Alaric's invasion in 410 was due to the desertion of the old gods and the wide extension of Christianity, or the City of God, throughout the empire. In Books 1-5 he shows that the catastrophe of Rome was not due to the neglect of the old mythological superstitions; and in Books 6-10 that the heathen cult was helpless for the life after death. Books 11-14 deal with the origin of the two cities, namely of God and of the World; Books 11-18 with their histories, and Books 19-22 with their ultimate destinies. An epitome of St. Augustine's Confessions appears in pages 795 to 799.

I—The Origin of the Two Cities



I WRITE, dear Marcellinus, of that most glorious City of God, both in her present pilgrimage and life by faith, and in that fixed and everlasting seat which she awaits in patience. I write to defend her against those who place their gods above her Founder—a great and arduous work, but God is my aid.

I well know what power a writer needs who would show the proud how great is the virtue of humility. For the law of our King and Founder is this: 'God is against the proud but gives grace to the humble'; but the swollen and insolent soul loves herein to usurp the divine Majesty, and itself 'to spare the subject and subdue the proud.' Wherefore I may not pass over in silence that earthly city also, enslaved by its lust of empire.

For it is from this City of the World that those enemies have arisen, against whom we have to defend the City of God; Romans, spared by the barbarians on Christ's account, are haters of the name of Christ. The shrines of the martyrs and the basilicas of the apostles received, in the devastation of the city, not their own people only, but every fugitive; and the fury and greed of the invaders were quenched at these holy thresholds. Yet with thankless arrogance and impious frenzy these men, who took refuge under that Name in order that they might enjoy the light of fugitive years, perversely oppose it now, that they may languish in sempiternal gloom.

Never has it been known, in so many wars as are recorded from before the foundation of Rome to the present day, that an enemy, having reduced any city, should have spared those who had fled to the temples of their gods; not even the Romans themselves, whose moderation in victory has so often been justly praised, have respected the sanctuary of vanquished deities. The devastation and massacre and pillage and conflagrations of the sack of Rome were nothing new. But this one thing was new and unheard of—these savages became suddenly so mild as to set apart spacious basilicas and to fill them with people on whom they had mercy; no one might be killed therein nor any dragged from thence. Who does not see that this is due to the name of Christ and to a Christian age? Who can deny that these sanguinary hordes were bridled by Him Who had said: 'I will visit their sins with the rod, but will not take my mercy from them'?

All natures, because they exist and therefore have their manner and species and a certain peace with themselves, are good; and when they are in the places belonging to the order of nature they preserve the being which they have received.

The truest cause of the felicity of the good angels is to be found in this, that they adhere to Him Who supremely is; and the cause of the misery of bad angels lies in this, that they have turned away from Him Who supremely is, to themselves, who have not supreme being. This vice has no other name but pride, which is the beginning of every sin. They refused to preserve their strength for Him, and so threw away that in which all their greatness consisted. It is vain to seek for an efficient cause for the bad will; we have to do, not with anything efficient, but with a deficiency. The mere defection from that which supremely is to things which are on a lower grade of being is to begin to have a bad will.

Now God founded mankind, not as the angels, so that even did they sin they should not die; but in such a way that did they obey they should enter, without death, on a blessed eternity; but did they disobey they should suffer the most just penalty, both of body and of soul. For though the human soul is truly said to be immortal, yet is there a sense in which it dies when God forsakes it.

Only because they had begun inwardly to be evil did the first of mankind fall into overt disobedience. A bad will had preceded the bad action, and of that bad will the beginning was pride, or the appetite for an inordinate rank. To lift oneself up is in itself to be cast down and to fall. Wherefore humility is most highly of all things commended in and to the City of God, and in Christ her King; but the contrary vice of arrogance especially rules her adversary, the devil, and this is unquestionably the great difference by which the two cities are divided, and the society of the pious from the society of the impious.

Thus two loves have founded two cities; the love of self extending to contempt of God has made the City of the World; the love of God extending to contempt of self has made the Heavenly City.

II—The Growth of the Cities

THIS whole universal time, or age, in which the dying give way and the newborn succeed them, is the scene and history of those two cities which are our theme. The City of the World, which lasts not for ever, has its good here below, and rejoices in it with such joy as is possible. The objects of its desire are not otherwise than good, and itself is the best of the good things of earth. It desires an earthly peace for lower ends, makes wars to gain this peace, wins glorious victories, and when victory crowns a just cause, who shall not acclaim the wished-for peace? These things are good indeed, and unquestionably are the gifts of God. But if, neglecting the better things, which belong to the supernal city, they covet these lower ends as if there were none higher, misery must inevitably follow.

All men, indeed, desire peace; but while the society which does not live by faith seeks its peace in the temporal advantages of the present life, that which lives by faith awaits the promised blessings, and makes use of earthly and temporal things only as pilgrims do. The earthly city seeks its peace in a harmony of the wills of men with respect to the things of this life. And the heavenly city also, or, rather, that part of it which travels in this mortality, must use that earthly peace while mortality remains. Living a captive life in the midst of the earthly city, it does not hesitate to respect its laws. Since this mortality is common to both cities, there is a concord between them in the things that belong to it. Only, the heavenly city cannot have common laws of religion with the earthly city, but has been forced to dissent, and to suffer hatred and the storms of persecution.

Therefore, this heavenly city, a pilgrim upon earth, calls out citizens from all peoples and collects a pilgrim society of all tongues, careless what differences there may be in manners, laws and institutions by which earthly peace is achieved and maintained, destroying none of these, but rather serving and fulfilling them. Even the celestial city uses the earthly peace as a means to the heavenly peace; for that alone can be called the peace of a rational creature which consists in a harmonious society devoted to the enjoyment of God and one another in God.

As for that uncertainty with regard to everything, which characterises the New

Academy, the City of God detests all such doubting as a form of madness, since she has the most certain knowledge of those things which she understands by mind and reason, however that knowledge may be limited by our corruptible body. She believes also the evidence of the senses, which the mind uses through the body, for he is miserably deceived who regards them as untrustworthy. She believes also the holy Scriptures which we call canonical.

It is no matter to the City of God what dress the citizen wears, or what manner of life he follows, so long as it is not contrary to the Divine commands; so that she does not compel the philosophers who become Christians to change their habit or their means of life, which are no hindrance to religion, but only their false opinions.

As for these three kinds of life, the contemplative, the active and that which partakes of both qualities, although a man living in faith may adopt any of them, and therein reach eternal reward, yet the love of truth and the duties of charity alike must have their place. One may not so give himself to contemplation as to neglect the good of his neighbour, nor be so deeply immersed in action as to neglect the contemplation of God. In leisure we ought to delight, not in an empty inertia, but in the inquisition, or discovery of truth, in such a way that each may make progress without envying the attainments of another. In action we ought to seek neither the honours of this life nor power, since all that is under the sun is vanity; but only the work itself which our situation enables us to do, and to do it rightly and serviceably.

According to the definitions which Scipio used in Cicero's Republic there never really existed a Roman republic. For he briefly defines a republic as the estate of the people—'res publica' as 'res populi,' and defines the people as a multitudinous assemblage, united by consent to law and by community of advantage. So, then, where justice is not, there can be no people; and if no people, then no estate of the people, but only of a confused multitude unworthy of the name of a people. Where no justice is, there is no commonwealth. Now, justice is a virtue distributing unto everyone his due. Where, then, is the justice of the man who deserts the true God and gives himself over to unclean demons? Is this giving everyone his due?

But if we define a people in another way, and consider it as an assemblage of rational beings united by unanimity as to the objects of their love, then, in order to ascertain the character of a people, we must ascertain what things they love. Whatever it loves, so long as it is an assemblage of rational creatures and not a herd of cattle, and is agreed as to the objects of its love, it is truly a people.

According to this definition, then, the Roman people is indeed a people, and its estate is a commonwealth. But what things that people has loved in its earlier and later times, and how it fell into bloody seditions and into social and civil wars, breaking and corrupting that concord which is the health of a people—of these things history is witness. Yet I would not on that account deny it the name of a people, nor its estate the name of a republic, so long as there remain some rational persons associated by unanimity with regard to the objects of love.

But in general, whatever be the nation in question, whether Athens, Egypt, Babylon, or Rome, the city of the ungodly—refusing obedience to the commandment of God that no sacrifice should be offered but to Him alone—is without true justice.

For though there may be an apparent mastery of the soul over the body, and of reason over vices, yet if soul and reason do not serve God as He has commanded, they can have no true dominion over the body and its passions. How can the mind which is ignorant of the true God, and instead of obeying Him is prostituted to impure demons, be true mistress of the body and the vices? Nay, the very virtues which it appears to itself to possess, by which it rules the body and the vices in order that it may obtain and guard the objects which it desires, being undirected to God, are rather vices than virtues. For as that which makes flesh to live is not flesh but above it, so that which enables man to live in blessedness is not of man but above him.

III—The Destiny of the Just

Who is able to tell of the creation, with its beauty and utility, which God has set before the eyes of man, though here condemned to labour and sorrow? The innumerable loveliness of sky, earth and sea, the abundance and wonder of light, the sun, moon and stars, the shade of trees, the colours and fragrance of flowers, the multitude of birds of varied hue and song, the many forms of animals, of which the smallest are more wonderful than the greatest, the works of bees more amazing than the vast bodies of whales—who shall describe them?

What shall those rewards, then, be? What will God give them whom He has predestined to life, having given such great things to those whom He has predestined to death? What in that blessed life will He lavish upon those for whom He gave His Son to death? What will the state of man's spirit be when it has become wholly free from vice; yielding to none, enslaved by none, warring against none, but wholly at peace with itself?

Who can say, or even imagine, what degrees of glory shall there be given to the degrees of merit? Yet we cannot doubt that there will be degrees; and that in that blessed city no one in lower place shall envy his superior; for no one will wish to be that which he has not received, though bound in closest concord with him who has received. Together with his reward, each shall have the gift of contentment, so as to desire no more than he has. There we shall rest and see, we shall see and love, we shall love and praise. For what end have we, but to reach the kingdom of which there is no end?

The Past Made Vivid

LORD MACAULAY

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

Great as was the popularity achieved by Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome and by his collected Essays, it was eclipsed by that of his History of England, from the Accession of James II to the death of William III. The first two volumes appeared in 1848, the next two in 1855, and the unfinished fifth volume in 1861 after his death. The success of the work was sensational: edition after edition was sold, both in England and America, and the History was translated into every European language. Macaulay has been accused of partiality in allowing his Whig bias to distort his views. But, in the words of Sir Leslie Stephen, 'it does not seem that he was ever consciously unfair, and an historian without prejudices has hitherto meant a writer without imagination.' As a lucid and picturesque narrator of events Macaulay is almost unsurpassed, and in spite of its faults, his History will always be read for its brilliant style. The History of England is included in Everyman's Library.

I—England in the Earlier Times



I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of King James II down to a time within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stewart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty.

Unless I greatly deceive myself, the general effect of this chequered narrative, faithfully recording disasters mingled with triumphs, will be to excite thankfulness in all religious minds and hope in the breasts of all patriots. For the history of our country during the period concerned is eminently the history of physical, of moral and of intellectual improvement.

Nothing in the early existence of Britain indicated the greatness she was destined to

attain. Of the western provinces which obeyed the Caesars, she was the last conquered and the first flung away. Though she had been subjugated by the Roman arms, she received only a faint tincture of Roman arts and letters. No magnificent remains of Roman porches and aqueducts are to be found in Britain, and the scanty and superficial civilization which the islanders acquired from their southern masters was effaced by the calamities of the fifth century.

From the darkness that followed the ruin of the Western Empire Britain emerges as England. The conversion of the Saxon colonists to Christianity was the first of a long series of salutary revolutions. The Church has many times been compared to the ark of which we read in the Book of Genesis; but never was the resemblance more perfect than during that evil time when she rode alone, amidst darkness and tempest, on the deluge beneath which all the great works of ancient power and wisdom lay entombed, bearing within her that feeble germ from which a second and more glorious civilization was to spring.

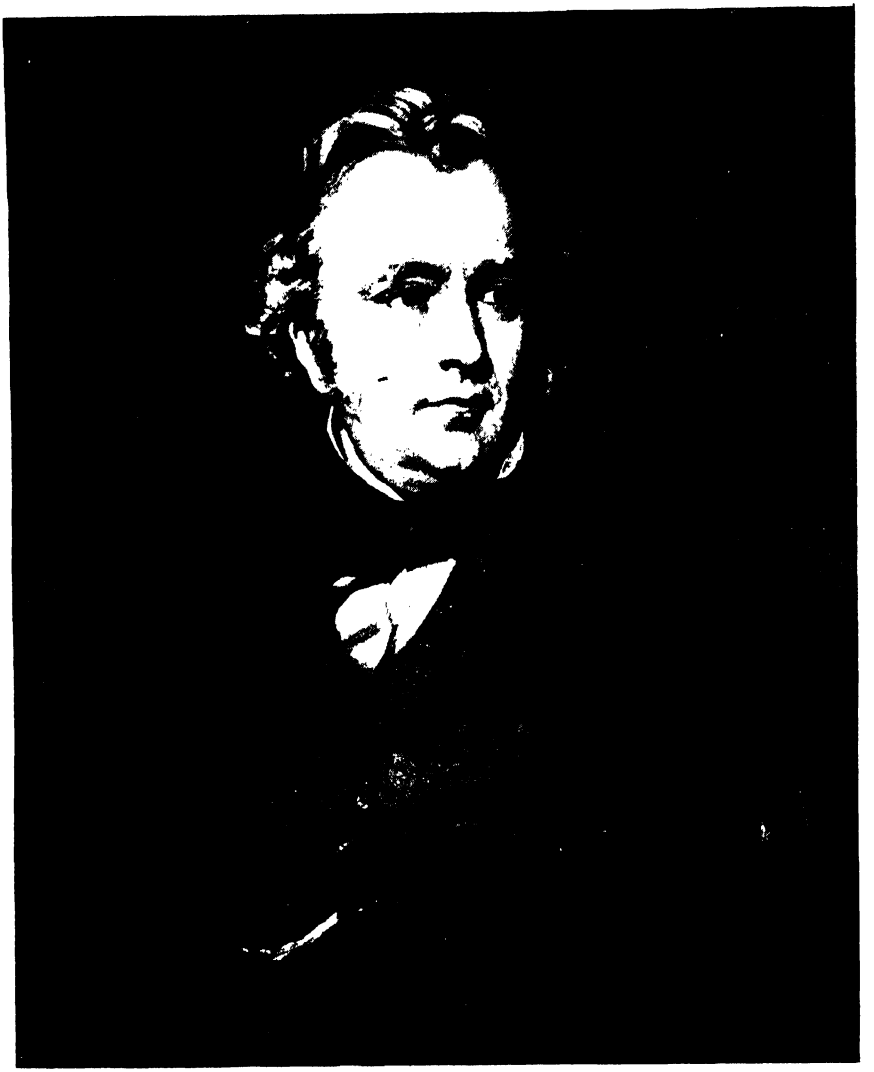
Even the spiritual supremacy of the Pope was, in the Dark Ages, productive of far more good than evil. Its effect was to unite the nations of Western Europe in one great commonwealth. Into this federation our Saxon ancestors were now admitted. Learning followed in the train of Christianity. The poetry and eloquence of the Augustan age was assiduously studied in the Mercian and Northumbrian monasteries. The names of Bede and Alcuin were justly celebrated throughout Europe. Such was the state of our country when, in the ninth century, began the last great migration of the northern barbarians.

Large colonies of Danish adventurers established themselves in our island, and for many years the struggle continued between the two fierce Teutonic breeds, each being alternately paramount. At length the north ceased to send forth fresh streams of piratical emigrants, and from that time the mutual aversion of Danes and Saxons began to subside. Intermarriage became frequent. The Danes learnt the religion of the Saxons, and the two dialects of one widespread language were blended. But the distinction between the two nations was by no means effaced when an event took place which prostrated both at the feet of a third people.

The Normans were then the foremost race of Christendom. Originally rovers from Scandinavia, conspicuous for their valour and ferocity, they had, after long being the terror of the Channel, founded a mighty state, which gradually extended its influence from its own Norman territory over the neighbouring districts of Brittany and Maine. They embraced Christianity and adopted the French tongue. They renounced the brutal intemperance of northern races, and became refined, polite and chivalrous, their nobles being distinguished by their graceful bearing and insinuating address.

The Battle of Hastings and the events which followed it not only placed a Duke of Normandy on the English throne, but gave up the whole population of England to the tyranny of the Norman race. The subjugation of a nation has seldom, even in Asia, been more complete. During the century and a half which followed the Conquest, there is, to speak strictly, no English history. Had the Plantagenets, as at one time seemed likely, succeeded in uniting all France under their government, it is probable that England would never have had an independent existence. England owes her escape from dependence on French thought and customs to separation from Normandy, an event which her historians have generally represented as disastrous. The talents, and even the virtues of her first six French kings, were a curse to her. The follies and vices of the seventh, King John, were her salvation. He was driven from Normandy, and in England the two races were drawn together, both being alike aggrieved by the tyranny of a bad king. From that moment the prospects brightened, and here commences the history of the English nation.

In no country has the enmity of race been carried further than in England. In no country has that enmity been more completely effaced. Early in the four-



Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay

historian, essayist, statesman and versifier, was born in Leicestershire in 1800, and died in 1859, after a distinguished political career both in this country and in India. It is as a great writer, however, that he is chiefly remembered. He turned to literature early in life, and won a name as an essayist of striking originality and power. His style is very vivid and epigrammatic, rising occasionally to sonorous majesty, but it enabled him to excel rather as a descriptive writer a painter of word-pictures, than as the critic that he aspired to be. He was too prone to sacrifice the dull whole truth for the picturesque half-truth ; to substitute a rhetorical denunciation or a eulogy for reasoned judgements. Anybody who remembers his estimate of Boswell, Dr. Johnson's biographer, will understand how very plausible, but how unfair a case Macaulay could advance against those whom he disliked. His verse, though once greatly admired, is declamatory, and entirely lacks poetic spirit. This portrait is from the painting by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.

teenth century the amalgamation of the races was all but complete, and a people inferior to none existing in the world had been formed by the mixture of three branches of the Teutonic family with each other, and with the aboriginal Britons.

A period of more than a hundred years followed, during which the chief object of the English was, by force of arms, to establish a great empire on the Continent. The effect of the successes of Edward III and Henry V was to make France for a time a province of England. A French king was brought prisoner to London; an English king was crowned at Paris.

The arts of peace were not neglected by our fathers during that period. English thinkers aspired to know, or dared to doubt, where bigots had been content to wonder and to believe. The same age which produced the Black Prince and Derby, Chandos and Hawkwood, produced also Geoffrey Chaucer and John Wycliffe. In so splendid and imperial a manner did the English people, properly so called, first take place among the nations of the world. But the spirit of the French people was at last aroused and, after many desperate struggles and with many bitter regrets, our ancestors gave up the contest.

II—The First Civil War

Cooped up once more within the limits of the island, the warlike people employed in civil strife those arms which had been the terror of Europe. Two factions, headed by two branches of the royal family, engaged in the long and fierce struggle known as the Wars of the White and Red Roses. It was at length universally acknowledged that the claims of all the contending Plantagenets were united in the House of Tudor.

It is now very long since the English people have by force subverted a government. During the hundred and sixty years which preceded the union of the Roses nine kings reigned in England. Six of these kings were deposed. Five lost their lives as well as their crowns. Yet it is certain that all through that period the English people were far better governed than were the Belgians under Philip the Good, or the French under that Louis who was styled the father of his people. The people, skilled in the use of arms, had in reserve that check of physical force which brought the proudest king to reason.

One wise policy was during the Middle Ages pursued by England alone. Though to the monarch belonged the power of the sword, the nation retained the power of the purse. The Continental nations ought to have acted likewise; as they failed to conserve this safeguard of representation with taxation, the consequence was that everywhere, excepting in England, parliamentary institutions ceased to exist. England owed this singular felicity to her insular situation.

The great events of the reigns of the Tudors and the Stewarts were followed by a crisis when the crown passed from Charles II to his brother, James II. The new king commenced his administration with a large measure of public goodwill. He was a prince who had been driven into exile by a faction which had tried to rob him of his birthright on the ground that he was a deadly enemy to the religion and laws of England. He had triumphed; he was on the throne, and his first act was to declare that he would defend the Church and respect the rights of the people.

But James had not been many hours king when violent disputes arose. The first was between two heads of the law, concerning customs and the levying of taxes. Moreover, the time drew near for summoning parliament, and the king's mind was haunted by an apprehension not to be mentioned, even at this distance of time, without shame and indignation. He was afraid that by summoning his parliament he might incur the displeasure of the King of France. Rochester, Godolphin and Sunderland, who formed the interior cabinet, were perfectly aware that their late master, Charles II, had been in the habit of receiving money from the court of Versailles. They understood the expediency of keeping Louis in good humour, but knew that the summoning of the legislature was not a matter of choice.

As soon as the French king heard of the death of Charles and of the accession of James he hastened to send the latter a munificent donation of £35,000. James

was not ashamed to shed tears of delight and gratitude.

The accession of James in 1685 had excited hopes and fears in every Continental court. One government alone, that of Spain, wished that the troubles that had distracted England for three generations might be eternal. All other governments, whether republican or monarchical, Protestant or Romanist, wished to see those troubles happily terminated. Under the kings of the House of Stewart she had been a blank in the map of Europe. The government was no longer a limited monarchy after the fashion of the Middle Ages; it had not yet become one after the modern fashion. The chief business of the sovereign was to infringe the privileges of the legislature, that of the legislature was to encroach on the prerogatives of the sovereign.

The effect of these jealousies was that our country, with all her vast resources, was of as little weight in Christendom as the duchy of Savoy or the duchy of Lorraine, and certainly of far less weight than the small province of Holland. France was deeply interested in prolonging this state of things. All other powers were deeply interested in bringing it to a close.

The king early put the loyalty of his Protestant friends to the proof. While he was a subject he had been in the habit of hearing mass with closed doors in a small oratory which had been fitted up for his wife. He now ordered the doors to be thrown open, so that all who came to pay to him their duty might see the ceremony.

A more serious innovation followed. Passion Week came, and the king determined to hear mass with the same pomp with which his predecessors had been surrounded. The rites of the Church of Rome were once more, after an interval of one hundred and twenty-seven years, performed at Westminster on Easter Sunday with regal splendour.

III—Monmouth and His Fate

THE English exiles in Holland induced the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II, to attempt an invasion of England, and on June 11, 1685, he landed with about eighty men at Lyme. The little town was soon in an uproar with men running to and fro, and shouting "A Monmouth! A Monmouth! The Protestant religion!" An insurrection was inaugurated and recruits came in rapidly. But parliament was loyal, and the Commons ordered a bill of attainder against Monmouth for high treason. The rebel army was defeated in a fight at Sedgemoor, and Monmouth in his misery complained bitterly of the evil counsellors who had induced him to quit his happy retreat in Brabant. Fleeing from the field of battle, the unfortunate duke was found hidden in a ditch, was taken to London, lodged in the Tower, and beheaded, with the declaration on his lips, "I die a Protestant of the Church of England."

After the execution of Monmouth the counties that had risen against the government endured all the cruelties that a ferocious soldiery let loose on them could inflict. The number of victims butchered cannot now be ascertained, the vengeance being left to the dissolute Colonel Percy Kirke. But a still more cruel massacre was schemed. Early in September Judge Jeffreys set out on that circuit of which the memory will last as long as our race and language. Opening his commission at Winchester, he ordered Alice Lisle to be burnt alive simply because she had given a meal and a hiding-place to wretched fugitives entreating her protection. The clergy of Winchester remonstrated with the brutal judge, but the utmost that could be obtained was that the sentence should be commuted from burning to beheading.

Then began the judicial massacre known as the Bloody Assize. Within a few weeks Jeffreys boasted that he had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors together since the Conquest. Nearly a thousand prisoners were also transported into slavery in the West Indian islands. No English sovereign has ever given stronger proofs of a cruel nature than James II. At his court Jeffreys, when he had done his work, leaving carnage, mourning and terror behind him, was cordially welcomed, for he was a judge after his master's own heart. James had watched the circuit with interest and delight. At a later period, when all men



MONMOUTH PLEADING FOR HIS LIFE BEFORE JAMES II

From the painting by John Pettie, R.A., in the Manchester Art Gallery

of all parties spoke with horror of the Bloody Assize, the wicked judge and the wicked king attempted to vindicate themselves by throwing the blame on each other.

The king soon went further. He made no secret of his intention to exert vigorously and systematically, for the destruction of the Established Church, all the powers he possessed as her head. He plainly declared that by a wise dispensation of Providence the Act of Supremacy would be the means of healing the fatal breach which it had caused. Henry and Elizabeth had usurped a dominion which rightfully belonged to the Holy See. That dominion had, in the course of succession, descended on an orthodox prince, and would by him be held in trust for the Holy See. He was authorised by law to suppress spiritual abuses; and the first spiritual abuse which he would repress would be the liberty which the Anglican clergy assumed of defending their own religion and of attacking the doctrines of Rome.

The temper of the nation was such as might well make James hesitate. During some months discontent steadily and rapidly rose. The celebration of the Roman Catholic worship had long been prohibited by Act of Parliament. During several generations no Roman Catholic clergyman had dared to exhibit himself in any public place with the badges of his office. Every Jesuit who set foot in this country was liable to be hanged, drawn and quartered.

But all disguise was now thrown off. Roman Catholic chapels arose all over the land. A society of Benedictine monks was lodged in St. James's Palace. Quarrels broke out between Protestant and Romanist soldiers. Samuel Johnson, a clergyman of the Church of England, who had issued a tract entitled A Humble and Hearty Appeal to All English Protestants in the Army, was flung into gaol. He was then flogged and degraded from the priesthood. But the zeal of the Anglican clergy was displayed. They were led by a united phalanx, in the van of which appeared a rank of steady and skilful veterans, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Prideaux, Patrick, Tenison, Wake. Great numbers of contro-



JAMES II IN HIS PALACE AT WHITEHALL RECEIVING NEWS OF THE LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE

From the painting by E. M. Ward in the Tate Gallery

versial tracts against popery were issued by these divines.

Scotland also rose in anger against the designs of the king, and if he had not been proof against all warning, the excitement in that country would have sufficed to admonish him. On March 18, 1687, he took a momentous step. He informed the Privy Council that he had determined to prorogue parliament till the end of November, and to grant, by his own authority, entire liberty of conscience to all his subjects. On April 4 appeared the memorable Declaration of Indulgence. In this document the king avowed that it was his earnest wish to see his people members of that Church to which he himself belonged. But since that could not be he announced his intention to protect them in the free exercise of their religion. He authorised both Roman Catholics and Protestant dissenters to perform their worship publicly.

That the declaration was unconstitutional is universally agreed, for a monarch competent to issue such a document is nothing less than an absolute ruler. This was, in point of fact, the most audacious of all attacks of the Stewarts on public freedom. The Anglican party was in amazement and terror, for it would now be exposed to the free attacks of its enemies on every side. And though dissenters appeared to be allowed relief, what guarantee was there for the sincerity of the court? It was notorious that James had been completely subjugated by the Jesuits, for, only a few days before the publication of the indulgence, that order had been honoured with a new mark of his confidence by his appointing as his confessor a Jesuit renegade named Warner.

IV—The Trial of the Seven Bishops

A MEETING of bishops and other eminent divines was held at Lambeth Palace. The general feeling was that the king's declaration ought not to be read in the churches. After long deliberation, preceded by solemn prayer, a petition embodying the general sense was written by the archbishop with his own hand. The king was assured that the Church still was, as she had ever been, faithful to the throne. But the declaration was illegal, for parliament had pronounced that the sovereign was not constitutionally competent to dispense with statutes in matters ecclesiastical. The archbishop and six of his suffragans signed the petition.

The six bishops crossed the river to Whitehall, but the archbishop, who had long been forbidden the court, did not accompany them. James directed that the bishops should be admitted to the royal presence, and they found him in very good humour, for he had heard from his tool, Cartwrightt, that they were disposed to obey the mandate, but wished to secure some little modifications in form.

After reading the petition, the king's countenance grew dark, and he exclaimed, "This is a standard of rebellion!" In vain did the prelates emphasise their protests of loyalty. The king persisted in characterising their action as being rebellious. The bishops respectfully retired, and that evening the petition appeared in print, was laid out in the coffee-houses and was cried about the streets. Everywhere people rose from their beds and came out to stop the hawkers, and the sale was so enormous that it was said the printer cleared a thousand pounds in a few hours by this penny broadside.

The London clergy disobeyed the royal order, for the declaration was read in only four churches in the city, where there were about a hundred. For a short time the king stood aghast at the violence of the tempest he had raised, but Jeffreys maintained that the government would be disgraced if such transgressors as the seven bishops were suffered to escape with a mere reprimand. They were notified that they must appear before the king in council.

On June 8 they were examined by the Privy Council, the result being their committal to the Tower. From all parts of the country came the report that other prelates had signed similar petitions, and that very few of the clergy throughout the land had obeyed the king. The public excitement in London was intense. While the bishops were before the council a great multitude filled the region all round Whitehall, and when the seven came forth, under a guard, thousands fell on their knees and

prayed aloud for the men who had confronted a tyrant inflamed with the bigotry of Mary.

Before the day of trial the agitation spread to the farthest corners of the land. The bishops were charged with having published a false, malicious and seditious libel. But the case for the prosecution speedily broke down in the hands of the crown lawyers. They were vehemently hissed by the audience. The jury gave the verdict of 'Not Guilty.' As the news spread all London broke out into acclamation. The bishops were greeted with cries of "God bless you; you have saved us all to-day."

The king was greatly disturbed at the news of the acquittal, and exclaimed in French. "So much the worse for them." He was at the moment in the camp at Hounslow, where he had been reviewing the troops. Hearing a great shout behind him, he asked what the uproar meant. "Nothing," was the answer; "the soldiers are glad that the bishops are acquitted." "Do you call that nothing?" exclaimed the king. And then he repeated, "So much the worse for them." He might well be out of temper. His defeat had been complete and most humiliating.

In May 1688, while it was still uncertain whether the declaration would or would not be read in the churches, Edward Russell had repaired to The Hague, where he strongly represented to the Prince of Orange, husband of Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I, the state of the public mind, and had advised his highness to appear in England and to call the people to arms.

William had seen at a glance the whole importance of the crisis. "Now or never!" he exclaimed in Latin. He quickly received numerous assurances of support from England. Preparations were rapidly made, and on November 1, 1688, he set sail with his fleet, and landed at Torbay on November 4. Resistance was impossible. The troops of James's army quietly deserted wholesale, many joining the Dutch camp at Honiton. First, the west of England, and then the north, revolted against James. Evil news poured in upon him. On December 11 the king fled from London secretly. His home in exile was at Saint Germains.

WILLIAM and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen of the United Kingdom, and thus was consummated the English Revolution. It was of all revolutions the least violent and yet the most beneficent. It finally decided the great question whether the popular element which had ever since the age of Fitzwalter and de Montfort, been found in the English polity, should be destroyed by the monarchical element, or should be suffered to develop itself freely, and to become dominant. The strife between the two principles had been long, fierce and doubtful. It had lasted through four reigns. The King at Arms, who proclaimed William and Mary before Whitehall Gate, did in truth announce that this great struggle was over; that there was entire union between the throne and the parliament; that England, long dependent and degraded, was again a power of the first rank; and that no reform which the two Houses should, after mature consideration, propose, would be obstinately withstood by the sovereign

V—After the Great Revolution

THE revolution had been accomplished. The rejoicings throughout the land were enthusiastic. Still more cordial was the rejoicing among the Dutch when they learnt that the first minister of their commonwealth had been raised to a throne. James had during the last year of his reign been more hated in England by the Tories than by the Whigs, and not without cause, for to the Whigs he was only an enemy, and to the Tories he had been a faithless and a thankless friend.

One misfortune of the new king, which some reactionaries imputed to him as a crime, was his bad English. He spoke our language, but not well. Our literature he was incapable of enjoying or understanding. He never once appeared in the theatre. The poets who wrote Pindaric verse in his praise complained that their flights of sublimity were beyond his comprehension. But his wife did her best to supply what was wanting. She was excellently qualified to be the head of the court. She was

English by birth and also in her tastes and feelings. The stainless purity of her private life and the attention she paid to her religious duties discouraged scandal as well as vice.

The year 1689 is not less important in the ecclesiastical than in the civil history of England, for in that year was granted the first legal indulgence to dissenters.

The discontent of the Roman Catholic Irishry with the revolution was intense. It grew so manifestly that James, assured that his cause was prospering in Ireland, landed, on March 12, 1689, at Kinsale. On March 24 he entered Dublin. This event created sorrow and alarm in England. An Irish army, raised by the Catholics, entered Ulster and laid siege to Londonderry, into which city two English regiments had been thrown by sea.

The heroic defence of Londonderry is one of the most thrilling episodes in the history of Ireland. By the desertion of the governor, Lundy, the city was left destitute of all military and all civil government. The number of men capable of bearing arms within the walls was seven thousand; and the whole world could not have furnished seven thousand men better qualified to meet a terrible emergency with clear judgement, dauntless valour and stubborn patience. After many onslaughts the advantage remained with the garrison. The siege was then turned into a blockade by the construction of a boom across the harbour by the besiegers. The citizens endured frightful hunger, for famine was extreme within the walls, but they never quailed. The siege, which lasted 105 days, and was the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles, was ended by the breaking of the boom by three ships from England, which brought reinforcements and provisions.

The Irish army retreated, and the next event—a very decisive one—was their defeat at the Battle of the Boyne, where William and James commanded their respective forces. The war ended with the capitulation of Limerick, and the French soldiers who had formed a great part of James's army left for France.

THE year 1692 was marked by momentous events issuing from a scheme, in some respects well concerted, for the invasion of England by a French force, with the object of the restoration of James. A noble fleet of about eighty ships of the line was to convey this force to the shores of England, and in the French dockyards immense preparations were made. James had persuaded himself that even if the English fleet should fall in with him it would not oppose him. Indeed, he was too ready to believe anything written to him by his English correspondents.

No mightier armament had ever appeared in the English Channel than the fleet of allied British and Dutch ships, under the command of Admiral Russell. On May 19 it encountered the French fleet under the Count of Tourville, and a running fight took place which lasted during five fearful days, ending in the complete destruction of the French force off La Hogue. The news of this great victory was received in England with boundless joy. One of its happiest effects was the effectual calming of the public mind.

VI—The Day of Prosperity

IN this reign, 1694, was established the Bank of England. It was the result of a great change that had developed in a few years, for old men in William's reign could remember the days when there was not a single banking house in London. Goldsmiths had strong vaults in which masses of bullion could lie secure from fire and robbers, and at their shops in Lombard Street all payments in coin were made. William Paterson, an ingenious speculator, submitted to the government a plan for a national bank, which, after long debate, passed both houses of parliament.

In 1694 the king and the nation mourned the death from smallpox—a disease always working havoc—of Queen Mary. During her illness William remained day and night at her bedside. The Dutch envoy wrote that the sight of his misery was enough to melt the hardest heart. When all hope was over, he said to Bishop Burnet, "There is no hope. I was the happiest man on earth, and I am the most miserable. She had no fault—none. You

knew her well, but you could not know, none but myself could know, her goodness."

On the Continent the death of Mary excited various emotions. The Huguenots, in every part of Europe to which they had wandered, bewailed the Elect Lady, who had retrenched her own royal state in order to furnish board and shelter to the persecuted people of God. But the hopes of James and his companions in exile were now higher than they had been since the day of La Hogue. Indeed, the general opinion of politicians, both here and on the Continent, was that William would find it impossible to sustain himself much longer on the throne. He would not, it was said, have sustained himself so long but for the help of his wife, whose affability had conciliated many that were disgusted by his Dutch accent and habits. But all the statesmen of Europe were deceived and, strange to say, his reign was decidedly more prosperous after the decease of Mary than during her life.

During the month which followed his wife's death the king was incapable of exertion. His first letter was that of a heart-broken man. Even his martial ardour had been tamed by misery. "I tell you in confidence," he wrote to Heinsius, "that I feel myself to be no longer fit for military command. Yet I will try to do my duty, and I hope that God will strengthen me." So despondingly did he look forward to the most brilliant and successful of his many campaigns.

All Europe was looking anxiously towards the Low Countries. A great French army, commanded by Villeroy, was collected in Flanders. William crossed to the Continent to take command of the Dutch and British troops, who mustered at Ghent. The Elector of Bavaria, at the head of a great force, lay near Brussels. William had set his heart on capturing Namur. After a siege hard pressed, that fortress, esteemed the strongest in Europe, fortified by Vauban, surrendered to the allies on August 26, 1695.

The war was ended by the signing of the treaty of Ryswick by the ambassadors of France, England, Spain and the United Provinces on September 20, 1697. King William was received in London with great popular rejoicing. There was indeed reason for joy and thankfulness. England had passed through severe trials and had come forth wonderfully renewed in health and vigour.

Ten years before it had seemed that both her liberty and her independence were no more. Her liberty she had vindicated by a just and necessary revolution. Her independence she had reconquered by a not less just and necessary war. All dangers were over. There was peace abroad and at home. Many signs justified the hope that the revolution of 1688 would be our last revolution. Public credit had been re-established, trade had revived, the exchequer was overflowing, and there was a sense of relief everywhere, from the Royal Exchange to the most secluded hamlets among the mountains of Wales and the fens of Lincolnshire.

Early in 1702 alarming reports were rife concerning William's state of health. Headaches and shivering fits returned on him almost daily, and it soon became evident that the great king's days were numbered. On February 20 William was ambling on a favourite horse, named Sorrel, through the park of Hampton Court. The horse stumbling on a mole-hill, went down on his knees. The king fell off and broke his collar-bone. The bone was set, and to a young and vigorous man such an accident would have been a trifle. But the frame of William was not in a condition to bear even the slightest shock. He felt that his time was short, and grieved, with such a grief as only noble spirits feel, to think that he must leave his work but half finished. On March 4 he was attacked by fever, and he was soon sinking fast. His end was worthy of his life. His intellect was not for a moment clouded. His fortitude was the more admirable because he was not willing to die. From the words which escaped him he seemed to be frequently engaged in mental prayer. The end came between seven and eight in the morning. When his remains were laid out, it was found that he wore next to his skin a piece of black silk ribbon. It contained a gold ring and a lock of the hair of Mary.

GEORGE BORROW

LAVENGRO

COMPARED with the fame which Borrow had won by The Zincali (see page 1575) and The Bible in Spain (see page 283) the success of Lavengro, published in 1851, was only partial. This autobiographical romance, descriptive of Borrow's adventures as a hedge-smith and of his curious London experiences, was intended to be a protest against the 'kid-glove' literature of Lytton and Disraeli, but the glorification of boxing and of life on the road was distasteful to the critics. The book has since earned popularity through the interest of its character sketches drawn from real life in quarters which few could penetrate, though the truthfulness of Borrow's description is sometimes disturbed by the too literary language spoken by the gypsies. The wild, passionate scenes make the whole narrative an indescribable phantasmagora, and here and there outbursts of reflection in philosophic accent reveal in startling manner the working of the author's mind. An outline of The Romany Rye, a sequel to Lavengro, appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*.

I—The Scholar, the Gypsy, the Priest



ON an evening of July, in the year 18—, at East D——, a beautiful little town in East Anglia, I first saw the light. My father, a Cornishman, after serving many years in the Line, at last entered as captain in a militia regiment. My mother, a strikingly handsome woman, was of the Huguenot race. I was not the only child of my parents, for I had a brother three years older than myself. He was a beautiful boy with much greater mental ability than I possessed, and he, with the greatest affection, indulged me in every possible way. Alas, his was an early and a foreign grave!

I have been a wanderer the greater part of my life, being the son of a soldier, who, unable to afford the support of two homes, was accompanied by his family wherever he went. A lover of books and of retired corners, I was as a child in the habit of fleeing from society. The first book that fascinated me was one of Defoe's. But those early days were stirring times, for England was then engaged in the struggle with Napoleon.

I remember strange sights, such as the scenes at Norman Cross, a station or prison where some six thousand French prisoners were immured. And vividly impressed on my memory is my intercourse with an extraordinary old man, a snake-catcher, who thrilled me with the recitals of his experiences. He declared that the vipers had a king, a terrible creature, which he had encountered, and from which he had managed to escape. After telling me that strange story of the king of the vipers, he gave me a viper which he had tamed and had rendered harmless by extracting its fangs. I fed it with milk, and frequently carried it abroad with me in my walks.

One day on my rambles I entered a green lane I had never seen before. Seeing an odd-looking low tent or booth, I advanced towards it. Beside it were two light carts, and near by two or three lean ponies cropped the grass. Suddenly the two inmates, a man and a woman, both wild and forbidding figures, rushed out, alarmed at my presence, and commenced abusing me as an intruder. They threatened to fling me into the pond over the hedge.

I defied them to touch me and, as I did so, made a motion well understood by the viper that lay hid in my bosom. The reptile instantly lifted its head and stared at my enemies with its glittering eyes. The woman, in amazed terror, retreated to the tent and the man stood like one transfixed. Presently the two commenced talking to each other in what to me sounded like French, and next, in a conciliating tone, they offered me a peculiar sweetmeat, which I accepted. A peaceable conversation ensued, during

which they cordially invited me to join their party and to become one of them.

The interview was rudely interrupted. Hoofs were heard, and the next moment a man rode up and addressed words to the gypsies which produced a startling effect. In a few minutes, from different directions, came swarthy men and women. Hastily they harnessed the ponies and took down the tent and packed the carts, and in a remarkably brief space of time the party rode off with the utmost speed.

THREE years passed, during which I increased considerably in stature and strength and, let us hope, improved in mind. For at school I had learnt the whole of Lilly's Latin Grammar; but I was very ignorant of figures. Our regiment was moved to Edinburgh, where the castle was a garrison for soldiers. In that city I and my brother were sent to the high school. Here the scholars were constantly fighting, though no great harm was done. I had seen deaths happen through fights at school in England.

I became a daring cragsman, a character to which an English lad can seldom aspire, for in England there are neither crags nor mountains. The Scots are expert climbers, and I was now a Scot in most things, particularly the language. The castle, in which I dwelt, stood on a craggy rock, to scale which was my favourite diversion.

In the autumn of 1815, when the war with Napoleon was ended, we were ordered to Ireland, where at school I read Latin and Greek with a nice old clergyman, and of an evening studied French and Italian with a banished priest, Italian being my favourite.

It was in a horse fair I came across Jasper Petulengro, a young gypsy of whom I had caught sight in the gypsy camp I have already alluded to. He was amazed to see me, and in the most effusively friendly way claimed me as a 'pal' calling me Sapengro, or 'snake-master,' in allusion, he said, to the viper incident. He said he was also called Pharaoh, and was the horse-master in the camp.

From this time I had frequent interviews with Jasper, sometimes on the heath, about which we would roam for hours, discoursing on various matters. Sometimes mounted on one of his horses, of which he had several, I would accompany him to various fairs and markets in the neighbourhood. He taught me much Romany, and introduced me to Tawno Chikno, the biggest man of the gypsy nation, and to Mrs. Chikno. These stood to him as parents, for his own were banished. I soon found that in the tents I had become acquainted with a most interesting people. With their language I was fascinated, though at first I had taken it for mere gibberish. My rapid progress astonished and delighted Jasper. "We'll no longer call you Sapengro, brother," said he, "but Lavengro, which in the language of the gorgios meaneth word-master." And Jasper's wife actually proposed that I should marry her sister.

The gypsies departed for England. I was now sixteen, and continued in the house of my parents, passing my time chiefly in philological pursuits. But it was high time that I should adopt some profession. My father would gladly have seen me enter the Church, but feared I was too erratic. So I was put to the law, but while remaining a novice at that pursuit, I became a perfect master of the Welsh language. My father soon began to feel that he had made a mistake in the choice of a profession for me.

MY elder brother, who had cultivated a great taste for painting, told me one evening that father had given him £150 and his blessing, and that he was going to London to improve himself in his art.

My father was taken ill with severe attacks of gout and, in a touching conversation, assured me that his end was approaching. Before that sad event happened, my brother, whom he longed to see, arrived home. My father died with the name of Christ on his lips. The brave old soldier, during intervals between his attacks, had told me more of his life than I had ever learnt before, and I was amazed to find how much he knew and had seen. He had talked with King George, and had known Wellington, and was the friend of Townshend, who, when Wolfe fell, led the British grenadiers against the shrinking regiments of Montcalm.

II—The Adventure With a Publisher

ONE damp, misty March morning, I dismounted from the top of a coach in the yard of a London inn. Delivering my scanty baggage to a porter, I followed him to a lodging prepared for me by an acquaintance. It consisted of a small room in which I was to sit, and a smaller one still in which I was to sleep.

Having breakfasted comfortably by a good fire, I sallied forth and easily found my way to the place I was in quest of, for it was scarcely ten minutes' walk distant. I was cordially received by the big man to whom some of my productions had been sent by a kind friend, and to whom he had given me a letter of introduction, which was respectfully read. But he told me that he was selling his publishing business and so could not make use of my literary help.

He gave me counsel, however, especially advising me to write some evangelical tales, in the style of The Dairyman's Daughter. As I told him I had never heard of that work, he said: "Then, sir, procure it by all means." Much more conversation ensued, during which the publisher told me that he purposed continuing to issue once a month his magazine, The Oxford Review, and to this he proposed that I should attempt to contribute. As I was going away he invited me to dine with him on the ensuing Sunday.

On the Sunday I was punctual to my appointment with the publisher. I found that for twenty years he had taken no animal food and no wine. After some talk he requested me to compile six volumes of Newgate lives and trials, of a thousand pages each, the remuneration to be £50 at the completion of the work. I was also to make myself generally useful to the Review, and, furthermore, to translate into German a book of philosophy which he had written. Then he dismissed me, saying that, though he never went to church, he spent much of every Sunday afternoon musing on the magnificence of nature and the moral dignity of man.

I compiled the Chronicles of Newgate, reviewed books for the Review, and occasionally tried my best to translate into German portions of the publisher's philosophy. But the Review did not prove a successful speculation, and with its decease its corps of writers broke up. I was paid, not in cash, but in bills, one payable at twelve, the other at eighteen months after date. It was a long time before I could turn these bills to any account. At last I found a person willing to cash them at a discount of only thirty per cent.

By the month of October I had accomplished about two-thirds of the compilation of the Newgate lives, and had also made some progress with the German translation. But about this time I had begun to see very clearly that it was impossible that our connexion would be of long duration; yet, in the event of my leaving the big man, what had I to offer another publisher? I returned to my labour, finished the German translation, got paid in the usual style, and left that employer.

III—The Spirit of Stonehenge

ONE morning I discovered that my whole worldly wealth was reduced to a single half-crown, and throughout that day I walked about in considerable distress of mind. By a most singular chance I again came across my friend Petulengro in a fair into which I happened to wander when walking by the side of the river beyond London. My gypsy friend was seated with several men, carousing beside a small cask. He sprang up, greeting me cordially, and we chatted in Romany as we walked about together. Questioning me closely, he soon discovered that by that time I had only eighteenpence in my pocket.

Said Jasper: "I, too, have been in the big city; but I have not been writing books. I have fought in the ring. I have fifty pounds in my pocket, and I have much more in the world. Brother, there is considerable difference between us." But he could not prevail on me to accept or to borrow money, for I said that if I could not earn, I would starve. "Come and stay with us," said he. "Our tents and horses are on the other side of yonder wooded hill. We shall all be glad of your

company, especially myself and my wife, Pakomovna."

I declined the kind invitation and walked on. Returning to the great city, I suddenly found myself outside the shop of a publisher to whom I had vainly applied some time before, in the hope of selling some of my writings. As I looked listlessly at the window, I observed a paper affixed to the glass, on which was written in a fair round hand, 'A Novel or Tale is much wanted.' I at once resolved to go to work to produce what was thus solicited. But what should the tale be about? After cogitating at my lodging, with bread and water before me, I concluded that I would write an entirely fictitious narrative called The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell, the Great Traveller. This Joseph Sell was an imaginary personage who had come into my head.

I SEIZED pen and paper, but soon gave up the task of outlining the story, for the scenes flitted in bewildering fashion before my imagination. Yet, before morning, as I lay long awake, I had sketched the whole work on the tablets of my mind. Next day I partook of bread and water, and before night had completed pages of Joseph Sell, and added pages in varying quantity day by day, until my enterprise was finished.

"To-morrow for the bookseller! Oh, me!" I exclaimed, as I lay down to rest.

On arriving at the shop, I saw to my delight that the paper was still in the window. As I entered, a ladylike woman of about thirty came from the back parlour to ask my business. After my explanation, she requested me, as her husband was out, to leave the MS. with her, and to call again the next day at eleven. At that hour I duly appeared, and was greeted with a cordial reception. "I think your book will do," said the bookseller. After some negotiation, I was paid £20 on the spot, and departed with a light heart.

Reader, amidst life's difficulties, should you ever be tempted to despair, call to mind these experiences of Lavengro. There are few positions, however difficult, from which dogged resolution and perseverance will not liberate you.

I had long determined to leave London, as my health had become much impaired. My preparations were soon made and I set out to travel on foot. In about two hours I had cleared the great city and was in a broad and excellent road, leading I knew not whither. In the evening, feeling weary, I thought of putting up at an inn, but was induced to take a seat in a coach, paying sixteen shillings for the fare. At dawn of day I was roused from a broken slumber and bidden to alight, and found myself close to a moorland. Walking on and on, I at length reached a circle of colossal stones.

The spirit of Stonehenge was upon me. As I reclined under the great transverse stone, in the middle of the gateway of giants, I heard the tinkling of bells, and presently a large flock of sheep came browsing along and several entered the circle. Soon a man also came up. In a friendly talk, the young shepherd told me that the people of the plain believed that thousands of men had brought the stones from Ireland, to make a temple in which to worship God.

"But," said I, "our forefathers slaughtered the men who raised the stones, and left not one stone on another."

"Yes, they did," said the shepherd, looking aloft at the great transverse stone.

"And it is well that they did," answered I, "for whenever that stone, which English hands never raised, is by English hands thrown down, woe to the English race. Spare it, English. Hengist spared it."

WE parted, and I wandered off to Salisbury, the city of the spire. There I stayed two days, spending my time as best I could, and then walked forth for several days, during which nothing happened worthy of notice, but the weather was brilliant and my health had greatly improved.

Coming one day to a small countryside cottage, I saw scrawled over the door, 'Good beer sold here.' Being overcome with thirst, I went in to taste the beverage. Along the wall opposite where I sat in the well-sanded kitchen was the most disconsolate family I had ever seen, consisting of a tinker, his wife, a pretty-looking woman, who had evidently been crying, and a ragged boy and girl. I treated them to a

large measure of beer, and in a few minutes the tinker was telling me his history.

That conversation ended very curiously, for I purchased for five pounds ten shillings the man's whole equipment. It included his stock-in-trade and his pony and cart. Of the landlady I purchased provisions and a waggoner's frock, and departed.

IV—The Flaming Tinman

At three hours past noon I thus started to travel as a tinker. I was absolutely indifferent as to the direction of my journey. Coming to no hostelry, I pitched my little tent after nightfall in a waste land amongst some bushes and kindled a fire in a convenient spot with sticks which I gathered. For a few days I practised my new craft by trying to mend two kettles and a frying-pan, remaining in my little camp. Few folk passed by. But soon exciting incidents happened. My quarters were one morning suddenly invaded by a young Romany girl, who advanced towards me, after closely scanning me, singing a gipsy song :

> The Romany chi
> And the Romany chal
> Shall jaw tasaulor
> To drab the bawlor,
> And dook the gry
> Of the farming rye.

A very pretty song, thought I, falling hard to work again on my kettle ; a very pretty song, which bodes the farmers much good. Let them look to their cattle.

A talk ensued, in which the girl discovered that I knew how to speak Romany, and it ended in my presenting her with the kettle.

" Parraco tute—that is, I thank you, brother. The rikkeni kekaubi is now mine. O, rare, I thank you kindly, brother ! "

Presently she came towards me, stared me full in the face, saying to herself, " Grey, tall, and talks Romany ! " In her countenance there was an expression I had not seen before, which struck me as being composed of fear, curiosity and deepest hate. It was only momentary, and was succeeded by one smiling, frank and open. " Good-bye, tall brother," said she, and departed, singing the same song.

Two more days passed without momentous incidents, but on the third evening the girl reappeared, bringing me two cakes, one of which she offered to eat herself, if I would eat the other. They were the gift to me of her grandmother, as a token of friendship. Incautiously I ate a portion to please the maiden. She eagerly watched as I did so. But I paid dearly indeed for my simplicity. I was in a short time seized with the most painful sensations, and was speedily prostrate in helpless agonies.

While I was in this alarming condition the grandmother appeared and began to taunt me with the utmost malignity. She was Mrs. Herne, ' the hairy one,' who had conceived inveterate spite against me at the time when Petulengro had proposed that I should marry his wife's sister. This poison had been administered to inflict on me the vengeance she had not ceased to meditate.

My life was in real peril, but I was fortunately delivered by a timely and providential interposition. Two wayfarers came along, one of whom happened to be a kind and skilful doctor. He saved my life by drastic remedies.

The next that I heard of Mrs. Herne was, as Petulengro told me when we again met, that she had hanged herself, the girl finding her suspended from a tree. That announcement was accompanied by an unexpected challenge from my friend Jasper to fight him. He declared that as she was his relative, and I had been the cause of her destruction, there was no escape from the necessity of fighting. My plea that there was no inclination on my part for such a combat was of no avail. Accordingly we fought for half an hour, when suddenly Petulengro exclaimed : " Brother, there is much blood on your face ; I think enough has been done for the old woman."

So the struggle ended, and my Romany friend once more pressed me to join his tribe in their camp and in their life. I declined the offer, for I had resolved to practise yet another calling, the trade of a blacksmith.

It has always struck me that there is something poetical about a forge. I believe that the life of any blacksmith, especially a rural one, would afford material for a highly poetical treatise. But a rude stop was put to my dream. One morning, a

brutal-looking ruffian, whom I had met before and recognized as a character known as the Flaming Tinman, appeared on the scene, accusing me with fearful oaths of trespassing on his ground. After volleys of abuse he attacked me, and a fearful fight ensued, in which he was not the victor, for in one of his terrific lunges he slipped and a blow which I was aiming happened to strike him behind the ear. He fell senseless. Two women were with him, one, a vulgar, coarse creature, his wife; the other a tall, fine young woman doing business of her own with a donkey and cart, selling merchandise.

While I was bringing water from a spring in order to seek to revive the Flaming Tinman, his wife and the young woman violently quarrelled, for the latter took my part vehemently. When at length my enemy recovered sufficiently to look about him, and then to stand up, I found that his wife had put an open knife in his hand. But his intention could not be carried out, for his right hand was injured in the fight, and was for the time useless.

The couple presently departed, cursing me and the young woman, who remained behind in the little camp and, as I was in an exhausted state, offered to make tea by the camp fire. While we were taking the repast, she told me the story of her life. Her name was Isopel Berners, and though she believed that she had come of a good stock, she was born in a workhouse. When old enough, she had entered the service of a kind widow, who travelled with small merchandise. After the death of her mistress, Isopel carried on the same avocation. Being friendless she had associated with the Flaming Tinman and his wife, yet acknowledged that she had found them to be bad people.

Time passed on. Isopel and I lived still in the dingle, occupying our separate tents. She went to and fro on her business, and I went on short excursions. Her company was very entertaining, for she had wandered in all parts of England and Wales. For recreation, I taught her a great deal of Armenian, much of which was like the gypsy tongue. She had a kind heart, and was an upright character. She often asked me questions about America, for she had an idea she would like to go there. But as I had never crossed the sea to that country, I could only tell her what I had heard about it.



THE WAYFARERS: A SCENE OF GYPSY LIFE
From the painting by Frederick Walker in the Tate Gallery

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEMPEST

THE comedy of The Tempest was written about 1611, the year in which Shakespeare bade farewell to London and retired to his native Stratford. It contains, probably, the last drops from its author's pen, and nowhere did he give rein to his imagination with more impressive effect. It may have been inspired by some lost romance, but owes something to contemporary narratives of the wreck of Sir George Somers off the newly-discovered Bermudas in 1609. In it have been found traces of Golding's Ovid, Montaigne's Essay on Cannibals, Eden's History of Travel, and Las Noches de Invierno (Winter Nights) of the Spanish author Antonio de Eslava. It was first published in the Folio of 1623 and its beautiful lyrics were set to music by Robert Johnson.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Alonso, king of Naples	**Caliban**, a savage and deformed slave
Sebastian, his brother	**Trinculo**, a jester
Prospero, rightful duke of Milan	**Stephano**, a drunken butler
Antonio, his brother, usurping duke of Milan	**Miranda**, daughter to Prospero
Ferdinand, son to the king of Naples	**Ariel**, an airy Spirit
Gonzalo, counsellor to Alonso	**Mariners** and **Spirits**

SCENE—*A ship near shore; afterwards an enchanted island*

First Act



RETURNING with **Sebastian, Ferdinand, Antonio, Gonzalo** and others from the marriage of his daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis, **Alonso** and his companions are wrecked on an enchanted island, where **Prospero** dwells with his daughter **Miranda**, who has witnessed the wreck with alarm.]

Miranda : If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
Oh ! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer : O, woe the day.
Prospero : I have done nothing but in care of thee
(Of thee, my dear one ; thee, my daughter), who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am ; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mir. : More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pro. : 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So :
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes ; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in my art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down ;
For thou must know farther.
Mir. : You have often
Begun to tell me what I am ; but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, 'Stay : not yet.'
Pro. : The hour's now come.

[**Prospero** unfolds his story. Twelve years since, as duke of Milan, he left affairs of State to his brother **Antonio**, whom he had loved next to **Miranda**, his only heir, then three years old. For himself he counted his library dukedom enough. But his false brother, conspiring with his inveterate enemy the king of Naples, had seized the dukedom and caused **Prospero** and **Miranda** to be cast adrift some leagues to sea. **Gonzalo**, appointed to carry out the design, being of kindly heart, had put food, raiment and **Prospero's** much-prized books in the boat, and the vessel had carried the two to the enchanted island. Here, said **Prospero**,

'Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.'

Miranda sleeps. **Prospero** summons **Ariel.**]

Ariel : All hail, great master ; grave sir, hail ! I come
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds : to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.
Pro. : Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee ?
Ari. : To every article.
I boarded the king's ship : now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement. All, but mariners,



ARIEL SINGS: 'WHERE THE BEE SUCKS, THERE SUCK I'

From the painting by H. J. Townsend

Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel.
Pro. : But are they, Ariel, safe ?
Ari. : Not a hair perished ;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before ; and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself.
Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship, in the deep nook where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vext Bermoothes, there she's hid ;
The mariners all under hatches stowed,
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffered labour,
I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the Fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked,
And his great person perished.
Pro. : Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed ; but there's more work.
Ari. : Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised.
Pro. : How now ? moody ?
What is't thou canst demand.
Ari. : My liberty.
Pro. : Before the time be out ? No more !
Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee ?
Hast thou forgot the foul witch Sycorax ?
Where was she born ? speak ; tell me.
Ari. : Sir, in Argier [Algiers].
Pro. : O, was she so ? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been.
This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors : thou, my slave
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant :
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
Into a cloven pine. Then was this island
(Save for the son which she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honoured with
A human shape.
Ari. : Yes, Caliban, her son.
Pro. : Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. It was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

[**Ariel,** thus rebuked, craves pardon. He is told to assume the shape of a sea-nymph and is given whispered instructions. **Prospero** awakens **Miranda** and calls **Caliban** from the cell. **Caliban** responds unwillingly.]

Caliban : As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er !

[For this outbreak **Caliban** is promised punishment. He retorts that he has been robbed of the island, recalls how at first **Prospero** had made much of him and taught him, in return for which he showed him all the qualities of the isle, whereas now he was styed in a hard rock.]

Pro. : Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness ; I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care ; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
Cal. : O ho ! O ho !—I would it had been done !

Thou didst prevent me : I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
Pro. : Abhorrèd slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill,—I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning.
Cal. : You taught me language : and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse.
Pro. : Hag-seed, hence !
Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice ?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly,
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps ;
Fill all thy bones with aches ; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. : No, pray thee !
(*Aside.*) I must obey ; his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him. [*Exit.*

[*Re-enter* **Ariel**, *invisible, playing and singing ;* **Ferdinand** *following him.*]

Ari. : Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Court'sied when you have, and kissed,—
The wild waves whist.
Ferdinand : Where should this music be ? i' tho air or the earth ?—
It sounds no more ;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air : thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather : but 'tis gone.—
No, it begins again.
Ariel *sings :*

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are corals made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes ;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange,
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
(*Burden.* Ding-dong.
Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell !)

Fer. : The ditty does remember my drowned father.—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.—I hear it now above me.—
Pro. (*to* **Miranda**) : The fringèd curtains of thine eyes advance,
And say what thou seest yond.
Mir. : What is't, a spirit ?
Pro. : No, wench, it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck ; and but that he's something stained
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

[**Prospero** sees with approval the attraction which **Miranda** and **Ferdinand** have at once for each other : 'It goes on, I see, as my soul prompts it' ; but 'lest too light winning make the prize light,' affects to treat the prince as a spy. **Ferdinand** draws his sword, but is charmed from moving further. **Miranda** pleads for him, only to be silenced by her father.]

Pro. (*to* **Ferd.**) : Come on ; obey :
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. : So they are :
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid.

[Bidding **Ferdinand** follow him, **Prospero** gives more whispered instructions to **Ariel**, who promises to obey to the syllable.]

Second Act

Another part of the island. Enter **Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo** *and others.*

Gonzalo : Beseech you, sir, be merry ; you have cause
(So have we all) for joy ; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss.
Alonso : Pr'ythee, peace.
Sebastian : He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Gon. : But the rarity of it is methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.
Alon. : You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there ! for, coming thence,
My son is lost.
Seb. : Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African.
Gon. : My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in ; you rub the sore
When you should bring the plaster.
Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Antonio : He'd sow't with nettle-seed.
Seb. : Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. : All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Seb. : Save his Majesty !

Ant. : Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. : And, do you mark me, sir?

Alon. : Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. : I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. : 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. : Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

[**Ariel** *enters* invisible; solemn music playing. All sleep save **Sebastian** and **Antonio,** who plot to kill **Alonso** and **Gonzalo,** so that **Sebastian** may be king should they return to Naples. **Ariel** awakens **Gonzalo** by singing in his ear:

'While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed Conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!'

So the peril passes and the king goes safely on to seek his son. In the next scene **Caliban,** carrying a bundle of wood and still cursing **Prospero,** sees **Trinculo** and thinks him a spirit of his master about to torment him.]

Caliban : I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trinculo : Here's neither bush nor shrub, and another storm brewing. What have we here? a man or a fish? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell. Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. (*Thunder.*) Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gabardine: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

[*Enter* **Stephano,** *drinking and carrying a bottle of the wine he has saved from the wreck.*]

Cal. : Do not torment me. Oh!

Stephano : This is some monster. If I can recover him and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine before, it will go near to remove his fit.

Cal. : These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. (*To* **Stephano,** *having drunk some of the wine.*) I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly. Hast thou not dropped from heaven? [was.

Ste. : I was the man i' the moon, when time

Cal. : I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee. My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. : Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Cal. : I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island,
And I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god!
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee.

Ste. : I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.

Cal. *sings drunkenly* : Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban
Has a new master—get a new man.

[*Exeunt.*

Third Act

FERDINAND, piling logs, finds pleasure in the mean toil set him by **Prospero** because of the presence of **Miranda.** She would help him, but he will not let her do so. They talk. He tells his love. It is responded to. They plight their troth. Meanwhile **Caliban** incites **Trinculo** and **Stephano** to murder **Prospero.** He tells them how the deed may be done.]

Caliban : 'Tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am.

Stephano : Monster, I will kill this man. His daughter and I will be king and queen (save our graces!), and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trinculo : Excellent.

Ariel : This will I tell my master.

[**Trinculo** and **Stephano** follow **Caliban.** The next scene shows **Alonso** and his companions aweary. Before them strange shapes bring in a banquet. Strange music is heard. Marvelling, they approach the table. **Ariel** enters like a harpy and the banquet vanishes; then the Sprite, addressing **Alonso, Sebastian** and **Antonio,** recalls their crime against **Prospero** and his innocent child. He vanishes in thunder. The better nature of **Alonso** is touched to remorse.]

Fourth Act

PROSPERO gives his blessing to the betrothal of **Ferdinand** and **Miranda,** and to celebrate this contract of true love delights them with a fairy show, which is suddenly broken off as he remembers the plot of **Caliban.**]

Ferdinand : This is strange; your father's in some passion.

Miranda : Never till this day
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

Prospero : You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and



CALIBAN ADDRESSING TRINCULO: 'I'LL SHOW THEE EVERY FERTILE INCH O' THE ISLAND'

Drawn by C. A. Buchel

Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

[He is vexed and asks them to bear with his weakness, to retire into his cell while he walks a turn or two to still his beating mind. **Caliban** and his companions approach. With **Ariel's** help the cupidity of **Trinculo** and **Stephano** is roused by a display of glistening apparel; and they forget their plot.]

Trinculo: Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers and away with the rest. [our time,

Caliban: I will have none on't: we shall lose
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

[**Stephano** and **Trinculo** pay no heed to the warning. A noise of hunters is heard. *Enter*

divers Spirits in the shape of hounds and hunt the three about, **Prospero** and **Ariel** setting them on.]

Fifth Act

Before the cell of **Prospero**. *Enter* **Prospero** *in his magic robes; and* **Ariel**.

PROSPERO: Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms check not, my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?
Ariel: Confined together
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you termed the good old lord Gonzalo.
Your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro.: Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari.: Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pro.: And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

[When **Ariel** has left on his errand **Prospero** recalls what he has done by his so potent art:]

'I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music (which even now I do),
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.'

[Solemn music. *Re-enter* **Ariel**; after him **Alonso**, attended by **Gonzalo, Sebastian** and **Antonio** and their attendants. They all enter the circle **Prospero** has made and there stand charmed; which **Prospero** observing, speaks:]

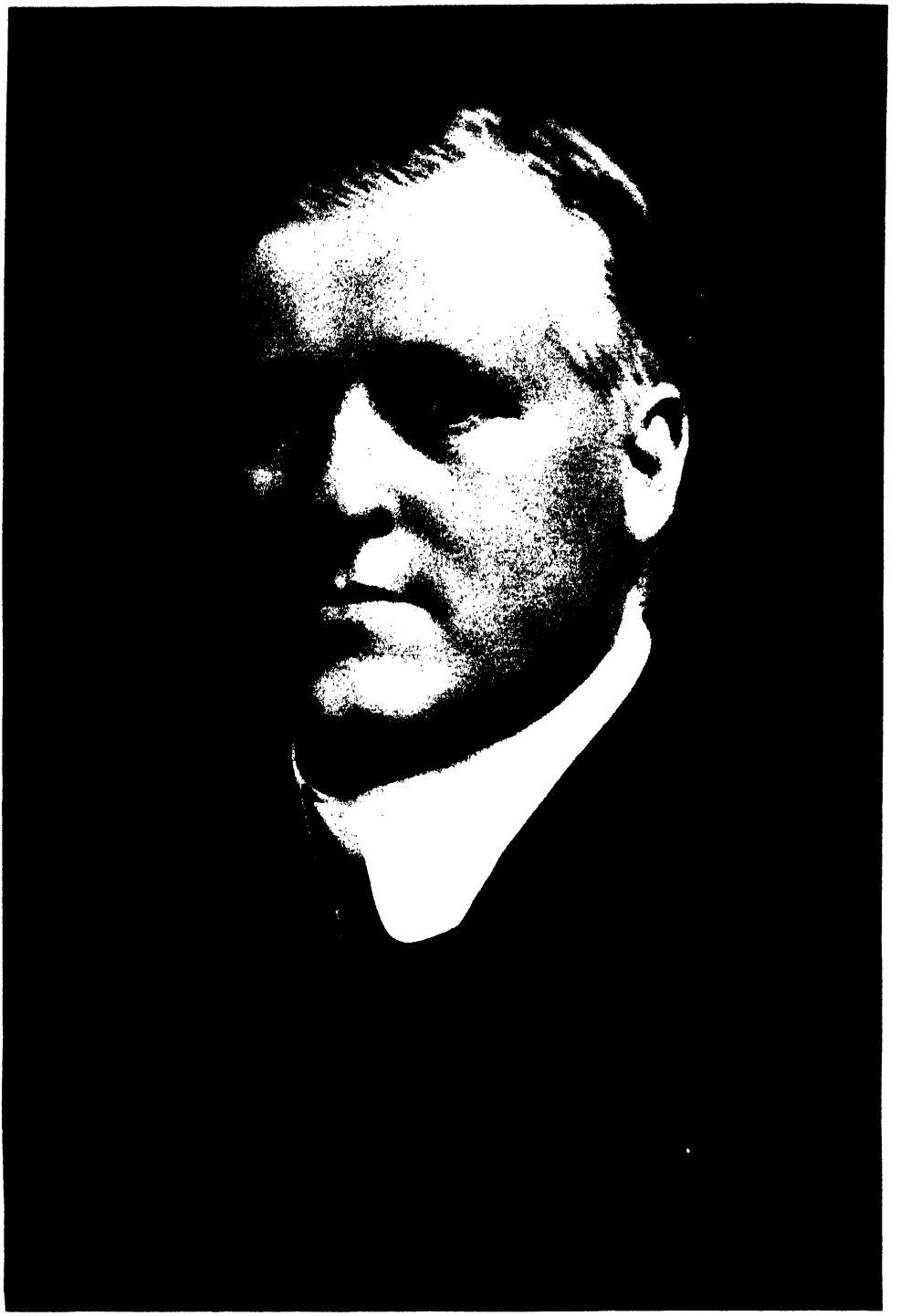
A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains.
The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou'rt pinched for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong),
Would here have killed your king! I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy.—Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
[*Exit* **Ariel**.
I will disease me and myself present
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel (*as he helps to attire his master*) sings:

Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

[It is now but three hours since the wreck. **Prospero** discloses his identity, declares his forgiveness, and extends a welcome to 'my friends all.' **Alonso** restores **Prospero's** dukedom and himself is made happy by the restoration of his son. All the party are assembled, including the sailors, who report the ship 'tight and yare.' **Caliban,** cured of his illusion about **Stephano,** determines to 'be wise hereafter.' Amid the general reconciliation **Prospero** makes his final speech.] [train

Pro.: Sir, I invite your highness and your
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear beloved solemnised;
And thence retire me to my Milan.
Alon.: I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pro.: I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. My Ariel—chick—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near. [*Exeunt*



Elliott & Fry

William Watson

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WILLIAM WATSON

COLLECTED POEMS

A Critical Appreciation by Cranstoun Metcalfe



IN view of the fact that Sir William Watson has been publishing books, however slender in bulk, since the year 1880, and that not one of these has failed to receive commendation from the most competent critics writing at the moment, it is surprising that the world should be as ignorant as it is of the personality of a man who must certainly be rated one of the chief poets of these later times. There are, indeed, those who would declare him to be the greatest English poet now alive, and it is beyond question that in the not large stream of his pellucid verse, still flowing quietly in the twentieth century, are mingled and carried on undefiled the purest currents of English poetry of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Of no other poet can so much be said. But the restraint with which he has given to the world only the best fruits of his genius is matched by the reticence he has always preserved about his manner of life, and while William Watson, the poet, is known and admired by all discriminating lovers of literature, William Watson the man is still an almost unknown figure.

He was born at Bursley-in-Wharfedale, August 2, 1858, of Yorkshire ancestry on both sides. His father was a yeoman farmer who later became a merchant in Liverpool. A staunch Wesleyan Methodist, he transmitted to his children a Puritan strain which became dominant in one of his sons, the evangelist Robinson Watson, and is strongly evidenced in the austere purity of William Watson's poetry even though it did not equally confirm and assure this son's early faith in God and His providence.

Biographical details of William Watson's life that are available are few, and in these pages, at any rate, there is no justification for setting down anything which a fine reticence has withheld from general knowledge. Known facts that may be recorded here are that a prolonged period of temporal adversity was brought to an end in 1892 when, in admiration of Lachrymae Musarum, the poem written to commemorate the death of Lord Tennyson, Mr. Gladstone procured him a grant of £200 from the Royal Bounty Fund and a civil list pension of £200 (subsequently increased) rendered vacant by the death of the poet laureate. In 1909 William Watson married Miss Adeline Maureen Pring, of Howth, co. Dublin, and in 1917 he received the honour of knighthood.

That life has not been easy for Sir William Watson, and that he has experienced much mental and spiritual unrest, is explicitly declared in many verses charged with melancholy beauty. His religious faith may have suffered eclipse, but what matters to us—and in the ultimate event still more to him—is that he has been true to himself. Deeming himself a true descendant of the great singers of old time ('as the veriest hind may be sprung of kings'), he has always endeavoured to sing as if those lofty ones stooped from their still spheres to hear his note and he has never blurred his song with aught in him that was unworthy.

> Ev'n as they, I, too, with constant heart,
> And with no light or careless ministry,
> Have served what seemed the Voice; and unprofane,
> Have dedicated to melodious ends
> All of myself that least ignoble was.

So he declares in his Apologia, and the quality of the resultant poetry is all that concerns the critic who does not seek also to be his biographer.

William Watson contributed verse to The Liverpool Argus when he was only

seventeen, but it was in 1880, in his twenty-second year, that he published his first book, The Prince's Quest and Other Poems, the title poem being a version of the age-old story of man's quest after happiness that eludes him to the end, with the moral, however, that the man who is faithful to his ideal will ultimately attain to where there is fullness of joy for evermore. Beauty in plenty there was in The Prince's Quest, but something else than praise was conveyed in Rossetti's remark about it, that in it Watson went right back to Keats—with little modification. Without going so far as to condemn the work as imitative, that criticism meant that the poet as yet had not found his own voice, but was echoing the words of the master whose worshipping student he was at that time. Epigrams of Art, Life and Nature appeared in 1884 and then, in 1890, Wordsworth's Grave was published and Watson's career as a poet began.

THE man was fortunate in the hour of his arrival. In the last ten years of the nineteenth century English literature enjoyed a very remarkable Indian summer, and although much of its undergrowth was tropically rank and many of its most spectacular blossoms had an exotic and ephemeral brilliance, it also brought about the flowering of so much native genius as to deserve to be remembered rather as a genuine literary revival than as a period of end-of-the-century decadence. Of that literary revival William Watson was in a sense the poetic herald, followed closely in point of time by Rudyard Kipling and Sir Henry Newbolt, and he reaped the advantage of the interest, almost amounting to excitement, with which—to vary the metaphor—each new meteor in the firmament was announced and followed by gaping star-gazers on the flags of Fleet Street.

And he was fortunate in his publisher. John Lane was a man in whom an instinct for good literature was combined with an instinct for good business and, seizing opportunity, he made the Bodley Head a sign as memorable as ever the Mermaid was. The young poets and essayists and artists who were so fortunate as to foregather there, secured a publicity not often attainable by newcomers into the fiercely competitive world of modern letters and among them William Watson, still unknown as yet, had the satisfaction of seeing each new work of his as it appeared reaching the eyes of judges competent to assess its quality and merit.

IN the chronological order of their publication these works were Lachrymae Musarum and Lyric Love (1892), The Eloping Angels and Excursions in Criticism —a volume of prose studies (1893), Odes and Other Poems (1894), The Father of the Forest (1895), The Purple East and The Year of Shame (1896), The Hope of the World (1897), and in 1898 the volume of Collected Poems prepared by the author himself—all these volumes being issued by John Lane. Volumes published by William Watson in the present century include his Ode on the Coronation of King Edward VII (1902), For England (1903), New Poems (1909), Sable and Purple (1910), The Heralds of the Dawn (1912), The Muse in Exile (1913), Pencraft : a Plea for the Older Ways, and Retrogression (1916), The Man Who Saw (1917), The Superhuman Antagonists (1919), Ireland Unfreed (1920) and Poems Brief and New (1925). The standard edition of his works is the Collected Poems in two volumes published by John Lane in 1906.

Catalogued thus, it looks at first glance as if Sir William Watson's output were considerable if regarded merely from the point of view of quantity. Nine volumes of poetry and one of prose in the space of the eight years from 1890 to 1897 might be deemed a pretty fair record for even an easily self-satisfied poetaster. But the number of entries in the great catalogue of the British Museum library is no measure of a man's worth, nor even of his worth in his own eyes, and William Watson's quality, as proved by his work published in that period, is to be assessed by the volume of Collected Poems in which he included only so much of his poetry as satisfied his own almost hypercritical judgement. From this he excluded the whole of The Prince's Quest, three-fifths of his second volume, Epigrams, and the whole of The Eloping Angels, while he

retained only a small selection from The Year of Shame.

Editorial discrimination so keen and severe as this illustrates the first point to be emphasised in any critical appreciation of Sir William Watson's genius: that as he began so he has continued and still is a painful student of the art of poetry. Not his the inexhaustible fecundity of some of his great predecessors, wherefrom to scatter largess right and left on his progress up Parnassus, heedless into whose, if any, hands it might fall:

The mighty poets from their flowing store
Dispense like casual alms the careless ore;
Through throngs of men their lonely way they go,
Let fall their costly thoughts, nor seem to know.
Not mine the rich and showering hand, that strews
The facile largess of a stintless Muse.
A fitful presence, seldom tarrying long,
Capriciously she touches me to song—
Then leaves me to lament her flight in vain,
And wonder will she ever come again.

And while waiting for her much longed-for return he scrutinises and criticises the utterance to which he had been moved and if he does not reject it altogether as an expression unworthy of the exaltation felt at one of those moments which are 'the peaks of life,' he polishes and refines it until each single phrase must be declared a perfect part of a perfectly finished whole.

ALWAYS a student of his art, even so late as 1925 studying brevity in those Poems Brief and New which, comprised within a slender volume of 82 pages all told, represent everything he has done in verse during these latest years. And always a student of the best masters only. Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson, Arnold—from the poetry of all these men he has extracted the quintessence, to distil the pure spirit in which to preserve his own poetical genius, and although the resultant medium is incontestably his original and individual product, its constituents are readily discoverable by analysis. There is no suggestion here that William Watson is not a poet born: all that is meant is that it was his reverent and discerning study of Milton and Wordsworth and Keats and Tennyson and Arnold that made him the manner of poet that he is.

It would almost seem, indeed, that it was in its aspect as literature that poetry first attracted his willing feet, and that it was not until later that he turned to it to give expression to the great emotions that came into his own life. It is at any rate significant that he found the themes of his finest songs in 'singers' selves,' for musical and compelling as much of his subsequent lyrical poetry is, and charged with deep emotion as are many of his sonnets and odes, he has never written anything to surpass Wordsworth's Grave and Lachrymae Musarum, published so long ago as 1890 and 1892. In both these poems his distinctive qualities are exemplified at their best: his critical mind, the exquisite felicity of its concentrated expression, and the grave dignity of one nurtured in and devoted to the classical tradition of English poetry.

Witness these five stanzas from Wordsworth's Grave:

Poet who sleepest by this wandering wave
When thou wast born, what birth-gift hadst thou then?
To thee what wealth was that the Immortals gave,
The wealth thou gavest in thy turn to men?

Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine;
Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view;
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

What hadst thou that could make so large amends
For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?—
Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.

From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,
From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-mirth,
Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,
There in white languors to decline and cease;
But peace whose names are also rapture, power,
Clear sight and love: for these are parts of peace.

And witness, too, these lines from Lachrymae Musarum, commemorating Tennyson newly dead:

What needs his laurel our ephemeral tears
To save from visitation of decay?

Not in this temporal light alone that bay
Blooms, nor to perishable mundane ears
Sings he with lips of transitory clay.
Rapt though he be from us,
Virgil salutes him, and Theocritus;
Catullus, mightiest-brained Lucretius, each
Greets him, their brother, on the Stygian beach;
Proudly a gaunt right hand doth Dante reach;
Milton and Wordsworth bid him welcome home;
Keats, on his lips the eternal rose of youth,
Doth in the name of Beauty that is Truth
A kinsman's love beseech;
Coleridge, his locks aspersed with fairy foam,
Calm Spenser, Chaucer suave,
His equal friendship crave:
And godlike spirits hail him guest, in speech
Of Athens, Florence, Weimar, Stratford, Rome.

'He hath returned to regions whence he came,' and henceforward must be sought in the wind and sea, in the august serenity of every star, in the rapture of the flaming rose, in the rhythm and music of the Whole.

Now, from our vain plaudits greatly fled,
He with diviner silence dwells instead,
And on no earthly sea with transient roar,
Unto no earthly airs, he trims his sail,
But far beyond our vision and our hail
Is heard for ever and is seen no more.

'Heard for ever.' No less than that is the proud claim this poet makes for the enduring quality of great poetry. The seasons change, winds shift, grass dies, birds depart, groves decay, empires dissolve and peoples disappear, but song passes not away.

Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;
The swords of Caesars, they are less than rust;
The poet doth remain.
Dead is Augustus, Maro is alive;
And thou, the Mantuan of our age and clime,
Like Virgil shalt thy race and tongue survive,
Bequeathing no less honeyed words to time,
Embalmed in amber of eternal rhyme,
And rich with sweets from every Muse's hive.

WHILE, however, austere self-criticism has limited the printed quantity of Sir William Watson's poetry, and while much of this is characterised by grave beauty, serene simplicity and the perfect ease that only comes from long and careful training, it must not be supposed that he is deficient in that lyrical passion which, carried to extremes sometimes by Algernon Charles Swinburne, can produce in a reader a sense of exaltation beyond the power of prose to create. Poems not a few might be indicated in which fine thought and splendid imagery pour in a musical torrent from his inspired lips. Perhaps it is in the magnificent Hymn to the Sea that he reaches his highest pinnacle, and, indeed, it would be difficult to find a single poem in the language to surpass it in richness of imagery, verbal luxuriance and wealth of sonorous epithet. Here are only a few of its many matchless lines:

Lover whose vehement kisses on lips irresponsive are squandered,
Lover that wooest in vain Earth's imperturbable heart;
Athlete mightily frustrate, who pittest thy thews against legions,
Locked with fantastical hosts, bodiless arms of the sky;
Sea that breakest for ever, that breakest and never art broken,
Like unto thine, from of old, springeth the spirit of man—

. . . . . .

Miser whose coffered recesses the spoils of eternity cumber,
Spendthrift foaming thy soul wildly in fury away,—
We, self-amorous mortals, our own multitudinous image thee:
Seeking in all we behold, seek it and find it in
Seek it and find it when o'er us the exquisite fabric of Silence falls;
Perilous-turreted hangs, trembles and dulcetly
When the aerial armies engage amid orgies of music,
Braying of arrogant brass, whimper of querulous reeds;
When, at his banquet, the Summer is purple and drowsed with repletion; repairs;
When, to his anchorite board, taciturn Winter
When by the tempest are scattered magnificent ashes of Autumn;
When, upon orchard and lane, breaks the white foam of the Spring;
When, in extravagant revel, the Dawn, a bacchante upleaping,
Spills, on the tresses of Night, vintages golden and red . . . .

One catches the same fine rapture in the lovely Ode in May, perhaps the most widely known of all William Watson's poems since it is now necessarily included in all the best anthologies:

What is so sweet and dear
As a prosperous morn in May,
The confident prime of the day,
And the dauntless youth of the year,
When nothing that asks for bliss,
Asking aright, is denied,
And half of the world a bridegroom is,
And half of the world a bride?

For of old the Sun, our sire,
Came wooing the mother of men,

Earth, that was virginal then,
Vestal fire to his fire.
Silent her bosom and coy,
But the strong god sued and pressed;
And born of their starry nuptial joy
Are all that drink of her breast.

And the triumph of him that begot,
And the travail of her that bore,
Behold, they are evermore
As warp and weft in our lot.
We are children of splendour and flame,
Of shuddering, also, and tears.
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the Spheres.

In these, and in other of his odes, lyrical passion runs riot, but Watson is a master, too, of the lyric that trembles with a tenderer emotion, and can find the perfect words for aspirations that have risen from the soul of every lover since the world began.

Tell me not now, if love for love
Thou canst return,—
Now while around us and above
Day's flambeaux burn.
Not in clear noon, with speech as clear,
Thy heart avow,
For every gossip wind to hear;
Tell me not now!

But when deep trances of delight
All Nature seal,
When round the world the arms of Night
Caressing steal,
When rose to dreaming rose says, "*Dear, Dearest,*"—and when
Heaven sighs her secret in earth's ear,
Ah, tell me then!

It was by what may perhaps be classified as his political poems, written in his constant loyal service to what seemed to him the Voice, that Sir William Watson brought down upon himself the fiercest objurgations that have rained upon any poet of modern times. Without disrespect it can be declared now that much of the contemporary criticism of For England, The Year of Shame, and the rest, was very foolish, and has long since been discredited. It is true that a great deal of exceedingly bad verse has been written by poets who have leaped hot-blooded into the political arena, but it is not an axiom of literature that politics is not a subject for poetry, and the quantity of bad verse written by Sir William Watson is so small as to be virtually non-existent. The mistake those reviewers made was that they allowed themselves to be deflected from their proper job of criticising the poetry by their violent objection to the political opinions it expressed, and forgetting or ignoring the fact that Watson had as much right to his opinions as they had to their own, they sought to disparage his work by calling the workman names. It is ancient history now, and is only referred to here because those poems demonstrate another of the dominant notes of Sir William Watson's genius—its essentially English character. In these poems especially is shown the influence of that Puritan strain which he inherited from generations of Englishmen who fought indomitably for faith and commonweal; in these poems, as Mr. Chesterton for one has insisted, is to be heard the old and authentic voice of the England of Milton and Wordsworth; in these 'it may be we are listening to the last of the ancient poets of England.'

LIKE that of Wordsworth—before whom 'above all vocal sons of men' he lays his homage, thanks and love—like that of Keats, and still more, perhaps, like that of Matthew Arnold, the poetry of William Watson requires of its reader a not small measure of cultured sensibility. These men are poets' poets first of all and are little likely to enjoy wide popularity at any given moment of time. And therein is implicit acknowledgment by us of their true greatness and for themselves some comfort for whatever human disappointment they may feel at their failure to secure wide contemporary fame. For what 'vocal son of men,' conscious of the responsibility laid upon him by his gift of articulate speech, would not choose rather to be one of those whose words are read by somebody for ever than one whose words are read by everybody for a little while, and then not read at all? Few things fluctuate so much as literary reputations. At the moment it would seem that Sir William Watson's is not rated as high as it deserves. Even if that be so it causes him small concern. Thus much, he says:

Thus much I know: what dues soe'er be mine,
Of fame or of oblivion, Time the just,
Punctiliously assessing, shall award.
This have I doubted never; this is sure.



Mirabeau. GABRIEL HONORE RIQUETI, COMTE DE MIRABEAU, was born on March 9, 1749. As a child he was precociously clever, but his youth and early manhood were wasted in dissipation and a series of prisons. In 1785 he began his political career by publishing five clever pamphlets on French financial matters. These were followed by others on the same subject, and won Mirabeau official and widespread notice. When the States-General assembled in 1789, he soon became leader of the Third Estate, although he was by birth a noble, and consolidated his position by his brilliant oratory. Mirabeau seems to have been the only man possessed of statesmanlike ability during this critical first period of the Revolution, and had he been trusted by the court might well have saved the monarchy. Since, however, he was coldly treated by the king and queen, he inclined more and more towards the party of the left, and liberal reforms. His political genius was recognized when he was elected president of the National Assembly in February 1791, but, unfortunately for his country, he died on April 2 of that year. This portrait is after the painting by A. Gilbert at Versailles.

COMTE DE MIRABEAU

MEMOIRS

A GREAT pamphleteer rather than a great writer, Mirabeau's primary aim was always to attract public attention to himself, or to some abuse, or to both. He was a shameless plagiarist, and when he tried to write seriously became very florid. Nevertheless few men have been able to present a platitude in so telling a fashion. His most important pamphlets were concerned with the finances and finance-ministers of France in the bankrupt years immediately preceding the Revolution. The Prussian Monarchy under Frederick the Great (1788) was very popular, but is, on the whole, a dull and pretentious work—a parade rather than a proof of learning and a subtle judgement. The Letters from Vincennes throw unintentional light on Mirabeau's character. Written from prison in the form of ardent love letters, they were really composed to influence the authorities, through the censor, in their author's favour. Those parts of Mirabeau's Memoirs by Himself, his Father, his Uncle and his Adopted Son, published in 1834, that are by Mirabeau himself consist mainly in extracts from letters and speeches.

I—'The Hurricane'



THE Marquis of Mirabeau, father of Honoré Gabriel, the subject of these memoirs, was endowed with a mind of great power, rendered fruitful by the best education. He had, however, become independent at too early an age and this had brought into play his natural inordinate vanity.

Honoré Gabriel, since so famous under the name of the Count of Mirabeau, was the fifth child of the marquis. Destined to be the most turbulent and active of youths, as well as the most eloquent of men and the greatest orator of his day, Gabriel was born with one foot twisted and his tongue tied, in addition to which his size and strength were extraordinary, and already two molars were formed in his jaw. At the age of three the boy nearly lost his life from smallpox, and was thus greatly disfigured for life ; while the other children were, like the parents, gifted with wonderful beauty.

Young Gabriel was a most precocious child, and he received an excellent education. At the age of seven he was confirmed by a cardinal, but his childhood was difficult of control and chastisement from his father and tutor was continual. His inquisitiveness was irrepressible. He relates that at the family supper after his confirmation, " they explained to me that God could not make contradictions—for instance, a stick with only one end. I asked whether a stick which had but one end was not a miracle. My grandmother never forgave me."

Placed under the kindly teaching of the Abbé Choquart in a military school of high repute in Paris, Gabriel made marvellously rapid progress, assiduously exercising his memory, which afterwards became a prodigious repository of the most diversified knowledge.

On July 10, 1767, Gabriel entered the army, joining the Marquis of Lambert's regiment. The young volunteer, who was now eighteen, behaved well and speedily gave evidence of the military talents he afterwards displayed. But a quarrel arose over a love affair, which led to harsh punishment by his colonel. The incident was bitterly resented by his father, who condemned him without hearing his side of the matter and actually procured his imprisonment in the fortress of the Isle of Ré.

When the young soldier came out of prison he unwittingly offended an officer at Rochelle, who had been dismissed the service. The result was a duel, in which the aggressor was wounded. Gabriel was appointed to service in Corsica, with the rank of second-lieutenant, and here he distinguished himself by his zeal, his military talents and constant application.

Young Mirabeau was, in September 1770, transferred to the Limousin, in west

central France. Such was his energy that he was called 'the hurricane.' Now began a series of troubles caused by bitter quarrels between his parents, who were openly at variance. Each sought to gain an adherent in their son, who was condemned to witness the wickedness and folly of both in their ungovernable passion. The effect on the character of the young count was deplorable.

Then ensued a singular episode. The marquis had determined that Gabriel should marry before the age of twenty-three, and had fixed on Mary Emily de Covet, only daughter of the Marquis de Marignane, eighteen years of age, for his son's bride. She was plain, yet attractive, with a sweet smile, fine eyes and beautiful hair, and was gay, lively, sensible, mild and very amiable. Having been neglected by her father and ill-treated by her mother, she showed no disinclination to marriage, and in 1772 young Mirabeau obtained the hand of the wealthy heiress.

No sooner was the young count married than every attempt was made to ruin him. He received no property with his bride, and his avaricious father refused to advance him any money for necessary expenses. His father-in-law offered to lend him 60,000 livres, but his father's consent was indispensable and this was sternly refused. Mirabeau, harassed by creditors, was dragged into lawsuits, and his embarrassments only set his father entirely against him. The marquis then procured a *lettre de cachet*, obliging his son to leave the home he had set up and to confine himself to the little town of Manosque.

Here domestic sorrow and the most painful circumstances assailed the young exile. But these did not prevent him from pursuing serious studies and composing his first work, the Essay on Despotism. Misfortunes accumulated. Chastising with a horsewhip a baron who grossly insulted him, the count was again imprisoned, this time in the Château d'If, a gloomy citadel on a barren rock near Marseilles.

On May 25, 1770, Mirabeau was transferred to the Castle of Joux, near Pontarlier, where, on June 11, 1775, festivities were held, as at other places, to honour the coronation of Louis XVI. Here Mirabeau enjoyed a sort of half freedom, being allowed to visit in Pontarlier, and the event ensued which, it must sorrowfully be owned, tarnished his name. In a word, we see Mirabeau 'ruin himself' by a fatal intimacy with the young wife of the aged Marquis of Monnier. The two fled to Dijon, where Mirabeau surrendered himself at the castle.

He was released after a short time and went on to Geneva, nearly perishing in a storm on the lake. Returning to Pontarlier, he was joined by Sophie Monnier, and the two left for Holland and arrived at Amsterdam on October 7, 1776. Mirabeau was naturally obliged to draw his principal means of subsistence from his literary labours, and this, perhaps, had been his motive for choosing Holland as his residence, for at that period the Dutch booksellers entered largely into literary speculations.

Mirabeau and Sophie Monnier were arrested at Amsterdam on May 14, 1777. Both were brought to France. She was placed in a convent at Ménilmontant, and Mirabeau was deposited on June 7 in the donjon of Vincennes, and was subjected to every sort of privation, remaining in confinement for forty-two months. His release marked the end of his private life; his public life was about to begin.

II—Into Political Life

The Essay on Despotism had been the first sign of Mirabeau's political vocation, and the most singular instance, perhaps, of a war audaciously declared against despotism by a young man bearing its yoke. The keynote is that though the *natural* man may not be inclined to despotism, the *social* man assuredly is disposed to be a despot. This spirit, maintains Mirabeau, exists even in republics.

In 1784 Mirabeau visited England. One of his motives was to collect materials for a treatise dealing with Washington and American independence. He was greatly delighted with English scenery. 'It is here,' he says, 'that nature is improved, not forced. All tells me that here

the people are something ; that every man enjoys the development and free exercise of his faculties, and that I am in another order of things.'

But he proceeds : ' I am not an enthusiast in favour of England, and I now know sufficient of that country to tell you that if its constitution is the best known, the application of this constitution is the worst possible ; and that if the Englishman is as a social man the most free in the world, the English people are the least free of any.'

He resided in England from August to February 1785. During that brief period he began to write his History of Geneva, and he showed his versatility by composing for a young refugee clergyman a sermon on the immortality of the soul. By the gift of this sermon he drew the exiled preacher from poverty, for it was the means of obtaining for him a lucrative appointment.

Mirabeau sent forth from Paris several most able pamphlets on banking and on share companies. These were written with energy and often with violence. As they attacked many private interests they aroused against their author much hatred, insult and calumny. He was accused of venality, though he was attacking and driving to despair powerful stock-jobbers, who would have paid him magnificently for silence, could he have been bought.

In July 1785 Mirabeau went to Berlin. It is a singular fact that in his various journeys some accident always befel him. On the way to Berlin an attempt was made to assassinate him by some unknown enemies, but he safely reached the German capital. King Frederick the Great, now very aged, no longer received foreigners, yet he replied to a letter from Mirabeau and fixed a day for seeing him at Potsdam.

Mirabeau informed the king that he had come to seek permission to study the great military manoeuvres, and that he hoped to proceed to Russia. During this period he worked like a labourer all day at his writings. Part of his time he spent at supper parties of the most tiresome etiquette. The same laborious habits attended him everywhere, in prison and in freedom, in his own country and in other lands. It was in Germany that he conceived the idea of his treatise on The Reform of the Jews, which is acknowledged to be one of his best works.

Frederick the Great died on August 17, 1786. Feeling that he could do nothing useful, Mirabeau resolved at the close of 1786 to quit Berlin. He was urged also by a special motive in which he took pride, and which he thus described in a letter : ' My heart has not grown old, and if my enthusiasm is damped, it is not extinguished. I have fully experienced this to-day. I consider one of the best days of my life that on which I received an account of the convocation of the notables, which no doubt will not long precede that of the National Assembly. In this I see a new order of things which may regenerate the monarchy. I should deem myself a thousand times honoured in being even the junior secretary of this assembly, of which I had the happiness of giving the first idea.'

Mirabeau was prodigiously occupied at Berlin. He often did not retire to rest till one in the morning, but regularly rose at five, even in the midst of severe winter. Without anything on but a simple quilted dressing-gown, without stockings or waistcoat, he worked away without even calling up his servant to light a fire. Besides his correspondence in cipher, which occupied him much, he worked assiduously at his Prussian Monarchy, which was published in 1788.

On departing from Berlin the count wrote a most eloquent letter of counsel to King Frederick William, appealing to him to cultivate peace, reminding him that his illustrious predecessor had conquered the admiration of mankind but never won their love, commending him not to extend the direct action of the royal power to matters which did not require it, advising him not to govern too much and exhorting him to abolish military slavery ; that is to say, the obligation then imposed on every Prussian to serve as a soldier from the age of eighteen to sixty or more, which forced men to go to the battlefield like cattle to the slaughterhouse.

In the same remarkable document Mirabeau raises his voice against the harsh

laws which arbitrarily deprived Prussians of freedom to leave the country. The tyrannical prohibition of emigration excited his vehement protest, and he proceeded also to denounce to the new king the right of seizing the property of deceased foreigners, and demanded for burghers the freedom of purchasing the estates of nobles. He urged Frederick William to abolish the prerogatives claimed by nobles and the helotism of all who were not noble, and suggested that judges should be appointed for life and justice rendered free of expense.

III—For King and People

It was chiefly the meeting of the notables which had hastened Mirabeau's return to Paris. He felt that his proper place was in the centre of the great events announced and begun by this convocation. After the undignified and inglorious prodigality of the previous reign, which had laid the foundation of serious financial vicissitudes, the young King Louis XVI had brought with him to the throne the private virtues of a good and honest man, but not the qualities of a sovereign.

Though economic to excess himself, he nevertheless suffered to exist and even to increase around him those dilapidations which at last ruined the resources of the state. He had no confidence in himself, and Mirabeau respectfully reproached him with his fatal timidity. Nothing was done either to increase revenue or diminish expenditure.

The possessors of privilege and representatives of personal interest, the courtiers, the great lords and the parliaments strenuously resisted all reforms and then drove from office the best intentioned, the most virtuous and the ablest ministers whom the young king, in the sincerity of his patriotism, had chosen on his accession, in deference to public feeling. Among these ministers were Malesherbes, Turgot, Necker and Calonne.

Mirabeau returned to Paris on January 27, 1787. He at once published that famous Address to the Notables, in which he denounced the whole corrupt system of finance and in which he demanded local provincial administrations. This and his Denunciation of Stock-jobbing made a great impression on the public mind.

Nevertheless, the Denunciation displeased the government, and the author was much persecuted. He learnt that he was to be arrested and sent, not to the Bastille, but to a remote provincial fortress, where he would have been lost to public notice. So he escaped from Paris to Liége, whence he again attacked the administration of Calonne and the policy of Necker, declaring that loans should have been effected on methods less onerous for the state.

His exile from Paris was of brief duration, for friends intervened. But Mirabeau returned only to renew and intensify his attacks. He remained, however, only for a short time, for on May 24, 1787, he set out on a third journey to Prussia, in order to complete his great work on Prussian Monarchy. Returning to France, he reached Paris in September. Five months had elapsed since the assembling of the notables. The eloquent Léominie de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse, had been the most brilliant figure in the conclave. The first assembly broke up on July 27, 1787. Though gathered by the privileged orders, patriotism had raised its voice within it, and the archbishop, as prime minister, had failed to direct the new current aright.

Mirabeau disapproved of what had taken place in his absence, and declined to be employed by the administration, but he offered to undertake any foreign mission in the service of the king to which he might be appointed. The application was unsuccessful. The crisis approached nearer and nearer. Archbishop Brienne passed rapidly from violence to weakness. Mirabeau refused to countenance his plans for contracting a new loan of 420 millions. The king was resisted by the Duke of Orleans, and the loan was refused.

Mirabeau exhorted the government to announce in precise and solemn terms the convocation of the States-General in 1789, that bankruptcy might be averted and the national honour saved. Said he: 'The year in which the king assembles the nation will be the finest in his life. Everybody knows that he has been deceived, and

could not help being so, and everybody will do justice to his intentions. The assembled nation has a right to vote a tax. In future the nation alone will raise up its political fortunes.'

Mirabeau saw that the nation ought to be trusted. He strenuously contended for a policy in accordance with this conviction. But he indefatigably continued his literary labours, sending forth pamphlet after pamphlet, one against the prison system in vogue, another demanding liberty of the Press, in which he extolled the example of England. He became increasingly impatient with the ineptitude of the government, for the affairs of the state were lapsing into desperate disorder and the public discontent was being steadily aggravated.

The aim of Mirabeau was at one and the same time to support the monarchy and to subvert the influences by which the throne was environed. He was solicitous of securing popular freedom, but regarded the monarchy as the only form of rule suitable for France in that age. Thus he was led to adopt that peculiar statesmanship which identified the royal interest with the popular cause. Though ready to give his life for the people, he did not hesitate to risk his popularity by his fidelity to the throne.

IV—President of the National Assembly

THE immediate causes of the Revolution were now in full operation. Mirabeau, attempting to practise his own doctrine of the freedom of the Press, turned journalist and brought out a gazette. The famous National Assembly opened on May 5, 1789, and Mirabeau wrote an account of the proceedings in his paper, but the journal was suppressed two days afterwards. He then entered on a career of immense political energy, beginning by issuing a stirring and eloquent Address to the French People.

Soon there were disturbances everywhere. The Bastille was stormed by the furious Parisians and demolished. Just at this time Mirabeau lost his father, and the event overwhelmed him with grief. He refused to stand for election as mayor of Paris. But he brought about a constitutional organization of the municipality, and delivered a splendid series of orations on various abuses, such as plural voting, iniquitous monopolies, etc.

Yet he proved his studious moderation by declaiming against the famous Declaration of the Rights of Man, pronouncing it inopportune and perilous. His heroic harangues provoked disorder in his audience dangerous to himself. But his courage was dauntless, for even when the king and his chief minister abandoned the royal prerogative, Mirabeau defended it.

Throughout the terrible events of 1789 Mirabeau was consistent as a loyalist and as a patriot. But disappointment awaited his generous illusions, for the vacillation of the king rendered the outlook hopeless. At the end of January 1791 he was appointed president of the National Assembly which, during twenty-one months, had already had forty-two presidents.

He exercised his functions with consummate skill, but the end of his wonderful life was at hand. He had been in weak health from the very first sittings of the Assembly, his condition causing constant anxiety to his intimate friends and his admirers. He was depressed by sad presentiments, and was in constant apprehension of assassination. After a brilliant oration, the great tribune went home exhausted, and, indeed, dying.

One of his last experiences was a pathetic interview with Talleyrand, with whom he had often crossed swords in debate. His weakness dated from February 1788, when he was attacked with violent internal pains, and was bled to such an extent by a surgeon that he never recovered his wonderful natural vitality. After much suffering, endured with the most heroic fortitude, he passed away as if in sleep, with a sweet smile on his features.

France mourned the loss of the greatest orator that had ever graced her tribune. His funeral was celebrated at St. Geneviève with splendid ceremony. The verdict of those best qualified to judge was that Mirabeau was the most remarkable man of the eighteenth century and that his premature death, soon after the outbreak of the Revolution, led to the overthrow of a monarchy which he alone could have saved.

A Masterly Novel of Irish Character

MARIA EDGEWORTH

CASTLE RACKRENT

PUBLISHED anonymously in 1800, Castle Rackrent was the first of a series of novels and tales which, written with insight, sympathy, wit and sincerity, pictured Irish peasant life in the language of truth, and stimulated Sir Walter Scott to write the Waverleys. Like all Miss Edgeworth's writings it was written with a purpose. Here she deals with the evils of absentee Irish landlordism. That the popularity of Castle Rackrent has been preserved for more than a century and a quarter proves its merit; and its influence as a pioneer of the novel of character, at a time when sensational incident and mock-mystery were the vogue, make it a landmark in the history of English fiction. Castle Rackrent is not only the first, it is also in many respects the best of Miss Edgeworth's novels. Together with three of its successors, Belinda, The Absentee, and Ormond, it will always have a place, beside the work of Fanny Burney and Jane Austen, in the affections of the appreciative reader. The faithful old steward, Honest Thady, is a masterly study in characterisation. The novel is obtainable in Everyman's Library.

I—Sir Patrick and Sir Murtagh



HAVING, out of friendship for the family, undertaken to publish the memoirs of the Rackrent family, I think it my duty to say a few words concerning myself first. My real name is Thady Quirk, though in the family I've always been known as 'Honest Thady'; afterward, I remember to hear them calling me 'Old Thady,' and now I've come to 'Poor Thady.' To look at me you'd hardly think Poor Thady was the father of Attorney Quirk; he is a high gentleman, and having better than fifteen hundred a year, landed estate, looks down upon honest Thady. But I wash my hands of his doings, and as I lived so will I die, true and loyal to the family.

I ought to bless that day when Sir Tallyhoo Rackrent lost a fine hunter and his life, all in one day's hunt, for the estate came straight into *the* family, upon one condition, that Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin (whose driver my grandfather was) should, by Act of Parliament, take the surname and arms of Rackrent.

Now it was the world could see what was in Sir Patrick. He gave the finest entertainments ever was heard of in the country; not a man could stand after supper but Sir Patrick himself. He had his house, from one year's end to another, as full of company as it would hold; and this went on, I can't tell you how long.

But one year, on his birthday, just as the company rose to drink his health, he fell down in a sort of fit and in the morning it was all over with poor Sir Patrick.

Never did any gentleman die more beloved by rich and poor. All the gentlemen in the three counties came to his funeral; and happy the man who could get but a sight of the hearse!

Just as they were passing through his own town the body was seized for debt! Little gain had the creditors!

First and foremost, they had the curses of the country, and Sir Murtagh, the new heir, refused to pay a shilling on account of the insult to his father's body; in which he was countenanced by all the gentlemen of property of his acquaintance. He did not take at all after the old gentleman. The cellars were never filled, and no open house; even the tenants were sent away without their whisky. I was ashamed myself, but put it all down to my lady; she was of the family of the Skinflints.

I must say, she made the best of wives, being a notable, stirring woman, and looking close to everything. 'Tis surprising how cheap my lady got things done! What with fear of driving for rent, and Sir Murtagh's law-suits, the tenants were kept in such good order they never came near Castle Rackrent without a present of something or other—nothing too much or too little for my lady. And Sir Murtagh taught 'em all, as he said, the law of land-

lord and tenant. No man ever loved the law as he did.

Out of the forty-nine suits he had, he never lost one, but seventeen.

Though he and my lady were much of a mind in most things, there was a deal of sparring and jarring between them. In a dispute about an abatement one day, my lady would have the last word, and Sir Murtagh grew mad. I was within hearing—he spoke so loud all the kitchen was out on the stairs. All on a sudden he stopped, and my lady too. Sir Murtagh in his passion had broken a blood vessel. My lady sent for five physicians; but Sir Murtagh died. She had a fine jointure settled upon her, and took herself away, to the great joy of the tenantry.

II—Sir Kit and His Wife

THEN the house was all hurry-scurry, preparing for my new master, Sir Murtagh's younger brother, a dashing young officer. He came before I knew where I was, with another spark with him, and horses and dogs, and servants, and harum-scarum called for everything, as if he were in a public-house. I walk slow, and hate a bustle, and if it had not been for my pipe and tobacco should, I believe, have broke my heart for poor Sir Murtagh.

But one morning my new master caught sight of me. "And is that Old Thady?" says he. I loved him from that day to this, his voice was so like the family, and I never saw a finer figure of a man.

A fine life we should have led had he stayed among us. God bless him! But, the sporting season over, he grew tired of the place and was off in a whirlwind to town. A circular letter came next post from the new agent to say he must remit £500 to the master at Bath within a fortnight—bad news for the poor tenants. Sir Kit Rackrent, my new master, left it all to the agent, and now not a week without a call for money. Rents must be paid to the day, and afore—old tenants turned out, anything for the ready penny.

The agent was always very civil to me, and took a deal of notice of my son Jason, who, though he be my son, was a good scholar from his birth and a very cute lad. Seeing he was a good clerk, the agent gave him the rent accounts to copy, which he did for nothing at first, being always proud to serve the family.

By-and-by, a good farm fell vacant and my son put in a proposal for it. Why not? The master, knowing no more of the land than a child unborn, wrote over, leaving it to the agent, and he must send over £200 by return of post. So my son's proposal was just the thing, and he a good tenant, and he got a promise of abatement after the first year for advancing the half-year's rent to make up the £200, and my master was satisfied. The agent told us then, as a great secret, that Sir Kit was a little too fond of play.

At last, at Christmas, the agent wrote he could raise no more money, anyhow, and desired to resign the agency. My son, Jason, who had corresponded privately with Sir Kit, was requested to take over the accounts forthwith. His honour also condescended to tell us he was going to be married in a fortnight to the grandest heiress in England, and had immediate occasion for £200 for travelling expenses home to Castle Rackrent, where he intended to be early next month. We soon saw his marriage in the paper, and news came of him and his bride being in Dublin on their way home. We had bonfires all over the country, expecting them all day, and were just thinking of giving them up for the night, when the carriage came thundering up. I got the first sight of the bride, and greatly shocked I was, for she was little better than a blackamoor. "You're kindly welcome, my lady," I says; but neither spoke a word, nor did he so much as hand her up the steps.

I concluded she could not speak English and was from foreign parts, so I left her to herself, and went down to the servants' hall to learn something about her. Sir Kit's own man told us, at last, that she might well be a great fortune, for she was a Jewess, by all accounts. I had never seen any of that tribe before, and could only gather that she could not abide pork nor sausages, and went neither to church nor mass. "Mercy upon his honour's poor soul," thought I. But when, after this, strange gentlemen's servants came and began to talk about the bride, I

took care to put the best foot foremost, and passed her for a nabob.

I saw plain enough, next morning, how things were between Sir Kit and his lady, though they went arm-in-arm to look at the building.

"Old Thady, how do you do?" says my master, just as he used to do, but I could see he was not well pleased, and my heart was in my mouth as I walked after them.

There were no balls, no dinners, no doings. Sir Kit's gentleman told me it was all my lady's fault, because she was so obstinate about the cross.

"What cross?" says I. "Is it about her being a heretic?"

"Oh, no such matter," says he. "My master does not mind about her heresies, but her diamond cross. She's thousands of English pounds concealed in her diamonds, which she as good as promised to give to my master before they married; but now she won't part with any of them, and must take the consequences."

ONE morning, his honour says to me, "Thady, buy me a pig," and that was the first breaking out of my lady's troubles when the sausages were ordered. My lady went down to the kitchen herself, and desired never more to see them on her table. The cook took her part, but the master made it a principle to have the sausages; so, for fear of her place, she gave in, and from that day forward, always sausages or pig-meat in one form or other went up to table; upon which my lady shut herself up in her own room and my master turned the key in the door, and kept it ever after in his pocket. We none of us saw her, or heard her speak for seven years after.

Then his honour had a deal of company, and was as gay and gallant as before he was married. The country, to be sure, talked and wondered, but nobody cared to ask impertinent questions, my master being a famous shot. His character was so well known that he lived in peace and quiet ever after, and was a great favourite with the ladies; so that, when he gave out that my lady was now skin and bone, and could not live through the winter, there were no less than three ladies at daggers drawn, as his gentleman swore, at the balls, for Sir Kit for their partner. I could not but think them bewitched, but it was not known how my lady's fortune was settled, nor how the estate was all mortgaged, and bonds out against him, for he was never cured of his gaming tricks; but that was the only fault he had, God bless him!

Then it was given out, by mistake, that my lady was dead, and the three ladies showed their brothers Sir Kit's letters, and claimed his promises. His honour said he was willing to meet any man who questioned his conduct, and the ladies must settle among themselves who was to be his second, while his first was alive, to his mortification and theirs. He met the first lady's brother, and shot him; next day called out the second, whose wooden leg stuck fast in the ploughed land, so Sir Kit, with great candour, fired over his head, whereupon they shook hands cordially and went home together to dinner.

To establish his sister's reputation this gentleman went out as Sir Kit's second next day, when he met the last of his adversaries. He had just hit the toothpick out of his enemy's hand, when he received a ball in a vital part, and was brought home speechless in a hand-barrow. We got the key out of his pocket at once and my son Jason ran to release her ladyship. She would not believe but that it was some trick till she saw the men bringing Sir Kit up the avenue. There was no life in him, and he was 'waked' the same night.

The country was all in an uproar about him, and his murderer would have been hanged surely, but he prudently withdrew to the Continent.

MY lady got surprisingly well, and no sooner was it known that Sir Kit was dead than all the country came round in a body, as it were, to set her free. But she had taken an unaccountable prejudice against the country, and was not easy, but when she was packing up to leave us, I considered her quite as a foreigner, and no longer part of the family. Her diamond cross was at the bottom of it all; and it was a shame for her, being his wife, not to have given it up to him when he condescended to ask for it so often, especially when he made it no secret he had married her for her money.

III—Sir Condy

THE new heir, Sir Conolly, commonly called Sir Condy, was the most universally beloved man I ever saw or heard of. He had little fortune of his own, and many of the tenants secretly advanced him cash upon his promising bargains of leases and lawful interest should he come into the estate. So that when he did succeed, he could not command a penny of his first year's income.

My son Jason, who was now agent, explained matters to Sir Condy, who, not willing to take his affairs into his own hands, or even to look them in the face, gave my son a bargain of some acres at a reasonable rent to pay him for his many years' service in the family gratis.

There was a hunting lodge convenient to my son's land that he had his eye upon, but Sir Condy talked of letting it to his friend Captain Moneygawl, with whom he had become very friendly, and whose sister, Miss Isabella, fell over head and ears in love with my master the first time he went there to dinner.

But Sir Condy was at a terrible nonplus, for he had no liking for Miss Isabella. But her father had locked her in her room and forbidden her to think of him, which raised his spirit; and I could see him growing more and more in the mind to carry Miss Isabella off to Scotland, as she desired. And I had to wish her joy, a week after, on her return with my poor master.

My master and my lady set out in great style, and it was reported that her father had undertaken to pay all Sir Condy's debts; and, of course, all the tradesmen gave him fresh credit and everything went on smack smooth. She went on as if she had a mint of money; and all Sir Condy asked—God bless him!—was to live in peace and quiet and have his whisky punch at night. But my lady's few thousands could not last for ever. Things in a twelvemonth or so came to such a pass that there was no going on any longer.

Well, my son Jason put in a word about the lodge, and Sir Condy was fain to take the purchase-money to settle matters, for there were two writs come down against him to the sheriff. Then there came a general election, and Sir Condy was called upon by all his friends to stand candidate.

THERE was open house then at Castle Rackrent, and grand dinners, and all the gentlemen drinking success to Sir Condy till they were carried off. The election day came, and a glorious day it was. I thought I should have died with joy in the street when I saw my poor master chaired and the crowd following him up and down. But a stranger man in the crowd gets me to introduce him to my son Jason. He gets a list of my master's debts from him, and goes round and buys them up, got so to be sole creditor over all, and must needs have an execution against the master's goods and furniture.

After the election shoals of people came from all parts, claiming to have obliged him with votes, and to remind him of promises he never made. Worst of all, the gentlemen who had managed everything and subscribed by hundreds very genteelly forgot to pay, and it was all left at my master's door. All he could do to content 'em was to take himself off to Dublin, where my lady had taken a house fitting for a member of parliament.

Soon my son Jason said, "Sir Condy must look out for another agent. If my lady had the Bank of Ireland to spend, it would all go in one winter."

I could scarcely believe my own old eyes when I saw my son's name joined in the *custodiam*, that the villain who got the list of debts brought down; but he said it would make it easier for Sir Condy.

IV—The Last of the Rackrents

WHEN Sir Condy and his lady came down in June, he was pleased to take me aside to complain of my son and other matters; not one unkind word of my lady, but he wondered that her relations would do nothing for them in their great distress. He did not take anything long to heart; let it be as it might this night, it was all out of his head before he went to bed. Next morning my



MARIA EDGEWORTH (1767-1849) was born at Black Bourton, Oxfordshire, but spent most of her time on her father's estate, Edgeworthstown, County Longford, where she gained her intimate knowledge of Irish life and character. She collaborated with her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, from whom she derived her didactic bent, in a book on Practical Education (1798) and in an Essay on Irish Bulls (1801). Her works, filling twenty volumes, are a mirror of the life of her time, and include Moral Tales and other stories for young people which may have suggested to Scott his Tales of a Grandfather. All are animated with that vivacity which characterised the writer till her death at the age of eighty-two.

lady had a letter from her relations, and asked to be allowed to go back to them. He fell back as if he was shot, but after a minute said she had his full consent. Next morning she set off for Mount Juliet.

Then everything was seized by the gripers, my son Jason, to his shame be it spoken, among them. On the evening Sir Condy had appointed to settle all, when he sees the sight of bills and loads of papers on the table, he says to Jason, "Can't you now just sit down here and give me a clear view of the balance? Thady, do just step out, and see they are bringing the things for the punch." When I came back Jason was pointing to the balance.

"A ah! Hold your hand!" cries my master. "Where in the wide world am I to find hundreds, let alone thousands?"

"There's but one way," says Jason. "Sure, can't you sell, though at a loss? Sure, you can sell, and I've a purchaser ready for you."

"Have you so?" says Sir Condy. Then colouring up a good deal, he tells Jason of £500 a year he had settled upon my lady, at which Jason was indeed mad; but, with much ado, agreed to a compromise. "And how much am I going to sell? The lands of O'Shaughlin's town, and the lands of"—just reading to himself—"oh, murder, Jason! Surely you won't put this in—castle, stables, and appurtenances of Castle Rackrent?"

"Oh, murder!" says I. "This is too bad, Jason."

"Why so?" says Jason. "When it's all mine, and a great deal more, all lawfully mine, was I to push for it?"

But I took no heed for I was grieved and sick at heart for my poor master, and couldn't but speak.

"Here's the punch," says Jason, for the door opened.

So my master starts up in his chair and Jason uncorks the whisky. Well, I was in great hopes when I saw him making the punch, and my master taking a glass; but Jason put it back when he saw him going to fill again, saying, "No, Sir Condy; let us settle all before we go deeper into the punchbowl. You've only to sign," says Jason, putting the pen to him.

"Take all, and be content," said my master. So he signed, and the man who brought the punch witnessed, for I was crying like a child.

So I went out to the street door, and the neighbours' children left their play to come and see what ailed me; and I told them all. When they heard Sir Condy was going to leave Castle Rackrent for good and all, they set up such a whillaluh as brought all their parents round the doors in great anger against Jason. I was frightened, and went back to warn my son. He grew quite pale, and asked Sir Condy what he'd best do.

"I'll tell you," says Sir Condy, laughing to see his fright. "Finish your glass first, then let's go to the window, and I'll tell them—or you shall, if you please—that I'm going to the lodge for change of air for my health, and by my own desire, for the rest of my days."

"Do so," says Jason, who never meant it to be so, but could not refuse at such a time. So the very next day he sets off to the lodge, and I along with him.

There was a great horn at the lodge that used to belong to the celebrated Sir Patrick, who was reported to have drunk

the full of it without stopping to draw breath, which no other man could do.

One night Sir Condy was drinking with the exciseman and the gauger, and wagered that he could do it. Says he, "Your hand is steadier than mine, Old Thady; fill you the horn for me." And so, wishing his honour success, I did. He swallowed it down and dropped like one shot. We put him to bed, and for five days the fever came and went.

On the sixth he says, knowing me very well, "I'm in a burning pain all withinside of me, Thady." I could not speak. "Brought to this by drink," says he. "Where are all the friends? Gone, hey? Ay, Sir Condy has been a fool all his days," said he, and died.

An Education in Philosophy

IMMANUEL KANT

THE CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON

THIS epoch-making work was first published in 1781 and its influence on the minds of all thinking men is still far from exhausted. It forms the first of a remarkable trilogy, its companion studies being The Critique of Practical Reason, 1788; and The Critique of the Power of Judgement, 1790. Kant's general ideas are embodied in his Prolegomena to Every Future Metaphysic, 1783. He was the first European thinker definitely to grasp the conception of a critical philosophy; but he suggested rather than formulated a philosophical system. In his view Pure Reason teaches that human knowledge is based on experience; but Practical Reason recognizes that there are *a priori* in the mind certain notions independent of experience and postulating the ideas of human liberty, God and immortality. Thus, while distinguishing the provinces of materialism and idealism, he attempted to find a bond of union between them. This little version of Kant's celebrated work, a work which has been aptly called an education in philosophy, has been prepared from the German text. An outline of The Critique of Practical Reason appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*.

I—Knowledge Transcendental: Aesthetic



EXPERIENCE is something of which we are conscious. It is the first result of our comprehension, but it is not the limit of our understanding, since it stimulates our faculty of reason, but does not satisfy its desire for knowledge.

While all our knowledge may begin with sensible impressions or experience there is an element in it which does not rise from this source, but transcends it. That knowledge is transcendental which is occupied not so much with mere outward objects as with our manner of knowing those objects, that is to say, with *a priori* concepts of them.

All our knowledge is either *a priori* or *a posteriori*. That is *a posteriori* knowledge which is derived from sensible experience as including sensible impressions or states; while *a priori* knowledge is that which is not thus gained, but consists of whatever is universal or necessary.

A complete Transcendental Philosophy would be a systematic exposition of all that is *a priori* in human knowledge, or of 'all the principles of pure reason.' But a Critique of Pure Reason cannot include all this. It can do little more than deal with the synthetic element or quality in *a priori* knowledge, as distinguished from the analytic elements.

We perceive objects through our sensibility which furnishes us, as our faculty of receptivity, with those intuitions that become translated into thought by means of the understanding. This is the origin of our conceptions, or ideas. I denominate as *matter* that which in a phenomenon corresponds to sensation; while I call *form* that quality of matter which presents it in a perceived order. Only matter is presented to our minds *a posteriori*; as to form, this must inevitably exist in the mind *a priori*, and therefore it can be considered apart from all sensation.

Pure representation, entirely apart from sensation, in a transcendental signification, forms the pure intuition of the mind, existing in it as a mere form of sensibility. 'Transcendental aesthetic' is the science of all the principles of sensibility. But transcendental logic is the science of the principles of pure thought. In studying the former we shall find that there are two pure forms of sensuous intuition, namely, space and time.

Are space and time actual entities? Or are they only relations of things? Space is simply the form of all the phenomena of external senses; that is, it is the subjective condition of the sensibility under which alone external intuition is possible. Thus, the form of all phenomena may exist *a priori* in the soul as a pure intuition previous to all experience. So we can only speak of space and of extended objects from the standpoint of human reason. But when we have abstracted all the forms perceived by our sensibility, there remains a pure intuition which we call space. Therefore our discussion teaches us the objective validity of space with regard to all that can appear before us externally as an object; but equally the subjective ideality of space with regard to things if they are considered in themselves by our reason, that is, without taking into account the nature of our sensibility.

Time is not empirically conceived of; that is, it is not experimentally apprehended. Time is a necessary representation on which all intuitions are dependent, and the representation of time to the mind is thus given *a priori*. In it alone can phenomena be apprehended. These may vanish, but time cannot be put aside.

Time is not something existing by itself independently, but is the formal condition *a priori* of all phenomena. If we deduct our own peculiar sensibility, then the idea of time disappears indeed, because it is not inherent in any object, but only in the subject which perceives that object. Space and time are essential *a priori* ideas, and they are the necessary conditions of all particular perceptions. From the latter and their objects we can, in imagination, without exception, abstract; from the former we cannot.

Space and time are therefore to be regarded as the necessary *a priori* pre-conditions of the possibility and reality of all phenomena. It is clear that 'transcendental aesthetic' can obtain only these two elements, space and time, because all other concepts belong to the senses and pre-suppose experience, and so imply something empirical. For example, the concept of motion pre-supposes something moving, but in space regarded alone there is nothing that moves; therefore, whatever moves must be recognized by experience, and is a purely empirical datum.

II—Transcendental Logic

OUR knowledge is derived from two fundamental sources of the consciousness. The first is the faculty of receptivity of impressions; the second, the faculty of cognition of an object by means of these impressions or representations, this second power being sometimes styled spontaneity of concepts. By the first, an object is given to us; by the second it is thought of in the mind. Thus intuition and concepts constitute the elements of our entire knowledge, for neither intuition without concepts, nor concepts without intuition can yield any knowledge whatever. Hence arise two branches of science, 'aesthetic' and logic, the former being the science of the rules of sensibility; the latter, the science of the rules of understanding.

Logic can be treated in two directions: either as logic of the general use of the understanding, or of some particular use of it. The former includes the rules of thought, without which there can be no use of the understanding; but it has no regard to the objects to which the understanding is applied. This is elementary logic. But logic of the understanding in some particular use includes rules of correct thought in 'relation to special classes of objects; and this latter logic is generally taught in schools as preliminary to the study of sciences.

Thus, general logic takes no account of any of the contents of knowledge, but is limited simply to the consideration of the forms of thought. But we are constrained by anticipation to form an idea of a logical

science which has to deal not only with pure thought, but also has to determine the origin, validity and extent of the knowledge to which intuitions relate, and this might be styled transcendental logic.

In 'transcendental aesthetic' we isolated the faculty of sensibility. So in transcendental logic we isolate the understanding, concentrating our consideration on that element of thought which has its source simply in the understanding. But transcendental logic must be divided into transcendental analytic and transcendental dialectic. The former is a logic of truth, and is intended to furnish a canon of criticism. When logic is used to judge not analytically, but to judge synthetically of objects in general, it is called transcendental dialectic, which serves as a protection against sophistical fallacy.

Analytic of Pure Concepts

The understanding may be defined as the faculty of judging. The function of thought in a judgement can come under four heads, each with three subdivisions.

1. Quantity of judgements: Universal, particular, singular.

2. Quality: Affirmative, negative, infinite.

3. Relation: Categorical, hypothetical, disjunctive.

4. Modality: Problematical, assertory, apodictic (above contradiction).

If we examine each of these forms of judgement we discover that in every one is involved some peculiar idea which is its essential characteristic. Thus, a singular judgement, in which the subject of discourse is a single object, involves obviously the special idea of oneness, or unity. A particular judgement, relating to several objects, implies the idea of plurality, and discriminates between the several objects. Now the whole list of these ideas will constitute the complete classification of the fundamental conceptions of the understanding, regarded as the faculty which judges, and these may be called categories.

1. Of Quantity: Unity, plurality, totality.

2. Of Quality: Reality, negation, limitation.

3. Of Relation: Substance and accident, cause and effect, action and reaction.



IMMANUEL KANT was born at Königsberg on April 22, 1724, and died there on February 12, 1804. Son of a saddler of Scottish origin he achieved his doctorate at Königsberg University in 1755 and became professor of logic and metaphysics in 1770. In addition to the works named at the head of this version of the book that made his name famous, he wrote Thoughts on the True Estimate of Living Forces, 1747; General Natural History and Theory of the Heavens, 1755; Observations on the Sense of the Beautiful and the Sublime, 1764; Dreams of a Visionary, 1766; a prelude in Latin to the Critique of Pure Reason, 1770; What is Enlightenment? 1784; Foundation of the Metaphysics of Ethics, 1785; and Metaphysical Elements of Legal Science, 1797.

4. Of Modality: Possibility—impossibility, existence — non-existence, necessity—contingence.

These, then, are the fundamental, primary, or native conceptions of the understanding, which flow from, or constitute the mechanism of, its nature; are inseparable from its activity; and are hence for human thought, universal and necessary, or *a priori*. These categories are 'pure' conceptions of the understanding, inasmuch as they are independent of all that is contingent in sense.

Transcendental Dialectic

A distinction is usually made between what is immediately known and what is only inferred. In every syllogism is first a fundamental proposition; secondly, another deduced from it; and, thirdly, the consequence.

In the use of pure reason its concepts, or transcendental ideas, aim at unity of all conditions of thought. So all transcendental ideas may be arranged in three classes; the first containing the unity of the thinking subject; the second, the unity of the conditions of phenomena

observed; the third, the unity of the objective conditions of thought.

This classification becomes clear if we note that the thinking subject is the object-matter of psychology; while the system of all phenomena (the world) is the object-matter of cosmology; and the Being of all Beings (God) is the object-matter of theology.

Hence we perceive that pure reason supplies three transcendental ideas, namely, the idea of a transcendental science of the soul (*psychologia rationalis*); of a transcendental science of the world (*cosmologia rationalis*); and, lastly, of a transcendental science of God (*theologia transcendentalis*). It is the glory of transcendental idealism that by it the mind ascends in the series of conditions till it reaches the unconditioned, that is, the principles. We thus progress from our knowledge of self to a knowledge of the world, and through it to a knowledge of the Supreme Being.

III—The Antinomies of Pure Reason

TRANSCENDENTAL reason attempts to reconcile conflicting assertions. There are four of these antinomies, or conflicts.

FIRST ANTINOMY. Thesis. The world has a beginning in time, and is also limited in regard to space. Proof. Were the world without a time-beginning we should have to ascribe a present limit to that which can have no limit, which is absurd. Again, were the world not limited in regard to space, it must be conceived as an infinite whole, yet it is impossible thus to conceive it.

Antithesis. The world has neither beginning in time, nor limit in space, but in both regards is infinite. Proof. The world must have existed from eternity, or it could never exist at all. If we imagine it had a beginning, we must imagine an anterior time when nothing was. But in such time the origin of anything is impossible. At no moment could any cause for such a beginning exist.

SECOND ANTINOMY. Thesis. Every composite substance in the world is composed of simple parts. This thesis seems scarcely to require proof. No one can deny that a composite substance consists of parts, and that these parts, if themselves composite, must consist of others less composite, till at length we come, by compulsion of thought, to the conception of the absolutely simple as that wherein the substantial consists.

Antithesis. No composite thing in the world consists of simple parts, and nothing simple exists anywhere in the world. Proof. Each simple part implied in the thesis must be in space. But this condition is a positive disproof of their possibility. A simple substance would have to occupy a simple portion of space; but space has no simple parts. The supposition of such a part is the supposition, not of space, but of the negation of space. A simple substance, in existing and occupying any portion of space, must contain a real multiplicity of parts external to each other, *i.e.* it must contradict its own nature, which is absurd.

THIRD ANTINOMY. Thesis. The causality of natural law is insufficient for the explanation of all the phenomena of the universe. For this end another kind of causality must be assumed, whose attribute is freedom. Proof. All so-called natural causes are effects of preceding causes, forming a regressive series of indefinite extent, with no first beginning. So we never arrive at an adequate cause of any phenomenon. Yet natural law has for its central demand that nothing shall happen without such a cause.

Antithesis. All events in the universe occur under the exclusive operation of natural laws, and there is no such thing as freedom. Proof. The idea of a free cause is an absurdity. For it contradicts the very law of causation itself, which demands that every event shall be in orderly sequence with some preceding event. Now, free causation is such an event, being the active beginning of a series of phenomena. Yet the action of the supposed free cause must be imagined as independent of all connexion with any previous event. It is without law or reason, and would be the blind realization of confusion and lawlessness. Therefore transcendental freedom is a violation of the law of causation, and is in conflict

with all experience. We must of necessity acquiesce in the explanation of all phenomena by the operation of natural law, and thus transcendental freedom must be pronounced a fallacy.

FOURTH ANTINOMY. Thesis. Some form of absolutely necessary existence belongs to the world, whether as its part or as its cause. Proof. Phenomenal existence is serial, mutable, consistent. Every event is contingent upon a preceding condition. The conditioned pre-supposes, for its complete explanation, the unconditioned. The whole of past time, since it contains the whole of all past conditions, must of necessity contain the unconditioned or also 'absolutely necessary.'

Antithesis. There is no absolutely necessary existence, whether in the world as its part, or outside of it as its cause. Proof. Of unconditionally necessary existence within the world there can be none. The assumption of a first unconditioned link in the chain of cosmical conditions is self-contradictory. For such link or cause, being in time, must be subject to the law of all temporal existence, and so be determined—contrary to the original assumption—by another link or cause before it.

The supposition of an absolutely necessary cause of the world, existing without the world, also destroys itself. For, being outside the world, it is not in time. And yet, to act as a cause, it must be in time. This supposition is therefore absurd.

The theses in these four antinomies constitute the teaching of philosophical dogmatism. The antitheses constitute doctrines of philosophical empiricism.

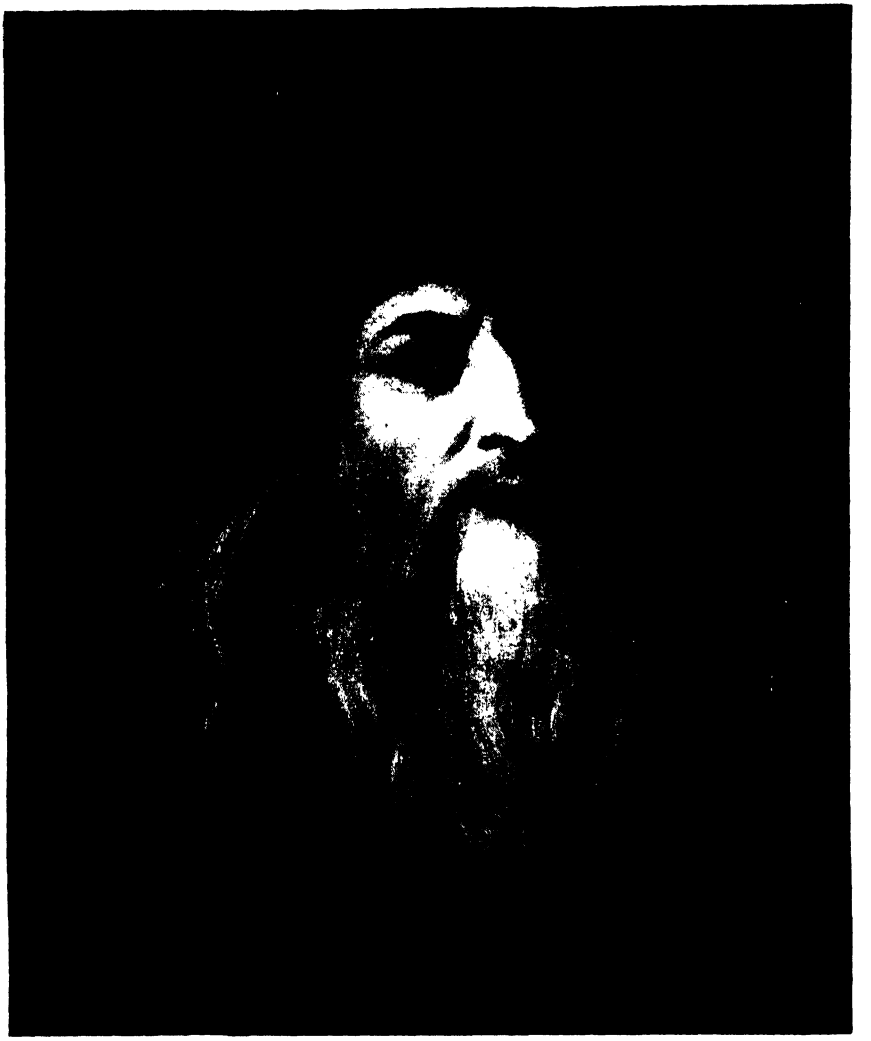
IV—Criticism of the Chief Arguments for the Existence of God

THE ontological argument aims at asserting the possibility of conceiving the idea of an *ens realissimum*, of being possessed of all reality. But the idea of existence and the fact of existence are two very different things. Whatever I conceive, or sensibly imagine, I necessarily conceive as though it were existing. Though my pocket be empty, I may conceive it to contain a 'hundred thalers.' If I conceive them there, I can only conceive them as actually existing there. But, alas, the fact that I am under this necessity of so conceiving by no means carries with it a necessity that the coins should really be in my pocket. That can only be determined by experience.

The cosmological argument contends that if anything exists, there must also exist an absolutely necessary being. Now, at least I myself exist. Hence there exists an absolutely necessary being. The argument coincides with that by which the thesis of the fourth antinomy is supposed. The objections to it are summed up in the proof of the antithesis of the fourth antinomy. As soon as we have recognized the true conception of causality, we have already transcended the sensible world.

The physico-theological or teleological argument is what is often styled the argument from design. It proceeds not from general, but particular experience. Nature discloses manifold signs of wise intention and harmonious order, and these are held to betoken a divine designer. This argument deserves always to be treated with respect. It is the oldest and clearest of all proofs, and best adapted to convince the reason of the mass of mankind. It animates us in our study of nature. And it were not only a cheerless, but an altogether vain task to attempt to detract from the persuasive authority of this proof. There is naught to urge against its rationality and its utility.

All arguments, however, to prove the existence of God must, in order to be theoretically valid, start from specifically and exclusively sensible or phenomenal data, must employ only the conceptions of pure physical science, and must end with demonstrating in sensible experience an object congruous with, or corresponding to, the idea of God. But this requirement cannot be met, for, scientifically speaking, the existence of an absolutely necessary God cannot be either proved or disproved. Hence room is left for faith in any moral proofs that may present themselves to us, apart from science. With this subject ethics, the science of practice or of practical reason, will have to deal.



Leonardo da Vinci was possessed of a genius so vast as to make him seem almost superhuman. Born in 1452, at the little village of Vinci, he was educated at Florence, and early discomfited his masters by propounding mathematical problems too difficult for their comprehension. He gained renown as a musician, improvising accompaniments to his own poems with the greatest facility. Apprenticed to the distinguished artist, Verrocchio, in 1470, Leonardo soon gave proof of those wonderful powers as a painter and draughtsman for which he is chiefly remembered. His most famous works, such as the Mona Lisa, The Virgin of the Rocks, and Saint Anne, are so well known that they scarcely require mention. Regarded as a whole, his painting is characterised by magnificence of composition combined with a mastery over details which is readily appreciated when we study his sketches of leaves, twigs and parts of the human anatomy. His art, however, cannot be adequately criticised; it can only be praised. He died in France, whither he had gone as court painter, in 1519. This portrait is from Leonardo's painting of himself in the Uffizi Gallery.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

A TREATISE ON PAINTING

WHEREVER Western art is understood, Leonardo da Vinci is acclaimed one of the greatest painters of all times. His genius, however, did not only find means of expression in his painting. He once described himself as 'a mechanician, military and civil engineer and architect,' and to this list we must add poet, scientist, musician, philosopher and mathematician, mentioning at the same time that he excelled in all these spheres of human activity. The modernity of Leonardo's thought is astounding; he was born at least three centuries before his time. Among the many devices invented but not put to a material purpose by him were the conical rifle-bullet, breech-loading cannon and paddle-wheels for ships—all of which have been 're-invented' since. He speculated on the potentialities of steam-power and on the circulation of the blood; he discovered physical laws. When he died he left a great mass of writings, consisting of his speculations and theories. The Treatise on Painting was a compilation from these notes, and was first published at Paris in 1651. This outline has been prepared by Mr. P. G. Konody.

Of Painting and Other Arts



THE eye, which is called the window of the soul, is the principal means whereby our intelligence may most fully and splendidly comprehend the infinite works of nature; and the ear comes next, by gaining importance through hearing the things that have been perceived by the eye. If you historians or poets or mathematicians had not seen things with your eyes, badly would you describe them in your writings. If you, O poet, call painting dumb poetry, the painter might say of the poet's writing, blind painting. Now consider, which taunt is more mordant—to be called blind or dumb?

If the poet is as free in invention as the painter, yet his fiction is not as satisfying to mankind as is painting, for whereas poetry endeavours with words to represent forms, actions and scenes, the painter's business is to imitate forms with the images of these very forms. Take the case of a poet describing the beauties of a woman to her lover, and that of a painter depicting her; you will soon see whither nature will attract the enamoured judge. And should not the proof of things be the verdict of experience?

If you say that poetry is more enduring, I may reply that the works of a coppersmith are more enduring still, since time has preserved them longer than your works or ours; yet they are less imaginative, and painting, if done with enamels on copper, can be made far more enduring. We, in our art, may be said to be grandsons unto God. If you despise painting, which is the sole imitator of all the visible works of nature, then you certainly despise a subtle invention which, with philosophical and ingenious reflection, considers all the properties of forms, airs and scenes, trees, animals, grasses and flowers, which are surrounded by light and shade.

And this is a science and the true-born daughter of nature, since painting is born of this self-same nature. But, in order to speak more correctly, let us call it the grandchild of nature, because all visible things are produced by nature, and from these same things is born painting. Wherefore we may rightly call it the grandchild of nature and say it is related to God Himself.

How Sculpture is Less Intellectual

BEING sculptor no less than painter, and practising both arts in the same degree, it seems to me that I may without arrogance pronounce how one of them is more intellectual, difficult and perfect than the other.

Firstly, sculpture is subject to a certain light—namely, from above—and painting carries everywhere with it light and shade. Light and shade are, therefore, the essen-

tials in sculpture. In this respect the sculptor is aided by the nature of the relief, which produces these of its own accord; the painter introduces them by his art where nature would reasonably place them. The sculptor cannot reproduce the varying nature of the colours of objects; painting lacks nothing in this respect. The sculptor's perspectives never seem true, but the painter's lead the eye hundreds of miles into the work. Aerial perspective is alien to sculptors' work. They can represent neither transparent nor luminous bodies, neither reflected rays nor shiny surfaces like mirrors and similar glittering bodies; no mist, no dull sky, nor countless other things, which I refrain from mentioning to avoid getting wearisome. It has the advantage that it offers greater resistance to time, although enamels on copper fused in fire have equal power of resistance. Thus painting surpasses sculpture even in durability.

Were you to speak only of painting on panels, I should be content to give the verdict against sculpture by saying: Whilst painting is more beautiful, more imaginative and more resourceful, sculpture is more durable; and this is all that can be said for it. It reveals with little effort what it is. Painting seems a miraculous thing, making things intangible appear tangible, representing flat objects in relief, and distant near at hand. Indeed, painting is adorned with endless possibilities that are not used by sculpture.

Painters fight and compete with nature.

Of the Ten Offices of the Eye

PAINTING extends over all the ten offices of the eye—namely, darkness, light, body and colour, figure and scenery, distance and nearness, movement and repose—all of which offices will be woven through this little work of mine. For I will remind the painter by what rule and in what manner he shall use his art to imitate all these things, the work of nature and the ornament of the world.

Rule for Beginners in Painting

WE know clearly that sight is one of the swiftest actions in existence, perceiving in one moment countless forms. Nevertheless, it cannot comprehend more than one thing at a time. Suppose, for instance, you, reader, were to cast a single glance upon this entire written page and were to decide at once that it is full of different letters; but you will not be able to recognize in this space of time either what letters they are or what they purport to say. Therefore, you must take word by word, verse by verse, in order to gain knowledge from these letters.

Again, if you want to reach the summit of a building, you must submit to climbing step by step, else it would be impossible for you to reach the top. And so I say to you, whom nature inclines to this art, if you would have a true knowledge of the form of things, begin with their details, and don't pass on to the second before the first is well fixed in your memory, else you will waste your time.

Perspective is the rein and rudder of painting.

I say that whatever is forced within a border is more difficult than what is free. Shadows have in certain degrees their borders, and he who ignores them cannot obtain roundness, which roundness is the essence and soul of painting. Drawing is free, since, if you see countless faces, they will all be different—the one has a long, the other a short nose. Thus the painter may take this liberty, and where is liberty, is no rule.

Precepts for Painting

THE painter should endeavour to be universal, because he is lacking in dignity if he do one thing well and another thing badly, like so many who only study the well-proportioned nude and not its variations, because a man may be proportionate and yet be short and stout, or long and thin. And he who does not bear in mind these variations, will get his figures stereotyped, so that they all seem to be brothers and sisters, which deserves to be censured severely.

Let the sketching of figures be swift and the articulation not too perfect. Be satisfied with suggesting the position of the limbs, which you may afterwards carry to completion at your leisure and as you please.

Methinks it is no small grace in a painter if he gives a pleasing air to his figures, a grace which, if it be not one's own by nature, may be acquired by study, as follows. Try to take the best parts from many beautiful faces, whose beauty is affirmed by public fame rather than by your own judgement, for you may deceive yourself by taking faces which resemble your own. For it would often seem that such similarities please us; and if you were ugly you would not select beautiful faces, and you would make ugly ones, like many painters whose types often resemble their master. Therefore, take beautiful features, as I tell you, and commit them to your memory.

Monstrous is he who has a very large head and short legs, and monstrous he who with rich garments has great poverty; therefore we shall call him well proportioned whose every part corresponds with his whole.

On the Choice of Light

If you had a courtyard, which you could cover at will with a canvas awning, this light would be good; or when you wish to paint somebody, paint him in bad weather, or at the hour of dusk, placing the sitter with his back to one of the walls of this courtyard.

Observe in the streets at the fall of the evening the faces of men and women when it is bad weather, what grace and sweetness then appear to be theirs.

Therefore, you should have a courtyard, prepared with walls painted in black, and with the roof projecting a little over the said wall. And it should be ten *braccia* (ten fathoms) in width, and twenty in length and ten in height; and when the sun shines you should cover it over with the awning, or you should paint an hour before evening, when it is cloudy or misty. For this is the most perfect light.

Of the Gestures of Figures

You should give your figures such movement as will suffice to show what is passing in the mind of the figure; else your art would not be praiseworthy. A figure is not worthy of praise if it do not express by some gesture the passion of the soul. That figure is most worthy of praise which best expresses by its gesture the passion of its nature.

If you have to represent an honest man talking, see that his action be companion to his good words; and again, if you have to depict a bestial man, give him wild movements—his arms thrown towards the spectator, and his head pressed towards his chest, his legs apart.

The Judgement of Painting

We know well that mistakes are more easily detected in the works of others than in one's own, and often, while censuring the small faults of others, you do not recognize your own great faults. In order to escape such ignorance, have a care that you be, above all, sure of your perspective; then acquire full knowledge of the proportions of man and other animals. And, moreover, be a good architect; that is, in so far as it is necessary for the form of the buildings and other things that are upon the earth, and that are infinitely varied in form.

The more knowledge you have of these, the more worthy of praise will be your work. And for those things in which you have no practice, do not disdain to copy from nature. When you are painting, you should take a flat mirror and often look at your work within it. It will there be seen in reverse, and will appear to be by the hand of some other master, and you will be better able to judge of its faults than in any other way. It is also a good plan every now and then to go away and have a little relaxation, for then, when you come back to the work, your judgement will be surer, since to remain constantly at work will cause you to lose the power of judgement.

Surely, while one paints one should not reject any man's judgement; for we know very well that a man, even if he be no painter, has knowledge of the forms of another man, and will judge aright whether he is humpbacked, or has one shoulder too high or too low, or whether he has too large a mouth or nose, or other faults; and if we are able rightly to judge the work of nature in men, how much more are they able to judge our mistakes.

You know how much a man may be deceived about his own works, and if you

do not know it of yourself, observe it in others, and you will derive benefit from other people's mistakes. Therefore, you should be eager to listen patiently to the views of other men and consider and reflect carefully whether he who finds fault is right or not in blaming you. If you find that he is right, correct your work; but if not, pretend not to have understood him; or show him, if he be a man whom you respect, by sound argument, why it is that he is mistaken in finding fault.

Do not Disdain to Work from Nature

A MASTER who let it be understood that his mind could retain all the forms and effects of nature, I should certainly hold to be endowed with great ignorance, since the said effects are infinite and our memory is not of such capacity as to suffice thereto. Therefore, O painter, see that the greed for gain do not outweigh within you the honour of art, for to gain in honour is a far greater thing than to be honoured for wealth.

For these and other reasons that might be adduced, you should endeavour first to demonstrate to the eye, by means of drawing, a suggestion of the intention and of the invention originated first by your imagination. Then proceed, taking from it or adding to it, until you are satisfied with it. Then have men arranged as models, draped or nude, in the manner in which they are disposed in your work, and make the proportions and size in accordance with perspective, so that no part of the work remains that is not counselled by reason as well as by nature. And this will be the way to make you honoured through your art. First of all, copy drawings by a good master made by his art from nature, and not as exercises; then from a relief, keeping by you a drawing done from the same relief; then from a good model, and of this you ought to make a general practice.

Of the Painter's Life in His Study

THE painter or draughtsman should be solitary, so that physical comfort may not injure the thriving of the mind, especially when he is occupied with the observations and considerations which ever offer themselves to his eye and provide material to be treasured up by the memory. If you are alone, you belong wholly to yourself; and if you are accompanied even by one companion, you belong only half to yourself; and if you are with several of them, you will be even more subject to such inconveniences.

And if you should say, 'I shall take my own course, I shall keep apart, so that I may be the better able to contemplate the forms of natural objects,' then I reply, this cannot well be, because you cannot help frequently lending your ear to their gossip; and since nobody can serve two masters at once, you will badly fulfil your duties as companion, and you will have worse success in artistic contemplation.

And if you should say, 'I shall keep so far apart that their words cannot reach me or disturb me,' then I reply in this case that you will be looked upon as mad. And do you not perceive that, in acting thus, you would really be solitary?

Of Ways to Represent Various Scenes

A MAN in despair you should make turning his knife against himself. He should have rent his garments, and he should be in the act of tearing open his wound with one hand. And you should make him with his feet apart and his legs somewhat bent, and the whole figure likewise bending to the ground, with dishevelled and untidy hair.

As a rule, he whom you wish to represent talking to many people will consider the subject of which he has to treat, and will fit his gestures to this subject—that is to say, if the subject is persuasion, the gestures should serve this intention; if the subject is explanation by various reasons, he who speaks should take a finger of his left hand between two fingers of his right, keeping the two smaller ones pressed together; his face should be animated and turned towards the people, his mouth slightly opened, so that he seems to be talking. And if he is seated, let him seem to be in the act of slightly raising himself, with his head forward; and if he is standing, make him lean forward a little, with his head towards the people, whom you should represent silent and attentive, all watching with gestures of admiration, the orator's face. Some old men should have their

mouths drawn down at the corners in astonishment at what they hear, drawing back the cheeks in many furrows, and raising their eyebrows where they meet, so as to produce many wrinkles on their foreheads. Some who are seated should hold their tired knees between the interlaced fingers of their hands, and others should cross one knee over the other and place upon it one hand, so that its hollow supports the other elbow, whose hand again supports the bearded chin.

To Paint Night and Tempest

WHATEVER is wholly deprived of light is in complete darkness. Night being in this condition, if you wish to represent a scene therein, you must contrive to have a great fire in this night, and everything that is in closer proximity to this fire will assume more of its colour, because the nearer a thing is to another object, the more it partakes of its nature. And since you will make the fire incline towards a red colour, you will have to give a reddish tinge to all things lighted by it, and those which are farther away from the fire will have to hold more of the black colour of night.

The figures which are between you and the fire appear dark against the brightness of the flame, for that part of the object which you perceive is coloured by the darkness of night, and not by the brightness of the fire ; and those which flank the fire will be half dark and half reddish. Those which are behind the flames will be altogether illuminated by a reddish light against the black background.

If you wish to represent a tempest properly, observe and set down the effects of the wind blowing over the face of the sea and of the land, raising and carrying away everything that is not firmly rooted in the general mass. And in order properly to represent this tempest, you should first of all show the riven and torn clouds swept along by the wind, together with the sandy dust blown up from the seashore, and with branches and leaves caught up and scattered through the air, together with many other light objects, by the power of the furious wind. The trees and shrubs, bent to the ground, seem to desire to follow the direction of the wind, with branches twisted out of their natural growth.

Of the men who are present, some who are thrown down and entangled with their garments and covered with dust should be almost unrecognizable ; and those who are left standing may be behind some tree which they embrace, so that the storm should not carry them off. Others, bent down, their garments and hair streaming in the wind, should hold their hands before their eyes to protect them from the clouds of dust.

Let the turbulent and tempestuous sea be covered with eddying foam between the rising waves, and let the wind carry fine spray into the stormy air to resemble a thick and all-enveloping mist. Of the ships that are there, show some with rent sails, whose shreds should flap in the air, together with some broken halyards ; masts splintered, tumbled, with the ship itself broken by the fury of the waves ; some human beings, shrieking and clinging to the wreckage of the vessel. You should show the clouds, chased by the impetuous wind, hurled against the high tops of the mountains, wreathing and eddying like waves that beat against the cliffs. The air should strike terror through the murky darkness caused by the dust, the mist and the heavy clouds.

To Learn to Work from Memory

IF you want properly to commit to your memory something that you have learnt, proceed in this manner—namely, when you have drawn one object so often that you believe you can remember it, try to draw it without the model, after having traced your model on a thin sheet of glass. This glass you will then lay upon the drawing which you have made without model. Observe well where the tracing does not tally with your drawing, and wherever you find that you have gone wrong, you must remember not to go wrong again. You should even return to the model, in order again to draw the wrong passage until it shall be fixed in your memory. And if you have no level sheet of glass for tracing, take a very thin sheet of goat-parchment, well oiled, and then dried. And after the tracing has done service for your drawing, you can efface it with a sponge and use it again for another tracing.

HENRY FIELDING

JONATHAN WILD

IN 1743, Fielding published three volumes of Miscellanies, containing early poems and essays, the last volume being entirely occupied by The History of the Life of the Late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great. It can hardly be called a novel, and still less a serious biography, though it is founded on the real history of a notorious highway robber and thief. The author disclaimed in his preface any attempt on his part at authentic history or faithful portraiture. 'Roguery, and not a rogue, is my subject,' he wrote; and his aim was to illustrate in mock-heroic vein the general proposition that greatness without goodness is no better than badness. Though its remorseless irony is distasteful to some readers, as a purely intellectual conception Jonathan Wild is not surpassed by any of Fielding's works, and perhaps only equalled by Thackeray's Barry Lyndon. An outline of Fielding's Tom Jones appears in pages 37–42, and of Joseph Andrews in pages 381–385. A cheap edition of Jonathan Wild is published by Dent.

I—Mr. Wild's Early Exploits



MR. JONATHAN WILD, who was descended from a long line of great men, was born in 1665. His father followed the fortunes of Mr. Snap, who enjoyed a reputable office under the sheriff of London and Middlesex; and his mother was the daughter of Scragg Hollow, Esq., of Hockley-in-the-Hole. He was scarce settled at school before he gave marks of his lofty and aspiring temper and was regarded by all his schoolfellows with that deference which men generally pay to those superior geniuses who will exact it of them. If an orchard was to be robbed, Wild was consulted; and though he was himself seldom concerned in the execution of the design, yet was he always concerter of it, and treasurer of the booty, some little part of which he would now and then, with wonderful generosity, bestow on those who took it. He was generally very secret on these occasions; but if any offered to plunder of his own head without acquainting Master Wild, and making a deposit of the booty, he was sure to have an information against him lodged with the schoolmaster, and to be severely punished for his pains.

At the age of seventeen his father brought the young gentleman to town, where he resided with him till he was of an age to travel

Men of great genius as easily discover one another as Freemasons can. It was therefore no wonder that the Count la Ruse—who was confined in Mr. Snap's house until the day when he should appear in court to answer a certain creditor—soon conceived an inclination to an intimacy with our young hero, whose vast abilities could not be concealed from one of the count's discernment; for though the latter was exceedingly expert at his cards, he was no match for Master Wild, who never failed to send him away from the table with less in his pocket than he brought to it.

With so much ingenuity, indeed, could our young hero extract a purse that his hands made frequent visits to the count's pocket before the latter had entertained any suspicion of him. But one night, when Wild imagined the count asleep, he made so unguarded an attack upon him that the other caught him in the act. However, he did not think proper to acquaint him with the discovery he had made, but only took care for the future to button his pockets and to pack the cards with double industry.

In reality, this detection recommended these two prigs to each other, for a wise man—that is to say, a rogue—considers a trick in life as a gamester doth a trick at play. It sets him on his guard, but he admires the dexterity of him who plays it.

When our two friends met the next morning, the count began to bewail the misfortune of his captivity and the back-

wardness of friends to assist each other in their necessities.

Wild told him that bribery was the surest means of procuring his escape, and advised him to apply to the maid, telling him at the same time that as he had no money he must make it up with promises, which he would know how to put off.

The maid only consented to leave the door open when Wild, depositing a guinea in her hands, declared that he himself would swear that he saw the count descending from the window by a pair of sheets.

Thus did our young hero not only lend his rhetoric, which few people care to do without a fee, but his money, too, to procure liberty for his friend. At the same time it would be highly derogatory from the great character of Wild should the reader not understand that this was done because our hero had some interested view in the count's enlargement.

Intimacy and friendship subsisted between the count and Mr. Wild, and the latter, now dressed in good clothes, was introduced into the best company. They constantly frequented the assemblies, auctions, gaming-tables and play-houses, and Wild passed for a gentleman of great fortune.

It was then that an accident occurred that obliged Wild to go abroad for seven years to his majesty's plantations in America; and there are such various accounts, one of which only can be true, of this accident that we shall pass them all over. It is enough that Wild went abroad, and stayed seven years.

II—An Example of Wild's Greatness

THE count was one night very successful at the gaming-table, where Wild, who was just returned from his travels, was then present; as was likewise a young gentleman whose name was Bob Bagshot, an acquaintance of Mr. Wild's. Taking, therefore, Mr. Bagshot aside, he advised him to provide himself with a case of pistols and to attack the count on his way home.

This was accordingly executed, and the count obliged to surrender to savage force what he had in so genteel a manner taken at play. As one misfortune never comes alone, the count had hardly passed the examination of Mr. Bagshot when he fell into the hands of Mr. Snap, who carried him to his house.

Mr. Wild and Mr. Bagshot went together to the tavern, where Mr. Bagshot offered to share the booty. Having divided the money into two unequal heaps, and added a golden snuffbox to the lesser heap, he desired Mr. Wild to take his choice.

Mr. Wild immediately conveyed the larger share of the ready into his pocket, according to an excellent maxim of his—'First secure what share you can before you wrangle for the rest'; and then, turning to his companion, he asked him whether he intended to keep all that sum to himself.

"I grant you took it," Wild said; "but, pray, who proposed or counselled the taking of it? Can you say that you have done more than execute my scheme? The ploughman, the shepherd, the weaver, the builder and the soldier work not for themselves, but others; they are contented with a poor pittance—the labourer's hire—and permit us, the great, to enjoy the fruits of their labours. Why, then, should the state of a prig differ from all others? Or why should you, who are the labourer only, the executor of my scheme, expect a share in the profit? Be advised, therefore; deliver the whole booty to me and trust to my bounty for your reward."

Mr. Bagshot not being minded to yield to these arguments, Wild adopted a fierce tone, and the other was glad to let him borrow a part of his share. So that Wild got three-fourths of the whole before taking leave of his companion.

Wild then returned to visit his friend the count, now in captivity at Mr. Snap's; for our hero was none of those half-bred fellows who are ashamed to see their friends when they have plundered and betrayed them.

The count, little suspecting that Wild had been the sole contriver of the misfortune which had befallen him, eagerly embraced him, and Wild returned his embrace with equal warmth.

While they were discoursing Mr. Snap introduced Mr. Bagshot; for Mr. Bagshot had lost what money he had from Mr. Wild

at a gaming-table, and was directly afterwards arrested for debt. Mr. Wild no sooner saw his friend than he immediately presented him to the count, who received him with great civility. But no sooner was Mr. Bagshot out of the room than the count said to Wild, "I am very well convinced that Bagshot is the person who robbed me, and I will apply to a justice of the peace."

Wild replied with indignation that Mr. Bagshot was a man of honour, but, as this had no weight with the count, he went on, more vehemently, "I am ashamed of my own discernment when I mistook you for a great man. Prosecute him, and you may promise yourself to be blown up at every gaming-house in the town. But leave the affair to me, and if I find he hath played you this trick, I will engage my own honour you shall in the end be no loser."

The count answered, "If I was sure to be no loser, Mr. Wild, I apprehend you have a better opinion of my understanding than to imagine I would prosecute a gentleman for the sake of the public."

Wild having determined to make use of Bagshot as long as he could, and then send him to be hanged, went to Bagshot next day and told him the count knew all and intended to prosecute him, and the only thing to be done was to refund the money.

"Refund the money!" cried Bagshot. "Why, you know what small part of it fell to my share?"

"How?" replied Wild. "Is this your gratitude to me for saving your life? For your own conscience must convince you of your guilt."

"Marry come up!" quoth Bagshot. "I believe my life alone will not be in danger. Can you deny your share?"

"Yes, you rascal!" answered Wild. "I do deny everything, and do you find a witness to prove it. I will show you the difference between committing a robbery and conniving at it."

So alarmed was Bagshot at the threats of Wild that he drew forth all he found in his pockets, to the amount of twenty-one guineas, which he had just gained at dice.

Wild now returned to the count and informed him that he had got ten guineas of Bagshot, and by these means the count was once more enlarged and enabled to carry out a new plan of the great Wild.

III—Mr. Heartfree's Weakness

By accident, Wild had met with a young fellow who had formerly been his companion at school.

Mr. Thomas Heartfree (for that was his name) was of an honest and open disposition. He was possessed of several great weaknesses of mind, being good-natured, friendly and generous to a great excess.

This young man, who was about Wild's age, had some time before set up in the trade of a jeweller, in the materials for which he had laid out the greatest part of a little fortune.

He no sooner recognized Wild than he accosted him in the most friendly manner and invited him home with him to breakfast, which invitation our hero, with no great difficulty, consented to.

Wild, after vehement professions of friendship, then told him he had an opportunity of recommending a gentleman, on the brink of marriage, to his custom, "and," says he, "I will endeavour to prevail on him to furnish his lady with jewels at your shop."

Having parted from Heartfree, Wild sought out the count, who, in order to procure credit from tradesmen, had taken a handsome house, ready-furnished, in one of the new streets. He instructed the count to take only one of Heartfree's jewels at the first interview, to reject the rest as not fine enough, and order him to provide some richer. The count was then to dispose of the jewel and, by means of that money and his great abilities at cards and dice, to get together as large a sum as possible to pay down to Heartfree at the delivery of the set of jewels.

This method was immediately put in execution; and the count, the first day, took only a single brilliant, worth about £300, and ordered a necklace and earrings, of the value of £3,000 more, to be prepared by that day week.

This interval was employed by Wild in raising a gang, and within a few days he had levied several bold and resolute fellows, fit for any enterprise, how dangerous or great soever.

The count disposed of his jewel for its full value, and by his dexterity raised £1,000. This sum he paid down to Heartfree at the end of the week, and promised him the rest within a month. Heartfree did not in the least scruple giving him credit, but as he had in reality procured those jewels of another, his own little stock not being valuable enough, the count, in addition to the £1,000 in gold, gave him his note for £2,800 more.

As soon as Heartfree was departed, Wild came in and received the casket from the count, and an appointment was made to meet the next morning to come to a division of its contents.

Two gentlemen of resolution, in the meantime, attacked Heartfree on his way home, according to Wild's orders, and spoiled the enemy of the whole sum he had received from the count. According to agreement, Wild, who had made haste to overtake the conquerors, took nine-tenths of the booty, but was himself robbed of this £900 before nightfall.

As for the casket, when he opened it, the stones were but paste. For the sagacious count had conveyed the jewels into his own pocket and in their stead had placed artificial stones.

Heartfree, wounded and robbed, had only the count's note left, and this was returned to him as worthless, inquiries having proved that the count had run away. So confused was poor Heartfree at this that his creditor for the jewels was frightened, and at once had him arrested for the debt.

IV—The Highest Pinnacle of Greatness

WILD was a living instance that human greatness and happiness are not always inseparable. He was under a continual alarm of frights and fears and jealousies, and was thoroughly convinced there was not a single man amongst his own gang who would not, for the value of five shillings, bring him to the gallows.

A clause in an act of parliament procured by a learned judge entrapped Wild. Hitherto he had always employed less gifted men to carry out his plans. Now, by this law it was made capital in a prig to steal with the hands of other people.

Wild, having received from some dutiful members of his gang a valuable piece of goods, did, for a consideration, re-convey it to the right owner, for which fact, being ungratefully informed against by the said owner, he was surprised in his own house and, being overpowered by numbers, was hurried before a magistrate and by him committed to Newgate.

When the day of his trial arrived, our hero, notwithstanding his utmost caution and prudence, was convicted and sentenced to be hanged by the neck.

From the time our hero gave over all hopes of life, his conduct was truly great and admirable. Instead of showing any marks of contrition or dejection, he rather infused more confidence and assurance into his looks. He spent most of his hours in drinking with acquainta with the good chaplain ; and, being asked whether he was afraid to die, he answered, " It's only a dance without music. A man can die but once. Zounds ! Who's afraid ?"

At length the morning came which Fortune had resolutely ordained for the consummation of our hero's greatness ; he had himself, indeed, modestly declined the public honour she intended him, and had taken a quantity of laudanum in order to retire quietly off the stage. But it is vain to struggle against the decrees of Fortune, and the laudanum proved insufficient to stop his breath.

At the usual hour he was acquainted that the cart was ready and, his fetters having been knocked off in a solemn and ceremonious manner, after drinking a bumper of brandy, he ascended the cart, where he was no sooner seated than he received the acclamations of the multitude.

The cart now moved slowly on, preceded by a troop of Horse Guards, bearing javelins in their hands, through streets lined with crowds, all admiring the great behaviour of our hero, who rode on, sometimes sighing, sometimes swearing, sometimes singing or whistling, as his humour varied.

When he came to the tree of glory, he was welcomed with an universal shout of the people ; but there were not wanting some who maligned this completion of

glory, now about to be fulfilled by our hero, and endeavoured to prevent it by knocking him on the head as he stood under the tree, while the chaplain was performing his last office.

One circumstance must not be omitted. Whilst the chaplain was busy in his ejaculations, Wild, in the midst of the shower of stones, etc., which played upon him, true to his character, applied his hands to the parson's pocket, and emptied it of his bottle-screw, which he carried out of the world in his hand.

The chaplain being now descended from the cart, Wild had just opportunity to cast his eyes around the crowd, and to give them a hearty curse, when immediately the horses moved on and, with universal applause, our hero swung out of this world.

Great Tragedy of Portending Doom

AESCHYLUS

AGAMEMNON

FIRST of the trilogy of tragedies in which Aeschylus portrays the culmination of the legend of the house of the Pelopidae, the Agamemnon was produced at Athens in 458 B.C. and is one of the world's masterpieces of dramatic literature. The events in the story, before the opening of the drama, but vividly present to the mind of every spectator in the Athenian audience, are the flight of Helen, wife of Menelaus, with his Trojan guest Paris; the gathering of the Grecian hosts to sail for Troy and exact vengeance; the sacrifice by Agamemnon, brother of Menelaus, of his daughter Iphigenia, to appease the wrath of the goddess Artemis; and the ten years' absence of the Grecian princes and warriors at the long siege. The scene of the tragedy is laid at Argos, before the palace of Agamemnon, where his wife, Clytaemnestra, and her paramour Aegisthus, have plotted to murder him when he returns after the fall of Troy. There are several cheap translations of Aeschylus's plays.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Agamemnon	Clytaemnestra	Herald	Watchman
Aegisthus	Cassandra	Chorus of Argive Elders	

The scene is laid at Argos before the palace of **Agamemnon**



First Act

SIGNAL fires have announced to the watchmen and to **Clytaemnestra** that Troy has fallen. The stage is unoccupied when the **Chorus** of Argive elders enters, unconscious of the news.]

Chorus: The tenth slow year rolls on since, great in arms,
The noble sons of Atreus, each exalted
To majesty and empire, royal brothers,
Led hence a thousand ships, the Argive fleet,
Big with the fate of Priam and of Troy.
But we, age-worn, inglorious here must bide.

[**Clytaemnestra**, with a solemn and silent procession, enters and kindles sacrificial fires on altars before the palace.]

Then, their brave hosts marching in firm array
The heroes led the way,
Till in each royal chieftain's view
A royal eagle whirls his flight;
In plumage one of dusky hue,
And one his dark wings edged with white,
Swift to the imperial mansions take their way,
And in their armed talons bear,
Seized in its flight, a pregnant hare;
And in those splendid seats enjoy their prey.
Mournfully, mournfully sing—yet the good be victor.
The seer, in high prophetic strains,
The ravening eagles and their prey explains:
'Though Priam's town lie low,
Fear we the wrath of Artemis
Demanding other sacrifice.
A mother brooding on a daughter's woe.'
Mournfully, mournfully sing—yet the good be victor.
(*to* **Clyaemnestra**): Great queen, if aught of import glad hath reached
Thine ear, I fain would hear.
Clytaemnestra: The town of Priam
This night is fallen before our conquering arms.
Chor.: Nay, but what messenger could speed so fast? [crest;
Clyt.: The Fire-god, flaming bright on Ida's
Beacon to beacon flashed the courier-blaze—
Ida to Hermes' crag on Lemnos isle;
And the great island bonfire, Athos Point,
The mount of Zeus, the third in order caught,
And, tow'ring high to skim the waste of waters,
It fed the speeding flare with joyous strength—
A shining brand that tossed the golden beam
Sunlike to a watcher on Macistus' height;
Thence to Euripus' and Messapius' warders.
The mighty torch unflagging leaped the plain
Of far Asopus, like a gleaming moon

On to Cichaeron's rock, and roused once more
A fresh successor of the news-fraught glare.
Across the mere Gorgopis flashed the light
To Aegiplanctus; thence, with strength undimmed,
A giant beard of blaze, its flame o'er-leaped
The cliff that frowns on the Saronic strait.
Then, then it darted, then at length attained
Arachne's crag, the post hard by our town;
So lighted last here on our royal roof
The fiery heir of Ida's flame begotten.
Even now the conquered, doomed to servitude,
Wailing, embrace with tears their slaughtered kin;
Let not the conquerors then arouse the wrath
Of the high gods by sacrilegious deeds,
Nor the Omnipotent Vengeance smite them down.
[*Exit* **Clytaemnestra.**

Chor.: Thine, Zeus that reignest, thine the Hand we own;
The Almighty Justice willed, and it was done.
Paris thy great behest defied,
And from his host stole, impious, his bride
And, bold in sin, to Troy's devoted shore
Destruction for her dowry bore.

[Nevertheless, a nameless tormenting doubt, a dark presentiment of evil, haunts the **Chorus** The war was righteous; yet the people, whose sons have perished before Troy, feel the quarrel to be none of theirs. 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' And may not the queen herself have been misled? This last doubt, however, is dispelled by the entrance of a herald from **Agamemnon** as **Clytaemnestra** re-enters.]

Second Act

HERALD: Hail, thou paternal soil of Argive earth,
Hail, thou loved land; hail, thou bright sun; and thou
Great guardian of my country, Zeus the King;
Thou Phoebus, hail, thy shafts no longer winged
For our destruction.
Ye, if e'er of old
Those eyes with favour have beheld the king,
Receive him now, after this length of time,
With glory; greet him well; such is his meed,
The mighty king that with the mace of Zeus,
The avenger, wherewith he subdues the earth,
Hath levelled with the dust the towers of Troy.

Clytaemnestra: Soon from the king's own lips shall I learn all.
How best I may receive my honoured lord,
And grace his wished return, now claims my care.
Can Heaven's fair beam show a fond wife a sight
More grateful than a husband from his wars
Returned with glory, when she opes the gate
And springs to welcome him? Tell my lord this,
That he may hasten his desired return;
Say, ten long years have not effaced the seal
Of my strong constancy, as true and pure
As virgin metal in the mine's deep heart. [*Exit.*

Chorus: Of Sparta's king fain would I question thee.

Her.: Him from the Grecian fleet our eyes have lost,
The hero and his ship. This is the truth.
Lost—in a storm that rent him from the fleet.
My tidings are of conquest and success,
Diffusing joy; with these glad sounds, how mix
Distress, and speak of storms and angry gods?
Tell how, in a night of tempest wild from Thrace
In all their fury rushed the howling winds;
Tossed by the forceful blasts, ship against ship
In hideous conflict crashed, or disappeared,
Driven at the boisterous whirlwind's dreadful will? [*Exit.*

Chor.: Is there in names a charm profound
That tells us of their fates assigned—
Mysterious potency of sound
With strange prophetic truth combined?
Affianced in contention, led,
The spear her dowry, to her bridal bed,
With desolation in her train,
Helen, the Hell of warriors, ships and towers,
From the rich fragrance of her gorgeous bowers
Descending to the main
Hastens to spread her flying sails
And calls the earth-born zephyr's gales.
While heroes, breathing vengeance, snatch their shields
And track her light oars o'er the pathless waves
To the thick shades fresh waving o'er those fields
Which Simois with his silver windings laves.
The woodman, from his thirsty lair,
Reft of his dam a lion bore;
Fostered his future foe with care
To mischiefs he must soon deplore:
Gentle and tame while young,
Harmless he frisked the fondling babes among;
Oft in the father's bosom lay,
Oft licked his feeding hand in fawning play;
Till, conscious of his firmer age,
His lion race the lordly savage shows;
No more his youth-protecting cottage knows,
But with insatiate rage
Flies on the flocks, a baleful guest,
And riots in the unbidden feast, [swain
While through his mangled folds the hapless
With horror sees the unbounded carnage spread;
And learns too late that from the infernal reign
A priest of Ate in his house was bred.

Third Act

AGAMEMNON now enters with his train. By his side is the captive Princess of Troy, **Cassandra**, on whom Apollo had bestowed in anger the fatal gift that she should ever prophesy truth, yet none should believe her prophecies or comprehend her warnings. The **Chorus** render him loyal greetings, with a warning note.]

Agamemnon: To Argos first, and to my country's gods
I bow with reverence, by whose holy guidance
On Troy's proud towers I poured their righteous vengeance,
And now revisit safe my native soil.
For this we render grateful thanks to them.
Ye have said well, in greeting and in warning—
Few have the fortitude of soul to honour
A friend's success without some touch of envy.
Yea, this I know, that many who in public

Have borne the semblance of my firmest friends
Are but the flattering image of a shadow
Reflected from a mirror.

[**Clytaemnestra** *enters.*

Clytaemnestra : In your presence,
Most reverend friends and fellow-citizens,
A wife's fond love I blush not to disclose.
For a weak woman, in her husband's absence,
Pensive to sit and lonely in her house,
'Tis dismal listening to each frightful tale.
First one alarms her, then another comes
Charged with worse tidings. Such reports oppressed me,
Till life became distasteful, and my hands
Were prompted oft to deeds of desperation.
Yet now the fountains of my tears are dried,
Save that mine eyes are weak with midnight watchings,
Wearying for my dear lord. But all is now
Forgotten, all, when I behold my king,
My guardian, the strong anchor of my hope,
The stately column that supports my house,
Welcome as land to storm-tossed mariners,
Welcome as day after a night of tempests,
As bubbling fount to thirsty wayfarer.
Now from thy chariot, dearest lord, descend ;
Yet set not on the bare base earth that foot,
The royal foot, beneath whose mighty tread
Troy trembled ! Haste ye, maidens, spread the ground
With purple tapestries rich and rare, to grace
In seemly wise the pathway of the king

Agam. : Laud me not thus with gushing girlish praises,
Nor as some arrogant barbarian king.
That loves loud acclamations echoing round
From prostrate slaves ; spread me no tapestries,
Nor pay to a mortal man the honours due
To immortal gods alone.

Clyt. : Nay, dearest lord,
Grant me this boon ; so let me—will you not ?—
Claim conquest of the conqueror of Troy.

Agam. : Have then thy wish ; yet not with buskined feet
I'll tread those purple carpets, lest I stir
Some god to wrath, presumptuous.
Gently entreat
This stranger ; for the gods approve the victor
That bears himself not proudly ; since none wears
Of his free choice the yoke of servitude. [fulfil !

Clyt. : Zeus, the Fulfiller ! Zeus, my prayers
Yea, care for all that thou art to fulfil.

[The king and queen enter the palace, leaving **Cassandra** without, with the **Chorus**. Again a vague foreboding dread is voiced in the choric song. **Clytaemnestra** re-enters.] [Zeus

Clyt. : Thou, too, Cassandra, enter ; since high
Hath set thee of his grace, in this our house,
A slave with many another, thy proud spirit
Must somewhat stoop. Alcmena's mighty son
Bowed to such yoke perforce. What, silent still ?
Unheeding ? If thou wilt subdue thy mind,
Delay not. If thy tongue knows not to frame
Our foreign speech, make sign. Nay, then, 'tis frenzy.
I tarry here no more to be disdained.

[*Exit* **Clytaemnestra.**

Fourth Act

CHORUS : Pity, not anger, is her meed. Poor soul,
Forsake thy chariot, unreluctant learn
To bear this new yoke of necessity.

Cassandra : Woe, woe ! O Earth ! Apollo, ah, Apollo ! [name.

Chor. : That wailing cry fits not with Apollo's

Cass. : Woe, woe ! O Earth ! Apollo, ah, Apollo !

Chor. : Again that wail.

Cass. : Apollo, ah, Apollo !
Fatal, once more thou lead'st me to my doom.
Ah, whither hast thou led me, to what house ?

Chor. : Thou know'st not ? 'Tis the palace of the Atridae.

Cass. : It is a mansion hated by the gods,
A charnel-house, reeking with human gore.
Look ! Look ! The witnesses ! The murdered children,
The father feasting on their roasted flesh !
Ah, God ! What horrible new intent is hers ?

Chor. : The olden tale we know, but what is this ?

Cass. : False, false ! Thy wedded lord, with limbs new-bathed—
Ah ! blow on blow ! see, see the paramour,
The net ! Howl, howl, fell pack that haunts the race.

Chor. : What Fury calls she ? Some blind horror grips me.

Cass. : The heifer thrusts her horns in the bull's side ;
Down in the chaldron, lo ! he falls, he falls.
Me too, me too, unhappy ! Is it for this,
For this, that thou hast brought me here, to die ?
[The prophetic trance passes. **Cassandra** turns to the **Chorus.**]
No longer veiled, like to a new-made bride,
My words shall hide their import. Witness ye !
I have found the scent of a crime wrought long ago,
I hear the voices of the avenging band
That sup on blood, fell haunters of the house
Where, foully wronged, a brother wronged as foully
The brother that wronged him. Bear witness then
I know to the uttermost that tale of sin.

Chor. : In sooth we marvel that, being born and bred
In a distant land, such knowledge can be thine.

Cass. : This gift, this doom, Apollo laid on me.
He sought, I fained to yield, yet dared repulse him ;
So am I doomed ever to warn in vain.
Ah ! Ah ! Again the frenzy ! Lo, their ghosts,
Ghosts of dead children, holding up to view
Their mangled limbs, the horrible repast
Of their unconscious sire. For this, for this
That lurking coward now plots his fell revenge,
Who, while the lion-monarch fought afar,
Made foul his lair. But he, Troy's conqueror,
He knows not what she dares, glib with fond words.
Murderess, she-dragon, Scylla—filled with hate.

Chor. : Thyestes' feast with shuddering fear we know ;

The rest is darkness

Cass. : Agamemnon's death—

Chor. : Be still! The ill-omened word begets the deed.

Cass. : Apollo, ah, Apollo! I burn, I burn!
The lioness with her wolf-paramour
Will slay me too. Away! Off, off, ye trappings,
Laurel and fillets of the Pythoness,
Apollo's mocking guerdon. I shall die—
Exile and matricide, the Avenger comes
One day, God's instrument. To meet my doom
I go, nor tarry.

Chor. : Wherefore starts she back?

Cass. : The smell of blood and death breathes from the house
Noisome and rank as issuing from the grave.
O mighty Sun-god! Make the vengeance sure.

[She passes into the house. The **Chorus** still cannot grasp the meaning of her warning. There comes a sudden cry.] [to death!

Agamemnon (*within*) : Ah me, I am stricken

Chor. : What cry is this?

Agam. : Again! Again! Oh, foully, foully murdered.

[The truth at last breaks upon the **Chorus**. For a few moments there is a scene of wild confusion, a clamour of cries.]

Chor. : Summon the citizens! Rush in at once,
Seize them red-handed. Act at once! Do something—
We cannot bring the dead to life. What then?
Bow to the murderous tyrants? Rather die!
Cease guessing: go we in and know the truth.

Fifth Act

THE interior of the palace is revealed, with the corpses of **Agamemnon** and **Cassandra**, **Clytaemnestra** standing by them.]

Clytaemnestra : Ye have heard me speak fair words. Now unashamed
I do belie those words. Who seeks revenge
Makes vengeance sure by wearing friendship's guise. [ceived design,
This was no hasty rash-con-
But formed with deep premeditated thought.
Incensed with wrongs, each single step I planned.
No chance had he to struggle or resist, [that shone
Entangled in the gorgeous robe
Fatally rich. I struck him twice, and twice
He groaned—then, died. A third time, where he lay
I thrust him through. Is it not a welcome gift
To that stern god that in the realms below
Reigns o'er the dead? There let him take his seat.
He lay, and, spouting from his wounds, a stream
Of blood bedewed me with these crimson drops,
Grateful to me, as to the genial earth,
The pattering rain-drops. Wherefore, reverend sirs,
Rejoice with me! For his injurious pride
Filled for this house the cup of desolation—
Fated himself to drain it to the dregs.
I fear not you. There Agamemnon lies,
My husband, slaughtered by my hand. I dare
Avow his death, and justify my deed.

Chorus : Accursed the hand that struck. A people's wrath
Shall in just vengeance burst upon thy head.

Clyt. : No blame for him that sacrificed his child,
My child for whom I bore a mother's pangs?
Me ye judge, can ye judge not. Are ye stronger?
Use then your might! If not, be wise in time
Aegisthus stands by me, my shield and strength;
There lies the man that wronged me, with his minion.

Chor. : Helen and Clytaemnestra, fatal sisters!
Dread spirit that haunt'st the house, dost thou rejoice? [in sooth;

Clyt. : Ye deem the deed was mine; not so,
Say the avenging Fury wrought his doom.

Chor. : No more in single drops the shower of blood
Descends, but one red torrent shakes the walls.

[*Enter* **Aegisthus**.

Aegisthus : Hail, joyful day, whose welcome light brings vengeance!
For that foul wrong wrought to my sire Thyestes
By Atreus, this man's father, I designed
For him this righteous doom, planned all, wrought all.

Chor. : There, Aegisthus, shalt thou not escape
When with stern justice the avenging people
Shall hurl their stones on thine accursed head.

Aeg. : Hark how the galley-slave rebukes the pilot!
Old fool, hunger and chains are sovereign physic
For proud hearts. Look! and tremble, and contend not.

Chor. : Coward and murderer! Shalt thou reign in Argos?
Help, every friend! Upon him with the sword!

Aeg. : My sword is out: Aegisthus dares to die.

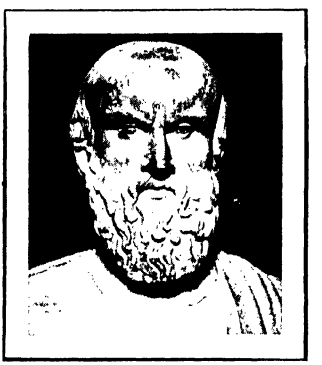
Chor. : Prophetic be thy words! We hail the omen!

Clyt. : Sweet love, let not new ills be heaped on ills;
Enough of vengeance now, enough of blood.
While still ye may, old man, go home in peace.
What hath been done, the rigour of the times
Compelled us to.

Aeg. : Ay, but to hear this babbler,
It moves me from the firmness of my temper.

Chor. : Yet shall the just gods lead Orestes home.

Clyt. : Nay, heed them not. Come in, and order all.



AESCHYLUS was born at Eleusis in 525 B.C. In 499 he first entered for the prize given at Athens for the best tragedy, but did not obtain first place until 484. He received the prize at least twelve times during the next twenty-six years. Aeschylus died at Gela, in Sicily, in 456 B.C.

THE ZEND-AVESTA

Abridgement by Professor T. Witton Davies

THE Zend-Avesta is the Bible of the Zarathustrians and of their modern representatives, the Parsees, who flourish, for the most part, in Bombay. The title, Zend-Avesta, is an anomaly, for 'Zend' is not the name of a language at all, but means 'commentary,' the word 'avesta' connoting the original text on which the commentary is written. The original title denotes Avesta and Zend, which is a correct description, for what is now known as the Zend-Avesta is really a combination of text (Avesta) and commentary (Zend). The word 'avesta' denotes perhaps, literally, 'knowledge,' being cognate with the Sanskrit word 'veda.' But A. V W. Jackson derives it from a form *upasta*, denoting 'the original text.' Darmesteter makes the word old Persian, denoting 'law.' The existing Avesta is more like a prayer book than a Bible, for it is as a liturgical work that it took its present form and as such it is now generally used, though the part called 'Vendidad' includes a large number of laws for religious ceremonies and the like. What is known to modern scholars as the Avesta is, however, only a portion of the original work, the latter having been largely lost through the conquests over Persia of Alexander the Great, and the subjugation of the Sassanid Persians by the Muslims in A.D. 632. The original Avesta, as described in Pahlavi texts which have come down to us, contains twenty-one nasks, or books. These existed, in a more or less incomplete state, down to the ninth century A.D.

General Introduction



ZOROASTRIANISM, or, more correctly, Zarathustraism, is derived from Zoroaster, or, more strictly, Zarathustra, the founder of the religion. Modern scholarship inclines to the belief that this great religious leader was born in West Media about 600 B.C., and carried on his great work in Bactria. The religion with which his name is connected is really a reformed and spiritualised kind of that magism which prevailed in Media and contiguous countries. The priests, who were called 'Atharvans' (fire priests) in the Avesta, are identical with the Magi, priests of the religion which Zarathustra (Zoroaster) found in his original and adopted homes.

According to some, the founder of Zarathustraism lived at a very much earlier time, and there are great scholars (Tiele, Darmesteter, Edouard Meyer, etc.) who wholly deny the historicity of such a character. No doubt, in later years, there gathered round Zarathustra an immense number of fictitious legends, as was the case with Buddha, Jesus and even Mahomet; but that each one of these religious teachers lived and wrought is beyond the reach of reasonable doubt.

The Avesta which exists to-day may be divided thus:

I. The strictly canonical parts, including the following, which will be more fully described in connexion with the summaries: (1) Yasnas, including the Gathas; (2) Vispereds; (3) Vendidads.

The word 'vispered' means 'all the lords,' and this section is so called because it contains invocations to all the lords, or gods. It consists almost entirely of extracts from other parts of the Avesta, especially from the Yasnas. What is not found elsewhere has no special value and need not be summarised.

II. The Apocryphal Avesta, usually called the Khorda Avesta, or the short Avesta. This is much less esteemed than the Avesta proper. It comprises: (1) Yashts (invocation); (2) minor prayers.

The language of the Avesta can be correctly described only as Avestan, for no other literature in the same language exists. It resembles the Pahlavi, or ancient Persian, but it is identical with no language. The Zend, or commentary, is written in the Pahlavi language.

The present writer wishes to express his obligation to the translation of the Avesta by Spiegel (in German); by Haug in his Essays on Sacred Language, Writing and Religion of the Parsees; and to those by Darmesteter and L. H. Mills in the Sacred Books of the East, vols. iv, xxiii and xxxiii, published by the Clarendon Press.

Yasnas, or Sacrificial Prayers and Songs

THIS section of the Avesta constitutes the principal liturgical text-book of the great Yasna ceremony, which is made up chiefly of the preparation and offering of the Parahoma (the juice of the homa or some plant mixed with milk and aromatic ingredients). There are seventy-two chapters in the Yasnas, though they contain a good number of repetitions. It is in this main part of the Avesta that the five metrical Gathas are to be found, these being the oldest and by far the most important part of the Avesta.

CHAPTER I

The Proclamation of Salvation

I (Zarathustra) make known to Ahura-Mazda, the Great God, that I am about to offer him my prayers and sacrifices [yasnas]. He is the greatest and best, the most powerful and wise. I pay homage also to the bountiful immortals (the Amesha Spentas), the guardians of the world. And to the body of the sacred cow and its soul[1]: to Ahura (Jupiter), Mithra, the sun, to the star Sirius, and to the Fravashis (guardian angels of the saints). If I have offended thee, O thou greatest one, Ahura-Mazda, or if I have diminished aught of the sacrifices due to thee, forgive me, oh, forgive me, thou unerring one. I declare myself to be a Mazdaist, a Zarathustrian, a sworn foe to the Daevas[2] and a worshipper of Ahura-Mazda.

CHAPTER IV

We present as offerings pure thoughts, kind words, beneficent works, the Homa (Soma), flesh-offerings, zaothras, the holy beresma[3]; suitable prayers, Gatha hymns, and mathra (the Vedic 'mantra'—sacred songs); all these we present as sacrifices to Ahura-Mazda, to the bountiful immortals, to the Fravashis and souls of the pure, and also to the sacred fire of Ahura-Mazd[1].

CHAPTER VIII

I offer to thee, O Ahura-Mazda, sacrifices of all kinds. Mayest thou, O all-powerful, all-wise one, rule over thy creatures, over all waters and trees, all empires and dominions, causing fertility, happiness and universal justice to abound in the world. In all conflicts between light and darkness, between the good and the bad, let the right prevail, O thou king of righteousness. I, Zarathustra, urge heads of families, chiefs of clans and rulers of states to follow the true religion, that revealed by Ahura-Mazda, and proclaimed by his prophet Zarathustra.

CHAPTERS IX and X

In some manuscripts these chapters are designated Homa-Yashts, because they celebrate the praises of Homa and have the form of Yashts. In these chapters Homa is personified, as also in the Vedas is the Sanskrit Soma [see page 1552]. In the period before the separation of the Iranians and Indians the worship of the Homa plant bulked largely. It died out, however, among the Iranians at an early period, perhaps owing to its prevalence among their Indian rivals, who traced to it that very courage with which they contended against the Iranians. The present chapters belong to the period of the revival of the Homa cult among the Mazdaists or Zarathustrians.

When Zarathustra was engaged in singing the Gathas and attending the sacred fire, Homa appeared before him in resplendently supernatural guise and explained, "I am Homa, whom thou shouldst worship as the sages and prophets of old have done."

On hearing this, Zarathustra immediately set about walking around the sacred fire, singing lustily the praises of the God Homa, whom his father had worshipped. "It is Homa," sang the prophet, "that gives men knowledge of things new and old. Even men buried under the weight of book-lore receive from him inspiration and perception of truth that no books can impart. It is Homa that gives kind and

[1] Referring to the ancient Persian legend, according to which a primeval cow was, in the beginning, the sole inhabitant of the earth. It was, however, slain by Ahriman (Satan), but out of its body, when buried in the ground, an abundance of corn and of fruit arose, supplying the needs of mankind. Its soul, however, ascended up to Heaven to enjoy the companionship of the great good spirit.

[2] The Vedic name for the Brahmanic gods. In the Avesta it always means false gods, idols.

[3] A bundle of sacred twigs held by the Zarathustrian priests when reciting prayers.

wealthy husbands to unwed maidens; that fills the sky with clouds, and refreshes the ground with life-giving showers, causing the plants to grow on the lofty mountains on whose brow thine own sacred plant [asclepias] flourishes."

CHAPTER XXXV

We adore thee, O thou great god, Ahura-Mazda, and also the bountiful immortals. We laud all good thoughts and words and deeds that have been, are, or will be. It is our duty to live the good life, since that is best for both worlds. Thine, O lofty spirit, is the kingdom, thine the power, and thine the glory. Thy righteous rule surpasses every other rule; thy praise surpasses all other praise; thy hymns are the loftiest and best of all hymns.

The Five Gathas

GATHA means 'song' and is the same word as the Sanskrit 'gita' (compare Bhagavad-Gita). These five Gathas include Yasnas 28-34, 43-46, 47-50 and 51-53. In metre, vocabulary and matter the Gathas prove themselves to be the oldest part of the Avesta. The doctrines taught are likewise purer and more rational. Note the following: 1. There is one supreme good deity, Ahura-Mazda, the conception of whom is so lofty that, in order to save his character, a spirit of evil (Ahriman) has been invented. To the supreme good spirit are ascribed six attributes which are often personified. In the later parts of the Avesta these attributes are made independent persons (the 'bountiful immortals,' or the Amesha Spentas). But in the Gathas they form, with Ahura-Mazda, a unity much resembling the Sabellian trinity. 2. The doctrine of reward and punishment that is taught in the Gathas is subjective—*i.e.* it makes a man's reward and punishment consist in change of character, disposition, etc.

It is a strange coincidence that the highest form of Indian and Iranian belief is to be found in the earliest literature of these religions—*i.e.* the Vedas and the Gathas. This does not agree with the prevailing opinion that in religions there is ever progress from lower to higher forms.

In these Gathas there is a unity of thought and feeling suggesting strongly unity of authorship. There is general agreement that the one author to whom at least the great bulk of the Gathas is due is Zarathustra himself. Roth, L. H. Mills and other scholars date the Gathas as they would the Vedas, somewhere between 1200 and 1500 B.C. and they therefore fix upon the same date for the work of Zarathustra himself. Other Avestan scholars fix the date of Zarathustra's life, and therefore of the Gathas, some time near 600 B.C.

The Call of Zarathustra

The afflicted people cry aloud to thee, O Ahura-Mazda, and also to thee, Asha, the author of the divine order. Why were we made to be exposed to the attacks of suffering and of sin?

The divine one asked Asha, "Hast thou appointed a guardian over this people to defend them from evil?"

Said Asha, "There is no man in this world that has to bear his lot of suffering and to resist moral adversaries but the great Creator knows all about his life, and demands from him all that he is capable of. No man can choose anyone who is able to secure justice and happiness in the world."

"But I," said Ahura-Mazda, "have chosen one for this great task; it is Zarathustra, the prophet and priest."

On hearing of his divine appointment, Zarathustra prayed to his god, saying, "Do thou, O all-wise one, aid me, directing my thoughts, choosing for me my words, and guiding my steps, for without thee I can do nothing."

Zarathustra's Prayer for Help

Teach me, O loftiest one, thy ways, and encourage me by thy promises to observe thy ceremonies. When shall I become acquainted with thine own pure mind and know what is truly good? When shall I realize thee in my own soul, and have fellowship with thee without the mediation of man or angels? I do not ask for riches, or booty, or worldly prosperity, but for righteousness. And do thou, O Divine Righteousness, bestow upon me that sacred blessing which is constituted by the attainments of the Good Mind; and do thou also, O Piety, grant unto me to hear with understanding thy benignant words.

The Creed Which Zarathustra Is To Preach

I announce to all who desire to know the true doctrine about the Creation. Let all that listen give heed and shape their ways according to this teaching. There were at the beginning two spirits and nothing more—a better principle and a worse. This pair existed independently each of the other. The good spirit (Ahura-Mazda) made all that he created perfect and just, like himself, but the evil spirit (Ahriman) created things that were evil. Why have the Daeva worshippers perverted the truth and gone astray from the right path? Because the creator of evil has taken possession of them. All such as make their thoughts, words and deeds conform to the will of the good spirit have an eternal reward, and their salvation has already begun. But such as yield to the evil impulses prompted by Ahriman shall abide eternally in woe and misery.

Vendidads

'VENDIDADS' means literally, 'laws against demons.' This is not strictly a liturgical work, but a priestly code describing the various purifications, penalties and expiations by which faults of several kinds are atoned for, or their consequences annulled. The existing Vendidads agree almost exactly with Nask 19 of the original Avesta, the only part of the Avesta in which one of the Nasks has been completely preserved. The Vendidads are divided into twenty-two Fargads, or sections.

Fargad 3.—The Sanctity of Agriculture

The earth should be cultivated, that it may bring forth food for man and beast, and because it promotes human piety. "How is it, O great creator," asks Zarathustra, "that religion is to be spread?" "By cultivating barley," was the answer, "for he who cultivates barley cultivates purity. When barley is threshed or ground, and when flour is produced, devils whistle, whine and waste away, knowing full well that man's idleness is their only opportunity."



ZOROASTER or Zarathustra, the founder or prophet of the old Persian religion, was an historical character, although many legends have grown up round his name. He is believed to have been born in N.W. Persia not later than 660 B.C., and perhaps much earlier. He was of noble family, and with other chieftains carried on a military and religious struggle against Turanian aggressors. He was killed in Bactria.

Fargad 4.—Civil and Criminal Law

Whoever refuses to restore property to one to whom he knows it belongs by right is a thief. Every day and night that he keeps this property he is guilty of theft. "How many kinds of property are there?" asked Zarathustra. "These six," was the answer. "(1) That made by mere words, (2) that made by striking hands, (3) that made by depositing a sheep as security, and (4, 5, 6) those cases in which the security is respectively an ox, a man's value, and the value of a full field." Then follow details of penalties for violating these contracts—*e.g.* for breaking the first, 300 stripes of the rod, and so forth.

Fargads 5-18.—Laws for the Treatment of Dead Bodies

The two determining principles are: (1) that a dead body is impure, (2) the elements earth, fire and water are absolutely pure and sacred. Bodies are not, therefore, to be buried, or they would pollute the earth; nor are they to be burnt, or they would pollute fire, nor thrown into water of any kind. They must be carried up to a lofty mountain, placed on stones or iron plates, and exposed to dogs and vultures. Impurity from contact with a dead body, etc., is removed by pure water. Then follow laws prescribing the counter charms to be used against evil spirits; the methods by which the sacred fire must be made and used.

Witty Record of Eastern Travel

A. W. KINGLAKE

EOTHE

THIS sensitive and witty record of Kinglake's experiences in Eastern lands about 1835 was twice re-written before it appeared in book form in 1844, and made its author famous. Eothen; or Impressions of Travel Brought Home from the East (its title derived from a Greek word meaning From the Dawn) affords interesting glimpses of Kinglake's early life and takes the reader from Constantinople to Damascus. It deals also with the Troad, Cyprus, Jerusalem, Cairo, the Pyramids and the Sphinx, Suez, Gaza, and Nablous, at a time when those places were comparatively new ground to the English tourist. Kinglake set down his descriptions of what he saw and heard with a charm and a freshness that are altogether delightful, though some of his comments on Moslem manners and customs were too appreciative, and his references to the Holy Land too unconventional for contemporary prejudices. To-day the work, which is obtainable in Everyman's Library, is rightly regarded as a classic of its kind and appeals probably to a far larger public than Kinglake's elaborate and controversial if brilliant History of the Crimean War.

I—Through Serbia to Constantinople



AT Semlin I was still encompassed by the scenes and sounds of familiar life, yet whenever I chose to look southward I saw the Ottoman fortress—austere, and darkly impending high over the vale of the Danube—historic Belgrade. I had come to the end of wheel-going Europe, and now my eyes would see the splendour and havoc of the East. We managed the work of departure from Semlin with nearly as much solemnity as if we had been departing this life. The plague was supposed to be raging in the Ottoman Empire, and we were asked by our Semlin friends if we were perfectly certain that we had wound up all our affairs in Christendom.

We soon reached the southern bank in our row-boat, and were met by an invitation from the pasha to pay him a visit. In the course of an interesting interview, conducted with Oriental imagery by our dragoman, we informed the pasha that we were obliged for his hospitality and the horses he had promised for our journey to Constantinople, whereupon the pasha, standing up on his divan, said, "Proud are the sires and blessed are the dams of the horses that shall carry your excellency to the end of your prosperous journey."

Our party, consisting of my companion, Methley, our personal servants, interpreter and escort, started from Belgrade, as usual, hours after the arranged time, and night had closed in as we entered the great Serbian forest through which our road lay for more than a hundred miles. When we came out of the forest our road lay through scenes like those of an English park. There are few countries less infested by 'lions in the path,' in the shape of historic monuments, and therefore there were no perils. The only robbers we saw anything of had been long since dead and gone.

The poor fellows had been impaled upon high poles, and so propped up by the transverse spokes beneath them that their skeletons, clothed with some white, wax-like remains of flesh, still sat up lolling in the sunshine and listlessly stared without eyes. After a fifteen days' journey we crossed the Golden Horn, and found shelter in Stamboul.

All the while I stayed at Constantinople the plague was prevailing. Its presence lent a mysterious and exciting, though not very pleasant, interest to my first knowledge of a great Oriental city. Europeans, during the prevalence of the plague, if they are forced to enter into the streets, will carefully avoid the touch of every human being they pass. The Moslem stalks on serenely, as though he were under the eye of his God, and were 'equal to either fate.'

In a steep street or a narrow alley you meet one of those coffin-shaped bundles

of white linen which implies an Ottoman lady. She suddenly withdraws the yashmak, shines upon your heart and soul with all the pomp and might of her beauty. This dazzles your brain; she sees and exults; then she lays her blushing fingers upon your arm and cries out, 'Yumourdjak!' (plague), meaning, 'There is a present of the plague for you.' This is her notion of a witticism.

II—The Troad, Smyrna and Cyprus

WHILE my companion, Methley, was recovering from illness contracted during our progress to Constantinople, I studied Turkish, and sated my eyes with the pomps of the city and its crowded waters. When capable of travelling, we determined to go to Troad together. Away from our people and our horses, we went loitering along the plains of Troy by the willowy banks of a stream which I could see was finding itself new channels from year to year, and flowed no longer in its ancient track. But I knew that the springs which fed it were high in Ida—the springs of Simois and Scamander. Methley reminded me that Homer himself had warned us of some such changes. The Greeks, in beginning their wall, had neglected the hecatombs due to the gods, and so, after the fall of Troy, Apollo turned the paths of the rivers that flow from Ida and sent them flooding over the wall till all the beach was smooth and free from the unhallowed works of the Greeks.

After a journey of some days, we reached Smyrna, from which place private affairs obliged Methley to return to England. Smyrna may be called the chief town of the Greek race, against which you will be cautioned so carefully as soon as you touch the Levant. For myself, I love the race, in spite of their vices and their meannesses. I remember the blood that is in them.

I sailed from Smyrna in the *Amphitrite*—a Greek brigantine which was confidently said to be bound for the coast of Smyrna. I knew enough of Greek navigation to be sure that our vessel should touch at many an isle before I set foot upon the Syrian coast. My patience was extremely useful to me, for the cruise altogether endured some forty days.

We touched at Cyprus, whither the ship ran for shelter in half a gale of wind. A Greek of Limasol who hoisted his flag as English vice-consul insisted upon my accepting his hospitality. The family party went off very well. The mamma was shy at first, but she veiled the awkwardness she felt by affecting to scold her children, who had all of them immortal names. Every instant I was delighted by some such phrases as these: 'Themistocles, my love, don't fight.' 'Alcibiades, can't you sit still?' 'Socrates, put down the cup!' 'Oh, fie! Aspasia, don't be naughty.'

The heathenish longing to visit the scene where for Pallas Athene 'the hundred altars glowed with Arabian incense, and breathed with the fragrance of garlands ever fresh,' found disenchantment when I spent the night in the cabin of a Greek priest—not a priest of the goddess, but of the Greek Church—where there was but one room for man, priest and beast. A few days after, our brigantine sailed for Beyrout.

At Beyrout I soon discovered that the standing topic of interest was the Lady Hester Stanhope, who lived in an old convent on the Lebanon range at a distance of a day's journey from the town, and was acknowledged as an inspired being by the people of the mountains, and as more than a prophet.

I VISITED Lady Hester in her dwelling place, a broad, grey mass of irregular buildings on the summit of one of the many low hills of Lebanon. I was received by her ladyship's doctor, and apartments were set apart for myself and my party. After dinner the doctor conducted me to Miladi's chamber, where the lady prophetess received me standing up to the full of her majestic height, perfectly still and motionless until I had taken my appointed place, when she resumed her seat on a common European sofa.

Her ladyship addressed to me some inquiries respecting my family; and then the spirit of the prophetess kindled within her, and for hours and hours this wondrous white woman poured forth her speech, for the most part concerning sacred and pro-

fane mysteries. Now and again she adverted to the period when she exercised astonishing sway and authority over the wandering Bedouin tribes in the desert which lies between Damascus and Palmyra.

Lady Hester talked to me long and earnestly on the subject of religion, announcing that the Messiah was yet to come. She strived to impress me with the vanity and falseness of all European creeds, as well as with a sense of her own spiritual greatness. Throughout her conversation upon these high topics, she skilfully insinuated her heavenly rank.

III—Nazareth, Jordan and the Dead Sea

I CROSSED the plain of Esdraelon and entered amongst the hills of beautiful Galilee. It was at sunset that my path brought me sharply round into the gorge of a little valley, and close upon a grey mass of dwellings that lay happily nestled in the lap of the mountain. It was Christian Nazareth.

Within the precincts of the Latin convent, in which I was quartered, there stands a great Catholic church, which encloses the sanctuary—the dwelling of the Blessed Virgin. This is a grotto to which you descend by steps.

The attending friar led me down, all but silently, to the Virgin's home. Religion and gracious custom commanded me that I fall down loyally and kiss the rock that blessed Mary pressed. With a half-consciousness, a semblance of a thrilling hope that I was plunging deep into my first knowledge of some most holy mystery, or of some new, rapturous and daring sin, I knelt and bowed down my face till I met the smooth rock with my lips.

One moment—my heart, or some old pagan demon within me, woke up and fiercely bounded—my bosom was lifted and swam as though I had touched her warm robe. One moment—one more, and then—the fever had left me. I rose from my knees. I felt hopelessly sane. The mere world reappeared. My good old monk was there, dangling his keys with listless patience; and as he guided me from the church, and talked of the refectory and the coming repast, I listened to his words with some attention and pleasure.

Having engaged a young Nazarene as guide to Jerusalem, our party passed by Cana, and the house in which the water had been turned into wine, and came to the field in which our Saviour had rebuked the Scotch Sabbath-keepers of that period by suffering His disciples to pluck corn on the Sabbath day.

I rode over the ground on which the fainting multitude had been fed, and was shown some massive fragments—relics, I was told, of that wondrous banquet, now turned into stone. The petrifaction was most complete. I ascended the heights on which our Lord was standing when He wrought the miracle, and looked away eagerly eastward. There lay the Sea of Galilee, less stern than Wastwater, less fair than gentle Windermere, but still with the winning ways of an English lake. My mind, however, fled away from the historical associations of the place, and I thought of the mysterious desert which stretched from these grey hills to the gates of Bagdad.

I went on to Tiberias, and soon got afloat upon the water. In the evening I took up my quarters in the Catholic church. Tiberias is one of the four holy cities, the others being Jerusalem, Hebron and Safet; and, according to the Talmud, it is from Tiberias, or its immediate neighbourhood, that the Messiah is to arise. Except at Jerusalem, never think of attempting to sleep in a 'holy city.'

AFTER leaving Tiberias, we rode for some hours along the right bank of the Jordan till we came to an old Roman bridge which crossed the river. My Nazarene guide, riding ahead of the party, led on over the bridge. I knew that the true road to Jerusalem must be mainly by the right bank, but I supposed that my guide had crossed the bridge in order to avoid some bend in the river, and that he knew of a ford lower down by which we should regain the western bank. For two days we wandered, unable to find a ford across the swollen river, and at last the guide fell on his knees and confessed that he knew nothing of the country.

Thrown upon my own resources, I concluded that the Dead Sea must be near,

and in the afternoon I first caught sight of those waters of death which stretched deeply into the southern desert. Before me and all around blank hills piled high over hills, pale, yellow and naked, walled up in her tomb for ever the dead and damned of Gomorrah.

The water is perfectly bright and clear, its taste detestable. My steps were reluctantly turned towards the north. On the west there flowed the impassable Jordan, on the east stood an endless range of barren mountains, on the south lay the desert sea. Suddenly there broke upon my ear the ludicrous bray of a living donkey. I followed the direction of the sound, and in a hollow came upon an Arab encampment. Through my Arab interpreter an arrangement was come to with the sheikh to carry my party and baggage in safety to the other bank of the river on condition that I should give him and his tribe a 'teskeri,' or written certificate of their good conduct, and some baksheish.

The passage was accomplished by means of a raft formed of inflated skins and small boughs cut from the banks of the river, and guided by Arabs swimming alongside. The horses and mules were thrown into the water and forced to swim over. We camped on the right side of the river for the night, and the Arabs were made most savagely happy by the tobacco with which I supplied them, and they spent the whole night in one smoking festival. I parted upon very good terms from this tribe and in three hours gained Rihah, a village said to occupy the ancient site of Jericho. Some hours after sunset I reached the convent of Santa Saba.

IV—Jerusalem and Bethlehem

THE enthusiasm that had glowed, or seemed to glow, within me for one blessed moment when I knelt by the shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Nazareth was not rekindled at Jerusalem. In the stead of the solemn gloom, and a deep stillness which by right belonged to the Holy City, there was the hum and the bustle of active life. The Easter ceremonies drew near, and pilgrims were flocking in from all quarters. The space fronting the church of the Holy Sepulchre becomes a kind of bazaar.

When I entered the church I found a babel of worshippers. Greek, Roman and Armenian priests were performing their different rites in various nooks, and crowds of disciples were rushing about in all directions—some laughing and talking, some begging, but most of them going about in a regular, methodical way to kiss the sanctified spots, speak the appointed syllables and lay down their coins.

The Holy Sepulchre is under the roof of this great church. It is a handsome tomb of oblong form, partly subterranean. You descend into the interior by a few steps and there find an altar with burning tapers. When you have seen enough of it you feel, perhaps, weary of the busy crowd, and ask your dragoman whether there will be time before sunset to ride to Mount Calvary.

'Mount Calvary, signor! It is upstairs—on the first floor!' In effect you ascend just thirteen steps, and then are shown the now golden sockets in which the crosses of our Lord and the two thieves were fixed.

The village of Bethlehem lies prettily couched on the slope of a hill. The sanctuary is a subterranean grotto, and is committed to the joint guardianship of the Romans, Greeks and Armenians, who vie with each other in adorning it. Beneath an altar gorgeously decorated, and lit with everlasting fires, there stands the low slab of stone which marked the holy site of the Nativity, and near to this is a hollow scooped out of the living rock. Here the infant Jesus was laid. Near the spot of the Nativity is the rock against which the Blessed Virgin was leaning when she presented her babe to the adoring shepherds.

V—To Cairo and the Pyramids

GAZA is upon the edge of the desert, to which it stands in the same relation as a seaport to the sea. It is there that you charter your camels, 'the ships of the desert,' and lay in your stores for the voyage. The agreement with the desert Arabs includes a safe conduct through their country as well as the hire of the camels. On the ninth day I arrived at the capital of Egypt.



Elliott & Fry

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, a solicitor's son, was born near Taunton, Devon, on August 5, 1809. From Eton he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. About 1835 he made the Eastern tour described in Eothen, and two years later he was called to the bar. He was with the French in Algeria in 1845 and in 1854 went to the Crimea, remaining there until the beginning of the siege of Sebastopol. It was at the wish of Lady Raglan that he undertook his History of the Crimean War, which occupied him for some thirty-two years. He was M.P. for Bridgwater, 1857-68, and was a staunch champion of the oppressed. He died on January 2, 1891.

Cairo and plague! During the whole time of my stay, the plague was so master of the city, and showed himself so staringly in every street and alley, that I can't now affect to dissociate the two ideas. I was the only European traveller in Cairo, and was provided with a house by one Osman Effendi, whose history was curious. He was a Scotchman born, and landed in Egypt as a drummer-boy with Mackenzie Fraser's force, taken prisoner and offered the alternative of death or the Koran.

He did not choose death, and followed the orthodox standard of the Prophet in fierce campaigns against the Wahabees. Returning to Cairo in triumph from his Holy Wars, Osman began to flourish in the world, acquired property and became effendi, or gentleman, giving pledge of his sincere alienation from Christianity by keeping a couple of wives. The strangest feature in Osman's character was his inextinguishable nationality. In his house he had three shelves of books, and the books were thoroughbred Scotch! He afterwards died of the plague, of which visitation one-half of the whole people of the city, 200,000 in number, were carried off.

I took it into my pleasant head that the plague might be providential or epidemic, but was not contagious, and therefore I determined that it should not alter my habits in any one respect. I hired a donkey, and saw all that was to be seen in the city in the way of public buildings—one handsome mosque, which had been built by a wealthy Hindustani merchant, and the citadel. From the platform of the latter there is a superb view of the town. But your eyes are drawn westward over the Nile, till they rest upon the massive enormities of the Ghizeh pyramids.

At length the great difficulty which I had in procuring beasts for my departure was overcome, and with two dromedaries and three camels I and my servants gladly wound our way from out the pest-stricken city.

Of course, I went to see and explore the pyramids of Ghizeh, Aboukir and Sakkara, which I need not describe. Near the pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely sphinx. Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings, upon conquerors, down through all the ages till to-day, this unworldly sphinx has watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching the works of the new, busy race with those same sad, earnest eyes, the same tranquil mien everlasting.

I ACCOMPLISHED the journey to Suez after an exciting adventure in the desert. There are two opinions as to the point at which the Israelites passed the Red Sea. One is that they traversed only the very small creek at the northern extremity of the inlet, and that they entered the bed of the water at the spot on which Suez now stands. The other is that they crossed the sea from a point eighteen miles down the coast.

From Suez I crossed the desert once more to Gaza, and thence to Nablous and Safet. Thereafter I wound under the base of the snow-crowned Djibel El Sheik, and then entered upon a vast plain. Before evening came there were straining eyes that saw, and joyful voices that announced, the sight of the holy, blessed Damascus. This earthly paradise of the Prophet is a city of hidden palaces, of copses and gardens, fountains and bubbling streams.

The path by which I crossed the Lebanon is like that of the Foorca in the Bernese Oberland, and from the white shoulder of the mountain I saw the breadth of all Syria west of the range. I descended, passing the group of cedars which is held sacred by the Greek Church. They occupy three or four acres on the mountain-side, and many of them are gnarled in a way that implies great age; but I saw nothing in their appearance that tended to prove them contemporaries of the cedars employed in Solomon's temple. Beyrout was reached without further adventure, and my western travel practically ended.

Tragic Romance of Medieval Paris

VICTOR HUGO

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS

WHEN he published in 1831 his great tragic romance, Notre Dame de Paris, Victor Hugo was already eminent as one of the greatest dramatic poets of his day, but had only written two other novels, Han d'Islande and Bug Jargal. Hugo has said that the story of Notre Dame was suggested to him by the Greek word 'Ananke' (Fate) which he discovered carved on one of the towers of the famous cathedral. 'These Greek characters,' he says, 'black with age and cut deep into the stone with the peculiarities of form common to the Gothic calligraphy that marks them the work of some hand in the Middle Ages, and above all the sad and mournful meaning which they expressed, forcibly impressed me.' In Notre Dame (the original title of which was The Hunchback of Notre Dame) there is all the tenderness for sorrow and sympathy for the afflicted which later found fuller expression in Les Misérables; while as a study of Paris of the Middle Ages and of the great church after which it is called, the book is still unrivalled. A translation of Notre Dame is included in Everyman's Library.

I—The Hunchback of Notre Dame



IT was January 6, 1482, and all Paris was keeping the double festival of Epiphany and the Feast of Fools.

The Lord of Misrule was to be elected, and all who were competing for the post came in turn and made a grimace at a broken window in the great hall of the Palace of Justice. The ugliest face was to be acclaimed victor by the populace, and shouts of laughter greeted the grotesque appearances.

The vote was unanimous in favour of the hunchback of Notre Dame. He had but stood at the window, and at once had been elected. The square nose, the horseshoe-shaped mouth, the one eye, overhung by a bushy red eyebrow, the forked chin, and the strange expression of amazement, malice and melancholy—who had seen such a grimace?

It was only when the crowd had carried away the Lord of Misrule in triumph that they understand that the grimace was the hunchback's natural face. In fact, the entire man was a grimace. Humpbacked, an enormous head, with bristles of red hair; broad feet, huge hands, crooked legs; and, with all this deformity, a wonderful vigour, agility and courage. Such was the newly chosen Lord of Misrule—a giant broken to pieces and badly mended.

He was recognized by the crowd in the streets, and shouts went up.

"It is Quasimodo, the bellringer! Quasimodo, the hunchback of Notre Dame!"

A pasteboard tiara and imitation robes were placed on him, and Quasimodo submitted with a sort of proud docility. Then he was seated upon a painted barrow, and twelve men raised it to their shoulders; and the procession, which included all the



QUASIMODO, THE BELLRINGER OF NOTRE DAME

vagrants and rascals of Paris, set out to parade the city.

There was a certain rapture in this journey for Quasimodo. For the first time in his life he felt a thrill of vanity. Hitherto humiliation and contempt had been his portion; and now he could enjoy the plaudits of the mob—the mob which he hated because he felt that it hated him.

Suddenly, as Quasimodo passed triumphantly along the streets, the spectators saw a man, dressed like a priest, dart out and snatch away the gilded crosier from the mock pope.

A cry of terror rose. The terrible Quasimodo threw himself from his barrow, and everyone expected to see him tear the priest limb from limb. Instead, he fell on his knees before the priest, and submitted to have his tiara torn from him and his crosier broken.

The fraternity of fools determined to defend their pope so abruptly dethroned; but Quasimodo placed himself in front of the priest, put his fists up and glared, so that the crowd melted before him.

Then, at the grave beckoning of the priest, Quasimodo followed and the two disappeared down a narrow side street.

The one human being whom Quasimodo loved was this priest, Claude Frollo, archdeacon of Paris. And this was quite natural, for it was Claude Frollo who had found the hunchback—a deserted, forsaken child left in a sack at the entrance to Notre Dame, and, in spite of his deformities, had taken him, fed him, adopted him and brought him up. Claude Frollo taught him to speak, to read and to write, and had made him bellringer at Notre Dame.

Cut off from the world by his deformities, the church became his universe, and his gratitude was boundless when he was made bellringer.

The bells had made him deaf, but he could understand by signs Claude Frollo's wishes, and so the archdeacon became the only human being with whom Quasimodo could hold any communication. Notre Dame and Claude Frollo were the only two things in the world for Quasimodo, and to both he was the most faithful watchman and servant. In the year 1482 Quasimodo was about twenty, and Claude Frollo thirty-six. The former had grown up, the latter had grown old.

II—Esmeralda

On that same January 6, 1482, a young girl was dancing in an open space near a great bonfire in Paris. She was not tall, but seemed to be, so erect was her figure. She danced and twirled upon an old piece of Persian carpet, and, in her grace and beauty this gypsy girl seemed more than mortal.

One man in the crowd stood more absorbed than the rest in watching the dancer. It was Claude Frollo, the archdeacon; and though his hair was grey and scanty, in his deep-set eyes the fire and spirit of youth still sparkled.

When the young girl stopped at last, breathless, the people applauded eagerly.

"Djali," said the gypsy, "it's your turn now." And a pretty little white goat got up from a corner of the carpet. "Djali, what month in the year is this?"

The goat raised his forefoot and struck once upon the tambourine held out to him.

The crowd applauded.

" Djali, what day of the month is it ? "

The goat struck the tambourine six times.

The people thought it wonderful.

" There is sorcery in this ! " said a forbidding voice in the crowd. It was the voice of the priest, Claude Frollo.

Then the gypsy began to take up a collection in her tambourine, and presently the crowd dispersed.

LATER in the day, when darkness had fallen, as the gypsy and her goat were proceeding to their lodgings, Quasimodo seized the girl and ran off with her.

" Murder ! Murder ! " shrieked the unfortunate gypsy.

" Halt ! Let the girl go, you ruffian ! " exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, a horseman who appeared suddenly from a cross street. It was a captain of the King's Archers, armed from head to foot, and sword in hand.

He tore the gypsy girl from the arms of the astonished Quasimodo and placed her across his saddle. Before the hunchback could recover from his surprise, a squadron of royal troops, going on duty as extra watchmen, surrounded him and he was seized and bound.

The gypsy girl sat gracefully upon the officer's saddle, placing both hands upon the young man's shoulders, and gazing at him fixedly. Then, breaking the silence, she said tenderly, " What is your name, M. l'Officier ? "

" Captain Phoebus de Châteaupers, at your service, my pretty maid ! " said the officer, drawing himself up.

" Thank you."

And while Captain Phoebus twirled his moustache, she slipped from the horse and fled, vanishing like a flash of lightning.

" The bird has flown, but the bat remains, captain," said one of the troopers, tightening Quasimodo's bonds.

Quasimodo, being deaf, understood nothing of the proceedings in the court next day, when he was charged with creating a disturbance, and of rebellion and disloyalty to the King's Archers.

The chief magistrate, also being deaf, and at the same time anxious to conceal his infirmity, understood nothing that Quasimodo said. The hunchback was sentenced to be taken to the pillory in the Grève, to be beaten, and to be kept there for two hours.

Quasimodo remained utterly impassive, while the crowd which yesterday had hailed him as Lord of Misrule now greeted him with hooting and derision.

The pillory was a simple cube of masonry, some ten feet high, and hollow within. A horizontal wheel of oak was at the top, and to this the victim was bound in a kneeling posture. A very steep flight of stone steps led to the wheel.

All the people laughed merrily when Quasimodo was seen in the pillory ; and when he had been beaten by the public executioner, they added to the wretched sufferer's misery by insults and, occasionally, stones. There was hardly a spectator



ESMERALDA THE GYPSY AND HER GOAT
From the painting by E. Quinsac

in the crowd that had not some grudge, real or imagined, against the hunchbacked bell-ringer of Notre Dame.

Quasimodo had endured the torturer's whip with patience, but he rebelled against the stones, and struggled in his fetters till the old pillory-wheel creaked on its timbers.

For a moment the cloud was lightened when the poor victim saw a priest seated on a mule approach in the roadway. A strange smile came on the face of Quasimodo as he glanced at the priest; yet when the mule was near enough to the pillory for his rider to recognize the prisoner, the priest cast down his eyes, turned back hastily, as if in a hurry to avoid humiliating appeals, and not at all anxious to be greeted by a poor wretch in the pillory.

The priest was the archdeacon, Claude Frollo. The smile on Quasimodo's face became bitter and profoundly sad.

Time passed. He had been there at least an hour and a half, wounded, incessantly mocked, and almost stoned to death.

Suddenly he again struggled in his chains with renewed despair, and breaking the silence which he had kept so stubbornly he cried in a hoarse and furious voice, "Water!"

The exclamation of distress, far from exciting compassion, only increased the amusement of the Paris mob. Not a voice was raised, except to mock at his thirst.

Quasimodo cast a despairing look upon the crowd, and repeated in a heart-rending voice, "Water!"

Everyone laughed. A woman aimed a stone at his head, saying, "That will teach you to wake us at night with your cursed chimes!"

"Here's a cup to drink out of!" said a man, throwing a broken jug at him.

"Water!" repeated Quasimodo for the third time.

At this moment he saw the gypsy girl and her goat come through the crowd. His eye gleamed. He did not doubt that she, too, came to be avenged, and to take her turn at him with the rest. He watched her nimbly climb the ladder. Rage and spite choked him. He longed to destroy the pillory; and had the lightning of his eye had power to blast, the gypsy girl would have been reduced to ashes long before she reached the platform. Without a word she approached the sufferer, loosened a gourd from her girdle, and raised it gently to the parched lips of the miserable man. Then from his eye a great tear trickled and rolled slowly down the misshapen face, so long convulsed with despair.

THE gypsy girl smilingly pressed the neck of the gourd to Quasimodo's jagged mouth.

He drank long draughts; his thirst was feverish. When he had done, the poor wretch put out his black lips to kiss the hand which had helped him. But the girl, remembering the violent attempt of the previous night, and not quite free from distrust, withdrew her hand quickly.

Quasimodo fixed upon her a look of reproach and unspeakable sorrow.

The sight of this beautiful girl succouring a man in the pillory so deformed and wretched seemed sublime, and the people were immediately affected by it. They clapped their hands and shouted, "Noël!"

Esmeralda—for that was the name of the gypsy girl—came down from the pillory, and a mad woman called out, "Come down! Come down! You will go up again!"

Presently Quasimodo was released, and the mob thereupon dispersed.

III—The Archdeacon's Passion

IN spite of the austerity of Claude Frollo's life, pious people suspected him of magic. His silence and secretiveness encouraged this feeling. He was known to be at work in the long hours of the night in his cell in Notre Dame, and he wandered about the streets like a spectre.

Whenever the gypsy girl placed her carpet within sight of Claude Frollo's cell and began to dance, the priest turned from his books and, resting his head in his hands, gazed at her. Then he would go down into the public thoroughfares, lured on by some burning passion within.

Quasimodo, too, would desist from his bell-ringing to look at the dancing girl.

The hotter the fire of passion burned within the priest the farther Esmeralda

moved from him. He discovered that she was in love with Captain Phoebus, her rescuer, and this knowledge added fuel to the flames.

One purpose now was clear to him. He would give up all for the dancing girl, and she should be his. But if Esmeralda refused to come to him, then the archdeacon resolved that she should die before she married anyone else. At any time he could have her arrested on the charge of sorcery, and the goat's tricks would easily procure a conviction.

Captain Phoebus having invited Esmeralda to meet him at a wineshop, the priest followed the couple, and when the captain, to whom this little affair with the gypsy girl was the merest diversion, began to make love, Claude Frollo, unable to contain himself, rushed in unobserved and stabbed him.

CAPTAIN PHOEBUS was taken up for dead, and the priest vanished as silently as he had come. The soldiers of the watch found Esmeralda, and said, "This is the sorceress who has stabbed our captain." So Esmeralda was brought to trial on the charge of witchcraft, and every day the priest from Notre Dame came into court.

It was a tedious process, for not only was the girl on trial, but the goat also, in accordance with the custom of the times, was under arrest.

All that Esmeralda wanted to know was whether Phoebus was still alive, and she was told by the judges he was dying.

The indictment against her was 'that with her accomplice, the bewitched goat, she did murder and stab, in league with the powers of darkness, by the aid of charms and spells, a captain of the king's troops, one Phoebus de Châteaupers.' And it was vain that the girl denied vehemently her guilt.

"How do you explain the charge brought against you?" said the president.

"I have told you already I do not know," said Esmeralda, in a broken voice. "It was a priest—a priest who is always pursuing me."

"That's it," said the president; "it is a goblin monk."

The goat having performed his simple tricks in the presence of the court, and Esmeralda still refusing to admit her guilt, the president ordered her to be put to the question.

She was placed on the rack, and at the first turn of the screw promised to confess everything. Then the lawyers put a number of questions to her, and Esmeralda answered "Yes" in every case. It was plain that her spirit was utterly broken.

Then the court having read the confession, sentence was pronounced. She was to be taken to the Grève, where the pillory stood, and there hanged and strangled on the city gibbet, 'and likewise this your goat.'

"It must be a dream," the girl murmured, when she heard the sentence.

But, if Esmeralda had yielded at the first turn of the rack, nothing would make her yield to Claude Frollo when he came to see her in prison. In vain he promised her life and liberty if she would only agree to love him. In vain he reproached her with having brought disturbance and disquiet into his soul. All that Esmeralda could say was, "Have pity on me!—have pity on me!" But she would not give up Phoebus. And when the priest declared Phoebus was dead, she turned upon him and called him 'monster and assassin!' Claude Frollo, unable to move her, decided to let her die, and the day of execution arrived. As for Captain Phoebus, he recovered; but, as he was about to be engaged to a young lady of wealth, he thought it better to say nothing about the gypsy girl.

BUT Esmeralda was not hanged that day. Just as the hangman's assistants were about to do their work, Quasimodo, who had been watching everything from his gallery in Notre Dame, slid down by a rope to the ground, rushed at the two executioners, flung them to the earth with his huge fists, seized the gypsy girl, and with one bound was in the church, holding her above his head, and shouting in a tremendous voice, 'Sanctuary!'

'Sanctuary! Sanctuary!' The mob took up the cry, and ten thousand hands clapped approval.

The hangman stood stupefied. The cathedral was a sure refuge; all human justice ended at its threshold.

IV—The Attack on Notre Dame

QUASIMODO did not stop running and shouting 'Sanctuary!' till he reached a cell built over the aisles in Notre Dame. Here he deposited Esmeralda carefully, untied the ropes which bruised her arms, and spread a mattress on the floor; then he left her, and returned with a basket of provisions.

The girl lifted her eyes to thank him, but could not utter a word, so frightful was he to look at. Quasimodo only said, "I frighten you because I am ugly. Do not look at me, then, but listen. All day you must stay here, at night you can walk anywhere about the church. But, day or night, do not leave the church, or you will be lost. They would kill you, and I should die." Then he vanished, but when she awoke next morning she saw him at the window of her cell.

"Don't be frightened," he said. "I am your friend. I only came to see if you were asleep. I am deaf, you did not know that? I never realized how ugly I was till now. I seem to you like some awful beast, eh? And you—you are a sunbeam!"

As the days went by calm returned to Esmeralda's soul, and with calm had come the sense of security, and with security hope.

Two forces were now at work to remove her from Notre Dame.

The archdeacon, leaving Paris to avoid her execution, had returned to learn where Esmeralda was situated. From his cell in Notre Dame he observed her movements and, in his madness, jealous of Quasimodo's service to her, resolved to have her removed. If she still refused him he would give her up to justice.

Esmeralda's friends, all the gypsies, vagrants, cut-throats and pickpockets of Paris, to the number of six thousand, also resolved that they would forcibly rescue her from Notre Dame, lest some evil should overtake her. Paris at that time had neither police nor adequate city watchmen.

At midnight the monstrous army of vagrants set out, and it was not till they were outside the church that they lit their torches. Quasimodo, every night on the watch, at once supposed that the invaders had some foul purpose against Esmeralda, and determined to defend the church at all cost.

The battle raged furiously at the great west doors. Hammers, pincers and crowbars were at work outside. Quasimodo retaliated by heaving first a great beam of wood, and then stones and other missiles on the besiegers. Finally, when they had reared a tall ladder to the first gallery, and had crowded it with men, Quasimodo, by sheer force, pushed the ladder away, and it tottered and fell right back. The battle only ended on the arrival of a large company of King's Archers, when the vagrants, defeated by Quasimodo, retired fighting.

While the battle raged Claude Frollo, with the aid of a disreputable young student of his acquaintance, persuaded Esmeralda to leave the church by a secret door at the back, and to escape by the river. The priest was so hidden in his cloak that the girl did not recognize him till they were alone in the city. In the Grève, at the foot of the public scaffold where the gallows stood, Claude Frollo made his last appeal.

"Listen!" he said. "I have saved you, and I can save you altogether, if you choose. Choose between me and the gibbet!"

There was silence, and then Esmeralda said, "It is less horrible to me than you are."

HE poured out his soul passionately, telling her that his life was nothing without her love, but the girl never moved.

It was daylight now.

"For the last time, will you be mine?"

She answered emphatically, "No!"

Then he called out as loud as he could, and presently a body of armed men appeared. Soon the public hangman was aroused, and the execution which had been interrupted by Quasimodo's heroic rescue was carried out.

Meanwhile, what of Quasimodo?

He had rushed to her cell when the king's troops, having beaten off the vagrants, entered the church, and it was

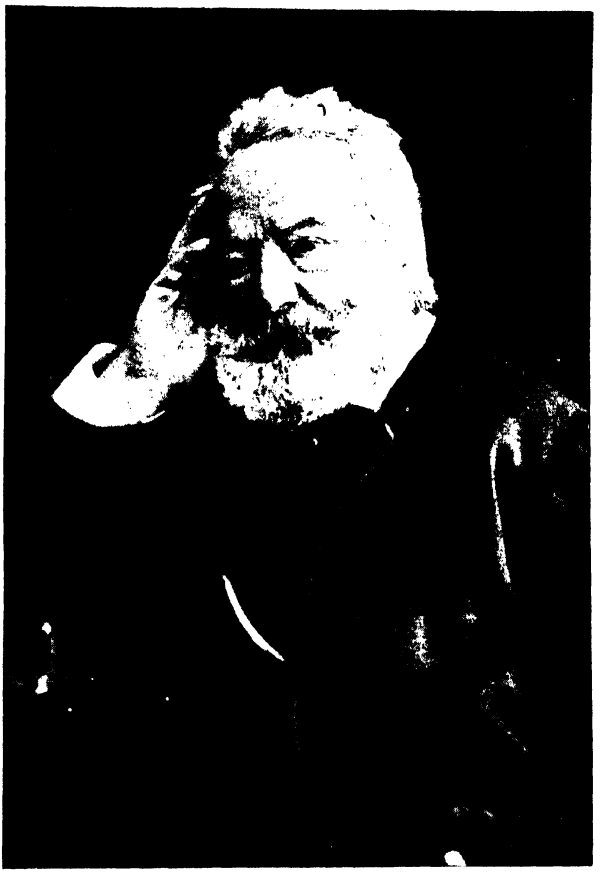
empty! Then he had explored every nook and cranny of Notre Dame, and again and again gone the round of the church. For an hour he sat in despair, his body convulsed by sobs.

Suddenly he remembered that Claude Frollo had a secret key to the cell, and decided that the priest must have taken advantage of the excitement to carry off the girl.

At that very moment Claude returned to Notre Dame, after handing over Esmeralda to the hangman. Quasimodo watched him ascend to the balustrade at the top of the tower, and then followed him; the priest's attention was too absorbed to hear the hunchback's step.

Claude rested his arms on the balustrade, and gazed intently at the gallows in the Grève. Quasimodo tried to make out what it was the priest stared at, and then he recognized Esmeralda in the hangman's arms on the ladder, and in another second the hangman had done his work.

A demoniac laugh broke from the livid lips of Claude Frollo; Quasimodo could not hear this laughter, but he saw it.



VICTOR HUGO, novelist, poet, dramatist and politician, was born on February 26, 1802. Fervent royalism and some clever poems won him a pension from Louis XVIII twenty years later, when he entered upon his literary career. Hugo established himself as a great Romantic with the fine medieval tale, Notre Dame de Paris, a considerable amount of poetry and some rather melodramatic plays. In 1841 he was elected to the Academy, and when King Louis-Philippe made him a peer in 1845 he was probably the most popular writer in France. His republican opinions made him prominent after the Revolution of 1848, but caused him to be banished by Napoleon III after the coup-d'état of 1851. Hugo retired to the Channel Islands, returning to Paris in 1871 to become the literary king of the French people. He died in Paris, May 22, 1885.

He rushed furiously upon the archdeacon, and with his great fists he hurled Claude Frollo into the abyss over which he leaned.

The archdeacon caught at a gutter, hung suspended over the street for a few minutes, and then fell—more than two hundred feet.

Quasimodo raised his eyes to the gypsy, whose body still swung from the gibbet; and then lowered them to the shapeless mass on the pavement beneath. "And these were all I have ever loved!" he said, sobbing.

He was never seen again in Notre Dame.

Some two years later, when there were certain clearances in the vault where the body of Esmeralda had been deposited, the skeleton of a man, deformed and twisted, was found in close embrace with the skeleton of a woman. A little silk bag which Esmeralda had always worn was around the neck of the skeleton of the woman.

LUCRETIUS

ON THE NATURE OF THINGS

POSSESSED by a desire to free his fellow men from the trammels of superstition and the dread of death, Lucretius composed his poem On the Nature of Things, which is unique in literature in being a reasoned system of philosophy written in verse. His reasonings were based on the atomic theory, which the Greek Epicurus had taken as the physical side of his system. In natural law Lucretius found the true antidote to superstition. On the ethical side he accepted from Epicurus the conception that the ideal lies in pleasure—not sensual pleasure, but that calm of mind which comes from temperate and refined enjoyment, subdual of extravagant passions and avoidance of political entanglements. The enduring interest of the poem exists not so much in its scientific discussions, ably expounded though these are, nor in its literary art, as in the self-delineation of a noble mind. The translations have been specially made by Professor J. Wight Duff, and include a few extracts from his Literary History of Rome, by permission of T. Fisher Unwin.

I—The Invocation and the Theme



MOTHER of Romans, joy of men and gods,
Kind Venus, who 'neath gliding signs of heaven
Dost haunt the main where sail our argosies,
Dost haunt the land that yieldeth crops of grain,
Since 'tis of Thee that every kind of breath
Is born and riseth to behold the light;
Before Thee, Lady, flit the winds; and clouds
Part at Thine advent, and deft-fingered earth
Yields Thee sweet blooms; for Thee the sea hath smiles,
And heaven at peace doth gleam with floods of light.
Soon as the fair spring face of day is shown
And zephyr kind to birth is loosed in strength,
First do the fowls of air give sign of Thee,
Lady, and of Thy entrance, smit at heart
By power of Thine. Then o'er the pastures glad
The wild herds bound, and swim the rapid streams;
Thy glamour captures them, and yearningly [to lead on.
They follow where Thou willest
Yea, over seas and hills and sweeping floods,
And leafy homes of birds and grassy leas,
Striking fond love into the heart of all,
Thou mak'st each race desire to breed its kind.
Since Thou dost rule alone o'er nature's realm,
Since without Thee naught wins the hallowed shores
Of light, and naught is glad, and naught is fair,
Fain would I crave Thine aid for poesy,
Which seeks to grasp the essence of the world.

On the high system of the heavens and gods
I will essay to speak, and primal germs
Reveal, whence nature giveth birth to all,
And growth and nourishment, and unto which
Nature resolves them back when quite outworn.
These, when we treat their system, we are wont
To view as 'matter,' 'bodies which produce,'
And name them 'seeds of things,' 'first bodies' too,
Since from them at the first all things do come.



TITUS LUCRETIUS CARUS was born about 99 B.C. and died about 55 B.C. Practically nothing is known of the details of his life, and according to one story he went mad and died by his own hand. Some evidence to support this theory is afforded by his poem On the Nature of Things, which was left in an unfinished condition and published posthumously.

Epicurus's Revolt Against Superstition

When human life lay foully on the earth
Before all eyes, 'neath Superstition crushed,
Who from the heavenly quarters showed her head
And with appalling aspect lowered on men,
Then did a Greek dare first lift eyes to hers—
First brave her face to face. Him neither myth
Of gods, nor thunderbolt, nor sky with roar
And threat could quell; nay, chafed with more resolve
His valiant soul that he should yearn to be [nature's gates.
First man to burst the bars of
So vivid verve of mind prevailed. He fared
Far o'er the flaming ramparts of the world, [able All
And traversed the immeasur-
In mind and soul: and thence a conqueror [cannot rise,
Returns to tell what can, what
And on what principle each thing, in brief,
Hath powers defined and deep-set boundary.

Religion, then, is cast to earth in turn [heaven.
And trampled. Triumph matches man with

[The profoundest speculations on the nature of things are not impious. Let not the reader feel that in such an inquiry he is on guilty ground. It is, rather, true that religion has caused foul crimes. An instance is the agonising sacrifice of sweet Iphigenia, slain at the altar to appease divine wrath.

'Religion could such wickedness suggest.' Tales of eternal punishment frighten only those ignorant of the real nature of the soul. Thi ignorance can be dispelled by inquiring into the phenomena of heaven and earth, and stating the laws of nature.]

II—First Principles and a Theory of the Universe

Of these the first is that nothing is made of nothing; the second, that nothing is reduced to nothing. This indestructibility of matter may be illustrated by the joyous and constantly renewed growth that is in nature. There are two fundamental postulates required to explain nature—atoms and void. These constitute the universe. There is no *tertium quid*. All other things are but properties and accidents of these two. Atoms are solid, 'without void'; they are indestructible, 'eternal'; they are indivisible. To appreciate the physical theory of Epicurus, it is necessary to note the erroneous speculations of other Greek thinkers, whether, like Heraclitus, they deduced all things from one such fundamental element as fire, or whether they postulated four elements. From a criticism of the theories of Empedocles and Anaxagoras we return to the main subject.]

A Hard Task and Threefold Title to Fame

How dark my theme, I know within my mind;
Yet hath high hope of praise with thyrsus keen
Smitten my heart and struck into my breast
Sweet passion for the Muses, stung wherewith
In lively thought I traverse pathless haunts
Pierian, untrodden yet by man.
I love to visit those untasted springs [whence
And quaff; I love to cull fresh blooms, and
The Muses never veiled the brows of man
To seek a wreath of honour for my head;
First, for that lofty is the lore I teach; [loose;
Then, cramping knots of priestcraft I would
And next because of mysteries I sing clear,
Decking my poems with the Muses' charm.

[This sweetening of verse with 'the honey of the Muses' is like disguising unpalatable medicine for children. The mind must be engaged by attractive means till it perceives the nature of the world.

As to the existing universe, it is bounded in none of its dimensions; matter and space are infinite. All things are in continual motion in every direction, and there is an endless supply of material bodies from infinite space. These ultimate atoms buffet each other ceaselessly; they unite or disunite. But there is no such thing as design in their unions. All is fortuitous concourse; so there are innumerable blind experiments and failures in nature, due to resultless encounters of the atoms.]

Calmness Essential to a True Theory of the Universe

When tempests rack the mighty ocean's face,
How sweet on land to watch the seaman's toil—
Not that we joy in neighbour's jeopardy,
But sweet it is to know what ills we 'scape.
How sweet to see war's mighty rivairies
Ranged on the plains—without thy share of risk.
Naught sweeter than to hold the tranquil realms
On high, well fortified by sages' lore,
Whence to look down on others wide astray—
Lost wanderers questing for the way of life—
See strife of genius, rivalry of rank,
See night and day men strain with wondrous toil
To rise to utmost power and grasp the world.

[Man feels an imperious craving to shun bodily pain and secure mental pleasure. But the glitter of luxury at the banquets of the rich cannot satisfy this craving. There are the simpler joys of the open country in spring; but the fact is, no magnificence can save the body from pain or the mind from apprehensions. The genuine remedy lies in knowledge alone.]

Needs then dispel this dread, this gloom of soul,
Not by the sunbeams nor clear shafts of day,
But by the face of nature and its plan.

Properties of Atoms

[Particles are constantly being transferred from one thing to another, though the sum total remains constant. In the light hereof may be understood the uninterrupted waxing and waning of things, and the perpetual succession of existence.]

Full soon the broods of living creatures change,
Like runners handing on the lamp of life.

[Greater or less solidity depends on the resilience of atoms. Their ceaseless motion is illustrated by the turmoil of motes in a stream of sunlight let into a dark room. As to their velocity, it greatly exceeds that of the sun's rays. This welter of atoms is the product of chance; the very blemishes of the world forbid one to regard it as divine. But the atoms do not rain through space in rigidly parallel lines. A minute swerve in their motion is essential to account for clashings and production; and in the ethical sphere it is this swerve which saves the mind from 'Necessity' and makes free will possible. Though the universe appears to be at rest, this is a fallacy of the senses, due to the fact that the motions of 'first bodies' are not cognisable by our eyes; indeed, a similar phenomenon is the apparent vanishing of motion due to distance.]

Oft on a hillside, cropping herbage rich,
The woolly flocks creep on whithersoe'er
The grass bejewelled with fresh dew invites,
And full-fed lambs disport and butt in play—

All this to eyes at distance looks a blur;
On the green hill the white spot seems at rest.

[The shapes of atoms vary; and so differences of species, and differences within the same species, arise. This variety in shape accounts, too, for the varying action and effects of atoms. Atoms in hard bodies, for example, are mainly hooked; but in liquids mainly smooth. In each thing, however, there are several kinds, which furnish that particular thing with a variety of properties. Furthermore, atoms are colourless, for in themselves they are invisible; they never come into the light, whereas colour needs light—witness the changing hues on a pigeon's neck. Atoms are themselves without senses, though they produce things possessed of senses.

To grasp the origin of species and development of animate nature, one must realize the momentous importance of the arrangement and interconnexion of atoms. Wood and other rotting bodies will bring forth worms, because material particles undergo, under altered conditions, fresh permutations and combinations. One may ask, what of man? He can laugh and weep, he can even inquire into the nature of those very atoms! It is true that he springs from them. Yet a man may laugh without being made of laughing atoms, and a man may reason without being made of reasonable atoms!]

Epicurus and the Gods

O thou that from gross darkness first didst lift
A torch to light the path to happiness,
I follow thee, thou glory of the Greeks!
And in thy footsteps firmly plant my steps,
Not bent so much to rival as to love
To copy. Why should swallow vie with swan?
Thou, father, art discoverer of things,
Enriching us with all a father's lore;
And, famous master, from thy written page,
As bees in flowery dells sip every bloom,
So hold we feast on all thy golden words—
Golden, most worthy, aye, of lasting life.
Soon as thy reasoning, sprung from mind inspired,
Hath loud proclaimed the mystery of things,
The mind's fears flee, the bulwarks of the world
Part, and I see things work throughout the void.
Then Godhead is revealed in homes of calm,
Which neither tempests shake nor clouds with rain
Obscure, nor snow by piercing frost congealed
Mars with white fall, but ever cloudless air
Wraps in a smile of generous radiancy.
There nature, too, supplieth every want,
And nothing ever lessens peace of mind.

III—Of Mind and Soul and Death

MIND and soul are portions of the body. While mind is the ruling element, they are both of the nature of the body—only they are composed of minute atoms capable of marvellous speed. Therefore, when death deprives the body of mind and soul, it does not make the body appreciably lighter.]

It is as if a wine had lost its scent,
Or breath of some sweet perfume had escaped.

[Mind and soul consist of spirit, air, heat and an elusive fourth constituent, the nimblest and subtlest of essences, the very 'soul of the soul.' It follows that mind and soul are mortal. Among many proofs may be adduced their close interconnexion with the body, as seen in cases of drunkenness and epilepsy; their inability to recall a state prior to their incarnation; their liability to be influenced by heredity like corporeal seeds. Besides, why should an immortal soul need to quit the body at death? Then, again, imagine souls contending for homes in a body about to be born! Consequently, the soul being mortal, death has no sting.]

To us, then, death is nothing—matters naught,
Since mortal is the nature of the mind,
E'en as in bygone time we felt no grief
When Punic conflict hemmed all Rome around.
When, rent by war's dread turbulence, the world
Shuddered and quaked beneath the heaven's high realm,
So when we are no more, when soul and frame
Of which we are compact, have been divorced,
Be sure, to us, who then shall be no more,
Naught can occur or ever make us feel, [sky.
Not e'en though earth were blent with sea and

[Men in general forget that death, in ending life's pleasures, also ends the need and the desire for them.]

'Soon shall thy home greet thee in joy no more,
Nor faithful wife nor darling children run
To snatch first kiss, and stir within thy heart
Sweet thoughts too deep for words. Thou canst no more
Win wealth by working or defend thine own.
The pity of it! One fell hour,' they say,
'Hath robbed thee of thine every prize in life.'
Hereat they add not this: 'And now thou art
Beset with yearning for such things no more.'

[The dead are to be envied, not lamented. The wise will exclaim: 'Thou, O dead, art free from pain; we who survive are full of tears.']

'What is so passing bitter,' we should ask,
'If life be rounded by a rest and sleep,
That one should pine in never-ending grief?'

[Universal nature has a rebuke for the coward that is afraid to die. There are no punishments beyond. Hell and hell's tortures are in this life. It is the victim of passion or of gnawing cares that is the real victim of torment.]

IV—The World's Origin and Its Growth

NOT by design did primal elements
Find each their place as 'twere with forethought keen,
Nor bargained what their movements were to be;
But since the atom host in many ways
Smitten by blows for infinite ages back,
And by their weight impelled, have coursed along,
Have joined all ways, and made full test of all

The types which mutual unions could create,
Therefore it is that through great time dispersed,
With every kind of blend and motion tried,
They meet at length in momentary groups
Which oft prove rudiments of mighty things—
Of earth and sea and sky and living breeds.

[Amidst this primeval medley of warring atoms there was no sun-disk to be discerned climbing the vault, no stars, or sea, or sky, or earth, or air. The next stage came when the several parts began to fly asunder, and like to join with like, so that the parts of the world were differentiated and earth was formed by condensation.]

Primeval Fertility of the Earth

At first the earth produced all kinds of herbs
And verdant sheen o'er every hill and plain;
The flowery meadows gleamed in hues of green,
And soon the trees were gifted with desire
To race unbridled in the lists of growth;
As plumage, hair and bristles are produced
On limbs of quadrupeds or frame of birds,
So the fresh earth then first put forth the grass
And shrubs, and next gave birth to mortal breeds,
Thick springing multiform in divers ways.
The name of 'Mother,' then, earth justly won,
Since from the earth all living creatures came.
Full many monsters earth essayed to raise,
Uprising strange of look and strange of limb,
Hermaphrodites distinct from either sex,
Some robbed of feet, and others void of hands,
Or mouthless mutes, or destitute of eyes,
Or bound by close adhesion of their limbs
So that they could do naught nor move at all,
Nor shun an ill, nor take what need required.
All other kinds of portents earth did yield—
In vain, since nature drove increase away,
They could not reach the longed-for bloom of life,
Nor find support, nor link themselves in love.

Survival of the Fittest in the Struggle for Existence

All things you see that draw the breath of life
Have been protected and preserved by craft,
Or speed, or courage, from their early years;
And many beasts, which usefulness commends,
Abide domesticated in our care.

[The protective quality in such animals as lions is ferocity; in foxes, cunning; in stags, swiftness. Creatures without such natural endowments of defence or utility tend to be the prey of others, and so become extinct.]

Primitive Man

Primeval man was hardier in the fields,
As fitted those that hardy earth produced,
Built on a frame of larger, tougher bones,
And knit with powerful sinews in his flesh;
Not likely to be hurt by heat or cold,
Or change of food, or wasting pestilence.
While many lustres of the sun revolved
Men led a life of roving like the beasts.
What sun or rain might give, or soil might yield
Unforced, was boon enough to sate the heart.
Oft 'neath the acorn-bearing oaks they found
Their food; and arbute-berries which you now
In winter see turn ripe with scarlet hue,
Of old grew greater in luxuriance.

[As yet mankind did not know how to handle fire, or to clothe themselves with the spoils of the chase; but dwelt in woods, or caves, or other random shelter found in stress of weather. Each man lived for himself, and might was right. The stone or club was used in hunting; but the cave-dwellers were in frequent danger of being devoured by beasts of prey. Still, savage mortality was no greater than that of modern times.]

The Evolving of Civilization

When men had got them huts and skins and fire,
And woman joined with man to make a home,
And when they saw an offspring born from them,
Then first began the softening of the race.
Fire left them less inured with shivering frames
To bear the cold 'neath heaven's canopy.
Then neighbours turned to compacts mutual,
Desirous nor to do nor suffer harm.
They claimed for child and woman tenderness,
Declaring by their signs and stammering cries
That pity for the weak becometh all.

[The rudiments of humane sentiments sprang, therefore, in prehistoric family life. Language was the gradual outcome of natural cries, not an arbitrary invention. The uses of fire were learnt from the lightning-flash and from conflagrations due to spontaneous combustion or chance friction. In time this opened out the possibility of many arts, such as metal-working; for forest fires caused streams of silver, gold, copper, or lead to run into hollows, and early man observed that when cooled, the glittering lumps retained the mould of the cavities. Nature also was the model for sowing and grafting. Those who excelled in mental endowment invented new modes of life. Towns and strongholds were founded as places of defence; and possessions were secured by personal beauty, strength, or cleverness. But the access of riches often ousted the claims of both beauty and strength.]

For men, though strong and fair to look upon,
Oft follow in the retinue of wealth.

[Religious feelings were fostered by visions and dreams; marvellous shapes to which savage man ascribed supernatural powers. Recurrent appearances of such shapes induced a belief in their continuous existence; so arose the notion of gods that live for ever.]

Our navigation, tillage, walls and laws,
Our armour, roads and dress, and such-like boons,
And every elegance of modern life,
Poems and pictures, statues deftly wrought,
All these men learnt with slow advancing steps
From practice and the knowledge won by wit.
So by degrees time brings each thing to sight,
And reason raiseth it to realms of day.
In arts must one thing, then another, shine,
Until they win their full development.

Monumental Treatise of a Great Anatomist

SIR RICHARD OWEN

THE ANATOMY OF VERTEBRATES

ONE of the greatest discoveries of the nineteenth century was that of the principles of evolution. The most famous exponent of these principles was, of course, Darwin, but we must not overlook the invaluable work done in this connexion by Sir Richard Owen, whose most important book, The Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrates (1866-68) is a profound and extremely interesting treatise. In it he makes a thorough study of comparative anatomy, examining for this purpose both fossil and living forms, and throws much light on aspects of this subject, hitherto obscure. Owen afterwards claimed to have promulgated the theory of natural selection to explain the origin of species before Darwin, but his doctrine really rests on the deduction that all existing forms developed from 'archetypes,' since he was profoundly impressed by the fact that in certain countries there seemed to be a succession of similar types. Although some of his conclusions are not accepted by many eminent scientists, the results of Owen's investigations, which are embodied in this book, constitute in themselves a valuable contribution to science.

This outline has been made for *The World's Great Books* by Dr. C. W. Saleeby.

I—Biological Questions of 1830



AT the close of my studies at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, in 1831, I returned strongly moved to lines of research bearing upon the then prevailing phases of thought on some biological questions.

The great master in whose dissecting rooms I was privileged to work held that species were not permanent as a fact established inductively on a wide basis of observation, by which comparative osteology had been created. Camper and Hunter suspected that species might be transitory; but Cuvier, in defining the characters of his anaplotherium, palaeotherium, etc., proved the fact.

Of the relation of past to present species Cuvier had not an adequate basis for a decided opinion. Observation of changes in the relative position of land and sea suggested to him one condition of the advent of new species on an island or continent where old species had died out. This view he illustrates by a hypothetical case of such succession, but expressly states: 'I do not assert that a new creation was necessary to produce the species now existing, but only that they did not exist in the same regions, and must have come from elsewhere.'

Geoffrey Saint Hilaire opposed to Cuvier's inductive treatment of the question the following expression of belief: 'I have no doubt that existing animals are directly descended from the animals of the antediluvian world,' but added, 'it is my belief that the season has not arrived for a really satisfying knowledge of geology.'

The main collateral questions argued in their debates appeared to me to be the following.

Unity of plan or final purpose, as a governing condition of organic development?

Series of species, uninterrupted, or broken by intervals?

Extinction, cataclysmal, or regulated?

Development, by epigenesis, or evolution?

Primary life, by miracle, or secondary law?

CUVIER held the work of organization to be guided and governed by final purpose or adaptation. Geoffrey denied the evidence of design, and contended for the principle which he called 'unity of composition' as the law of organization. Most of his illustrations were open to the demonstration of inaccuracy; and the language by which disciples of the kindred school of Schelling illustrated in the animal structure the transcendental idea of the whole in every part seemed like mystical jargon. With Cuvier, answerable parts occurred in the zoological scale because they had to perform similar functions.

As, however, my observations and comparisons accumulated, they enforced a reconsideration of Cuvier's conclusions. To demonstrate the evidence of the community of organization I found the artifice of an archetype vertebrate animal essential; and from the demonstration of its principle, which I then satisfied myself was associated with and dominated by that of 'adaptation to purpose,' the step was inevitable to the conception of the operation of a secondary cause of the entire series of species, such cause being the servant of predetermining will.

But besides 'derivation' or 'filiation' another principle influencing organization became recognizable, to which I gave the name of 'irrelative repetition.' The demonstrated constitution of the vertebrate endo-skeleton as a series of essentially similar segments appeared to illustrate the law of irrelative repetition.

These results of inductive research swayed me in rejecting direct creation, and in recognizing a 'natural law or secondary cause' as operative in the production of species 'in orderly succession and progression.'

II—Broken or Linked Succession of Species?

To the hypothesis that existing species are modifications of extinct species, Cuvier replied that traces of modification were due from the fossil world. 'You ought,' he said, 'to be able to show the intermediate forms between the palaeotherium and existing hoofed quadrupeds.'

The progress of palaeontology since 1830 has brought to light many missing links. The discovery of the remains of the hipparion supplied one of the links required by Cuvier, and it is significant that the remains of such three-toed horses are found only in deposits of that Tertiary period which intervenes between the older palaeotherian one and the newer strata in which the modern horse first appears to have lost its lateral hooflets.

The molar series of the horse includes six large complex grinders individually recognizable by developmental characters. The representative of the first premolar is minute and soon shed. Its homologue in palaeotherium is functionally developed and retained, the type-dentition being adhered to. In the hipparion this tooth is smaller than in palaeotherium, but functional and permanent. The transitory and singularly small and simple denticle in the horse exemplifies the rudiment of an ancestral structure in the same degree as do the hoofless splint-bones; just as the spurious hoofs dangling therefrom in the hipparion are retained rudiments of the functionally developed lateral hoofs in the broader foot of palaeotherium.

Other missing links of this series of species have also been supplied.

How, then, is the origin of these intermediate gradations to be interpreted? If the alternative—species by miracle or by law—be applied to palaeotherium, paloplotherium, anchitherium, hipparion, *equus*, I accept the latter without misgiving, and recognize such law as continuously operative throughout Tertiary time.

In respect of its law of operation we may suppose Lamarck to say, 'As the surface of the earth consolidated, the larger and more produced mid-hoof of the old three-toed pachydermus took a greater share in sustaining the animal's weight; and more blood being required to meet the greater demand of the more active mid-toe, it grew; while the side-toes, losing their share of nourishment, and becoming more and more withdrawn from use, shrank'—and so on.

Mr. Darwin, I conceive, would modify this by saying that some individuals of palaeotherium happening to be born with a larger and longer middle toe, and with shorter and smaller side toes, such variety was better adapted to prevailing in the altered conditions of the earth's surface than the parental form; and so on, until finally the extreme equine modifications of foot came to be 'naturally selected.' But the hypotheses of appetency and volition, as of natural selection, are less applicable, less intelligible, in connexion with the changes in the teeth.

I must further observe that to say that palaeotherium has graduated into *equus* by 'natural selection' is an explanation of the process of the same kind and value as that by which the secretion of bile was

attributed to the 'appetency' of the liver for the elements of bile. One's surprise is that such explanatory devices should not have died out with the '*archeus faber*,' the '*nisus formations*,' and other self-deceiving, world-beguiling simulacra of science; and that a resuscitation should have had any success.

What, then, are the facts on which any reasonable or intelligible conception can be formed of the mode of operation of the derivative law exemplified in the series linking on palaeotherium to *equus*? A very significant one is the following.

A modern horse occasionally comes into the world with the supplementary ancestral hoofs. From Valerius Maximus, who attributes the variety to Bucephalus, downwards, such 'polydactyle' horses have been noted as monsters and marvels. In one of the latest examples, the inner splint-bone—answering to the second metacarpal of the pentadactyle foot—supported phalanges and a terminal hoof resembling the corresponding one in the hipparion. And the pairing of horses with the metapodials bearing, according to type, phalanges and hoofs, might restore the race of hipparions.

Now, the fact suggesting such a possibility teaches that the change would be sudden and considerable; it opposes the idea that species are transmuted by minute and slow degrees. It also shows that a species might originate independently of the operation of any external influence; that change of structure would precede that of use and habit; that appetency, impulse, ambient medium, fortuitous fitness of surrounding circumstances, or a personified 'selecting nature' would have had no share in the transmutative act.

Thus I have been led to recognize species as exemplifying the continuous operation of natural law, or secondary cause; and that not only successively, but progressively; 'from the first embodiment of the vertebrate idea under its old ichthyic vestment until it became arrayed in the glorious garb of the human form.'

III—Cataclysmal or Regulated Extinction

If the species of palaeothere, paloplothere, anchithere, hipparion and horse be severally deemed due to remotely and successively repeated acts of creation, the successive going out of such species must have been as miraculous as their coming in. Accordingly, in Cuvier's Discourse on Revolutions of the Earth's Surface we have a section of 'Proofs that these revolutions have been numerous,' and another of 'Proofs that these revolutions have been sudden.'

But as the discoveries of palaeontologists have supplied the links between the species held to have perished by the cataclysms, so each successive parcel of geological truths has tended to dissipate the belief in the unusually sudden and violent nature of the changes recognizable in the earth's surface. In specially directing my attention to this moot point, whilst engaged in investigations of fossil remains, I was led to recognize one cause of extinction as being due to defeat in the contest which the individual of each species had to maintain against the surrounding agencies which might militate against its existence. This principle has received a large accession of illustrations from the labours of Charles Darwin; but he aims to apply it not only to the extinction, but to the origin, of species.

Although I fail to recognize proof of the latter bearing of the battle of life, the concurrence of so much evidence in favour of extinction by law is corroborative of the truth of the ascription of the origin of species to a secondary cause.

What spectacle can be more beautiful than that of the inhabitants of the calm expanse of water of an atoll encircled by its ring of coral rock! Leaving locomotive frequenters of the calcareous basin out of the question, we may ask, Was direct creation, after the dying out of its result as a 'rugose coral,' repeated to constitute the succeeding and superseding 'tabulate coral'? Must we also invoke the miraculous power to initiate every distinct species of both rugosa and tabulata? These grand old groups have had their day and are utterly gone. When we endeavour to conceive or realize such mode of origin, not of them only but of their manifold successors, the miracle, by the very multiplication of its manifestations, becomes incredible—

inconsistent with any worthy conception of an all-provident Omnipotence.

Being unable to accept the volitional hypothesis [of Lamarck] or the selective force exerted by outward circumstances [Darwin], I deem an innate tendency to deviate from parental type to be the most probable way of operation of the secondary law whereby species have been derived one from another.

According to my derivative hypothesis a change takes place first in the structure of the animal, and this, when sufficiently advanced, may lead to modifications of habits. But species owe as little to the accidental concurrence of environing circumstances as cosmos depends upon a fortuitous concourse of atoms. A purposive route of development and change of correlation and inter-dependence, manifesting intelligent will, is as determinable in the succession of races as in the development and organization of the individual.

Derivation holds that every species changes in time, by virtue of inherent tendencies thereto. Natural selection holds that no such change can take place without the influence of altered external circumstances educing, or eliciting, such change.

Derivation sees among the effects of the innate tendency to change a manifestation of creative power in the variety and beauty of the results; and, in the ultimate forthcoming of a being susceptible of appreciating such beauty, evidence of the pre-ordaining of such relation of power to the appreciation. Natural selection acknowledges that if power or beauty, in itself, should be a purpose in creation, it would be absolutely fatal to it as a hypothesis.

Natural selection sees grandeur in the 'view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one.' Derivation sees therein a narrow invocation of a special miracle and an unworthy limitation of creative power.

The hypothesis of derivation rests upon conclusions from four great series of inductively established facts, together with a probable result of facts of a fifth class; the hypothesis of natural selection totters on the extension of a conjectural condition, explanatory of extinction, to the origination of species, inapplicable in that extension to the majority of organisms, and not known to apply to the origin of any species.

IV—Epigenesis or Evolution

THE derivative origin of species, then, being at present the most admissible one, and the retrospective survey of such species showing convergence, as time recedes, to more simplified or generalised organizations, the result to which the suggested train of thought inevitably leads is very analogous in each instance. If to cosmos, or the mundane system, have been allotted powers equivalent to the development of the several grades of life, may not the demonstrated series of conversions of force have also included that into the vital form?

In the last century, physiologists were divided as to the principle guiding the work of organic development.

The 'evolutionists' contended that the new being pre-existed in a complete state of formation, needing only to be vivified by impregnation in order to commence the series of expansions, or 'dis-encasings,' culminating in the independent individual.

The 'epigenesists' held that both the germ and its subsequent organs were built up of juxtaposed molecules according to the operation of a developmental force, or '*nisus formations*.'

At the present day the question may seem hardly worth the paper on which it is referred to. Nevertheless, 'pre-existence of germs' and evolution are logically inseparable from the idea of species by primary, miraculously created individuals. Cuvier, therefore, maintained both as firmly as did Haller. In the debates of 1830 I remained the thrall of that dogma in regard to the origin of single-celled organisms whether in or out of body Every result of formifaction I believed with most physiologists, to be the genetic outcome of a pre-existing 'cell.' The first was due to miraculous interposition and suspension of ordinary laws; it contained potentially all future possible cells. Cell-development exemplified evolution of pre-existing germs, the progeny of the



SIR RICHARD OWEN was born at Lancaster, July 20, 1804, and studied medicine at Edinburgh and at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. He entered the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, in 1826. In 1836 he was selected for the first Hunterian professorship of comparative anatomy, and in 1849 he became curator of the Royal College of Surgeons. This post he held till 1856, when he was appointed superintendent of the natural history department of the British Museum. He devoted much energy to the establishment of the new Natural History Museum at South Kensington, which was completed in 1884. Owen was made K.C.B. in that year, and died December 18, 1892.

primary cell. They propagated themselves by self-division, or by 'proliferation' of minute granules or atoms, which, when properly nourished, again multiplied by self-division, and grew to the likeness of the parent cells.

It seems to me more consistent with the present phase of dynamical science and the observed gradations of living things, to suppose the sarcode, or the 'protogenal' jelly-speck, should be formable through the concurrence of conditions favouring such combination of their elements, than that all existing sarcodes or 'protogenes' are the result of genetic descent from a germ or cell due to a primary act of miraculous interposition.

I prefer, while indulging in such speculations, to consider the various daily nomogeneously developed forms of protozoal, or protistal, jellies, sarcodes and single-celled organisms, to have been as many roots from which the higher grades have ramified than that the origin of the whole organic creation is to be referred, as the Egyptian priests did that of the universe, to a single egg.

Amber and steel, when magnetised, seem to exercise 'selection'; they do not attract all substances alike. A speck of protogenal jelly or sarcode, if alive, shows analogous relations to certain substances; but the soft, yielding tissue allows the part next the attractive matter to move thereto, and then, by retraction, to draw such matter into the sarcodal mass, which overspreads, dissolves and assimilates it. The term 'living' in the one case is correlative with the term 'magnetic' in the other. A man perceives ripe fruit; he stretches out his hand, plucks, masticates, swallows and digests it.

The question then arises whether the difference between such series of actions in the man and the attractive and assimilative movement of the amoeba be less or greater than the difference between these acts of the amoeba and the attracting and retaining acts of the magnet.

The question, I think, may be put with some confidence as to the quality of the ultimate reply whether the amoebal phenomena are so much more different, or so essentially different, from the magnetic phenomena than they are from the mammalian phenomena as to necessitate the invocation of a special miracle for their manifestation. It is analogically conceivable that the same Cause which has endowed His world with power convertible into magnetic, electric, thermotic and other forms or modes of force has also added the conditions of conversion into the vital force.

FROM protozoa, or protista, to plants and animals the gradation is closer than from magnetised iron to vitalised sarcode. From reflex acts of the nervous system animals rise to sentient and volitional ones. And with the ascent are associated brain-cells progressively increasing in size and complexity. Thought relates to the 'brain' of man as does electricity to the nervous 'battery' of the torpedo-fish; both are forms of force and the results of action of their respective organs.

If the hypothesis of an abstract entity producing psychological phenomena by playing upon the brain, as a musician upon his instrument, be rejected, and these phenomena be held to be the result of

cerebral actions, it is objected that the latter view is 'materialistic' and adverse to the notion of an independent, indivisible, 'immaterial,' mental principle or soul.

But in the endeavour to comprehend clearly and explain the functions of the combination of forces called 'brain,' the physiologist is hindered and troubled by the views of the nature of those cerebral forces which the needs of dogmatic theology have imposed on mankind. How long physiologists would have entertained the notion of a 'life,' or 'vital principle,' as a distinct entity if freed from this baneful influence may be questioned; but it can be truly affirmed that physiology has now established and does accept the truth of that statement of Locke—'the life, whether of a material or immaterial substance, is not the substance itself, but an affection of it.'

A First Century Jew Tells His Peoples Story

JOSEPHUS

THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE JEWS

AN historical sketch of the Jewish race from the Creation to A.D. 66, The Antiquities of the Jews deals with events of the greatest interest not only from an antiquarian, but also from a religious standpoint. Its author, Flavius Josephus, was himself a Jew who lived in the 1st century A.D. His thought is considerably influenced by Greek philosophy, so that his work has rationalistic tendencies. It is based on Biblical and non-Biblical authorities impartially; sometimes his narrative is merely a paraphrase of parts of the Old Testament; sometimes he gives us valuable information derived from other sources. His frequent inaccuracies are mainly due to his uncritical acceptance of Jewish traditions, as when he claims that Nebuchadrezzar wrought in Egypt the desolation prophesied by Ezekiel—a fact that Egyptian inscriptions seem conclusively to disprove. A part of the history—that which deals with Christ—is thought to be an interpolation of a later date. Josephus wrote in Greek and Hebrew, and translations of his works are obtainable in popular editions.

I—From Alexander to Antiochus



AFTER Philip, king of Macedon, had been treacherously slain by Pausanias, he was succeeded by his son Alexander, who, passing over the Hellespont, overcame the army of Darius, king of Persia, at Granicum. So he marched over Lydia, subdued Ionia, overran Caria and Pamphylia, and again defeated Darius at Issus. The Persian king fled into his own land, and his mother, wife and children were captured. Alexander besieged and took first Tyre, and then Gaza, and next marched towards Jerusalem.

At Sapha, in full view of the city, he was met by a procession of the priests in fine linen, and a multitude of the citizens in white, the high-priest, Jaddua, being at their head in his resplendent robes. Graciously responding to the salutations of priests and people, Alexander entered Jerusalem, worshipped and sacrificed in the Temple, and then invited the people to ask what favours they pleased of him; whereupon the high-priest desired that they might enjoy the laws of their forefathers, and pay no tribute on the seventh year. All their requests were granted, and Alexander led his army into the neighbouring cities.

Now, when Alexander was dead and his government had been divided among many, Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, by treachery seized Jerusalem, and took away many captives to Egypt and settled them there. His successor, Ptolemy Philadelphus, restored to freedom 120,000 Jews who had been kept in slavery at the instance of Aristeus, one of his most intimate friends. He also dedicated many gifts to God, and showed great friendship to the Jews in his dominions.

Other kings in Asia followed the example of Philadelphus, conferring honours on Jews who became their auxiliaries and making them citizens with privileges equal to those enjoyed by the

Macedonians and Greeks. In the reign of Antiochus the Great the Jews suffered greatly while he was at war with Ptolemy Philopater, and with his son, called Epiphanes. When Antiochus had beaten Ptolemy he seized on Judea, but ultimately he made a league with Ptolemy, gave him his daughter Cleopatra to wife and yielded up to him Celesyria, Samaria, Judea and Phoenicia by way of dowry. Onias, son of Simon the Just, was then high-priest. He greatly provoked the king by neglecting to pay his taxes, so that Ptolemy threatened to settle his soldiers in Jerusalem to live on the citizens.

But Joseph, the nephew of Onias, by his wisdom brought all things right again, and entered into friendship with the king, who lent him soldiers and sent him to force the people in various cities to pay their taxes. Many who refused were slain. Joseph not only thus gathered great wealth for himself, but sent much to the king and to Cleopatra, and to powerful men at the court of Egypt. He had a son named Hyrcanus, who became noted for his ability, and crossed the Jordan with many followers; he made war successfully on the Arabians, built a magnificent stone castle, and ruled over all the region for seven years, even all the time that Seleucus was king of Syria. But when Seleucus was dead, his brother Antiochus Epiphanes took the kingdom, and Hyrcanus, seeing that Antiochus had a great army, feared he should be punished for what he had done to the Arabians. So he took his own life, Antiochus seizing his possessions.

II—To the Death of Judas Maccabaeus

ANTIOCHUS, despising the son of Ptolemy as being but weak, and coveting the possession of Egypt, conducted an expedition against that country with a great force; but was compelled to withdraw by a declaration of the Romans. On his way back from Alexandria he took the city of Jerusalem, entering it without fighting in the 143rd year of the kingdom of the Seleucidae. He slew many of the citizens, plundered the city of much money and returned to Antioch.

After two years he again came up against Jerusalem, and this time left the Temple bare, taking away the golden altar and candlesticks, the table of shewbread, and the altar of burnt offering and all the secret treasures. He slew some of the people, and carried off into captivity about ten thousand, burnt the finest buildings, erected a citadel and therein placed a garrison of Macedonians. Building an idol altar in the Temple, he offered swine on it, and he compelled many of the Jews to raise idol altars in every town and village and to offer swine on them every day. But many disregarded him, and these underwent bitter punishment. They were tortured or scourged or crucified.

Now, at this time there dwelt at Modin a priest named Mattathias, a citizen of Jerusalem. He had five sons, one of whom, Judas, was called Maccabaeus. Mattathias and his sons not only refused to sacrifice as Antiochus commanded, but, with his sons, attacked and slew an apostate Jewish worshipper and Apelles, the king's general, and a few of his soldiers. Then the priest and his five sons overthrew the idol altar and fled into the desert, followed by many of their followers with their wives and children. About a thousand of these who had hidden in caves were overtaken and destroyed; but many who escaped joined themselves to Mattathias and appointed him to be the ruler, who taught them to fight, even on the Sabbath. Gathering a great army, he overthrew the idol altars and slew those who broke the laws. But after ruling one year, he fell into a distemper, and committed to his sons the conduct of affairs. He was buried at Modin, all the people making great lamentation.

His son Judas took upon himself the administration of affairs in the 146th year, and with the help of his brothers and others cast their enemies out of the country and purified the land of its pollutions. Judas celebrated in the Temple at Jerusalem the festival of the restoration of the sacrifices for eight days. From that time we call the yearly celebration the Feast of Lights. Judas also rebuilt the wall and reared towers of great height.

When these things were over he made excursions against adversaries on every side, he and his brothers Simon and Jona-

than subduing in turn Idumaea, Gilead, Jazer, Tyre and Ashdod.

Antiochus died of a distemper which overtook him as he was fleeing from Elymais, from which he was driven during an attack upon its gates. Before he died he called his friends about him, and confessed that his calamities had come upon him for the miseries he had brought upon the Jewish nation.

Antiochus was succeeded by his son, Antiochus Eupator, a boy of tender age, whose guardians were Philip and Lysias. He reigned but two years, being put to death, together with Lysias, by order of the usurper Demetrius, the son of Seleucus, who fled from Rome and, landing in Syria, gathered an army and was joyfully received by the people. Against Jerusalem, Demetrius sent an expedition commanded by his general, Bacchides. Judas Maccabaeus, fighting with great courage, but having with him only 800 men, fell in the battle. His brothers Simon and Jonathan, receiving his body by treaty from the enemy, carried it to the village of Modin and there buried him. He left behind him a glorious reputation, by gaining freedom for his nation and delivering them from slavery under the Macedonians. He died after filling the office of high-priest for three years.

III—To the Roman Dominion

JONATHAN and his brother Simon continued the war against Bacchides. They were assisted by Alexander, the son of Antiochus Epiphanes, who, in the 160th year, came up into Syria against Demetrius and defeated and slew him in a great battle near Ptolemais. But the son of Demetrius, named after his father, in the 165th year, after Alexander had seated himself on the throne and had gained in marriage Cleopatra, daughter of Ptolemy Philometor, came from Crete with a great number of mercenary soldiers. Jonathan and Simon, brothers of Judas Maccabaeus, entering into league with Demetrius, who offered them very great advantages, defeated at Ashdod the army sent by Alexander under Apollonius.

A breach took place between Alexander and Ptolemy through the treachery of Ammonius, a friend of the former, and the Egyptian king took away his daughter Cleopatra from her husband, and immediately sent to Demetrius, offering to make a league of mutual assistance and friendship with him, to give him his daughter in marriage, and to restore him to the principality of his fathers. These overtures were joyfully accepted, and Ptolemy came to Antioch and persuaded the people to receive Demetrius. Alexander was beaten in a battle by the two allies and fled into Arabia, where, however, his head was speedily cut off by Zabdiel, a prince of the country, and sent to Ptolemy. But that king, through falling from his horse, died a few days afterwards.

Demetrius, being secure in power, disbanded a great part of his army, but this action greatly irritated the soldiers. Furthermore, he was hated, as his father had been, by the people of Syria. A revolt was raised by an Apanemian named Trypho, who overcame Demetrius in a fight, and took from him both his elephants and the city of Antioch. Demetrius on this defeat retired into Cilicia, and Trypho delivered the kingdom to Antiochus, the youthful son of Alexander, who quickly sent ambassadors to Jonathan and made him his confederate and friend, confirming him in the high-priesthood and yielding up to him four prefectures which had been added to Judea. Accordingly, Jonathan promptly joined him in a war against Demetrius, who was again defeated.

Soon after Demetrius had been carried into captivity Trypho deserted Antiochus, who had now reigned four years. He usurped power, which he basely abused; and Antiochus Soter, brother of Demetrius, raised a force against him and drove him away to Apamea, where he was put to death, his term of power having lasted only three years. Antiochus Soter then attacked Simon, who successfully resisted, established peace and ruled in all for eight years. His death also was the result of treachery, his son-in-law Ptolemy playing him false. His son Hyrçanus became high-priest, and speedily ejected the forces of Ptolemy from the land. Subduing all factions, he ruled justly for thirty-one years, leaving five sons.

The eldest, Aristobulus, purposed to change the government into a kingdom, and placed a diadem on his own head; but his mother, to whom the supremacy had been entrusted, disputed his authority. He cast her into prison, where she was starved to death; and next he compassed the death of his brother Antigonus, but was soon attacked by a painful disease. He reigned only one year. His widow, Alexandra, let his brothers out of prison and made Alexander Janneus king.

His reign was one of war and disorder. With savage cruelty he repressed rebellion, condemning hundreds of Jews to crucifixion. While these were yet living, their wives and children were slain before their eyes. His life was ended by a sickness which lasted three years, and after his death civil war broke out between his two sons, Aristobulus and Hyrcanus, in which great barbarities were committed. The conflict was terminated by the intervention of the Romans under Scarus. The two brothers appealed to Pompey after he came to Damascus; but that Roman general marched against Jerusalem and took it by force. Thus we lost our liberty as a nation and became subject to the Romans.

IV—The Jews and the Romans

CRASSUS next came with Roman troops into Judea and pillaged the Temple, and then marched into Parthia, where both he and his army perished. Then Cassius obtained Syria, and checked the Parthians. He passed on to Judea, fell on Tarichaea, and took it, and carried away 3,000 Jewish captives.

A wealthy Idumean named Antipater, who had been a great friend of Hyrcanus, and had helped him against Aristobulus, was a very active and seditious man. He had married Cypros, a lady of his own Idumean race, by whom he had four sons, Phaselus and Herod, who afterwards became king, and Joseph and Pheroras; and a daughter, Salome. He cultivated friendship with other potentates, especially with the king of Arabia, to whom he committed the care of his children while he fought against Aristobulus. But when Caesar had taken Rome, and after Pompey and the senate had fled beyond the Ionian Sea, Aristobulus was set free from the bonds in which he had been laid.

Caesar resolved to send him with two legions into Syria to set matters right; but Aristobulus had no enjoyment of this trust, for he was poisoned by Pompey's party. But Scipio, sent by Pompey to slay Alexander, son of Aristobulus, cut off his head at Antioch. And Ptolemy, son of Menneus, ruler of Chalcis, took Alexander's brethren to him, and sent his son Philippion to Askelon to Aristobulus's wife, and desired her to send back with him her son Antigonus and her daughters; the one of whom, Alexandra, Philippion fell in love with and married her; though afterwards his father, Ptolemy, slew him and married Alexandra.

Now, after Pompey was dead, and after the victory Caesar had gained over him, Antipater, who had managed the Jewish affairs, became very useful to Caesar when he made war against Egypt, and that by the order of Hyrcanus. He brought over to the side of Caesar the principal men of the Arabians, and also Jamblicus, the ruler of the Syrians, and Ptolemy, his son, and Tholomy, the son of Sohemus, who dwelt at Mount Libanus, and almost all the cities, and with 3,000 armed Jews he joined Mithradates of Pergamus, who was marching with his auxiliaries to aid Caesar.

Antipater and Mithradates together won a pitched battle against the Egyptians, and Caesar not only then commended Antipater, but used him throughout that war in the most hazardous undertakings and finally, at the end of that campaign, made him procurator of Judea, at the same time appointing Hyrcanus high-priest. Antipater, seeing that Hyrcanus was of a slow and slothful temper, made his eldest son, Phaselus, governor of Jerusalem; but committed Galilee to his next son, Herod, who was only fifteen, but was a youth of great mind, and soon proved his courage, and won the love of the Syrians by freeing their country of a nest of robbers and slaying the captain of these, one Hezekias.

Thus Herod became known to Sextus Caesar, a relation of the great Caesar, who was now president of Syria. Now, the growing reputation of Antipater and his

sons excited the envy of the principal men among the Jews, especially as they saw that Herod was violent and bold, and was capable of acting tyrannically. So they accused him before Hyrcanus of encroaching on the government, and of transgressing the laws by putting men to death without their condemnation by the sanhedrin. Protecting Herod, whom he loved as his own son, from the sanhedrin when they would have sentenced him to death, Hyrcanus aided him to flee to Damascus, where he took refuge with Sextus Caesar. When Herod received the kingdom, he slew all the members of that sanhedrin excepting Sameas, whom he respected because he persuaded the people to admit Herod into the city, and he even slew Hyrcanus also.

Now, when Caesar was come to Rome, and was ready to sail into Africa to fight against Scipio and Cato, Hyrcanus sent ambassadors to him, desiring the ratification of the league of friendship between them. Not only Caesar but the senate heaped honours on the ambassadors, and confirmed the understanding that subsisted. But during the disorders that arose after the death of Caesar, Cassius came into Syria and disturbed Judea by exacting great sums of money. Antipater sought to gather the great tax demanded from Judea, and was foully slain by a collector named Malichus, on whom Herod quickly took vengeance for the murder of his father. By his energy in obtaining the required tax, Herod gained new favour with Cassius.

V—The Herodian Era

In order to secure his position, Herod made an obscure priest from Babylon, named Ananelus, high-priest in place of Hyrcanus. This offended Alexandra, daughter of Hyrcanus and wife of Alexander, son of Aristobulus the king. She had ten children, among whom were Mariamne, the beautiful wife of Herod, and Aristobulus. She sent an appeal to Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, in order by her intercession to gain from Antony the high-priesthood for this son. At the instance of Antony, Herod took the office from Ananelus, and gave it to Aristobulus, but took care that the youth should soon be murdered. Then, from causeless jealousy, he put to death his uncle Joseph and threw Mariamne into prison. Victory in a war with Arabia enhanced his power. Cruelly slaying Hyrcanus, he hasted away to Octavian, who had beaten Antony at Actium, and obtained also from him, the new Caesar Augustus, the kingdom, thus being confirmed in his position.

Women of the palace who hated Mariamne for her beauty, her high birth and her pride, falsely accused her to Herod of gross unfaithfulness. He loved her passionately, but, giving ear to these traducers, ordered her to be tried. She was condemned to death, and showed great fortitude as she went to the place of execution, even though her own mother, Alexandra, in order to make herself safe from the wrath of the king, basely and publicly and violently upbraided her, while the people, pitying her, mourned at her fate. Herod was also attacked by a tormenting distemper. He ordered the execution of Alexandra and of several of his most intimate friends.

By his persistent introduction of foreign customs, which corrupted the constitution of the country, Herod incurred the deep hatred of very many eminent citizens. He erected servile trophies to Caesar, and prepared costly games in which men were condemned to fight with wild beasts. Ten men who conspired against him were betrayed, and were tortured horribly and then slain. But the people seized the spy who had informed against them, tore him limb from limb and flung the body in pieces to the dogs. By constant and relentless severity Herod still strengthened his rule.

But now fearful disturbances arose in his family. His sister Salome and his brother Pheroras displayed virulent hatred against Alexander and Aristobulus, sons of the murdered Mariamne, and, on their part, the two young men were incensed at the partiality shown by Herod to his eldest son, Antipater. This prince was continually using cunning strategy against his brethren, while feigning affection for them. He so worked on the mind of the king by false accusations against Alexander



FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS, historian, politician and soldier, was born in A.D. 37 and died in about A.D. 100. He was of high birth and a Pharisee, but never allowed his genius to be circumscribed by the prevalent Hebrew insularity. Mainly because of his scholarly achievements, he was sent to Rome in 63 as a delegate to Nero; and shortly afterwards, on the outbreak of a rebellion against the Roman power in Judea, he became governor of Galilee. He defended Iopata against the Roman armies, but was captured and imprisoned. On his release, he went to Rome, and there remained, the intimate friend of the Emperor Vespasian and other great men, until he died.

that many of the friends of this youth were tortured to death in the attempts made to force disclosures from them.

A traitor named Eurycles fanned the flame by additional accusations, all utterly groundless, so that Herod wrote letters to Rome concerning the treacherous designs of his sons against him, and asking permission of Caesar to bring them to trial. This was granted, and they were condemned by an assembly of judges at Berytus. By their father's command they were starved to death.

Herod by this time had nine wives and many children and grandchildren. The latter he brought up with much care. Antipater was sent on a mission to Rome, and during his absence his plots were discovered, and on his return, Herod, amazed at his wickedness, condemned him to death. The king now altered his testament, dividing the territory among several of his sons. He died on the fifth day after the execution of Antipater, having reigned thirty-four years after procuring the death of Antigonus.

Archelaus, his son, was appointed by Caesar, in confirmation of Herod's will, governor of one-half of the country; but accusation of enemies led to his banishment to Lyons, in Gaul. Cyrenaicus, a Roman senator and magistrate, was sent by Caesar to make taxation in Syria and Judea, and Caponius was made procurator of Judea. Philip, a son of Herod, built cities in honour of Tiberius Caesar. When Pontius Pilate became procurator he removed the army from Caesarea to Jerusalem, abolished Jewish laws, and (in the night) introduced Caesar's effigies on the ensigns.

About this time Jesus, a wise man, a doer of wonderful works, drew over to him many Jews and Gentiles. He was Christ; and when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him did not forsake him, for he appeared to them again alive at the third day, as the prophets had foretold; and the tribe of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct at this day. John, who was called the Baptist, was slain by Herod the tetrarch at his castle at Machaerus, by the Dead Sea. The destruction of his army by Aretas, king of Arabia, was ascribed by the Jews to God's anger for this crime.

Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, became the most famous of his descendants. On him Claudius Caesar bestowed all the dominions of his grandfather with the title of king. But pride overcame him. Seated on a throne at a great festival at Caesarea, arrayed in a magnificent robe, he was stricken by a disease, and died.

He was succeeded by his son Agrippa, during whose time Felix and Festus were procurators in Judea, while Nero was Roman emperor. This Agrippa finished the Temple by the work of 18,000 men. The war of the Jews and Romans began through the oppression by Gessius Florus, who secured the procuratorship by the friendship of his wife Cleopatra with Poppea, wife of Nero. Florus filled Judea with intolerable cruelties, and the war began in the second year of his rule and the twelfth of the reign of Nero. What happened will be known by those who peruse the books I have written about the Jewish war.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MANSIE WAUCH

BEGUN in Blackwood's Magazine and first issued in volume form in 1828, The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith, contains some passages, such as those on the Friends of the People, which have a curiously familiar ring to-day. But for the most part these quietly humorous and occasionally caustic sketches of everyday life among the shop-keeping and small-trading class in a Scottish provincial town at the beginning of the nineteenth century, a life that was passing away while it was being written about, belong to the fiction that is devoted to the delineation of national character. In that sense it is related to Miss Hamilton's Cottagers of Glenburnie, Miss Edgeworth's Castle Rackrent, Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford and, at some distance, to the Waverley Novels of Sir Walter Scott. Its genuine humour, its simple pathos, with its insight into character and faithfulness to truth have made the Autobiography of Mansie Wauch a popular favourite with several generations of readers, and preserve its author's name when most of his other works, eagerly read in their own day, have been all but forgotten.

I—Mansie's Forebears and Early Life



SOME of the rich houses and great folk pretend to have histories of the ancientness of their families, which they can count back on their fingers almost to the days of Noah's Ark and King Fergus the First, but it is not in my power to come further back than auld grandfaither, who died when I was a growing callant. I mind him full well. To look at him was just as if one of the ancient patriarchs had been left on the earth, to let succeeding survivors witness a picture of hoary and venerable eld.

My own father, auld Mansie Wauch, was, at the age of thirteen, bound a 'prentice to the weaver trade, which he prosecuted till a mortal fever cut through the thread of his existence. Alas, as Job says, 'How time flies like a weaver's shuttle!' He was a decent, industrious, hard-working man, doing everything for the good of his family, and winning the respect of all who knew the value of his worth. In the five-and-twentieth year of his age he fell in love with, and married, my mother, Marion Laverock.

I have no distinct recollection of the thing myself, but there is every reason to believe that I was born on October 13, 1765, in a little house in the Flesh-Market Gate, Dalkeith, and the first thing I have any clear memory of was being carried on my auntie's shoulders to see the Fair Race. Oh! but it was a grand sight! I have read since the story of Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp, but that fair and the race, which was won by a young birkie who had neither hat nor shoon, riding a philandering beast of a horse thirteen or fourteen years auld, beat it all to sticks.

In time, I was sent to school where I learnt to read and spell, making great progress in the Single's and Mother's Carritch. What is more, few could fickle me in the Bible, being mostly able to spell it all over, save the second of Ezra and the seventh of Nehemiah, which the dominie himself could never read through twice in the same way, or without variation.

Being of a delicate make—nature never intended me for the naval or military line, or for any robustious profession—I was apprenticed to the tailoring trade. Just afterwards I had a terrible stound of calf-love, my first flame being the minister's lassie, Jess, a buxom and forward quean, two or three years older than myself. I used to sit looking at her in the kirk, and felt a droll confusion when our eyes met. It dirled through my heart like a dart. Fain would I have spoken to her, but aye my courage failed me, though whiles she gave me a smile when she passed. She used to go to the well every night with her two stoups to draw water, so I thought of watching to give her two apples which I had carried in my pocket for more than a

week for that purpose. How she started when I stappit them into her hand and brushed by without speaking!

Jamie Coom, the blacksmith, who I aye jaloused was my rival, came up and asked Jess, with a loud guffaw, "Where is the tailor?" When I heard that, I took to my heels, till I found myself on the little stool by the fireside with the hamely sound of my mother's wheel bum-bumming in my lug like a gentle lullaby.

The days of the years of my 'prenticeship having glided cannily over, I girt myself round about with a proud determination of at once cutting my mother's apron-string. So I set out for Edinburgh in search of a journeyman's place, which I got the very first day in the Grassmarket. My lodging was up six pairs of stairs, in a room which I rented for half-a-crown a week, coals included; but my heart was seasick of Edinburgh folk and town manners, for which I had no stomach. I could form no friendly acquaintanceship with a living soul. Syne I abode by myself, like St. John in the Isle of Patmos, on spare allowance, making a sheep-head serve me for three days' kitchen.

Everything around me seemed to smell of sin and pollution, and often did I commune with my own heart, that I would rather be a sober, poor, honest man in the country, able to clear my day and way by the help of Providence, than the provost himself, my lord though he be, or even the mayor of London, with his velvet gown trailing for yards in the glaur behind him, or riding about the streets in a coach made of clear crystal and wheels of beaten gold.

But when my heart was sickening unto death, I fell in with the greatest blessing of my life, Nanse Cromie, a bit wench of a lassie frae the Lauder direction, who came to be a servant in the flat below our workshop, and whom I often met on the stairs.

If ever a man loved, and loved like mad, it was me; and I take no shame in the confession. Let them laugh who like; honest folk, I pity them; such know not the pleasures of virtuous affection. Matters were by-and-bye settled full tosh between us; and though the means of both parties were small, we were young, and able and willing to help one another. Nanse and me laid our heads together towards the taking a bit house in the fore street of Dalkeith, and at our leisure bought the plenishing.

Two or three days after Maister Wiggie, the minister, had gone through the ceremony of tying us together, my sign was nailed up, painted in black letters on a blue ground, with a picture of a jacket on one side and a pair of shears on the other; and I hung up a wheen ready-made waistcoats, caps and Kilmarnock cowls in the window. Business, in fact, flowed in upon us in a perfect torrent.

Both Nanse and I found ourselves so proud of our new situation that we slipped out in the dark and had a prime look with a lantern at the sign, which was the prettiest ye ever saw, although some sand-blind creatures had taken the neatly painted jacket for a goose.

II—The 'Ressurrection' Men

A YEAR or two after the birth and christening of wee Benjie, my son, I was cheated by a swindling black-avised Englishman out of some weeks' lodgings and keep, and a pair of new velveteen knee-breeches.

Then there arose a great surmise that some loons were playing false with the kirkyard; and, on investigation, it was found that four graves had been opened and the bodies harled away to the college. Words cannot describe the fear, the dool and the misery it caused, and the righteous indignation that burst through the parish.

But what remead? It was to watch in the sessions-house with loaded guns, night about, three at a time. It was in November when my turn came. I never liked to go into the kirkyard after darkening, let-a-be to sit through a long winter night with none but the dead around us. I felt a kind of qualm of faintness and down-sinking about my heart and stomach, to the dispelling of which I took a thimbleful of spirits and, tying my red comforter about my neck, I marched briskly to the sessions-house.

Andrew Goldie, the pensioner, lent me his piece and loaded it to me. Not being well acquaint with guns, I kept the muzzle aye away from me, as it is every man's duty not to throw his precious life into

jeopardy. A bench was set before the sessions-house fire, which bleezed brightly. My spirits rose, and I wondered, in my bravery, that a man like me should be afraid of anything. Nobody was there but a touzy, carroty-haired callant.

The night was now pitmirk. The wind soughed amid the headstones and railings of the gentry (for we must all die), and the black corbies in the steeple-holes cackled and crawed in a fearsome manner. Oh, but it was lonesome and dreary; and in about an hour the laddie wanted to rin awa hame; but, trying to look brave, though half-frightened out of my seven senses, I said, "Sit down, sit down; I've baith whisky and porter wi' me. Hae, man, there's a cawker to keep your heart warm; and set down that bottle of Deacon Jaffrey's best brown stout to get a toast."

The wind blew like a hurricane; the rain began to fall in perfect spouts. Just in the heart of the brattle the grating of the yett turning on its rusty hinges was but too plainly heard.

"The're coming; cock the piece, ye sumph!" cried the laddie, while his red hair rose from his pow like feathers. "I hear them tramping on the gravel," and he turned the key in the lock and brizzed his back against the door like mad, shouting out, "For the Lord's sake, prime the gun, or our throats will be cut before you can cry Jack Robinson."

I did the best I could, but the gun waggled to and fro like a cock's tail on a rainy day. I trust I was resigned to die, but 'od, it was a frightful thing to be out of one's bed to be murdered in an old sessions-house at the dead hour of the night by deevils incarnate of ressurrection men with blacked faces, pistols, big sticks and other deadly weapons.

After all, it was only Isaac, the bethrel, who, when we let him in, said that he had just keppit four ressurrectioners louping over the wall. But that was a joke. I gave Isaac a dram to keep his heart up, and he sung and leuch as if he had been boozing with some of his drucken cronies; for feint a hair cared he about auld kirkyards, or vouts, or dead folk in their winding-sheets, with the wet grass growing over them. Then, although I tried to stop him, he began to tell stories of Eirish ressurrectioners, and ghaists, seen in the kirkyard at midnight.

Suddenly a clap like thunder was heard, and the laddie, who had fallen asleep on the bench, jumped up and roared "Help! Murder! Thieves!" while Isaac bellowed out, "I'm dead! I'm killed!—shot through the head! Oh, oh, oh!" Surely, I had fainted away, for, when I came to myself, I found my red comforter loosed, my face all wet, Isaac rubbing down his waistcoat with his sleeve—the laddie swigging ale out of a bicker—and the brisk brown stout, which, by casting its cork, had caused all the alarm, whizz-whizz, whizzing in the chimney lug.

III—The Friends of the People

The sough of war and invasion flew over the land at this time, like a great whirlwind; and the hearts of men died within their persons with fear and trembling. Abroad the heads of crowned kings were cut off, and great dukes and lords were thrown into dark dungeons, or obligated to flee to foreign countries.

But worst of all the trouble seemed a smittal one, and even our own land began to show symptoms of the plague spot. Agents of the Spirit of Darkness, calling themselves the Friends of the People, held secret meetings and hatched plots to blow up our blessed king and constitution.

Yet the business, though fearsome in the main, was in some parts almost laughable. Everything was to be divided, and everyone made alike. Houses and lands were to be distributed by lots, and the mighty man and the beggar—the old man and the hobble-de-hoy—the industrious man and the spendthrift—the maimed, the cripple and the blind, the clever man of business and the haveril simpleton, made all just brethren, and alike. Save us! but to think of such nonsense!

At one of their meetings, held at the sign of The Tappet Hen and The Tankard, there was a prime fight of five rounds between Tammy Bowsie the snab and auld Thrashem the dominie, about their drawing cuts which was to get Dalkeith

Palace and which Newbattle Abbey! Oh, sic riff-raff!

It was a brave notion of the king to put the loyalty of the land to the test, that the daft folk might be dismayed and that the clanjamphrey might be tumbled down before their betters, like the windle-trades in a hurricane. And so they were. Such crowds came forward when the names of the volunteers were taken down. I will never forget the first day that I got my regimentals on, and when I looked myself in the glass, just to think I was a sodger, who never in my life could thole the smell of powder! Oh, but it was grand! I sometimes fancied myself a general, and giving the word of command. Big Sam, who was a sergeant in the Fencibles, and enough to have put five Frenchmen to flight any day of the year, whiles came to train us; but as nature never intended me for soldiering, I never got out of the awkward squad, though I had two or three neighbours to keep me in countenance.

We all cracked very crouse about fighting; but one dark night we got a fleg in sober earnest. Jow went the town bell, and row-de-dow gaed the drums, and all in a minute was confusion and uproar in ilka street. I was seized with a severe shaking of the knees and a flapping at the heart when, through the garret window, I saw the signal posts were in a bleeze and that the French had landed. This was in reality to be a soldier! I never got such a fright since the day I was cleckit.

Notwithstanding, we behaved ourselves like true-blue Scotsmen, called forth to fight the battles of our country, and if the French had come, as they did not come, they would have found that to their cost, as sure as my name is Mansie. However, it turned out that it was a false alarm, and that the thief Buonaparte had not landed at Dunbar, as it was jaloused; so, after standing under arms for half the night, we were sent home.

But next day we were taken out to be taught the art of firing. We went through our motions bravely—to load, ram down the cartridge, make ready, present, fire. But so flustered and confused was I that I never had mind to pull the tricker, though I rammed down a fresh cartridge at the word of command.

At the end of the firing the sergeant of the company ordered all that had loaded pieces to come to the front, and six of us stepped out in a little line in face of the regiment. Our pieces were cocked, and at the word 'Fire!' off they went. It was an act of desperation on my part to draw the tricker, and I had hardly well shut my blinkers when I got such a thump on the shoulder as knocked me backwards, head over heels, on the grass. When I came to my senses and found myself not killed outright, and my gun two or three ells away, I began to rise up. Then I saw one of the men going forward to lift the fatal piece, but my care for the safety of others overcame the sense of my own peril.

"Let alane, let alane!" cried I to him, "and take care of yoursell, for it has to gang off five times yet." I thought in my innocence that we should hear as many reports as I had crammed cartridges down her muzzle. This was a sore joke against me for a length of time; but I tholed it patiently, considering cannily within myself that even Johnny Cope himself had not learnt the art of war in a single morning.

IV—My First and Last Play

MAISTER GLEN, a farmer from the howes of the Lammermoor Hills, a far-awa cousin of our neighbour, Widow Grassie, came to Dalkeith to buy a horse at our fair. He put up free of expense at the widow's, who asked me to join him and her at a bit warm dinner. as may be, being a stranger, he would not like to use the freedom of drinking by himself—a custom which is at the best an unsocial one—especially with none but women-folk near him.

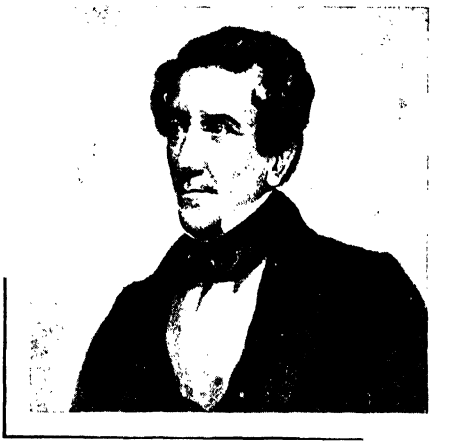
When we got our jug filled for the second time, and began to be better acquainted, we became merry and cracked away just like two pen-guns. I asked him, ye see, about sheep and cows, and ploughing and thrashing, and horses and carts, and fallow land and lambing-time, and such-like; and he, in his turn, made inquiries regarding broad and narrow cloth, Shetland hose, and mittens, thread and patent shears, measuring, and all other particulars belonging to our trade, which he

said, at long and last, after we had joked together, was a power better one than the farming line ; and he promised to bind his auldest callant 'prentice to me to the tailoring trade.

On the head of this auld Glen and I had another jug, three being cannie, after which we were both a wee tozy-mozy. Mistress Grassie saw plainly that we were getting into a state where we could not easily make a halt, and brought in the tea-things and told us that a company of strolling players had come to the town and were to give an exhibition in Laird Wheatley's barn. Many a time I had heard of play-acting, and I determined to run the risk of our Maister Wiggie's rebuke for the transgression. Auld Glen, being as full of nonsense and as fain to gratify his curiosity as myself, volunteered to pay the ransom of a shilling for admission ; so we went to the barn, which had been brawly set out for the occasion by Johnny Hammer, the joiner.

The place was choke-full, just to excess, and when the curtain was hauled up in came a decent old gentleman in great distress, and implored all the powers of heaven and earth to help him to find his runaway daughter that had decamped with some ne'er-do-weel loon of a half-pay captain. Out he went stumping on the other side, determined, he said, to find them, though he should follow them to Johnny Groat's House, or something to that effect. Hardly was his back turned than in came the birkie and the very young lady the old gentleman described, arm-and-arm together, laughing like daft. Dog on it ! It was a shameless piece of business. As true as death, before all the crowd of folk, he put his arm round her waist and called her his sweetheart, and love, and dearie, and everything that is fine.

In the middle of their goings on, the sound of a coming foot was heard, and the lassie, taking guilt to her, cried out, " Hide me, for the sake of goodness, for yonder comes my old father ! " No sooner said than done. In he stappit her into a closit and, after shutting the door on her, he sat down upon a chair, pretending to be asleep in the twinkling of a walking-stick. The old father came bouncing in, shook him up and, gripping



DAVID MACBETH MOIR, poet, humorist and physician, was born at Musselburgh on January 5, 1798, and educated at the grammar school there and at Edinburgh University. He practised as a physician in his native town from 1817 until 1843. A friend of Christopher North and John Galt, his pen-name of Delta was a feature for many years in Blackwood's Magazine, to which he contributed some 400 histories, biographies, essays and poems. His Mansie Wauch is his best work, but he also wrote Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine, 1831 ; and Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-Century, 1851. He edited the Poems of Mrs. Hemans and was the author of a Life of John Galt. He died on July 6, 1851.

him by the cuff of the neck, asked fiercely what he had made of his daughter.

Never since I was born did I ever see such brazen-faced impudence ! The rascal had the face to say at once that he had not seen the lassie for a month. As a man, as a father, as an elder of our kirk, my corruption was raised, for I aye hated lying as a poor cowardly sin, so I called out, " Dinna believe him, auld gentleman ; he's telling a parcel of lees. Never saw her for a month ! Just open that press-door, and ye'll see whether I am speaking truth or not ! " The old man stared and looked dumb-foundered ; and the young one began a-laughing, as if I had done him a good turn.

But never since I had a being did I ever witness siccan an uproar and noise as immediately took place. The whole house was so glad that the scoundrel had been exposed that they set up siccan a roar of laughter, and thumped away at siccan a rate with their feet that down fell the place they called the gallery, all the folk in't being hurled topsy-turvy among the sawdust on the floor below.

Then followed cries of 'Murder,' 'Hold off me,' 'My ribs are in,' 'I'm killed,' 'I'm speechless.' There was a rush to the door, the lights were knocked out, and such tearing, swearing, tumbling and squealing was never witnessed in the memory of man since the building of Babel. I was carried off my feet, my wind was fairly gone, and a sick dwalm came over me, which entirely deprived me of my senses. On opening my eyes in the dark, I found myself leaning with my broadside against the wall on the opposite side of the close, with the tail of my Sunday coat docked by the hainch buttons. So much for plays and play-actors—the first and last I trust in grace that I shall ever see.

Next morning I had to take my breakfast in bed, a thing very uncommon to me, except on Sunday mornings whiles, when each one, according to the bidding of the Fourth Commandment, has a licence to do as he likes. Having a desperate sore head, our wife put a thimbleful of brandy into my first cup of tea, which had a wonderful virtue in putting all things to rights.

In the afternoon Thomas Burlings, the ruling elder in the kirk, popped into the shop and, in our two-handed crack, after asking me in a dry, curious way if I had come by no skaith in the business of the play, he said the thing had now spread far and wide, and was making a great noise in the world. I thought the body a wee sharp in his observe, so I pretended to take it lightly. Then he began to tell me a wheen stories, each one to do with drinking.

"It's a wearyfu' thing that whisky," said Thomas. "I wish it could be banished to Botany Bay."

"It is that," said I. "Nae little sin does it breed and produce in this world."

"I'm glad," quoth Thomas, stroking down his chin in a slee way. "I'm glad the guilty should see the folly o' their ain ways; it's the first step, ye ken, till amendment. And indeed I tell't Maister Wiggie, when he sent me here, that I could almost become guid for your being mair wary of your conduct for the future."

THIS was a thunder-clap to me, but I said briskly, "So ye're after some session business in this visit, are ye?"

"Ye've just guessed it," answered Thomas, sleeking down his front hair with his fingers in a sober way. "We had a meeting this forenoon, and it was resolved ye should stand a public rebuke in the meeting house next Sunday."

"Hang me if I do!" answered I. "Not for all the ministers and elders that were ever cleckit. I was born a free man, I live in a free country, I am the subject of a free king and constitution, and I'll be shot before I submit to such rank diabolical papistry."

"Hooly and fairly, Mansie," quoth Thomas. "They'll maybe no be sae hard as they threaten. But ye ken, my friend, I'm speaking to you as a brither; it was an unco'like business for an elder, not only to gang till a play, which is ane of the deevil's rendevouses, but to gang there in a state of liquor, making yoursell a world's wonder, and you an elder!"

His threatening I could despise; but ah, his calm, brotherly, flattering way I could not thole with. So I said till him, "Weel, weel, Thomas, I ken I have done wrong, and I am sorry for't; they'll never find me in siccan a scrape again."

Thomas Burlings, in a friendly way, shook hands with me; telling that he would go back and plead with the session in my behalf. To do him justice he was not worse than his word, for I have aye attended the kirk as usual, standing, when it came to my rotation, at the plate, and nobody, gentle or simple, ever spoke to me on the subject of the playhouse, or minted the matter of the rebuke to me.

V—Benjie the Barber

WHEN wee Benjie came to his thirteenth year, many and long were the debates between his fond mother and me what trade we would bring him up to. His mother thought that he had just the physog of an admiral, and when the matter was put to himsell, Benjie said quite briskly he would like to be a gentleman. At which I broke through my rule never to lift my fist to the bairn, and give him such a yerk in the cheek with the loof of my hand as made, I am sure, his lugs ring, and sent him dozing to the door like a peerie.

We discussed, among other trades and professions, a lawyer's advocatt, a preaching minister, a doctor, a sweep, a rowley-powley man, a penny-pie-man, a man-cook, and that easiest of all lives, a gentleman's gentleman; but in the end Nanse, when I suggested the trade of the barber, gave a mournful look, and said in a state of Christian resignation, "Tak' your ain way, gudeman."

And so Benjie was apprenticed to be a barber, for, as I made the observe, "Commend me to a safe employment, and a profitable. They may give others the nick, and draw blood, but catch them hurting themselves. The foundations of the hair-cutting and the shaving line are as sure as that of the everlasting rocks; beards being likely to roughen, and heads to require polling as long as wood grows and water runs."

Benjie is now principal shop-man in a Wallflower Hair-Powder and Genuine Macassar Oil Warehouse, kept by three Frenchmen, called Moosies Peroukey, in the West End of London. But, though our natural enemies, he writes me that he has found them agreeable and chatty masters, full of good manners and pleasant discourse, and, except in their language, almost Christians.

I aye thought Benjie was a genius, and he is beginning to show himself his father's son, being in thoughts of taking out a patent for making hair-oil from rancid butter. But he must not marry Madamoselle Peroukey without my special consent, as Nanse says that her having a French woman for a daughter-in-law would be the death of her.

As for myself, I have now retired from business with my guid wife Nanse to our ain cottage at Lugton. I have enjoyed a pleasant run of good health through life, reading my Bible more in hope than fear; our salvation, and not our destruction, being, I should suppose, its purpose. And I trust that the overflowing of a grateful heart will not be reckoned against me for unrighteousness.

Ingenuous Revelation of a Spiritual Nature

JOHN WOOLMAN

JOURNAL OF LIFE AND TRAVELS

THE Journal of John Woolman's Life and Travels in the Service of the Gospel was called by Channing the sweetest and purest autobiography in the language. Woolman was a member of the Society of Friends. He was born at Northampton, West Jersey, in August 1720, and died at York, England, on October 5, 1772. He began his Journal in his thirty-sixth year, and continued it until the day of his death. It was published in 1774. A defender of the Indian and an opponent of the slave trade he was by turns farm-worker, store clerk, school-teacher and tailor; but avoided as 'cumber' all business beyond a simple living for his family. After 1743 he devoted himself to preaching mercy and justice as the rule of life, and love as the solution of all earthly problems. He appealed to the rich as well as to the poor, and his Journal is veritably the story of a human soul. One edition of it was edited in 1871 by the poet Whittier. It is issued in Everyman's Library. Of his other writings A Word of Remembrance and Caution to the Rich, first published in 1793, was issued a hundred years later by the Fabian Society.

I—The Curse of Slavery



I WAS born in Northampton, West Jersey, in the year 1720, and before I was seven years old I began to be acquainted with the operations of Divine love. Having attained the age of sixteen years, I began to love wanton company; but it pleased God to visit me with sickness, so that I doubted of recovering, and in a deep sense of my great folly I was humbled before Him. I then kept steadily to meetings, but believed that sincere upright people, who truly love God, are accepted of Him.

Having reached manhood, I wrought at my trade as a tailor; carefully attended meetings for worship and discipline; and found an enlargement of gospel love in my mind, and therein a concern to visit friends in the settlements of Pennsylvania, Virginia and other parts. I ex-

pressed it to my beloved friend, Isaac Andrews, who then told me that he had drawings to the same places. I opened the case in our monthly meeting and, friends expressing their unity therewith, we obtained certificates to travel as companions.

Two things were remarkable to me in this journey. First, in regard to my entertainment; when I ate, drank and lodged free of cost with people who lived in ease on the hard labour of their slaves I felt uneasy, and this uneasiness returned upon me, at times, through the whole visit. Secondly, this trade of importing slaves from their native country being much encouraged among them, and the white people and their children so generally living without much labour, was frequently the subject of my serious thoughts. And I saw in these southern provinces so many vices and corruptions, increased by this trade and this way of life, that it appeared to me as a dark gloominess hanging over the land.

About this time, believing it good for me to settle, and thinking seriously about a companion, my heart turned to the Lord, and He was pleased to give me a well-inclined damsel, Sarah Ellis, to whom I was married the 18th day of the eighth month in the year 1749.

The sense I had of the state of the churches at this time and for years afterwards brought a weight of distress upon me. Through the prevailing of the spirit of this world, the minds of many were brought to an inward desolation, and instead of the spirit of meekness, a spirit of fierceness and the love of dominion too generally prevailed.

Many of the white people in those provinces take little or no care of negro marriages, and when negroes marry after their own way some make so little account of those marriages that they often part men from their wives by selling them far asunder.

MANY negroes, whose labour is heavy, being followed at their business in the field by a man with a whip, hired for that purpose, have in common little else allowed but one peck of Indian corn and some salt for one week, with a few potatoes. The correction ensuing on their disobedience to overseers, or slothfulness in business, is often very severe and sometimes desperate. Men and women have scarce clothes enough to cover them.

Some of our society, and some of the society called 'new lights,' use some endeavours to instruct those they have in reading; but in common this is not only neglected, but disapproved. These are the people by whose labour the other inhabitants are supported, and many of them in the luxuries of life. These are the people who have made no agreement to serve us, and who have not forfeited their liberty that we know of. These are the souls for whom Christ died; and for our conduct towards them we must answer before Him Who is no respecter of persons.

II—Among the Indians

HAVING many years felt love in my heart towards the natives of this land, who dwell far back in the wilderness, whose ancestors were the owners of the land where we dwell; and being at Philadelphia in 1761, I fell in company with some of those natives who live on the east branch of the River Susquehannah, at an Indian town called Wehaloosing (200 miles from Philadelphia); and in conversation with them by an interpreter, as also by observations on their character and conduct, I believed some of them were acquainted with that Divine power which subjects the rough and froward will of the creature.

At times I felt inward drawings towards a visit to that place, and laid it before friends at our monthly and quarterly, and afterwards at our general spring meeting; and having the unity of friends, I agreed to join certain Indians, in 1763, on their return to their town. So I took leave of my family and neighbours, and with my friend, Benjamin Parvin, met the Indians.

About four miles from Fort Allen we met with an Indian trader, lately come from Wyoming; and in conversation with him I perceived that many white people do often sell rum to the Indians, which is a great evil: First, their being thereby deprived of the use of their reason, and

their spirits being violently agitated, quarrels often arise which end in mischief; again, their skins and furs, gotten through much fatigue in hunting, with which they intended to buy clothing, when they become intoxicated they often sell at a low rate for more rum, and afterwards are angry with those who, for the sake of gain, took advantage of their weakness. To sell people that which we know does them harm manifests a hardened and corrupt heart.

We crossed the western branch of the Delaware, having laboured hard over the mountains called the Blue Ridge, and pitched our tent near the banks of the river. Near our tent, on the sides of large trees peeled for that purpose, were various representations of men going to and returning from the wars, and of some killed in battle, this being a path used by warriors. As I walked about viewing those Indian histories, painted in red and in black; and thinking on the innumerable afflictions which the proud, fierce spirit produceth in the world; thinking on the toils and fatigues of warriors, travelling over mountains and deserts; and of their restless, unquiet state of mind, who live in this spirit, and of the hatred which mutually grows up in the minds of the children of those nations engaged in war; during these meditations, the desire to cherish the spirit of love and peace among these people arose very fresh in me.

As I rode, day after day, over the barren hills my thoughts were on the alterations of the circumstances of the natives since the coming of the English. The lands near the sea are conveniently situated for fishing; the lands near the rivers are in many places fertile and not mountainous. Those natives have, in some places for trifling considerations, sold their inheritance so favourably situated; and in other places have been driven back by superior force. By the extending of English settlements, and partly by English hunters, the wild beasts they chiefly depend upon for a subsistence are not so plentiful as they were; and people too often open a door for them to waste their furs in purchasing a liquor which tends to the ruin of them and their families.

We reached the Indian settlement at Wyoming; and here we were told that the Indians had taken an English fort westward and destroyed the people, and that it was war with the English. But we sought out and visited all the Indians hereabouts that we could meet with, in all perhaps twenty. Some of them appeared kind and friendly. So we took our leave of them and went up the River Susquehannah. At Wehaloosing we were invited into a house near the town, where we found about sixty Indians sitting in silence. In some tenderness of spirit I acquainted them with the nature of my visit, and that a concern for their good had made me willing to come thus far to see them.

I came to this place through much trouble; and though, through the mercies of God, I believed that if I died in the journey it would be well with me, yet the thoughts of falling into the hands of Indian warriors were, in times of weakness, afflicting to me, and the thoughts of captivity among them were at times grievous. But the Lord was my keeper; and thus from time to time my mind was centred in resignation, in which I always found quietness.

III—Across the Atlantic

Having been for some time under a religious concern to cross the seas in order to visit friends in England, after weighty consideration I thought it expedient to inform friends, at our monthly meeting at Burlington, of it, who, having unity with me therein, gave me a certificate; and I afterwards communicated the same to our general meeting, and they likewise signified their unity by a certificate, dated the twenty-fourth day of the third month, 1772, directed to friends in Great Britain.

I was informed that my beloved friend, Samuel Emlen, intended to go to London, and had taken a passage in the cabin of the ship called *Mary and Elizabeth;* and I, feeling a draft in my mind toward the steerage of the same ship, went and opened to Samuel the feeling I had concerning it. My beloved friend wept when I spake to him; and he offering to go with me, we

went on board, first into the cabin, a commodious room, and then into the steerage, where we sat down on a chest and the owner of the ship came and sat down with us. I made no agreement as to a passage in the ship; but on the next morning I went with Samuel to the house of the owner, to whom I opened my exercise in relation to a scruple I felt with regard to a passage in the cabin.

I told the owner that on the outside of that part of the ship where the cabin was I observed sundry sorts of carved work and imagery; and that in the cabin I observed some superfluity of workmanship of several sorts; and that the monies received from the passengers are calculated to answer the expense of these superfluities; and that I felt a scruple with regard to paying my money to defray such expenses. After this, I agreed for a passage in the steerage, and went on board with Samuel Emlen on the first day of the fifth month.

My lodging in the steerage afforded me opportunities of seeing, hearing and feeling with respect to the life and spirit of many poor sailors.

Now, concerning lads being trained up as seamen, I believe a communication from one part of the world to some other parts of it, by sea, is at times consistent with the will of our Heavenly Father; and to educate some youth in the practice of sailing I believe may be right. But how lamentable is the present corruption of the world! How impure are the channels through which trade hath a conveyance! How great is that danger to which poor lads are now exposed when placed on shipboard to learn the art of sailing!

On the first day of the week we had meetings in the cabin with near all the ship's company, the whole being near thirty. In these meetings the Lord, in His mercy, favoured us with the extending of His love. On the second day of the sixth month we saw that part of England called the Lizard, and on the seventh day sailed up the Thames. May all of us remember the lamentable corruptions which attend the conveyance of merchandise across the seas; and being delivered from the love of money, and from the entangling expenses of a curious life, may we learn contentment with little, and promote the seafaring life no further than that spirit, which leads into all truth, attends us in our proceedings.

IV—English Prices and Wages

On landing at London I went straight to the yearly meeting of ministers and elders, which, by adjournments, continued near a week. I then went to quarterly meetings at Hertford, Sherrington, Northampton, Banbury and Shipston, and visited other meetings at Birmingham, Coventry, Warwick, Nottingham, Sheffield, Settle and other places.

On inquiry I find the price of rye about 5s., wheat about 8s. per bushel, mutton 3d. to 5d. per pound, bacon from 7d. to 9d., cheese from 4d. to 6d., butter from 8d. to 10d.; house rent, for a poor man, from 25s. to 40s. per year, to be paid weekly; wood for fire very scarce and dear; coal in some places 2s. 6d. per cwt., but near the pits not a quarter so much. Oh, may the wealthy consider the poor!

The wages of labouring men in several counties toward London is 10d. per day in common business—the employer finds small beer and the labourer finds his own food; but in harvest and hay time wages are about 1s. per day, and the labourer hath all his diet. In the North of England poor labouring men do rather better than nearer London. Industrious women who spin in the factories get some 4d., some 5d., and so on to 10d. per day, and find their own house-room and diet. Great numbers of poor people live chiefly on bread and water, and there are many poor children not even taught to read.

Stage coaches frequently go upwards of an hundred miles in twenty-four hours, and I have heard friends say in several places that it is common for horses to be killed with hard driving. Postboys pursue their business, each one to his stage, all night through the winter. Some boys who ride long stages suffer greatly on winter nights, and at several places I have heard of their being frozen to death. So great is the hurry in the spirit of this world, that in aiming to do business quickly and to gain wealth, the creation, at this day, doth loudly groan!

JEAN DE LA BRUYERE

CHARACTERS

ONE of the wittiest of writers, Jean de la Bruyère was one of the most serious of men. His book, Characters (1688), for which he is chiefly remembered to-day, was dedicated to the very serious purpose of 'ameliorating manners.' It is, however, a collection of brilliant sketches —we might almost say caricatures—of the distinguished men and women of his time. The style is individual and exceedingly fine—'rapid, concise, nervous and picturesque' are the epithets applied to it by Voltaire. The moralising is never tedious, and usually extraordinarily witty. The accuracy with which La Bruyère seized upon the characteristic foibles and vanities of his 'victims' is well illustrated by the remark of a friend whom he had asked to criticise the book. 'Here is something that will bring you plenty of readers—and plenty of enemies.' Characters had, in fact, immediate success, greatly to the astonishment of its modest author. La Bruyère also wrote Dialogues on Quietism, an unfinished essay in theology, and translated The Characters of Theophrastus from the Greek.

I—On Men and Books

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL has been said, and one comes too late after the seven thousand years during which men have existed—and thought. All that one can do is to think and speak rightly, without attempting to force one's tastes and feelings upon others.

Mediocrity in poetry, music, painting and oratory is unbearable.

There is in art a certain degree of perfection as there is in nature an ideal point of matureness. To go beyond or to remain below that degree is faulty.

The ability of a writer consists mainly in giving good definitions and apt descriptions. The superiority of Moses, Homer, Plato, Virgil and Horace resides in the beauty of their expressions. One has to express the truth to write in a natural, powerful and refined manner.

It has taken centuries for men to return to the ideal of the ancient and to all that is simple and natural.

We feed on the classics and the able, modern authors. Then, when we become authors ourselves, we ill-use our masters, like children who, strengthened by the milk they have suckled, beat their nurses.

Read your works to those who are able to criticise and appreciate them. A good and careful writer often finds that the expression he had so long looked for was most simple and natural, and one which ought to have occurred to him at once and without effort.

The pleasure there is in criticising takes from us the joy of being moved by that which is really beautiful.

Arsène, from the top of his mind, looks down upon humanity; and, owing to the distance from which he sees men, is almost frightened at their smallness. He is so filled with his own sublime thoughts that he hardly finds time to deliver a few precious oracles.

Théocrine knows things which are rather useless; his ideas are always strange, his memory always at work. He is a supercilious dreamer, and always seems to laugh at those whom he considers as his inferiors. I read my book to him; he listens. Afterwards, he speaks to me about his own book. What does he think of mine? I told you so before: he speaks to me of his own work!

What an amazing difference there is between a beautiful book and a perfect book!

When a book elevates your mind, and inspires you with noble thoughts, you require nothing else to judge it; it is a good and masterly work.

The fools do not understand what they read. The mediocre think they understand thoroughly. Great minds do not always understand every page of a book; they think obscure that which is obscure, and clear that which is clear. The pedantic find obscure that which is not, and refuse to understand that which is perfectly clear.



JEAN DE LA BRUYERE was born in Paris, August 16, 1645, his father being controller-general of finance to the Hotel de Ville. He was educated at an Oratorian establishment and at the university of Orleans. After holding a fiscal appointment at Caen he became tutor in 1684 to the grandson of Condé, and spent the rest of his life in the household of the prince, or at court. A friend of Bossuet and other distinguished men of his day, La Bruyère earned much unpopularity by the sarcastic portraiture of his Characters, and was defeated several times before being elected to the French Academy in 1693. He died suddenly at Versailles, May 10, 1696.

Molière would have been a perfect writer had he only avoided jargon and barbarisms, and written more purely.

Ronsard had in him enough good and bad to form great disciples in prose and verse.

Corneille, at his best, is original and inimitable, but he is uneven. He had a sublime mind, and a few verses which are among the best ever written.

Racine is more human. He has imitated the Greek classics, and in his tragedies there is simplicity, clearness and pathos.

Corneille paints men as they ought to be; Racine paints them as they are. Corneille is more moral; Racine is more natural. The former, it seems, owes much to Sophocles; the latter, to Euripides.

How is it that people at the theatre laugh so freely, and yet we are ashamed to weep? Is it less natural to be moved by all that is worthy of pity than to burst out laughing at all that is ridiculous? Is it that we consider it weak to cry, especially when the cause of our emotion is an artificial one? But the cause of our laughter at the theatre is also artificial. Some persons think it is as childish to laugh excessively as to sob.

Logic is the art of convincing oneself of some truth. Eloquence is a gift of the soul which makes one capable of conquering the hearts and minds of the listeners and of making them believe anything one pleases.

He who pays attention only to the taste of his own century thinks more of himself than of his writings. One should always aim at perfection. If our contemporaries fail to do us justice, posterity may do so.

Horace and Boileau have said all this before. I take your word for it; but may I not, after them, 'think a true thought,' which others will think after me?

There are more tools than workers, and among the latter, more bad than good ones.

There is, in this world, no task more painful than that of making a name for oneself; we die before having even sketched our work. It takes, in France, much firmness of purpose and much broad-mindedness to be indifferent to public functions and offices, and to consent to remain at home and do nothing.

Hardly anyone has enough merit to assume that part in a dignified manner, or enough brains to fill the gap of time without what is generally called business.

All that is required is a better name for idleness; and that meditation, conversation, reading and repose should be called work.

You tell me that there is gold sparkling on Philemon's clothes. So there is on the clothes at the draper's. He is covered with the most gorgeous fabrics. I can see those fabrics in the shops. But the embroidery and ornaments on Philemon's clothes further increase their magnificence. If so, I praise the embroiderer's workmanship. If someone asks him the time, he takes from his pocket a jewelled watch; the hilt of his sword is made of onyx; he displays a dazzling diamond on his finger. You arouse my interest at last. I ought to see those precious things. Send me the clothes and jewels of Philemon; I don't require to see *him*.

It is difficult to tell the hero from the great man at war. Both have military

virtues. However, the former is generally young, enterprising, gifted, self-controlled even in danger, and courageous; the latter has much judgement, foresees events and is endowed with much ability and experience. Perhaps one might say that Alexander was only a hero and that Caesar was a great man.

Ménippe is a bird adorned with feathers which are not his own. He has nothing to say; he has no feelings, no thoughts. He repeats what others have said and uses their ideas so instinctively that he deceives himself, and is his first victim. He often believes that he is expressing his own thoughts while he is only an echo of someone whom he has just left. He believes that the amount of wit he possesses is all that man ever possessed. He therefore looks like a man who has nothing to desire.

II—On Women and Wealth

FROM the age of thirteen to the age of twenty-one, a girl wishes she were beautiful; afterwards she wishes she were a man.

An unfaithful woman is a woman who has ceased to love.

A light-hearted woman is a woman who already loves another.

A fickle woman is a woman who does not know whether she loves or not, and who does not know what or whom she loves.

An indifferent woman is a woman who loves nothing.

There is a false modesty which is vanity; a false glory which is light-mindedness; a false greatness which is smallness; a false virtue which is hypocrisy; a false wisdom which is prudishness.

Why make man responsible for the fact that women are ignorant? Have any laws or decrees been issued forbidding them to open their eyes, to read, to remember what they have read, and to show that they understood it in their conversations and their works? Have they not themselves decided to know little or nothing, because of their physical weakness, or the sluggishness of their minds; because of the time their beauty requires; because they have only talent and genius for needlework or house-managing; or because they instinctively dislike all that is earnest and demands some effort?

Women go to extremes. They are better or worse than men.

Women go farther than men in love; but men make better friends.

It is because of men that women dislike one another.

It is nothing for a woman to say what she does not mean; it is easier still for a man to say all that he thinks.

Time strengthens the ties of friendship and loosens those of love.

There is less distance between hatred and love than between dislike and love.

One can no more decide to love for ever than decide never to love at all.

One comes across men who irritate one by their ridiculous expressions, the strangeness and unfitness of the words they use. Their weird jargon becomes to them a natural language. They are delighted with themselves and their wit. True, they have some wit, but one pities them for having so little of it; and, what is more, one suffers from it.

Arrias has read and seen everything, and he wants people to know it. He is a universal man; he prefers to lie to keeping silent or appearing ignorant about something. The subject of the conversation is the court of a certain northern country. He at once starts talking, and speaks of it as if he had been born in that country; he gives details on the manners and customs, the women and the laws; he tells anecdotes and laughs loudly at his own wit.

Someone ventures to contradict him and proves to him that he is not accurate in his statements. Arrias turns to the interruptor: "I am telling nothing that is not exact," he says. "I heard all those details from Sethon, ambassador of France to that court. Sethon returned recently; I know him well, and had a long conversation with him on this matter."

Arrias was resuming his story with more confidence than ever, when one of the guests said to him: "I am Sethon, and have just returned from my mission."

Cléante is a most honest man. His wife is the most reasonable person in the world. Both make everybody happy wherever they go, and it were impossible to find a

more delightful and refined couple. Yet they separate to-morrow. The deed of separation is ready, at the solicitors.

At thirty you think about making your fortune ; at fifty you have not made it ; when you are old, you start building and you die while the painters are still at work.

Numberless persons ruin themselves by gambling, and tell you coolly they cannot live without gambling. What nonsense ! Would it be allowed to say that one cannot live without stealing, murdering, or leading a riotous existence ?

Giton has a fresh complexion, and an aggressive expression. He is broad-shouldered and corpulent. He speaks with confidence. He blows his nose noisily, spits at a great distance, and sneezes loudly. He sleeps a great deal, and snores whenever he pleases. When he takes a walk with his equals he occupies the centre ; when he stops, they stop ; when he advances again, they do the same. No one ever interrupts him. He is jovial, impatient, haughty, irritable, independent. He believes himself witty and gifted. He is rich.

Phédon has sunken eyes. He is thin, and his cheeks are hollow. He sleeps very little. He is a dreamer, and, although witty, looks stupid. He forgets to say what he knows, and when he does speak, he does so badly. He shares the opinion of others ; he runs, he flies to oblige anyone ; he is kind and flattering. He is superstitious, scrupulous and bashful. He walks stealthily, speaks in a low voice, and takes no room. He can glide through the densest crowd without effort. He coughs, and blows his nose inside his hat, and waits to sneeze until he is alone. He is poor.

III—On Men and Manners

PARIS is divided into a number of small societies, which are like so many republics. They have their own customs, laws, language, and even their own jokes.

One grows up, in towns, in a gross ignorance of all that concerns the country. City-bred men are unable to tell hemp from flax, and wheat from rye. We are satisfied as long as we can feed and dress.

When we speak well of a man at court, we invariably do so for two reasons : first, in order that he may hear that we spoke well of him ; secondly, in order that he may speak well of us in his turn.

The youth of a prince is the origin of many fortunes.

Court is where joys are evident, but artificial ; where sorrows are concealed, but real.

With five or six art terms, people represent themselves as experts in music, painting and architecture.

The high opinion people have of the great and mighty is so blind, and their interest in their gestures, features and manners so general, that if the mighty were only good, the devotion of the people to them would amount to worship.

It is advisable to say nothing of the mighty. If you speak well of them, it is flattery. It is dangerous to speak ill of them during their lifetime, and it is cowardly to do so after they are dead.

Life is short and annoying. We spend life wishing.

When life is wretched, it is hard to bear ; when it is happy, it is dreadful to lose it. The one alternative is as bad as the other.

Death occurs only once, but makes itself felt at every moment of our life. It is more painful to fear it than to suffer it.

There are but three events for man : birth, life and death. He does not realize his birth, he suffers when he dies, and he forgets to live.

We seek our happiness outside ourselves. We seek it in the opinions of men whom we know are flatterers, and who lack sincerity. Most men spend half their lives making the other half miserable.

It is easier for many men to acquire one thousand virtues than to get rid of one defect.

It is as difficult to find a conceited man who believes himself really happy as to discover a modest man who thinks himself too unhappy.

The birch is necessary to children. Grown-up men need a crown, a sceptre, velvet caps and fur-lined robes. Reason and justice devoid of ornaments would not be imposing or convincing. Man, who is a mind, is led by his eyes and his ears !

IV—On Customs and Religion

FASHION in matters of food, health, taste and conscience is utterly foolish. Game is at present out of fashion, and condemned as a food. It is to-day a sin against fashion to be cured of the ague by blood-letting.

The conceited man thinks every day of the way in which he will be able to attract attention on the following day. The philosopher leaves the matter of his clothes to his tailor. It is just as childish to avoid fashion as to follow its decrees too closely.

How many men one sees who are strong and righteous, who would never listen to the entreaties of their friends, but who are easily influenced and corrupted by women.

I would like to hear a sober, moderate, chaste, righteous man declare that there is no God. At least he would be speaking in a disinterested manner. But there is no such man to be found.

The fact that I am unable to prove that God does not exist establishes for me the fact that God does exist.

Atheism does not exist. If there were real atheists, it would merely prove that there are monsters in this world.

Forty years ago I didn't exist, and it was not within my power to be born. It does not depend upon me who now exist to be no more. Consequently, I began being and am going on being, thanks to something which is beyond me, which will last after me, which is mightier than I am. If that something is not God, pray tell me what it is.

Everything is great and worthy of admiration in nature.

O you vain and conceited man, make one of these worms which you despise! You loathe toads; make a toad if you can!

Kings, monarchs, potentates, sacred majesties, have I given you all your supreme names? We, mere men, require some rain for our crops or even some dew; make some dew, send to the earth a drop of water!

A certain inequality in the destinies of men, which maintains order and obedience, is the work of God. It suggests a divine law.

If the reader does not care for these 'characters,' it will surprise me; if he does care for them, it will also surprise me.

'German Thoroughness' in History

LEOPOLD VON RANKE

THE HISTORY OF THE POPES

UNLIKE the works of many other great historians, the value of von Ranke's very extensive writings has not diminished with the passage of time. Much patient research and literary genius have been devoted to illuminating papal history since his History of the Popes in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century was published between 1834 and 1837, but it can safely be said that his work is still the ultimate authority on that period which it treats. Dealing with subjects upon which it is extremely difficult not to show prejudice, the author remains strictly impartial throughout; indeed, the chief fault of the history, regarded as literature, is the absence of passion and imaginative qualities. It is pre-eminently the fruit of minute and conscientious study and is, therefore, a mass of valuable data. Von Ranke also wrote histories of England (chiefly remarkable for its analysis of Oliver Cromwell's career), France and Prussia, and a very able History of Germany during the Reformation. A translation of the History of the Popes by E. Foster is included in Bohn's Popular Library. This outline has been prepared by Mr. A. D. Innes.

I—The Papacy at the Reformation



THE papacy was intimately allied with the Roman Empire, with the empire of Charlemagne and with the German or Holy Roman Empire revived by Otto. In this last the ecclesiastical element was of paramount importance, but the emperor was the supreme authority. From that authority Gregory VII resolved to free the pontificate, through the claim that no appointment by a layman to ecclesiastical office was valid; while the pope stood forth as universal

bishop, a crowned high-priest. To this supremacy the French first offered effectual resistance, issuing in the captivity of Avignon. Germany followed suit, and the schism of the Church was closed by the secular princes at Constance and Basel. The papacy was restored in form, but not to its old supremacy.

The pontificates of Sixtus IV and the egregious Alexander VI were followed by the militant Julius II, who aimed, with some success, at making the pope a secular territorial potentate. But the intellectual movement challenged the papal claim, the direct challenge emanating from Germany and Luther. But this was at the moment when the empire was joined with Spain under Charles V. The Diet of Worms pointed to an accord between emperor and pope, when Leo X died unexpectedly. His successor, Adrian, a Netherlander and an admirable man, sought vainly to inaugurate reform of the Church from within, but in brief time made way for Clement VII.

Hitherto, the new pope's interests had all been on the Spanish side, at least as against France; everything had been increasing the Spanish power in Italy, but Clement aimed at freedom from foreign domination. The discovery of his designs brought about the Decree of Spires, which gave Protestantism a legal recognition in the empire, and also the capture and sack of Rome by Frundsberg's soldiery. Charles's ascendency in Italy and over the papacy was secured. Clement, now almost at his beck, would have persuaded him to apply coercion to the German Protestants; but this did not suit the emperor, whose solution for existing difficulties was the summoning of a general council, which Clement was quite determined to evade. Moreover, matters were made worse for the papacy when England broke away from the papal obedience over the affair of Katharine of Aragon.

Paul III, Clement's immediate successor, began with an effort after regeneration by appointing several cardinals of the Contarini type, associates of the Oratory of Divine Love, many of whom stood, in part at least, on common ground with avowed Protestants, notably on the dogma of justification by faith. He appears seriously to have desired a reconciliation with the Protestants; and matters looked promising when a conference was held at Ratisbon, where Contarini himself represented the pope.

Terms of union were even agreed on, but, being referred to Luther on one side and Paul on the other, were rejected by both, after which there was no hope of the cleavage being bridged. The regeneration of the Church had to be from within.

II—Sixteenth Century Popes

The interest of this period lies mainly in the antagonism between the imperative demand for internal reform of the Church and the policy which had become ingrained in the heads of the Church. For the popes, these political aspirations stood first and reform second. Alexander Farnese (Paul III), was pope from 1534 to 1549. He was already sixty-seven when he succeeded Clement. Policy and enlightenment combined at first to make him advance Contarini and his allies, and to hope for reconciliation with the Protestants. Policy turned him against acceptance of the Ratisbon proposals, as making Germany too united. Then he urged the emperor against the Protestants, but when the success of Charles was too complete he was ill pleased. He withdrew the Council from Trent to Bologna, to remove it from imperial influences which threatened the pope's personal supremacy. So far as he was concerned, reformation had dropped into the background.

Julius III was of no account; Marcellus, an excellent and earnest man, might have done much had he not died in three weeks. His election, and that of his successor, Caraffa, as Paul IV, both pointed to a real intention of reform. Caraffa had all his life been a passionate advocate of moral reform, but even he was swept away by the political conditions and his hatred of Spain, which was an obsession. Professed detestation of Spain was a sure way to his favour, which, his kinsfolk recognizing, they won his confidence only to their own ultimate destruction when he discovered that he had been deceived. Half his reign was worse than wasted in a futile contest



POPE LEO X WITH CARDINALS GIULIO DEI MEDICI AND LUIGI DEI ROSSI
From the painting by Raphael in the Pitti Gallery, Florence

with Spain ; when it was done, he turned rigorously to energetic disciplinary reforms within the Church, but death stayed his hand.

A very different man was Pius IV, the pontiff under whom the Council of Trent was brought to a close. Far from rigid himself, he still could not, if he would, have altogether deserted the paths of reform. But most conspicuously he was the inaugurator of a new policy, not asserting claims to supremacy, but seeking to induce the Catholic powers to work hand in hand with the papacy—Spain and the German Empire being now parted under the two branches of the house of Hapsburg. In this policy he was most ably assisted by the diplomatic tact of Cardinal Morone, who succeeded in bringing France, Spain and the empire into a general acceptance of the positions finally laid down by the Council of Trent, whereby



POPE PAUL III WITH HIS TWO NEPHEWS

From the painting by Titian in the National Museum, Naples

the pope's ecclesiastical authority was not impaired, but rather strengthened.

On his death, he was succeeded by one of the more rigid school, Pius V (1565–1572). This pope continued to maintain the monastic austerity of his own life; his personal virtue and piety were admirable; but, being incapable of conceiving that anything could be right except on the exact lines of his own practice, he was both extremely severe and extremely intolerant; especially he was, in harmony with Philip of Spain, a determined persecutor.

But to his idealism was largely due that league which, directed against the Turk, issued in one of the most memorable checks to the Ottoman arms, the battle of Lepanto.

Gregory XIII succeeded him immediately before the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It was rather the pressure of his surroundings than his personal character that gave his pontificate a spiritual aspect. An honourable care in the appointment of bishops and for ecclesiastical education were its marks on this side. He introduced the Gregorian Calendar. He was a

zealous promoter of war, open and covert, with Protestantism, especially with Elizabeth; his financial arrangements were effective and ingenious. But he failed to obtain control over the robber bands which infested the Papal States.

THEIR suppression was carried out with unexampled severity by Sixtus V. Sixtus was learned and prudent, and of remarkable self-control; he is also charged with being crafty and malignant. Not very accurately, he is commonly regarded as the author of much which was actually due to his predecessors; but his administration is very remarkable. Rigorous to the verge of cruelty in the enforcement of his laws, they were themselves commonly mild and conciliatory. He was energetic in encouraging agriculture and manufactures. Nepotism, the old ingrained vice of the popes, had been practised by none of his three immediate predecessors, though he is often credited with its abolition. His financial methods were successful immediately, but really accumulated burdens which in the long run became portentously heavy.

The treatment of public buildings in Rome by Sixtus V. his destruction of antiquities there, and his curious attempts to convert some of the latter into Christian monuments, mark the change from the semi-paganism of the times of Leo X. Similarly, the ecclesiastical spirit of the time opposed free inquiry. Giordano Bruno was burnt. The same movement is visible in the change from Ariosto to Tasso. Religion had resumed her empire. The quite excellent side of these changes is displayed in such beautiful characters as Cardinal Borromeo and Filippo Neri.

III—The Counter-Reformation: First Stage

EVER since the Council of Trent closed in 1563, the Church had been determined on making a re-conquest of the Protestant portion of Christendom. In the Spanish and Italian peninsulas, Protestantism never obtained a footing; everywhere else it had established itself in one of the two forms into which it was divided—the Lutheran and the Calvinistic. In Germany it greatly predominated among the populations, mainly in the Lutheran form. In France, where Catholicism predominated, the Huguenots were Calvinist. Forms of Calvinism prevailed throughout Scandinavia, in the Northern Netherlands, in Scotland and in somewhat less degree in England.

In Germany, the Augsburg declaration made the religion of each prince the religion also of his dominions, an arrangement favourable to a Catholic recovery; since princes were more likely to be drawn back to the fold than populations, as happened notably in the case of Albert of Bavaria, who re-imposed Catholicism on a country whose sympathies were Protestant. In Germany, also, much was done by the establishment of Jesuit schools, whither the excellent education attracted Protestants as well as Catholics. The great ecclesiastical principalities were also practically secured for Catholicism.

The Netherlands were under the dominion of Philip of Spain, the most rigorous supporter of orthodoxy, who gave the Inquisition free play. His severities induced revolt, which Alva was sent to suppress, acting avowedly by terrorist methods. In France the Huguenots had received legal recognition, and were headed by a powerful section of the nobility; the Catholic section, with which Paris in particular was entirely in sympathy, was dominant, but not at all securely so—a state of rivalry which culminated in the atrocious massacre of St. Bartholomew, while Alva was in the Netherlands.

NEVERTHELESS, these events stirred the Protestants both in France and in the Netherlands to a renewed and desperate resistance. On the other hand, some of the German Catholic princes displayed a degree of tolerance which permitted extensions of Protestantism within their realms. In England, the government was uncompromisingly Protestant. Then the pope and Philip tried intervention by fostering rebellion in Catholic Ireland and by the Jesuit mission of Parsons and Campion in England, but the only effect was to make the Protestantism of the government the more implacable.

A change in Philip's methods in the Netherlands separated the northern Protestant provinces from the Catholic Walloons. The assassination of William of Orange decided the rulers of some of the northern German states who had been in two minds. The accession of Rudolph II of Austria had a decisive effect in South Germany. When the failure of the house of Valois made the Huguenot Henry of Navarre heir to the French throne, the Catholic League, supported by the pope, determined to prevent his succession, while the reigning king, Henry III, Catholic though he was, was bitterly opposed to the Guises.

THE immediate effect was the compulsory submission of the king to the Guises and the League, followed by the assassination, first of Guise and then of the king, at the moment when the Catholic aggression had taken shape in the Spanish Armada and received a check more overwhelming than Philip was ready to recognize.

In certain fundamental points, the papacy was now re-asserting Hildebrandine claims—the right of controlling succession to temporal thrones. It is an error to regard it as essentially a supporter of monarchy; it was the accident of the position which commonly brought it into alliance with monarchies. In the Netherlands, it was by its support of the constitutional demands of the Walloon nobles that the south was saved for Catholicism. It asserted the duty of peoples to refuse allegiance to princes who departed from Catholicism, and it was Protestant monarchism which replied by asserting the divine right of kings; the Jesuits actually derived the power of the princes from the people. Thus a separate Catholic party arose, which, maintaining the divine appointment of princes, restricted the intervention of the Church to spiritual affairs, and in France supported Navarre's claim to the throne; while Philip and the Spaniards, interested in preventing his succession, were ready to maintain, even against a fluctuating pope, that heresy was a permanent bar to succession, not to be removed even by recantation.



POPE URBAN VIII, DOUGHTY CHAMPION OF THE TEMPORAL POWER
From the contemporary painting by Andrea Camassei

Sixtus V found himself unable to decide. The rapid demise of three popes in succession after him (1590–1591) led to the election of Clement VIII in January 1592, a man of ability and piety. He mistrusted the genuineness of the offer which Henry had for some time been making of returning to the bosom of the Church, and was not inclined to alienate Spain. There was danger that the French Catholics would maintain their point, and even sever themselves from Rome.

The acceptance of Henry would once more establish France as a Catholic power, and relieve the papacy of its dependence on Spain. At the end of 1595 Clement resolved to receive Henry into the Church, and he reaped the fruits in the support which Henry promptly gave him in his claim to resume Ferrara into the Papal States. In his later years, he and his right-hand man and kinsman, Cardinal Aldobrandini, found themselves relying on French support to counteract the Spanish influences which were now aggressively opposed to Clement's own sway.



LEOPOLD VON RANKE was born on Dec. 21, 1795. In 1818, after having studied at the universities of Leipzig and Berlin, he became a teacher of history t Frankfort on Oder. His work attracted the notice of the Prussian minister of education, and Ranke was appointed to a professorship at Berlin ersity, afterwards going to Austria and Italy for he purposes of study. The fruits of his travels were irst given to the world in The History of the Popes, published during 1834–36; and von Ranke steadfastly devoted himself to his researches and writing from this time until his death, May 23, 1886. He was engaged on a monumental History of the World when he died. This portrait is from the painting by Julius Schrader.

On Clement's death another four weeks' papacy intervened before the election of Paul V, a rigorous legalist who cared neither for Spain nor France, but for whatever he regarded as the rights of the Church, as to which he had most exaggerated ideas. These very soon brought him in conflict with Venice, a republic which firmly maintained the supremacy of the authority of the state, rejecting the secular authority of the Church. To the pope's surprise, excommunication was of no effect; the Jesuits found that if they held by the pope there was no room for them in Venice, and they came out in a body. The governments of France and Spain disregarded the popular voice which would have set them at war—France for Venice, Spain for the pope—and virtually imposed peace; on the whole, though not completely, in favour of Venice.

But the conflict had impeded and even threatened to subvert that unity, secular and ecclesiastical, which was the logical aim of the whole of the papal policy.

IV—The Counter-Reformation: Second Stage

Meanwhile, the Protestantism which had threatened to prevail in Poland had been checked under King Stephen, and under Sigismund III Catholicism had been securely re-established, though Protestantism was not crushed. But this prince, succeeding to the Swedish crown, was completely defeated in his efforts to obtain a footing for Catholicism, to which his success would have given an enormous impulse throughout the north.

In Germany, the ecclesiastical princes, with the skilled aid of the Jesuits, thoroughly re-established Catholicism in their own realms, in accordance with the legally recognized principle *cujus regio ejus religio*. The young Austrian archduke, Ferdinand of Carinthia, a pupil of the Jesuits, was equally determined in the suppression of Protestantism within its territories. The 'Estates' resisted, refusing supplies; but the imminent dangers from the Turks forced them to yield the point; while Ferdinand rested on his belief that the Almighty would not protect people from the heathen while they remained heretical, and so he gave suppression of heresy precedence over war with the Turk.

The Emperor Rudolph, in his latter years, pursued a like policy in Bohemia and Hungary. The aggressiveness of the Catholic movement drove the Protestant princes to form a union for self-defence, and within the hereditary Hapsburg dominions the Protestant landholders asserted their constitutional rights in opposition. Throughout the empire a deadlock was threatening. In Switzerland the

balance of parties was recognized; the principal question was, which party would become dominant in the Grisons.

There was far more unity in Catholicism than in Protestantism, with its cleavage of Lutherans and Calvinists, and numerous subdivisions of the latter. The Church at this moment stood with monarchism, and the Catholic princes were able men; half Protestantism was inclined to republicanism, and the princes were not able men. The Catholic powers, except France, which was half Protestant, were ranged against the Protestants; the Protestant powers were not ranged against the Catholics. The contest began when the Calvinist Elector Palatine accepted the crown of Bohemia, against the title of Ferdinand of Carinthia and Austria, who about the same time became emperor.

THE early period of the Thirty Years' War thus opened was wholly favourable to the Catholics. The defeat of the Elector Palatine led to the Catholicising of Bohemia and Hungary; and also, partly through papal influence, to the transfer of the Palatinate itself to Bavaria, carrying the definite preponderance of the Catholics in the central imperial council. At the same time Catholicism acquired a marked predominance in France, partly through the defections of Huguenot nobles; was obviously gaining ground in the Netherlands; and was being treated with much more leniency by the government in England. And, besides all this, in every part of the globe the propaganda instituted under Gregory XV and the Jesuit missions was spreading Catholic doctrine far and wide.

But the two great branches of the house of Hapsburg, the Spanish and the German, were actively arrayed on the same side; and the menace of Hapsburg supremacy was alarming. About this time when Urban VIII succeeded Gregory (1623), French policy, guided by Richelieu, was becoming definitely anti-Spanish, and organized a huge assault on the Hapsburgs, in conjunction with Protestants, though in France the Huguenots were quite subordinated. This done, Richelieu found it politic to retire from the new combination, whereby a powerful impulse was given to Catholicism.

But Richelieu wished when free to combat the Hapsburgs, and Pope Urban favoured France, magnified himself as a temporal prince and was anxious to check the Hapsburg or Austro-Spanish ascendancy. The opportunity for alliance with France came, over the incidents connected with the succession of the French Duc de Nevers to Mantua, just when Richelieu had obtained complete predominance over the Huguenots. Papal antagonism to the emperor was becoming obvious, while the emperor regarded himself as the true champion of the Faith, without much respect to the pope.

IN this crisis the Catholic anti-imperialists turned to the only Protestant force which was not a beaten one—Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. Dissatisfaction primarily with the absolutism at which the emperor and Wallenstein were aiming brought several of the hitherto imperialist allies over, and the Emperor Ferdinand, at the Diet of Ratisbon, was forced to a change of attitude.

He saw clearly that he must concede something, and probably thought that since he had to deal with German princes he should effect more for his own purposes by concessions in German affairs than by any other means. At the same time, he sought to conciliate Sweden. The papacy, bent on holding Italy, and France, guided by Richelieu, however, sought by all possible means to nullify the effects of Imperial diplomacy. They worked, accordingly, to win the German princes to their side, and to prevent the pacification of the Protestants and the reconciliation of the Empire and Sweden. They were entirely successful, and soon after Ratisbon a Swedish army, well armed and trained, entered the field.

The victories of Gustavus brought new complications; Catholicism altogether was threatened. The long course of the struggle which ensued need not be followed. The peace of Westphalia, which ended it, proved that it was impossible for either combatant to effect a complete conquest; it set a decisive limit to the Catholic expansion and to direct religious aggression. The great spiritual contest had completed its operation.



Alonzo Myers

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

THE MAN AND HIS BOOKS

A Critical Appreciation by H. E. Bates

I—The Boy, the Man and the Author



'L'HOMME,' wrote Flaubert to George Sand, 'c'est rien,—l'œuvre c'est tout.'

True as this may be, it is nevertheless necessary to begin this study with some account of the man before discussing the work which has made him famous.

The creator of Sherlock Holmes, Sir Nigel Loring and Rodney Stone, was born in Edinburgh on May 22, 1859. He came of an artistic family, having a father who combined the art of painting with an appointment in the civil service, and a grandfather who was a political and literary caricaturist. Three uncles on his father's side were artistic, too. It is consequently not surprising to find him at the age of six writing and illustrating his first story, one in which the clash of a tiger and a man made terrible adventures fly like sparks from a tinder-box. Only qualms as to the nature of the story after the death of a man would seem to be responsible for the young author withholding his pen.

This gift of narration, having once asserted itself, Conan Doyle did not long allow it to remain idle. Only four years later, when he was at school at Stonyhurst, he wove mysterious and bloody tales for the amusement of his fellows. By the age of seventeen, when he entered Edinburgh University as a medical student, his gift had become so great as to inspire a longing to devote himself completely to literature. Within two years it had gained its first material encouragement from the acceptance, by Chambers' Journal, of The Mystery of the Sasassa Valley, a tale based upon a Kaffir superstition about a gloomy passage inhabited by a supposed demon whose eyes glowed from under the shadow of a cliff.

Within two years he left the University and, signing on as the unqualified surgeon of an Arctic whaler, spent the best part of a year adventuring. During those months he found himself more than once nauseated by what he has called 'those glaring crimson pools upon the dazzling white of ice-fields,' an interesting admission in face of the enormous measure of blood he caused to be shed in his own pages of historical romance. However, it seems true that the work held no deep fascination for him, and he returned to Edinburgh. There he first met Dr. Joseph Bell, to whom he dedicated The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes and whom he declared to be the original of the great detective. Simultaneously a struggle began—medicine or literature? Dependent on the one, he had an innate longing for the other and, forced by the fundamental necessity of living, he took up a medical practice in Southsea. But literature began gradually to become something more than his mistress, and though he seems for the next few years to have worked diligently and got little by her, it before long became his chief interest.

HE began to write novels, of which A Study in Scarlet, published in Beeton's Annual in 1886, was the first. There Sherlock Holmes made his first appearance. Micah Clarke followed, to be steadily refused by house after house of publishers and then to come to incredible popularity when at last issued by Longmans. Later came a second detective story, The Sign of Four, in 1889. Then,

with popularity rapidly illuminating him, he chose to spend two years in research for and the writing of a novel of fourteenth-century England. In preparation for what was to prove very little more than a first-class historical and romantic thriller, full of colour and sound writing as it admittedly is, he read more than a hundred books in English and French. The result was The White Company. After writing it the practice at Southsea was abandoned, the author came to London, went later to Vienna and Paris, and on returning again to England relinquished medicine entirely and set to work to satisfy an increasing demand for Sherlock Holmes.

Of the astounding success of that figure it is needless to write; but of his personality, his extraordinary powers both of logic and of insight, his 'methods,' his many-sidedness, his egotism and his remarkable observations not only of human action but of human nature, it is necessary to say much. So widely diverse are the pictures of England's knightly, valiant, fourteenth-century green and pleasant land, and those of the genius of 221B, Baker Street, that Doyle's work inevitably splits itself into two parts. And remembering that early story of the man-eating tiger it is perhaps fittest to give first attention to the historical romances.

II—The Historical Romances

Of these, The White Company has the zeal and freshness, despite its occasional too close attention to heraldic lore, of a tale written not only under an inspiration but with infinite care. The laborious research in a hundred books was not wasted. Without it the pictures of English life in the reign of Edward III could not have been set forth with the sharp power and truth they now have; that of the state of France would not have been the piece of vividness which now makes it one of the features of the book; and the story, seriously deficient not only in spirit, would never have gained recognition as a piece of accurate historical education. But although these are important and distinctive qualities they are governed by another which has always been a powerful characteristic of Doyle. Above all, he is a story-teller. Although always strong at this point he is never better than in the stringing together of a thousand events concerning young Alleyne Edricson, the clerk with his motley company, Sir Nigel Loring, Aylward, Lady Maude and the many other characters of the romance.

But this is a story above all dear to the English. It is active, breathless; the darkness of one deed is quickly outbalanced by the chivalry of another. Further it is moral, extols English manhood and English bravery; in it the dastardly die, the righteous are spared for marriage and contentment on the last page. It is all very like an Ivanhoe of lesser girth. There is bloodshed, horror, lust, cruelty, yet all carried off with such simplicity and restraint as to save it from morbidness. Besides the hand of Scott is visible that of Dumas, and if it were not that he came too late, one might say of Mr. Jeffery Farnol too. Such a passage as this is strongly reminiscent of the last named:

> "Mon Dieu! Alleyne, saw you ever so lovely a face!" cried Ford . . . "So pure, so peaceful and so beautiful!"
>
> "In sooth, yes, and the hue of the skin the most perfect that I ever saw. Marked you also how the hair curled round the brow? It was wonder fine."

The insipidness and falseness of, for instance, 'wonder fine,' can only excite derision. The mind of the schoolboy may not detect it, but nothing goes so near to spoiling this excellent chronicle of stirring deeds as its pseudo-medieval language. So cheap a device should have been scorned by the writer of such scenes as the duel between young Alleyne and the bully, Tranter:

> On and on came Alleyne, his jagged point now at his foeman's face, now at his throat, now at his chest, still stabbing and thrusting to pass the line of steel which covered him. Yet his experienced foeman knew well that such efforts could not be long sustained. Let him relax for one instant! . . . Already the thrusts were less fierce, the foot less ready. Tranter, cunning and wary from years of fighting, knew that his chance had come. He brushed aside the frail weapon which was opposed to him, whirled up his great blade, sprang back to get the fairer sweep—and vanished into the waters of the Garonne.

Here is not only simplicity but a piece of dramatic surprise characteristic of Holmes himself. Furthermore, the passage is not isolated but kept equal company by scores of others. The descriptions of the court of the Prince of Wales, the lists of Bordeaux, the White Company itself and the fighting at the French châteaux are all vividly and admirably done.

The fortunes of Sir Nigel Loring, thus hectic, could not fail to fill more than one volume and in Sir Nigel is told a second stirring and, except for the old faults of language, an honest and straightforward story of English renown.

In Micah Clarke, however, a story following that figure through the disastrous Monmouth Rebellion, is something a shade different. Here again are bloodshed and much painful incident, but Doyle has been unable to escape the deep tragedy of the time, with the consequence that the book is permeated with a higher quality than the fourteenth-century stories. The flashes of romance and calm are also truer and more intimately felt. The pictures of Cornet Joseph Clarke, father of Micah, and of Solomon Trent, an old sailor hero, are filled in with humour as well as charm.

THE impossibility of accompanying the central figure through all his adventures is as evident here as with other Doyle characters. Like those of Sir Nigel and young Alleyne, they are numerous enough not only to satisfy the adolescent most greedy for excitement, but to keep interested the more experienced reader. Youth will respond faithfully and age with a start to scenes of this kind:

> Right in front of the door a great fire of wood faggots was blazing, and before this, to our unutterable horror there hung a man head downwards, suspended by a rope which was knotted round his ankles, and which, passing over a hook in a beam, had been made fast to a ring in the floor. The struggle of this unhappy man had caused the rope to whirl round, so that he was spinning in front of the blaze like a joint of meat. Across the threshold lay a woman . . .

For less than this, and in attempts to portray life faithfully, men have been called morbid and unhealthy, but under cover of a bygone century Doyle escapes—and with some triumph, too. But while he is successful here it is a success aroused by sensationalism and ghastliness and has none of the quality of his descriptions of that ill-trained, pitiful peasant army which blundered darkly to its destruction on Sedgemoor. Here the attraction comes not from any delineation of strength but from the desperate valour of the weak. In a fight which began in darkness and for the cause of which there was never the remotest chance, the peasants 'trodden down by horse, slashed by dragoons, dropping by scores under the rain of bullets, still fought on with a dogged, desperate courage for a ruined cause and a man who had deserted them.'

BUT tragic as the spectacle of the ghastly dead may be, that of the dispirited living is deeper and more moving. Sympathy with the ragged, exhausted fugitives and wounded prisoners in the 'dim yellow light streaming over the earnest pain-drawn faces and the tattered mud-coloured figures' is arrested and held. This is a simple, moving story, ending with a picture of the famous Judge Jeffreys, 'the devil in wig and gown' which is as good as he was ruthless.

There follows a long line of historical novels of which The Refugees, dealing with court intrigues in the reign of Louis XIV of France, and Rodney Stone, one of the earliest novels of prize-fighting, are the best. There is good work too in The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard, a series of stories published in 1896. Uncle Bernac (1897) is a novel of Napoleonic days, as exciting in its episodes as The Tragedy of Korosko. Medical experiences are told in Round the Red Lamp and The Stark Munro Letters.

Here it must be observed that not only is Doyle sound and conscientious, but versatile too. Granted that with his many thousand pages of war he has not once equalled in power the The Red Badge of Courage, that little epic of a war never seen by its young American author, Stephen Crane, it is apparent that at the same time in Sir Nigel, The White Company, Micah Clarke, The Refugees, etc., he has drawn a series of historical pictures good enough to bring him at least contemporary fame. Yet there remains what might be the creation of another mind—Sherlock Holmes.

III—The Adventures and Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes

So much criticism, so many exhausting controversies and so much enthusiasm have been aroused by the great detective that it seems little is left to be done about him. Yet just as much is true of, for instance, Pickwick, Mrs. Malaprop, Peter Pan and many others whose names are now household words. As much controversy may arise over the origin of Pickwick and Peter Pan as over that of the detective. A thousand parents may point out how much of their sons they recognize in Barrie's boy. Equally well may critics say how much of Poe's Monsieur Dupin and of Gaboriau's Lecoq they see in the friend of Dr. Watson. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle may reply with his own explanation that he is nothing more than a figure modelled on his old Edinburgh tutor, Dr. Joseph Bell, to whom the first Adventures were dedicated. But whatever is done he must remain primarily a member of that race of happy accidents of which perhaps Peter Pan is the best example. Just as hosts of men and women knew the famous boy before Barrie put him into a play, so must many have been acquainted with Dupin, Lecoq and Dr. Bell himself. But it remained, as always, for a single eye to absorb and use what others missed. The result in this case was a character whose name has become a national by-word.

It is not easy to say where lies the attraction of this man who on his first appearance caught and ever since has held the enormous interest of the public mind.

Taken physically, he is strong and compelling but not attractive; in manner he may be by turns brusque, nonchalant, egotistical, dramatic and ironical, but never charming. Emotionally—but he seems to have no emotions, for in The Scandal in Bohemia we are told: 'It was not that he felt any emotion akin to love . . . all emotions, and that one in particular, were abhorrent to his cold, precise but admirably balanced mind. He was, I take it, the most perfect reasoning machine that the world has seen; but as a lover he would have placed himself in a false position. He never spoke of the softer passions save with a gibe and a sneer.'

There occurs the word 'perfect,' followed immediately by 'machine.' At that point seems to lie the secret. Peter Pan, though having the enviable quality of eternal youth, is far from perfect. Mrs. Malaprop, Pickwick, Falstaff, Malvolio, The Three Musketeers are not perfect. Still less are they machines. On the contrary they are each fascinating, warm and living where Holmes is precise, cold and admirably balanced. They are examples of the truth that the imperfect eternally excites not only love, but sympathy and pity; the amazing friend of Watson only fills in the other side of the medal: that for perfection, while it may be astounding, powerful and incredible, we can have only admiration.

Consequently we admire Holmes, but from a distance, and decide that, as he himself is incapable of loving, so he can never be loved. And he never will be. Among his many women readers and clients is none who says, 'I love him,' or 'He is lovely.' We read, 'Mr. Holmes, you are wonderful. How can I repay you?' but never 'Mr. Holmes, you are wonderful. You darling!' He is, in short, something of a god. At his feet are laid apparently insoluble mysteries, involving human misery and destiny, which he unravels with the air of a magician. His interest in those who bring him these mysteries is at the time intense. His care is endless. "Spare no details," he urges, "and I will spare no pains." Yet for all that he is a god with a short memory. His satisfied clients he casts off much as a spider sucked flies. Even Miss Violet Hunter, in The Copper Beeches, whom he describes as 'a quite exceptional woman' he speedily forgot 'when once she had ceased to be the centre of one of his problems.' Only Irene Adler, from whom he took one of his few defeats, interested him enough to make him procure her photograph and afterwards refer to her as *the* woman. But scorn is easily detectable in his voice when he mentions his failure against her wit.

"I have been beaten four times," he says, "three times by men, and once by a woman."

Besides scorn is evident anger—the anger of the machine when the spoke is thrust into the wheel. A second time he is shown as a piece of mechanism. His powers of logic and observation strengthen this idea. Only the mind of a machine would, for instance, deduce from simply glancing at a tattered black hat :

> That the man (its owner) was highly intellectual . . . also that he was fairly well to do within the last three years, although he has now fallen upon evil days. He had foresight but has less now than formerly, pointing to moral retrogression, which, when taken with the decline of his fortunes, seems to indicate some evil influence, probably drink, at work upon him. This may account for the obvious fact that his wife has ceased to love him . . . He has, however, some degree of self-respect. He is a man who leads a sedentary life, goes out little, is out of training entirely, is middle-aged, has grizzled hair which he has had cut within the last few days, and which he anoints with lime-cream . . . Also, by the way, it is exceedingly improbable that he has gas laid on in his house.

But his other accomplishments are no less remarkable. Chemistry, anatomy, the violin, boxing, fencing, law, the taking of cocaine, disguise, knowledge of tobacco, analysis of human emotions and motives—all these and more are among them.

Nevertheless, machine as he may be, he teaches us all to think and observe.

Of the books in which he figures, The Adventures contains excellent stories in The Speckled Band, The Blue Carbuncle, and The Man with the Twisted Lip. Those of The Memoirs, The Return, His Last Bow, The Sign of Four, and A Study in Scarlet, are equally good and come fresh to the mind at a second and third reading. In The Hound of the Baskervilles, the story of the terrorising of the West country by a gigantic hound, he is at his best.

Besides the detective stories are a book of essays in Through the Magic Door, a vigorous piece of history in The Great Boer War, and dramatic versions of some of his novels. Only Doyle's poems are really unfortunate — calm, moral and platitudinous things which Watson would have liked reading in the absence of Holmes. They mar the otherwise remarkably interesting career of a man whose own personality is best summed up as being a strange combination of those two famous inhabitants of 221B, Baker Street, London.

Founder of the Science of Eugenics

SIR FRANCIS GALTON

HEREDITARY GENIUS

IN Hereditary Genius, which was published in 1869, Galton adventured upon a field of science hitherto unexplored save by himself in two articles, dealing with certain aspects of the subject, that had appeared four years earlier. The book raised a storm of criticism, much of which has subsequently been shown to have been baseless. While attempting to state the laws and trace some of the consequences of 'hereditary genius,' Galton did not look upon genius as being demonstrable as a special quality: afterwards he preferred to describe his subject as 'hereditary ability,' and this title does, in fact, indicate more adequately the nature of his investigations. He wrote several important works substantiating and enlarging his original thesis; of these the most notable are English Men of Science, Their Nature and Nurture (1874), Inquiries into Human Faculty and Its Development (1884)—of which an outline appears elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*—and Natural Inheritance (1889). Throughout, Galton was firmly convinced of the desirability of attempting to improve future generations physically and mentally by systematically putting some check upon the birth-rate of the unfit and encouraging the productivity of the fit.

I—The Purpose and Plan of the Inquiry



AT the time when this book was written the human mind was popularly thought to act independently of natural laws, and to be capable of almost any achievement, if compelled to exert itself by a will that had a power of initiation. Even those who had more philosophical habits of thought were far from looking upon the mental faculties of each individual as being limited as strictly as those of his body; still less was the idea of the inheritance of ability clearly apprehended.

The direct result of this inquiry is to make manifest the great and measurable

differences between the mental and bodily faculties of individuals, and to prove that the laws of heredity are as applicable to the former as to the latter. Its indirect result is to show that a vast but unused power is vested in each generation over the very natures of their successors—that is, over their inborn faculties and dispositions.

The brute power of doing this by means of appropriate marriages or abstention from marriage undoubtedly exists, however much the circumstances of social life may hamper its employment. The great problem of the future betterment of the human race is confessedly, at the present time, hardly advanced beyond the stage of academic interest; but thought and action move swiftly nowadays, and it is by no means impossible that a generation which has witnessed the exclusion of the Chinese race from the customary privileges of settlers in two continents, may live to see other analogous acts performed under sudden social pressure.

The striking results of an evil inheritance have already forced themselves so far on the popular mind that indignation is freely expressed, without any marks of disapproval from others, at the yearly output by unfit parents of weakly children who are constitutionally incapable of growing up into serviceable citizens, and who are a serious encumbrance to the nation. The questions about to be considered may unexpectedly acquire importance as falling within the sphere of practical politics, and, if so, many demographic data that require forethought and time to collect, and a dispassionate and leisurely judgement to discuss, will be hurriedly and sorely needed.

As an example of what could be sought with advantage, let us suppose that we take a number, sufficient for statistical purposes, of persons occupying different social classes; those who are the least efficient on physical, intellectual and moral grounds, forming our lowest class, and those who are the most efficient, forming our highest class.

The question to be solved relates to the hereditary permanence of the several classes. What proportion of each class is descended from parents who belong to the same class, and what proportion is descended from parents who belong to each of the other classes? Do those persons who have honourably succeeded in life and who are, presumably, on the whole, the most valuable portion of our human stock contribute on the aggregate their fair share of posterity to the next generation? In other words, is the evolution of man in each particular country favourably or injuriously affected by its special form of civilization?

Enough is already known to make it certain that the productiveness of both the extreme classes, the best and the worst, falls short of the average of the nation as a whole. Therefore, the most prolific class necessarily lies between the two extremes; but at what intermediate point does it lie? Taken altogether, on any reasonable principle, are the natural gifts of the most prolific class, bodily, intellectual and moral, above or below the line of national mediocrity? If above that line, then the existing conditions are favourable to the improvement of the race. If they are below that line, they must work towards its degradation.

In conclusion, I wish again to emphasise the fact that the improvement of the natural gifts of future generations of the human race is largely, though indirectly, under our control. We may not be able to originate, but we can guide. The processes of evolution are in constant and spontaneous activity, some pushing towards the bad, some towards the good. Our part is to watch for opportunities to intervene by checking the former and giving free play to the latter. We must distinguish clearly between our power in this fundamental respect and that which we also possess of ameliorating education and hygiene.

I propose to show in this book that a man's natural abilities are derived by inheritance, under exactly the same limitations as are the form and physical features of the whole organic world. Consequently, as it is easy, notwithstanding those limitations, to obtain by careful selection a permanent breed of dogs or horses gifted with peculiar powers of

running, or of doing anything else, so it would be quite practicable to produce a highly gifted race of men by judicious marriages during several consecutive generations. I shall show that social agencies of an ordinary character, whose influences are little suspected, are at this moment working towards the degradation of human nature, and that others are working towards its improvement. I conclude that each generation has enormous power over the natural gifts of those that follow, and maintain that it is a duty we owe to humanity to investigate the range of that power, and to exercise it in a way that, without being unwise towards ourselves, shall be most advantageous to future generations.

The general plan of my argument is to show that high reputation is a pretty accurate test of high ability; next, to discuss the relationships of a large body of fairly eminent men—namely, the judges of England from 1660 to 1868, the statesmen of the time of George III, and the premiers during the last one hundred years, and to obtain from these a general survey of the laws of heredity in respect to genius.

Then I shall examine, in order, the kindred of the most illustrious commanders, men of literature and of science, poets, painters and musicians, of whom history speaks. I shall also discuss the kindred of a certain selection of divines and of modern scholars. Then will follow a short chapter, by way of comparison, on the hereditary transmission of physical gifts, as deduced from the relationships of certain classes of oarsmen and wrestlers. Lastly, I shall collate my results and draw conclusions.

It will be observed that I deal with more than one grade of ability. Those with whom the greater part of my volume is occupied, and on whose kinships my argument is most securely based, have been generally reputed as endowed by nature with extraordinary genius. There are so few of these men that, although they are scattered throughout the whole historical period of human existence, their number does not amount to more than 400, and yet a considerable proportion of them will be found to be inter-related.

Another grade of ability with which I deal is that which includes numerous highly eminent, and all the illustrious names of modern English history, whose immediate descendants are living among us, whose histories are known and whose relationships may readily be traced.

II—Limits of Education

I HAVE no patience with the hypothesis occasionally expressed, and often implied, especially in tales written to teach children to be good, that babies are born pretty much alike, and that the sole agencies in creating differences between boy and boy, and man and man, are steady application and more effort. It is in the most unqualified manner that I object to pretensions of natural equality. The experiences of the nursery, the school, the university, and of professional careers, are a chain of proofs to the contrary. I acknowledge freely the great power of education and social influences in developing the active powers of the mind, just as I acknowledge the effect of use in developing the muscles of a blacksmith's arm, and no further.

Let the blacksmith labour as he will, he will find there are certain feats beyond his power that are well within the strength of a man of herculean make, even although the latter may have led a sedentary life. Some years ago, the Highlanders held a grand gathering in Holland Park, where they challenged all England to compete with them in their games of strength. The challenge was accepted, and the well-trained men of the hills were beaten in the foot-race by a youth who was stated to be a pure Cockney—a London bank clerk.

Everybody who has trained himself to physical exercises discovers the extent of his muscular powers to a nicety. When he begins to walk, to row, to use the dumb-bells, or to run, he finds to his great delight that his thews strengthen and his endurance of fatigue increases day after day. So long as he is a novice, he perhaps flatters himself there is hardly an assignable limit to the education of his muscles; but the daily gain is soon

discovered to diminish, and at last it vanishes altogether. His maximum performance becomes a rigidly determinate quantity. He learns to an inch how high or how far he can jump when he has attained the highest state of training. So it is in rowing, in running, in walking, and in every other form of physical exertion. There is a definite limit to the muscular powers of every man, which he cannot by education or exertion overpass.

This is precisely analogous to the experience that every student has had of the working of his mental powers. When he reaches mature life, he is confident only within certain limits and knows, or ought to know, himself just as he is probably judged by the world, with all his unmistakable weakness and all his undeniable strength. He is no longer tormented into hopeless efforts by the fallacious promptings of overweening vanity, but limits his undertakings to matters below the level of his reach, and finds true moral repose in an honest conviction that he is engaged in as much good work as his nature has rendered him capable of performing.

III—The Meaning of the Facts

It seems to me most essential to the well-being of future generations that the average standard of ability of the present time should be raised. Civilization is a new condition imposed upon man by the course of events, just as in the history of geological changes new conditions have continually been imposed on different races of animals. They have had the effect either of modifying the nature of the races through the process of natural selection whenever the changes were sufficiently slow and the race sufficiently pliant, or of destroying them altogether when the changes were too abrupt, or the race unyielding.

The number of the races of mankind that have been entirely destroyed under the pressure of the requirements of an incoming civilization reads us a terrible lesson. Probably in no former period of the world has the destruction of the races of any animal whatever been effected over such wide areas and with such startling rapidity as in the case of savage man. In the North American Continent, in the West Indian Islands, in the Cape of Good Hope, in Australia, New Zealand and Van Diemen's Land, the human denizens of vast regions have been entirely swept away in the short space of three centuries, less by the pressure of a stronger race than through the influence of a civilization they were incapable of supporting.

And we, too, the foremost labourers in creating this civilization, are beginning to show ourselves incapable of keeping pace with our own work. The needs of centralisation, communication and culture call for more brains and mental stamina than the average of our race possess. We are in crying want of a greater fund of ability in all stations of life; for the classes of statesmen, philosophers, artisans, or labourers are not up to the modern complexity of their several professions. An extended civilization like ours comprises more interests than the ordinary statesmen or philosophers of our present race are capable of dealing with, and it exacts more intelligent work than our ordinary artisans and labourers are capable of performing.

Our race is over-weighted, and appears likely to be drudged into degeneracy by demands that exceed its powers. If its average ability were raised a grade or two, those new classes would conduct the complex affairs of the state at home and abroad as easily as the present higher grades, when in the position of country squires, are able to manage the affairs of their establishments and tenantry. All other classes of the community would be similarly promoted to the level of the work required by the nineteenth century if the average standard were raised.

When the severity of the struggle for existence is not too great for the powers of the race, its action is healthy and conservative; otherwise it is deadly, just as we may see exemplified in the scanty, wretched vegetation that leads a precarious existence near the summer snow line of the Alps, and disappears altogether a little higher up. We want as much backbone as we can get to bear the racket to which we

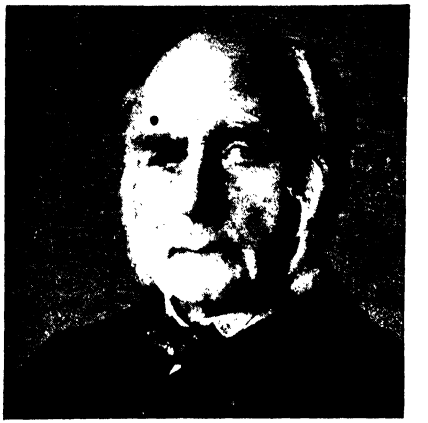
are henceforth to be exposed, and as good brains as possible to contrive machinery for modern life to work more smoothly than at present.

We can, in some degree, raise the nature of man to a level with the new conditions imposed upon his existence, and we can also, in some degree, modify the conditions to suit his nature. It is clearly right that both these powers should be exerted, with the view of bringing his nature and the conditions of his existence into as close harmony as possible.

Before speaking of the influences which affect the natural ability and intelligence of nations and races I must beg the reader to bring distinctly before his mind how reasonable it is that such influences should be expected to exist; how consonant it is to all analogy and experience to expect that the control of the nature of future generations should be as much within the power of the living as the health and well-being of the individual are in the power of the guardians of his youth.

There is nothing that appears to assign a more exceptional or sacred character to a race than to the families or individuals that compose it. We know how careless nature is of the lives of individuals; we know how careless she is of eminent families—how they are built up, flourish and decay; the same may be said of races, and of the world itself; also, by analogy, of other scenes of existence than this particular planet of one of innumerable suns.

OUR world appears hitherto to have developed itself mainly under the influence of unreasoning affinities; but of late, man, slowly growing to be intelligent, humane and capable, has appeared on the scene of life and profoundly modified its conditions. He has already become able to look after his own interests in an incomparably more far-sighted manner than in the old prehistoric days of barbarism and flint knives; he is already able to act on the experiences of the past, to combine closely with distant allies, and to prepare for future wants, known only through the intelligence, long before their pressure has become felt. He has introduced a vast deal of civilization and hygiene which influence, in an immense degree, his own well-being and that



Elliott & Fry

SIR FRANCIS GALTON was born near Birmingham, February 16, 1822, a cousin of Charles Darwin. He was educated first at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and studied medicine in Cambridge and London. In 1840 he travelled in the Sudan, and in 1850 explored Damaraland, writing two books on his experiences. He then turned his attention specially to meteorology, and formulated a theory of anti-cyclones which led to his long association with the Meteorological Council. His books on Hereditary Genius and Inquiries into Human Faculty established the principles of what he termed eugenics, in furtherance of which he founded a laboratory in 1904. Galton was knighted in 1909 and died January 17, 1911.

of his children; it remains for him to bring other policies into action that shall tell on the natural gifts of his race.

It would be writing to no practically useful purpose were I to discuss the effect that might be produced on the population by such social arrangements as existed in Sparta. They are so alien and repulsive to modern feelings that it is useless to say anything about them; so I shall wholly confine my remarks to agencies that are actually at work, and upon which there can be no hesitation in speaking.

I shall have occasion to show that certain influences retard the average age of marriage, while others hasten it; and the general character of my argument will be to prove that an enormous effect upon the average natural ability of a race may be produced by means of those influences. I shall argue that the wisest policy is that which results in retarding the average age of marriage among the weak, and in hastening it among the vigorous classes; whereas, unhappily for us, the influence of numerous social agencies has been

strongly and banefully exerted in the precisely opposite direction.

Statistical analysis pronounces a heavy doom against all sub-sections of prolific races in which it is the custom to put off the period of marriage until middle age. It is a maxim of Malthus that the period of marriage ought to be delayed in order that the earth may not be overcrowded by a population for whom there is no place at the great table of nature.

If this doctrine influenced all classes alike I should have nothing to say about it here, one way or another, for it would hardly affect the discussions in this book, but, as it is put forward as a rule of conduct for the prudent part of mankind to follow, whilst the imprudent are necessarily left free to disregard it, I have no hesitation in saying that it is a most pernicious rule of conduct in its bearing upon race. Its effect would be such as to cause the race of the prudent to fall, after a few centuries, into an almost incredible inferiority of numbers to that of the imprudent, and it is, therefore, calculated to bring utter ruin upon the breed of any country where the doctrine prevailed.

I protest against the abler races being encouraged to withdraw in this way from the struggle for existence. It may seem monstrous that the weak should be crowded out by the strong, but it is still more monstrous that the races best fitted to play their part on the stage of life, should be crowded out by the incompetent, the ailing and the desponding.

The time may hereafter arrive, in far distant years, when the population of the earth shall be kept as strictly within the bounds of number and suitability of race as the sheep on a well-ordered moor, or the plants in an orchid house; in the meantime, let us do what we can to encourage the multiplication of the races best fitted to invent and conform to a high and generous civilization, and not, out of a mistaken instinct of giving support to the weak, prevent the incoming of strong individuals.

IV—Race and Religious Persecution

THE long period of the dark ages under which Europe has lain is due, I believe, in a very considerable degree, to the celibacy enjoined by religious orders on their votaries. Whenever a man or woman was possessed of a gentle nature that fitted him or her to deeds of charity, to meditation, to literature, or to art, the social condition of the time was such that they had no refuge elsewhere than in the bosom of the Church.

But the Church chose to preach and exact celibacy. The consequence was that these gentle natures had no continuance, and thus, by a policy so singularly unwise and suicidal that I am hardly able to speak of it without impatience, the Church brutalised the breed of our forefathers. She acted precisely as if she had aimed at selecting the rudest portion of the community to be, alone, the parents of future generations. She practised the arts which breeders would use who aim at creating ferocious, currish and stupid natures. No wonder that club law prevailed for centuries over Europe; the wonder rather is that enough good remained in the veins of Europeans to enable their race to rise to its present very moderate level of natural morality.

The policy of the religious world in Europe was exerted in another direction, with hardly less cruel effect on the nature of future generations, by means of persecutions which brought thousands of the foremost thinkers and men of political aptitudes to the scaffold, or imprisoned them during a large part of their manhood, or drove them as emigrants into other lands. In all these cases the check upon their leaving issue was very considerable.

Hence the Church, having first captured all the gentle natures and condemned them to celibacy, made another sweep of her huge nets, this time fishing in stirring waters, to catch those who were the most fearless, truth-seeking and intelligent in their modes of thought, and therefore the most suitable parents of a high civilization, and put a strong check, if not a direct stop, to their progeny. Those she reserved on these occasions to breed the generations of the future were the servile, the indifferent and the stupid.

Thus, as she—to repeat my expression—brutalised human nature by her system

of celibacy applied to the gentle, she demoralised it by her system of persecution of the intelligent, the sincere and the free. It is enough to make the blood boil to think of the blind folly that has caused the foremost nations of struggling humanity to be the heirs of such hateful ancestry, and that has so bred our instincts as to keep them in an unnecessarily long-continued antagonism with the essential requirements of a steadily advancing civilization.

The extent to which persecution must have affected European races is easily measured by a few well-known statistical facts. Thus, as regards martyrdom and imprisonment, the Spanish nation was drained of freethinkers at the rate of 1,000 persons annually for the three centuries between 1471 and 1781, an average of 100 persons having been executed and 900 imprisoned every year during that period. The actual data during those 300 years are 32,000 burnt, 17,000 persons burnt in effigy—I presume they mostly died in prison or escaped from Spain—and 291,000 condemned to various terms of imprisonment and other penalties. It is impossible that any nation could stand a policy like this without paying a heavy penalty in the deterioration of its breed.

The French persecutions, by which the English have been large gainers through receiving their industrial refugees, were on a nearly similar scale. In the seventeenth century three or four hundred thousand Protestants perished in prison, at the galleys, in their attempts to escape, or on the scaffold, and an equal number emigrated, many of them to England, where they exercised profound influence on English industrial arts.

V—The Future of the Race

THE best form of civilization in respect to the improvement of the race would be one in which society was not costly; where incomes were chiefly derived from professional sources, and not much through inheritance; where every lad had a chance of showing his abilities, and, if highly gifted, was enabled to achieve a first-class education and entrance into professional life by the liberal help of the exhibitions and scholarships which he had gained in his early youth; where marriage was held in as high honour as in ancient Jewish times; where pride of race was encouraged (of course, I do not refer to the nonsensical sentiment of the present day that goes under that name); where the weak could find a welcome and a refuge in celibate monasteries or sisterhoods; and, lastly, where the better sort of emigrants and refugees from other lands were invited and welcomed and all others excluded.

The entire human race, or any one of its varieties, may indefinitely increase its numbers by a system of early marriages, or it may wholly annihilate itself by the observance of celibacy; it may also introduce new human forms by means of the intermarriage of varieties and a change in the conditions of life. It follows that the human race has a large control over its future forms of activity, far more than any individual has over his own, since the freedom of individuals is narrowly restricted by the cost, in energy, of exercising their wills.

We must not be misled by the word 'individuality,' because it appears from the many facts and arguments in this book that our personalities are not so independent as our self-consciousness leads us to believe. We may look upon each individual as something not wholly detached from its parent source, as a wave that has been lifted and shaped by normal conditions in an unknown, illimitable ocean.

There is decidedly a solidarity as well as a separateness in all human, and probably in all lives whatsoever; and this consideration goes far, as I think, to establish an opinion that the constitution of the living universe is a pure theism, and that its form of activity is what may be described as co-operative. It points to the conclusion that all life is single in its essence, but various, every varying, and interactive in its manifestations, and that men and all other living animals are active workers and sharers in a vastly more extended system of cosmic action than any of ourselves, much less of them, can possibly comprehend.

Powerful Study of Religious Bigotry

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON

IN GOD'S WAY

THE earlier works of Bjornson are lyrical and pastoral and heroic; they deal with the life of the Norwegian peasants and the charm of the country, or with the great heroes of the old sagas. Arne (see page 1996) is one of the best of these stories of Norwegian country life. His later novels, however, have not the same spontaneity and freshness, and begin to show signs of Ibsen's influence. They are gloomy and didactic and strain after realism; although they never have the fiercely satirical tone and pessimistic views on human nature of the great dramatist's works. The best of these is undoubtedly In God's Way, which was published in 1889. It presents a vivid and intensely interesting picture of Norwegian religious life, having as its theme the conflict between bigotry of the inflexible Scandinavian type and liberal thought. It caused considerable excitement when it first appeared. An English translation of In God's Way is published by William Heinemann, by whose permission this epitome is given.

I—A Strange Home-Coming



PASTOR TUFT was walking up and down his study, composing his Sunday sermon. He was a handsome man, with a long, fair face and dreamy eyes; his wife, Josephine, in the days when she thought she was in love with him, used to call him Melanchthon—that was not many years ago and he still resembled in appearance the poet of the Reformation. But his features had now lost their fine serenity and he was glad when his bitter and troubled thoughts on the doctrine of justification—a subject he had chosen for its bearing on his brother-in-law's conduct—were interrupted by his wife. Josephine burst into his study in a state of fierce excitement.

"They will be here in a moment," she said. "The steamer has arrived. Oh, that woman, that woman! She has ruined my brother's life!"

"If he wanted to settle again in Norway with her," said the pastor, "couldn't he have chosen some spot where the story of their misconduct was not known? But to come to the very town! Everybody will remember!"

"Yes," said Josephine; "it is only six years since Edward ran off to America with Sören Kule's wife. Surely, he will not expect you, a minister, to receive the woman, especially as Kule is still living."

While she was talking, Tuft stared out of the window. A tall man in light clothes was coming to the house—a tall man, with a clear-cut, sunburnt face and a lean, curved nose that gave him the air of a bird of prey. By his side was a lady with sweet, delicate features, dressed in a tartan travelling costume. There was a knock at the door. Josephine went down very slowly and opened it. "Edward!"

There was a glow in her eyes as she welcomed her brother and his eyes also lighted up. He was about to cross the threshold, when he noticed that she completely disregarded his companion. In the meantime Tuft had come to the door; he, too, made no advances. There was always something of the keen, wild look of an eagle about Edward Kallem; it became still more striking as he glared at his sister and brother-in-law.

"Are you waiting," he said, "for me to introduce my wife? Well, here she is—Ragni Kallem."

So the pair had married in America! If Tuft and Josephine had not been so eager to impute every sort of misconduct to runaways, they would have foreseen this natural event. Tuft tried to find something to say, but failed and glanced at Josephine. But she did not look as if she were willing to help him.

For the fact that Edward and Ragni were now married increased rather than diminished Josephine's bitterness. Although she would not admit it to herself her religious objections were a mere pretence. She was jealous, jealous with

the strange jealousy of a sister who wanted to be all in all to her brilliant brother and hated that another woman should be more to him than she was. All her life had been centred on him. She had married Ole Tuft, a poor peasant's son, because he was the bosom friend of Edward. Her marriage, she thought, would connect them still more closely. She wanted to live by his side, watching him rise into fame as the greatest doctor in Norway. For young Kallem's masters had predicted that he would prove to be a man of genius.

Possessing considerable wealth, he had taken up the study of medicine, not as a means of livelihood, but as a matter of love and duty. Then, six years ago, he had run off with old Sören Kule's young wife and Josephine's dream had come to an end, leaving her life little more than a dull, empty round of routine housework.

This was why she now gazed with hard, cold eyes at Ragni. Edward Kallem saw her look of wild hatred and, taking his weeping wife gently by the arm, he turned away and led her from the house into the road.

Josephine went upstairs and gazed from the study window at the retreating figures. Her husband followed her, with a curious look in his eyes. Neither of them spoke. In their hearts was raging a storm of passion wilder than the anger which possessed Kallem and the sorrow which bowed down Ragni.

Josephine left the room without looking at her husband. He gazed after her still with the same curious look in his eyes. Then, pulling himself together, he went on writing his sermon. "What makes God so merciful to sinners?" he wrote. "His infinite love? Yes, justification is certainly an act of mercy, but it is also an act of judgement. The claims of the law must be first fulfilled. A sinner must believe in order to be saved."

THE point in this was that Edward Kallem was a freethinker. There could be no forgiveness for him. At the bottom of his heart, Tuft was glad that there had been no reconciliation. Ever since he had married the wealthy and beautiful sister of his bosom friend, he had been jealous of Josephine's passionate attachment to her brother. Her brother had remained her hero and the peasant she had married and enriched was little more than her servant.

While, with these bitter thoughts in his head, Tuft was composing his sermon, Josephine was writing a dastardly letter. It was to Sören Kule. Edward and Ragni had returned, married. There was an empty house near the one they had bought. Would Sören Kule come and live in it? So the letter ran. The next day, Sunday, Josephine went to church in a very Christian-like frame of mind. She felt she had done her duty and avenged herself in doing it.

II—The Poison of Tongues

AT first things did not go as Josephine expected. With the exception of his sister and brother-in-law, everybody welcomed Edward Kallem and his wife back to his native town. At the house of Pastor Meek, the oldest and most influential of the clergy, Ragni was introduced to a middle-aged lady, who startled her by saying:

"I am Sören Kule's sister. I want to tell you that, in your position, I should have acted just as you did."

This, indeed, was the general verdict. No one who knew Sören Kule blamed Ragni. An old rake, blind and half-paralysed as the immediate result of ill-living, he had worried his first wife, Ragni's sister, into the grave and then taken advantage of the young girl's innocence to marry her. The man was a mass of corruption and his second marriage was one of those strangely cruel crimes which go unpunished in the present state of society. Kallem, who was then lodging in the same house, was maddened by it. Being a doctor, he foresaw clearly the fate of the pure, lovely victim of Kule's brutal passion and, in rescuing her from it, he had displayed, in the opinion of his friends, the chivalry of soul of a modern knight-errant.

Pastor Meek was a liberal-minded and courageous old man; he showed his sympathy with the Kallems and his trust in them in a practical manner.

"My grandson, Karl," he said to Kallem, "is at school here. I wish you

would let him come, now and then, to your house. He is only nineteen years old, but he promises to be a first-rate composer. Your wife plays the piano beautifully. They ought to get on well together."

Kallem was so pleased with this mark of approval that he went the next morning to the young musician's lodgings and invited him to come and live with him. Karl Meek was a lanky, awkward hobbledehoy, with a tousled head of hair and long red hands, which were always covered with chilblains. Ragni asked him to play a simple duet, but he made so many mistakes in playing that she got up from the piano. He was upset and ran away from the house. Kallem spent an afternoon looking for him, and brought him back with his hair cut, his nails trimmed and his clothes brushed.

"Can't you see?" said Kallem to his wife. "The lad's shy and afraid of you. Do, my dear, make him feel quite at home."

RAGNI was a sweet and gentle woman, and though she did not like Karl much at first, she took him in hand and, little by little, obtained a great influence over the wild creature. As his fine poetic nature gradually revealed itself, she began to mother him. They were often seen walking out together, and as soon as the snow was firm they used to go and meet Kallem and drive home with him. One afternoon, after they had been skating together on the frozen bay, they were returning, without Kallem, when a carriage barred their way. At the sound of Ragni's voice the man inside said:

"There she goes! Who is it with her? Another man? Ah, I thought that's what would happen!"

Ragni shuddered. It was Sören Kule. The paralysed old rake turned his blind face upon her, as though he could see her and had caught her doing wrong. The carriage stopped by the next house to the Kallems. Before Kule could get out, Ragni had run indoors. Shortly afterwards her husband arrived. She saw that he, too, had met Kule, and he saw that she had gone into the bedroom to hide herself. She buried her head in his arms; it seemed to her that the air was now full of evil spirits.

And so it was. Edward Kallem did not know it, as he was now too busy to go out anywhere. He was spending a great deal of his wealth in fitting out a private hospital for the study and treatment of the diseases that he specialised in. But Karl Meek soon became aware of malign influences working around him, and around the two persons for whom he would willingly, nay, happily, have laid down his life. He met an old friend in the street, who said to him:

"How do you stand in regard to Mrs. Kallem?"

Karl did not take in his meaning, and began to praise Ragni enthusiastically.

"Yes, I know all about that," his friend interrupted. "But, to make a clean breast of it, are you her lover?"

"How dare you, how dare you!" cried Karl.

His friend quietly said that he only wanted to warn Karl; the report had certainly got about.

"You've been a great deal together, you know," said his friend; "that has given the scandal-mongers something to go on."

Both Edward and Ragni saw that something had happened to Karl when he returned. He was in a black mood; he did not speak; his blue eyes were, by turns, strangely savage and strangely sorrowful. He had to go home at once, he said. He could not tell them now what the matter was, but he would write to them as soon as he could pluck up courage. He packed his luggage, and Kallem went to see him off.

A FEW days afterwards, Ragni received a letter from Karl. He was going to Berlin, he said, to take up the study of music seriously. And then, for four pages, he talked about his prospects. But there was another page, a loose one, on which was written in red ink: "Read this when you are alone."

"I have decided, Ragni," Karl wrote, "that it would be wisest to tell you why I left so suddenly. Someone has started a dreadful slander against us. If I do not now tell you, you will hear it from the lips of some enemy. Ah, God! that I should have brought this upon you!

Love you? Of course I love you! How could I help doing so, after all your kindness to me? And as for Edward, I worship the ground he treads on. He is the noblest man I have ever met. But do not show him this letter. Now that I have gone away, it may all blow over."

Kallem did not get home from the hospital that night until eight o'clock. When he came home, his wife was lying in bed with a headache. She did not get up the next morning. She was in bed several days. When at last she got up, her husband noticed that she had grown very thin; her face had a tired, delicate expression; there were dark rings around her sweet eyes, and she was troubled with a cough.

III—The Fell Work of Slander

RAGNI now did not stir outside her own door. She longed for fresh air, but she would not go out into the town for fear of the cruel, curious eyes of the scandal-mongers. Sören Kule haunted her. His house overlooked her garden, and she got the strange fancy into her head that he was always sitting at the window blindly listening for her. So she never even went for a walk in the park-like grounds which Kallem had purchased wholly for her pleasure.

The poison of scandal had done its work. Her husband, unfortunately, never suspected that she was really ill; he had a deep longing for a child of his marriage and, misled by too eager a hope, he misinterpreted the strange alteration in his wife's health.

But one evening when she coughed, some blood came up. Kallem saw it, and the hideous truth came upon him in a blinding flash. It was the terrible disease which he had spent the greater part of his fortune in fighting against. Tuberculosis! But how was it that it had come so suddenly and ravaged her dear, sweet, tender body so furiously? She was in a galloping consumption, and the end was not far off . . . a few weeks . . . a few days, perhaps.

"Darling," he said, coming to her bedside one day, "isn't there some secret you would like to confide in me—some secret that has been hurting and distressing you? Tell me, dearest, for I shall have no peace until I know it."

"I will tell you," she said. "I have just been thinking about it. You will find some papers in my writing-table—they are all for you. Read them, dear, when——" she broke off abruptly—"by and by. You will understand that it was for your sake I kept it secret."

He went downstairs, and in the writing-table he found Karl's letter. Horror, indignation and helplessness overcame him. Why had he not known of this in time? He would have gone to every soul in the town and told them that they lied.

"Ay," he said, "I will tell them so yet. They have murdered her—cowardly murdered her! Ah, God, I have spent my life and my fortune in my endeavours to benefit them and there's not one of them—not one—honest enough to tell me to defend my wife's good name!"

What drove him almost to madness was that there was none he could go to and take by the throat, exclaiming: "You have done this! You are answerable to me for this!" Still, there was one who stood apart from the others—Josephine. Josephine had not invented the slander; that was not her way. But she would believe what was invented when it concerned anyone she disliked. And how she disliked Ragni! Yes, it was Josephine and her hypocrite of a husband who had laid his darling open to this sort of attack. Very well! Everything else was gone—his joy in life, his interest in science and his love of mankind. But he still had something to live for—vengeance.

As he was sitting one evening by the bedside of his wife the door opened and Karl Meek came into the room. "Is she dead?" said the boy. Ragni heard the question. She looked up and tried to smile. Her eyes rested for a moment on Karl and then remained on her husband. A moment after she was dead.

Josephine was surprised to hear that Karl Meek was the only person whom her brother allowed to follow the coffin of his dead wife. Did that mean that Edward

did not suspect him? Or, more likely, that he had forgiven him? Ah, if one could be as good as that!

"God's way with sinners," said Tuft, "may seem cruel, but it is really kind and merciful. The death of that woman will work for Edward's good. Of course, he feels it keenly now, but he will get over it. It is a blessing in disguise."

As soon as Tuft uttered these words he felt the sheer brutality of them. By a strange irony of fate, his own child had fallen ill about the time that Ragni took to her bed, and the minister and his wife were now talking over the couch of their suffering little boy. Something was wrong with his chest and Josephine would have liked to call in her clever brother in place of the ordinary family doctor, but she would not humble herself to beg his help. Perhaps it was the shock of her husband's words that aroused her, but that night the springs of her nature were strangely opened. She came downstairs in her night-dress to Tuft's bed, and awoke him. Her eyes were fixed in a blank stare.

"I can't sleep, Ole," she whispered. "I want to warn you. That woman—Edward's wife—is trying to take away our boy. We have been too hard on her—too hard. Now she will make us pay for it."

"You are not yourself, Josephine," said Tuft, rising up and dressing himself hastily. "I will fetch the doctor."

"No, no!" she cried. "Ask Edward to come."

Tuft did not dare do this himself, but he got his doctor to approach Kallem, who made an appointment to examine the child early next morning. Josephine shrieked when she saw him. Under the stress of mental suffering the flesh on his face had wasted to the bone; he was the image of death. Without speaking to either of the parents he went to the child, tapped its chest lightly here and there and then said something to the doctor and went out.

"He has gone to get his instruments," the doctor whispered. "An operation must be performed at once."

Josephine did not speak, neither did Tuft. They had been watching Kallem's face as he bent over their boy and in it they seemed to read the sentence of death. They had called him in too late.

They were mistaken. Edward Kallem came hurrying back with a staff of trained assistants. Tuft and Josephine were locked outside their child's room. An hour afterwards the door was opened. The boy's life was saved. This they learnt from their own doctor, but Kallem himself departed without even speaking to them.

IV—The Reconciliation

THAT night, over the body of the sleeping child, Ole Tuft at last dealt sternly and truly with himself. Three times, in the course of the day, had he gone to Kallem's house to thank him for saving his boy's life. But Kallem had refused to see him. At the third refusal Tuft understood. If ever he entered his brother-in-law's house he would enter it a changed man. He was now vowing that he would begin this new life by uniting Edward and Josephine. It was his jealousy, he admitted to himself, which had been the root of all the mischief.

Edward had been his hero, too, in his younger days, and it was this common worship of a nobler and more gifted nature which had brought him and Josephine together. Why had he not let it remain the base of their intercourse? Their marriage would then have been a happy one, and his own life would have been filled with larger thoughts and more generous feelings.

While Pastor Tuft was meditating, his wife was acting. She, too, had been refused admittance to her brother's house. So she was writing to him. For whatever wrong they might have done, she said, they wished to make amends. But surely they were worthy to be accused? Would he not, then, tell them plainly what they had done to make him so angry?

Some days afterwards, Josephine received a large envelope, addressed to her by her brother. But she was surprised, on opening it, to find that it was full of papers in two strange handwritings. They were letters to Kallem, from Ragni and Karl Meek. Josephine trembled as she looked at them. She began by chance with Meek's letters. Ragni innocent?

Good God! was she innocent? Yes! Now she understood why Edward had driven away on the day of the funeral with only Karl Meek by his side; but she could not understand how he had survived it.

The servant knocked at her bedroom door, saying that supper was ready.

"No, no!" she managed to exclaim, as she writhed in shame and sorrow. She must go at once to her brother if she had to go to him on her knees. Here were Ragni's letters. Some of them were early love letters. There had been no misconduct. Her chivalrous brother and the sweet, gentle woman whom he had rescued from a horrible fate had lived apart from one another in America until the day of their marriage.

JOSEPHINE slipped from the chair down upon her knees, weeping and sobbing.

Then she forced herself to silence, so that no one might discover her crouching there in the shame of her crime. She had murdered her brother's wife—not by words, but by her silence! Yes, she was a murderess! Well, let Edward deal with her as he thought fit!

She ran wildly out of the house into the dark, rainy street, past her husband's church, past the white wall of Sören Kule's dwelling. Her brother was standing in the open door, surrounded by trunks and boxes. Was he thinking of going away? The tears streamed down her face.

"Edward!"

She could get no further. He drew himself upright, his face white and stern.

"You shall never enter here!" he said, with a break in his voice.

He bent down to do up a trunk. When he got up she was gone. With a fierce look in his eyes, he continued his preparations. He meant to catch the first train the next morning and get at once far away from his native town. When everything was ready, he locked the front door and went to bed. But he could not sleep. Twice in the night the door-bell rang, but he would not open the door. It rang a third time, and kept on ringing; and at last he got out of bed. It was Ole Tuft. His face was ghastly.

"Where is my wife, Edward Kallem? What have you done with my wife?" he moaned.

"Ragni's grave," said Kallem. "She is there, I think."

And then he slammed the door to. Just as dawn was breaking, the bell rang again. Kallem went into the hall, and saw that two pieces of paper had been thrust through the letter-box. On one Tuft had written: "She was not there, Edward; she was not there. I found this note on my writing-table among the letters you sent her. Oh, Edward, it was not like you to send her away!" On the other piece of paper Josephine had written: "Read these, Ole, and you will understand all. For my life's sake, I am now going to my brother!"

"For my life's sake!" Kallem shivered as he read it and all his old love for his sister came back to him. Had he killed her? She had wronged Ragni, true; but it was merely out of jealousy. Jealousy because he had made Ragni all in all to him and left her out of his life. Ah, he, too, was guilty! All her life long Josephine had looked up to him and worshipped him. Then he had come back from America and cast her off, for one who was not worthy of him, so it seemed to her. And in his fierce pride he had refused, until it was too late, to reveal to her the fine character of his wife.

HE rushed out of the door, resolved to search the whole town through to find what had become of her. She was sitting on the steps of the house. As she saw him, she crouched down like a wounded bird, which cannot get away, yet must not be seen. He took her up into his arms and carried her indoors.

"Let me stay, Edward—let me stay!" she said.

He bent over her and kissed her.

"God's ways! God's ways!" said Ole Tuft, as he and Edward and Josephine walked slowly towards his house through the empty streets in the early morning.

"But I still cannot share your faith," Kallem said.

"It matters not," said the minister. "There, where good people walk, are God's ways."

IMMANUEL KANT

THE CRITIQUE OF PRACTICAL REASON

PUBLISHED in 1788, Kant's Critique of Practical Reason is one of the most striking disquisitions in the whole range of German metaphysical literature. This is the treatise which forms the central focus of Kant's thinking. It stands midway between the Critique of Pure Reason (see pages 2159 to 2163) and the Critique of Judgement. Herein Kant takes up the position of a vindicator of the truth of Christianity, approaching his proof of its validity and authority by first establishing positive affirmations of the immortality of the soul and the existence of God. It also includes a theory of happiness and an argument concerning the *summum bonum* of life, the special aim being to demonstrate that man should not simply seek to be happy, but should, by absolute obedience to the moral law, seek to become worthy of that happiness which God can bestow.

I—Analytic of Practical Reason



PRACTICAL principles are propositions containing a general determination of the will. They are maxims, or subjective propositions, when expressing the will of an individual; objective, when they are valid expressions of the will of rational beings generally.

Practical principles which presuppose an object of desire are empirical, or experimental, and supply no practical laws. Reason, in the scope of a practical law, influences the will not by the medium of pleasure or pain. All rational beings necessarily wish for happiness, but they are not all agreed either as to the means to attain it, or as to the objects of their enjoyment of it. To discover any law which would bring all men into harmony is absolutely impossible.

One of the problems of practical reason is to find the law which can necessarily determine the will, assuming that the will is free. The solution of this problem is to be found in action according to the moral law. We should so act that the maxim of our will can always be valid as a principle of universal legislation. Experience shows how the moral consciousness determines freedom of the will.

Suppose that someone affirms of his inclination for sensual pleasure that he cannot possibly resist temptation to indulgence. If a gallows were erected at the place where he is tempted on which he should be hanged immediately after satiating his passions, would he not be able to control his inclination? We need not long doubt what would be his answer.

But ask him, if his sovereign commanded him to bear false witness against an honourable man, under penalty of death, whether he would hold it possible to conquer his love of life. He might not venture to say what he would choose, but he would certainly admit that it is possible to make choice. Thus, he judges that he can choose to do a thing because he is conscious of moral obligation, and he thus recognizes for himself a freedom of will of which, but for the moral law, he would never have been conscious.

We obtain the exact opposite of the principle of morality if we adopt the principle of personal private happiness as the determining motive of the will. This contradiction is not only logical, but also practical. For morality would be totally destroyed were not the voice of reason as clear and penetrating in relation to the will, even to the most ordinary men.

If one of your friends, after bearing false witness against you, attempted to justify his base conduct by enumerating the advantages which he had thus secured for himself and by declaring that thus he performed a true human duty, you would either laugh him to scorn or turn from him in horror. And yet, if a man acts for his own selfish ends, you have not the slightest objection to such behaviour.

Morality and Happiness

THE maxim of self love simply advises ; the law of morality commands. There is a vast difference between what we are advised and what we are obliged to do. No practical laws can be based on the principle of happiness, even on that of universal happiness, for the knowledge of this happiness rests on merely empirical or experimental data, every man's ideas of it being conditioned only on his individual opinion. Therefore, this principle of happiness cannot prescribe rules for all rational beings.

But the moral law demands prompt obedience from everyone, and thus even the most ordinary intelligence can discern what should be done. Everyone has power to comply with the dictates of morality, but even with regard to any single aim it is not easy to satisfy the vague precept of happiness. Nothing could be more absurd than a command that everyone should make himself happy, for one never commands anyone to do what he inevitably wishes to do. Finally, in the idea of our practical reason, there is something which accompanies the violation of a moral law —namely, its demerit, with the consciousness that punishment is a natural consequence. Therefore, punishment should be connected in the idea of practical reason with crime, by the principles of moral legislation.

Analysis of Principles

THE practical material principles of determination constituting the basis of morality may be thus classified.

1. SUBJECTIVE.—External : Education ; the civil constitution. Internal : Physical feeling ; moral feeling.

2. OBJECTIVE.—Internal : Perfection. External : Will of God.

The subjective elements are all experimental, or empirical, and cannot supply the universal principle of morality, though they are expounded in that sense by such writers as Montaigne, Mandeville, Epicurus and Hutcheson.

But the objective elements, as enunciated and expounded by Wolf and the Stoics, and by Crusius and other theological moralists, are founded on reason, for absolute perfection as a quality of things (that is, God Himself) can only be thought of by rational concepts.

The concept of perfection in a practical sense is the adequacy of a thing for various ends. As a human quality (and so internal) this is simply talent, and what completes it is skill. But supreme perfection in substance, that is, God Himself, and therefore external (considered practically), is the adequacy of this being for all purposes. All the principles above classified are material, and so can never furnish the supreme moral law. For even the Divine will can supply a motive in the human mind because of the expectation of happiness from it.

Therefore, the formal practical principle of the pure reason insists that the mere form of a universal legislation must constitute the ultimate determining principle of the will. Here is the only possible practical principle which is sufficient to furnish categorical imperatives, that is, practical laws which make action a duty.

It follows from this analytic that pure reason cannot be practical. It can determine the will independently of all merely experimental elements.

There is a remarkable contrast between the working of the pure speculative reason and that of the pure practical reason. In the former—as was shown in the treatise on that subject—a pure, sensible intuition of time and space made knowledge possible, though knowledge only of objects of the senses.

On the contrary, the moral law brings before us a fact absolutely inexplicable from any of the data of the world of sense. And the entire range of our theoretical use of reason indicates a pure world of understanding, which even positively determines it, and enables us to know something of it—namely, a law.

We must observe the distinction between the laws of a system of nature to which the will is subject, and of a system of nature which is subject to the will. In the former, the objects cause the ideas which determine the will ; in the latter, the objects are caused by the will. Hence, causality of the will has its determining principle exclusively in the faculty of pure reason, which may, therefore, also be called a pure practical reason.

The moral law is a law of the causality through freedom, and therefore of the possibility of a super-sensible system of nature. It determines the will by imposing on its maxim the condition of a universal legislative form, and thus it is able for the first time to impart practical reality to reason, which otherwise would continue to be transcendent when seeking to proceed speculatively with its ideas.

Thus the moral law induces a stupendous change. It changes the transcendent use of reason into the immanent use. And in result reason itself becomes, by its ideas, an efficient cause in the field of experience.

Hume and Scepticism

It may be said of David Hume that he initiated the attack on pure reason. My own labours in the investigation of this subject were occasioned by his sceptical teaching. He argued that without experience it is impossible to know the difference between one thing and another; that is, we can know *a priori*, and, therefore, the notion of a cause is fictitious and illusory, arising only from the habit of observing certain things associated with each in a succession of connexions.

On such principles we can never come to any conclusion as to causes and effects. We can never predict a consequence from any of the known attributes of things. We can never say of any event that it must *necessarily* have followed from another; that is, that it must have had an antecedent cause. And we could never lay down a rule derived even from the greatest number of observations. Hence we must trust entirely to blind chance, abolishing all reason, and such a surrender establishes empiricism in an impregnable citadel.

Mathematics escaped Hume, because he considered that its propositions were analytical, proceeding from one determination to another, by reason of identity contained in each. But this is not really so, for, on the contrary, they are synthetical, the results depending ultimately on the assent of observers as witnesses to the universality of propositions.

My investigations led me to the conclusion that the objects with which we are familiar are by no means things in themselves, but are simply phenomena, connected in a certain way with experience. So that without contradiction they cannot be separated from that connexion. Only by that experience can they be recognized. I was able to prove the objective reality of the concept of cause in regard to objects of experience, and to demonstrate its origin from pure understanding, without experimental or empirical sources.

Thus, I first destroyed the source of scepticism, and then the resulting scepticism itself. And thus was subverted the thorough doubt as to whatever theoretic reason claims to perceive, as well as the claim of Hume that the concept of causality involved something absolutely unthinkable.

Good and Evil

By a concept of practical reason, I understand the representation to the mind of an object as an effect possible to be produced through freedom. The only objects of practical reason are *good* and *evil*. For by 'good' we understand an object necessarily desired and by 'evil' one necessarily abhorred, reason actuating the mind in each case.

In the common use of language we uniformly distinguish between the 'good' and the 'pleasant,' the 'evil' and the 'unpleasant,' good and evil being judged by reason alone. The judgement on the relation of means to ends certainly belongs to reason. But 'good' or 'evil' always implies only a reference to the 'will,' as resolved by the law of reason, to make something its object.

Thus good and evil properly relate to actions, not to personal sensations. Hence, only the maxim of the will, and consequently the person himself, can be called good or evil, not the thing itself.

The Stoic was right, even though he might be laughed at, who during violent attacks of gout exclaimed, 'Pain, I will never admit that thou art an evil!' What he felt was indeed what we call a bad thing; but he had no reason to admit that any evil attached thereby to himself, for the pain did not in the least detract from his personal worth, but only from that of his condition. If a single lie had been on his conscience it would have humiliated his soul; but pain seemed

only to elevate it, when he was not conscious of having deserved it as a punishment for any unjust deed.

The rule of judgement subject to the laws of pure practical reason is this: Ask whether if the action you propose were to happen by a natural system of law, of which you were yourself a part, you could regard it as possible by your own will? In fact, everyone does decide by this rule whether actions are morally good or evil.

II—Dialectic of Practical Reason

The Immortality of the Soul

PURE practical reason postulates the immortality of the soul, for reason in the pure and practical sense aims at the perfect good (*summum bonum*), and this perfect good is only possible on the supposition of the soul's immortality. It is the moral law which determines the will, and in this will the perfect harmony of the mind with the moral law is the supreme condition of the *summum bonum*.

The principle of the moral destination of our nature—that only by endless progress can we come into full harmony with the moral law—is of the greatest use, not only for fortifying the speculative reason, but also with respect to religion. In default of this, either the moral law is degraded from its holiness, being represented as indulging our convenience, or else men strain after an unattainable aim, hoping to gain absolute holiness of will, thus losing themselves in fanatical theosophic dreams utterly contradicting self-knowledge.

For a rational, but finite, being the only possibility is an endless progression from the lower to the higher degrees of perfection. The Infinite Being, to whom the time condition is nothing, sees in this endless succession the perfect harmony with the moral law.

The Existence of God

THE pure practical reason must also postulate the existence of God as the necessary condition of the attainment of the *summum bonum*. As the perfect good can only be promoted by accordance of the will with the moral law, so also this *summum bonum* is possible only through the supremacy of an Infinite Being possessed of causality harmonising with morality. But the postulate of the highest derived good (sometimes denominated the best world) coincides with the postulate of a highest original good, or of the existence of God.

We now perceive why the Greeks could never solve their problem of the possibility of the *summum bonum*, because they made the freedom of the human will the only and all-sufficient ground of happiness, imagining there was no need for the existence of God for that end. Christianity alone affords an idea of the *summum bonum* which answers fully to the requirement of practical reason. That idea is the Kingdom of God.

The holiness which the Christian law requires makes essential an infinite progress. But just for that very reason it justifies in man the hope of endless existence. And it is only from an Infinite Supreme Being, morally perfect, holy, good and with an omnipotent will, that we can hope, by accord with His will, to attain the *summum bonum*, which the moral law enjoins on us as our duty to seek ever to attain.

The moral law does not enjoin on us to render ourselves happy, but instructs us how to become worthy of happiness. Morality must never be regarded as a doctrine of happiness, or direction how to become happy, its province being to inculcate the rational condition of happiness, not the means of attaining it. God's design in creating the world is not primarily the happiness of the rational beings in it, but the *summum bonum*, which super-adds another condition to that desire of human beings, namely, the condition of deserving such happiness. That is to say, the morality of rational beings is a condition which alone includes the rule by observing which they can hope to participate in happiness at the hand of an all-wise Creator.

The highest happiness can only be conceived as possible under conditions harmonising with the divine holiness. Thus they are right who make the glory

of God the chief end of creation. For beyond all else that can be conceived, that glorifies God which is the most estimable thing in the whole world, honour for His command and obedience to His law, when to this is added His glorious design to crown so beauteous an order of things with happiness corresponding.

Conclusion

Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing wonder the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me. I need not search for them, and vaguely guess concerning them, as if they were veiled in darkness or hidden in the infinite altitude. I see them before me, and link them immediately with the consciousness of my existence. The former begins from the spot I occupy in the outer world of sense, and enlarges my connexion with it to a boundless extent with worlds upon worlds and systems of systems.

The second begins with my invisible self, my personality, and places me in a truly infinite world traceable only by the understanding, with which I perceive I am in an universal and necessary connexion, as I am also thereby with all those visible worlds.

This view infinitely elevates my value as an intelligence by my personality, in which the moral law reveals to me a life independent of the animal and even the whole material world, and reaching by destiny into the infinite.

But though admiration may stimulate inquiry, it cannot compensate for the want of it. The contemplation of the world, beginning with the most magnificent spectacle possible, ended in astrology; and morality, beginning with the noblest attribute of human nature, ended in superstition. But after reason was applied to careful examination of the phenomena of nature a clear and unchangeable insight was secured into the system of the world. We may entertain the hope of a like good result in treating of the moral capacities of our nature by the help of the moral judgement of reason.

A Pupil's Homage to a Great Schoolmaster

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY

THE LIFE OF THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

No man was better fitted to pay tribute to the memory of Dr. Arnold than Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, who, when at Rugby, was the great headmaster's favourite pupil. George Arthur in Tom Brown's Schooldays is a picture of Stanley as a schoolboy. His thought, even when he was recognized as one of the foremost scholars of his day, was always in harmony with that of Arnold, and this enabled him to make the Life of Arnold one of the most sympathetic, and therefore one of the most charming biographies in the English language. He emphasises—perhaps over-emphasises—the influential part played by the headmaster in the movement for the reform of the morals and educational methods of public schools, but does not attempt to express any definite opinion of his own as to the real value of the reformer's work. The most attractive parts of Stanley's book, however, are those in which he describes Dr. Arnold's everyday life. Stanley also wrote important historical and theological works.

I—Youth and Early Manhood



Thomas Arnold, seventh child and youngest son of William and Martha Arnold, was born June 13, 1795, at East Cowes, Isle of Wight, where his father was collector of customs. His early education was undertaken by a sister; and in 1803 he was sent to Warminster School, in Wiltshire. In 1807 he went to Winchester where, having entered as a commoner and afterwards become a scholar of the college, he remained till 1811.

He was then, as always, of a shy and retiring disposition; but his manner as a child and till his entrance at Oxford was marked by a stiffness and formality, the very reverse of the joyousness and simplicity of his later years. He was unlike

those of his own age, and the tone and style of his early letters are such as might have been produced by living chiefly with his elders and reading, or hearing read, books suited to a more advanced age.

The beginning of some of his later interests may be traced in his earlier amusements and occupations. He never lost the recollection of the impression produced upon him by the excitement of naval and military affairs, of which he naturally saw and heard much by living at Cowes in the time of the Napoleonic war; and with his playmates he would sail rival toy fleets or act the battles of the Homeric heroes. He was extremely fond of ballad poetry, and his earliest compositions all ran in that direction. At Winchester he was noted for his forwardness in history and geography; and there also he gave indications of that mnemonic faculty which later showed itself in minute details.

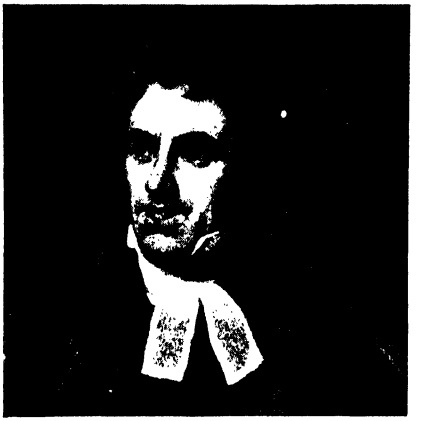
In 1811 he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; in 1814 he took a first class in classics; in 1815 he was made a Fellow of Oriel; and he gained the Chancellor's prizes for the Latin and English essays in 1815 and 1817. During his later time at Oxford he took private pupils and read extensively in the libraries. Meanwhile, he had been led gradually to fix on his future life course. In December 1818 he was ordained deacon, and next year he settled at Laleham where, in August 1820 he married Mary Penrose, daughter of the rector of Fledborough, Notts. At Laleham he remained for nine years, coaching private pupils for the universities. Here were born six of his nine children; the youngest three, besides one who died in infancy, were born at Rugby. During this period an essential change and growth of Arnold's character became manifest. The warm feelings of his youth gave place to the fixed earnestness and devotion which henceforth took possession of him. His former indolent habits, his morbid restlessness and occasional weariness of duty, indulgence of vague schemes without definite purpose, intellectual doubts as to accepted religious beliefs—all seemed to have vanished for ever.

It was now that the religious aspect of his character came to be emphasised. In common acts of life, public and private, the depths of his religious convictions very visibly appeared. And while it is impossible to understand his religious belief except through the knowledge of his life and writings on ordinary subjects, it is impossible, on the other hand, to understand his life and writings without bearing in mind how vivid was his realization of those truths of religion on which he most habitually dwelt. It was this which enabled him to undertake labours which, without such a power, must have crushed or enfeebled the spiritual growth which in him they seemed only to foster. His letters at this time show better than anything else how he was, though unconsciously to himself, maturing for the arduous duties he afterwards undertook.

II—Headmaster of Rugby

Arnold was not without his visions of ambition and extensive influence from the first, but he liked Laleham and always looked back with fond regret to his time there. 'I have always thought,' he wrote in 1823, 'with regard to ambition, that I should like to be *aut Caesar, aut nullus*; and as it is pretty well settled for me that I shall not be Caesar, I am quite content to live in peace as *nullus*.' But the fates had ordered it otherwise. Friends had long been urging him to seek a larger sphere of usefulness; and when, in August 1827, the headmastership of Rugby became vacant, he applied for the post.

He himself had little hope of success. The testimonials he sent in were few, but all spoke strongly of his qualifications. Among them was a letter from Dr. Hawkins, the future Provost of Oriel, in which the prediction was made that if Arnold were elected he would change the face of education throughout the public schools of England. The impression produced upon the trustees by this letter and by the other testimonials was such that Arnold was immediately appointed. In June 1828 he received priest's orders; in April and November of the same year took his degrees of B.D. and D.D., and in August entered on his new office.



THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.
From the portrait by Thomas Phillips, R.A

The post was in many respects suited to his natural tastes—to his love of tuition; to the vigour and spirits which fitted him rather to deal with the young than the old; to the desire of carrying out his favourite ideas of uniting things secular with things spiritual. He had not, however, accepted it without grave deliberation. In a private letter he says:

> I confess that I should very much object to undertake a charge in which I was not invested with pretty full discretion. According to my notions of what large schools are, founded on all I know and all I have ever heard of them, expulsion should be practised much oftener than it is. Now, I know that trustees, in general, are averse to this plan, because it has a tendency to lessen the numbers of the school, and they regard quantity more than quality. In fact, my opinions on this point might, perhaps, generally be considered as disqualifying me for the situation of master of a great school; yet I could not consent to tolerate much that I know is tolerated generally, and, therefore, I should not like to enter on an office which I could not discharge according to my own views of what is right.

At Rugby, Arnold from the first maintained that in the actual working of the school he must be completely independent and that the remedy of the trustees, if they were dissatisfied, was not interference, but dismissal. The remonstrances which he encountered, particularly from his fixed determination always to get rid of unpromising subjects, were vehement and numerous; but he repeatedly declared that on no other conditions could he hold his appointment, or justify the existence of the public school system in a Christian country.

'My object,' he wrote, just before taking up duty, 'will be, if possible, to form Christian men, for Christian boys I can scarcely hope to make; I mean that, from the natural imperfect state of boyhood, they are not susceptible of Christian principles in their full development upon their practice, and I suspect that a low standard of morals in many respects must be tolerated amongst them, as it was on a larger scale in what I consider the boyhood of the human race.'

This is the keynote of his whole system. As he put it, what he looked for in the school was, first, religious and moral principles; second, gentlemanly conduct; and third, intellectual ability. Intellectual training was never for a moment underrated, but he always thought first of his charges as schoolboys who must grow up to be Christian men. For cleverness as such, Arnold had no regard. 'Mere intellectual acuteness,' he used to say, 'divested as it is, in too many cases, of all that is comprehensive and great and good, is to me more revolting than the most helpless imbecility, seeming to be almost like the spirit of Mephistopheles.'

A MERE plodding boy was, above all others, encouraged by him. At Laleham he had once got out of patience and spoken sharply to a pupil of this kind, when the pupil looked up in his face and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best that I can." Years afterwards he used to tell the story to his children and said, "I never felt so much ashamed in my life—that look and that speech I have never forgotten." And though it would, of course, happen that clever boys, from a greater sympathy with his understanding, would be brought into closer intercourse with him, this did not affect his feeling of respect, and even of reverence, for those who, without ability, were distinguished for high principle and industry. 'If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers where they have been honestly, truly and zealously cultivated.'

III—As Teacher and Preacher

ARNOLD had always been painfully impressed by the evils of the public school system, according to which a number of boys are left to form an independent society of their own, in which the influence they exert over each other is far greater than that exerted by the masters. He writes, in 1837:

> Of all the painful things connected with my employment, nothing is equal to the grief of seeing a boy come to school innocent and promising, and tracing the corruption of his character from the influence of the temptations around him, in the very place which ought to have strengthened and improved it. But in most cases those who come with a character of positive good are benefited; it is the neutral and indecisive characters which are apt to be decided for evil by schools, as they would be, in fact, by any other temptation.

This very feeling led him to catch with eagerness at every means by which the trial might be shortened or alleviated. He believed that the change from childhood to manhood might be hastened without prematurely exhausting the faculties of body and mind. He desired the boys to cultivate true manliness as the only step to something higher. He treated them as gentlemen and appealed and trusted to their common sense and conscience.

Lying to the masters he made a grave offence. He placed implicit confidence in a boy's assertion and then, if a falsehood were discovered, punished it severely. In the higher forms any attempt at further proof of an assertion was immediately checked. 'If you say so, that is quite enough; of course, I believe your word'; and there grew up in consequence a general feeling that 'it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie: he always believed you.' Few scenes can be recorded more characteristic of him than when, in consequence of a disturbance, he had been obliged to send away several boys and when, in the midst of the general spirit of discontent which this excited, he stood before the assembled school and said, 'It is *not* necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.'

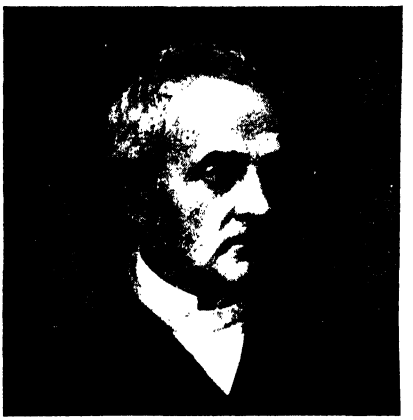
Arnold's method of teaching was founded on the principle of awakening the intellect of every individual boy. Hence it was his practice to teach by questioning. As a general rule, he never gave information, except as a kind of reward for an answer, and often withheld it altogether, from a sense that those whom he was addressing had not sufficient interest or sympathy to entitle them to receive it. His explanations were as short as possible—enough to dispose of the difficulty and no more; and his questions were of a kind to call the attention of the boys to the real point of every subject, and to disclose to them the exact boundaries of what they knew or did not know. With regard to the younger boys, he said: 'It is a great mistake to think that they should *understand* all they learn; for God has ordered that in youth the memory should act vigorously, independent of the understanding—whereas a man cannot usually recollect a thing unless he understands it.'

AT Rugby he made it an essential part of the headmaster's office to preach a sermon every Sunday in the school chapel. 'The veriest stranger,' he said, 'who ever attends service in this chapel does well to feel something more than common interest in the sight of the congregation here assembled. But if the sight so interests a mere stranger, what should it be to ourselves, both to you and to me?' More than either matter or manner of his preaching was the impression of himself. Even the mere readers of his sermons will derive from them the history of his whole mind and of his whole management of the school. But to his hearers it was more than this. It was the man himself, there more than in any other place, concentrating all his various faculties and feelings on one sole object, combating face to face the evil with which, directly or indirectly, he was elsewhere perpetually struggling.

His personal interest in the boys was always strong. 'Do you see,' he on one occasion said to an assistant-master who had recently come, 'those two boys walking together? I never saw them together before; you should make an especial point of observing the company they keep; nothing so tells the changes in a boy's character.'

IV—Influence of the Great Teacher

BUT the impression which Arnold produced upon the boys was derived not so much from any immediate intercourse or conversation with them as from the general influence of his whole character, displayed consistently whenever he appeared before them. This influence



ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY was born at Alderley, Cheshire, December 13, 1815. He was educated at Rugby and Oxford, where he won distinction by his scholarship, and was elected Fellow of University College. He took orders, and in 1851 was made a canon of Canterbury. In 1850 he became professor of ecclesiastical history at Oxford. Stanley travelled considerably, and in 1862 accompanied the Prince of Wales to Palestine. In 1863 he married Lady Augusta Bruce, and in 1864 was appointed Dean of Westminster. Stanley's broad church views made him conspicuous, and throughout his life he favoured all liberal movements in theology. He died on July 18, 1881.

with its consequent effects, was gradually on the increase during the whole of his stay. From the earliest period, indeed, the boys were conscious of something unlike what they had been taught to imagine of a schoolmaster and by many a lasting regard was contracted for him. In the higher forms, at least, it became the fashion, so to speak, to think and talk of him with pride and affection. As regards the permanent effects of his whole system, it may be said that not so much among his own pupils, or in the scene of his actual labours, as in every public school throughout England is to be sought the chief and enduring monument of Arnold's headmastership at Rugby.

Of Arnold's general life at Rugby there is no need to say much; for although the school did not occupy his whole energies' it is almost solely by his school work that he is remembered. He took a not unimportant part in the political and theological discussions of his time, and various literary enterprises also engaged his attention. In theology he entertained very broad views. One great principle he advocated with intense earnestness was that a Christian people and a Christian Church should be synonymous.

He was convinced that the founders of our constitution in Church and State did truly consider them to be identical; the Christian nation of England to be the Church of England; the head of that nation to be, for that very reason, the head of the Church. This view placed him in antagonism to the High Church party; but, as a matter of fact, he neither belonged, nor felt himself to belong, to any section of the English clergy. Politically, he held himself to be a strong Whig; but that he was not, in the common sense of the word, a member of any party is shown by the readiness with which all parties alike, according to the fashion of the time, claimed or renounced him as an associate.

ARNOLD did not like the flat scenery of Warwickshire. He described himself as 'in it like a plant sunk in the ground in a pot.' His holidays were always spent away from Rugby, either on the Continent, or, in later years, at his Westmorland home, Fox How, a small estate between Rydal and Ambleside, which he purchased in 1832. He was just about to leave Rugby for Fox How when his life was mournfully and suddenly ended by an attack of angina pectoris, on June 12, 1842. Only the year before he had been appointed by Lord Melbourne Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford.

Arnold's principal works are six volumes of sermons, a three-volume edition of Thucydides, the Oxford Lectures on Modern History, and the three-volume History of Rome, which, by his unfortunate death, was broken off at the Second Punic War. To the last-named he looked as the chief monument of his historical fame.

PERCEVAL LANDON

LHASA

Outlined by the Author

HAVING proved his exceptional qualities as special correspondent to The Times during the South African War, Perceval Landon was invited by that journal to accompany as their representative the mission sent to Lhasa by the British Government in 1903-1904 under the command of Colonel Younghusband. One result of his experiences on that mission was Lhasa: An Account of the Country and People of Central Tibet, issued in 1905. The book, a fascinating narrative, is the standard work on that little known portion of the world. It is an enthralling account of beauties seen and age-long mysteries unveiled, for the Tibetans had closed their frontiers against all foreigners for more than a hundred years, and during that time only three foreigners are known to have set foot in Lhasa. The following epitome has been prepared for *The World's Great Books* by Mr. Perceval Landon himself, and is included by permission of Hurst & Blackett, who are the publishers of the work.

I—Why Younghusband Went to Lhasa



LHASA, the last virgin citadel of romance and mystery that remained in the world, was reached by the mission sent into Tibet by the English Government in the year 1904. At that time no living white man had seen this most sacred of all cities, though a score of intrepid explorers—Bower, Thorold, Rockhill, Henri d'Orléans, the two Stracheys, Dutreuil de Rhins, Rijnhart, Littledale, Prhevalsky, Kozlov, Pevtsov and, above all others, Sven Hedin—had for many years fruitlessly attempted to work their way to it across the desert plateaux of Central Asia.

The causes which led to the sending of Younghusband's mission to Lhasa in 1904 have been often mistaken or misrepresented, though they are clear enough. Chinese authority had been waning for some time in Tibet. The authorities in Lhasa were treating the Amban, or Chinese viceroy, with actual disrespect, and the suzerainty of China over the country was practically denied in all relations between Lhasa and Pekin.

This spirit of independence led the Dalai Lama, one of the two great spiritual pontiffs of Lamaism, and the centre of all temporal power in Tibet, to take a line of politics which the quasi-vassalage of Tibet to China had hitherto rendered impossible. Much against the wishes of his council—the four ministers known as Sha-pes—Tubdan Gyatso set himself to cultivate the only too willing sympathy of Russia, and at the same time to insult, both passively and actively, his great southern neighbour, the Indian Empire. His actual encroachment upon the frontier of Sikkim, and the removal of boundary posts, at last made it necessary for the viceroy, Lord Curzon, to take some steps. Insult was added to injury by the return, unopened, of his excellency's official letter of remonstrance.

The pledges of an earlier treaty, referring to trade between the two countries, had been glaringly infringed by Tibet and, to crown all, sure news reached Simla of the Dalai Lama's overtures to the Russian government carried on by a Buriat subject of Nicholas II, the famous Dorjieff. After this, it was necessary to come to some agreement with the Tibetan government and a small mission, with the most pacific intention, was sent into the country.

Nothing at the time was farther from the intention of the Indian government than that Lhasa itself should be visited. But the refusal of the Tibetans to treat with the king's representatives either at Kamba-jong, whither the mission first penetrated, or at Tuna, or at Gyantse, made it ultimately necessary for Francis Younghusband, escorted by a strong force under the command of Brigadier-General Macdonald, to penetrate to the Sacred City

itself before a satisfactory agreement could be signed.

The expedition started from the plains of India and at first made its way up through the exquisite valleys of Sikkim to the ice-bound passes of the Himalayas, traversing what is probably the most beautiful road that exists on earth. The road, in an English sense of the word, stopped soon above Gangtok, the capital of Sikkim. Beyond this it was a mere mule-track, sometimes a narrow 'trang' cut out of the rock, elsewhere it was a path on the hillside that a night's rain sent down the khud.

Once over the Natu-la, the track dropped down again into the Chumbi Valley, and after a delay for the purpose of collecting supplies, the escort to the mission set out across the Tang-la to rejoin Younghusband, who had gone on ahead, and passed the winter in the plain of Tuna.

Every effort had been made to induce the Tibetans to discuss the situation peacefully, but they refused to listen. The determination of the Indian government to come to a definite understanding with them was not, however, to be baulked thus, and Younghusband, after the foolish opposition of the Tibetan hierarchy had been brushed aside at the Hot Springs, moved on towards Gyantse on April 4, 1904, between the twin lakes of Bam and Kala. A second attempt to oppose the British advance was made at Red Idol Gorge but was easily overcome, and two days later the great town of Gyantse was surrendered to the force. Here the Englishmen set to work to entrench themselves in a well-built house at Chang-lo, less than a mile from the fort, or jong. This stronghold crowns a precipitous hill that rises from the plain and interposes itself between the road from India and Gyantse itself.

II—Gyantse

AFTER our arrival at Gyantse, the friendliest overtures were made to the Tibetan officials of the district and to the chiefs of the many monasteries near this great religious centre. These, on the whole, were responded to in a friendly manner and the members of the mission thus had for a few weeks an opportunity of mingling freely with these remote surviving representatives of a faith and of a civilization which must once have challenged the admiration of the East.

The great Lamasery of Gyantse is called Palkhorchoide. There is a curious thing about this monastery. Although it is subject to Lhasa and therefore a Yellow Cap foundation, representatives of all the recognized sects of the country are welcomed here. The Red Cap community, and even the outcast Black infidels, are allowed to enter and worship. Moreover, Gyantse is the centre of that advanced Lamaism known as the Tantric worship, which scandalises the orthodox Buddhist by recognition of the sixth anti-Buddha, Vajra Satwa, and the common decency of men by its gross obscenity. But the temple is of surpassing interest.

Passing an exquisitely painted 'Wheel of Life,' a visitor finds himself inside the central crimson-pillared hall of the main temple. Here the chief object is the great seated figure of Maitreya, the next and, in the belief of the orthodox, the last of the re-incarnations of the Master. This figure, curiously enough, is always represented as seated in European fashion, a tradition suggestive of the Lamaic belief that the end of the present age will be marked by the surrender of Buddhism into the hands of the 'Pilings,' or Western foreigners.

In a recess of each of three sides of the central hall are great seated images of incarnations of the Buddha. Sakya-muni himself is surrounded in the dark northern chapel by half-seen gigantic standing statues of Egyptian massiveness and simplicity, looming out of the obscurity with dignity and no small dramatic effect.

An expedition was made down the valley of Nyang-chu to Nyen-dé-kyi-buk, where the Buried Monks live out their wretched lives in darkness. The abbot led us into a small courtyard which had blank walls all round it, over which a peach tree reared its transparent pink and white against the sky. Almost on a level with the ground there was an opening closed with a flat stone from behind. In front of this window was a ledge eighteen inches in width, with two basins beside it, one at each end. The

abbot was attended by an acolyte who, by his master's orders, tapped three times sharply on the stone slab.

We stood in the little courtyard in the sun and watched that wicket with cold apprehension. I think, on the whole, it was the most uncanny thing I saw in all Tibet. What on earth was going to appear when that stone slab, which even then was beginning weakly to quiver, was pushed aside, the wildest conjecture could not suggest. After half a minute's pause the stone moved, or tried to move, but it came to rest again. Then, very slowly and uncertainly, it was pushed back, and a black chasm was revealed. There was again a pause of thirty seconds, during which imagination ran riot, but I do not think that any other thing could have been as intensely pathetic as that which we actually saw.

A hand, muffled in a tightly wound piece of dirty cloth, for all the world like the stump of an arm, was painfully thrust up, and very weakly it felt along the slab. After a fruitless fumbling, the hand slowly quivered back again into the darkness. A few moments later there was again an ineffectual effort, and then the stone slab moved noiselessly again across the opening. Once a day, water and an unleavened cake of flour are placed for the prisoner upon that slab, the signal is given and he may take them in. His diversion is over for the day; noon, sunset, and the dawn are all alike; and he, poor soul, had thought that another day of his long penance was over.

III—In the Forbidden City

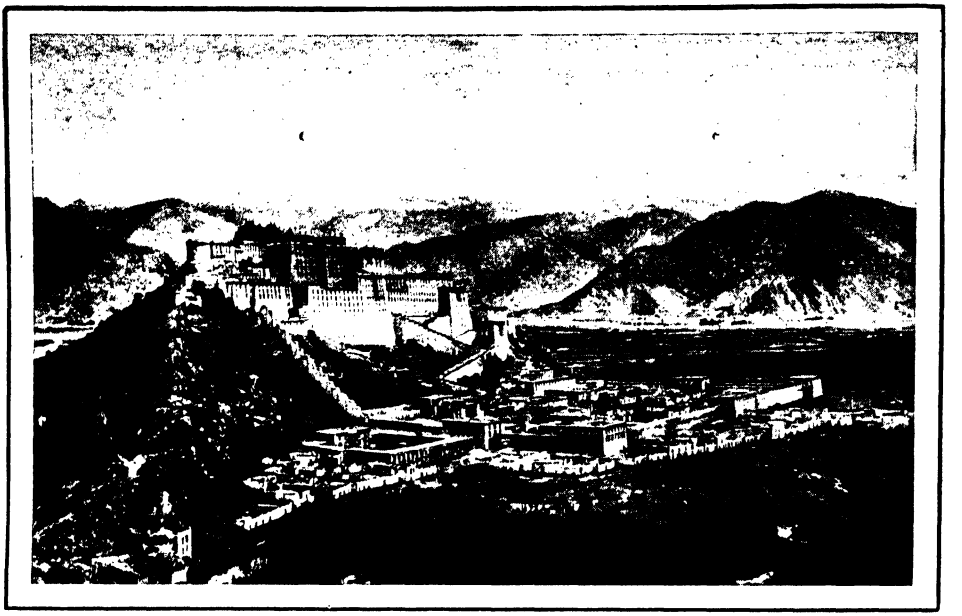
On June 26, Brigadier-General Macdonald arrived with reinforcements and a day or two later Gyantse jong [fort] was gallantly retaken. An end was thus put to the daily bombardment to which the mission post had been exposed for two months. Younghusband, who had announced to the Tibetan officials his intention of carrying out the instructions of the Indian government of proceeding to Lhasa should he fail to come to an agreement at Gyantse, was now compelled by their steady refusal to carry out his threat. A start was made on July 14. Once again we traversed the familiar road to Karo-la, beside which the vivid sky-blue Tibetan poppy here and there flowered in abundance.

No serious attempt at opposition was experienced by the force, and the Turquoise Lake (Yam-dok-tso), a strangely-shaped mass of lonely water among the snow-crowned Himalayan uplands, was soon reached. On this occasion the southern shores of this sacred water were seen for the first time by European eyes. Past Nagartse, where a last futile attempt to order the expedition back was made, past the Bridge of Good Luck, past Pedi and over the Kamba-la the mission moved forward, dropping down at last into the valley of the Tsang-po, the great river which, under the name of Brahmaputra, falls at last into the estuary of the Ganges.

The crossing of the rapid and eddying stream was carried out successfully near Chak-sam, where the iron chains which were slung in the fifteenth century and give the place its name, still swing, unrusted, across the main bed of the river. The force was carried across the river in the heavy but useful ferry-boats which, for some unexplained reason, the Tibetans had not taken the precaution to cut adrift. After a brief delay on the northern shore, the march to Lhasa was resumed along the valley of the Kyi-chu. At last the goal was reached.

You may see from afar the spot at which the first glance of the Potala may be obtained. Beside a barley field is a low, mud-coloured chorten and beside the chorten is a great heap of stones, cast together by pious pilgrims in gratitude for the glad sight. There is not much else to mark the place, but assuredly nothing more was needed on that day.

It was half-past one in the afternoon, and a light blue haze was settling down in between the ravines of the far-distant mountains that ringed in the plain to the east and nearer to hand on either side threw their spurs forward like giant buttresses from north to south. There was a smell of fresh spring earth and the little rustle of a faint wind in the heads of barley; the sun was merciless in a whitened sky wherein from horizon to



THE MECCA OF THE BUDDHIST FAITH, SHOWING THE POTALA OR PALACE CITADEL

horizon there was never a flush of blue. It was all common, and yet the hour teemed with a fierce interest of a kind that no man will perhaps ever feel again. I took off my smoked-glass spectacles to see the clearer and it was bright indeed. Then as we rode on, it came.

In the far, far distance, across and beyond those flat fields of barley, marked here and there by the darker line of low-wooded plantations, a grey pyramid painfully disengaged itself from behind the outer point of the grey concealing spur—Lhasa. There at last it was, the never-reached goal of so many weary wanderers, the home of all the occult mysticism that still remains on earth. The light waves of mirage dissolving impalpably just shook the far outlines of the golden roofs and dimly-seen white terraces. I do not think any one of us said much. Life seemed very full; but the fact of achievement seemed remote and impossible. Still, there it was. There was Lhasa.

Even if we had found Lhasa to be a handful of hovels scattered on a dusty plain with just such distinction of palace and temple as one had time after time seen in Tibet before, one side of our fierce curiosity would, no doubt, have been slaked sufficiently; but here was a different thing indeed.

Here, in these uttermost parts of the earth, uplifted high above humanity, guarded by impenetrable masses of rock and ice, by cliffs of sheer granite, by the want of food and fuel and by the hostility of man—here was no poor Oriental town arrogating to itself merely the dignity which the unknown can in itself confer. From the first moment, the splendour of the Potala cannot be hidden, though like all great monuments, further acquaintance does but increase one's amazement and admiration.

Yet this far-distant view was but the earnest of the real city. Judged by the standards of the East and West alike, Lhasa is a city which can hold its own with most. We were to find it unique, dowered with a mingled magnificence of architecture and green luxuriance of woodland for which no step of our long journey had given us warning.

From end to end the plain round the capital is, almost without exception, a water-sodden morass, on which it is nearly impossible to travel off the road for a hundred yards without encountering a quagmire. The road by which one approaches the capital is a causeway

built four or five feet up from the surface of the marsh and pierced a dozen times by culverts, through which brown peaty water flows apace. Only in two places are these waters confined within their proper channels. The Tö-lung revetments make it possible on the west of the plain to build a bridge across the collected waters that would otherwise undermine the firm earth for half a mile on either side; and farther on, under the western gate of Lhasa itself, another great work of sand binds in the spasmodic floods which oppress the Kaling-chu. These two works drain the Plain of Milk only so far as Tö-lung and Lhasa are concerned; for the rest, the waving rushes of the plain conceal a treacherous depth of slime.

IV—The Splendour of the Potala

In length the plain is about fifteen miles, in width it varies from two to five and in upon it from all sides strike the lower spurs of mountains which even then, in July, were snow-capped in the morning hours. In the recesses between these spurs lurk the villages and the monasteries of which we heard so much. Lhasa itself lies out in mid-plain under the eastern lee of the two hills I have described. Immediately to the south of the capital, the Kyi-chu meanders vaguely westwards through its wide and sandy course and, thanks to this luxuriance of water and to the shelter which is provided by the mountains round from every wind that blows, the unpollarded vegetation of the plain grows rank and free. A little road creeps along the northern mountain side, following the ins and outs of the mountain contours from Tö-lung to Sera Monastery. But this is only a side track—the main road strikes fairly and straightly across the centre of the marsh from Shingdong-kar to the Pargo Kaling, or western gate of the Sacred City, which lurks in the gap between the two hills.

It is on the northern of these two eminences that the Grand Lama's palace is built and a magnificent view of Lhasa and of its wild stretches of woodland and acres of close-cropped grazing land and trees is to be had from the neck beside the gate. Between and over these glades and wooded pastures the city of Lhasa itself peeps, an adobe stretch of narrow streets and flat-topped houses, crowned here and there with a blaze of golden roofs. But there is not time to look at this. A man can have no eye for anything but the huge upstanding mass of the Potala palace immediately to his left. It drags the eye of the mind like a lodestone, for indeed sheer bulk and magnificent audacity can do no more in architecture than they have done in this huge palace-temple of the Grand Lama. Simplicity has wrought a marvel in stone, nine hundred feet in length and towering seventy feet higher than the golden cross of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Potala would dominate London; Lhasa it simply eclipses. By European standards it is impossible to judge this building; there is nothing here with which comparison can be made. Perhaps in the austerity of its huge curtains of blank, unveiled, unornamented wall and in the flat, unabashed slants of its tremendous south-eastern face, there is a suggestion of the massive grandeur of Egyptian work; but the contrast of colour and surroundings, to which no small part of the magnificence of Lhasa is due, Egypt cannot boast.

The vivid white stretches of the buttressing curtains of stone, each a wilderness of close-ranked windows and the home of the hundreds of crimson-clad dwarfs who sun themselves at the distant stair-heads, strike a clean and harmonious note in the sea of green which washes up to their bases.

Like a huge ruby in a silver setting, the central building of the palace, the Phodang Marpo, the private home of the incarnate divinity himself, stands out, four-square upon and between the wide supporting bulks of white masonry, a rich red-crimson, and most perfect touch of all, over it against the sky, the glittering golden roofs—a note of glory added with infinite taste and the sparing hand of the old illuminator—re-compose the colour scheme from end to end, a sequence of green in three shades, of white, of maroon, of gold, and of pale blue. The brown yak-hair curtain, eighty feet in height and twenty-five across, hangs like a tress of hair down the very centre of the sanctuary, hiding the central recess. Such is the Potala.

Inside it there is nothing particularly sacred or particularly beautiful compared with the interior of the other great Lamaic centre in Lhasa. But the outside of the Potala and the inside of the Jo-kang [cathedral] are alike unrivalled—each is magnificent enough to reconcile the bitterest critic of Lamaism with the creed which has built the huge curtains of the Potala and filled the dingy walls of the Jo-kang with the wealth of Central Asia. The farthest goal of travel is worthy, full worthy, of all the rumour and glamour of romance with which, in the imaginings of man, it has been invested for so many centuries. In turn the expedition visited all the famous sights of the forbidden capital, the Ling-kor, or Sacred Road, the Chief Magician's settlement, Debung Monastery, the Turquoise Bridge and the Do-ring, but all of them together pale in interest beside the Jo-kang. This temple, or, more strictly, the eastern part of it, is the real Lha-sa, or ' Place of God.'

V—The World's Virgin Shrine

THE exterior of the cathedral is devoid of either beauty or dignity, although the interior is the most interesting and important thing in Central Asia. It is a building that actually has no outside walls at all, so completely built upon is it by the government offices and other unlovely structures. The five great golden roofs do, indeed, lend it some dignity when seen from a distance, but even these are invisible as one approaches it.

Its great interest lay for us at the moment in the fact that although white men had from time to time in past centuries visited the city, entered the Potala and had even been received by the Grand Lama, it seems certain that no white man had ever entered the Jo-kang before. The descriptions and plans of it, so far as they have ever been attempted by previous travellers, were entirely misleading and cannot have been based on personal knowledge.

Mr. Claude White, Mr. E. C. Wilton and myself were invited by the governing body to the cathedral and specially commissioned by Younghusband to pay a visit to this virgin shrine. Unarmed and unattended, we rode into the city with a gift from the Indian government to the temple in our hands. Nothing could exceed the courtesy of our reception. The great doors, half-hidden in the shadow under the many-pillared propylon, were opened and at once barred again behind us. Just in front, seen through a forest of pillars, was an open and verandahed courtyard. Its great age was at once apparent. The paintings on the walls were barely distinguishable through a heavy cloak of dirt and grease and it was difficult to imagine the colours with which the capitals of the pillars and the raftered roof overhead had originally been painted. The quadrangle is open to the sky and is surrounded by none of the small chapels which are the chief feature of the inner courts of the Jo-kang. The architecture is of the kind invariable in religious buildings in Tibet. A double row of pillars carry the half-roof overhead, each supporting on a small capital a large bracketed abacus, voluted and curved on both sides and charged in the centre with a panel of archaic carving. The wooden doors which secure both entrances of the first court are of immense size, heavily barred and embossed with filigree ring plates of great age. At the opposite end of the quadrangle an open door communicates with the second court, revealing a bright mass of hollyhocks, snapdragon and stocks vivid in the sun.

The sanctity of the temple obviously increased as we ventured into the inner court. Its sides are honeycombed by small, dark chambers, apparently built in the thickness of the enormous wall. Each is an image-crowded sanctuary. Into these obscure shrines one stumbles, bent almost double to avoid the dirt of the low, greasy lintel. Once inside, the eye requires some time to distinguish anything more than the dim outlines of an altar in the middle of the chamber. On it stand one or two copper or brass bowls filled high with butter, each bearing on its half-congealed surface a dimly-burning wick in a little pool of self-thawed oil. These small beads of yellow light provide all the illumination of the cave ; but, after a little, one can just distinguish the solemn images squatting round the walls, betrayed by points and

rims of light reflected here and there from the projections and edges of golden draperies or features. The smell is abominable. The air is exhausted and charged with rancid vapours. Everything one touches drips with grease. The fumes of burning butter have, in the course of many generations, filmed over the surfaces and clogged the carving of doors and walls alike. The floor underfoot is slippery as glass. Upon this receptive foundation the grime and reek of centuries have steadily descended, with results that may be imagined.

Once under the eastern end of the Jo-kang, one finds the darkness deepen fast. There is no light but such as can find its way under the wide half-roofs and through the trellises, screens and awnings which almost entirely close in the central court. The stone slabs underfoot are worn into a channel, and in most cases the grime of a thousand years has utterly hidden the pictures—if there were ever any—on the walls. At last one turns to the right, passing close beneath the uplifted figure of the great Tsong-kapa, the Luther of Central Asia. It is a contemporary likeness and one could wish that there were more light by which to see it than is afforded by the dim radiance of the butter-lamp before his knees. But his very posture is significant; for, instead of having his back to the wall behind him, Tsong-kapa faces south and this is the first indication that we are at last drawing near to the Holy of Holies.

We have now reached the eastern end of the cathedral and have passed behind the trellis-work of the inner court; in the twilight it is difficult to distinguish the half-seen figures which people the recesses and line the sides of the path along which we grope our way. Ten paces more and the Jo, or great Golden Idol of Lhasa, is before us.

The first sight of what is beyond question the most famous idol in the world is uncannily impressive. In the darkness it is at first difficult to follow the lines of the shrine which holds the god. One only realizes a high pillared sanctuary in which the gloom is almost absolute and therein, thrown into strange relief against the obscurity, the soft gleam of the golden



Russell

PERCEVAL LANDON was born March 29, 1860, educated at Hertford College, Oxford, and called to the bar in 1895. He served as special correspondent to The Times during the South African war and after acting as private secretary to the governor of New South Wales travelled in the Far East as special correspondent to The Daily Mail and then to The Times. In 1905 he began his long career with The Daily Telegraph, and in the next twenty years his work took him all over the East. In the Great War he was in the British and French lines in 1914 and 1915, and in the Italian lines in 1917.

figure which sits enthroned in the centre. Before him are rows and rows of great butter-lamps of solid gold, each shaped in curious resemblance to the pre-Reformation chalices of the English Church. Lighted by the tender radiance of these twenty or thirty beads of light, the great glowing mass of the Buddha softly looms out, ghost-like and shadowless, in the murky recess.

Across and across his breast are innumerable necklaces of gold, set with turquoises, pearls and coral. The throne on which he sits has overhead a canopy supported by two exquisitely designed dragons of silver-gilt, each about ten feet in height. Behind him is the usual panel of conventional wooden foliage.

Closer examination—and we were allowed to enter the shrine and mount the very steps of the idol's throne—shows that almost every part of the canopy and seat is either gilded, gold, or jewelled. The crown is perhaps the most interesting jewel. It is a deep coronet of gold, set round and round with turquoises and heightened by five conventional leaves, each enclosing a golden image of Buddha

and encrusted with precious stones. In the centre, below the middle leaf, is a flawless turquoise six inches long and three inches wide, probably the largest in the world. Behind the throne are dimly seen in the darkness huge figures standing back against the wall of the shrine all round. Rough-hewn, barbarous and unadorned as they are, nothing else could have so well supplied the background for this treasure of treasures as the Egyptian solemnity of these dark Atlantides, standing shoulder to shoulder on altar stones, where no lamps are ever lighted and no flowers are ever strewn. Verily, this Holy of Holies is worthy of all that has ever been claimed for Lhasa.

. . . .

And yet when the day of achievement and of satisfaction is over, when the lust of curiosity has been slaked, one may remember that there is another side to the picture. For in this winning of Lhasa something, too—and that no small thing—has been lost. Lhasa stands for a principle, for an attraction, for a spur to action—stands, or rather stood, for it exists no longer in the world to-day. Never again will the lonely isolation of the Forbidden City call out all that is manliest and best in a race of pioneers. Her challenge no longer rings across Asia and the echoes of more than the call have died out with it.

It is true that the curtain has again fallen, and fallen more impenetrably than before; it is true that in all probability no other living white man will ever see the glamour of that wonderful image, or watch the lazy ascending line of blue incense smoke in the chapels of the Magician's Temple. But the charm of Lhasa is for ever broken. There is account of profit and of loss to be taken at the end of all things. Here the reckoning is clear enough. England, the richer in security and prestige, will hereafter be the poorer by the loss of that incentive which has been for our own especial boon for seven centuries. The world, dowered by the knowledge that has now displaced conjecture and uncertainty, will for ever go lacking what, after all, may be worth many Tibetan photographs and facts—the last of her great lodestones of romance and mystery.

Enduring Pictures of Life on the Road

GEORGE BORROW

THE ROMANY RYE

THE comparative coldness of the reception given to Lavengro (see page 2131) caused Borrow to postpone the publication of its sequel for six years, although the first book breaks off abruptly. In The Romany Rye, published in two volumes in 1857, Borrow continued his 'kind of biography in the Robinson Crusoe style.' The story is taken up with the author and his friend Isopel Berners encamped in the Mumpers' Dingle, where the gypsies, Mr. and Mrs. Petulengro and their relations, shortly afterwards arrive. The book consists of a succession of episodes, without plot, the sole connecting thread being Borrow's personality as figuring in them. Much of The Romany Rye was written at Oulton Broad, Norfolk, where Borrow lived for some time after his marriage in 1840. At Oulton, it is interesting to note, gypsies were allowed to pitch their tents freely, the author mingling with them on friendly terms, and it is for his intimate pictures of the rapidly disappearing gypsy life of England that Borrow's works will live.

I—The Roving Life



IT was, as usual, a brilliant morning; the dewy blades of the rye grass which covered the plain sparkled brightly in the beams of the sun, which had probably been about two hours above the horizon. Near the mouth of the dingle—Mumpers' Dingle, near Wittenhall, Staffordshire—where my friend Isopel Berners and I, the travelling tinker, were encamped side by side, a rather numerous body of my ancient friends and allies occupied the ground. About five yards on the right, Mr. Petulengro was busily employed in erecting his tent; he held

in his hand an iron bar, sharp at the bottom, with a kind of arm projecting from the top for the purpose of supporting a kettle or cauldron over the fire. With the sharp end of this he was making holes in the earth at about twenty inches distance from each other, into which he inserted certain long rods with a considerable bend towards the top, which constituted the timbers of the tent and the supporters of the canvas. Mrs. Petulengro and a female with a crutch in her hand, whom I recognized as Mrs. Chikno, sat near him on the ground.

"Here we are, brother," said Mr. Petulengro. "Here we are, and plenty of us."

"I am glad to see you all," said I; "and particularly you, madam," said I, making a bow to Mrs. Petulengro, "and you also, madam," taking off my hat to Mrs. Chikno.

"Good-day to you, sir," said Mrs. Petulengro. "You look as usual, charmingly, and speak so, too; you have not forgot your manners."

"I am come on an errand," said I. "Isopel Berners, down in the dell there, requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Petulengro's company at breakfast. She will be happy also to see you, madam," said I, addressing Mrs. Chikno.

"Is that young female your wife, young man?" said Mrs. Chikno, "your lawful certificated wife?"

"No," said I. "She is not my wife."

"Then I will not visit with her," said Mrs. Chikno. "I countenance nothing in the roving line."

"What do you mean by the roving line?" I demanded.

"What do I mean by the roving line? Why, by it I mean such conduct as is not tatcheno. When ryes and rawnies lives together in dingles, without being certificated, I call such behaviour being tolerably deep in the roving line, everything savouring of which I am determined not to sanctify. I have suffered too much by my own certificated husband's outbreaks in that line to afford anything of the kind the slightest shadow of countenance."

"It is hard that people may not live in dingles together without being suspected of doing wrong," said I.

"So it is," said Mrs. Petulengro, interposing. "I am suspicious of nobody, not even of my own husband, whom some people would think I have a right to be suspicious of, seeing that on his account I once refused a lord. I always allows him an agreeable latitude to go where he pleases. But I have had the advantage of keeping good company, and therefore——"

"Meklis," said Mrs. Chikno, "pray drop all that, sister; I believe I have kept as good company as yourself; and with respect to that offer with which you frequently fatigue those who keeps company with you, I believe, after all, it was something in the roving and uncertificated line."

II—The Parting of the Ways

BELLE was sitting before the fire, at which the kettle was boiling.

"Were you waiting for me?" I inquired.

"Yes," said Belle.

"That was very kind," said I.

"Not half so kind," said she, "as it was of you to get everything ready for me in the dead of last night."

After tea, we resumed our study of Armenian. "First of all, tell me," said Belle, "what a verb is?"

"A part of speech," said I, "which, according to the dictionary, signifies some action or passion. For example: I command you, or I hate you."

"I have given you no cause to hate me," said Belle, looking at me sorrowfully.

"I was merely giving two examples," said I. "In Armenian, there are four conjugations of verbs; the first ends in al, the second in yel, the third in oul, and the fourth in il. Now, have you understood me?"

"I am afraid, indeed, it will all end ill," said Belle.

"Let us have no unprofitable interruptions," said I. "Come, we will begin with the verb hntal, a verb of the first conjugation, which signifies rejoice. Come along. Hntam, I rejoice; hntas, thou rejoicest. Why don't you follow, Belle?"

"I'm sure I don't rejoice, whatever you may do," said Belle.

"The chief difficulty, Belle," said I, "that I find in teaching you the Armenian

grammar proceeds from your applying to yourself and me every example I give."

"I can't bear this much longer," said Belle.

"Keep yourself quiet," said I. "We will skip hntal and proceed to the second conjugation. Belle, I will now select for you to conjugate the prettiest verb in Armenian — the verb siriel. Here is the present tense: siriem, sirics, sirè, siriemk, sirèk, sirien. Come on, Belle, and say 'siriem.'"

Belle hesitated.

"You must admit, Belle, it is much softer than hntam."

"It is so," said Belle, "and to oblige you, I will say 'siriem.'"

"VERY well indeed, Belle," said I. "And now, to show you how verbs act upon pronouns, I will say 'siriem zkiez.' Please to repeat 'siriem zkiez.'"

"'Siriem zkiez!'" said Belle. "That last word is very hard to say."

"Sorry that you think so, Belle," said I. "Now please to say 'siriá zis.'" Belle did so.

"Now say 'yerani thè sirèir zis,'" said I.

"'Yerani thè sirèir zis.'" said Belle.

"Capital!" said I. "You have now said, 'I love you — love me — ah! would that you would love me!'"

"And I have said all these things?"

"You have said them in Armenian," said I.

"I would have said them in no language that I understood; and it was very wrong of you to take advantage of my ignorance and make me say such things."

"Why so?" said I. "If you said them, I said them too."

"You did so," said Belle; "but you were merely bantering and jeering."

"As I told you before, Belle," said I, "the chief difficulty which I find in teaching you Armenian proceeds from your persisting in applying to yourself and me every example I give."

"Then you meant nothing, after all?" said Belle, raising her voice.

"Let us proceed: sirietsi, I loved."

"You never loved anyone but yourself," said Belle; "and what's more——"

"Sirietsits, I will love," said I; "sirietsies, thou wilt love."

"Never one so thoroughly heartless."

"I tell you what, Belle—you are becoming intolerable. But we will change the verb. You would hardly believe, Belle," said I, "that the Armenian is in some respects closely connected with the Irish, but so it is. For example: that word parghatsoutsaniem is evidently derived from the same root as fear-gaim, which, in Irish, is as much as to say, 'I vex.'"

"You do, indeed," said Belle, sobbing.

"But how do you account for it?"

"Oh, man, man!" cried Belle, bursting into tears, "for what purpose do you ask a poor ignorant girl such a question, unless it be to vex and irritate her? If you wish to display your learning, do so to the wise and instructed, and not to me, who can scarcely read or write."

"I am sorry to see you take on so, dear Belle," said I. "I had no idea of making you cry. Come, I beg your pardon; what more can I do? Come, cheer up, Belle. You were talking of parting; don't let us part, but depart, and that together."

"Our ways lie different," said Belle.

"I don't see why they should," said I. "Come, let us be off to America together."

"To America together?" said Belle.

"Yes," said I; "where we will settle down in some forest and conjugate the verb siriel conjugally."

"Conjugally?" said Belle.

"Yes; as man and wife in America."

"You are jesting, as usual," said Belle.

"Not I, indeed. Come, Belle, make up your mind, and let us be off to America."

"I don't think you are jesting," said Belle; "but I can hardly entertain your offers; however, young man, I thank you. I will say nothing more at present. I must have time to consider."

NEXT day, when I got up to go with Mr. Petulengro to the fair, on leaving my tent I observed Belle, entirely dressed, standing close to her own encampment.

"Dear me," said I. "I little expected to find you up so early."

"I merely lay down in my things," said Belle; "I wished to be in readiness to bid you farewell when you departed."

"Well, God bless you, Belle!" said I. "I shall be home to-night; by which time I expect you will have made up your mind."

On arriving at the extremity of the plain, I looked towards the dingle. Isopel Berners stood at the mouth, the beams of the early morning sun shone full on her noble face and figure. I waved my hand towards her. She slowly lifted up her right arm. I turned away, and never saw Isopel Berners again.

The fourth morning afterwards I received from her a letter in which she sent me a lock of her hair and told me she was just embarking for a distant country, never expecting to see her own again. She concluded with this piece of advice: "*Fear God*, and take your own part. Fear God, young man, and never give in! The world can bully, and is fond, if it sees a man in a kind of difficulty, of getting about him, calling him coarse names; but no sooner sees the man taking off his coat and offering to fight than it scatters, and is always civil to him afterwards."

III—Horse-Keeping and Horse-Dealing

After thus losing Isopel, I decided to leave the dingle, and having, by Mr. Petulengro's kind advice, become the possessor of a fine horse, I gave my pony and tinker's outfit to the gypsies, and set out on the road, whereupon I was to meet with strange adventures.

At length, awaiting the time when I should take my horse to Horncastle Fair and sell him, I settled at a busy inn on the high road, where, in return for board and lodging for myself and horse, I had to supervise the distribution of hay and corn in the stables and to keep an account thereof. The old ostler, with whom I was soon on excellent terms, was a regular character—a Yorkshireman by birth, who had seen a great deal of life in the vicinity of London. He had served as ostler at a small inn at Hounslow, much frequented by highwaymen. Jerry Abershaw and Richard Ferguson, generally called Galloping Dick, were capital customers then, he told me, and he had frequently drunk with them in the corn room. No man could desire jollier companions over a glass of 'summat'; but on the road they were terrible, cursing and swearing, and thrusting the muzzles of their pistols into people's mouths.

From the old ostler I picked up many valuable hints about horses.

"When you are a gentleman," said he, "should you ever wish to take a journey on a horse of your own, follow my advice. Before you start, merely give your horse a couple of handfuls of corn, and a little water—somewhat under a quart. Then you may walk and trot for about ten miles till you come to some nice inn, where you see your horse led into a nice stall, telling the ostler not to feed him till you come. If the ostler happens to have a dog, say what a nice one it is; if he hasn't, ask him how he's getting on, and whether he ever knew worse times; when your back's turned, he'll say what a nice gentleman you are, and how he thinks he has seen you before.

"Then go and sit down to breakfast, and before you have finished, get up and go and give your horse a feed of corn; chat with the ostler two or three minutes till your horse has taken the shine out of his corn, which will prevent the ostler taking any of it away when your back's turned. Then go and finish your breakfast, and when you have finished your breakfast, and called for the newspaper, go and water your horse, letting him have about one pailful; then give him another feed of corn, and enter into discourse with the ostler about bull-baiting, the prime minister and the like; and when your horse has once more taken the shine out of his corn, go back to your room and your newspaper. Then pull the bell-rope and order in your bill, which you will pay without counting it up—supposing you to be a gentleman. Give the waiter sixpence, and order out your horse, and when your horse is out, pay for the corn and give the ostler a shilling, then mount your horse and walk him gently for five miles.

"See to your horse at night, and have him well rubbed down. Next day, you may ride your horse forty miles just as you please, and those will bring you to your journey's end, unless it's a plaguy long one. If so, never ride your horse more than five-and-thirty miles a day, always seeing him well fed, and taking more care of him than yourself, seeing as how he is the best animal of the two."

The stage-coachmen of that time—low fellows, but masters of driving—were made so much fuss of by sprigs of nobility and others that their brutality and rapacious insolence had reached a climax. One, who frequented our inn, and who was called the 'bang-up coachman,' was a swaggering bully, who not only lashed his horses unmercifully, but in one or two instances had beaten in a barbarous manner individuals who had quarrelled with him. One day an inoffensive old fellow of sixty, who refused him a tip for his insolence, was lighting his pipe, when the coachman struck it out of his mouth.

The elderly individual, without manifesting much surprise, said: "I thank you; and if you will wait a minute I'll give you a receipt for that favour." Then, gathering up his pipe, and taking off his coat and hat, he advanced towards the coachman, holding his hands crossed very near his face.

The coachman, who expected anything but such a movement, pointed at him derisively with his finger. The next moment, however, the other had struck aside the hand with his left fist, and given him a severe blow on the nose with his right, which he immediately followed by a left-hand blow in the eye. In a very few minutes the coachman was literally cut to pieces. He did not appear on the box again for a week, and never held up his head afterwards.

Reaching Horncastle at last, I managed to get quarters for myself and horse and, by making friends with the ostlers and others, picked up more hints, one of which was not to stop and listen to what any chance customer might have to say; and another, by no manner of means to permit a Yorkshireman to get up into the saddle. "For," said he, "if you do, it is three to one that he rides off with the horse; he can't help it. Trust a cat amongst cream, but never trust a Yorkshireman on the saddle of a good horse."

"A fine horse," said several of the connoisseurs. "What do you ask for him?"

"A hundred and fifty pounds," said I.

"Why, I thought you would have asked double that amount! You do yourself injustice, young man."

"Perhaps I do," said I; "but that's my affair. I do not choose to take more."

"I wish you would let me get into the saddle," said the man. "The horse knows you, and therefore shows to more advantage; but I should like to see how he would move under me, who am a stranger. Will you let me get into the saddle, young man?"

"No," said I.

"Why not?" said the man.

"Lest you should be a Yorkshireman," said I, "and should run away with the horse."

"Yorkshire?" said the man. "I am from Suffolk—silly Suffolk—so you need not be afraid of my running away with him."

"Oh, if that's the case," said I, "I should be afraid that the horse would run away with you!"

Threading my way as well as I could through the press, I returned to the yard of the inn. A jockey, who had already bargained with me, entered, accompanied by another individual.

"Here is my lord come to look at the horse, young man," said the jockey. My lord was a tall figure of about five-and-thirty. He had on his head a hat somewhat rusty, and on his back a surtout of blue rather the worse for wear. His forehead, if not high, was exceedingly narrow; his eyes were brown, with a rat-like glare in them.

"Is this horse yours?" said he.

"It's my horse," said I. "Are you the person who wishes to make an honest penny by it?" alluding to a phrase of the jockey's.

"How?" said he, drawing up his head with a very consequential look, and speaking with a very haughty tone. "What do you mean?" We looked at each other full in the face. "My agent here informs me that you ask one hundred and fifty pounds, which I cannot think of giving. The horse is a showy horse. But look, my dear sir, he has a defect here, and in his near foreleg I observe something which looks very much like a splint! Yes, upon my credit, he has a splint or something which will end in one! A hundred and fifty pounds, sir! What could

have induced you to ask anything like that for this animal? I protest—— Who are you, sir? I am in treaty for this horse," said he, turning to a man who was looking into the horse's mouth.

"Who am I?" said the man, still looking into the horse's mouth. "Who am I? his lordship asks me. Ah, I see, close on five," said he, releasing the horse's jaws.

Close beside him stood a tall youth in a handsome riding dress.

"What do you ask for him?" said the man.

"A hundred and fifty," said I.

"I shouldn't mind giving it to you," said he.

"You will do no such thing," said his lordship. "Sir," said he to me, "I must give you what you ask."

"No," said I; "had you come forward in a manly and gentlemanly manner to purchase the horse I should have been happy to sell him to you; but after all the fault you have found with him I would not sell him to you at any price."

His lordship, after a contemptuous look at me, stalked out.

"And now," said the other, "I suppose I may consider myself as the purchaser of this here animal for this gentleman?"

"By no means," said I. "I am utterly unacquainted with either of you."

"Oh, I have plenty of vouchers for my respectability!" said he. And, thrusting his hand into his bosom, he drew out a bundle of notes. "These are the kind of things which vouch best for a man's respectability."

"Not always," said I; "sometimes these kind of things need vouchers for themselves." The man looked at me with a peculiar look. "Do you mean to say that these notes are not sufficient notes?" said he; "because if you do, I shall take the liberty of thinking that you are not over civil; and when I thinks a person is not over and above civil I sometimes takes off my coat; and when my coat is off——"

"You sometimes knock people down," I added. "Well, whether you knock me down or not, I beg leave to tell you that I am a stranger to this fair, and shall part with the horse to nobody who has no better guarantee for his respectability than a roll of banknotes."

"Oh, if you are a stranger here," said the man, "you are quite right to be cautious. But I suppose if the landlord of the house vouches for me and my notes you will have no objection to part with the horse to me?"

"None whatever," said I.

The landlord informed me that my new acquaintance was a respectable horse-dealer and an intimate friend of his, whereupon the purchase was soon brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

IV—A Recruiting Sergeant

LEAVING Horncastle the next day, I bent my steps eastward and on the following day I reached a large town situated on a river. At the end of the town I was accosted by a fiery-faced recruiting sergeant.

"Young man, you are just the kind of person to serve the Honourable East India Company."

"I had rather the Honourable Company should serve me," said I.

"Of course, young man. Take this shilling; 'tis service money. The Honourable Company engages to serve you, and you the Honourable Company."

"And what must I do for the Company?"

"Only go to India—the finest country in the world. Rivers bigger than the Ouse. Hills higher than anything near Spalding. Trees—you never saw such trees! Fruits—you never saw such fruits!"

"And the people—what kind are they?"

"Pah! Kauloes—blacks—a set of rascals! And they call us lolloes, which in their beastly gibberish means reds. Why do you stare so?"

"Why," said I, "this is the very language of Mr. Petulengro."

"I say, young fellow, I don't like your way of speaking; you are mad, sir. You won't do for the Honourable Company. Good-day to you!"

"I shouldn't wonder," said I, as I proceeded rapidly eastward, "if Mr. Petulengro came from India. I think I'll go there."

A Literary Classic of Nature Study

GILBERT WHITE
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE

IN the latter half of the eighteenth century, Gilbert White, a clergyman of Selborne, in Hampshire, wrote his Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne in the form of a series of letters to two friends. This collection was published in 1789, and is one of the most idyllic and at the same time most unaffected works on the English countryside. No detail that might be of interest seems to have escaped White's attention, and his writings have an easy, placid style that is exactly suited to their pastoral subjects. He discourses on peacocks and jackdaws, deer and frogs, poachers and rustic customs with equal charm. His observations convey just enough scientific information to edify, and not too much to confound, the general reader; while the comments that he makes on the folk of his parish are at once shrewd and valuable as giving us an exact picture of village life in a 'green and pleasant' England that is irretrievably of the past. Several popular editions of White's Natural History are obtainable.

Selborne Surroundings

MISCELLANEOUS

THE parish of Selborne lies in the extreme eastern corner of Hampshire, bordering on the county of Sussex and not far from the county of Surrey. The soils of this district are almost as varied and diversified as the views and aspects.

The high part to the south-west consists of a vast hill of chalk, rising three hundred feet above the village; and is divided into a sheep down, the high wood, and a long hanging wood called the Hanger. The covert of this eminence is altogether beech, the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind, or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs. The down, or sheep-walk, is a pleasing park-like spot, jutting out on the verge of the hill country, where it begins to break down into the plains and commanding a very engaging view, being an assemblage of hill, dale, woodlands, heath and water.

At the foot of this hill, one stage or step from the uplands, lies the village, which consists of one single straggling street, three-quarters of a mile in length, in a sheltered vale.

The cart-way of the village divides, in a remarkable manner, two very incongruous soils. To the south-west is a rank clay, that requires the labour of years to render it mellow; while the gardens to the north-east and small enclosures behind, consist of a warm, forward, crumbling mould, which seems highly saturated with vegetable and animal manure; and these may, perhaps, have been the original site of the town.

At each end of the village arises a small rivulet; that at the north-west end frequently fails; but the other is a fine perennial spring, little influenced by wet seasons, called the well-head.

Our wells, at an average, run to about sixty-three feet and when sunk to that depth seldom fail, but produce a fine limpid water, soft to the taste and much commended by those who drink the pure element.

To the north-west and east of the village is a range of fair enclosures, consisting of a sort of rotten or rubble stone, which, when turned up to the frost and rain, moulders to pieces and becomes manure to itself. Still on the north-east, and a step lower, is a kind of white land, neither chalk nor clay, neither fit for pasture nor for the plough, yet kindly for hops, which root deep into the freestone and have their poles and wood for charcoal growing just at hand. This white soil produces the brightest hops.

As the parish inclines down towards Wolmer Forest, at the juncture of the clays and sand, the soil becomes a wet, sandy loam, remarkable for timber and infamous for roads. Beyond the sandy

loam it becomes a hungry, lean sand, till it mingles with the forest.

The parish of Selborne, by taking in so much of Wolmer Forest, is a vast district. Those who tread the bounds are employed nearly three days in the business and are of opinion that the outline, in all its curves and indentings, does not comprise less than thirty miles.

The village, with the single farms and many scattered houses along the verge of the forest, contains upwards of six hundred and seventy inhabitants. We abound with poor, many of whom are sober and industrious and live comfortably in good stone or brick cottages, which are glazed and have chambers above stairs. Mud buildings we have none. Besides the employment from husbandry, the men work in the hop-gardens, of which we have many, and fell and bark timber. In the spring and summer the women weed the corn and enjoy a second harvest in September by hop-picking. The inhabitants have a good share of health and longevity and the parish swarms with children.

The forest, of which three fifths perhaps lie in this parish, is a tract of land of about seven miles by two and a half and consists entirely of sand, covered with heath and fern; but is somewhat diversified with hills and dales, without having one standing tree in the whole extent.

Lost Sport

This lonely domain is a very agreeable haunt for many sorts of wild fowl, which not only frequent it in the winter but breed there in summer—such as lapwings, snipes, wild ducks and, as I have discovered within these few years, teals. Partridges in vast plenty are bred in good seasons on the verge of this forest, into which they love to make excursions. But there was a nobler species of game, now extinct, which, I have heard old people say, abounded much before shooting flying became so common and that was the heath-cock, black-game, or grouse. When I was a little boy I recollect one coming now and then to my father's table.

Nor does the loss of the black-game prove the only gap in the *Fauna Selborniensis*, for another beautiful link in the chain of beings is wanted—I mean the red deer, which toward the beginning of this century amounted to about five hundred head, and made a stately appearance.

Though large herds of deer do much harm to the neighbourhood, yet the injury to the morals of the people is of more moment than the loss of their crops. The temptation is irresistible; for most men are sportsmen by constitution, and there is an inherent spirit for hunting in human nature. Our old race of deer-stealers is hardly extinct yet; it was but a little while ago that, over their ale, they used to recount the exploits of their youth.

Such forests and wastes, when their allurements to irregularities are removed, are of considerable service to neighbourhoods that verge upon them, by furnishing them with peat and turf for their firing, with fuel for burning their lime and with ashes for their grasses, and by maintaining their geese and their stock of young cattle at little or no expense.

Swallows and Owls

It has been my misfortune never to have had any neighbours whose studies have led them towards the pursuit of natural knowledge; so that, for want of a companion to quicken my industry and sharpen my attention, I have made but slender progress in a kind of information to which I have been attached from my childhood.

Young broods of swallows began to appear this year on July 11, and young martins were then fledged in their nests. Both species will breed once again. Last year young broods came forth so late as September 18; nay, some young martins remained in their nests so late as September 29 and yet they totally disappeared with us by October 5.

How strange it is that the swift, which seems to live exactly the same life with the swallow and house-martin, should leave us before the middle of August invariably; while the latter stay often until the end of October and I once saw numbers of house-

martins on November 7. The martins and redwings and fieldfares were flying in sight together—an uncommon assemblage of summer and winter birds.

Having some acquaintance with a tame brown owl, I find that it casts up the fur of mice and the feathers of birds in pellets, after the manner of hawks. When full, like a dog it hides what it cannot eat.

The young of the barn owl are not easily raised, as they want a constant supply of fresh mice, whereas the young of the brown owl will eat indiscriminately all that is brought.

A pair of white owls certainly breed under the eaves of this church. About an hour before sunset—for then the mice begin to run—they sally forth in quest of prey, and hunt all round the hedges of meadows and small enclosures for them. They beat the fields over like a setting dog. I have minuted these birds with my watch for an hour together and have found that they return to their nests, the one or the other of them, about once in five minutes.

White owls seem not—but in this I am not positive—to hoot at all. All that clamorous hooting appears to me to come from the wood kinds. The white owl does indeed snore and hiss in a tremendous manner and these menaces well answer the intention of intimidating, for I have known a whole village up in arms on such an occasion, imagining the churchyard to be full of goblins and spectres. White owls also often scream horribly as they fly along. The plumage of the remiges of the wings of every species of owl that I have examined is remarkably soft and pliant. Perhaps it may be necessary that the wings of these birds should not make much resistance or rushing, that they may be enabled to steal through the air unheard upon a nimble and watchful quarry.

Unnoticed Birds

I WONDER that the stone curlew should be mentioned by the writers as a rare bird. It abounds in all the campaign parts of Hampshire and Sussex and breeds, I think, all the summer, having young ones, I know, very late in the autumn. It lays its eggs, usually two, never more than three, on the bare ground, without any nest, so that the countryman stirring in his fallows often destroys them. The young run immediately from the egg, like partridges and are withdrawn to some flinty field, where they skulk among the stones, which are their best security, for their feathers are so exactly the colour of our grey spotted flints that the most exact observer, unless he catches the eye of the young bird, may be eluded. The eggs are short and round, of a dirty white, spotted with dark, bloody blotches. Though I might not be able just when I pleased to procure you a bird, yet I could show you them almost any day; and any evening you may hear them round the village, for they make a clamour which may be heard a mile. In the manner of this bird there is something very analogous to the bustard.

The grasshopper lark began his sibilous note in my fields last Saturday [written April 18]. Nothing can be more amusing than the whisper of this little bird, which seems to be close by, though at a hundred yards distance, and when close at your ear is scarce any louder than when a great way off. The country people laugh when you tell them it is the note of a bird. In the morning early and when undisturbed, it sings on a twig, gaping and shivering with its wings.

The Ring-Ousel and Goat-Sucker

ALL nature is so full that that district produces the greatest variety which is most examined. Several birds which are said to belong to the north only are, it seems, often in the south. I have discovered this summer three species of birds with us which writers mention as only to be seen in the north—the sandpiper, red-backed butcher-bird, and the ring-ousel. This week twelve months a gentleman from London being with us, was amusing himself with a gun and found, he told us, on an old yew hedge where there were berries, some birds like blackbirds, with rings of white round their necks.

Last week [written October 6] a farmer, seeing a large flock of twenty or thirty

of these birds, shot two cocks and two hens. He remembers to have observed these birds last spring, about Lady Day, as it were on their return to the north. If these birds should prove the ousels of the North of England, then here is a migration disclosed within our own kingdom never before remarked. The ousel is larger than a blackbird and feeds on haws; but last autumn—when there were no haws —it fed on yew berries. In the spring it feeds on ivy berries, which ripen only at that season, in March and April. It is remarkable that they make but a few days' stay in their spring visit, but rest near a fortnight at Michaelmas. When I see this I am seized with wonder, and long to be informed whence these travellers come and whither they go, since they seem to use our hills merely as an inn or baiting-place.

There is no bird whose manners I have studied more than those of the goat-sucker, as it is a wonderful and curious creature. I have always found that, though sometimes it may chatter as it flies, as I know it does, yet in general it utters its jarring note sitting on a bough. It perches usually on a bare twig, with its head lower than its tail. This bird is most punctual in beginning its song exactly at the close of day, so exactly that I have known it strike up more than once or twice just at the report of the Portsmouth evening gun, which we can hear when the weather is still. It appears to me past all doubt that its notes are formed by organic impulse, by the powers of the part of its windpipe formed for sound, as cats purr.

You will credit me, I hope, when I tell you that as my neighbours were assembled in an hermitage on the side of a steep hill where we drink tea, one of these churn-owls came and settled on the cross of that little straw edifice and began to chatter, and continued his note for many minutes; and we were all struck with wonder to find that the organs of that little animal, when in motion, gave a sensible vibration to the whole building.

Some Jottings on Birds

As you desire me to send you such observations as occur, I take the liberty of making the following remarks:

Crows go in pairs the whole year round.

The house-swallow washes by dropping into the water as it flies.

The swift appears about ten or twelve days later than the house-swallow.

Wagtails, all sorts, remain with us all the winter.

The sedgebird sings most part of the night. When it happens to be silent in the night, by throwing a clod into the bushes where it sits you immediately set it a-singing; or, in other words, though it slumbers sometimes, yet as soon as it is awakened it resumes its song.

Swans turn white the second year and breed the third.

When redstarts shake their tails they move them horizontally, as dogs do when they fawn. The tail of a wagtail when in motion bobs up and down like that of a jaded horse. Many birds which become silent about midsummer resume their notes again in September, as the thrush, blackbird, wood-lark and willow-wren. August is by much the most mute month the spring, summer and autumn through.

Redbreasts sing all through the spring, summer and autumn. In the two first seasons their voices are drowned in the general chorus; in autumn their song becomes distinguishable. Wrens sing all the winter through, frost excepted.

Bird Voices

THE blackcap has in common a full, sweet, deep, loud and wild pipe; yet that strain is of short continuance and his motions are desultory; but when the bird sits calmly and engages in song in earnest, he pours forth very sweet, but inward melody, and expresses great variety of soft and gentle modulations, superior perhaps to those of any of our warblers, the nightingale excepted.

The song of the redstart is superior, though somewhat like that of the whitethroat. Sitting very placidly on the top of a tall tree in the village the cock sings from morning to night. He affects neighbourhoods and avoids solitude.

Some birds are copious and fluent, as it were, in their utterance, while others are confined to a few important sounds. No bird, like the fish kind, is quite mute, though some are rather silent. The language of birds is very ancient and, like other ancient modes of speech, very elliptical. Little is said, but much is meant and understood.

The notes of the eagle-bird are shrill and piercing. Owls have very expressive notes. They hoot in a fine vocal sound, much resembling the *vox humana* and reducible by a pitch-pipe to a musical key. Ravens, besides their loud croak, can exert a deep and solemn note that makes the woods to echo. The woodpecker sets up a sort of loud and hearty laugh. The goat-sucker serenades his mate with the clattering of castanets. Gregarious birds, especially the nocturnal, that shift their quarters in the dark, are very noisy and loquacious, as cranes, wild geese, wild ducks and the like. Their perpetual clamour prevents them from dispersing and losing their companions.

The Attitudes of Birds

A good ornithologist should be able to distinguish birds by their air as well as by their colours and shape and in the bush as well as in the hand. Thus, kites and buzzards sail round in circles with wings expanded and motionless. The kestrel has a peculiar mode of hanging in the air in one place, his wings all the while being briskly agitated. Owls move in a buoyant manner, as if lighter than the air. Ravens frequently turn on their backs with a loud croak and seem to be falling. When this odd gesture betides them they are scratching themselves with one foot and thus lose the centre of gravity. Crows and daws swagger in their walk. Magpies and jays flutter with powerless wings and make no despatch. The kingfisher darts along like an arrow. Starlings, as it were, swim along, while missel-thrushes use a wild and desultory flight. Swallows sweep over the surface of the ground and water and distinguish themselves by rapid turns and quick evolutions. Swifts dash round in circles, and the sand-martin moves with frequent vacillations like a butterfly. Most of the small birds fly by jerks, rising and falling as they advance. Most small birds hop; but wagtails and larks walk, moving their legs alternately.

Suggestions Now Realized

Lands that are subject to frequent inundations are always poor; and probably the reason may be because the worms are drowned. Earthworms, though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of nature, if lost would make a lamentable chasm. For, to say nothing of half the birds and some quadrupeds which are almost entirely supported by them, worms seem to be the great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but lamely without them, by boring, perforating and loosening the soil and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants; and most of all by throwing up such infinite numbers of worm-casts which, being their excrement, is a fine manure. The earth without worms would soon become cold, hard bound, void of fermentation and consequently sterile.

The Rooks' Good-Night

The evening proceedings and manœuvres of the rooks are curious and amusing in the autumn. Just before dusk they return in long strings from the foraging of the day and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne Down, where they wheel round in the air and sport and dive in a playful manner, all the while exerting their voices and making a loud cawing which, being blended and softened by distance, becomes a pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination and not unlike the cry of hounds in holloa.

When this ceremony is over, with the last gleam of day, they retire for the night to the deep beechen woods of Tisted and Ropley. We remember a little girl who used to remark, on such an occurrence, that the rooks were saying their prayers; yet she was much too young to be aware that the Scriptures have said of the Deity that 'He feedeth the ravens who call upon Him.'

PLAUTUS
AULULARIA

As a writer of comedies, Titus Maccius Plautus (c. 251–184 B.C.) showed little originality, borrowing freely from the Greeks; but, on the other hand, he had a very thorough knowledge of stage-craft. He knew how to emphasise the humour of a situation and how to keep his audience amused by verbal fireworks, quips, puns and epigrams of the more racy order. He writes in a vigorous, almost colloquial style, and his delineation of character shows that he possessed a wide knowledge of human nature. His wit is always sparkling, although very often coarse. Plautus's best known plays are Trinummus, or The Three Pieces, and Aulularia, or The Hidden Pot of Gold. The latter is a wonderful piece of work, in some parts extremely funny, in others poetic; while the miser is drawn with very considerable skill. This version of the Aulularia is by Professor J. Wight Duff. A translation of Plautus's plays is included in Bohn's Library.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

The **Lar**, or household god
Euclio, an old miser
Staphyla, his aged housekeeper
Eunomia, a widow
Megadorus, her rich brother
Strobilus, a slave
Congrio and **Anthrax**, cooks
Lyconides, Eunomia's son, in love with the miser's daughter
The **Slave** of Lyconides
Phaedria, the miser's daughter

The scene is laid at Athens



Prologue

THE **Lar** of **Euclio's** home utters the prologue, which recounts the past history of the hidden treasure. It had belonged to **Euclio's** grandfather; but, as that old man had been too suspicious to trust even his own son—**Euclio's** father—with the secret, the treasure had lain concealed for a generation. Now, however, the **Lar** had revealed its hiding-place to the avaricious **Euclio**, it being the household god's intention that the gold should be ultimately used as a marriage portion for **Phaedria, Euclio's** daughter.]

First Act

EUCLIO, the miser, in one of his paroxysms of suspicious fury, is bundling his old woman servant, **Staphyla**, out of the house, with wild threats of scourging, gouging her eyes out, and even crucifixion.]

Euclio: Get out; I say, get out! Out you've got to go, d'ye hear? You spy with those inquisitive eyes of yours!

Staphyla (*remonstrating*): Why do you beat a poor woman?

Eucl.: I want you to be a poor woman. I want you to have the bad time you deserve.

Staph.: Well, why have you turned me out of the house?

Eucl.: Have I got to give *you* reasons, you harvest of lashes? Get away there from the door! Just notice how she crawls along! If I get my hand on a cudgel or a whip, I'll quicken that tortoise pace of yours!

[*Exit* **Euclio** *into his house.* **Staphyla** *hobbles away muttering.*

[These apparently unreasonable outbursts from her master are as unintelligible to the old woman as his wakefulness at nights and the stay-at-home habits which are growing upon him. But the fact is that he wants the house all to himself for the purpose of secretly visiting the spot where the treasure is.

A scene follows in which the housekeeper has been readmitted and **Euclio** has to go out on pressing business. His parting injunctions are that no one is to be allowed to enter the house during his absence on any pretext whatever—not to borrow fire or water, tool or vessel. Should Good Luck herself come, she is not to be admitted!]

Second Act

EUNOMIA, the widowed sister of **Megadorus**, a rich bachelor of Athens, has taken it into her head that her brother ought to marry. She holds a very poor opinion of her own sex, but that does not seem to her to tell against the value of her advice. She has adopted the rather extraordinary course of choosing the street for her confidential talk.]

Eunomia: Please consider that I am speaking now as a matter of duty and in your interests, as it's right for your own sister to do. I don't forget that we women are voted nuisances; we're all considered chatterboxes, and rightly so. There never was a dumb woman discovered in all history! All the same, remember I'm your nearest relative, and you're mine. So it's natural to give advice.

Megadorus: Give me your hand, best of women.

Eun.: Where is *she?* Who's 'best of women,' I'd like to know?

Meg.: Why, you!

Eun. : Do you actually say that ?

Meg. : Oh, if you say no, of course I must say the same !

Eun. : You ought to speak the truth. There's no 'best of women' who can be picked out. It's only a case of one being worse than another, my brother.

[**Megadorus** discreetly assents. He is all the more astounded, therefore, when his sister's suggestion is made that he should marry. He isn't keen on wedlock, he remarks ; death seems, all things considered, to be preferable ! But the strong-minded sister waives aside objections with a promise to arrange the match ; and eventually it is decided between them that a suitably tractable bride might be found in **Euclio's** daughter, a girl who would have none of the airs and extravagance of a wealthy upbringing.

Presently **Megadorus** meets **Euclio,** and has a chance of proposing for his daughter's hand.]

Meg. : My greetings to you, Euclio—health and good fortune !

Euclio : May the gods love you, Megadorus !

Meg. : How are you ? All right ? As well as you wish to be, eh ?

Eucl. (*in a suspicious aside*) : It isn't for nothing that your rich man is so civil to a poor fellow. He knows I've got gold ; that's the secret of his courteous greeting.

Meg. : Can you say you're well ?

Eucl. : Faith, *I'm* not very well off in the money way.

Meg. : Faith, if you've got a contented mind, you've got enough for a good life of it.

Eucl. (*in an aside, still more suspicious*) : The old woman has been blabbing the secret of the gold—it's plain it's all out ! I'll slit her tongue for her, I'll dig her eyes out when I get home !

Meg. : What are you talking to yourself about ?

Eucl. : Oh, I'm sighing over my poverty ! I've got a grown-up girl without a portion. I can't give her in marriage to a husband.

Meg. : Don't say that ! Keep your heart up, Euclio. She'll be married, right enough. You'll be helped by me. State your needs, and command my services.

[All such promises only alarm **Euclio.** There must be, he argues, ulterior motives behind them ; and when **Megadorus** says he has a matter of common interest to discuss, **Euclio** concludes he has grabbed his gold. To the rich man's astonishment, he suddenly rushes into the house. A few minutes later he returns, relieved to find his gold is safe. Then **Megadorus** asks for the miser's daughter in marriage.]

Eucl. : Heyday ! not a becoming act in you, Megadorus, to make game of a poor man. I never did you or yours any harm.

Meg. : But I don't come here to make game of you. I'm not making game of you. I don't think you deserve such treatment.

Eucl. : Then why ask for my daughter ?

Meg. : That we may make things better for each other, you and I.

[**Euclio** for a time is unconvinced. He criticises the proposed alliance as resembling that of an ox with an ass : **Euclio** would be the ass and get the worst of it. Besides, he possesses no dowry to give away with his daughter. The rich suitor assures him that he need give none and when at length **Euclio** has just agreed, a noise in the next garden sets him thinking about the treasure again. Learning that **Megadorus** has someone digging there, he disappears in great excitement, hurling abuse at his housekeeper. Although this abrupt behaviour annoys **Megadorus** considerably, yet on the miser's return the betrothal is definitely agreed to ; and to prove good faith, the former suggests that the wedding should take place that very day and summons his slave **Strobilus** to lay in provisions for the feast.

When **Megadorus's** slaves return from marketing, they are sent by him to **Euclio's** house with a stock of provisions to cook for the wedding ; and in the miser's absence they fall a-chattering about his stinginess.]

Anthrax : Couldn't the old chap purvey at his own expense for his daughter's marriage ?

Strobilus : Pshaw !

Anth. : What's the matter ?

Strob. : What's the matter, you want to know ? Well, pumice-stone isn't as dry as this old fellow.

Anth. : Do you say so ?

Congrio : To think of its being like that !

Strob. : Yes, and you'd better believe it. Why, he calls gods and men to witness that he's clean ruined if a puff of smoke escapes through his rafters. (*Mysteriously*) Why, when he goes to sleep, he ties a bag over his mouth !

Anth. : What's that for ?

Strob. : Well, he might lose some breath when he's asleep ! And do you know this ? He weeps to pour away dirty washing water ! He wouldn't lend you hunger if you asked him. Why, the other day the barber had trimmed his nails, and Euclio gathered the parings and brought them all away !

Anth. : By Pollux, he's the living embodiment of stinginess !

[So their gossip and preparations proceed, till the old man returns in time to hear **Congrio** calling out for a pot. **Euclio's** instantaneous conclusion is that his pot of gold is discovered, and in a moment **Congrio** is cudgelled out of the house by the infuriated miser.]

Third Act

CONGRIO (*shrieking for a clear passage to escape along the street*) : Never before to-day did I go a-cooking for lunatics ! My men and I have got a bruising ! Oh, I'm aches and pains all over ; I'm done for ; the old boy practised gymnastics on me. I never in all the earth saw a finer show of stick !

Euclio (*calling after him*) : Come back ! Stop thief !

Cong. : (*pausing*) What are you bawling about, you old fool ? [the authorities.

Eucl. : Because I'm going to report you to

Cong. : What for ?
Eucl. : Because you've got a knife.
Cong. : A cook ought to have a knife.
Eucl. : What ! You threaten me ?
Cong. : It's a pity I didn't stab you.

[The party ends in **Euclio's** refusal to let the slaves take away any of the cooking utensils or provisions which they had brought to his house. He is in agony until he secretes under his cloak the beloved pot of gold, which he has stealthily taken from its place of danger; for he thinks he now sees through the whole of a deep plot against him. Of course, the sending of these slaves by **Megadorus** was no act of generosity, but an attempt on his treasure ! Even the barndoor cock is in the conspiracy when it scrapes in the ground near the spot where the precious jar lies buried ! Yes, clearly it must have been bribed by those wicked cooks !

A little later he encounters **Megadorus** and reproaches that kind-hearted man for cramming his house full of thieves and many-handed cooks whose knaveries an Argus studded with eyes all over could not detect. **Megadorus** tries to pacify him, but his invitation to drink wine is rejected : that could only be another ruse !]

Fourth Act

THE scene changes to the shrine of Good Faith, where **Euclio** has found a new hiding-place for his treasure. It so happens that his apostrophe to his deity is overheard by the slave of young **Lyconides, Phaedria's** lover.]

Slave : Ye gods immortal, what business is this I've heard this man talk about ? That he's hidden a pot of gold here ! And, if I'm not mistaken, he's the father of her my young master's in love with. I'm going to rummage that temple, and see if I can find the gold anywhere, while he's busy yonder. But if I do find it, then, O Faith, I'll offer up a gallon jar of honeyed wine. (*Aside*) That's my offer ; when the offer's made, I'll drink it up myself.

Euclio (*returning*) : There's some meaning in that raven's croaking on my left. He scratched the gravel as he cawed ! Next second my heart went a-dancing pit-a-pat. (*As he hurries along he catches sight of the slave, and drags him from the altar where he has been crouching*). Come out, you worm ! Just crept out, have you ? No sign of you a minute ago, but now that there is a sign of you, you're done for !

Slave (*resisting*) : In the name of all that's evil, what has taken possession of you ? What have you to do with me, old man ? What are you pulling me about for ? What are you hitting me for ?

[But **Euclio** will not be reasoned with. He searches the slave for what he has not stolen and only reluctantly lets him go. This treatment makes him more determined than ever to watch the miser ; and so, when the latter decides to hide the gold in the grove of Silvanus, the slave runs on, and climbs a tree to play the spy.

Meanwhile, **Lyconides** has confessed to his mother, **Eunomia**, that he is the lover of **Phaedria**, to whom his uncle **Megadorus** is now betrothed. Practical as ever, **Eunomia** resolves to discuss her son's case with her brother ; and the issue is that they decide that the uncle must retire from the engagement in favour of the nephew.

A brief interval passes and the slave of **Lyconides** enters, in transports over his discovery of the crock of gold. He has dug it up. The contrast to this is the despair of the miser over the loss of his treasure.]

Eucl. : Oh, I'm lost, ruined, destroyed ! Where shall I run ? Where not, rather ? Stop thief ! But whom ? And who ? Oh, I don't know ! I'm going blindfold ; and in good truth where to go or where I am, or who I am, I can't in my mind discover for certain. Oh, good people, your help ; I pray you, point out the man who took it away !

[In the midst of his laments, **Lyconides** appears and thinks the old man must have heard about his secret love for **Phaedria** and about the determination of **Megadorus** to annul his engagement.]

Lyconides : Whoever is this who is making day hideous with his yells of sorrow in front of our house ? It's old Euclio—yes, it is, I do believe. Well, now, I'm in a pretty mess. The whole thing is out ! He has found out my relations with his daughter. And what am I to do ? Clear out, or stand my ground ? Face him, or run away ?

[**Lyconides's** manner and his acknowledgment that he has something to confess lead **Euclio** to tax him with the theft. After a scene of cross-purposes, **Lyconides** informs **Euclio** of his uncle's intention regarding the betrothal to **Phaedria.**]

Lycon. : My uncle has thrown her over on my account ; you can find out whether I'm speaking the truth or not.

Eucl. : I'm completely ruined. It is just a crowd of misfortunes, one on the top of another. I must go to ask about the truth of this.

Fifth Act

THE slave of **Lyconides** is overheard by his young master congratulating himself over getting the pot of gold.]

Slave : Ye gods immortal, what joys do ye present me with ? A four-pound pot full of gold ! There isn't a luckier fellow in all Athens.

Lyconides (*approaching*) : I fancy I hear someone speaking here.

Slave (*recognizing him*) : Ah, is this my master ?

Lycon. : And is this my slave ?

Slave : The very man.

Lycon. : None other.

Slave (*aside*) : Am I to tell him about my

find? If I do, I'll ask my freedom. I'll out with it. (*Impulsively*) Master, I've found——

Lycon. : Found what?

Slave : I've found very great riches to-day.

Lycon. : Where was this? [of gold.

Slave It's a four-pound pot, I tell you, full

Lycon. What is this crime I hear from you?

Slave I stole it from old Euclio.

Lycon. (*peremptorily*) Where's that gold?

Slave In my box at home. At present I want to be freed.

Lycon. : *I* free ! You thorough-paced rascal! Come, give up the gold!

Slave : I give up the gold?

Lycon. : Yes, give it up, I say, to be given back to its owner.

Slave : Where am I to get it?

Lycon. : You owned a minute ago it's in your box.

Slave : Oh, but, you know, I'm given to talking nonsense. It's all a joke.

[So for a time he teases his master, but in the end the gold is restored to **Euclio**, who, overjoyed at its recovery, presents it to **Phaedria** as her dowry when she marries **Lyconides.**]

The World's Most Famous Allegory

JOHN BUNYAN

THE first part of The Pilgrim's Progress was written during Bunyan's second imprisonment in Bedford gaol in 1675. As originally conceived, the work was something entirely different from the masterpiece that was finally produced. Engaged upon a religious treatise, Bunyan had occasion to compare Christian progress to a pilgrimage—a simile by no means uncommon even in those days. Soon he discovered a number of points which had escaped his predecessors, and countless images began to crowd quickly upon his imaginative brain. The Pilgrim's Progress, on its appearance in 1678, was but a moderate success; but it was not long before its charm made itself felt, and within ten years 100,000 copies were sold. An outline of Bunyan's Grace Abounding appears in pages 233-239 of *The World's Great Books.*

I—The Battle With Apollyon



AS I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where there was a den and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed I saw a man, clothed with rags, standing with his face from his own house, a book in his hand and a great burden upon his back.

"O my dear wife and children!" he said, "I am informed that our city will be burnt with fire from heaven. We shall all come to ruin unless we can find a way of escape!"

His relations and friends thought that some distemper had got into his head; but he kept crying, in spite of all that they said to quieten him, "What shall I do to be saved?" He looked this way and that way, but could not tell which road to take. And a man named Evangelist came to him, and he said to Evangelist, "Whither must I fly?"

"Do you see yonder wicket gate?" said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field. "Go there, and knock, and you will be told what to do."

I saw in my dream that the man began to run and his wife and children cried after him to return, but the man ran on, crying, "Life! life! eternal life!"

Two of his neighbours pursued him and overtook him. Their names were Obstinate and Pliable.

"Come, come, friend Christian," said Obstinate. "Why are you hurrying away in this manner from the City of Destruction, in which you were born?"

"Because I have read in my book," replied Christian, "that it will be consumed with fire from heaven. I pray you, good neighbours, come with me, and seek for some way of escape."

After listening to all that Christian said, Pliable resolved to go with him, but Obstinate returned to the City of Destruction in scorn.

"What! Leave my friends and comforts for such a brain-sick fellow as you? No, I will go back to my own home."

Christian and Pliable walked on together, without looking whither they were going, and in the midst of the plain they fell into a very miry slough, which was called the Slough of Despond. Here they

wallowed for a time and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

"Is this the happiness you told me of?" said Pliable. "If I get out again with my life, you shall make your journey alone."

With a desperate effort he got out of the mire, and went back, leaving Christian alone in the Slough of Despond. As Christian struggled under his burden towards the wicket gate, I saw in my dream that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and drew him out and set him upon sound ground. But before Christian could get to the wicket gate, Mr. Worldly Wiseman came and spoke to him.

"How now, good fellow!" said Mr. Worldly Wiseman. "Where are you going with that heavy burden on your back?"

"To yonder wicket gate," said Christian. "For there, Evangelist told me, I shall be put into a way to be rid of my heavy burden."



'DO YOU SEE YONDER WICKET GATE?'

"Evangelist is a dangerous and troublesome fellow," said Mr. Worldly Wiseman. "Do not follow his counsel. Hear me; I am older than you. I can tell you an easy way to get rid of your burden. You see the village on yonder high hill?"

"Yes," said Christian. "I remember the village is called Morality."

"It is," said Mr. Worldly Wiseman. "There you will find a very judicious gentleman whose name is Mr. Legality. If he is not in, inquire for his son, Mr. Civility. Both of them have great skill in helping men to get burdens off their shoulders."

Christian resolved to follow Mr. Worldly Wiseman's advice. But, as he was painfully climbing up the high hill, Evangelist came up to him, and said, "Are you not the man that I found crying in the City of Destruction, and directed to the little wicket gate? How is it that you have gone so far out of the way?"

Christian blushed for shame and said that he had been led astray by Mr. Worldly Wiseman.

"Mr. Worldly Wiseman," said Evangelist, "is a wicked man. Mr. Legality is a cheat, and his son, Mr. Civility, is a hypocrite. If you listen to them they will beguile you of your salvation, and turn you from the right way."

Evangelist then set Christian in the true path which led to the wicket gate, over which was written, 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' And Christian knocked, and a grave person, named Goodwill, opened the gate and let him in. I saw in my dream that Christian asked him to help him off with the burden that was upon his back and Goodwill pointed to a

narrow way running from the wicket gate, and said, "Do you see that narrow way? That is the way you must go. Keep to it and do not turn down any of the wide and crooked roads and you will soon come to the place of deliverance, where your burden will fall from your back of itself."

Christian then took his leave of Goodwill, and climbed up the narrow way till he came to a place upon which stood a cross. And I saw in my dream that as Christian came to the cross, his burden fell from off his back and he became glad and lightsome. He gave three leaps for joy and went on his way singing and at nightfall he came to a very stately palace, the name of which was Beautiful. Four grave and lovely damsels, named Charity, Discretion, Prudence and Piety, met him at the threshold, saying, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord! This palace was built on purpose to entertain such pilgrims as thou."

CHRISTIAN sat talking with the lovely damsels until supper was ready, and then they led him to a table that was furnished with fat things and excellently fine wines. And after Christian had refreshed himself, the damsels showed him into a large chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace and there Christian slept till break of day. Then he awoke, singing for joy, and the damsels took him into the armoury and dressed him for battle. They harnessed him in armour of proof and gave him a stout shield and a good sword; for, they said, he would have to fight many a battle before he got to the Celestial City.

And I saw in my dream that Christian went down the hill on which the House Beautiful stood and came to a valley, that was called the Valley of Humiliation, where he was met by a foul fiend, Apollyon.

"Prepare to die!" said Apollyon, straddling over the whole breadth of the narrow way. "I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further. Here will I spill thy soul."

With that, he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but Christian caught it on his shield. Then Apollyon rushed upon him, throwing darts as thick as hail and, notwithstanding all that Christian could do, Apollyon wounded him, and made him draw back. The sore combat lasted for half a day, and though Christian resisted as manfully as he could, he grew weaker and weaker by reason of his wounds. At last Apollyon, espying his opportunity, closed in on Christian and, wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall and Christian's sword flew out of his hand.

"Ah!" cried Apollyon, "I am sure of thee now!"

He pressed him almost to death and Christian began to despair of life. But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching his last blow, to make an end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword and caught it and gave him a deadly thrust. With that, Apollyon spread forth his wings and sped him away and Christian saw him no more.

Then, with some leaves from the tree of life, Christian healed his wounds and, with his sword drawn in his hand, he marched through the Valley of Humiliation, without meeting any more enemies.

But at the end of the valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death. On the right hand of this valley was a very deep ditch; it was the ditch into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have there miserably perished. And on the left hand was a dangerous quagmire, into which, if even a good man falls, he finds no bottom for his foot to stand on. The pathway here was exceeding narrow and very dark and Christian was hard put to it to get through safely. And right by the wayside, in the midst of the valley, was the mouth of hell and out of it came flame and smoke in great abundance, with sparks and hideous noises. But when the hosts of hell came at him, as he travelled on through the smoke and flame and dreadful noise, he cried out, "I will walk in the strength of the Lord God!"

THEREUPON, the fiends gave over and came no further; and suddenly the day broke and Christian turned and saw all the hobgoblins, satyrs and dragons of the pit far behind him and though he was now got into the most dangerous part of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he was no longer afraid. The place was so set, here with snares, traps, gins and nets, and there with pits and holes and shelvings that, had



MR. WORLDLY WISEMAN

it been dark, he would surely have perished. But it was now clear day and by walking warily Christian got safely to the end of the valley. And at the end of the valley he saw another pilgrim marching on at some distance before him.

"Oh, ho!" shouted Christian. "Stay, and I will be your companion."

"No, I cannot stay," said the other pilgrim, whose name was Faithful. "I am upon my life and the avenger of blood is behind me."

Putting out all his strength, Christian quickly got up with Faithful. Then I saw in my dream they went very lovingly on together, and had sweet discourse of all things that had happened to them in their pilgrimage: for they had been neighbours in the City of Destruction, and both of them were bound for the Delectable Mountains, and the Celestial City beyond. They were now in a great wilderness and they walked on together till they came to the town of Vanity, at which a fair is kept all the year long, called Vanity Fair.

II—Vanity Fair

I saw in my dream that Christian and Faithful tried to avoid seeing Vanity Fair; but this they could not do, because the way to the Celestial City lies through the town where this lusty fair is kept. About 5,000 years ago, Beelzebub, Apollyon and the rest of the fiends saw by the path which the pilgrims made that their way lay through the town of Vanity. So they set up a fair there, in which all sorts of vanity should be sold every day in the year. Among the merchandise sold at this fair are lands, honours, titles, lusts, pleasures and preferments; delights of all kinds, as servants, gold, silver and precious stones; murders and thefts; blood and bodies, yea, and lives and souls. Moreover, at this fair there are at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves and rogues and that of every sort.

When Christian and Faithful came through Vanity Fair everybody began to stare and mock at them, for they were clothed in a raiment different from the raiment of the multitude that traded in the fair and their speech also was different and few could understand what they said. But what amused the townspeople most of all was that the pilgrims set light by all their wares.

"What will ye buy? What will ye buy?" said one merchant to them mockingly.

"We buy the truth," said Christian and Faithful, looking gravely upon him.

At this some men began to taunt the pilgrims and some tried to strike them; and things at last came to a hubbub and great stir and all the fair was thrown into disorder. Thereupon, Christian and Faithful were arrested as disturbers of the peace. After being beaten and rolled in the dirt, they were put into a cage and made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. The next day they were again beaten and led up and down the fair in heavy chains for an example and terror to others.

But some of the better sort were moved to take their part; and this so angered the chief men in the town that they resolved to put the pilgrims to death. They were therefore indicted before the Lord Chief Justice Hategood with having disturbed the trade of Vanity Fair and won a party over to their own pernicious way of thinking, in contempt of the law of Prince Beelzebub. Mr. Envy, Mr. Superstition and Mr. Pickthank bore witness against them; and the jurymen, on hearing Faithful affirm that the customs of their town of Vanity were opposed to the spirit

of Christianity, brought him in guilty of high treason to Beelzebub. No doubt, they would have condemned Christian also; but, by the mercy of God, he escaped from prison, being assisted by one of the men of the town, named Hopeful, who had come over to his way of thinking.

Faithful was tied to a stake and scourged and stoned and burnt to death. But I saw in my dream that the Shining Ones came with a chariot and horses and made their way through the multitude to the flames in which Faithful was burning and put him in the chariot and, with the sound of trumpets, carried him up through the clouds and on to the gate of the Celestial City.

So Christian was left alone to continue his journey; but I saw in my dream that, as he was going out of the town of Vanity, Hopeful came up to him and said that he would be his companion. And thus it ever is. Whenever a man dies to bear testimony to the truth, another rises out of his ashes to carry on his work.

Christian was in no wise cast down by the death of Faithful, but went on his way, singing,

Hail, Faithful, hail! Thy goodly works survive;
And though they killed thee, thou art still alive.

And he was especially comforted by Hopeful telling him that there were a great many men of the better sort in Vanity Fair who were now resolved to undertake the pilgrimage to the Celestial City. Some way beyond Vanity Fair was a delicate plain, called Ease, where Christian and Hopeful went with much content. But at the farther side of that plain was a little hill, which was named Lucre. In this hill was a silver-mine which was very dangerous to enter, for many men who had gone to dig silver there had been smothered in the bottom by damps and noisome airs. Four men from Vanity Fair—Mr. Money-love, Mr. Hold-the-World, Mr. By-Ends and Mr. Save-All—were going into the silver-mine as Christian and Hopeful passed by.

"Tarry for us," said Mr. Money-love; "and when we have got a little riches to take us on our journey, we will come with you."

Hopeful was willing to wait for his fellow-townsmen, but Christian told him that, having entered the mine, they would never come out; and, besides, that treasure is a snare to them that seek it, for it hindereth their pilgrimage. And he spoke truly; for I saw in my dream that some were killed by falling into the mine as they gazed from the brink and the rest who went down to dig were poisoned by the vapours in the pit.

In the meantime, Christian and Hopeful came to the river of life and walked along the bank with great delight. They drank of the water of the river, which was pleasant and enlivening to their weary spirits, and they ate of the fruit of the green trees that grew by the river side. Then, finding a fair meadow covered with lilies, they lay down and slept; and in the morning they rose up, wondrously refreshed, and continued their journey along the bank of the river. But the way soon grew rough and stony and, seeing on their left hand a stile across the meadow called By-Path Meadow, Christian leaped over it and said to Hopeful, "Come, good Hopeful, let us go this way. It is much easier."

"I am afraid," said Hopeful, "that it will take us out of the right road."

But Christian persuaded him to jump over the stile, and there they got into a path which was very easy for their feet. But they had not gone very far when it began to rain and thunder and lighten in a most dreadful manner and night came on apace and, stumbling along in the darkness, they reached Doubting Castle and the lord thereof, Giant Despair, took them and threw them into a dark and dismal dungeon. Here they lay for three days without one bit of bread or drop of drink. On the third day Giant Despair came and flogged them with a great crabtree cudgel and so disabled them that they were not even able to rise up from the mire of their dungeon floor. And indeed, they could scarcely keep their heads above the mud in which they lay.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence; and when she found that, in spite of their flogging, Christian and Hopeful were still alive, she advised

her husband to kill them outright. It happened, however, to be sunshiny weather, and sunshiny weather always made Giant Despair fall into a helpless fit, in which he lost for a time the use of his hands. So all he could do was to try and persuade his prisoners to kill themselves with knife or halter.

"Why," said he to Christian and Hopeful, "should you choose to live? You know you can never get out of Doubting Castle. What! Will you slowly starve to death like rats in a hole, instead of putting a sudden end to your misery, like men? I tell you again, you will never get out."

But when he was gone, Christian and Hopeful went down on their knees in their dungeon and prayed long and earnestly. Then Christian suddenly bethought himself, and after fumbling in his bosom, he drew out a key, saying, "What a fool am I to lie in a dismal dungeon when I can walk at liberty! Here is the key that I have been carrying in my bosom, called Promise, that will open every lock in Doubting Castle."

He at once tried it at the dungeon door and turned the bolt with ease. He then led Hopeful to the iron gate of the castle and the key opened it. But as the gate moved, it made such a creaking that Giant Despair was aroused.



GIANT DESPAIR OF DOUBTING CASTLE

Hastily rising up, the giant set out to pursue the prisoners; but seeing that all the land was now flooded with sunshine, he fell into one of his helpless fits, and could not even get as far as the castle gate.

III—The Celestial Cit

HAVING thus got safely out of Doubting Castle, Christian and Hopeful made their way back to the banks of the river of life and, following the rough and stony way, they came at last to the Delectable Mountains. And going up the mountains they beheld the gardens and orchards, the vineyards, the fountains of water; and here they drank and washed themselves and freely ate of the pleasant grapes of the vineyards. Now, on the top of the mountains there were four shepherds feeding their flocks and the pilgrims went to them and, leaning upon their staffs, they asked them the way to the Celestial City. And the shepherds took them by the hand and led them to the top of Clear, the highest of all the Delectable Mountains and the pilgrims looked and saw, faintly and very far off, the gate and the glory of the Celestial City.

And I saw in my dream that the two pilgrims went down the Delectable Mountains along the narrow way and after walking some distance they came to a place where the path branched. Here they stood still for a while, considering which way to take, for both ways seemed right.

And as they were considering, behold, a man black of flesh and covered with a white robe, came up to them and offered to lead them down the true way. But when they had followed him for some time they found that he had led them into a crooked road and there they were entangled in a net.

Here they lay bewailing themselves and at last they espied a Shining One coming toward them, with a whip in his hand.

"We are poor pilgrims going to the Celestial City," said Christian and Hopeful. "A black man clothed in white offered to lead us there, but entangled us instead in this net."

"It was Flatterer did this," said the Shining One. "He is a false apostle that hath transformed himself into an angel."

I saw in my dream that he then rent the net and let the pilgrims out. Then he commanded them to lie down and, when they did so, he chastised them with his whip of cords, to teach them to walk in the good way and refrain from following the advice evil flatterers. And they thanked him for his kindness and went softly along the right path, singing for very joy; and after passing through the Enchanted Land, which was full of vapours that made them dull and sleepy, they came to the sweet and pleasant country of Beulah. In this country the sun shone night and day, and the air was so bright and clear that they could see the Celestial City to which they were going. Yea, they met there some of the inhabitants, for the Shining Ones often walked in the Land of Beulah, because it was on the borders of Heaven.

As Christian and Hopeful drew near to the city their strength began to fail. It was builded of pearls and precious stones, and the streets were paved with gold; and what with the natural glory of the city, and the dazzling radiance of the sunbeams that fell upon it, Christian grew sick with desire as he beheld it; and Hopeful, too, was stricken with the same malady. And, walking on very slowly, full of the pain of longing, they came at last to the gate of the city. But between them and the gate there was a river and the river was very deep and no bridge went over it. And when Christian asked the Shining Ones how he could get to the gate of the city, they said, "You must go through the river, or you cannot come to the gate."

"Is the river very deep?" said Christian.

"You will find it deeper or shallower," said the Shining Ones, "according to the depth or shallowness of your belief in the King of our city."

The two pilgrims then entered the river. Christian at once began to sink and, crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, "I sink in deep waters! The billows go over my head! All the waves go over me."

"Be of good cheer, my brother," said Hopeful, "I feel the bottom, and it is good!"

With that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian; he could no longer see before him, and he was in much fear that he would perish in the river and never enter in at the gate. When he recovered, he found he had got to the other side, and Hopeful was already there waiting for him.

And I saw in my dream that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up with ease, because they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river.

While they were thus drawing to the gate, behold, a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them. With them were several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who made even the heavens echo with their shouting and the sound of their trumpets.

Then all the bells in the city began to ring welcome and the gate was opened wide and the two pilgrims entered. And lo! as they entered they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. And Shining Ones gave them harps to praise their King with, and crowns in token of honour.

And as the gates were opened, I looked in, and behold, the streets were paved with gold; and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings and they answered one another saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!" And after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them. Then I awoke, and behold! it was a dream.

JEREMY TAYLOR

THE RULE AND EXERCISE OF HOLY DYING

LIKE the complementary treatise, The Rule and Exercise of Holy Living (see page 95), Jeremy Taylor's The Rule and Exercise of Holy Dying is of a devotional, rather than a strictly theological nature; its author's aim was ever to persuade by the fulness and beauty of his thought than to convince by the force and clarity of his arguments. In prose that is of an incomparable majesty, he shows the pathetic folly of those men who attribute an exaggerated importance to the things of this world, and exhorts the Christian to show true wisdom in preparing for death. Jeremy Taylor's writing is consistently vivid and never wearisome; much of his Holy Dying might appropriately be described as prose-poetry of the highest order. The whole spirit of the work, which was published in 1651, is one of noble devotion to Christian ideals.

I—The Transitoriness of Life



MAN is like a thing of naught; his time passeth away like a shadow. Men rise up like bubbles descending from God. Some instantly sink into the deluge of their first parent and are hidden; others float up and down two or three turns and suddenly disappear. And they that live longest are in perpetual motion, restless and uneasy; and when crushed they sink into flatness and a froth, it being hardly possible a bubble should be more a nothing than it was before. So is every man. To preserve him from rushing into nothing, and at first to draw him up from nothing, were equally the issues of an Almighty power. Homer calls a man 'a leaf,' the smallest, the weakest piece of a short-lived, unsteady plant. Pindar calls him 'the dream of a shadow.' But St. James saith, 'Our life is but a vapour.' It is not so much as a mist, nor substantial enough to make a cloud.

Let no man extend his thoughts, or let his hopes wander towards future and far-distant events and accidental contingencies. This day is mine and yours, but ye know not what shall be on the morrow; and every morning creeps out of a dark cloud, leaving behind it an ignorance and silence deep as midnight and undiscerned as are the phantasms that make a chrisom-child to smile.

Though we must not look so far off, and pry abroad, yet we must be busy near at hand; we must, with all arts of the spirit, seize upon the present, because it passes from us while we speak and because in it all our certainty does consist.

II—Preparations for Dying

IF we would have our life lengthened, let us begin betimes to live in the accounts of reason and sober counsels, of religion and the Spirit, and then we shall have no reason to complain that our abode on earth is so short. Our life is too short to purchase great wealth, to satisfy the pride of a vainglorious fool, to trample upon all the enemies of our just or unjust interest; but for the obtaining virtue, for the purchase of sobriety, for the actions of religion, God gives us time sufficient.

A strict course of piety is the way to prolong our lives in the natural sense and to add good portions to the number of our years.

As our life is very short, so it is very miserable; and therefore it is well it is short.

Man never hath one day to himself of entire peace. His joys have the wings of a bird; he is always restless and uneasy, he dwells upon the waters and leans upon thorns and lays his head upon a sharp stone.

The effect of this consideration is this, that the sadnesses of this life help to sweeten the bitter cup of death.

He that would die well must always look for death.

He must lay up against the day of death, by provisions proper to the necessities of that great day of expense, in which a man is to throw his last cast for an eternity of joys or sorrows.

Above all things he must be careful that he do not live a soft, a delicate and voluptuous life. He that would die holily and happily must in this world love tears, humility, solitude and repentance.

He that will die well and happily must dress his soul by a diligent scrutiny and sum up accounts at the foot of every page.

It is not intended we should take accounts of our lives only to be thought religious, but that we may dash our sins against the stones.

A frequent examination of our actions will soften our consciences and make them tender, so that they shall be impatient of any rudeness or heavier load.

But if by this exercise religion will seem a burden, I have to oppose against it that we had better bear the burden of the Lord than the burden of a base and polluted conscience.

III—Sickness and Its Effects

SICKNESS hath a name worse than its nature. For there is no sickness so great but children endure it by a direct sufferance, as a pillar bears the weight of a roof. Yet poor children that endure so much have not inward supports and refreshments to bear them through it; they never heard the sayings of old men, nor have been taught the principles of philosophy, nor are assisted with the results of a long experience, nor know they how to turn a sickness into a virtue, and yet nature hath in them teeth and nails enough to scratch and fight against the sickness, and by such aids as God is pleased to give them they wade through the storm and murmur not.

Remember that all men have passed this way; the bravest, the wisest and the best. Nothing is more unreasonable than to entangle our spirits in wildness and amazement, like a partridge fluttering in a net, which she breaks not, though she breaks her wings.

I consider one of the greatest felicities of heaven consists in an immunity from sin. Then we shall love God without a mixture of malice; then we shall enjoy without envy; then we shall see fuller vessels running over with glory, and crowned with bigger circles; and this we shall behold without spilling from our eyes (those vessels of joy and grief) any sign of anger, trouble, or a repining spirit. Our passions shall be pure, our charity without fear, our desire without lust; and all in the inheritance of Jesus, in the richest soil of God's eternal kingdom.

Next to this, the soul, by the help of sickness, knocks off the fetters of pride and vainer complacencies.

Then, as the soul is still undressing, she takes off the roughness of her angers and animosities and receives the oil of mercies and smooth forgiveness, fair interpretations and gentle answers, designs of reconcilement and Christian atonement in their places.

Sickness is the opportunity and the proper scene of exercising some virtues. It is that agony in which men are tried for a crown. No man was ever honoured nor rewarded with a crown for being at ease.

If all the calumnies were true concerning sickness with which it is aspersed, yet it is far to be preferred before the most pleasant sin. Certain it is some sickness is a blessing.

The sum is this: He that is afraid of pain is afraid of his own nature; and if his fear be violent, it is a sign his patience is none at all and an impatient person is not ready dressed for heaven.

IV—Fears of Death

GOD having, in this world, placed us in a sea and troubled the sea with a continuous storm, hath appointed the church for a ship and religion to be the stern; but there is no haven or port save death. Death is that harbour whither God hath designed everyone, that there he may find rest from the troubles of the world.

And it is no such formidable thing, if we view it on both sides and handle it and

consider all its appendages. It is necessary and, therefore, not intolerable. Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises and solemn bugbears, the tinsel and the actings by candle-light, the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watchers; and then to die is easy, ready and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maidservant today. It is so harmless a thing that no good man was ever thought the more miserable for dying.

He that would willingly be fearless of death must learn to despise the world; he must neither love anything passionately, nor be proud of any circumstance of his life.

Make no excuses to make thy desires of life seem reasonable. Some are not willing to submit to God's sentence till they have finished such a design, or made an end of the last paragraph of their book, or raised such portions for their children, or built their house, or planted their orchard, or ordered their estate with such advantages.

After all this, I do not say it is a sin to be afraid of death; but all reluctancy or unwillingness to obey the divine decree is but a snare to ourselves and a load to our spirits.

V—Conduct in Sickness

TAKE care that the cause of thy sickness be such as may not sour it. It is a sad calamity to pass into the house of mourning through the gates of intemperance. Then sin and its punishment are mingled so that shame covers the face and sorrows put a veil of darkness upon the heart. Some men are so fearful to die that they dare not look upon it as possible and think that the making of a will is a mortal sign. Let a man consider that whatsoever must be done in sickness ought to be done in health.

At the first address and presence of sickness stand still and arrest thy spirit, that it may without amazement or affright consider that this was what thou lookedst for and wert always certain should happen; and that thou art to enter into the actions of a new religion, the agony of a strange constitution. Every man, when shot with an arrow from God's quiver, must then draw in all the auxiliaries of reason and know that then is the time to try his strength. Let him set his heart firm upon this resolution: 'I must bear it inevitably, and I will, by God's grace, do it nobly.'

Be patient in the desires of religion. Do not think that God is only to be found in a great prayer or in a solemn office. He is moved by a sigh, by a groan, by an act of love; and therefore, when your pain is great and pungent, lay all your strength upon it, to bear it patiently. When the evil is something more tolerable, let your mind think some pious, though short, meditation.

Be obedient to thy physician in those things that concern him, if he be a person fit to minister unto thee.

Treat thy nurses and servants sweetly and as it becomes an obliged and necessitous person. Remember that thou art very troublesome to them; that they trouble not thee willingly; that they strive to do thee ease and benefit.

Now is the time in which faith appears most necessary and most difficult. It is the foundation of a good life, and the foundation of all our hopes; it is that without which we cannot live well, and without which we cannot die well; it is a grace that then we shall need to support our spirits, to sustain our hopes, to alleviate our sickness, to resist temptation, to prevent despair.

Let the sick man be careful that he does not admit of any doubt concerning that which he believed and received from a common consent in his best health and days of election and religion.

Let the sick man consider at what gate this sickness entered and, if he can discover the particular, let him instantly, passionately and with great contrition dash the crime in pieces, lest he descend into his grave in the midst of a sin and thence remove into an ocean of eternal sorrow. But if he only suffers the common fate of man and knows not the particular inlet, he is to be governed by the following measures.

Inquire into the repentance of thy former life particularly; whether it were

of a great and perfect grief and productive of fixed resolutions of holy living.

Supply the imperfections of thy repentance by a general or universal sorrow for thy sins.

Now is the time beyond which the sick man must at no hand defer to make restitution of all his unjust possessions, or other men's rights, and satisfaction for all injuries and violences, according to his obligation and possibilities.

Let the sick man set his house in order before he die; reconcile the quarrels of his family, cause right understandings and remove jealousies; give good counsels for the future conduct of their persons and estates, charm them into religion by the authority and advantages of a dying person; because the last words of a dying man are like the tooth of a wounded lion, making a deeper impression in the agony than in the most vigorous strength.

VI—Religious Ministrations in Sickness

LET the minister of religion be sent to, not only against the agony of death, but that he may be advised with in the whole conduct of the sickness. It is a very great evil, both in the matter of prudence and piety, that men fear the priest as they fear the embalmer or the sexton's spade; and love not to converse with him unless they can converse with no man else and think his office so much to relate to the other world that he is not to be treated with while we hope to live in this.

The event is that the man is deadly sick and his reason is useless and he is laid to sleep and his life is in the confines of the grave, so that he can do nothing towards the trimming of his lamp; and the curate shall say a few prayers by him and talk to a dead man, and the man is not in a condition to be helped, but in a condition to need it hugely. Let the spiritual man come when the sick man can be conversed withal and instructed, when he can be taught to understand the case of his soul and the rules of his conscience.

The first necessity that is to be served is that of repentance.

Let the sick man, in the scrutiny of his conscience and confession of his sins, be carefully reminded to consider those sins which are only condemned in the court of conscience, and nowhere else. There are many sins which have reputation and are accounted honour; as fighting a duel, answering a blow with a blow. Others are permitted by law, as usury in all countries. Some things are not forbidden by law, as lying in ordinary discourse, jeering, scoffing, intemperate eating, ingratitude, selling too dear, circumventing another in contracts. Some sins go under the title of sins of infirmity, such as idle thoughts, foolish talking, loose revellings, impatience, anger and all the events of evil company.

Lastly, many things are thought to be no sins, such as misspending of their time, long gaming, censuring men's actions, curiosity, equivocating in the prices and secrets of buying and selling, rudeness. Under the dark shadow of these unhappy and fruitless yew trees the enemy of mankind makes very many to lie hid from themselves. Now, in all these cases the ministers are to be inquisitive and observant, that those things which in life passed without observation may now be brought forth and pass under saws and harrows—that is, the severity and censure of sorrow and condemnation.

THEN the confession is made, the spiritual man is to execute the office of a restorer and a judge by administering the Holy Sacrament.

When we have received the last breath of our friend and closed his eyes, solemn and appointed mournings are good expression of our dearness to the departed soul and of his worth and our value of him and it hath its praise in nature and in manners, but it hath no direct and proper uses in religion. But we may be engaged to do our duty to our dead, lest peradventure they should perceive our neglect and be witness of our transient affections and forgetfulness.

It remains, that we who are alive should so live that, when we descend to our graves, we may rest in the bosom of the Lord, till the mansions be prepared where we shall sing and feast eternally. *Amen.*

PETRARCH

VERSES TO MY LADY LAURA

THE sonnets, songs and madrigals included in Petrarch's Verses to My Lady Laura, In Life and Death, are surely the most precious gift ever made by man to woman. By virtue of them Laura lives for all time; 'in her beauty,' as Homer says of Helen of Troy, 'she seems an immortal idea.' The verses in which Petrarch told his love for her, his hopes and despairs, his bitter sorrow at her death, rank among the finest of their kind in all literature. They have a freshness and fragrance that proclaim them to be of the springtime of the modern world; while, at the same time, their style, the silver elegance of their form, show classical influences. Petrarch also wrote other lyrics on many subjects with the same quality of deep sincerity, vivid description and exquisite sense of words and of form, and a long allegorical poem called Triumphs. A translation of some of Petrarch's love poems is published by the Oxford University Press at 3s. 6d.

This epitome has been prepared by Mr. J. D. Symon.

I—To Laura in Life

Vanity of His Passion



YE who in rhymes dispersed the echoes hear
Of those sad sighs with which my heart I fed,
When early youth my mazy wanderings led,
Loudly diverse from what I now appear,
Fluttering 'twixt frantic hope and frantic fear,
From those by whom my various style is read,
I hope, if e'er their hearts for love have bled,
Not only pardon, but perhaps a tear.
But now I clearly see that of mankind
Long time I was the tale: whence bitter thought
And self-reproach with frequent blushes teem;
While of my frenzy shame the fruit I find,
And sad repentance, and the proof, dear bought,
That the world's joy is but a fleeting dream.

He is Love's Victim

One sweet and signal vengeance to obtain,
To punish in a day my life's long crime,
As one who, bent on harm, waits place and time,
Love craftily took up his bow again.
My virtue had retired to watch my heart,
Thence of weak eyes the danger to repel,
When instantly a mortal blow there fell
Where blunted hitherto dropt every dart.
Thus overpowered in that first attack
She had not vigour left enough, nor room
Even to arm her for my passing need,
Nor to the steep and painful mountain back
To draw me, safe and scatheless from that doom
Whence she, too weak, was fain to leave me freed.

He Blames Love for Wounding Him on a Holy Day

'Twas on the morn when heaven its blessed ray
In pity to its suffering Master veiled,
First did I, lady, to your beauty yield,
Of your victorious eyes the unguarded prey.
Ah, little recked I that on such a day
Against Love's shafts I needed any shield;
But all securely took the fatal field,
Whence with the world's began my heart's dismay.
On every side Love found his victim bare,
And through mine eyes transfixed my throbbing heart;
Those eyes, which now with constant sorrows flow;
But poor the triumph of his boasted art
Who thus could pierce a naked youth, nor dare
To you in armour clad even to display his bow.

His Heart, Rejected, Will Perish

A thousand times, sweet warrior, have I tried
Proffering my heart to thee, some place to gain
From those bright eyes, but still, alas! in vain;
To such low level stoops not thy chaste pride.
If others seek the love thus thrown aside,
Vain were their hopes and labours to obtain.
The heart thou spurnest I alike disdain,
To thee displeasing, 'tis by me denied.
But if discarded thus it find not thee,
Its joyless exile willing to befriend,
Alone, untaught, at others' will to wend,
Soon from life's weary burden will it flee.
How heavy then the guilt to both, but more
To thee, for thee it did the most adore.

He Blames Laura's Mirror

Those golden tresses, teeth of pearly white,
Those cheeks' fair roses blooming to decay,
Do in their beauty to my soul convey
The poisoned arrows from my aching sight.
Thus sad and briefly must my days take flight,
For life with woe not long on earth will stay.
But more I blame that mirror's flattering sway
Which thou hast wearied with thy self-delight.
Its power my bosom's sovereign too hath stilled,
Who prayed thee on my part; now he is mute
Since thou art captured by thyself alone:

Death's seeds within my heart it hath instilled,
For Lethe's stream its form doth constitute,
And makes thee lose each image but thine own.

Night Brings Him No Peace

O'er earth and sky her lone watch Silence keeps,
And bird and beast in stirless slumber lie;
Her starry chariot Night conducts on high,
And in its bed the waveless ocean sleeps.
I wake, muse, burn and weep; of all my pain
The one sweet cause appears before me still.
War is my lot, which grief and anger fill,
And thinking but of her, some rest I gain.
Thus, from one bright and living fountain flows
The bitter and the sweet on which I feed;
One hand alone can harm me or can heal,
And thus my martyrdom no limit knows.
A thousand deaths and lives each day I feel,
So distant are the paths to peace that lead.

Laura Tells Him in a Vision He will see Her No More

Afar, I solaced me, in days gone by [combined;
With dreams of her whose glance all heaven
But now do fears and sorrows haunt my mind,
Nor can I from those griefs and terrors fly.
For oft I mark in slumber how her eye
Hath overwhelming love with pity joined.
And oft I seem to hear on every wind
Such tones as from my bosom bring the sigh.
'Rememberest thou,' she cries, 'that last dark eve,
When to those doting eyes I bade farewell,
Forced by the time's relentless tyranny?
I had not then the power nor heart to tell
What thou shalt find too true, and, finding, grieve—
Hope thou no more thy Laura's face to see.'

He Cannot Believe the Report of Her Death

O woe and horror, can it then be true
That the sweet light before its time is spent,
Which could my life mid all its pains content,
And ever with fresh hopes of good renew?
If it be so, why comes not tidings through
Some other channel of the dire event?
Nay, God and nature could not be thus content
And my dark fears a futile path pursue.
Still, it delights my heart to hope once more
To gaze upon that all-enchanting face,
The glory of our age and life to me.
But if, to its eternal home to soar,
That heavenly soul hath left its earthly place,
Oh, then, not distant may my death-day be!

II—To Laura in Death

On Hearing of Her Death

Alas! for that sweet look, that lovely face!
Alas! that dignity with sweetness fraught!
Alas! that speech which tamed the wildest thought!
That roused the coward glory to embrace!
Alas! that smile that did in me encase
That fatal dart, whence here I hope for nought—
Oh! hadst thou earlier our regions sought,
The world had then confessed thy sovran grace!
In thee I breathed, life's flame was nursed by thee;
For I was thine, and since of thee bereaved,
Each other woe hath lost its venomed sting:
My soul's blest joy! when last thy voice on me
In music fell, my heart sweet hope conceived:
Alas! thy words have sped on zephyr's wings!

He Bewails the Death of Laura and Colonna

Fall'n that proud Column, fall'n that Laurel tree,
Whose shelter once relieved my wearied mind;
Bereft am I of what I ne'er shall find
Altho' I search by every shore and sea.
A double treasure Death hath torn from me,
Wherein life's pride was with life's joy entwined.
Not eastern gems, nor the world's wealth com- [bined,
Can give it back, nor land nor royalty.
But if so fate decrees what can I more
Than with increasing tears these eyes bedew,
Abase my forehead and my lot deplore?
Ah, what is life, so lovely to the view!
How quickly in one little morn is lost [cost!
What years have won with labour and with

With Her is Passed All Desire of Life

Since her calm angel face, long beauty's fame,
My beggared soul by this brief parting throws
Deep into horrors and to darkest woes.
I seek by utterance to allay my pain.
Certes, just sorrow leads me to complain:
This she, who is its cause, and Love, too, shows;
No other remedy my poor heart knows
Against the troubles that in life obtain.
Death! thou hast snatched her thence with hand unkind.
And thou, glad Earth, that fair and kindly face
Now hidest from me in thy close embrace.
Why leave me here, disconsolate and blind,
Since she who of mine eyes was erst the light
Companions me no more, sweet, loving, bright?

Her Form Still Haunts Him in Solitude

How oft, all lonely, to my sweet retreat
From man and from myself I strive to fly,
Bathing with dewy eyes each well-loved seat
And swelling every blossom with a sigh!
How oft, deep musing on my woes complete,
Along the dark and silent glens I hie,
In thought again that dearest form to meet
By death possessed, and therefore wish to die!
How oft I see her rising from the tide
Of Sorga like some goddess of the flood.
Or, pensive, wander by the river's side,
Or tread the flowery mazes of the wood,
Bright as in life; while angel pity throws
O'er her fair face the impress of my woes.

The Graces of Laura

Where is the brow whose gentlest beckonings led
My ravished heart at will, now here, now there?
Where the twin stars, lights of this lower sphere,
Which o'er my darkling path their radiance shed?
Where is true worth and wit and wisdom fled?
The courteous phrase, the melting accent, where?



PETRARCH AND THE PAINTING OF HIS LADY LAURA
From the painting by L. Rubio

Where, grouped in one rich form, the beauties rare
Which long their magic influence o'er me shed ?
Where is the shade, within whose sweet recess
My wearied spirit still forgot its sighs,
And all my thoughts their constant record found ?
Where, where is she, my life's sole arbitress ?
Ah, wretched world ! and wretched ye, mine eyes
(Of her pure light bereft) in tears for ever drowned.

In Imagination He Meets Laura in Heaven

Thither ecstatic thought had rapt me where
She dwells, whom still on earth I seek in vain,
And there, with those whom the third heavens contain,
I saw her, much more kind and far more fair.
She took my hand and said, ' Within this sphere,
If hope deceive me not, thou shalt again
Reside with me, who caused thy mortal pain,
Even I, who with the summer closed my year.
My bliss no human thought can understand ;
Thee only I await ; and that erewhile
You held so dear, the veil I left behind '—
She ceased—ah, why ? Why did she loose my hand ?
For, oh, her hallowed words, her roseate smile
In heaven had well-nigh fixed my ravished mind !

To Laura's Virtue He Owes His Salvation

O sweet severity, repulses mild
With chastened love and tender pity fraught ;
Precious reproofs, that to mad passion taught
Becoming mastery o'er its wishes wild ;
Speech dignified, wherein, united, smiled
All courtesy, with purity of thought ;
Virtue and beauty, that uprooted aught
Of base temper that my heart defiled ;
Eyes in whose glance man is beatified—
Awful in pride of virtue, to restrain
Aspiring hopes that justly are denied,
Then prompt the drooping spirit to sustain !
These, beautiful in every change, supplied
Health to my soul, that else were sought in vain.

He Begs Love's Aid to Celebrate Laura

Ah, Love, some succour to my weakness deign,
Lend to my frail and weary style thine aid
To sing of her who is immortal made,
A citizen of the celestial reign.
And grant, Lord, that my verse the height may gain
Of her great praises, else in vain essayed,
Whose peer in worth or beauty never stayed
In this our world, unworthy to retain.
Love answers : ' In myself and Heaven what lay,
By conversation pure and counsel wise ?
All was in her whom death had snatched away.'
Since the first morn when Adam ope'd his eyes
Like form was never seen—let it suffice
With tears to write what scarce I tell for sighs.



Petrarch. FRANCESCO PETRARCA, poet and humanist, was born at Arezzo in 1304. Educated as a lawyer in France and at Bologna, he showed no inclination towards this profession, and entered the Church. He was, however, primarily a poet, and his genius was recognized when his Italian sonnets to Laura and his great epic, Africa, began to circulate. In 1341 he was crowned with the poet's laurel at Rome. His poetry has, indeed, had a profound influence not only on Italian, but on French and English literature. Petrarch was the first great poet since the days of Ancient Rome to write love songs in a simple and unaffected style, 'in the language that men talk,' as an Italian critic has said; and he popularised the sonnet. His example, both with regard to style and form, was widely followed, notably by the English poets of the Renaissance; by Wyatt, Surrey and Shakespeare. Petrarch's enthusiasm for the classics and his Latin studies did much to prepare the way for the great intellectual movements of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He died in 1374. This portrait is after a painting by Tofanelli.

III—The Triumph of Love

It was the time when I do sadly pay
My sighs in tribute to that sweet someday
Which first gave being to my tedious woes;
The sun now o'er the Bull's horns proudly goes
And Phaeton renews his wonted race
When Love, the season and my own ill case
Drew me that solitary place to find
In which I oft unload my burdened mind.
Sleep sealed my eyes and there I then did see
In shining light a Lord of Victory,
As one who in some gorgeous warlike show
Should to the Capitol in triumph go.
Four steeds of snow a fiery chariot drew;
There sat the cruel boy: a threatening yew
His right hand bore, his quiver arrows held,
Against whose force nor helm nor shield prevailed.
Two dazzling wings bedecked his shoulders bare,
A host of wounded surged about his chair.
Their names I sought to know; at last one came:
This ghost, less sad than others, spoke my name
And said, 'This comes of Love. Ah, long, full long,
I did expect to find thee in this throng.' [he
'I fear Love's hurt,' said I. 'Ah son,' quoth
'Thou knowest not the flame prepared for thee.'
Whereat their names I straightway sought to hear
That did attend on Love the charioteer.
'Love,' said my friend, 'for whom we do forego
Our lives and freedom, better shalt thou know
When thou dost own him master, even as I
Have bowed beneath his awful sovereignty.
Now mark, that gallant lord is victor hight
O'er conquering Rome, led captive by the bright
Egyptian queen with her persuasive art,
Who in his honours claims the greatest part;
For binding the world's victor by her charms
His trophies all are hers by right of arms.
Nero is next, disdainful, wicked, fierce,
And yet a woman found a way to pierce
His angry soul. And Marcus, lo! the grave,
Wise emperor is fair Faustina's slave.
This Jason is he whom Medea hath
Obliged by mischief. Here you see the frail
Fair Helena, with her the shepherd boy
Whose gazing looks hurt Greece and ruined Troy.
'Mongst other weeping souls, you hear the moan
Oenone makes, her Paris being gone:
And Menelaus for the woe he had
To lose his wife. Hermione is sad
And calls her dear Orestes to her aid.
Laodamia, thrice unhappy maid
And wife, bewails Protesilaus' shade.
Here in a word are all that bonds detained
And Jupiter before the chariot chained.'
'Dear friend,' said I, 'consider what desire
To learn the rest hath set my heart on fire.'
'This noble man on whom the others wait,'
Said he, 'is Pompey justly called the Great.
Cornelia followeth, wailing his hard fate
And Ptolemy's unworthy, causeless hate.
You see far off the Grecian general [fall.
Whose base wife, with Aegisthus, wrought his
Behold them there and judge if Love be blind.
But here are lovers of another kind,
And other faith they kept. Lyncеus was saved
By Hypermnestra: Pyramus bereaved
Himself of life, thinking his mistress slain;
Thisbe's like end cut short her mourning pain.
Leander, swimming often, sank at last;
Hero her fair form from her window cast.'

Now, as my friend to teach me all essayed,
Lo, at my side I spied a lovely maid
(No turtle ever purer whiteness had).
Straight was I caught, who lately swore I would
Defend me from a man at arms, nor would
Resist the wounds of words with motion graced;
The image yet is in my fancy placed.
My friend was willing to increase my woe
And, smiling, whispered—'You alone may go,
Confer with whom you please; for now we are
All stained with one crime.' My sullen care
Was like to theirs who are more grieved to know
Another's happiness than their own woe.
Now well I know the wiles, the subtle art
Poor lovers use to hide their stinging smart,
I tread the paths made happy by her feet
And search the foe I am afraid to meet.
I freeze when present; absent, my desire
Is hot; I follow, while I flee my fire.
In sum, I know how giddy and how vain
Be lovers' lives; what fear and boldness reign
In all their ways; how every sweet is paid,
And with a double weight of sour allayed.
When once my will was captive by my fate
And I had lost my liberty, which late
Made my life happy; I who urged before
To flee from Love (as fearful deer abhor
The following huntsman) suddenly became,
Like all my fellow-servants, calm and tame;
And viewed their amorous travails, whilst mine eye
I cast in every corner, to espy
Some ancient or some modern who had proved
Famous. I saw him who had only loved
Eurydice, and found out hell to call
Her dear ghost back; he named her in his fall
For whom he died. Alcaeus there was known,
Skilful in love and verse; Anacreon, [he
Whose muse sung none but love, and Pindarus,
Was also there; there might I Virgil see;
Ovid was one; after Catullus came
Propertius next, his elegies the name
Of Cynthia bear; Tibullus and the young
Greek poetess, who is received among
The noble troop for her rare Sapphic muse.
Thus, looking here and there, as oft I use,
I saw a people on a flowery plain,
Disputes of love assembled to maintain.
Here Dante with his Beatrice I spied,
Selvaggia, Guido, Cino, side by side,
And many another bard in elder days
Matched with the foremost in poetic praise.
I turned away, but with inverted glance
Perused the fleeting shapes that filled my trance:
Like him who feels a moment's short delight
When a fine picture fleets before his sight.

FANNY BURNEY

DIARY AND LETTERS OF MME. D'ARBLAY

UNDER her maiden name, Fanny Burney, Madame d'Arblay won a well-deserved reputation for herself, while she was still a young woman, as the author of Evelina (1778), Cecilia (1782),—of both of which outlines appear elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*—and Camilla (1796). The Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay, published from 1842-46, make fascinating reading—partly because their author was herself an extremely interesting woman; partly because she gives us many reminiscences and anecdotes of interesting people. Her aim was primarily to write, as she herself expresses it, 'a journal in which I shall confess every thought—shall open my whole heart', but the brilliant society in which she moved is not neglected. Dr. Johnson and his friends, the Thrales, Burke, Reynolds, the French emigrés who flocked to England during the early years of the Revolution, and George III and his court are all sketched in the pages of the Diary and Letters with penetration and a great deal of skill. The Diary is published by Frederick Warne in two volumes of the Chandos Classics.

I—Dr. Johnson's Table Talk



LONDON, *August* 1778. I have now to write an account of the most consequential day I have spent since my birth, namely, my Streatham visit. Mr. Thrale's house is white and very pleasantly situated in a fine paddock. Mrs. Thrale was strolling about and came to us as we got out of the chaise. "Oh," cried she, "I hear Dr. Burney's voice! And you have brought your daughter? Well, now, you are good!" She then received me, taking both my hands and with mixed politeness and cordiality welcoming me to Streatham. When we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and me sit on each side of her. I said that I hoped I did not take Dr. Johnson's place, for he had not yet appeared. "No," answered Mrs. Thrale; "he will sit by you, which I am sure will give him great pleasure." Soon after we were seated this great man entered.

I have so true a veneration for him that the very sight of him inspires me with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which he is subject; for he has almost perpetual convulsive movements, either of his hands, lips, feet or knees, and sometimes all together.

In the middle of dinner he asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him.

"Mutton," answered she promptly. "So I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it."

"No, madam, no," cried he. "I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day."

"Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, laughing, "you must take great care of your heart if Dr. Johnson attacks it, for I assure you he is not often successless."

"What's that you say, madam?" cried he. "Are you making mischief between the young lady and me already?"

A prologue of Mr. Garrick's to Bonduca was then mentioned, and Dr. Johnson said it was a miserable performance and everybody agreed it was the worst he had ever made.

"I don't know what is the matter with David," said Dr. Johnson. "I am afraid he is grown superannuated, for his prologues and epilogues used to be incomparable."

"Nothing is so fatiguing," said Mrs. Thrale, "as the life of a wit. He and Wilkes are the two oldest men of their ages I know, for they have both worn themselves out by being eternally on the rack to give entertainment to others."

"David, madam," said the doctor, "looks much older than he is, for his face has had double the business of any other man's; it is never at rest. When he speaks one minute he has quite a different coun-

tenance from what he assumes the next. I don't believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together in the whole course of his life; and such an eternal, restless, fatiguing play of the muscles must certainly wear out a man's face before its real time."

The next name that was started was that of Sir John Hawkins, and Mrs. Thrale said:

"Why, now, Dr. Johnson, he is another of those whom you suffer nobody to abuse but yourself. Garrick is one, too, for if any other person speaks against him, you browbeat him in a minute!"

"Why, madam," answered he, "they don't know when to abuse him and when to praise him. I will allow no man to speak ill of David that he does not deserve, and as to Sir John, why, really, I believe him to be an honest man at the bottom; but, to be sure, he is penurious and he is mean, and it must be owned he has a degree of brutality and a tendency to savageness that cannot easily be defended."

We all laughed, as he meant we should, and then he said that Sir John Hawkins and he once belonged to the same club, but that as he ate no supper after the first night of his admission, he desired to be excused paying his share.

"And was he excused?"

"Oh, yes; for no man is angry at another for being inferior to himself! We all scorned him and admitted his plea. Sir John was a most *unclubbable* man."

"And this," continued he, "reminds me of a gentleman and lady with whom I travelled once. At the first inn where we stopped the lady called for—a pint of ale! And when it came, quarrelled with the waiter for not giving full measure. Now, Madame Duval could not have done a grosser thing."

Oh, how everybody laughed! And how grateful do I feel to this dear Dr. Johnson for never naming me and the book [Evelina] as belonging one to the other, and yet making an allusion that showed his thoughts led to it.

October 1778.—My father probably told you that the P—— family came in to tea; and as he knows Mrs. P—, pray tell him what Dr. Johnson says of her. When they were gone Mrs. Thrale complained that she was quite worn out with that tiresome, silly woman, who had talked of her family and her affairs till she was sick to death of hearing her.

"Madam," said he, "why do you blame the woman for the only sensible thing she could do—talking of her family and her affairs? For how should a woman who is as empty as a drum talk upon any other subject? If you speak to her of the sun, she does not know it rises in the east; if you speak to her of the moon, she does not know it changes at the full; if you speak to her of the queen, she does not know she is the king's wife; how, then, madam, can you blame her for talking of her family and affairs?"

Brighthelmstone, *October* 27, 1782. What a pity that Dr. Johnson will not curb the vehemence of his love of victory and superiority. The sum of the dispute this evening was this. Wit being talked of, Mr. Pepys repeated:

> True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

"That, sir," cried Dr. Johnson, "is a definition both false and foolish. Let wit be dressed how it will, it will equally be wit."

Mr. P.: But, sir, may not wit be so ill expressed and so obscured, by a bad speaker, as to be lost?

Dr. J.: The fault, then, sir, must be with the hearer. If a man cannot distinguish wit from words, he little deserves to hear it.

Mr. P.: But, sir, what Pope means——

Dr. J.: Sir, what Pope means, if he means what he says, is both false and foolish. In the first place, 'what oft was thought' is all the worse for being often thought; because, to be wit, it ought to be newly thought.

Mr. P.: But, sir, 'tis the expression makes it new.

Dr. J.: How can the expression make it new? It may make it clear, or may make it elegant; but how new? You are confounding words with things.

Mr. P.: But, sir, if one man says a thing very ill, may not another man say it so much better that——

Dr. J.: That other man, sir, deserves but small praise for the amendment; he is but the tailor to the first man's thoughts.

Mr. P.: True, sir, he may be but the tailor; but then the difference is as great as between a man in a gold lace suit and a man in a blanket.

Dr. J.: Just so, sir; I thank you for that. The difference is precisely such, since it consists neither in the gold lace suit nor the blanket, but in the man by whom they are worn.

This was the summary. The various sarcasms intermixed would fill a quire.

II—Keeper of the Queen's Robes

MONDAY, *July* 24, 1786. Let me endeavour to give, more connectedly, a concise abstract of my general method of passing the day as Keeper of the Queen's Robes. I rise at six o'clock, dress in a morning gown and cap and wait my first summons, which, upon all regular occasions, is made by a bell, and which takes place at all times from seven to near eight, but commonly in the exact half-hour between them.

Mrs. Schwellenberg [the Senior Keeper of the Robes], since the first week, has never come down in the morning at all. The queen's dress is finished by Mrs. Thielky and myself. No maid ever enters the room while the queen is in it. Mrs. Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on.

By eight o'clock, or a little after—for she is extremely expeditious—the queen is dressed. She then goes out to join the king, and be joined by the princesses; and they all proceed to the king's chapel, in the castle, to prayers.

I then return to my own room to breakfast. I make this meal the most pleasant part of the whole day. I have a book for my companion and I allow myself quite an hour for it.

At nine o'clock I send off my breakfast things and relinquish my book, to make a serious and steady examination of everything I have upon my hands in the way of business, in which preparations for dress are always included, not for the present day alone, but for the court days, which require a particular dress.

That over, I have my time at my own disposal till a quarter before twelve, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when I have it only to a quarter before eleven. I give till ten to necessary letters of duty, ceremony, or long arrears; and from ten to the times mentioned I devote to walking.

A quarter before one is the usual time for the queen to begin dressing for the day. Mrs. Schwellenberg then constantly attends—so do I; Mrs. Thielky, of course, at all times. We help her off with the gown, and on with her powdering things, and then the hairdresser is admitted. The queen generally reads the newspapers during that operation, but at all times she never forgets to send me away while she is powdering, with a consideration not to spoil my clothes.

When I return I finish, if anything is undone, my dress, and then take Baretti's Dialogues, or some such disjointed matter, for the few minutes that elapse ere I am again summoned. In a very short time, her dress is finished. She then says she won't detain me and I hear and see no more of her till bedtime.

It is commonly three o'clock when I am thus set at large and I have then two hours quite at my own disposal; but, in the natural course of things, not a moment after. These dear and quiet two hours, my only quite sure and undisturbed time in the whole day, after breakfast is over, I shall henceforward devote to thus talking with my family and friends.

At five we have dinner. Mrs. Schwellenberg and I meet in the eating-room. We are commonly *tête-à-tête*. When there is anybody added, it is from her invitation only. Whatever right my place might afford me of also inviting my friends to the table, I have now totally lost by want of courage and spirits to claim it originally.

When we have dined we go upstairs to her apartment, which is directly over mine. Here we have coffee till the *terracing* is over. This is at about eight o'clock, and from that time, if Mrs. Schwellenberg is alone, I never quit her for a minute till I come to my little supper at near eleven.

Between eleven and twelve my last summons usually takes place, earlier and later occasionally. Twenty minutes is the customary time then spent with the

queen. Half an hour, I believe, is seldom exceeded.

I then come back and after doing whatever I can to forward my dress for the next morning, I go to bed—and to sleep, too, believe me. The early rising and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations cause a fatigue so bodily that nothing mental stands against it and to sleep I fall the moment I have laid down my head.

III—Edmund Burke and His Great Contemporaries

MARCH 1788. "And now," I continued, "shall I tell you how I have been struck with the speakers and speeches I have yet heard?" [The speeches made by the managers of the impeachment of Warren Hastings.]

Mr. Windham eagerly begged me to go on.

"The whole of this public speaking is quite new to me. I was never in the House of Commons. It is all a new creation to me," I explained.

"And what a creation it is!" he exclaimed. "How noble, how elevating! *And*—what an inhabitant for it!"

I then began upon Mr. Burke's speech. I said that the opening had struck me with the highest admiration of his powers, from the eloquence, the imagination, the fire, the diversity of expression and the ready flow of language with which he seemed gifted, in a most superior manner, for any and every purpose to which rhetoric could lead.

"And when he came to his two narratives," I continued, "when he related the particulars of those dreadful murders, he interested, he engaged, he at last overpowered me; I felt my cause lost. I could hardly keep on my seat. My eyes dreaded a single glance towards a man so accused as Mr. Hastings; I wanted to sink on the floor, that they might be saved so painful a sight. I had no hope he could clear himself; not another wish in his favour remained. But when from this narration Mr. Burke proceeded to his own comments and declamation—when the charges of rapacity, cruelty, tyranny were general and made with all the violence of personal detestation and continued and aggravated without any further fact or illustration, then there appeared more of study than of truth, more of invective than of justice; and, in short, so little of proof to so much of passion, that in a very short time I began to lift up my head, my seat was no longer uneasy, my eyes were indifferent which way they looked or what object caught them. And before I was myself aware of the declension of Mr. Burke's powers over my feelings, I found myself a mere spectator in a public place, and looking all around it, with my opera-glass in my hand!"

I next began upon Mr. Fox; and I ran through the general matter of his speech, with such observations as had occurred to me in hearing it.

"His violence," I said, "had that sort of monotony that seemed to result from its being factitious, and I felt less pardon for that than for any extravagance in Mr. Burke, whose excesses seemed at least to be unaffected and, if they spoke against his judgement, spared his probity. Mr. Fox appeared to have no such excuse; he looked all good humour and negligent ease the instant before he began a speech of uninterrupted passion and vehemence, and he wore the same careless and disengaged air the very instant he had finished. A display of talents in which the inward man took so little share could have no powers of persuasion to those who saw them in that light.

"Do not inform against me," I continued, "and I will give you a little more of Molière's old woman." He gave me his *parole*, and looked very curious.

"Well, then, amongst the things most striking to an unbiassed spectator was that action of the orator that led him to look full at the prisoner upon every hard part of the charge. There was no courage in it, since the accused must make no answer; and, not being courage, to Molière's old woman it could only seem cruelty!"

He quite gave up this point without a defence, except telling me it was from the habit of the House of Commons, as Fox, who chiefly had done this, was a most good-humoured man and by nothing but habit would have been betrayed into this.



FANNY BURNEY was born at King's Lynn on June 13, 1752. Her father, Dr. Charles Burney, was a noted musician and writer on subjects connected with music, but he does not seem to have concerned himself with his daughter's education. She set about teaching herself from the books in her father's library, however, and Evelina (1778), her first novel, gained her entrance into the most distinguished literary society of the day—that coterie of which Dr. Johnson was the leader. From 1786 to 1791 she was second keeper of robes to Queen Charlotte; and after her retirement from this post married General d'Arblay, a French emigré. She died in London on January 6, 1840. This portrait is from the picture by E. Burney.

"And another thing," I cried, "which strikes those ignorant of senatorial licence, is this; that those perpetual repetitions, from all the speakers, of inveighing against the power, the rapacity, the tyranny, the despotism of the gentleman at the Bar, being uttered now, when we see him without any power, without even liberty—confined to that spot, and the only person in this large assembly who may not leave it when he will; when we *see* such a contrast to all we *hear*, we think the simplest relation would be sufficient for all purposes of justice."

"And you wish," he cried, "to hear me? How you add to my difficulties! For now, instead of thinking of lords, commons, bishops, judges and delinquent, I shall have every thought and faculty swallowed up in thinking of who is behind me!"

This civil speech put an end to Molière's old woman and her comments; and I said, "Now, then, Mr. Windham, shall I tell you fairly what it is that induced me to say all this to you? Dr. Johnson! What I have heard from him of Mr. Windham has been the cause of all this openness."

"'Twas a noble cause," cried he, well pleased, "and noble has been its effect! I loved him, indeed, sincerely. He has left a chasm in my heart—a chasm in the world. There was in him what I never saw before, what I never shall find again! I lament every moment as lost that I might have spent in his society and yet gave to any other. His abilities were gigantic, and always at hand; no matter what the subject, he had information ready for everything. He was fertile—he was universal!"

Thursday, June 18, 1792. After many invitations it was settled I was to accompany my father on a visit of three days to Mrs. Crewe, at Hampstead. We were received by her with much kindness and the Burke family were invited to meet us. Mr. Burke, who appeared accompanied by Mr. Elliot, shook hands with my father as soon as he had paid his devoirs to Mrs. Crewe, but he returned my courtesy with so distant a bow that I concluded myself quite lost with him, from my evident solicitude in poor Mr. Hastings' cause.

Mrs. Crewe introduced me to Mr. Elliot, and the moment I was named, to my great joy, I found Mr. Burke had not recollected me. He is considerably more near-sighted than myself. "Miss Burney," he now exclaimed, coming forward and quite kindly taking my hand, "I did not see you. You look quite renewed, revived, disengaged; you seemed, when I conversed with you last, at the trial, quite altered; I never saw such a change for the better as quitting a court has brought about!"

He sat by me, and ventured into a most animated conversation upon Lord Macartney and his Chinese expedition. After that my father joined us, and politics took the lead. He then spoke on the French Revolution, with an eagerness and a vehemence that instantly banished the graces.

The dinner and the dessert, when the servants were removed, were delightful. But politics, even on Mr. Burke's own side,

must always be excluded ; his irritability is so terrible on that theme that it gives immediately to his face the expression of a man who is going to defend himself from murderers. The gentlemen returned to the drawing-room with two very singular additions to their numbers—Lord Loughborough and Mr. Erskine. They have villas at Hampstead and were met in the walk. Mr. Erskine began to speak of the new association for reform, by the 'friends of the people,' headed by Messrs. Grey and Sheridan, sustained by Mr. Fox and openly opposed by Mr. Windham as well as by Mr. Burke. "I don't know whether I shall ever attend," he said. "I have so much to do—so little time ; however, the people must be supported."

"Pray, will you tell me," said Mrs. Crewe drily, "what you mean by the people ? I never knew."

He looked surprised, but evaded any answer, and soon after took his leave, with his wife, who seems by no means to admire him as much as he admires himself. The eminence of Mr. Erskine seems all for public life ; in private his excessive egotisms undo him.

Lord Loughborough instantly took his seat next to Mrs. Crewe, and presently related a speech which Mr. Erskine has lately made at some public meeting and which he opened to this effect : "As to me, gentlemen, I have some title to give my opinions freely. Would you know what my title is derived from ? I challenge any man to inquire ! If he ask my birth, its genealogy may dispute with kings ! If my wealth, it is all for which I have time to hold out my hand ! If my talents—— No ! Of those, gentlemen, I leave you to judge for yourselves ! "

A Herald of the English Renaissance

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

ARCADIA

MANY poets and story-tellers have written of those Never-Never lands whose meadows, 'enameld with al sorts of ey-pleasing floures,' are peopled with 'shepherd boys piping' as if they would never grow old, and shepherdesses 'singing withall.' Among such romantic geography books, Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia (1590) takes a high place. His charming and easy style is admirably suited to describe the pastoral (and alas ! purely imaginative) youth of the world. The naive adventures and rather complicated love affairs of the Arcadians are recorded with an absence of affectation and a wealth of circumstance that make his tale very different from the stiff and artificial romances of the later Middle Ages, and show it to be rather in the tradition of Daphnis and Chloe and of Theocritus. Sidney's Princess Pamela, for example, is a vivid and human figure, while the ladies of the romancers who immediately preceded him are inclined to be dim and mindless queens of tournament. Like his famous sonnet sequence Astrophel and Stella, Arcadia was published after Sidney's death. An edition of Arcadia is published by George Routledge at 8s. 6d.

I—Lost and Found



IT was the time that the Earth begins to put on her new apparel against the approach of her lover, when the shepherd Strephon, on the sands which lie against the island of Cithera, called unto him his friendly rival Claius and bewailed their hopeless wooing of the fair shepherdess Urania, whose beauty taught the beholders chastity. As they were going on with their praises they perceived a thing which floated nearer and nearer to the shore, by the favourable working of the sea, till it was cast up hard before them, and they fully saw it was a man. So they fell to rub and chafe him till they brought him to recover both breath, the servant, and warmth, the companion, of living. Whereupon, without so much as thanking them for their pains, he got up and cried, as he looked round to the uttermost limit of his sight, "What ! Shall Musidorus live after Pyrocles' destruction ? " Then they, hearing him speak in Greek, which was their natural language, became the more tenderhearted towards him.

"Since you take care of me," said he, "I pray you find some bark that will go out of the haven, that if possible we may find the body of Pyrocles." So Claius presently went to a fisherman and, having agreed with him and provided some apparel for the naked stranger, they embarked and were no sooner gone beyond the mouth of the haven than they discerned the ship burning which had driven both Musidorus and his friend rather to commit themselves to the cold mercy of the sea than to abide the hot cruelty of the fire. And when they had bent their course as near unto it as they could they saw, but a little way off, the mast, whose proud height now lay along, and upon it a young man who sat as on horseback, holding a sword aloft which often he waved. Which when Musidorus saw he was ravished with joy. But now the sailors descried a galley, which came with sails and oars directly in the chase of them, and straight they perceived it was a well-known pirate, so forthwith they set on all the canvas and flew homeward, leaving in that poor sort Pyrocles, so near to be rescued.

THE honest shepherds Strephon and Claius, seeing sickness grew something upon their companion, offered to bring him into their own country of Arcadia, upon the next confines whereof dwelt a gentleman, by name Kalander, who for his hospitality was much haunted and for his upright dealing beloved of his neighbours. To this Musidorus gave easy assent. And so they came to Arcadia, which welcomed Musidorus's eyes with delightful prospects. There were hills garnished with stately trees, humble valleys comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers, meadows enamelled with eye-pleasing flowers, pastures stored with sheep feeding in sober security, here a young shepherdess knitting and singing withal and there a shepherd boy piping as though he should never be old.

As they came near the house Claius asked to know something more of Musidorus and the young man he lamented. Musidorus, according to an agreement between Pyrocles and himself to alter their names, answered that he called himself Palladius and his friend Daïphantus. And Kalander, judging his guest was of no mean calling, conveyed him to his house and respectfully entertained him.

Here Palladius continued some while with no great hope of life, but youth at length got the victory of sickness. Palladius having gotten his health, Kalander, who found in him a piercing wit void of ostentation, and enamoured with a fatherly love towards him, proceeded to tell him of Arcadia.

"Here dwelleth and reigneth Prince Basilius, who, being already well stricken in years, married a young princess, Gynecia, of notable beauty and of these two are brought to the world two daughters, the elder named Pamela, the younger Philoclea, both beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures. When I marked them methought there was more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence and such violence as no heart could resist. Now, Basilius hath retired himself, his wife and children into a forest hereby, having appointed a nobleman named Philanax to be prince regent, and this Basilius doth because he means not, while he breathes, that his daughters shall have any husband."

SOME few days afterwards Palladius perceived by the behaviour of Kalander, who had retired himself to his chamber, that an ill pleasing accident had fallen out. Whereupon he called to the steward and desired the truth, who confessed that his master had received news that his son, Clitophon, who was near the day of his marriage, had been made prisoner at a battle between the Lacedaemons and the Helots, when going to deliver a friend of his taken prisoner by the Helots.

Hearing this, Palladius thanked the steward, and then, well bethinking himself, called for armour, a horse and guide, and armed all saving the head, went to Kalander, who had banished food and sleep as enemies to mourning, and said, "No more, no more of this, my lord Kalander; let us labour to find before we lament the loss."

Kalander's spirits were so revived that he himself guided Palladius to the place upon the frontiers where already were assembled several thousand men all well-disposed for Kalander's sake to abide any peril. So Palladius marched on the town of Cardamila, where Clitophon was captive, and having by a stratagem obtained entry put the Helots to flight, but ere the Arcadians could reach the prison the captain of the Helots, who had been absent, returned and rallied them. Then the fight grew most sharp and the encounters of cruel obstinacy. And such was the over-flowing of the valour of Palladius that the captain of the Helots saw he alone was worth all the rest of the Arcadians and, disdaining to fight any other, sought only to join with him, which mind was no less in Palladius. So they began a combat surpassing in bravery and, as it were, delightful terribleness, till, both sides beginning to wax faint, the captain of the Helots strake Palladius upon the side of the head, and withal his helmet fell off. Other of the Arcadians were ready to shield him from any harm might rise of that nakedness; but little needed it, for his chief enemy knelt down in token of yielding, withal saying aloud that he thought it more liberty to be his prisoner than any other's general. Palladius, standing upon himself, and misdoubting some craft, "What," said the captain, "hath Palladius forgotten the voice of Daïphantus?"

And by that watchword Palladius knew it was his only friend Pyrocles, whom he had lost upon the sea and therefore both caused the retreat to be sounded. And of the Arcadian side the good old Kalander was taken prisoner, but being led towards the captain of the Helots, whom should he see next the captain but his son Clitophon! Then were Kalander and Clitophon delivered to the Arcadian without ransom and Daïphantus came to Arcadia with Clitophon and was received with loving joy by Kalander.



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, soldier and poet, was born at Penshurst, Kent, November 30, 1534. Educated at Shrewsbury and Oxford, he travelled for some years on the Continent. In 1577 he was Elizabeth's ambassador to the Emperor Rudolf and to the Prince of Orange, but fell into disfavour. Retiring from Court, he was elected M.P. for Kent in 1581. In 1585 he was recalled by Elizabeth from an attempt to join one of Drake's expeditions and was appointed Governor of Flushing. He took part in the operations against the Spanish in the Netherlands, and was wounded at Zutphen, dying at Arnheim, October 17, 1586. This portrait is from the painting by Sir Anthony More.

II—The Lovers' Quest

THE two friends having recounted their adventures to each other since they parted, embraced and kissed each other and then told Kalander the whole story. And so they lived for some days in great contentment. But anon it could not be hid from Palladius that Daïphantus was grown weary of his abode in Arcadia. And one day Daïphantus was missed and Palladius lighted on a letter written by Pyrocles in which he said that violence of love led to his absence. Then Palladius determined never to leave seeking him till his search should be either by meeting accomplished, or by death ended.

So, in private guise, he directed his course to Laconia and passed through Achaia and Sycyonia and returned after two months' travail in vain. One day, going to repose himself in a little wood, he saw a fair lady walking towards him, whose sword witnessed her to be an Amazon; and following her warily to a fine close arbour, he heard her sing. The voice gave him assurance who the singer was; and entering boldly, he perceived it was Pyrocles thus disguised.

Then Pyrocles told how he had been infected by love, through a sight of the picture of the king's daughter Philoclea,

and, in the guise of an Amazon and under the name of Zelmane, had come forth to seek her. As a supposed niece to the queen of the Amazons he had been gently received by King Basilius in his sylvan retirement and introduced to his queen and daughters.

When Zelmane next returned to the arbour where she had met Musidorus, she saw, walking from her ward, a man in shepherdish apparel, with a sheep-hook in his right hand and singing as he went a lamentable tune. The voice made her hasten her pace to overtake him, for she plainly perceived it was her dear friend Musidorus.

Then Musidorus recounted how, sojourning in secret and watching by the arbour, he had observed and loved the Princess Pamela and was now, under the name of Dorus, disguised as one of the shepherds who were allowed the prince's presence.

And now the two friends sought how to make known their true estate to Philoclea and Pamela. So Dorus, feigning a love for a maiden in attendance on Pamela, told her, in the presence of her mistress, the story of the two friends, Pyrocles and Musidorus, but in such words that Pamela understood who it was that was speaking, and carried to Philoclea the news that her Dorus had fallen out to be none other than the Prince Musidorus, famous for his heroical enterprises; and, later, Pyrocles, finding himself in private conference with Philoclea did avow himself Prince of Macedon and her true lover and they passed the promise of marriage.

III—Through Perils to Peace

By the mischievous device of Cecropia, aunt to the princesses, both were carried away, with Zelmane, and imprisoned in her castle in the hope that Philoclea would favour the suit of her cousin Amphialus, Cecropia's son; but Philoclea remained faithful to her love for Pyrocles and Pamela faithful to her love for Musidorus, who stormed the castle and rescued the prisoners.

Now, by the laws of the Arcadians, both the princesses and their lovers had forfeited their lives by their indiscretions; but King Basilius was removed from the seat of judgement through drinking a potion of drugged wine which the queen, not without warning to the king, had prepared for Zelmane. It was left, therefore, to Philanax, the regent, to deal with the offences of Musidorus and Pyrocles, of Philoclea and Pamela, and the complicity of the queen in the death of the king.

At this moment Euarchus, king of Macedon, arrived with a small escort on a visit to his friend King Basilius and, by common consent, was asked to deliver judgement on the several prisoners.

His decisions were that the queen should be buried quick with the body of her husband, that Philoclea should be kept a prisoner as a vestal nun, that Pyrocles should be thrown out of a high tower to receive his death by his fall, and that Musidorus should be beheaded.

At this moment a stranger broke through the press and, falling at the feet of Euarchus, told him that those whom he had judged were his own son, the comfort of Macedon, and his nephew, the only stay of Thessalia.

Then Euarchus, after staying a good while upon himself, like a valiant man that should receive a notable encounter, at length said, "O Arcadians, that which this day I have said hath been out of my assured persuasion what justice itself and your just laws require. Now, contrary to expectations, I find the guilty to be my only son and nephew. But shall justice halt, or, rather, shall my private respects give place to that holy name? Let the remnant of my life be an inward and outward desolation, but never—never let sacred rightfulness fall."

But the pitiful matter was not entered into, for King Basilius, who had been thought dead, awoke from the sleep into which the potion had cast him and there was much ado to make him understand what had fallen out. Then, having weighed these things, he first sent, with all honourable pomp, for his queen Gynecia and told them how she had warned him to take heed of the drink; and next, with princely entertainment to Euarchus and to his inestimable joy, the marriage was concluded between the peerless princes and princesses.

GOETHE

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS

PUBLISHED in its present form in 1787, Goethe's Iphigenia in Tauris is often considered merely a masterly imitation of a Greek play—an adaptation of Euripides's drama of the same name. Schiller, however, showed great critical insight when he wrote that, despite the form and theme, 'it is so astonishingly modern and un-Greek that I cannot understand how it was thought to resemble a Greek play.' Goethe has re-created, not translated, an old story; he has given it a new beauty and poignancy. His Iphigenia in Tauris is filled with his own ideas, which were those of a great humanist of the late eighteenth century. It describes the clash of moralities, whereas Euripides's drama was concerned with the clash of passions. Goethe's characters, too, his Iphigenia, Orestes and Pylades, which are studied with a fine instinct for psychology, are distinctly German and Christian. The majesty and dignity of the poetry, however, offer perhaps the clearest evidence of Goethe's very great individual genius. A translation of the play is published by George Bell at 1s.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Iphigenia	Thoas, King of Tauris	
Orestes	Pylades	Arkas

The scene throughout is laid in a grove before Diana's *temple in Tauris*

First Act

Iphigenia *and* Thoas



THOAS: To-day I come within this sacred fane,
Which I have often entered to implore
And thank the gods for conquest. In my breast
I bear an old and fondly-cherish'd wish,
To which methinks thou canst not be a stranger:
I hope, a blessing to myself and realm,
To lead thee to my dwelling as my bride.

Iphigenia: Too great thine offer, king, to one unknown,
Who on this shore sought only what thou gavest,
Safety and peace.

Thoas: Thus still to shroud thyself
From me, as from the lowest, in the veil
Of mystery which wrapp'd thy coming here,
Would in no country be deem'd just or right.

Iphigenia: If I conceal'd, O king, my name, my race,
It was embarrassment, and not distrust. [now,
For didst thou know who stands before thee
Strange horror would possess thy mighty heart,
And, far from wishing me to share thy throne,
Thou wouldst more likely banish me forthwith.

Thoas: Whate'er respecting thee the gods decree,
Since thou hast dwelt amongst us, and enjoy'd
The privilege the pious stranger claims,
To me hath fail'd no blessing sent from heaven.
End then thy silence, priestess!

Iphigenia: I issue from the Titan's race.

Thoas: From that same Tantalus, whom Jove himself
Drew to his council and his social board?

Iphigenia: His crime was human, and their doom severe;
Alas, and his whole race must bear their hate.
His son, Pelops, obtained his second wife
Through treachery and murder. And Hebe's sons,
Thyestes and Atreus, envious of the love
That Pelops bore his first-born, murdered him
The mother, held as murderess by the sire,
In terror did destroy herself. The sons,
After the death of Pelops, shared the rule
O'er Mycenae, till Atreus from the realm
Thyestes drove. Oh, spare me to relate
The deeds of horror, vengeance, cruel infamy
That ended in a feast where Atreus made
His brother eat the flesh of his own boys.

Thoas: But tell me by what miracle thou sprangest
From race so savage.

Iphigenia: Atreus' eldest son
Was Agamemnon; he, O king, my sire;
My mother Clytaemnestra, who then bore
To him Electra, and to fill his cup
Of bliss, Orestes. But misfortunes new
Befel our ancient house, when to avenge
The fairest woman's wrongs the kings of Greece
Round Ilion's walls encamp'd, led by my sire.
In Aulis vainly for a favouring gale
They waited; for, enrag'd against their chief,
Diana stay'd their progress, and requir'd,
Through Chalcas' voice, the monarch's eldest daughter.
They lured me to the altar, and this head
There to the goddess doomed. She was appeased,
And shrouded me in a protecting cloud.
Here I awakened from the dream of death,
Diana's priestess, I who speak with thee.

Thoas: I yield no higher honour or regard
To the king's daughter than the maid unknown;
Once more my first proposal I repeat.

Iphigenia: Hath not the goddess who protected me
Alone a right to my devoted head?

Thoas : Not many words are needed to refuse,
The *no* alone is heard by the refused. [reveal'd.
Iphigenia : I have to thee my inmost heart
My father, mother, and my long-lost home
With yearning soul I pine to see.
Thoas : Then go!
And to the voice of reason close thine ear.
Hear then my last resolve. Be priestess still
Of the great goddess who selected thee.
From olden time no stranger near'd our shore
But fell a victim at her sacred shrine;
But thou, with kind affection didst enthral
Me so that wholly I forgot my duty;
And I did not hear my people's murmurs.
Now they cry aloud. No longer now
Will I oppose the wishes of the crowd.
Two strangers, whom in caverns of the shore
We found conceal'd, and whose arrival here
Bodes to my realm no good, are in my power.
With them thy goddess may once more resume
Her ancient, pious, long-suspended rites!
I send them here – thy duty not unknown. [*Exit.*
Iphigenia : O goddess! Keep my hands from blood!

Second Act

Orestes *and* **Pylades**

ORESTES: When I implor'd Apollo to remove
The grisly band of Furies from my side,
He promised aid and safety in the fane
Of his lov'd sister, who o'er Tauris rules.
Thus the prophetic word fulfils itself,
That with my life shall terminate my woe.
Thee only, friend, thee am I loath to take,
The guiltless partner of my crime and curse,
To yonder cheerless shore!
Pylades : Think not of death!
But mark if not the gods perchance present
Means and fit moment for a joyful flight.
The gods avenge not on the son the deeds
Done by their father.
Orestes : It is their decree
Which doth destroy us.
Pylades : From our guards I learn
A strange and god-like woman holds in check
The execution of the bloody law.
Orestes : The monarch's savage will decrees our death;
A woman cannot save when he condemns.
Pylades : She comes: leave us alone. I dare not tell
At once our names, nor unreserv'd confide
Our fortunes to her. Now retire awhile.
[*Exit* **Orestes.** *Enter* **Iphigenia.**
Iphigenia : Whence art thou? Stranger, speak! To me thy bearing
Stamps thee of Grecian, not of Scythian race.
[*She unbinds his chains.*
The gods avert the doom that threatens you!
Pylades : Delicious music! Dearly welcome tones
Of our own language in a foreign land!
We are from Crete, Adrastus' sons; and I
Am Cephalus; my eldest brother, he,
Laodamas. Between us stood a youth
Whom, when our sire died (having return'd
From Troy, enrich'd with loot), in contest fierce
My brother slew! 'Tis thus the Furies now
For kindred-murder dog his restless steps.
But to this savage shore the Delphian god
Hath sent us, cheer'd by hope. My tale is told.
Iphigenia : Troy fallen! Dear stranger, oh, say!
Pylades : The stately town
Now lies in ruins. Many a hero's grave
Will oft our thoughts recall to Ilion's shore.
There lies Achilles and his noble friend;
Nor Palamedes, nor Ajax, e'er again
The daylight of their native land beheld.
Yet happy are the thousands who receiv'd
Their bitter death-blow from a hostile hand,
And not like Agamemnon, who, ensnared,
Fell murdered on the day of his return
By Clytaemnestra, with Aegisthus' aid.
Iphigenia : Base passion prompted then this deed of shame?
Pylades : And feelings, cherish'd long of deep revenge,
For such a dreadful deed, that if on earth
Aught could exculpate murder, it were this.
The monarch, for the welfare of the Greeks,
Her eldest daughter doomed. Within her heart
This planted such abhorrence that forthwith
She to Aegisthus hath resigned herself,
And round her husband flung the web of death.
Iphigenia (*veiling herself*): It is enough! Thou wilt again behold me.

Third Act

Iphigenia *and* **Orestes**

IPHIGENIA: Unhappy man, I only loose thy bonds
In token of a still severer doom.
For the incensed king, should I refuse
Compliance with the rites himself enjoin'd,
Will choose another virgin from my train
As my successor. Then, alas! with naught,
Save ardent wishes, can I succour you.
But tell me now, when Agamemnon fell,
Orestes—did he share his sire's fate?
Say, was he saved? And is he still alive?
And lives Electra, too?
Orestes : They both survive.
Half of the horror only hast thou heard.
Electra, on the day when fell her sire,
Her brother from impending doom conceal'd;
Him Strophius, his father's relative,
Received with kindest care, and rear'd him up,
With his own son, named Pylades, who soon
Around the stranger twin'd love's fairest bonds.
The longing to revenge the monarch's death
Took them to Mycenae, and by her son
Was Clytaemnestra slain.
Iphigenia : Immortal powers!
O tell me of the poor unfortunate!
Speak of Orestes!
Orestes : Him the Furies chase.
They glare around him with their hollow eyes,
Like greedy eagles. In their murky dens
They stir themselves, and from the corners creep
Their comrades, dire remorse and pallid fear;
Before them furies a mist of Acheron.
I am Orestes! and this guilty head
Is stooping to the tomb and covets death;



ORESTES AND PYLADES
From the painting by Benjamin West, P.R.A.

It will be welcome now in any shape.
[Orestes *retires.* Iphigenia *prays to the gods, and* Orestes *returns.*] [horribly
Orestes : Who art thou, that thy voice thus
Can harrow up my bosom's inmost depths ?
Iphigenia : Thine inmost heart reveals it. I
am she—Iphigenia !
Orestes : Hence, away, begone !
Leave me ! Like Heracles, a death of shame,
Unworthy wretch, locked in myself, I'll die !
Iphigenia : Thou shalt not perish ! Would
that I might hear
One quiet word from thee ! Dispel my doubts,
Make sure the bliss I have implored so long.
Orestes ! O my brother !
Orestes : There's pity in thy look ! oh, gaze
not so—
'Twas with such looks that Clytaemnestra sought
An entrance to her son Orestes' heart,
And yet his uprais'd arm her bosom pierced.
The weapon raise, spare not, this bosom rend,
And make an outlet for its boiling streams.
[*He sinks exhausted. Enter* **Pylades.**
Pylades : Dost thou not know me, and this
sacred grove, [dead ?
And this blest night, which shines not on the
Attend ! Each moment is of priceless worth,
And our return hangs on a slender thread.
The favouring gale, which swells our parting sail,
Must to Olympus waft our perfect joy.
Quick counsel and resolve the time demands.

Fourth Act

Iphigenia *alone*

Iphigenia : They hasten to the sea, where in
a bay
Their comrades in the vessel lie concealed,
Waiting a signal. Me they have supplied
With artful answers should the monarch send
To urge the sacrifice. Detested falsehood !
[*Enter* **Arkas.**
Arkas : Priestess, with speed conclude the
sacrifice !
Impatiently the king and people wait. [should be.
Iphigenia : The gods have not decreed that it
The elder of these men of kindred-murder
Bears guilt. The dread Erinnys here within
Have seized upon their prey, polluting thus
The sanctuary. I hasten now to bathe
The goddess' image in the sea, and there
With solemn rites its purity restore. [announce.
Arkas : This hindrance to the monarch I'll
[*Exit* **Arkas.** *Enter* **Pylades.**
Pylades : Thy brother is restor'd ! The fire
of youth
With growing glory shines upon his brow.
Let us then hasten ; guide me to the fane.
I can unaided on my shoulder bear
The goddess' image ; how I long to feel
The precious burden ! Hast thou to the king
Announced the prudent message as agreed ?
Iphigenia : The royal messenger arrived, and I,
According to thy counsel, fram'd my speech.

Pylades: Danger again doth hover o'er our heads,
Alas! Why hast thou failed to shroud thyself
Within the veil of sacerdotal rights?

Iphigenia: I never have employed them as a veil.

Pylades: Pure soul! Thy scruples will alike destroy
Thyself and us. Come, let us be firm,
Nor with incautious haste betray ourselves.

Iphigenia: It is an honest scruple, which forbids
That I should cunningly deceive the king,
And plunder him who was my second father.

Pylades: Him dost thou fly, who would have slain thy brother.
If we should perish, bitter self-reproach,
Forerunner of despair, will be thy portion;
Necessity commands. The rest thou knowest.
[*Exit.*

Iphigenia: I must obey him, for I see my friends
Beset with peril. Yet my own sad fate
Doth with increasing anguish move my heart
To steal the image, sacred and rever'd,
Confided to my care, and him deceive
To whom I owe my life and destiny!
Let not abhorrence spring within my heart!

Fifth Act

Thoas *alone*

THOAS: Fierce anger rages in my riven breast,
First against her whom I esteem'd so pure;
Then 'gainst myself, whose foolish lenity
Hath fashion'd her for treason. Vain my hope
To bind her to me. Now that I oppose
Her wish, she seeks to gain her ends by fraud.
[*Enter* Iphigenia.
Wherefore delay the sacrifice; inform me!

Iphigenia: The goddess for reflection grants thee time.

Thoas: To thee this time seems also opportune.

Iphigenia: Are we not bound to render the distress'd
The gracious kindness from the gods received?
Thou know'st we are, and yet wilt thou compel me?

Thoas: Obey thine office, not the king.

Iphigenia: Oh, couldst thou see the struggle of my soul,
Courageously toward the first attack
Of an unhappy doom which threatens me;
Must I implore a miracle from heaven?

Thoas: Extravagant thy interest in the fate
Of these two strangers. Tell me who they are.

Iphigenia: They are—they seem, at least—I think them Greeks.

Thoas: Thy countrymen; no doubt they have renewed
The pleasing picture of return.

Iphigenia (*after a pause*): Attend,
O king, and honour truth in me. A plot
Deceitfully and secretly is laid
Touching the captives thou dost ask in vain.
They have escaped. The eldest is Orestes,
Whom madness seized, my brother; Pylades,
His early friend and confidant, the other.
From Delphi, Phoebus sent them to this shore,
To steal away the image of Diana,
And to him bear back the sister thither.
And for this, deliverance promised he
The Fury-haunted son.

Thoas: The traitors have contrived a cunning web,
And cast it round thee, who, secluded long,
Giv'st willing credence to thine own desire.

Iphigenia: No, no! I'd pledge my life these men are true;
And shouldst thou find them otherwise, O king,
Then let them perish both, and cast me forth.
[*Enter* Orestes, *armed.*

Orestes (*addressing his followers*): Redouble your exertions! Hold them back!
And keep the passage open to the ship!
(*To* Iphigenia) We are betray'd; brief time remains for flight! [*He perceives the king.*

Thoas: None in my presence with impunity
His naked weapon wears!

Iphigenia: Do not profane
Diana's sanctuary with rage and blood.
In him revere the king, my second father!

Orestes: Will he permit our peaceable return?

Iphigenia: Thy gleaming sword forbids me to reply.

[*Enter* Pylades, *followed by* Arkas, *with drawn swords.*

Pylades: Do not delay, our friends are putting forth
Their final strength!

Arkas: They yield; their ship is ours!

Thoas: Let none annoy the foe while we confer. [Arkas *retires.*

Thoas: Now, answer me; how dost thou prove thyself
The priestess' brother, Agamemnon's son?

Iphigenia: See here, the mark on his right hand impress'd
As of three stars, which on his natal day
Were by the priest declar'd to indicate
Some dreadful deed therewith to be perform'd!

Thoas: E'en though thy words had banish'd every doubt,
Still must our arms decide. I see no peace;
Their purpose, as thou didst thyself confess,
Was to deprive me of Diana's image!

Orestes: The image shall not be the cause of strife!
We now perceive the error which the god
Threw o'er our minds. His counsel I implor'd;
He answer'd, 'Back to Greece the sister bring,
Who in the Tauris sanctuary abides.'
To Phoebus' sister we applied the words,
And he referred to thee.

Iphigenia: Oh, let thy heart
Be moved by what an honest tongue has spoken.
Look on us, king; an opportunity
For such a noble deed not oft occurs!

Thoas: Then go!

Iphigenia: Not so, my king! I cannot part
Without thy blessing, or in anger from thee.

Thoas (*extending his hand*): Fare thee well!

EARL OF CLARENDON

HISTORY OF THE REBELLION IN ENGLAND

SELDOM has any historian been so fiercely criticised as Lord Clarendon. It has been urged (with justice) that he misrepresented facts and suppressed the truth when the truth seemed unpleasant to him, and that he was most inaccurate in his details. It has never been denied, however, that Clarendon was a great writer. His style has a stately magnificence—which, it must be admitted, occasionally inclines to pomposity—and he is a master of vivid narrative. He is, moreover, a very shrewd analyst of character, and the gallery of portraits that is embodied in the History of the Rebellion in England is of great interest and genuine historical value. Both his faults and his virtues may be set down to the fact that he actually participated in most of the events which he describes; so that, while he had an excellent opportunity of judging what manner of men his contemporaries were, he could not be expected to return an altogether impartial verdict. The History was published between 1704 and 1707, after its author's death.

I—Struggles Beginning



KING JAMES, in the end of March 1625, died, leaving his majesty that now is engaged in a war with Spain; but unprovided with money to manage it, though it was undertaken by the consent and advice of parliament, the people being naturally enough inclined to the war (having surfeited with the uninterrupted pleasures and plenty of twenty-two years of peace) and sufficiently inflamed against the Spaniard, but quickly weary of the charge of it. Therefore, after an unprosperous attempt by sea on Cadiz, and a still more unsuccessful one on France, at the Isle of Ré (for some difference had also begotten a war with that country), a general peace was shortly concluded with both kingdoms.

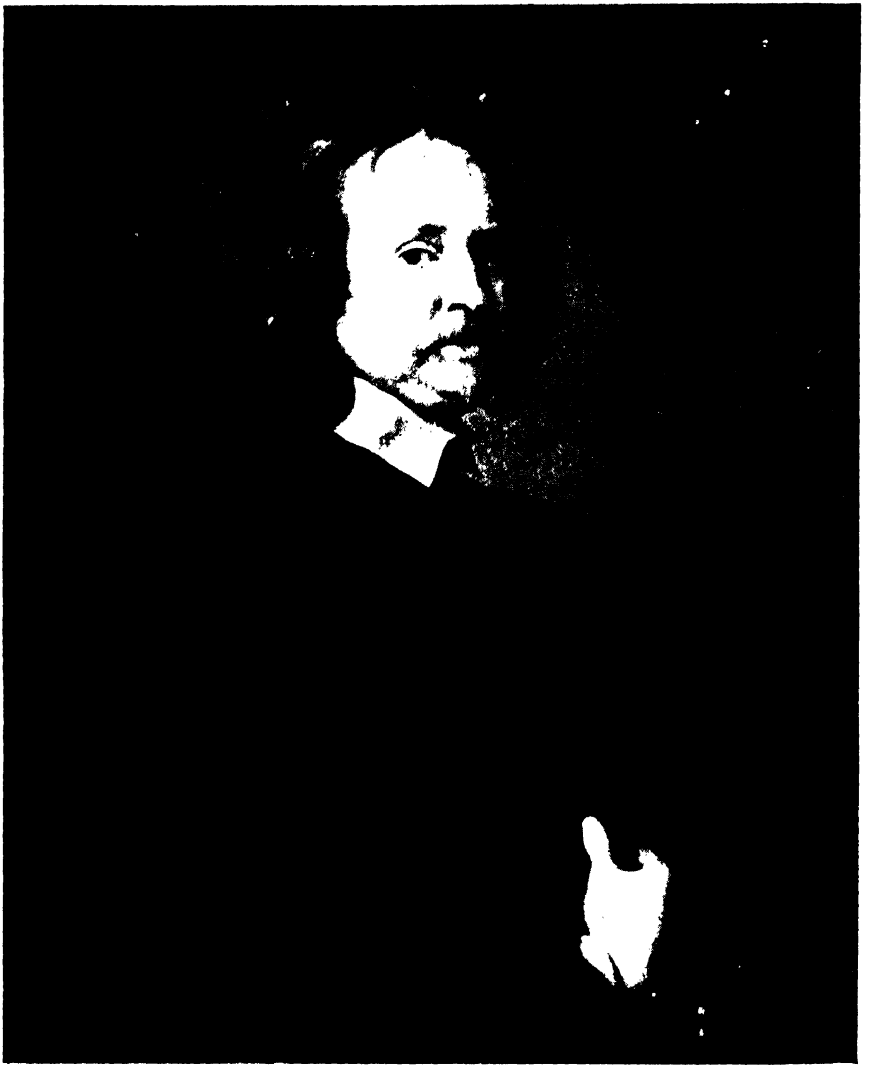
The exchequer was exhausted by the debts of King James and the war, so that the known revenue was anticipated and the king was driven into straits for his own support. Many ways were resorted to for supply, such as selling the crown lands, creating peers for money, and other particulars which no access of power or plenty could since repair.

Parliaments were summoned, and again dissolved; and that in the fourth year after the dissolution of the two former was determined with a declaration that no more assemblies of that nature should be expected, and all men should be inhibited on the penalty of censure so much as to speak of a parliament.

And here I cannot but let myself loose to say that no man can show me a source from whence these waters of bitterness we now taste have probably flowed than from these unseasonable, unskilful and precipitate dissolutions of parliaments. And whoever considers the acts of power and injustice in the intervals between parliaments will not be much scandalised at the warmth and vivacity displayed in their meetings.

In the second parliament it was proposed to grant five subsidies, a proportion (how contemptible soever in respect of the pressures now every day imposed) never before heard of in parliament. And that meeting being upon very unpopular and unplausible reasons immediately dissolved, those five subsidies were exacted throughout the whole kingdom with the same rigour as if in truth an act had passed to that purpose. And very many gentlemen of prime quality in all counties were, for refusing to pay the same, committed to prison.

The abrupt and ungracious breaking of the first two parliaments was wholly imputed to the duke of Buckingham by his favour with the king; and of the third, principally to the Lord Weston, then High Treasurer of England. And therefore the envy and hatred that attended them thereupon was insupport-



Clarendon. EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON, statesman and historian, was born at Dinton in Wiltshire on February 18, 1608. He studied at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and in 1625 entered the Middle Temple, subsequently being called to the bar. In 1640 he was returned to Parliament and, almost at the beginning of his political career, was appointed to serve on many important committees. Immediately before the outbreak of the Civil War, he strongly supported Charles I and the 'known laws of England' against the House of Commons; and during the struggle was the king's wisest and most efficient councillor. In 1646 Clarendon (then Edward Hyde) accompanied the Prince of Wales (later Charles II) to the continent, and did not return to England until the Restoration in 1660. He served Charles II for seven years as first minister, being distinguished for the consistency of his policy and the integrity of his life. He offended the king, however, by 'saucy and overbold expressions,' and made many enemies by his administration. He was impeached in 1667, and went to France, where he died in 1674. This portrait is from the painting after Gerard Goest in the National Portrait Gallery.

able, and was visibly the cause of the murder of the first (stabbed to the heart by the hand of an obscure villain).

Shortly after Buckingham's death the king promoted Dr. Laud, bishop of Bath and Wells, to the archbishopric of Canterbury. Unjust modes of raising money were instituted, which caused increasing discontent, especially the tax denominated ship money. A writ was directed to the sheriff of every county to provide a ship for the king's service, but with the writ were sent instructions that, instead of a ship, he should levy upon his county a sum of money for his majesty's use.

After the continued receipt of the ship money for four years, upon the refusal of Mr. Hampden, a private gentleman, to pay his share, the case was solemnly argued before all the judges of England in the exchequer chamber, and the tax was judged lawful; which judgement proved of more advantage and credit to the gentleman condemned than to the king's service.

II—The Heather on Fire

THE king now resolved to make a progress into the north and to be solemnly crowned in his kingdom of Scotland, which he had never seen from the time he first left it at the age of two years. He had deeply imbibed his father's notions that an episcopal church was the most consistent with the royal authority, and he committed to a select number of the bishops in Scotland the framing of a liturgy for use there.

In 1638 Scotland assumed an attitude of determined resistance to the imposition of a liturgy and of episcopal church government. All the kingdom flocked to Edinburgh, as in a general cause that concerned their salvation. A general assembly was called and a national covenant was subscribed. Men were listed towards the raising of an army, Colonel Leslie being chosen general. The king thought it time to chastise the seditious by force, and in the end of the year 1638 declared his resolution to raise an army to suppress their rebellion.

This was the first alarm England received towards any trouble, after it had enjoyed for so many years the most uninterrupted prosperity in a full and plentiful peace that any nation could be blessed with. The army was soon mustered and the king went to the borders. But negotiations for peace took place and civil war was averted by concessions on the part of the king, so that a treaty of pacification was entered upon. This event happened in the year 1639.

After for eleven years governing without a parliament, with Archbishop Laud and the earl of Strafford as his advisers, King Charles was constrained in 1640 to summon an English parliament, which, however, instead of at once complying with his demands, commenced by drawing up a list of grievances. Mr. Pym, a man of good reputation, but better known afterwards, led the remonstrances, observing that 'by the long intermission of parliaments many unwarrantable things had been practised, notwithstanding the great virtue of his majesty.' Disputes took place between the lords and commons, the latter claiming that the right of supply belonged solely to them.

The king speedily dissolved parliament and, the Scots having invaded England, proceeded to raise an army to resist them. The Scots entered Newcastle, and the earl of Strafford, weak after a sickness, was defeated and retreated to Durham. The king, with his army weakened and the treasury depleted, was in great straits. He was again constrained to call a parliament, which met on November 3, 1640.

It had a sad and melancholic aspect. The king himself did not ride with his accustomed equipage to Westminster, but went privately in his barge to the parliament stairs. The king being informed that Sir Thomas Gardiner, not having been returned a member, could not be chosen to be Speaker, his majesty appointed Mr. Lenthall, a bencher of Lincoln's Inn. In this parliament, also, Mr. Pym began the recital of grievances, and other members followed with invectives against the earl of Strafford, accusing him of high and imperious and tyrannical actions and of abusing his power and credit with the king.

After many hours of bitter inveighing it was moved that the earl might be forthwith

impeached of high treason, which was no sooner mentioned than it found a universal approbation and consent from the whole house. With very little debate, the peers, in their turn, when the impeachment was sent up to them, resolved that he should be committed to the custody of the gentleman usher of the black rod; and next, by an accusation of high treason against him also, the archbishop of Canterbury was removed from the king's council.

The trial of the earl in Westminster Hall began on March 22, 1641, and lasted eighteen days. Both houses passed a bill of attainder. The king resolved never to give his consent to this measure, but a rabble of many thousands of people besieged Whitehall, crying out: 'Justice, justice! We will have justice!'

The privy council being called together, pressed the king to pass the bill of attainder, saying there was no other way to preserve himself and his posterity than by so doing; and therefore he ought to be more tender of the safety of the kingdom than of any one person howsoever. No one councillor interposed his opinion to support his master's magnanimity and innocence.

Thus in the end was extorted from the king a commission for some lords to sign the bill. This was as valid as if he had signed it himself, though they comforted him even with that circumstance, 'that his own hand was not in it.'

The earl was beheaded on May 12 on Tower Hill. Together with that of attainder of this nobleman, another bill was passed by the king of almost as fatal consequence to him and the kingdom as that was to the earl, 'the act for perpetual parliament.' Thus parliament could not be adjourned, prorogued, or dissolved without its consent.

III—King and Prelates

GREAT offence was given to the commons by the action of the king in appointing new bishops to certain vacant sees at the very time when they were debating an act for taking away bishops' votes.

Unfortunately, the king sent to the House of Lords a remonstrance from the bishops against their constrained absence from the legislature. This led to violent scenes in the House of Commons, which might have been beneficial to him had he not been misadvised by Lord Digby. At this time many of his own council were adverse to him.

Injudiciously, the king caused Lord Kimbolton and five members of the commons to be accused of high treason, advised thereto by Lord Digby. The king's attorney, Herbert, delivered to parliament a paper, whereby, besides Lord Kimbolton, Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur Haslerig, Mr. Pym, Mr. Hampden and Mr. Strode stood accused of conspiring against the king and parliament.

The sergeant-at-arms demanded the persons of the accused members to be delivered to him in his majesty's name, but the commons refused to comply with this demand as inconsistent with their privileges and dignity, sending a message to the king that the members should be forthcoming as soon as a legal charge should be preferred against them.

The next day the king, attended by his own guard and a few gentlemen, went into the house to the great amazement of all; and the Speaker leaving the chair, the king went into it. Asking the Speaker whether the accused members were in the house, and he making no answer, the king said he perceived that the birds had flown, but expected that they should be sent to him as soon as they returned, and assured them on the word of a king that no force was intended, but that he would proceed against them in a fair and legal way.

Both houses of parliament speedily manifested sympathy with the accused persons, and a committee of citizens was formed in the city for their defence. The proceedings of the king and his advisers were declared to be a high breach of the privileges of parliament. Such was the temper of the populace that the king thought it convenient to remove from London, and went with the queen to Hampton Court. The next day the members were brought in triumph to parliament by the trained bands of London.

IV—The King's Signal of War

AFTER many disagreements with parliament the king, in 1642, published a declaration that had been long ready, in which he recapitulated all the insolent and rebellious actions which parliament had committed against him; and declared them 'to be guilty'; and forbade all his subjects to yield any obedience to them; and at the same time published his proclamation by which he 'required all men who could bear arms to repair to him at Nottingham by August 25, on which day he would set up his royal standard there, which all good subjects were obliged to attend.'

According to the proclamation, on August 25 the standard was erected about six in the evening of a very stormy day. But there was not yet a single regiment levied and brought there, so that the trained bands drawn thither by the sheriff were all the strength the king had for his person, and the guard of the standard. There appeared no conflux of men in obedience to the proclamation. The arms and ammunition had not yet come from York, and a general sadness covered the whole town, and the king himself appeared more melancholy than he used to be. The standard itself was blown down the same night it had been set up.

Intelligence was received the next day that the rebel army—for such the king had declared it—was, horse, foot and cannon, at Northampton, whereas his few cannon and ammunition were still at York. It was evident that all the strength he had to depend upon was his horse, which were under the command of Prince Rupert at Leicester, not more than 800 in number, whilst the enemy had, within less than twenty miles of that place, double the number of horse excellently well armed and appointed, and a body of 5,000 foot well trained and disciplined.

Very speedily intelligence came that Portsmouth was besieged by land and sea, by the parliamentary forces, and soon came word that it was lost to the king through the neglect of Colonel Goring. The king removed to Derby, and then to Shrewsbury. Prince Rupert was successful in a skirmish at Worcester.

Banbury Castle surrendered to Charles, and, marching to Oxford, he there experienced a favourable reception and recruited his army. At the battle of Edgehill neither side gained the advantage, though altogether about 5,000 men fell on the field.

On June 13, 1645, the king heard that General Fairfax was advanced to Northampton with a strong army, much superior to the numbers he had formerly been advised of. The battle began at ten the next morning on a high ground about Naseby. The first charge was given by Prince Rupert, with his usual vigour, so that he bore down all before him, and was soon master of six pieces of cannon. But though the king's troops prevailed in the charge, they never rallied again in order, nor could they be brought to make a second charge. But the enemy, disciplined under such generals as Fairfax and Cromwell, though routed always formed again.

This was why the king's forces failed to win a decisive victory at Edgehill, and now at Naseby, after Prince Rupert's charge, Cromwell brought up his troops with such effect that in the end the king was compelled to quit the field, leaving Fairfax, who was commander-in-chief of the parliamentary army, master of his foot, cannon and baggage.

The king and Prince Rupert, with the broken troops, marched by stages to Hereford, where Prince Rupert left the king, to hasten to Bristol, that he might put that place in a state of defence.

V—All Lost

NOTHING can here be more wondered at than that the king should amuse himself about forming a new army in counties that had been vexed and worn out with the oppressions of his own troops, and not have immediately repaired into the west, where he had an army already formed. Cromwell having taken Winchester and Basing, the king sent some messages to parliament for peace, which were not regarded. A treaty between the king and the Scots was set on



CROMWELL AT THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

From the painting by C. Landseer

foot by the interposition of the French, but the parties disagreed about church government.

Having now no other resource, the king placed himself under the protection of the Scots army at Newark. The chancellor of Scotland told him that the parliament, after the battles that had been fought, had got the strongholds and forts of the kingdom into their hands, that they had gained a victory over all, and had a strong army to maintain it, so that they might do what they would with Church and State; that they desired neither him nor any of his race to reign any longer over them; and that if he declined to yield to the propositions made to him, all England would join against him to depose him.

With great magnanimity and resolution the king replied that they must proceed their own way, and that though they had all forsaken him, God had not. The Scots began to talk sturdily in answer to a demand that they should deliver up the king's person to parliament. They denied that the parliament had power absolutely to dispose of the king's person without their approbation; and the parliament as loudly replied that they had nothing to do in England but to observe orders.

But these discourses were only kept up till they could adjust accounts between them, and agree what price should be paid for the delivery of his person, whom one side was resolved to have, and the other as resolved not to keep. So they quickly agreed that, upon payment of £200,000 in hand, and security for as much more upon days agreed upon, they would deliver up the king.

AND upon this infamous contract that excellent prince was, in the end of January 1647, wickedly given up by his Scottish subjects to those of the English who were trusted by the parliament to receive him. He was brought to his own house at Holmby, in Northants, a place he had taken much delight in. Removed before long to Hampton Court, he escaped to the Isle of Wight, where he confided himself to Colonel Hammond, and was lodged in Carisbrook Castle.

In a speech in parliament Cromwell declared that the king was a man of great parts and a great understanding—faculties they had hitherto endeavoured to have him thought to be without—but that he was so great a dissembler and so false a man that he was not to be trusted. He concluded, therefore, that no more messages should be sent to the king, but that they might enter on those counsels which were necessary without having further recourse to him, especially as at that very moment he was secretly treating with the Scottish commissioners how he might embroil the nation in a new war and destroy the parliament.

A committee being formed to prepare a charge of high treason against the king, of which Bradshaw was made president, his majesty was brought to St. James's, and it was concluded to have him publicly tried.

FROM the time of the king's arrival at St. James's, when he was delivered into the custody of Colonel Tomlinson, he was treated with much more rudeness and barbarity than ever before. No man was suffered to see or speak to him but the soldiers who were his guard.

When he was first brought to Westminster Hall, on January 20, 1649, before their high court of justice, he looked upon them and sat down without any manifestation of trouble, never stirring his hat, all the impudent judges sitting covered and fixing their eyes on him without the least show of respect. To the charges read out against him the king replied that for his actions he was accountable to none but God, though they had been such as he need not be ashamed of before all the world.

The several unheard-of insolences which this excellent prince was forced to submit to before that odious judicatory, his majestic behaviour, the pronouncing that horrible sentence upon the most innocent person in the world, the execution of that sentence by the most execrable murder ever committed since that of our blessed Saviour, and the circumstances thereof, are all so well known that the further mentioning it would but afflict and grieve the reader, and make the relation itself odious; and, therefore, no more shall be said here of that lamentable tragedy, so much to the dishonour of the nation and the religion professed by it.



CORINNE AT CAPE MICENA

From the painting by F. Gérard in the Lille Museum

MADAME DE STAËL

CORINNE

IN most of her writings, as, for example, the philosophical treatise, Of the Influence of the Passions, and the study, On Germany, Madame de Staël merely presents the thought of others—with a certain cleverness of expression, it must be admitted. Her Corinne, or Italy (published in 1807), however, seems to be a genuine record of her own experiences; and, despite its occasional florid outbursts and cloying sentimentalities, is the best work penned by this brilliant but very erratic lady. Described in her own day as 'a picturesque tour couched in the form of a novel,' Corinne conveys to the reader an admirable impression of the charm, the sensuousness and romantic antiquity of Italy. The descriptions of Italian people, life and manners are extremely interesting, but the comments and philosophical reflections made upon them are not remarkably perspicacious. Corinne embodies a considerable amount of discussion on art and on aesthetics generally; and, if the author's epigrams are occasionally extraordinarily forced, they are at other times very witty.

I—The Roman Poetess



WHEN Oswald, Lord Nevil, awoke on his first morning in Rome he heard church bells ringing and cannon firing, as if announcing some high solemnity. He inquired the cause and learnt that the most celebrated woman in Italy would that morning be crowned at the Capitol—Corinne, the poetess and improvisatrice, one of the loveliest women of Rome.

As he walked the streets he heard her name every instant. Her family name was unknown. She had won fame by her verses five years before, under the simple title of Corinne; and no one could tell where she had lived, or what she had been, in her earlier days.

The triumphal procession approached, heralded by a burst of melody. First came a number of Roman nobles, then an antique car drawn by four spotless steeds, escorted by white-clad maidens. Not until he beheld the woman in the car did Oswald lay aside his English reserve and yield to the spirit of the scene. Corinne was tall, robust like a Greek statue and transcendently beautiful.

She ascended to the Capitol; the assembled Roman poets recited her praises; Prince Castel Forte, the most honoured of Roman noblemen, uttered a eulogy of her; and, ere she received the destined bays, she took up her lyre and, in accordance with custom, gave a poetic improvisation. The subject of her passionate chant was the glory of Italy; and amid the impetuous applause that followed Corinne, looking round, observed Oswald. She saw him to be English; she was struck by his melancholy and by the mourning that he wore. Taking up her lyre again, she spoke some stanzas on death and consolation that went straight to his heart.

The crown of bays and myrtle was placed on her head; she descended from the Capitol amid a burst of triumphant music. As she passed Oswald, the crown accidentally fell from her head. He quickly picked it up and restored it to her with a few words of homage in Italian. What was his surprise when she thanked him in perfect English!

On the evening of the next day, Oswald was introduced to Corinne at her own house. The Prince Castel Forte and all the other guests paid her the most assiduous attention; Oswald gazed on her for the most part in silence, wondering at the mingled sweetness and vivacity of her conversation, realizing that she possessed a grace that he had never met before. Although she invited him to visit her again, he did not go on the next evening; he was restrained by a kind of terror at the feeling which excited him.

"Oh, my father!" he sighed, "had you known Corinne, what would you have thought of her?"

For the mourning that Oswald wore was for his father. A terrible event in Oswald's life had drawn the two apart; his father had died ere he could return to ask forgiveness. But his father had blessed him on his death-bed, and it was Oswald's whole desire, in the grief that preyed upon him, to live in all things as his dead parent would have wished him to live.

The attraction of Corinne's society soon drew him back to her presence and, during the next fortnight she, at her own proposal, guided him in his exploration of Rome. Together they wandered through the ruins, the churches, the art galleries. Their opinions were seldom in agreement; Corinne was characteristically and brightly *Italian in her views*, Oswald characteristically and sombrely English. But each was conscious, none the less, of keen intellectual sympathy with the other; and Oswald, without speaking of the love of which he began to be conscious, made her sensible of it every hour in the day. His proud, retiring attachment shed a new interest over her life. Accustomed as she was to the lively and flattering tributes of the Italians, this outward coldness disguising intense tenderness of heart captivated her imagination.

But one morning she received from him a note saying that indisposition would confine him to his house for some days. Oswald had made up his mind to avoid Corinne; he felt too strongly the power of her charms. What would his father have said of this woman? Could she, the brilliant poetess, be expected to possess the English domestic virtues which that father valued above all things in a wife? Besides, there was mystery about her. She had not revealed her name and family even to him, nor had he ever had an explanation of her perfect knowledge of English.

Corinne was terrified on receiving the note by the idea that he would fly without bidding her adieu. Unable to rest in the house where Oswald came not, she wandered in the gardens of Rome, hoping to meet him. As she was seated in grief beside the fount of Trevi Oswald, who had paused there at the same moment, saw her countenance reflected in the water. He started as if he had seen her phantom; but a moment later Corinne had rushed forward and seized his arm—then, repenting of her impetuosity, she blushed and covered her face.

"Dear Corinne," he cried, "has my absence pained you?"

"Yes," she replied. "You must have known it would. Why, then, inflict such pangs on me? Have I deserved them?"

Her emotion greatly affected Oswald.

"I will visit you again to-morrow, Corinne," he cried.

"Swear it!" she exclaimed eagerly.

"I do," he answered.

II—The Living and the Dead

OSWALD'S natural irresolution had been augmented by misfortune, and he hesitated before entering upon any irrevocable engagement. Although he no longer sought to disguise his affection for Corinne, he did not propose marriage to her. She, on her part, was mortified by his silence. Often he was on the point of breaking it, but the thought of his father restrained him—and the thought of Lucy Edgarmond, the English girl whom his father had wished him to marry when she was old enough and whom he had not seen since she was a child of twelve. What, he asked himself again and again, was his duty?

One day, as he was visiting her at her house at Tivoli, she took her harp and sang one of those simple Scotch ballads, the notes of which seem fit to be borne on the wailing breeze. Oswald's heart was touched at the memories thus awakened of his own country; his eyes filled with tears.

"Ah, Corinne," he cried, "does my country affect your heart? Could you go with me there and be the partner of my life?"

"Surely I could," she answered, "for I love you."

"In love's name, then, tell me who you are, Corinne."

"Your will shall be obeyed, Oswald; I only ask that you require not my story until the religious solemnities of Easter are over; is not the support of heaven especially necessary at the moment which must decide my fate?"

"Corinne," he said, "if thy fate depends on me it shall no longer be a sad one."

When Easter was over Corinne set out for Naples, where she had many friends and admirers, and Oswald accompanied her. She still feared to tell the story of her life.

To encourage her, and to exchange confidence honourably with her, he told her his own secret. He had been skilfully drawn into an intrigue with a scheming Frenchwoman, utterly against his father's wishes. When he had escaped from the net that had been cast for him and was hurrying homeward, he had heard the news that the being whom he loved and revered most of all mankind was dead. He had knelt at his father's tomb and sworn in atonement that he would never marry without his consent. But how obtain the consent of one who was no more? Lucy Edgarmond — Corinne started at the name—had been destined by his father for his bride.

Ere she revealed her story Corinne gave a fête on the Cape of Micena, as if to enjoy one more day of fame and happiness ere her lover pronounced her doom. As the party embarked to return in the calm of the evening, Corinne put back her tresses that she might better enjoy the sea air; Oswald had never seen her look so beautiful.

"Oh, my love," he whispered, "can I ever forget this day?"

"Alas!" returned Corinne, "I hope not for such another day."

"Corinne," he cried, "here is the ring my father gave his wife. Let me give it to you."

"No, no, take it back," she answered in a stifled voice.

"I shall not," he replied. "I swear never to wed another till you send back that ring."

"Perhaps, when you have heard my history, the dreadful word 'adieu'——"

"Never," cried Oswald, "until my death-bed; fear not that word till then."

"Alas!" said Corinne, "as I looked at the heavens a minute ago the moon was covered by a cloud of fatal aspect. A childish superstition came back to my mind. To-night the sky condemns our love."

That evening Corinne's maid brought him papers containing her story.

III—Corinne's Story

"OSWALD, I begin with the avowal that must determine my fate. Lord Edgarmond was my father. I was born in Italy; his first wife was a Roman lady and Lucy, whom they intended for your bride, is my sister by my father's second marriage.

"I lost my mother ere I was ten years old and remained in the care of an aunt at Florence until I was fifteen, when my father brought me to his home in Northumberland. My stepmother was a cold, dignified, silent woman, whose eyes could turn affectionately on her child Lucy, then three years old, but she usually wore so pensive an air that it seemed impossible to make her understand a new idea.

"My tastes and talents had already been formed and they were but ill suited to the dismal monotony of my life in Northumberland. I was bidden to forget Italy, I was not allowed to converse on poetry or art, I had no congenial friends. My only occupation was the education of my half-sister; my only solace, the company of my father.

"Lord Nevil was my father's intimate friend and it was yourself of whom he thought as my husband. Had we then met and loved, our fate would have been cloudless. But when I was presented to Lord Nevil I desired, perhaps too ardently, to please him. I displayed all my talents —dancing, singing and extemporising before him. I believe—though I am not certain—that I appeared to Lord Nevil somewhat too wild; for, although he treated me very kindly, yet, when he left my father, he said that he thought his son too young for the marriage. Oswald, what importance do you attach to this confession? I might suppress it, but I will not. Is it possible that it will prove my condemnation?

"When my father died my despair was uncontrollable. I found myself without support. My only adult relation was my step-mother, who was as frigid as ever

towards me. I was attacked by that homesick yearning which makes exile more terrible than death. I longed for the sunshine, the vines, the music, the sweet language of Italy. At twenty-one I had a right to my mother's fortune and whatever my father had left me. Then did I first dream of returning to Italy and devoting my life to the arts.

"When I suggested the possibility of my doing so to Lady Edgarmond, she replied, with dry indifference, 'You are of age, and the mistress of your conduct; but if you take any step which would dishonour you in the eyes of the world, you owe it to your family to change your name, and be reported dead.' This heartless scorn helped me to come to a decision. In less than a week I had embarked on a vessel for Leghorn. I set forth without warning my step-mother, but left a letter apprising her of my plans.

"For a time I lived in Florence, whither Lady Edgarmond wrote me word of her having spread the report that I had travelled southwards for my health and had died on the voyage. During the following five years, as you know, I won fame as Corinne, the poetess.

"And now you know my history. I have concealed nothing. My happiness depends entirely upon you. When you have read this, I would see you; my impatience will bring me to your side and I shall read my fate at a glance; for grief is a rapid poison—and the heart, though weak, never mistakes the signal of irrevocable destiny."

IV—Parting and Pursuit

"WELL," said Corinne, struggling to appear calm, when she went to Oswald to learn her fate, "you have had time enough—speak! Tell me what you have resolved!"

"Corinne," answered Oswald, "my heart is unchanged. We will both live for love. I will return."

"Return!" interrupted Corinne. "Ah, you leave me, then! How all is changed since yesterday!"

"Dearest love," he replied, "be composed. It is necessary that I should ascertain my father's reasons for opposing our union seven years ago. I will hope for the best, Corinne; but if my father decides against you, I will never be the husband of another, though I cannot then be yours."

Oswald, however, resolved to remain in Italy for another three months. But one night in Venice, a few weeks later, when Corinne was leaving a scene of festivity of which she had been the most brilliant ornament, Oswald led her aside. She marked his paleness and agitation.

"What has happened?" she cried.

"I must start for England to-night. My regiment is about to embark for the West Indies, and I am recalled to join it."

"Ah," moaned Corinne, "when I tell myself to-morrow, 'I shall see him no more,' the thought may kill me; happy am I if it does."

"Why do you fear? Is my solemn promise nothing?"

"Oh, I believe it; but listen—when you are in London you will be told that love promises bind not your honour. Will you find excuses in these sophisms for inflicting a mortal wound on me? Cannot you at least pity me for loving you thus?"

"My love," answered Oswald, trying to calm himself, "I shall strive during my absence to restore to you your due rank in your father's country. If I fail, I will return to Italy, and live or die at your feet."

A light gleamed through the window, and the gondola that was to take Oswald away stopped at the door.

"They are here—adieu—all is ended!" sobbed Corinne.

"Oh, God! Oh, my father!" he exclaimed. "What do ye exact of me?"

He flung himself once more into her arms, and then, trembling and pale like one prepared for the torture, he passed from her.

On reaching England he found that his regiment's departure had been postponed, but that he might be called upon at any time. While waiting, he visited Northumberland, told Lady Edgarmond—now very infirm—of his affection for her step-daughter, and demanded Corinne's restoration to her rank. Lady Edgarmond refused.

"I owe to your father's memory," she added, "my exertions to prevent your union with her if I can."

"My father!" repeated Nevil.

"Your father's letter on the subject," said the lady, "is in the hands of his old friend, Mr. Dickson."

Oswald speedily set out for his ancestral estate in Scotland, anxious to see Mr. Dickson and read the letter. In Northumberland he had seen Lucy—a beautiful and sweetly innocent girl, after his father's own heart.

His father's letter confirmed his worst fears. He had wholly disapproved of Oswald's union with the girl who afterwards became Corinne. He had thought her unfitted for domestic English life and had feared that she would destroy his son's English character and transform him into an Italian. Oswald was to be acquainted with his wishes, if necessary; he knew he would respect them.

The irresolution and unhappiness into which Oswald was plunged were increased by the fact that his letters to Corinne received no replies. His friends strove to persuade him that Corinne's affection, however passionate in seeming, was not to be trusted. He began to believe that she had deserted him.

The truth was that Corinne was not in Italy to receive his letters. She had come to England. Desolated by his absence and alarmed by the tone of the letters from him that had reached her, she had resolved to follow him. On arriving in London, she had been seized by an illness which prevented her from seeing him. On her recovery the people with whom she was staying took her to the theatre where Mrs. Siddons was playing. Oswald was at the theatre; so were Lady Edgarmond and Lucy, who were visiting London. Corinne observed with a sinking heart the delicate attention which Oswald paid to her half-sister.

She saw him next at a review, where he appeared at the head of his regiment. After the march past he escorted Lucy in a ride on horseback. Corinne noted his kind solicitude, his promptitude when Lucy was in danger, the tenderness with which he supported her. What more did Corinne need to convince her of his love for Lucy?

That evening she went to his door and learnt that he had left for Scotland an hour earlier. She felt that she must see him again; so she, also, departed for Scotland.



MADAME DE STAEL, daughter of the great financier, Necker, was born at Paris on April 22, 1766. In 1786 she married the Baron of Staël-Holstein, Swedish ambassador to the Court of France. During the Revolution she prudently went into exile; and until Napoleon's accession to power, lived at Coppet, near Geneva, and at Mickleham in England, cultivating assiduously the company of distinguished emigrés and men of letters. In 1804 she returned to Paris, but by her writings and attitude made herself so objectionable to Napoleon that, in 1807, she was once more obliged to leave France, and most of her time was spent in travel. She died in 1817. This portrait is from the painting by F. Gérard.

Lady Edgarmond gave a ball on her Scottish estate, and among the guests was Oswald, whose home was near at hand. In the grounds lurked Corinne, seeking an opportunity of meeting her lover. She saw him not, but she saw Lucy. In the midst of the festivities a white-clad figure hurried out alone. Lucy, believing that no eye was upon her, knelt down in the grove where stood her father's tomb. "Pray for me, oh my father!" she said. "Inspire him to choose me as the partner of his life! O God! Render me worthy of the love of Oswald!"

"Grant her prayer," whispered Corinne, "and give her sister a peaceful grave."

She drew out the ring that Oswald had given her and wrapped it in a piece of paper, on which she wrote the words: "You are free." She thrust this into the hand of a man near the house, with a request that he should hand it to a servant to be delivered to Lord Nevil; then she fled.

V—The Clouded Moon

To Oswald's assured knowledge of his father's wishes, and his fear that Corinne had been untrue to him, had been added a third consideration. Lady Edgarmond's health was rapidly declining; she could not live long, and when she died Lucy would be unprotected in the world. Was it not his duty to protect her? He resolved to undertake the duty, if he could only be free from his promise to Corinne.

When his freedom came with the mysterious return of the ring, all his doubts were removed. Soon afterwards he married Lucy, and after a short interval—during which he felt intense anxiety as to whether he had not wronged Corinne—he went with his regiment to the West Indies.

Ere she had left Scotland, Corinne had heard the announcement of the proposed marriage. She retired to Florence and dwelt there in unending misery. Her whole soul had been given to her love for Oswald and, when he had forsaken her, her life had been broken by the blow.

It was four years ere Oswald returned to England, and soon afterwards he and Lucy were summoned to the death-bed of Lady Edgarmond. He now had a dangerous illness; in his delirium he cried for the southern sun. Lucy heard him and remembered Corinne. Oswald had striven to forget his former passion, but could not help at times contrasting Corinne's warmth of feeling with Lucy's coldness. Lucy had been taught by her mother that it was immodest to avow affection even for a husband. She loved Oswald, but her pride concealed her love.

Oswald was ordered to Italy by his physicians and his wife and child accompanied him.

As he approached Florence, where he had heard that Corinne was dwelling, his heart became terribly agitated. He had learnt that Corinne had been faithful to him, that she had followed him to England and sought to see him, that he, and not she, was the betrayer.

On arriving at Florence, Oswald met Prince Castel Forte, whose faithful, unrewarded homage to Corinne was still unchanged. Corinne, the Prince told him, was ill and growing weaker every day. Oswald's desertion, he said plainly, had mortally wounded her. Oswald, dismally repentant, handed Castel Forte a letter to Corinne, in which he begged permission to see her. In answer, she declined the permission, but asked to see his wife and child.

The little girl was taken to her; Lucy had resolved not to go, but was struck with fear lest the child's affections should be won away from her. She went at length, determined to reproach Corinne; but all her anger vanished at the sight of the wasted woman on the sick-bed. The sisters embraced in tears.

Castel Forte had told Corinne of the reserve and coldness that separated Lucy from her husband. Her last wish was to reconcile them and thus aid, by means of another, the happiness of the man she loved.

"Pride not in your perfections, dear sister," she said; "let your charm consist in seeming to forget them; be Corinne and Lucy in one; let not grace be injured by self-respect."

Lucy bore her words in mind; the barriers between herself and her husband were gradually removed, and Oswald guessed who was removing them.

At last the end came. Corinne lay on a sofa, where she could gaze upon the sky. Castel Forte held her dying hand. Lucy entered; behind her came Oswald. He fell at her feet. She would have spoken, but could not. She looked up—the moon was covered by just such a cloud as they had seen at Naples. Corinne pointed to it—one sigh—and her hand sank powerless in death.

END OF FOURTH VOLUME

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