लाल बहादुर शास्त्री राष्ट्रीय प्रशासन अकादमी
L.B.S. National Academy of Administration
मसूरी
MUSSOORIE
पुस्तकालय
LIBRARY

अवाप्ति संख्या
Accession No. 111805 ~~21291~~

वर्ग संख्या
Class No. 808.8

पुस्तक संख्या
Book No. Wor V.5

The World's Great Books in Outline

FIFTH VOLUME



From the sketch by Sir Edwin Landseer in the National Portrait Gallery

Walter Scott

The World's GREAT BOOKS In Outline

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

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

Fifth Volume
Pages 2321—2896

London
THE EDUCATIONAL BOOK CO., LTD.
17, New Bridge St., E.C.

Contents of Fifth Volume

Drama

	PAGE
Aristophanes. *The Birds*	2464
,, *The Frogs*	2757
D'Annunzio, Gabriele. *The Gioconda*	2327
Gogol, N. V. *The Inspector-General*	2527
Hardy, Thomas. *The Dynasts*	2859
Ibsen, Henrik. *The Master Builder*	2643
Jonson, B. *Every Man in his Humour*	2401
Maeterlinck, Maurice. *Monna Vanna*	2617
Marlowe, Christopher. *Dr. Faustus*	2730
Molière. *The Imaginary Invalid*	2815
,, *The Miser*	2659
Sophocles. *Antigone*	2574

Fiction

Austen, Jane. *Emma*	2647
,, ,, *Mansfield Park*	2479
Balzac, Honoré de. *Eugénie Grandet*	2661
,, ,, *Old Goriot*	2495
,, ,, *Quest of the Absolute*	2829
Beaconsfield, Earl of. *Sybil*	2425
,, ,, *Tancred*	2701
Braddon, M. E. *Lady Audley's Secret*	2321
Brontë, Charlotte. *Shirley*	2531
Craik, Mrs. *John Halifax, Gentleman*	2853
Defoe, Daniel. *Captain Singleton*	2712
Ebers, G. M. *An Egyptian Princess*	2439
Eliot, George. *Silas Marner*	2709
Gaboriau, Émile. *File No. 113*	2747
Goethe, J. W. *Sorrows of Werther*	2337
,, ,, *Wilhelm Meister*	2555
Gorky, Maxim. *Three Men*	2809
Gray, Maxwell. *Dean Maitland*	2681
Holmes, Oliver Wendell. *Elsie Venner*	2612
Hughes, T. *Tom Brown's Schooldays*	2459
Kingsley, Charles. *The Water-Babies*	2885
Lover, Samuel. *Handy Andy*	2776
Lytton, Lord. *Pelham*	2364
,, ,, *Eugene Aram*	2517
Manning, Anne. *Sir Thomas More*	2509
Melville, Herman. *Typee*	2034
Mérimée, Prosper. *Carmen*	2379
Norris, Frank. *The Pit*	2733
Trollope, Anthony. *Dr. Thorne*	2352
Whyte-Melville, G. J. *Katerfelto*	2569

History

Erskine May. *Constitutional History*	2300
Freeman, E. *The Norman Conquest*	2703
Froude, J. A. *History of England*	2505
Grote, George. *History of Greece*	2501
Guizot, F. P. G. *Civilization in Europe*	2843
Josephus. *Wars of the Jews*	2005
Milman, H. H. *History of the Jews*	2053
Sallust. *Catiline*	2361
,, *The Jugurthine War*	2753

Lives

Baxter, Richard. *Narrative*	2490
Chateaubriand. *Beyond the Grave*	2332
Hume, David. *Life by J. H. Burton*	2585
Miller, H. *My Schools and Schoolmasters*	2306
Pitt, William. *Life by Earl Stanhope*	2029
Turner, J. M. W. *Life by Thornbury*	2819
Washington, George. *Life by W. Irving*	2881

Miscellaneous

Addison, Joseph. *The Spectator*	2375
Brandes, G. *XIX Century Literature*	2790

Miscellaneous—contd.

	PAGE
Coleridge, Samuel T. *Table Talk*	2421
Gosse, Sir Edmund. *Father and Son*	2523
Hallam, H. *The Literature of Europe*	2698
Morris, William. *A Dream of John Ball*	2445
Richelieu. *Political Testament*	2771
Taine, H. A. *English Literature*	2541
Tocqueville, A. de. *Democracy in America*	2589

Philosophy

Boethius. *Consolation of Philosophy*	2723
Burke, E. *The Revolution in France*	2594
Descartes, René. *Discourse on Method*	2385
Hegel. *The Philosophy of Religion*	2874
Lewes, G. H. *History of Philosophy*	2848
Mill, John Stuart. *On Liberty*	2431
More, Sir Thomas. *Utopia*	2693
Paine, Thomas. *The Rights of Man*	2667
Plato. *The Republic*	2473
Spencer, Herbert. *Principles of Ethics*	2785
,, ,, ,, *Psychology*	2370
,, ,, ,, *Sociology*	2579
Spinoza, Baruch de. *Ethics*	2639

Poetry

Cowper, William. *The Task*	2546
Heine, Heinrich. *Atta Troll*	2454
Longfellow, H. W. *Evangeline*	2357
Masefield, John. *Collected Poems*	2717
Milton, John. *Samson Agonistes*	2435
Pope, Alexander. *Essay on Man*	2865
Romance of the Rose	2672

Religion

Baxter, R. *A Call to the Unconverted*	2505
Fénelon. *The Existence of God*	2891
Pascal, Blaise. *Thoughts*	2795
Plotinus. *The Ennead*	2766
Seeley, Sir J. R. *Ecce Homo*	2675
The Apocrypha	2405
The Book of the Dead	2824
The Koran	2449

Science

Cuvier, G. *Surface of the Globe*	2501
Galton, Sir F. *Human Faculty*	2623
Lamarck, J. B. de. *Zoological Philosophy*	2727
Lavater, J. *Physiognomical Fragments*	2869
Lodge, Sir Oliver. *Electrons*	2347
Metchnikoff, E. *The Nature of Man*	2490
,, ,, *Prolongation of Life*	2530
Virchow, Rudolf. *Cellular Pathology*	2781

Travel

Dubois, Felix. *Timbuctoo the Mysterious*	2836
Du Chaillu, Paul. *Equatorial Africa*	2686
Grant, J. A. *A Walk Across Africa*	2485
Linnaeus. *Tour in Lapland*	2743
Park, Mungo. *The Interior of Africa*	2804
Purchas, Samuel. *His Pilgrimes*	2341
Speke, J. H. *The Source of the Nile*	2549

Gravure Portraits

D'Annunzio, Gabriele	*Facing page*	2327
Gorky, Maxim	,, ,,	2809
Gosse, Sir Edmund	,, ,,	2523
Maeterlinck, Maurice	,, ,,	2617
Masefield, John	,, ,,	2717
Morris, William	,, ,,	2445
Scott, Sir Walter	*Frontispiece*	

M. E. BRADDON

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET

MARY ELIZABETH MAXWELL, who wrote under her maiden name of Braddon, published her first novel, The Trail of the Serpent, in 1860, and achieved great fame with Lady Audley's Secret in 1862. The latter is in many respects a mystery story of the kind that Wilkie Collins had already popularised, but it also bears some resemblance to the more modern type of romance in which rapidity of movement is the chief consideration and the characters are of secondary importance. From first to last it holds the reader's attention by the ingenuity and complexity of its plot, and the fascinating suggestiveness of the many incidents that contribute to the unravelling of the mystery. There is nothing incredible about the story; the characters, unlike those of the 'shocker' of to-day, are natural and even ordinary, and the events unusual but not improbable. Miss Braddon subsequently maintained the great reputation that she won through the immense success of Lady Audley's Secret by publishing a long series of lively romances of absorbing interest.

1—The Second Lady Audley



SIR MICHAEL AUDLEY was fifty-six years of age, and had married a second wife nine months before. For seventeen years he had been a widower with an only child—Alicia, now eighteen. Lady Audley had come into the neighbourhood from London, in response to an advertisement in The Times, as a governess in the family of Mr. Dawson, the village surgeon. Her accomplishments were brilliant and numerous. Everyone, high and low, loved, admired and praised her, and united in declaring that Lucy Graham was the sweetest girl that ever lived. Sir Michael Audley expressed a strong desire to be acquainted with her. A meeting was arranged at the surgeon's house, and that day Sir Michael's fate was sealed.

One misty June evening Sir Michael, sitting opposite Lucy Graham at the window of the surgeon's little drawing-room, spoke to her on the subject nearest his heart.

"I scarcely think," he said, "there is a greater sin, Lucy, than that of a woman who marries a man she does not love. You are so precious to me that, deeply as my heart is set on this, and bitter as the mere thought of disappointment is to me, I would not have you commit such a sin for any happiness of mine. Nothing but misery can result from a marriage dictated by any motive but truth and love."

Lucy for some moments was quite silent. Then, turning to him with a sudden passion in her manner that lighted up her face with a new and wonderful beauty, she fell on her knees at his feet.

"How good, how noble, how generous you are! But you ask too much of me. Only remember what my life has been! From babyhood I have never seen anything but poverty. My father was a gentleman, but poor; my mother—but don't let me speak of her. You can never guess what is endured by genteel paupers. I cannot be disinterested; I cannot be blind to the advantages of such a marriage. I do not dislike you—no, no; and I do not love anyone in the world," she added, with a laugh, when asked if there was anyone else.

Sir Michael was silent for a few moments, and then, with a kind of effort, said: "Well, Lucy, I will not ask too much of you; but I see no reason why we should not make a very happy couple."

When Lucy went to her own room she sat down on the edge of the bed, and murmured; "No more dependence, no more drudgery, no more humiliations! Every trace of the old life melted away, every clue to identity buried and forgotten except this"—and she drew from her bosom a black ribbon and locket, and the object attached to it. It was a ring wrapped in an oblong piece of crumpled paper, partly written and partly printed.

II—The Return of the Gold-Seeker

A TALL, powerfully-built young man of twenty-five, his face bronzed by exposure, brown eyes, bushy black beard, moustache and hair, was pacing impatiently the deck of the Australian liner *Argus*, bound from Melbourne to Liverpool. His name was George Talboys. He was joined in his promenade by a ship-board-friend, who had been attracted by the feverish ardour of the young man, and was made the confidant of his story.

"Do you know, Miss Morley," he said, "that I left my little girl asleep, with her baby in her arms, and with nothing but a few blotted lines to tell her why her adoring husband had deserted her."

"Deserted her!" cried Miss Morley.

"Yes. I was a cornet in a cavalry regiment when I first met my darling. We were quartered in a stupid seaport town, where my pet lived with her shabby old father—a half-pay naval man. It was a case of love at first sight on both sides. My father is a rich man, but no sooner did he hear that I was married to a penniless girl than he wrote a furious letter telling me that he would never again hold any communication with me, and that my yearly allowance was stopped.

"I sold out my commission, thinking that before the money I got for it was exhausted I should be sure to drop into something. I took my darling to Italy, lived in splendid style, and then, when there was nothing left but a couple of hundred pounds, we came back to England and boarded with my wretched father-in-law, who fleeced us finely. I went to London and tried in vain to get employment; and on my return, my little girl burst into a storm of lamentations, blaming me for the cruel wrong of marrying her if I could give her nothing but poverty and misery. Her tears and reproaches drove me almost mad. I ran out of the house, and rushed down to the pier, intending, after dark, to end all in the water.

"While I sat smoking two men came along and began to talk of the Australian gold-diggings and the great fortunes that were to be made there in a short time. I got into conversation with them, and learnt that a ship sailed from Liverpool for Melbourne in three days. The thought flashed on me that that was better than the water. I returned home, crept upstairs, and wrote a few hurried lines which told her that I never loved her better than now when I seemed to desert her; that I was going to try my fortune in a new world; that if I succeeded I should come back to bring her plenty and happiness, but if I failed I should never look upon her face again. I kissed her and the baby once, and slipped out of the room.

"Three nights after I was out at sea, bound for Melbourne, a steerage passenger with a digger's tools for my baggage, and seven shillings in my pocket. After three and a half years of hard and bitter struggles on the goldfields, at last I struck it rich, realized twenty thousand pounds, and a fortnight later I took my passage for England. All this time I had never communicated with my wife, but the moment fortune came, I wrote, telling her I should be in England almost as soon as my letter, and giving her an address at a coffee-house in London."

THAT same evening, Phoebe Marks, maid to Lady Audley, invited her cousin and sweetheart, Luke Marks, a farm labourer with ambitions to own a public-house, to survey the wonders of Audley Court, including my lady's private apartments and her jewel-box. During the inspection, by accident, a knob in the framework of the jewel-box was pushed, and a secret drawer sprang out. There were neither gold nor gems in it. Only a baby's little worsted shoe, rolled in a piece of paper, and a tiny lock of silky yellow hair, evidently taken from a baby's head. Phoebe's eyes dilated as she examined the little packet.

"So this is what my lady hides in the secret drawer," she said, putting the little packet in her pocket.

"Why, Phoebe, you're never going to be such a fool as to take that?" cried Luke.

"I'd rather have this than the diamond bracelet you would have liked to take," she said, with a curious smile. "You shall have the public-house, Luke."

III—Robert Audley Comes on the Scene

ROBERT AUDLEY was supposed to be a barrister, and had chambers in Fig Tree Court, Temple. He was a handsome, lazy, care-for-nothing fellow of seven-and-twenty; the only son of the younger brother of Sir Michael Audley, who had left him a moderate competency.

One morning, Robert Audley strolled out of the Temple, Blackfriarswards. At the corner of a court in St. Paul's Churchyard he was almost knocked down by a man of his own age dashing headlong into the narrow opening. Robert remonstrated; the stranger stopped suddenly, looked very hard at the speaker, and cried, in a tone of intense astonishment:

"Bob! I only touched British ground after dark last night, and to think I should meet you this morning!"

George Talboys, for the stranger was the late passenger on board the *Argus*, had been from boyhood the inseparable chum of Robert Audley. The tale of Talboys' marriage, his expedition to Australia and his return with a fortune, was briefly told. The pair took a hansom to the Westminster coffee-house where Talboys had written to his wife to forward letters. There was no letter, and the young man showed very bitter disappointment.

By and by George mechanically picked up a Times newspaper of a day or two before, and stared vacantly at the first page. He turned a sickly colour, and pointed to a line which ran: 'On the 24th inst., at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Helen Talboys, aged 22.' He knew no more until he opened his eyes in a room in his friend's chambers in the Temple.

Next day he and Robert Audley journeyed by express to Ventnor, learnt on inquiry at the principal hotel that a Captain Maldon, whose daughter was lately dead, was staying at Lansdowne Cottages; and thither they proceeded. The captain and his little grandson, Georgey, were out.

George Talboys and his friend visited the churchyard where his wife was buried, commissioned a mason to erect a headstone on the grave, and then went to the beach to seek Captain Maldon and the little boy.

The captain, when he saw his son-in-law, coloured violently with something of a frightened look. He told Talboys that only a few months after his departure he and Helen came to live at Southampton, where she had obtained a few pupils for the piano; but her health failed, and she fell into a decline, of which she died. Broken-hearted Talboys started for Liverpool to take ship for Australia, but failed to catch the steamer; returned to London, and accompanied Robert Audley on a long visit to Russia.

A year passed, and Robert proposed to take his friend to Audley Court, but had a letter from his cousin Alicia, saying that her stepmother had taken into her head that she was too ill to entertain, though in reality there was nothing the matter with her.

"My lady's airs and graces shan't keep us out of Essex, for all that," said Robert Audley. "We will go to a comfortable old inn in the village of Audley."

THITHER they went; but Lady Audley, who had casually seen him, although he was unaware of it, continued on one excuse or another to avoid meeting George Talboys. The two young men strolled up to the Court in the absence of Sir Michael and Lady Audley, where they met Alicia Audley, who showed them the lime walk and the old well.

Robert was anxious to see the portrait of his new aunt; but Lady Audley's picture was in her private apartments, the door of which was locked. Alicia remembered there was, unknown to Lady Audley, access to these by means of a secret passage. In a spirit of fun the young men explored the passage and reached the portrait. George Talboys sat before it without uttering a word, only staring blankly.

"We managed it capitally; but I don't like the portrait," said Robert, when they had crept back. "There is something odd about it."

"There is," answered Alicia. "We never have seen my lady look as she does in that picture; but I think she could look so."

Next day Talboys and Robert went fishing. George pretended to fish; Robert slept on the river-bank. The servants were at dinner at the Court; Alicia had gone riding. Lady Audley sauntered out, book in hand, to the shady lime walk. George Talboys came up to the hall, rang the bell, was told that her ladyship was walking in the lime avenue. He looked disappointed at the intelligence, and walked away. A full hour and a half later, Lady Audley returned to the house, not coming from the lime avenue, but from the opposite direction. In her own room she confronted her maid, Phoebe. The eyes of the two women met.

"Phoebe," said my lady presently, "you are a good girl; and while I live, and am prosperous, you shall not want a friend and a twenty-pound note."

IV—The Search and the Counter-Check

ROBERT AUDLEY awoke from his nap to find George Talboys gone. He searched in the grounds and in the inn for him in vain. At the railway station he heard that a man who, from the description given, might be Talboys, had gone by the afternoon train to London. In the evening he went up to the Court to dinner. Lady Audley was gay and fascinating; but gave a little nervous shudder when Robert, feeling uneasy about his friend, said so.

Again, when Lady Audley was at the piano, he observed a bruise on her arm. She said that it was caused by tying a piece of ribbon too tightly round her arm two or three days before. But Robert saw that the bruise was recent, and that it had been made by the four fingers, one of which had a ring, of a powerful hand.

Suspicion began to be aroused in the mind of Robert Audley, first as to the real identity of Lady Audley; and second, as to the fate of his friend. He brought into play all the keenness of his intellect and abandoned his lazy habits. He went to Southampton and saw Captain Maldon, who told him that George Talboys had arrived the morning before at one o'clock to have a look at his boy before sailing for Australia. On inquiry this proved to be false.

He sought the assistance of George's father, Squire Talboys, at Grange Heath, Dorsetshire, to discover the murderer; but the squire resolutely refused to accept that his son was dead. He was only hiding, hoping for forgiveness, which would never be given.

The beautiful sister of George Talboys followed Robert when he left and besought him passionately to avenge her brother's murder, in which she implicitly believed, and this he promised to do.

Then he learnt that Phoebe, Lady Audley's maid, had married her cousin Luke Marks, who, under veiled threats, had obtained one hundred pounds from her ladyship to enable him to lease the Castle Inn. And having visited the place and held conversations with the half-drunken landlord, he felt assured that Luke Marks and his wife had by some means obtained a sinister power over Lady Audley.

Robert thereafter traced the life history of Helen Maldon from her marriage to George Talboys at Wildernsea, Yorkshire, her secret departure from there after her husband's desertion, her appearance the following day as a teacher in a girls' school at Brompton under the name of Lucy Graham, her arrival as a governess in Essex, and finally her marriage to Sir Michael Audley.

ONCE more he returned to the Court, where his uncle was lying ill, attended by Lady Audley. He demanded a private audience of my lady, at which he told her he had discovered the whole of the conspiracy concocted by an artful woman who had speculated upon the chance of her husband's death and had secured a splendid position at the risk of committing a crime.

"My friend, George Talboys," said Robert; "was last seen entering these gardens, and was never seen to leave them. I will have such a search made as shall level this house to the earth, and root up every tree rather than I will fail in finding the grave of my murdered friend."

"You shall never live to do that," she said. "I will kill you first!"

That evening Lady Audley gave to her husband a gloss of what his nephew had said, and boldly accused him of being mad.

"You would," she said, "never let anyone influence you against me, would you, darling?"

"No, my love; they had better not try it!"

Lady Audley laughed aloud, with a gay, triumphant peal as she tripped out of the room; but as she sat in her own chamber, brooding, she muttered: "Dare I defy him? Will anything stop him but—death?"

Just then Phoebe Marks arrived to warn Lady Audley that Robert had appeared at the Castle Inn. She also explained that a bailiff was in the house, as the rent was due, and she wanted money to pay him out. Lady Audley insisted, to Phoebe's astonishment, that she herself would bring the money. She did so; and, unknown to Phoebe, cunningly set fire to the inn, hoping that Robert Audley would meet his death. She and her maid then left the inn to make the long tramp back to the Court. Half the distance had been covered, when Phoebe looked back and saw a red glare in the sky. She stopped suddenly and cried: "Oh, my God! say it's not true! It's too horrible!"

"What's too horrible?" said Lady Audley.

"The thought that is in my mind."

"I will tell you nothing except that you are a madwoman; and go home." Lady Audley walked away in the darkness.

V—My Lady Tells the Truth

LADY AUDLEY next day was under the dominion of a terrible restlessness. Towards the dinner hour she walked in the quadrangle. In the dusk she lost all self-control when a figure approached. Her knees sank under her and she dropped to the ground. It was Robert Audley who helped her to rise and then led her into the library. In a pitiless voice he called her the incendiary of the fire at the inn. Fortunately, he had changed his room, and escaped being burnt to death, saving, at the same time, Luke Marks. The day was now past, he insisted, for mercy, after last night's deed of horror; and she should no longer pollute the Court with her presence.

"Bring Sir Michael," she cried, "and I will confess everything!"

And so the confession was made. Briefly stated, it was that as a little child, in a Hampshire coast village, when she asked where her mother was, the answer always was that that was a secret. In a fit of passion her foster-mother told her that her own mother was a madwoman in an asylum many miles away. Afterwards, she learnt that the madness was a hereditary disease, and she was instructed to keep the secret because it might affect her injuriously in after-life. Then she detailed the story of her life until her marriage with Sir Michael Audley, justifying that on the ground that she had a right to believe her first husband was dead. In the sunshine of love at Audley Court she felt, for the first time in her life, the miseries of others, and took pleasure in acts of kindness.

In an Essex paper she read of the return of her first husband to England. Knowing his character, she thought that unless he could be induced to believe she was dead he would never abandon his search for her. Again she became mad. In collusion with her father she induced a Mrs. Plowson in Southampton, who had a daughter in the last stage of consumption, to pass off that daughter as Mrs. George Talboys, and removed her to Ventnor, with her own little boy schooled to call her 'mamma.' There she died in a fortnight, was buried as Mrs. George Talboys, and the advertisement of the death was inserted in The Times two days before her husband's arrival in England.

SIR MICHAEL could hear no more. He and his daughter Alicia departed that evening for the Continent. Next day, Dr. Mosgrave, a mental specialist, arrived from London. He was fully informed of the history of Lady Audley, examined her, and finally reported to Robert: "The lady is not mad, but she has a hereditary taint in her blood. She has the cunning of madness, with the prudence of intelligence. She is dangerous."

He gave Robert a letter addressed to Monsieur Val, Villebrumeuse, Belgium, who, he said, was the proprietor and medical superintendent of an excellent

maison de santé, and would no doubt willingly receive Lady Audley into his establishment and charge himself with the full responsibility of her future life.

Robert escorted Lady Audley to Villebrumeuse, where she was presented to Monsieur Val as Madame Taylor. When Monsieur Val retired from the reception room, at my lady's request, she turned to Robert, and said: "You have brought me to a living grave; you have used your power basely and cruelly."

"I have done that which I thought was just to others, and merciful to you," replied Robert. "Live here and repent."

"I cannot," cried my lady. "I would defy you and kill myself if I dared. Do you know what I am thinking of? It is of the day upon which George Talboys—disappeared! The body of George Talboys lies at the bottom of the old well in the shrubbery beyond the lime walk. He came to me there, goaded me beyond endurance. I was going to leave him when he seized me by the wrist and sought to detain me by force. I became mad, and drew the loose iron spindle from the shrunken wood of the windlass. My first husband sank with one horrible cry into the black mouth of the well!"

VI—The Mystery Cleared Up

On arrival in London, Robert Audley received a letter from Clara Talboys saying that Luke Marks was lying at his mother's cottage at Audley and had expressed an earnest wish to see him. Robert went at once to Audley.

The dying man confessed that on the night of George Talboys' disappearance, when going home to his mother's cottage, he heard groans come from the laurel bushes in the shrubbery near the old well. On search, he found Talboys covered with slime, and with a broken arm. He carried the crippled man to his mother's cottage, washed and nursed him.

Next day Talboys gave him a five-pound note to accompany him to the town of Brentwood, where he called on a surgeon to have his broken arm set and dressed. That done, Talboys wrote two notes in pencil with his left hand, and gave them to Luke to deliver—one to Lady Audley, and the other to the nephew of Sir Michael, and then took train to London.

Phoebe, who had seen from her window Lady Audley pushing George Talboys into the well, said that my lady was in their power, and that she would do anything for them to keep her secret. So the letters were not delivered.

He had hid them away; not a creature had seen them. The old mother, who had been present throughout the confession, took the papers from a drawer and handed them to Robert Audley.

The note to Robert said that something had happened which drove him from England; a broken-hearted man, to seek some corner of the earth where he might live and die unknown and forgotten. He left his son in his friend's hands, knowing that he could leave him to no truer guardian. The second note was addressed 'Helen,' saying, 'May God forgive you for that which you have done to-day, as truly as I do. You shall never hear from me again. I leave England, never to return.—G. T.'

Luke Marks died that afternoon. As soon as possible Robert went down to Dorsetshire to inform George Talboys' father that his son was alive. He stayed at Grange Heath, and the love which had come to him at first sight of Clara Talboys rapidly ripened.

Consent to the marriage was given, and the pair agreed to go on their honeymoon trip to Australia to look for the son and brother. Robert returned for the last time to his bachelor chambers in the Temple. He was told that a visitor was waiting for him. The visitor was George Talboys, and he opened his arms to his lost friend with a cry of delight. George had not gone to Australia after all, but to New York, where he remained for a time till he yearned for the strong clasp of the hand which had guided him through the darkest passage of his life.

Two years passed. In a fairy cottage on the banks of the Thames, George Talboys lives with his sister and brother-in-law. Madame Taylor died after a long illness. Sir Michael Audley lives in London with Alicia, who is shortly to become the wife of Sir Harry Towers, a sporting baronet.



Henri Manuel

To face page 2327

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

THE GIOCONDA

With a Biographical and Critical Study

By Robert Musgrove Scott



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO—the name evokes such a tumult of recollections that it seems to designate not one man, but many. Seldom has a man of letters played such varied parts so seriously and conspicuously as this dramatist, poet, novelist, soldier, ruler and apostle of Italian patriotism. He has had adventures so romantic that the history of them seems almost too improbable to be taken seriously.

Throughout the whole of his career, however, and in all his rôles, d'Annunzio has had one very prominent characteristic—a tremendous vitality that reminds us of the artists of the Renaissance. He considered that the most precious quality of the beautiful Duchess of Scerni, a figure in his novel, The Child of Pleasure, was the splendour of her unaffectedly youthful spirit. The same judgement might be passed on himself; for in his life and writing alike we find a young impetuousness, daring and appetite for beauty. This is natural in the case of his literary work, for the best was done in the nineteenth century; but considering his political career, it seems incredible that he should have been born in 1864.

Until 1915, d'Annunzio attracted the attention of the world only as a great writer. His life was eccentric, of course, but eccentricity is expected of a distinguished artist. His work was fervently acclaimed in his own country and admired throughout the rest of Europe. He seemed destined to the materially comfortable but uneventful life of a genius whose pre-eminence receives pecuniary recognition. The Great War came, and Italy at first took no part in it, so that it did not seem to concern in the least her greatest author. In May 1915, however, d'Annunzio returned to Italy from France, blazing with generous anger because of the German atrocities. It was evidence of his youthful spirit, this spectacular indignation, as was also the energy with which he set about finding a practical outlet for his feelings. Writing, speaking in public, demonstrating, he began to influence the rather uncertain temper of the Italian public. His great literary reputation, his intoxicating articles and furious declamations completely appealed to the imagination of his countrymen. Italy entered the war with enthusiasm—a step for which d'Annunzio's propaganda had largely prepared it.

During the war he served as an airman, and was distinguished for his bravery and skill. Then came the holiday adventure of Fiume—an incident that reads like extravagant comic opera, but which had a great effect on the minds of Italians. Italy had hoped to receive the great Hungarian port of Fiume after the war; but it was decided at the peace negotiations that this was impracticable, principally owing to the attitude of Yugo-Slavia.

Italian opinion bitterly resented the decision; the citizens of Fiume were no less angry. Italy was too much weakened by internal dissension to take any kind of action. Class and industrial disputes tore the nation, and the patriotism that had been very real during the war had become a catchword. D'Annunzio, however, with a distinctly self-conscious air of heroism, snapped his fingers in the face of Europe. In September 1919 he occu-

pied Fiume with an army of ill-clad and ill-armed volunteers, and encouraged the people with placards and banners to shout: 'Italy or Death!'

He reigned in Fiume until January 1921, although the treaty of Rapallo had made the city an independent state in the previous November. His administration was not remarkably efficient, but neither was it discreditable; and when he returned to his own land his departure was deeply regretted by his late subjects. It might be thought that the whole adventure was a foolish melodrama—a schoolboy game played on a large scale. So far as Italy was concerned, however, the impression that it made was far different. D'Annunzio had once more captured the imagination of Italians; had fired them with renewed patriotism, and given them a greater national self-respect. As a reward he was created Prince of Montenevoso. He retired from public affairs to develop his theories on life, and to patrol (quite unnecessarily) the Lake of Garda in an armed motor-boat.

It may seem that so many biographical details are out of place in a study of d'Annunzio's art. Apart from the fact, however, that he has lived in a manner at least reminiscent of one of those heroes for whom he has so often expressed his reverence, there is a close connexion between his literary and his political work. Both are fruits of the same inspiration—a love of Italy, young and old: a love of the modern nation that has amounted almost to folly; a love of the immortal guardian of an ancient culture that has amounted to worship. His war-time and post-war adventures are part of his poetry a stirring and formless epic; his poetry contains the spiritual essence of his patriotism.

That part of d'Annunzio's life which we have considered in detail might lead us to expect that his works would be filled with the spirit of romance. It is true that his earlier poetry is in the grand, rhetorical style of the much recited verse of his compatriot, Carducci—a style which suggests that the poet has had a dictionary of classical and historical allusions constantly before him. As a whole, however, and although they show many varied influences, d'Annunzio's writings have few romantic tendencies. The most remarkable quality, indeed, that they have in common, next to their vigour, is the fidelity with which they accord to classical traditions. His poems echo the lyric cadences of the Golden and Silver ages of Roman literature; his novels have the Latin virtues of crystal clarity and epigrammatic description; and his successful tragedies have the restraint and sense of form of the tragedies of ancient Greece.

In his New Song, published in 1882, d'Annunzio prays:

> To me now the serene rhythm of Albius Tibullus, where laughs the vast peace of the country in flower,
>
> Where laugh the azures of the Latin sky, and the pale suns and the clouds—as in a clear brook.

So, in his verse, it is not only the rhythm, the music, that remind us of the poets of ancient Rome. D'Annunzio's sensuousness, his delight in colour, in 'the azures of the Latin sky and the pale suns,' in physical beauty of every kind, in love, in poetry, clearly show what tradition he follows. But his pagan love for nature (in its widest sense) is no mere literary admiration as was Swinburne's. It is his deepest and most genuine sentiment. His ardour and passionate sincerity, whether he be writing of love and death in The Chimera, or of Rome in Roman Elegies, show him to be a true countryman of Horace and Catullus, having similar tastes and a similar philosophy.

> Sing of the huge joy of living, of being strong, of being young; of biting earthly fruits with strong, white, greedy teeth.
>
> And of hearing all music, and of looking with eyes of flame on the divine face of the world, as a lover looks on his beloved.
>
> He is a miserable slave, he who makes sorrow his garment.

To live intensely is to develop one's personality to the full; to look on the world and find it good; these are d'Annunzio's favourite themes, and all his poetry resounds with his praise of earth. His creed is no blind atheism; it is a vital pantheism. His is the oldest kind of song; yet it is perpetually young.

In considering d'Annunzio's novels, we are immediately struck by their confusing variety of styles. Even though he has divided the more important novels into three cycles, the Romances of the Rose, of the Lily, and of the Pomegranate, each consisting of three works, this does not altogether mean that each group represents a stage in his artistic or intellectual development. Within a single cycle his outlook and method of treating his subjects change. To illustrate this, we might instance two of the Romances of the Rose. The Child of Pleasure (1888) is written under the influence of de Maupassant's works; in The Intruder (by which title L'Innocente has been translated into English) although the creative hand is the hand of d'Annunzio the voice is the voice of Dostoievsky. Both these tales and The Triumph of Death (1894), the third of this cycle, are remarkable for their realism. The Romances of the Lily show d'Annunzio still wandering inconsequently about the fields of literature. He toys—always in his vivid style—with vague philosophies: in The Virgins of the Rocks (1896), for example, he thinks that he has found his ideal hero in the Teutonic Superman.

In the Romances of the Pomegranate—The Flame, The Victory of Man, and The Triumph of Life—we find that d'Annunzio has arrived at something definite. He begins at last to give expression to his own ideas—those ideas that are the inspiration of his poetry. He writes in frank and passionate praise of pagan loveliness and earthly joys. Throughout he asserts the glory of material existence. He is no longer at all derivative; his prose is richer and more poetic than in his other works. These three, however, show the weakness of all his novels. His arguments are always partisan, although expressed with a clarity and force that are almost startling, so that the reader may with equal justification accept or reject them. Therefore, even if nobody can deny the technical excellence of his novels, any estimation of their value as serious contributions to literature must depend on individual taste.

It is in his tragedies that d'Annunzio shows his genius most clearly. With the exception of the more ambitious (and far less able) poetical dramas such as Phedra, they are all concerned with extremely fascinating problems of common interest, and have this mark of great literature: that, however original, however unfamiliar to us their characters may be, the plots woven about them are of universal application. In them d'Annunzio develops his themes honestly—his plays are almost entirely free from the special pleading that mars his novels. In them, too, his insight into psychology is shown to be very great—as when he presents the tragedy of blindness in The Dead City. An idea of his powers as a dramatist might best be given, however, by outlining his tragedy, The Gioconda.

The Gioconda is the story of the unhappy married life of a sculptor, Lucio Settala, and his wife, Silvia. Broadly speaking, the question that d'Annunzio asks and answers in the play is this: 'Have two persons, one of an artistic temperament, fine but unstable, and the other of a domestic temperament, placid and tender, enough in common to enable them to live happily together?' d'Annunzio decides that they have not. The beauty, the strength and the weakness of both of the principal characters are drawn with unerring skill. We see that Silvia's love for Lucio is as much the cause of the final tragedy as the fact that he is tired of her, and that this love is really a desire for possession that makes Silvia use any weapons—even bluster and conscious lies—in her fight to retain her husband's affections. At the same time, we are made to feel Lucio's unconscious hypocrisy in persuading himself that it is his art that separates him from Silvia, when it is actually his love for another woman. We cannot be sure whether we most admire the author's wonderful dissection of character or the sense of proportion that is maintained throughout the play.

Many critics have raised the objection that there is too little action in d'Annunzio's dramas. To hold this opinion is, however, to miss their essential quality. They are modelled on classical tragedy, so that much action would be out of place. D'Annunzio's stage-craft, moreover, makes

action unnecessary as a means of holding the attention of the audience. He creates his situations almost entirely by words.

For example, the first scene of Act I of The Gioconda consists of a conversation between Silvia and a family friend, Lorenzo Gaddi, who taught Lucio the rudiments of the sculptor's art. Almost immediately after the rise of the curtain Gaddi says:

"The storm is passed, and here is Lucio coming back to you, full of thankfulness and tenderness, after so much wrong." We know immediately that something has happened—something that is going to be of consequence to the development of the play. And we are all agog to know what the mysterious wrong has been when Silvia speaks:

"Sometimes all that has been, all the evil, all the sorrow and even the blood and the scar, all disappear, vanish; everything is forgotten; everything ceases to have been. Sometimes all that has passed, all the horrible burden of memory, so tightly packed, so overloaded, becomes solid and real and hard, like a wall; like a rock barrier that I must never cross."

We are told that the event that caused all her trouble has been connected with Lucio, and that the blood was shed at his studio. Later in the scene we discover that Lucio tried to commit suicide, being the most complete victim of a woman, who is not named. It has been a great tragedy, and Silvia is apprehensive as to its effect on her husband. Will he really love her again; will he return to his work? Lorenzo Gaddi assures her that all will be well, but he does not speak with great conviction. Despite her rather forced cheerfulness, there is obvious apprehension in Silvia's manner.

In the next scene we learn a little more of what has happened from Francesca Doni, Silvia's sister, when she talks with Cosimo Dalbo, a friend of Lucio's, who has been absent on a visit to Egypt. The doctors despaired of saving Lucio's life, and it was only Silvia's selfless devotion that brought the artist back to health. The designing woman, Gioconda Dianti, has not given up hope of winning Lucio—like Silvia, Francesca will not impute unfaithfulness to the man. Then Lucio appears. He has not seen Cosimo since the latter's return from his holiday, and each has much to say to the other.

We hear that Lucio has attempted suicide after completing a marvellous statue, which no longer interests him, he maintains, although we see clearly that his attitude is a pose. Cosimo, however, says that something will have been saved from the wreck of the tragedy—the statue; and that 'so much suffering will not have been in vain, and so much misfortune will not have been entirely useless if a beautiful thing is added to the decoration of life.' Lucio agrees, and thus shows how different are his ideas from those of his wife, who will be content to account as naught the suffering and wrong if her husband loves her again.

Silvia comes to her husband, and Cosimo leaves. The interview between husband and wife is sketched with great delicacy and a wonderful depth of feeling. So constrained are they at the beginning of their talk, and so hysterical is their reconciliation that it does not seem probable that it will endure long. But the first act ends in an atmosphere of tranquil beauty—of calm so perfect that we suspect that it is the traditional herald of a storm.

We are not kept long in suspense, for in the first scene of Act II d'Annunzio analyses the mind of Lucio Settala, showing that his love for Gioconda Dianti is still a consuming passion. Cosimo and Lucio are sitting together, and the latter mentions that he has had a love letter from Gioconda that 'burnt his fingers.'

"You still love her?" Cosimo asks.

Lucio denies it, but on being pressed he admits that he is worried by the knowledge that the girl waits for him every day at the foot of his statue—his masterpiece. His nervous condition is so obvious that Cosimo proposes that he should go away for a long holiday, and so come to forget the temptress. Lucio refuses.

'She will have imparted more subtly her spirit to that house which I love because of the work that it represents to me,' he says. 'I shall see her from these distant places as the guardian of a statue over which I spent the most vivid

moments of my life. No, I do not love her. But she wills me; she will always be the stronger; she knows that she can conquer me and bind me; she is armed with a fascination before which I cannot maintain my own will without tearing my heart to shreds . . . and she waits confidently.'

Cosimo shows the most downright common sense, suggesting that Lucio must either deprive Gioconda of the key of the studio, or sell the studio itself. Lucio argues hotly against following either of these courses; but it is plain that he is hiding his real reason for wishing to retain the studio, and to allow Gioconda to keep her key to it. At last Cosimo cries:

"I thought, at the beginning, that all that was necessary was that you should be freed from an importunate woman. I recognize now that what I have advised was childish."

Lucio's reserve breaks down, and he mutters:

"I should have been left to die."

It was only because he was possessed of the artist's impatience of facts—because he found the life that convention expected of him unsupportable—that he had tried to kill himself.

COSIMO sets about appealing to Lucio's emotions—to his love for Silvia as the mother of their one child, Beata. He goes too far, however; he becomes very sentimental. Lucio answers his reasoning bitterly. Cosimo is very patient, and still urges him to go away with Silvia for a holiday, maintaining that he 'will again find the goodness which will be an inspiration' to him.

"The goodness! The goodness!" Lucio exclaims, "Do you think that inspiration comes from goodness, and not from some deep instinct within me! I am within my own law, so that I am also within the law of Good."—One of the most forcible expositions in literature of the divine selfishness of art.

He then proceeds to give reasons for his love for Gioconda—declaring throughout that she is part of his art. Here d'Annunzio's prose is seen at its best, crisp, marvellously vivid and fluent. She is a thousand statues, Lucio cries, and the ancients were blinded by the glory of statues. Her beauty lives in all marble. When he went with her to the quarries at Carrara, a 'confused aspiration' seemed to leap to her from the motionless white of the marble. "The wind, the sun, the vastness of the mountains, the long lines of yoked oxen, and the antique curves of the yokes, and the grinding of the loads, and the cloud that was trickling from the Tirreno, and the incredibly high flight of an eagle—all these filled me with an exaltation that was like infinite poetry."

AS if to justify his conduct further in his friend's eyes (and incidently in ours), Lucio describes how, just before he tried to kill himself, he had begun to model another statue in plaster. It would have crumbled to dust had not Gioconda, during his illness, kept damp the cloths that covered it. She was the preserver of his art.

"While the other (Silvia) was preserving your life?" Cosimo interrupts reproachfully.

"Which of the two things is the more valuable?" Lucio demands. "Life would be intolerable to me if it were to mean the agonising surrender of one of my conceptions. . . But I have told you already, I ought to have been allowed to die. . . Now that I have recovered, you find in me the same man, and the same influences. What would you advise? Shall I follow my destiny?"

Before Cosimo can answer the cruel question, however, the two are interrupted by Silvia and Francesca Doni. Cosimo leaves, and Lucio goes with him. But we see that his pretence of irresolution is at an end; he knows that he will 'follow his destiny.' D'Annunzio has almost finished with him; he has shown the beauty and the hypocrisy of the artistic mind.

Francesca tells her sister that old Lorenzo Gaddi has seen Gioconda, and that the girl has refused to have any dealings with anybody not sent by Lucio himself. Silvia, burning with anger, says that she will go and see Gioconda, will confront her and will find some means of driving her out. Silvia is the personification of outraged conventional propriety. She knows that Lucio has been receiving

letters from Gioconda; and where and when the girl waits for her husband. She will keep the appointment for him. Francesca is timid, but practical; Silvia, however, is too excited to listen to her mild counsels. She announces her intention of going immediately to meet Gioconda, and Francesca decides to accompany her. So the second act ends, with tragedy impending.

We watch the next act in horrified anticipation. The scorn, the virtuous indignation of the wife which is opposed to the sentimentally poetic and altogether impertinent attitude of the model make a quarrel inevitable. We can imagine the terror of Francesca, who is hiding in a room off the studio. Events march swiftly. Silvia persuades Gioconda that Lucio no longer cares for her in any way, and the girl rushes behind a curtain to smash Lucio's statue—his masterpiece. Silvia follows her, and there is a scuffle, in the course of which the statue is overthrown and broken to fragments. In attempting to prevent this disaster, however, Silvia has her hands terribly cut. Lucio appears, and Silvia realizes that he has come to see Gioconda. Her mental and physical agony are too great for her endurance, and she faints, knowing that she has finally lost Lucio's love.

The play does not end here, although it has given an answer to the problem with which it deals. According to classical tradition, the audience could not be dismissed so soon after the emotional crisis of a play. D'Annunzio, accordingly, gives us a picture of Silvia, deserted by her husband and with her two hands amputated at the wrists, living a secluded life by the sea. The act is filled with great poetry, but is intensely sad because of the fruitless efforts that Silvia makes to keep all knowledge of her tragedy, including her own maimed condition, from her child.

So the play ends—pathetically rather than tragically. It is typical of d'Annunzio's art that it should be like this. He has always striven after realism, and the after-effects of tragedy are much more often pathetic than tragic; that is to say, they are invested with a sadness that appeals to the emotions rather than with a horror that appeals to the intellect.

Autobiography of a Great Romantic

CHATEAUBRIAND
MEMOIRS FRO BEYOND THE GRAVE

NOVELIST, philosopher and founder of that school of Romantics which included de Musset and Hugo, Chateaubriand is one of the most important figures in the literary history of France. As the Revolution had ended the Ancien Régime politically, so he ended it intellectually. He swept from literature the rationalist traditions of the eighteenth century; substituted religious idyalism for reason as a basis of philosophy; and, like Wordsworth, glorified nature—or, more accurately, a conception of nature that had hitherto passed unregarded. In Memoirs From Beyond the Grave, Chateaubriand gives an account of his own life and thought. Though at times arrogant and egotistical, this book is perhaps the most admirable study of Romanticism that has ever been written. Revolutionary ideas are expressed in a richly beautiful style, so that even should we dislike his theories we cannot close our minds to Chateaubriand's intoxicating eloquence. Inexpensive editions of the French text are published by Dent, Nelson, and the Oxford University Press.

I—Youth and Its Follies



FOUR years ago, on my return from the Holy Land, I purchased a little country house, situated near the hamlet of Aulnay, in the vicinity of Sceaux and Chatenay. The house is in a valley, encircled by thickly wooded hills. The demesne is a sort of wild orchard. These narrow confines seem to me to be fitting boundaries of my long-protracted hopes. I have selected the trees, as far as I was able, from the various climes I have visited. They remind me of my wanderings.

Knight-errant as I am, I have the sedentary tastes of a monk. It was here

I wrote the Martyrs, the Abencerrages, the Itinéraire, and Moïse. To what shall I devote myself in the evenings of the present autumn? This day, October 4, being the anniversary of my entrance into Jerusalem, tempts me to commence the history of my life.

I am of noble descent, and I have profited by the accident of my birth, inasmuch as I have retained that firm love of liberty which characterises the members of an aristocracy whose last hour has sounded. Aristocracy has three successive ages—the age of superiority, the age of privilege and the age of vanity. Having emerged from the first age, it degenerates in the second age and perishes in the third.

WHEN I was a young man, and learnt the meaning of love, I was a mystery to myself. All my days were *adieux*. I could not see a woman without being troubled. I blushed if one spoke to me. My timidity, already excessive towards everyone, became so great with a woman that I would have preferred any torment whatsoever to that of remaining alone with one. She was no sooner gone than I would have recalled her with all my heart. Had anyone delivered to me the most beautiful slaves of the seraglio, I should not have known what to say to them. Accident enlightened me.

Had I done as other men do, I should sooner have learnt the pleasures and pains of passion, the germ of which I carried in myself; but everything in me assumed an extraordinary character. The warmth of imagination, my bashfulness and solitude, caused me to turn back upon myself. For want of a real object, by the power of my vague desires, I evoked a phantom which never quitted me more. I know not whether the history of the human heart furnishes another example of this kind.

I pictured then to myself an ideal beauty, moulded from the various charms of all the women I had seen. I gave her the eyes of one young village girl, and the rosy freshness of another. This invisible enchantress constantly attended me; I communed with her as with a real being. She varied at the will of my wandering fancy. Now she was Diana clothed in azure, now Aphrodite unveiled, now Thalia with her laughing mask, now Hebe bearing the cup of eternal youth.

A young queen approaches, brilliant with diamonds and flowers—this was always my sylph. She seeks me at midnight, amidst orange groves, in the corridors of a palace washed by the waves on the balmy shore of Naples or Messina, the light sound of her footsteps on the mosaic floor mingles with the scarcely heard murmur of the waves.

Awaking from these my dreams, and finding myself a poor little obscure Breton who would attract the eyes of no one, despair seized upon me. I no longer dared to raise my eyes to the brilliant phantom which I had attached to my every step. This delirium lasted for two whole years. I spoke little; my taste for solitude redoubled. I showed all the symptoms of a violent passion. I was absent, sad, ardent, savage. My days passed on in wild, extravagant, mad fashion, which nevertheless had a peculiar charm.

I HAVE now reached a period at which I require some strength of mind to confess my weakness. I had a gun, the worn-out trigger of which often went off unexpectedly. I loaded this gun with three balls and went to a spot at a considerable distance from the great Mall. I cocked the gun, put the end of the barrel into my mouth and struck the butt end against the ground. I repeated the attempt several times, but unsuccessfully. The appearance of a gamekeeper interrupted me in my design. I was a fatalist, though without my own intention or knowledge. Supposing that my hour was not yet come, I deferred the execution of my project to another day.

Any whose minds are troubled by these delineations should remember that they are listening to the voice of one who has passed from this world. Reader, whom I shall never know, of me there is nothing—nothing but what I am in the hands of the living God.

A few weeks later I was sent for one morning by my father.

"Sir," said he, "you must renounce your follies. Your brother has obtained

for you a commission as ensign in the regiment of Navarre. You must presently set out for Rennes, and thence to Cambray. Here are a hundred louis-d'or; take care of them. I am old and ill—I have no long time to live. Behave like a good man, and never dishonour your name."

He embraced me. I felt the hard and wrinkled face pressed with emotion against mine. This was my father's last embrace.

The mail courier brought me to my garrison. Having joined the regiment in the garb of a citizen, twenty-four hours afterwards I assumed that of a soldier; it appeared as if I had worn it always. I was not fifteen days in the regiment before I became an officer. I learnt with facility both the exercise and the theory of arms. I passed through the offices of corporal and sergeant with the approbation of my instructors. My rooms became the rendezvous of the old captains, as well as of the young lieutenants.

The same year in which I went through my first training in arms at Cambray brought news of the death of Frederic II. I am now ambassador to the nephew of this great king, and write this part of my memoirs in Berlin. This piece of important public news was succeeded by another, mournful to me. It was announced to me that my father had been carried off by an attack of apoplexy.

I lamented M. de Chateaubriand. I remembered neither his severity nor his weakness. If my father's affection for me partook of the severity of his character, in reality it was not the less deep. My brother announced to me that I had already obtained the rank of captain of cavalry.

A few days later I set out to be presented at the first court in Europe. I remember my emotion when I saw the king at Versailles. When the king's levée was announced, the persons not presented withdrew. I felt an emotion of vanity; I was not proud of remaining, but I should have felt humiliated at having to retire. The royal bed-chamber door opened; I saw the king, according to custom, finishing his toilet. He advanced, on his way to the chapel, to hear mass. I bowed, Marshal de Duras announcing my name—'Sire, le Chevalier de Chateaubriand.'

The king graciously returned my salutation, and seemed to wish to address me; but, more embarrassed than I, finding nothing to say to me, he passed on. This sovereign was Louis XVI, only six years before he was brought to the scaffold.

II—*In the Year of Revolution*

My political education was begun by my residence, at different times, in Brittany in the years 1787 and 1788. The states of this province furnished the model of the States-General; and the troubles which broke out in the provinces of Brittany and Dauphiny were the forerunners of those of the nation at large.

The change which had been developing for two hundred years was then reaching its limits. France was rapidly tending to a representative system by means of a contest of the magistracy with the royal power.

The year 1789 found me still on the plains of Brittany. I could not leave the province till late in the year, and did not reach Paris till after the pillage of the Maison Reveillon, the opening of the States-General, the constitution of the Tiers-Etat in the National Assembly, the oath of the Jeu-de-Paume, the royal council of June 23, and the junction of the clergy and the nobility in the Tiers-Etat. The court, now yielding, now attempting to resist, allowed itself to be browbeaten by Mirabeau.

The counter-blow to that struck at Versailles was felt at Paris. On July 14 the Bastille was taken. I was present as a spectator at this event. If the gates had been kept shut the fortress would never have been taken. De Launay, dragged from his dungeon, was brutally murdered on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. Flesselles, the *prévôt des marchands*, was shot through the head. In the midst of these murders the people abandoned themselves to orgies similar to those carried on in Rome during the troubles under Otto and Vitellius. The monarchy was demolished as rapidly as the Bastille in the sitting of the National Assembly on the evening of August 4.

My regiment, quartered at Rouen, preserved its discipline for some time. But

at length insurrection broke out among the soldiers in Navarre. The Marquis de Mortemar emigrated; the officers followed him. I had neither adopted nor rejected the new opinions; I neither wished to emigrate nor to continue my military career so I retired, and decided to go to America.

I sailed for that land, and my heart beat when we sighted the American coast, faintly traced by the tops of some maple trees emerging, as it were, from the sea. A pilot came on board and we sailed into the Chesapeake and soon set foot on American soil.

At that time I had a great admiration for republics, though I did not believe them possible in our era of the world. My idea of liberty pictured her such as she was among the ancients, daughter of the manners of an infant society. I knew her not as the daughter of enlightenment and the civilization of centuries; as the liberty whose reality the representative republic has proved—God grant it may be durable

We are no longer obliged to work in our own little fields, to curse arts and sciences, if we would be free.

I met General Washington. He was tall, calm and cold rather than noble in mien; the engravings of him are good. We sat down, and I explained to him as well as I could the motive of my journey. He answered me in English and French monosyllables, and listened to me with a sort of astonishment. I perceived this, and said to him with some warmth: "But is it less difficult to discover the north-west passage than to create a nation as you have done?"

"Good, good, young man!" cried he, holding out his hand to me. He invited me to dine with him on the following day, and we parted. I took care not to fail in my appointment. The conversation turned on the French Revolution, and the general showed us a key of the Bastille. Such was my meeting with the citizen soldier—the liberator of a world.

III—Paris in the Reign of Terror

In 1792, when I returned to Paris, it no longer exhibited the same appearance as in 1789 and 1790. It was no longer the new-born Revolution, but a people intoxicated, rushing on to fulfil its destiny across abysses and by devious ways. The appearance of the people was no longer curious and eager, but threatening.

The king's flight on June 21, 1791, gave an immense impulse to the Revolution. Having been brought back to Paris on June 25, he was dethroned for the first time, in consequence of the declaration of the National Assembly that all its decrees should have the force of law, without the king's concurrence or assent.

The scenes at the Cordeliers, at which I was three or four times present, were ruled and presided over by Danton—a Hun, with the nature of a Goth.

Faithful to my instincts, I had returned from America to offer my sword to Louis XVI, not to involve myself in party intrigues. I therefore decided to 'emigrate.' Brussels was the headquarters of the most distinguished *émigrés*. There I found my trifling baggage, which had arrived before me. The coxcomb *émigrés* were hateful to me. I was eager to see those like myself, with 600 livres income.

My brother remained at Brussels as an aide-de-camp to the Baron de Montboissier. I set out alone for Coblentz and went up the Rhine to that city, but the royal army was not there. Passing on, I fell in with the Prussian army between Coblentz and Treves. My white uniform caught the king's eye. He sent for me; he and the Duke of Brunswick took off their hats and in my person saluted the old French army.

IV—The Army of Princes

I was almost refused admission into the army of princes, for there were already too many gallant men ready to fight. But I said I had just come from America to have the honour of serving with old comrades. The matter was arranged, the ranks were open to receive me, and the only remaining difficulty was where to choose. I entered the 7th company of the Bretons. We had tents, but were in want of everything else.

Our little army marched for Thionville. We went five or six leagues a day. The weather was desperate. We began the



FRANÇOIS RENÉ, VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND was born at St. Malo, September 4, 1768. After serving in the French army, he established himself in Paris in 1786, and began to write verse. In 1791, he went to America, and there remained until after the execution of Louis XVI. He hastened back to France, and was severely wounded fighting against the Republicans in 1793, and took refuge in England. On Napoleon's accession to power, Chateaubriand returned to Paris, where he began to publish his wonderful writings. With the Bourbon Restoration of 1814, he entered upon a distinguished political career, occupying several important diplomatic posts. In 1830, he retired from public affairs, and died July 4, 1848.

siege of Thionville, and in a few days were reinforced by Austrian cannon and cannoneers. The besieged made an attack on us, and in this action we had several wounded and some killed. We relinquished the siege of Thionville and set out for Verdun, which had surrendered to the allies. The passage of Frederic William was attested on all sides by garlands and flowers. In the midst of these trophies of peace I observed the Prussian eagle displayed on the fortifications of Verdun. It was not to remain long; as for the flowers, they were destined to fade, like the innocent creatures who had gathered them. One of the most atrocious murders of the reign of terror was that of the young girls of Verdun.

'Fourteen young girls of Verdun, of rare beauty, and almost like young virgins dressed for a public fête, were,' says Rioufle, 'led in a body to the scaffold. I never saw among us any despair like that which this infamous act excited.'

I had been wounded during the siege of Thionville. While I was asleep, a splinter from a shell struck me on the thigh. Roused by the stroke, but not being sensible of the pain, I only saw that I was wounded by the appearance of the blood. I bound up my thigh with my handkerchief. At four in the morning we thought the town had surrendered, but the gates were not opened, and we returned to our positions after a harassing march of three days.

At Verdun, fever after my wound undermined my strength and smallpox attacked me. Yet I began a journey on foot of two hundred leagues, with only eighteen livres in my pocket. I intended to try to reach Ostend, there to embark for Jersey, and thence to join the royalists in Brittany. Breaking down on the road, I lay insensible for two hours. The last noise I heard was the whistling of a bullfinch.

Some drivers of the Prince de Ligne's waggons saw me, and in pity lifted me up and carried me to Namur. Others of the prince's people carried me to Brussels. Here I found my brother, who brought a surgeon and a doctor to attend to me. He approved of my intention to go to Jersey, and lent me twenty-five louis-d'or.

After reaching Jersey, I was four months dangerously ill. Recovering, I went in 1793 to England, landing as a poor *émigré* where now, in 1822, I write these memoirs, and enjoy the dignity of ambassador.

V—Letters from the Dead

SEVERAL of my family fell victims to the Revolution. I learnt in July 1783, that my mother, after having been thrown, at the age of seventy-two, into a dungeon, where she witnessed the death of some of her children, expired at length on a pallet, to which her misfortunes had consigned her. The thoughts of my errors greatly embittered her last days, and on her deathbed she charged one of my sisters to reclaim me to religion. My sister Julie communicated my mother's last wish to me.

When this letter reached me my sister herself was no more; she, too, had sunk beneath the effects of her imprisonment. These two voices, coming as it were from the grave, had a powerful effect on me. I became a Christian. I did not, indeed, yield to any great supernatural light: my conviction came from my heart.

GOETHE

THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER

OBVIOUSLY the work of a young man—though a young man of great literary talent—The Sorrows of Young Werther (1774) made a great impression, usually favourable but sometimes unfavourable, in almost every country in Europe (an English translation is included in Bohn's Library). The story is written in the form of letters, and purports to be pure fiction, but is, in fact, largely the account of Goethe's sentimental acquaintanceship with Charlotte Buff, 'a fascinating maiden who might have hosts of admirers.' Unfortunately, however, this desirable young lady was already engaged. Imagining himself deeply in love, Goethe resolved never to see Charlotte again, and departed, content thus to end the affair. At about the same time, however, Jerusalem, a hysterical friend of Goethe's, shot himself because of passion unrequited. The suicide profoundly affected Goethe's mind, and inspired Werther, in which are combined his own experiences and those of Jerusalem. Of Goethe's other works of fiction Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship is the most generally known, and an outline of it appears elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*.

I—'I Have Found an Angel'



MAY 4. What a strange thing is the heart of man. To leave my dearest friend, and yet to feel happy! I know you will forgive me, and I in return will promise that I will no longer worry myself over every petty stab of fortune. Poor Leonora! And yet I was not to blame. Was I in fault that, while I was pleasantly entertained by the charms of her sister, her feeble heart conceived a passion for me? And yet I am not wholly blameless. Did I not encourage her emotion? Did I not but what is man that he dares so to accuse himself? Beyond doubt, the sufferings of mankind would be far less did they but endure the present with equanimity, instead of raking up the past for memories of sorrow.

A wonderful calm has come over me; I am alone, and feel that a spot like this was created for the happiness of souls like mine. You ask if you shall send me I pray you spare me. My heart craves for no excitement; I need strains to soothe me, and I find them to perfection in my Homer.

May 17. I have formed many acquaintances, but as yet have found no friends. If you inquire what sort of people are here, I answer 'the same as everywhere.' The human race is a monotonous affair. The majority labours nearly all its time for mere subsistence, and is then so distressed to have a small portion of freedom still unemployed that it exerts even greater efforts to get rid of it.

I have just become acquainted with a very worthy person, the district judge. They tell me how charming it is to him in the midst of his family of nine His eldest daughter is much spoken of He has invited me to go and see him.

June 16. Why do I not write to you? You should have guessed that I was preoccupied; that in a word, that I have made a friend who has won my heart. I have found I know not what. An angel? Nonsense! Everyone so describes his mistress. And yet I cannot tell you how perfect she is, or why so perfect. Between ourselves, I have been three times on the point of throwing down my pen, ordering my horse and riding out. And yet this morning I determined not to ride to day; and I keep running to the window to see how high the sun is.

I could not restrain myself; go to her I must. I have just returned, Wilhelm, and while I eat my supper I will write to you. I had already made the acquaintance of her aunt, the judge's sister, and with her I was going to accompany Charlotte to a ball given by some young people in the neighbourhood. While we were on our way to fetch her, my companion was loud in her praise of her niece's beauty and charm. "Take care, however," she added,

"that you do not lose your heart." "Why?" I asked. "Because she is already betrothed to an excellent man."

As the door opened, I saw before me the most charming sight that I have ever beheld. Six children of various ages were running about the hall and surrounding a lady of medium height, with a lovely figure, dressed in a robe of simple white, trimmed with pink ribbons. She held a loaf of brown bread, and was cutting slices for the little ones all round. She apologised for not being quite ready, explaining that household duties had made her forget the children's supper, which they always preferred to take from her. I uttered some unmeaning compliment, but my whole soul was absorbed by her air, her voice, her manner. You who know me can imagine how I gazed upon her rich, dark eyes; how my soul gloated over her warm lips and fresh, glowing cheeks.

Never did I dance more lightly; I felt myself more than mortal, holding this loveliest of creatures in my arms, flying with her as rapidly as the wind, till I lost sight of every other object. And, oh, Wilhelm, I vowed at that moment that no maiden whom I loved should ever waltz with another than myself, if I went to perdition for it.

RETURNING from the ball, there was a most magnificent sunrise. Our companions were asleep. Charlotte asked me if I did not wish to sleep, too, and begged me not to stand on ceremony. Looking deep into her eyes, I answered, "As long as those eyes remain open there is no fear for mine." We continued awake until we reached her door. I left her, asking her permission to call in the course of the day. She consented, and I went. Since then, sun, moon and stars may pursue their course; I know not day or night; the whole world is nothing to me.

June 21. My days are as happy as those reserved by God for His elect, and whatever be my fate hereafter, I can never say that I have not tasted joy—the purest joy of life. Little did I think when I selected this spot for my home that all heaven lay within half a league of it.

How childish is man! To be disturbed about a mere look. We had been to Walheim, but during our walk I thought I saw in Charlotte's eyes—I am a fool, but forgive me. You should see her eyes. However, to be brief, as the ladies were preparing to drive away I watched her eyes; they wandered from one to another, but they did not alight on me. The carriage drove off, but suddenly I saw Charlotte's bonnet leaning out of the window, and she turned to look back—was it at me? I know not, and in uncertainty is my consolation. Perhaps she turned to look at me. Perhaps. Good-night. What a child I am!

July 10. Someone asked me the other day how I like her. How I *like* her! What sort of creature must he be who merely likes Charlotte whose entire being were not absolutely filled with her? Like her! One might as well ask if I like Ossian.

ULY 13. No, I am not deceived. In her dark eyes I read a real interest in me. Yes, I feel it, and I believe my own heart which tells me—dare I say it?—that she loves me. How the idea exalts me in my own eyes. And as you can understand my feelings, I may say to you, how I honour myself because she loves me.

I do not know a man able to take my place in her heart; yet when she speaks of Albert with so much warmth and affection, I feel like a soldier who has been stripped of all his honours. Sometimes when we are talking, in the eagerness of conversation she comes closer to me, and her balmy breath reaches my lips, I feel that I could sink into the earth for very joy. And yet, Wilhelm, if I know myself, and should ever dare—you understand me— No, no; my heart is not so corrupt; it is weak, but is not that a degree of corruption?

She is to me a sacred being; how her simplest song enchants me. Sometimes, when I am ready to commit suicide, she sings some favourite air, and instantly the gloom and madness are dispersed.

July 24. Yes, dear Charlotte. I will arrange everything. Only give me more commissions; the more the better. One thing, however, I must request you—use no more writing-sand with the letters you send me! To-day, I raised your letter to my lips, and it set my teeth on edge.

II—Bereft of Comfort

JULY 30. Albert is arrived, and I must take my departure. Were he the best of men, and I absolutely beneath him, I could not endure to see him in possession of my perfect being. Enough! her betrothed is here. A fine fellow, whom I cannot help liking. And he is so considerate; he has not given Charlotte one kiss in my presence. Heaven reward him for it. He is free from ill-humour, which you know is the fault I detest most.

August 8. I am amazed to see from my diary how deliberately I have entangled myself, step by step. But even though I see the result plainly, I have no thought of acting with any greater prudence. And yet I feel that if only I knew where to go, I would fly from this place.

And yet I feel too that, were I not a fool, I could enjoy life here most delightfully. Admitted into this charming family, loved by the father as a son, by his children as a second father, and by Charlotte! Furthermore, Albert welcomes me with the heartiest affection.

August 21. In vain do I stretch out my arms towards her when I wake in the morning. In vain do I seek for her when some innocent dream has happily deceived me, and placed me near her in the fields when I have seized her hand and covered it with kisses. Tears flow from my oppressed heart; and, bereft of all comfort, I weep over my future woes.

August 28. This is my birthday, and early in the morning I received a packet from Albert. Within it was one of the pink ribbons which Charlotte wore in her dress the first time I saw her, and which I had often asked her to give me. With it were two volumes of Wetstein's Homer, a book I had often wished for. How well they understand those little attentions of friendship, so superior to costly presents. Unhappy being that I am. Why do I thus deceive myself? What is to be the outcome of all this wild, aimless, endless passion? I cannot pray except to her. Oh, Wilhelm, the hermit's cell, his sackcloth and girdle of thorns, would be luxury and indulgence compared with what I have to suffer.

October 20. I have taken the plunge, and following your repeated advice, have taken a post with the ambassador. We arrived here yesterday. If he were less peevish and morose all would be well. As it is he occasions me continual annoyance; he is the most punctilious blockhead in the world. He does everything step by step, with the paltry fussiness of an old woman; and he is a man whom it is impossible to please, because he is never pleased with himself.

January 20. I have but one being here to interest me, my dear Charlotte—a Miss B——. She resembles you, if indeed anyone can possibly resemble you. "Ah," you will say, "he has learnt to pay fine compliments." And this is partly true; I have been very agreeable lately, as it was not in my power to be otherwise. But I must tell you of Miss B——. She has abundance of soul, which flashes from her deep blue eyes. Her rank is a torment to her, and satisfies no single desire of her heart. She knows you, my dear Charlotte, as I have told her all about you, and renders homage to your merits; but her homage is not exacted, but voluntary—she loves you, and delights to hear you made the subject of conversation. Adieu! Is Albert with you, and what is he to you? Forgive the question.

February 20. I thank you, Albert, for having deceived me. I waited for the news that your wedding-day was fixed, and I meant on that day to remove Charlotte's picture from the wall, and burn it. You are now united, and the picture remains. Well, let it remain. Why should it not?

III—I Can Remain No Longer

JUNE 11. Say what you will, I can remain here no longer. Why should I remain? The prince is as gracious to me as anyone could be, and yet I am not at my ease. There is, indeed, nothing in common between us; he is a man of understanding, but quite of the ordinary kind. His conversation gives me no more amusement than I should derive from an ordinary well-written book. Whither am

I going? I think it would be better for me to visit the mines in ——. But I am only deluding myself thus. You know that I only want to be near my dear Charlotte once more. I smile at the suggestion of my heart, but I obey its dictates.

July 29. «Dear Wilhelm, my whole frame feels convulsed when I see Albert put his arms round that slender waist. Oh, the very thought of folding that dearest of heaven's creatures in one's arms.

And—shall I avow it? Why should I not?—she would have been happier with me than with him. Albert is not the man to satisfy the wishes of such a heart. He wants a certain sensibility; he wants—in short, their hearts do not beat in unison. But, Wilhelm, he loves her with his whole heart, and what does not such a love deserve?

September 5. Charlotte had written a letter to her husband in the country, where he was detained on business. It began: 'My dearest love, return as soon as possible. I await you with a thousand raptures!'

A friend who arrived brought word that he could not return immediately. Her letter fell into my hands. I read it, and smiled. She asked the reason. "What a heavenly treasure is imagination," I exclaimed. "I fancied for a moment that this was written to me." She paused, and seemed displeased. I was silent.

October 10. Only to gaze into her dark eyes is to me a source of happiness. And what grieves me is that Albert does not seem so happy as he—as I—as he hoped to be—as I should have been—if——. I am no friend to these pauses, but here I cannot express myself otherwise; and probably I am explicit enough.

October 19. Alas the void—the fearful void which I feel in my bosom! Sometimes I think, if I could only once more press her to my heart, this dreadful void would be filled.

October 30. A hundred times have I been on the point of embracing her. Heavens! what a torment it is to see so much loveliness passing and repassing before us, and yet not dare to touch it. And to touch is the most natural of human instincts. Do not children touch everything that they see!

November 8. Charlotte reproves me for my excesses with so much tenderness and goodness. I have lately drunk more wine than usual. "Don't do it," she said; "think of Charlotte." "Think of you," I answered; "can such advice be necessary? Do I not ever think of you?" She immediately changed the subject to prevent me pursuing it further. My dear friend, my energies are all prostrated; she can do with me what she pleases. Yesterday, when I took leave, she seized me by the hand, and said, "Adieu, dear Werther!" It was the first time she had ever called me 'dear.'

IV—'I Am Resolved to Die

NOVEMBER 24. She is sensible of my sufferings. This morning her look pierced my soul. I found her alone; she was silent, and only gazed steadfastly at me. Oh, who can express my emotions? I was quite overcome, and bending down, pronounced this vow to myself, 'Beautiful lips, which angels guard, never will I seek to profane your purity with a kiss.' And yet, oh, I wish—— But, alas, my heart is darkened by doubt and indecision. Could I but taste felicity, and then die to expiate the sin. What sin?

December 21. I am lost. My senses are bewildered, my recollection is confused, my eyes are bathed in tears. I am ill, and yet am well. I wish for nothing; I have no desires; it were better I were gone.

I saw Charlotte to-day; she was busy preparing some little gifts for her brothers and sisters, to be given to them on Christmas Day. "You shall have a gift too," she said, "if you behave well." "And what do you call behaving well?" I asked. "What should I do; what can I do?" "Thursday night," she answered, "is Christmas Eve; the children are all to be here, and my father too; there is a present for each of them. Do you come likewise, but do not come before that time!"

I started. She must have seen my emotion, for she continued hastily "I desire that you will not. It must be so; I ask it of you as a favour, for my own peace and tranquillity. We cannot go

on in this manner any longer!" It were idle to attempt to describe my emotions. I was as if paralysed; it was as if the sun had suddenly gone out. When I recollected myself, Charlotte was trying to speak on some indifferent topic. "No, Charlotte," I exclaimed, "I understand you perfectly. I will never see you again!"

December 22. It is all over, Charlotte; I am resolved to die. I make this declaration deliberately and coolly, without any romantic passion, on the morning of the day when I am to see you for the last time. At the moment that you read these lines the cold grave will hold the remains of that restless and unhappy being who, in his last moments of existence, knew no pleasure so great as that of conversing with you.

When I tore myself from you yesterday my senses were in tumult. A thousand ideas floated through my mind. At last one fixed, final thought took possession of my heart. It was to die. Oh, beloved Charlotte, this heart, excited by rage and fury, has often conceived the horrid idea of murdering your husband—you—myself.

What do they mean by saying that Albert is your husband? He may be so for this world, and in this world it is a sin to love you—to wish to tear you from his embrace. Yes, it is a crime, and I suffer the punishment—but I have enjoyed the full delight of my sin. I have inhaled a balm that has revived my soul: from this hour you are mine; yes, Charlotte, you are mine. I do not dream, I do not rave. Drawing nearer to the grave my perceptions become clearer. We shall exist; we shall see each other again.

I wish to be buried in the dress I wear at present; it has been made sacred by your touch. How warmly I have loved you, Charlotte. Since the first hour I saw you, how impossible have I found it to leave you. This ribbon must be buried with me; it was a present from you on my birthday. How confused it all appears. Little did I think then that I should journey on this road. But peace, I pray you, peace.

Both my pistols are loaded. The clock strikes twelve. I say Amen. Charlotte! Charlotte! Farewell! F

A Golden Book of Great Explorers

SAMUEL PURCHAS

PURCHAS HIS PILGRIMES

In the early decades of the seventeenth century, men still knew a very real thrill of excitement and interest on account of the discovery of the New World, the voyages of the Elizabethan explorers and Drake's circumnavigation of the globe; Prester John was not yet a legend, and El Dorado was still a very substantial myth. To satisfy popular curiosity as to the natural world whose horizons had so rapidly expanded, Hakluyt compiled his famous Principall Navigations of the English Nation (see page 391), and Purchas continued this work in his Pilgrimes, or Hakluytus Posthumus (1625). This book contains accounts of the Voyages and Travels of Ancient Kings, Patriarchs, Apostles and Philosophers in all parts of the world. Much of it, as where it deals with the adventures of the Munchausen-like travellers of ancient times, we now know to be fabulous; inaccuracies are frequent. On the other hand, however, Purchas has made known to us an abundance of matter concerning early exploration that is not only valuable, but unobtainable elsewhere.

To the Reader



'Wisdom is said to bee the science of things divine and humane. Divine things are either naturall or supernaturall.' The supernatural, Purchas goes on to explain, is the proper subject of theology, and not strictly within the scope of this work.

Nevertheless, because he is a professed divine, he will by annotations, and even in some parts by special discourses, seek to insinuate both the history and mystery of godliness, the right use of history and of all other learning. But it is mainly of natural things—namely, the ordinary works of God in the creatures—that the book is to treat. 'Such is the Historie

of Men in their diversified hewes and colours, quantities and proportions; of Beasts, Fishes, Fowles, Trees, Shrubs, Herbs, Minerals, Seas, Lands, Meteors, Heavens, Starres, with their natural affections.

'What a World of Travellers have by their owne eyes observed in this kinde is here (for the most part in their own words transcribed or translated) delivered, as in a way of Discourse by each traveller relating what in that kind he hath seene.' He is like David preparing materials for Solomon's Temple, or rather—to be less ambitious and more homely—like the labourer who serves the mason and through him the architect; 'so here Purchas and his Pilgrimes minister individually and sensible materials to those universall speculators for their Theoricall Structures.' 'Thus the Worke could not but be voluminous, having a World for the Subject, and a World of Witnesses for the Evidence. Here also both Elephants may swimme in deepe voluminous Seas, and such as want either lust or leisure, may single out, as in a Library of Bookes, what Author or Voyage shall best fit to his profit or pleasure. For you, wee commit you to God, and give you leave to rest at home in peace, under the shadow of your own Vine and Fig-tree, which God for His Christ's sake continue and confirme to us and our posteritie.'

I—Of Divers Voyages

PURCHAS begins with a long dissertation on King Solomon's navy and on its voyages to Ophir, of which also he makes spiritual application. It is fitting that he should begin thus, he says, because he also is journeying to fetch materials for a temple, as did Solomon from Ophir, and would edify Christ's Church with a fuller knowledge of God's works. For himself, he says that he is nothing, and is more foolish than any man, for he has never travelled out of the kingdom. 'Alas, Master,' he says, 'all is borrowed.' But he has borrowed with catholicity. He comes, through journeys of Alexander the Great, Hanno the Carthaginian, and other of the ancients, to the travels of the Apostles. 'As for Saint Paul, the Doctor of the Gentiles, he flew like a swift Fowle over the World!' He believes that the Apostles and others, their fellow-ministers, extended their journeys over nearly all the known world. And if we have no record of it, 'who can wonder that the Apostles found not Penmen to record their Evangelicall conquests thorow the World, seeking to establish a Kingdome Spiritual and Internall, containing the world's glory, when the great Conquerours, which sought to subdue the world by force, have left so obscure notice of their exploits, though dedicated to humane applause and admiration?'

By far the greater part of the book, however, is devoted to travels of a period comparatively recent when Purchas wrote, *i.e.* from the thirteenth century onwards, most of them in the period of great activity in travel and discovery covered by the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

II—The Story of Marco Polo

AMONG the histories of travel falling within the earlier period—that of the thirteenth century—the most remarkable is the story of the Venetian traveller, Marco Polo.

He, with his father Nicolo and his uncle Maffeo, went from Venice to the court of 'The Great Chan of Cathay.' They were merchants of Venice, but, though they travelled first of all for gain they had open and curious minds, and Marco, who became a trusted envoy of the khan, observed and inquired into many strange things in the mysterious regions of the East. For twenty-six years he went about the business of this potentate, whose name was Kublai Khan, Lord of all the Tartars. 'And knowing the Emperor was delighted with novelties in the countries which he passed thorow, he diligently searched the customs and manners of men, and the conditions of the countries, making a memoriall of all which he knew and saw, to pleasure the great Chan.'

But the Polos were meanwhile growing rich, both through their own traffic and through the Khan's rewards, and began to bethink them of Venice, desiring to see

their homes and friends once more. But at their request for leave to go, the Khan was very ill pleased, and would at first by no means permit it. But through entreaty and through a fortunate chance, they obtained an opportunity of going, and so set forth for Venice, where they arrived in the year 1295.

But tradition says that when they came to Venice, like Ulysses in Ithaca, none knew them, all esteeming them long since dead. Also they seemed rather men of Tartary than of Venice, having in a manner forgotten their native language, and their dress also was like the dress of Tartars. But at a great feast they made themselves known to their friends, showing the wealth of jewels which they had brought with them, and proving that they were indeed the Polos who had left their city so long before. The townspeople crowded to hear their story, Marco being, as it appears, the chief spokesman. Their house was 'a faire palace' in a court still known as 'The Court of Millions; which name it had by reason of Marco's relations of so many millions in this worke, and in his discourses of the Great Chan's incredible wealth.'

After a time, however, war arose, and Marco, as captain of a galley, sailed with Dandolo against the Genoese fleet. By 'disadventure of warre' his galley was taken, and himself carried prisoner to Genoa. There 'his strange travels being made knowne, a certaine gentleman daily resorting to him—as did the whole Citie in admiration—caused and helped him to write this storie, having sent to Venice for his notes.' At first his captors would take no ransom for him, but 'his worthinesse obtained that which no moneys worth could doe, and being at libertie hee returned and marryed.'

His book includes an account of the countries which he had visited, and of the manners and customs obtaining there, as well as a more particular account of the country, government and even the sports of the Great Khan himself. It is full and graphic, and shows a shrewd eye for observation and a more critical discernement between fact and fable than do many contemporary travellers' records.

He tells of the 'Old Man of the Mountain,' head of the Assassins who kept his strange court at Mulehet, and sent out his servants to slay any man, prince or caliph or mere subject, who crossed his purposes. He tells also of strange places and strange beasts; of mountains that are 'of white and hard Salt, so hard that they must break it with Iron Instruments, so much that the whole world may have sufficient salt from thence.' He wastes no words. Thus he sums up a country near the mountains of salt: 'The country is fruitful, the inhabitants Murtherers, Perfidious, Mahumetans, Drunkards; their wine is boyled and excellent.'

A LITTLE further on is a country where there are 'many Porcupines, which they hunt with Dogges by the Hunters; and they, contracting themselves with great furie cast their prickly quils against the men and the Dogges, and wound them.' Again he comes to a country of many horses, excellent, great and swift. Indeed, it was said that not long since there had been there horses of the race of Alexander's Bucephalus, all with his forehead mark. But their owner was slain by the king for refusing to allow him to have one of them, wherefore his widow 'in angry spite destroyed the whole race.' He remarks, too, on the dress of the people there. 'The women in the skirts of their Garments put sixtie or eightie yards of cotton, the greatest Bumsie Boncer seeming the goodliest Lasse.'

Marco's book treats of the kingdom of Presbyter John, and of much else that is familiar to readers of tales of old travel, so much that in a short space but the barest indication of its scope can be given.

III—The Story of Christopher Columbus

THERE is the story of Christopher Columbus, and of his courage and patience, as he waited long for the furnishing of his voyage to the West. His companions had not his 'confident glorious nature,' and once embarked he was often put to great straits to keep them from abandoning the enterprise. At the very start, when they lost sight of land, they broke into 'sighes and teares, many

of them fearing never to see it againe; whom Don Christopher comforted as well as he could, with promises of rich discoveries; and sayling that day eighteene leagues, he reckoned no more than fifteene, diminishing his accompt, to make them seeme neerer home.' After a time they were cheered by the sight of 'Grasse, or Herbes, on the water, of a pale greene colour, and on one of them a grasse-hopper alive,' yet the land that they hoped for did not appear.

Then Columbus was threatened with mutiny, and was forced to bargain with the ships' companies to return after three more days if land were not then in sight. But two hours after midnight on the first of these nights they descried land, and when it was day they saw it to be an island, 'plaine and woodie, with a great Poole of fresh water, the naked people wondering on the shore, thinking their shippes were living creatures.' Further on they came to an island 'where the people kissed their hands and feet, thinking them heavenly Wights, gave them Bread of a Root, and perfumed them with certaine herbes burned.' Voyaging among these islands he saw strange things, 'three mermaids leaping a good height out of the sea, creatures (as he affirmed) not so faire as they are painted, somewhat resembling men in the face, of which at other times he said he had seene on the Coast of Guinea.'

So after many trials and great tempests they came at last home again. But envy is the dark shadow that dogs success, and Columbus had to suffer much slander and detraction. Yet did his high courage and untarnished virtues bring him safe through all. And in the meeting of these attacks a ready wit also stood him in good stead.

Thus, some who maintained to his face that his discovery had been but an easy thing to do, 'he prayed to make an Egge, which then he gave them, to stand on end; which, when they could not, hee, bruising the shell, and making the end flat, made it to stand thereon; thereby insinuating how easie it was for them to doe that which they had seene and learned of him.'

IV—Of Tamerlane's Glory

PURCHAS did not confine himself to the writers of Christendom. He includes, for instance, the history of Tamerlane, by Alhacen, an Arab writer, though it troubled him much that, owing to his ignorance of Arabic, he was forced to get as interpreter a man 'who did speak Frank (as they terme it), that is to say, Italian.' He adds, 'It grieved mee much that I had not the perfection of this language'; hence he was only able to secure the drift of the original. Nevertheless he is able to record many of the glories and graces of Tamerlane, as they appeared to a partial historian.

Tamerlane inherited the lordship of the 'antient Country of Parthia,' and his chief city was Samarcand. He had a lofty mind, he 'was well instructed in the Arabian learning, and exercised himselfe much therein; and at such time as they thought him to be either in the Bathes—wherein they are very curious in that Country being their chiefest delicacies—he was in the contemplation and studie of heavenly things.

'This Prince had within his eyes such divine beautie, being full of such majestie, that one could hardly indure the sight of them without closing of their eyes, and they which talked with him, and did often behold him, became dumbe, insomuch as he abstayned with a certayne modestie and comlinesse, to look upon him that discoursed unto him.'

More than all this, he was martial and desirous of glory, and eagerly marched against the Muscovites, who had given him sore provocation. He won a great victory, and returned to be 'received into all his countries with much honour and triumph.'

So the story goes on at length, full of praise of the valour, wisdom and justice of Tamerlane, until at last Purchas pulls himself up thus: 'But our haste of other voyages permits not our stay here. Onely we will adde, that after all things ordered, Sicknesse arrested and Death conquered this great Conquerour; and this traveller travelled the way of all flesh into another world.'

V—In Search of the North-West Passage

THE minds of discoverers were, even in the sixteenth century, much concerned as to the possibility of finding a route to the East Indies by the north-west. Purchas collected interesting and valuable records of a number of voyages undertaken wholly or partly with this aim in view. He introduces them with an explanation as to why the discovery was so much desired.

'The desire of Riches in some, of knowledge in others, hath long wheted men's industries to finde out a more compendious way to the East Indies by a shorter cut than the usuall passage, which in going to the places of principall trade there, and the returning thence by enforced compassings, is made no lesse a Voyage for time, cost, danger and labour, than the immediate compassing of the whole globe.'

He explains how, on examination of the globe, it becomes quite plain that if a passage could only be discovered towards the north, north-east, or north-west, the voyage might be accomplished with comparatively little difficulty, time, or expense.

For 'the large Lines, or Meridians, under the Line contayning sixe hundred miles, contract themselves proportionally as they grow nearer the Pole, where that vast Line and Circumference itselfe become (as the whole Earth to Heaven, and all earthly things to heavenly) no Line any more, but a Point, but nothing, but Vanitie.'

It is natural that the English, 'seated commodiously for that discoverie, and to reigne over the Northerne and Westerne Ocean, have herein beene more than industrious.'

THEN follow accounts of various voyages, some expressly to seek this passage, others on enterprises of discovery directed towards Greenland, or North America, until we find William Baffin writing thus to Master John Wostenholme: 'There is no passage, nor hope of passage, in the north of Davis Streights, wee having coasted all or neere all the Circumference thereby, and finde it to be no other than a great Bay; wherefore I cannot but much admire the worke of the Almightie when I consider how vaine the best and chiefest hopes of man are in things uncertaine.'

British enterprise had been happier as regards the mainland of America, and Purchas includes matters on affairs in New England and Virginia, as well as in the island of Newfoundland.

Of the whole book, however, that part

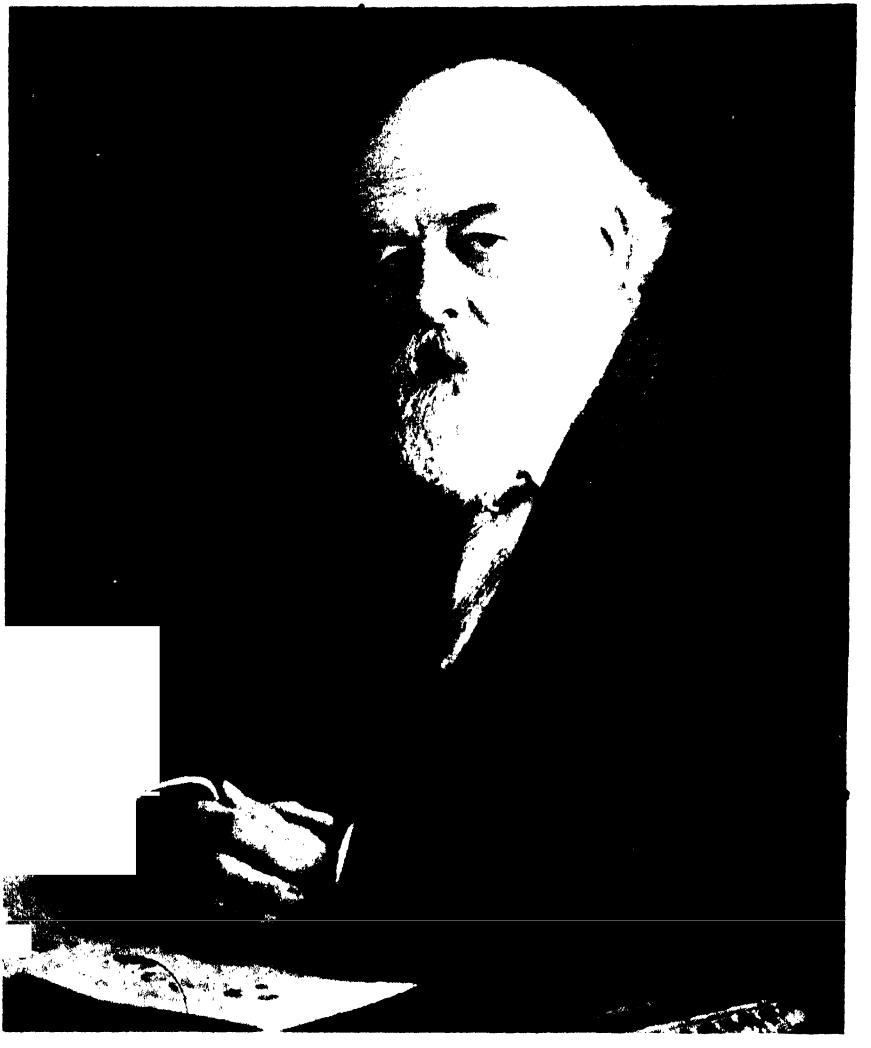


SAMUEL PURCHAS was born in 1575 and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He took holy orders and in 1604 became vicar of Eastwood, in Essex. Purchas had inherited many of the manuscripts of Hakluyt, and began to prepare from them materials for his great history of travels, besides writing Purchas his Pilgrimage, which was a geographical and theological history of the world as it was then known. He was anxious to live in London, however, where books would be easily accessible, and in 1614 was appointed rector of St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill, where he remained until he died in 1626.

in which Purchas himself displays most zeal is concerned with the wars of Elizabeth, and with the fate of 'that Armada, sirnamed invincible.'

Thus he celebrates the glories of the 'English Debora,' and the confusion of her enemies:

Lo, I the man, whose Muse mus'd on Plantations,
New England, Virgin, Bermude, Newfoundlanded
Lawrell for olive take, and make Relations
Of Armes, Harmes, Fights, Frights, Flights, Depopulations,
Rome's Buls, Spaine's broyles, Ireland's ire, Traitors branded.
God, Angels, Winds, Seas, Men, Eliza's Glory, Conspire; Shee outlives Death in Heaven, in story.



Elliott & Fry

Sir Oliver Lodge, the British physicist and wireless pioneer, was born at Penkhull, near Stoke-upon-Trent, June 12, 1851. One of the most distinguished scientists of modern times, he was taken into his father's business at the age of fourteen, and rose to fame by personal diligence. After studying at home, he went to University College, London, in 1872, taking his D.Sc. in electricity in 1877, and later becoming assistant professor in physics at the University. In 1881 Lodge was made first professor of physics at Liverpool, where he remained till 1900, when he was appointed first principal of the University of Birmingham, retiring from that post in 1920. He was made a F.R.S. in 1887 and knighted in 1902. Lodge's brilliant and original studies in electrical phenomena, which he made his special study, have had far-reaching results in all branches of that subject. He early recognized the importance of Hertz's discovery of electro-magnetic waves, and his pioneer work in investigating these waves laid the foundation on which the system of practical wireless communication has been built

SIR OLIVER LODGE

ELECTRONS

MUCH original scientific work of a high order stands to the credit of Sir Oliver Lodge. He has also cultivated a skill of literary presentation which, unfortunately, is by no means a common gift among his scientific colleagues. While the use of technical terms incomprehensible to the lay reader is frequently unavoidable, it too often happens that ideas and principles of the highest intellectual interest are presented in a heavy form of technical jargon so remote from English that the bar to their general understanding is complete. Here, in Electrons, Sir Oliver Lodge explains in language clear, and as simple as the subject will allow, the principles and outlines of the modern and profoundly important theory of the electrical constitution of matter as formulated on the work of Prof. Larmor, Sir J. J. Thomson and others, including Sir Oliver Lodge himself. Electrons was published in 1906 by George Bell & Sons, by whose permission the following outline is included.

I—The Elementary Character of Electricity



BETWEEN two oppositely charged bodies, the ether is in a state of tension or strain. The tension or strain may be represented by lines drawn between the two bodies and terminating in the bodies; and the nature of the strain may be represented by saying that the lines are tense, or tend to shorten, and that laterally they tend to drive each other apart. The portion of ether where this strain subsists is known as 'the field of electrostatic force.'

If two oppositely charged bodies are far apart, the lines of force still exist, but may be considered to proceed from each, and to end at infinity.

If a charged body be moved, the field of electrostatic force must move, too; but the normal ether behaves as a perfect fluid, and the body moves through it without resistance. Nevertheless, the alteration in the place of the ether-strain causes new ethereal phenomena. During the motion of the charged body, and even after the cessation of its motion until the disturbance has had time to die away —new lines of force, known as magnetic lines of force, appear. These new lines may be represented, in simple cases, as circles encircling the path of the charged body. So long as the charged body moves, there is a magnetic field around it, whose strength depends on the strength of the electric charge and its rate of motion; and just as there is no electrostatic field save that extending from one charged body to another, so there is no magnetic field unless associated with the motion of a charged body.

When an electric charge is stationary, we have an electrostatic field only. When a charge moves at a steady pace, we have the production, in addition, of a steady magnetic field, and if the rate of the current varies, the magnetic field varies *pari passu*.

But, further, as an electric charge is accelerated or retarded, we get a third ethereal phenomenon, neither an electrostatic field nor a magnetic field, but ethereal *radiation*; and it is this ethereal radiation which gives us the varieties of light.

Whenever an electric current is accelerated or retarded, an electromotive force (E.M.F.) is set up, which opposes the acceleration or retardation in the same manner that mechanical inertia opposes the acceleration or retardation of motion in matter; and the opposition is therefore called 'electric inertia.'

To sum up. Any charged body gives us the phenomena of electrostatics when at rest, of magnetism when in motion, and of radiation when its motion is altered; and, further, it exhibits an inertia resembling ordinary mechanical inertia.

II—The Nature of Electrons

THE idea that electricity had its units, or atoms, was first suggested by the facts of electrolysis. Briefly summarised, we learn from electrolytic conduction (*a*) that every atom carries a certain definite charge, or electric unit, monads carrying one, diads two, triads three, but never a fraction; (*b*) that in liquids these charges are definitely associated with the atoms, and can be torn away from them only at the electrodes; (*c*) that the current consists of such charges travelling with the atoms the atoms carrying the charges, or the charges dragging the atoms, according to the point of view from which we regard the process.

The same idea of electrical units is suggested by conduction in rarefied gases, and by a study of cathode rays. When Crookes discovered the cathode rays they were supposed to be atoms flying with ordinary molecular speed under molecular propulsion, and escaping collision owing to regularity of course, and abundance, so to speak, of elbow room.

In many respects the cathode rays behave like charged particles; they drive mills, heat platinum, are deflected by a magnet, affect an electroscope, and the charge can be shown to be negative. But the extreme mobility of the particles and their freedom from collision suggested that they must be smaller than material atoms, and it is now supposed that they may be electric charges knocked off the atoms. Such charges, freed from the encumbrance of matter, would travel with great speed, and since electricity has inertia, they would be able to turn windmills and heat platinum. The disembodied electric charges are called *electrons*.

The speed of the particles has been determined in various ways by measurement of the curvature produced in their path by a transverse magnetic field, by a simultaneous measurement of electric and magnetic deflection, etc.—and it has been found that they fly at a rate of ten thousand miles per second or even faster, the rate depending on the potential difference between the electrodes. In spite of their speed, their energy is small, and therefore their mass must be excessively small. But their electric charge was great, and seemed a thousand times greater in proportion to their mass than the charge associated with an electrolytic ion.

Changing the kind of residual gas in the tube, and changing the electrodes, make no difference in the cathode rays. *The cathode rays are evidently independent of the nature of the matter present*—an exceedingly momentous fact, for, if the rays are matter at all, they must be matter of a fundamental kind independent of the distinctions of ordinary chemistry.

Similar particles are discharged from clean metal or other surfaces under the influence of ultra-violet light, and from incandescent carbon filaments, and, like the electrons of cathode rays, have a tremendous charge of negative electricity in proportion to their mass.

The carriers of negative electricity show this disproportion between mass and charge only *at low pressure*. Under ordinary pressures the ordinary electrolytic ratio between mass and charge obtains, and the negatively charged particles go at the comparatively slow rate of the positive particles, which always retain the electrolytic ratio between mass and motion.

Thus it is forcibly suggested that, whereas the positive carriers of electricity are always *ions*, consisting of a unit positive charge associated with an atom, the negative carriers are sometimes dissociated from the main bulk of the atom as if they were only fractions, or constituents, or appendages of an atom. These attain prodigious speed, and may perhaps be disembodied electricity.

III—A Solar System Inside an Atom

WE have dealt, so far, with the ratio between the mass and charge of electrons. But, so far, no estimate has been made of either mass or charge separately. The difficulty of making these measurements is great, because we are dealing with an aggregate of an enormous and unknown number of electrons. Nevertheless, the measurements have been made on the following principles.

It is known that vapours condense only on nuclei of a certain size, and that if the nuclei be electrified, then very minute nuclei—*e.g.* ions—will suffice for condensation. The condensed drops of vapour will fall more or less slowly according to their size and by means of a simple formula it is possible to calculate the size of a drop by its rate of falling and, as a corollary, from any given collection of water formed by such drops to calculate by a process of simple division the number of drops, or of nuclei, it contains.

By using negative ions as nuclei, accordingly, and by calculating the size of the drops formed by their rate of falling, and the total quantity of water used in the making of the drops, J. J. Thomson was able to calculate the number of negative ions and, knowing the total electric charge, to calculate the charge of each individual ion.

But the charge of a negative ion is the same as the charge of an electron. Having thus found out the charge of an electron, and knowing its velocity, it is easy to calculate its mass, and it is found to be about one-seven-hundredth part of the smallest and lightest previously known quantity of matter—viz. an atom of hydrogen.•

THE existence of masses smaller than atoms is thus experimentally demonstrated, and a discovery clinched of epoch-making importance.

If the inertia of the flying particle be partly material and partly electrical, it will evidently be impossible to determine the size of the particle; but if it be assumed that its inertia is wholly electrical, and it is quite possible that *all* inertia is electrical, then the size may be readily determined from its mass and charge. The mass of a corpuscle has been measured as about 1-1000 of an atom of hydrogen, and its charge as 10^{-10} (one-thousand-millionth part) electrostatic unit. Now, this amount of electricity will have that amount of inertia if it exists as a sphere of radius 10^{-13} centimetres, but not otherwise. Consequently we may assume the size of the supposed pure electron to be of the order of 10^{-13} centimetres in diameter. From this comparative estimate of the magnitude of electrons it may be calculated that the electrons in an average atom are about as far apart in proportion to their size as the planets in the solar system in proportion to their size.

In an atom of hydrogen there would have to be roughly 1,000, or, say, more exactly, 700 electrons, in order to make up the proper mass. In an atom of sodium, which is twenty-three times as heavy, there must be about 15,000 electrons. And in an atom of mercury there must be over 100,000 electrons, if atomic mass be wholly due to them.

Even inside the atom of mercury there is not much more crowding than in the solar system, for the space left empty is ten thousand million times the filled space.

THE possible modes of conduction or transmission of electricity are three, which I may call respectively the bird-seed, the bullet, and the fire-bucket methods.

The bird-seed method is adopted in liquids, and usually in gases of ordinary density; it is exemplified in electrolysis. The bird carries the seed with it, and drops it only when it reaches an electrode.

The bullet method is the method in rarefied gases, as has been clearly realized by aid of the cathode rays; the space near the cathode represents the length between the breech and the muzzle of the gun and the rest of the path is analogous to the trajectory of a bullet. When the projectile strikes an atom the shock may cause it to pass another on, and so continue the convection.

The fire-bucket method must be the method of conduction in solids, where the atoms are not susceptible of locomotion, and can pass electrons only from hand to hand, oscillating a little in one direction to receive them, and in another direction to deliver them up, and so getting thrown gradually into the state of vibration which we call heat.

Most is known about electrolytic and gaseous conduction. In gaseous conduction the negative electrons when free fly fast, whereas the ions generally, and all the positive charges, travel more slowly by reason of their association with matter.

In liquid conduction charges of either sign are always associated with atoms,

and travel only as ions, at a slow diffusion rate.

The rate of transmission in solids can be only inferred, but it would seem as if in one class of solids the positive were able to travel fastest, whereas in another class negative charges travelled fastest.

The electric atoms not only move with atoms, and outside atoms, but also in, or on, or around, the atom itself, either vibrating like the bead of a kelidophone, or revolving in a minute orbit like an automatic satellite. It is to the concerted vibrations, or revolutions, of the system of electrons in, or on, or around an atom, that its radiating power is due. It is not the atom pulsating as a whole which disturbs the ether, but the pulsations, or vibrations, or startings, or stoppings, or revolutions, of its electric charge. Acceleration of electric charge is the only known mode of originating ether-disturbance, and normal or centripetal acceleration, involving nothing more than change of direction, is just as effective as actual change of speed.

Every frequency of rotation, on this theory, should correspond to a definite line in the spectrum; and since a magnetic field increases or decreases speed of rotation a source of radiation put into a magnetic field should show altered spectroscopic lines. This alteration was actually demonstrated by Zeeman in 1897, and has since been studied in great detail, and various perturbations of the electrons theoretically explained. In fact, it is hardly too much to say that the discovery of Zeeman, in the light of the theory of Lorentz, has doubled the power of spectrum analysis to throw light upon the processes of radiation and the properties of atoms, and has opened up a new branch of physics—a new department, as it were, of atomic astronomy with atoms and electrons instead of planets and satellites.

IV—Radio-Activity

WE have dealt chiefly, so far, with that constituent of matter which carries negative electricity, and which seems indeed a charge of negative electricity and nothing more; but how about that large part of the atom which is electro positive?

That part of matter which carries positive electricity has never been met with in masses much smaller than an atom, and we know little about it; we do not know even whether it be pure electricity, like the negative particles, or electricity in combination with matter. But the electrical view of matter supposes that all atoms are composed of aggregates of a definite number of variously grouped negative and positive charges arranged in kinetic patterns, and keeping apart by reason of the vigour of their own orbital motions.

Chemical affinity and molecular cohesion, on this view, are both electrical in character. Real chemical attraction occurs between two atoms, each of which contains an unbalanced electron—one extra electron, or, it may be, more than one of a given sign; and in combination each atom retains its own charge. Molecular cohesion occurs between neutral atoms. The outer surface of each atom may be considered as presenting alternate negative and positive electrons, and molecular cohesion of neutral atoms and electrons of opposite signs which fit together and cohere.

If atoms consist of electric charges performing orbital revolutions, it follows that they must be constantly emitting radiations. Certain substances, whereof radium is the type, radiate in addition to heat:

1. Waves, or pulses, analogous to Röntgen radiation—called γ-rays.

2. Rays analogous to Röntgen rays consisting of electrons bodily shot off, called β-rays.

3. Positively charged ions or atoms, or semi-atoms, shot off with great energy, consisting apparently of something like helium, called α-rays.

4. A gaseous emanation which is found to possess a very high intrinsic radiating power, and to be capable of attaching itself to other materials in the neighbourhood, so that they, too, acquire temporary radiating power.

All substances which possess any noteworthy amount of this radiating power are substances with very high atomic weight and their emitting power would

appear to be due to an internal commotion or convulsion of sufficient violence to detach and expel, every now and then, some particle or fragment; and also, by the shock of the expulsion, to generate some feeble but exceedingly penetrating Röntgen rays.

It is probable that most substances and all metals are radio-active; and since radiation goes on at the expense of the internal energy of the atom (as it must if the atom contains revolving electrons), it is difficult to understand why they are so stable, and why, like radium and thorium, they are not liable to internal catastrophe and disruption, akin to earthquakes and volcanoes.

The following are the transformations of radium.

The substance	Has constant life	It shoots off	And changes into
Radium ..	1,300 years	α particle	Emanation
Emanation	4 days	α particle	Radium A
Radium A	3 minutes	α particle	Radium B
Radium B	21 minutes	no rays	Radium C
Radium C	28 minutes	α β γ-rays	Radium D
Radium D	40 years	no rays	Radium E
Radium E	6 days	β γ-rays	Radium F
Radium F	143 days	α particle	Possibly lead

Radium may be detected readily by the electroscope. It has been reckoned that each α particle expelled from radium is able to generate some hundred thousand ions. A charged sensitive electroscope indicates by its leak the presence of this number of ions, and thus signals the presence of only one α particle. The α particles expelled by a milligramme of fully active radium are estimated at 100,000,000 per second.

V—The Electric Theory of Matter

THE chief interest of the foregoing chapters is the explanation of matter in terms of electricity—the view that all matter is composed of electricity. But much remains to be done before we are certain that mass is made of electric nuclei. If it be, then we encounter another surprising result—namely, that the spaces inside the atom are enormous compared with the size of the nuclei which compose it; so that an atom may be regarded as a complicated kind of astronomical system—like Saturn's ring, or perhaps more like a nebula, with no sun, but with a large number of equal bodies possessing inertia, and subject, not to gravitation, but to mutual attractive and repulsive forces of great magnitude.

The disproportion between the size of an atom and the size of an electron is vastly greater than that between the sun and the earth. If an electron be depicted like one of the full stops on this page, for instance, an atom on the same scale would be represented by a church 160 feet long, 80 feet broad, and 40 feet high—in which, therefore, the dots would be almost lost. Yet on the electric theory of matter these dots are the matter, and it is their force and energy that gives it inertia, chemical affinity and power of molecular cohesion.

It is not surprising that an atom so composed can move through the ether without resistance.

As to the nature of an electron, regarded as an ethereal phenomenon, it is too early to express any opinion. At present it is not clear why a positive charge should cling so tenaciously in a mass, while an outstanding negative electron should readily escape, and travel free.

The positive electron has not, so far as I know, been yet observed free. Some think it cannot exist in a free state, that it is, in fact, the rest of the atom of matter from which a negative unit charge has been removed; or, to put it crudely, that 'electricity' repels 'electricity' and 'matter' repels 'matter,' but that electricity and matter in combination form a neutral substance which is the atom of matter as we know it. Such a statement is a return to the views expressed by that genius Benjamin Franklin.

The view that an atom is composed of an equal number of inter-leaved or inter-revolving positive and negative electrons must remain a guess till the positive electron, if positive electron there be, has been dragged to light. Especially must the inner ethereal meaning both of negative and positive charges be explained; whether on the notion of a self-locked intrinsic wrench-strain in a Kelvin gyrostatically-stable ether, as elaborated by Larmor, or on some unimagined plan. And this will entail a quantity of exploring mathematical work of the highest order.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

DR. THORNE

PUBLISHED in 1858, Dr. Thorne is the third of the Barsetshire novels. Outlines of its two precursors, The Warden, and Barchester Towers, appear in other pages of *The World's Great Books*. It is a fine example of a tale in which a commonplace plot is more than redeemed by wonderful characterisation. We have all the ingredients of a trite melodrama—the hero who is the only son of an impoverished aristocratic house, the heroine of undistinguished birth and no fortune, and the *deus ex machina*, the girl's millionaire uncle who only learns of her existence when on his death bed—and the fact that Trollope has maintained in his story a level naturalism, and has made his characters at once original and convincing, is clear indication of his genius. We are shown very clearly the lost glamour of English rural life already being transformed by the Industrial Revolution. Frank Gresham and his snobbish de Courcy kinsfolk, Dr. Thorne and Mary Thorne and vulgar old Scatcherd are all drawn with unerring skill.

I—A Proposal of Marriage



EVER since Dr. Thorne came from Barchester and settled in practice at Greshamsbury he and the old squire got on well together. Not only did the doctor physic everybody at Greshamsbury House, but he managed, in a purely friendly way, all Mr. Gresham's money affairs.

The money affairs of Mr. Gresham needed some mapping. He had inherited a rent roll of fourteen thousand a year, but after his marriage with Lady Arabella de Courcy his income had rapidly diminished. His wife, the daughter of a great earl, was a fashionable, proud woman, with expensive tastes. Then came the smash. With the help of Dr. Thorne, the squire was able to sell a third of his estate to a wealthy railway contractor, Sir Roger Scatcherd, and to obtain from the same man a mortgage for ninety thousand pounds over the rest of the property. There for six years the matter rested.

At the end of the six years Frank Gresham, the squire's only son, came of age. It was rather a sad festival, though the Countess de Courcy herself was good enough to come all the way from Courcy Castle to congratulate her nephew. Frank, a tall, handsome, light-hearted young man, fresh from Cambridge, was in a gloomy mood before the day ended. It was not the fact that he was the first Gresham who did not own Greshamsbury which He learnt this early in the morning from his tearful and despairing father; but, instead of damping his spirits, the news seemed to make him brighter and gayer. His speech to the tenantry at the feast even induced the farmers to laugh; and this was no slight feat, seeing that all the rents at Greshamsbury had recently been raised to provide some income for the young heir. It was not until Frank at last discovered Mary Thorne, the doctor's niece, sitting alone in the garden, that his mood changed.

"Mary," he said," I have been trying all day long to find you alone. Mary, dearest Mary, you don't know how I've been thinking of you all the time I have been at Cambridge; but I resolved I would not say anything until to-day. Oh, Mary, we must marry! Oh, if you knew how I loved you! You love me too, don't you, Mary? Don't you? Oh, you must give a fellow an answer!"

The two had played together almost since they could crawl from their cradles. The result was that Frank had not in regard to Mary that innate fear of a woman that represses a young man's tongue; and she was so used to his fun and high spirits that it had been impossible for her to mark the first shade of change from a boy's liking to a man's love, and to stop with reserved brow his

constant courtship. But Mary was really a girl of strong character. Now that her eyes were suddenly opened, she resolved at once to put an end to the childish love-making which had at last grown dangerous to her own peace of mind. She was already, perhaps, more than half in love with Frank; but she intended that he should learn to respect her before he won her. The doctor's pretty but penniless niece had as proud and independent a soul as any of the Greshams and de Courcys.

"Mr. Gresham," she said.

"Oh, Mary! Mr. Gresham?"

"Yes, Mr. Gresham! It must be Mr. Gresham after this. And it must be Miss Thorne as well, if you do not want me to be turned out of Greshamsbury."

"What! You mean my mother?" said Frank.

"I mean no such thing," said Mary, with a flash from her eyes that made Frank start. "I mean you, not your mother. I am not in the least afraid of Lady Arabella; but I am afraid of you. I could stand my ground against your mother—I feel I could. But I cannot stand against you if you treat me otherwise than—than—"

"Otherwise than what? I mean to treat you as the girl I have chosen as my wife."

"Mr. Gresham, we must not joke about this at present," said Mary, still convinced that Frank was only flirting with her, as they used innocently to flirt before he went to Cambridge. "If you speak to me again in this way, I shall be forced to leave Greshamsbury in my own defence."

So the interview ended. In the meantime, Lady Arabella was having a serious talk with the Countess de Courcy.

"Frank must marry money," said the countess, "and the sooner he marries money the better for Greshamsbury. Now, Arabella, I don't say anything will come of it, but it may. Miss Dunstable is coming down to us next week. We all know that when old Dunstable died last year he left over two hundred thousand to his daughter. Frank must come with me to the castle to-morrow and be introduced to Miss Dunstable."

II—Banishment

"Good heavens, the doctor's niece!" said the Countess de Courcy. "Stop it at once, Arabella! If he does not marry money, he is lost!"

"He's going with you to-day," said Lady Arabella. "You must keep him at the castle."

"Yes, I can do that. If he will be led by me the evil may be remedied before he returns. But Arabella, you must forbid that girl to come to Greshamsbury again on any pretext whatever."

"But she has come here all her life as a matter of course. Gresham and Thorne, you know," continued Lady Arabella, "are very great friends."

"Then you must see they remain friends no longer," exclaimed the countess. "It was great folly on your part, Arabella, to let the girl become almost one of your own family."

The countess then departed, carrying Frank off; and poor Lady Arabella was left alone to fight the battle with Dr. Thorne. Nevertheless, there was the task to be done, and with a mother's courage she essayed it. In the evening she sent for the doctor, pretending she had a headache, and opened her attack.

"You know what esteem and affection we all have for you, and for Mary also," she said, "so I think you'll believe me when I say I am a true friend to you and your dear niece. But Frank must marry money."

As the doctor had no knowledge of the scene between Frank and Mary, and of the stormy interview between Frank and Lady Arabella and the countess, he was quite at a loss to understand the words that were now addressed to him. He therefore answered off-handedly, "From what I know of Frank, I should say he would marry for love rather than for money."

Lady Arabella naturally thought at once that the doctor was pleading for the marriage with his niece. The bare idea made her wrathful.

"Unless Frank marries money," she exclaimed, "he will be a ruined man. The

things—the words—that have passed between him and Mary never ought to have been allowed."

And now also was the doctor wrathful.

"What things—what words?" said he, appearing to Lady Arabella as though he rose in his anger nearly a foot in altitude before her eyes. "What has passed between them, and who says so?"

"There has been an offer of marriage made, Dr. Thorne; and such an offer cannot be without its allurements to a young lady circumstanced like your niece."

"Allurements!" shouted the doctor. "The truth is, Lady Arabella, you do not know my niece. Do not beat about the bush any longer, but tell me plainly what you are driving at."

"I think it will be better for all parties if Miss Thorne were to discontinue her visits to Greshamsbury for a while. Of course, doctor, this won't change the intercourse between us—between you and the family."

"Do you think," thundered out the doctor, "that I will break bread in a house from which my niece has been turned out? Do you think I can sit down in friendship with those who have spoken of her as you have now spoken? Good-evening, Lady Arabella!"

Bowing low to her, he left the house and went slowly to his own home.

Though Dr. Thorne was a poor man, he came of a stock as ancient as the Greshams. Kind, sweet-natured and self-sacrificing as he was, he had within him an inner stubborn, self-admiring pride in being a poor man of a high family; he had a pride in repudiating the very family of which he was proud; and he had a special pride in keeping his pride silently to himself. He had saved the Greshams from ruin, and now they had turned his niece out of their house. What should he say to Mary? She came to meet him, and on her quiet, beautiful face there was a strange look of troubled tenderness. Frank had called at the doctor's cottage before his aunt carried him off to the castle, and had again declared his love, and sworn that he would marry his sweetheart though the whole world opposed him. Mary had still given no answer; but she was now as much in love with Frank in her quiet way as he was with her.

"Why, uncle, what is the matter?" she said, running up to him.

He looked at her for a minute in silence, and pressed her to his heart. But he could not bring himself to tell her anything that evening; and he was much relieved when, after dinner, a messenger arrived, saying that Sir Roger Scatcherd was lying dangerously ill at Boxall Hill, and wished to see him at once.

III—The Two Uncles

"You must give me half an hour, Thorne," said Sir Roger Scatcherd, a burly, rough man with a red face. He was lying in bed, and was too weak to sit up and greet his friend. "I may be dead before you can give me another."

"Not if you will leave off drinking brandy," said the doctor.

"I'll drink what I like!" said the dying man, taking a bottle of brandy from beneath his pillow. "Here am I, Sir Roger Scatcherd, the man you knew when he was a stonemason. Here am I now the biggest railway contractor in England. But where are my friends? Here!" he shrieked, brandishing the bottle. "Where are my amusements, my comfort? Here, here, here!" And so he replaced the bottle beneath his pillow.

There was something so horrifying in this that Dr. Thorne shrank back, amazed. He had known Scatcherd when the man was only a young stonemason at Barchester, with a pretty sister, Mary. The doctor's brother, Henry Thorne, had, so the rumour went, secretly married Mary Scatcherd a few months before he died.

"If you have called me in as your doctor," said Thorne at last sternly, "you must obey my orders."

"I didn't call you in as a doctor, but as a friend," said Scatcherd. "I know I am dying, and I ain't afraid of it. Look here, doctor, I've made my will, and you are sole executor."

"It is too great a task to put on an old man like me," said the doctor. "You must choose a younger friend."

"I've chosen you. You were very kind

to me and Mary when we were young, and you must do me this last favour. I am leaving all my money to Mary's eldest child."

"Mary's eldest child!" exclaimed Dr. Thorne. "Scatcherd, what do you mean?"

"What I say," said the railway contractor. "Good heavens, man, you know that Mary married and emigrated to America! Why, you paid the passage money! She has a large family now, and as I don't want my fortune to be broken up, I'm leaving it to her eldest child."

"You know the name of the child?" said the doctor, now strangely agitated.

"I don't know any of their names, but the eldest is the eldest all the world over."

For some moments Dr. Thorne hesitated. Then he said, "You must know what you are doing. You remember my brother?"

Did Sir Roger Scatcherd remember Henry Thorne? He and Henry Thorne had been boon companions, and they had quarrelled in one of their drunken fits, and Henry Thorne had been killed, and Scatcherd imprisoned for six months for manslaughter. Dr. Thorne was then a young practitioner in Barchester, but owing to the scandal he had been forced to remove to the little village of Greshamsbury, and there he had looked after Scatcherd's sister until she re-married and went to America.

"The name of your sister's eldest child," said the doctor, very slowly, "is Mary Thorne!"

"You told me the baby did not live!"

"I told you a lie," said Dr. Thorne. "That child is alive, and for fear that you should unintentionally make her your heir, I now tell you the truth."

"Why don't you want her to have my money?" said the railway contractor angrily. "She's as much my niece as yours! She shall come and live with me, and when I die I will leave her well provided for."

"She shan't live with you!" said the doctor. "I have done my duty by telling you that if you do not alter your will all your money will go to my brother's child."

"Is she like her mother?" said Scatcherd. "Mary was the handsomest girl in Barchester. I must come over to Greshamsbury at once and see Mary's child. Why won't you allow her to come and live with me?"

"LISTEN to me, Scatcherd," said Dr. Thorne. "When the girl was a baby, six months old, Tomlinson was willing to marry your sister but he would not marry the child, too. I took the baby, and promised the mother that I would be to her as a father. And I have kept my word. After that, I have the right to judge what is best for her. Her life is not like your life——"

"She wouldn't like an uncle with a brandy bottle under his head, eh?" interrupted Scatcherd. "At any rate, you are a brick, doctor, I will say that. But I'll think of all this. It does startle me to find that poor Mary has a child living so near to me."

IV—The Lover Returns

DR. THORNE came down to breakfast next morning in great perplexity. Before seeing Scatcherd he had resolved to leave Greshamsbury and settle with Mary in Barchester. But now that it seemed that Mary would inherit all Sir Roger's wealth he did not know what to do. He felt he could not take any steps to separate Frank and Mary, and yet he could not bring himself to encourage their marriage. The idea of looking after dead men's shoes was abhorrent to his mind. As gently as possible he told Mary what had happened at his interview with Lady Arabella. Mary took the sentence of banishment very quietly, and said that it was true that Frank had twice proposed to her.

"You did not reject him, Mary?" said the doctor anxiously.

"No, uncle." And then she paused. He had never known her tremble as she now trembled. "But if you say that I ought, I will," she added, drawing every word from herself with difficulty.

"I say you ought, Mary?" exclaimed the doctor. "No, no; that is a matter you must settle yourself."

"Must I?" she said plaintively. And then she sat for the next half-hour with her head against his shoulder, and nothing more was said about it. Frank, after

being vainly introduced to Miss Dunstable, was sent abroad for a year, on the understanding that if he did not write to Mary while he was away he should be allowed to resume his courtship when he returned.

Lady Arabella, however, did not rely entirely upon his forgetting the doctor's niece. She set to work to drive the doctor and his niece clean out of Greshamsbury. Whispers of scandal ran from house to house, and soon every yokel about the place was made to understand that the doctor's niece had managed to trap Master Frank, and that Master Frank had been sent out of the way so that he might escape from the trap.

There was one person, however, at Greshamsbury House who deeply regretted the quarrel with the doctor. And that person was the old squire. He was as fond of the quiet, lovely girl as if she had been his own daughter. Moreover, he was greatly in need of Dr. Thorne's good offices. Sir Roger Scatcherd, partly perhaps out of anger at the doctor's not allowing Mary to come and live with him, had instructed his solicitor to foreclose the mortgage on the Gresham estate. This happened a few weeks before Frank's return. Not knowing where to turn for money, the squire at last took the step which he ought to have taken a year before. He took his son to his lawyer's, and fully revealed the position.

"So when the mortgage is paid off," said Frank, after studying all the figures, "we shall be left with practically nothing." The cheerfulness of his manner surprised the old squire. "I can marry Mary now," he added, "for I am as poor as she is."

They travelled to Greshamsbury together, the squire looking pale and sorrowful, and his son happy and radiant. On arriving at the house they found a note from Dr. Thorne asking Mr. Gresham to come and see him on a very pressing matter.

Dr. Thorne received them in a room littered with documents. He seemed ill at ease and unable to open up the conversation. At last the squire remarked that Frank had been talking to him about Mary.

"He has set his heart on the marriage," said Mr. Gresham; "and, God knows, I have nothing to say against her. Indeed, I have always loved her."

"It is very good of you to say that," said the doctor, with a curious restraint. "She is a good girl, and if Frank chooses to take her he will make a very good choice."

"Chooses!" cried Frank, with all the enthusiasm of a lover.

The squire felt a little ruffled at the way in which the doctor received his gracious intimation, and he went on, rather gruffly, "They will not be rich, you know. Frank will have to work for his living now that Scatcherd is foreclosing his mortgage."

"Sir Roger Scatcherd died yesterday," said the doctor.

"But that will not make any real difference to my position," said the squire sorrowfully. "Even if Scatcherd's heir allowed the mortgage to continue, I and mine would only be tenants of the land which the Greshams have held for ages."

"But you do not know who the heir is," said the doctor, with a smile. "Frank, Mary will not come to you empty handed. She is Sir Roger's niece as well as mine, and he has left all his fortune to her."

"But, Dr. Thorne," said the squire, growing perfectly pale, and almost gasping for breath, "what is it you mean?"

"Mary is the child of my brother Henry and Mary Scatcherd," said the doctor. "You remember the circumstances in which I settled at Greshamsbury——"

"But," said the squire, "I never connected Sir Roger——"

"With the poor stonemason?" said the doctor.

"Where is Mary?" said Frank. "Does she know all about this?"

"Not a word of it," said the doctor. "She is alone in the drawing-room, and I want you to go and tell her the good news."

But, instead of going, Frank sat down at the table and began to sob with emotion. At last the doctor arose and went upstairs. It seemed a long time before he returned with Mary. She entered the room with downcast eyes and timid step, but, seeing her lover standing alone by the window, she threw herself into his arms, crying, "Oh, Frank, my own Frank, my own Frank, we shall never be separated now!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE

REGARDED by many people as the greatest of all Longfellow's poems and the one most likely to perpetuate his name, Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie was first published at Boston in 1847. The story is founded on the compulsory expatriation by the British of the people of Acadia, Nova Scotia—in 1713 on a charge of having assisted the French, from whom they were descended, at a siege during the war then in progress. Longfellow derived the story from Hawthorne's American Note-Books, and his treatment of it is somewhat imitative of Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea, but even simpler and more pathetic. It is in fact one of the most touching poems in the language, and in the heroine presents a perfect type of brave and patient womanhood. As later in Hiawatha (see page 660) Longfellow used the trochaic metre unusual in English poetry, so in Evangeline he employed, in the dactylic hexameter, a metre almost equally unfamiliar to English ears, with so much success, however, as to secure for it a recognized place among English metres.

I—The Betrothal and the Exile



ON the night when Evangeline, the beauteous daughter of Benedict Bellefontaine, the richest farmer of Grand-Pré, was to be betrothed to Gabriel, the son of Basil Lajeunesse, the blacksmith, the two fathers were engaged in discussing the reason of the presence of several English war vessels which were riding at anchor at the mouth of the Gaspereau, and the probable purport of the King's mandate which was to be proclaimed in the church next day as the law of the land. Basil was inclined to take a gloomy view, and Benedict a hopeful one, when the arrival of the notary put an end to his discussion.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with brown ale,
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-horn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then the notary rising, and blessing the bride and bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale, and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lips, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manoeuvre.
Meanwhile, apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea, and the silvery mists of the meadows.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Through the long village street came thronging the parishioners all.
Wide with wonder were all their eyes as they crowded the church-door.
Waited the women. They stood by the doors, and hung on the head-stones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and entered the sacred portal.
Straight uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds,
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from the province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!"
In the midst of the tumult and angry contention that broke out,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his hand, with a gesture he awed the throng into silence.
"What is this that ye do, my children? What madness has seized you?

Forty years of my life have I laboured among you and taught you, [another!
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak.
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father forgive them!"

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse. [procession
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful
Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen.
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach,
Piled in confusion, lay the household goods of the peasants.
Great disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking. [confusion
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms with wildest entreaties. [carried,
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon,
Titan-like, stretches its hundred hands upon the mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead



STRAIGHT UPROSE THEIR COMMANDER, AND SPAKE FROM THE STEPS OF THE ALTAR

From the painting by Sir Frank Dicksee, P.R.A.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.
Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched aboard on the sea-shore,
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.

With the first dawn of the day, the tide came hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbour,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.



EVANGELINE

II—The Quest and the Finding

[The exiles from Acadie landed some on one coast, some on another; and the lovers were separated from one another. Evangeline sought everywhere for Gabriel, in towns and in the country, in churchyards and on the prairies, in the camps and battlefields of the army, and among missions of Jesuits and Moravians. But all in vain. She heard far and distant news of him, but never came upon him. And so the years went by, and she grew old in her search.]

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn, the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest.
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent.
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,—
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Thither, by night and day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
And with light in her looks, she entered the chamber of sickness.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand on many a heart, had healed it for ever.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long and thin and grey were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit, exhausted,
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness—
Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now—the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience;
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank Thee!"

SALLUST

CATILINE

Outlined by A. D. Innes

A PENETRATING and vigorous account of the notorious conspiracy of Catiline in 63 B.C. to overthrow the civil power in Rome, Sallust's Catiline is one of the best histories in Latin literature. The narrative is vivid and consistent throughout, and the sketches of character, such as his rather harsh portrait of the dissolute agitator, Catiline, are admirable in their power and conciseness. In spite of the fact that the author obviously hated the democratic party with which Catiline was connected, and had no great admiration for Cato or Cicero, his work is wonderfully impartial. Sallust's conception of history, indeed, as is exemplified also in his Jugurthine War, of which an outline also appears in *The World's Great Books*, was very modern. Breaking away completely from the methods of the annalists, he attempts to bring before his readers not only the incidents of history, but also their causes; further, he invariably seeks to establish the connexion between events that a contemporary would have treated as isolated facts.

I—The Plotting



I ESTEEM the intellectual above the physical qualities of man; and the task of the historian has attracted me because it taxes the writer's abilities to the utmost. Personal ambition had at first drawn me into public life, but the political atmosphere, full of degradation and corruption, was so uncongenial that I resolved to retire and devote myself to the production of a series of historical studies, for which I felt myself to be the better fitted by my freedom from the influences which bias the political partisan. For the first of these studies I have selected the conspiracy of Catiline.

Lucius Catilina [commonly called Catiline] was of high birth, richly endowed both in mind and body, but of extreme depravity; with extraordinary powers of endurance, reckless, crafty and versatile, a master in the arts of deception, at once grasping and lavish, unbridled in his passions, ready of speech, but with little true insight. Of insatiable and inordinate ambitions, he was possessed, after Sulla's supremacy, with a craving to grasp the control of the state, utterly careless of the means so the end were attained. Naturally headstrong, he was urged forward by his want of money, the consciousness of his crimes and the degradation of morals in a society where luxury and greed ruled side by side.

The wildest, the most reckless, the most prodigal, the most criminal, were readily drawn into the circle of Catiline's associates; in such a circle those who were not already utterly depraved very soon became so under the sinister and seductive influence of their leader. This man, who in the pursuit of his vices had done his own son to death, did not hesitate to encourage his pupils in every species of crime; and with such allies, and the aid of the disbanded Sullan soldiery swarming in Italy, he dreamt of subverting the Roman state while her armies, under Gnaeus Pompeius, were far away.

The first step was to secure his own election as consul. One plot of his had already failed, because Catiline himself had attempted to move prematurely; but the conspirators remained scatheless. Those who were now with Catiline included members of the oldest families and of equestrian rank. Crassus himself was suspected of complicity, owing to his rivalry with Pompeius. The assembled conspirators were addressed by Catiline in a speech of the most virulent character. He urged these social outcasts to rise against a bloated plutocracy battening on the ill-gotten wealth to which his audience had just as good a title. He promised the cancellation of all debts, the proscription of the wealthy and the general application of the rule of 'the spoils to the victors.' He had friends at the head

of the armies in Spain and Mauritania; if Gaius Antonius were the other successful candidate for the consulship, his co-operation, too, could be secured. Such was the purport of his speech; but I do not credit the popular fiction that the conspirators were solemnly pledged in a bowl of mingled wine and blood.

Rumours of the plot, however, began to leak out through a certain Fulvia, mistress of Quintus Curio, a man who had been expelled from the senatorial body on account of his iniquities; and this probably caused many of the nobility to support, for the consulship, Cicero, whom, as a 'new man,' they would otherwise have religiously opposed. The result was that Catiline's candidature failed and Cicero was elected with Gaius Antonius for his colleague.

At length Cicero, seeing that the ferment was everywhere increasing to an extent with which the ordinary law could not cope, obtained from the senate the exceptional powers for dealing with a national emergency which they had constitutional authority to grant. Thus, when news came that a Catilinarian, Gaius Manlius, had risen in Etruria at the head of an armed force, prompt administrative measures were taken to dispatch adequate military forces to various parts of the country. Catiline himself had taken no overt action; he now presented himself in the senate, was openly assailed by Cicero, responded with insults which were interrupted by cries of indignation, and flung from the house with the words, "Since I am beset by enemies and driven out, the fire you have kindled about me shall be crushed out by the ruin of yourselves."

Seeing that delay would be fatal, he started at once for the camp of Manlius, leaving Cethegus and Lentulus to keep up the ferment in Rome. To several persons of position he sent letters announcing that he was retiring to Marseilles; but, with misplaced confidence, he sent one of a different and extremely compromising tenor to Quintus Catullus, which the recipient read to the senate. It was next reported that he had assumed the consular attributes and joined Manlius; whereupon he was proclaimed a public enemy, a general levy was decreed, and Antonius was appointed to take the field, while Cicero was to remain in the capital.

II—The Downfall

MEANWHILE, Lentulus at Rome, among his various plots, intrigued to obtain the support of the Allobroges, a tribe of Gauls from whom there was at the time an embassy in Rome. The envoys, however, took the advice of Quintus Fabius Sanga, and while he kept Cicero supplied with information, themselves pretended to be in full agreement with the conspirators.

Risings were now taking place all over Italy, though they were ill concerted. At Rome, the plan was that when Catiline's army was at Faesulae, the tribune Lucius Bestia should publicly accuse Cicero of having caused the war; and this was to be the signal for an organized massacre, while the city itself was to be fired at twelve points simultaneously. The insurgents were then to march out and join Catiline at Faesulae.

The Allobroges were now departing, carrying with them letters from Lentulus to Catiline; but, according to a concerted plan, they were arrested. This provided Cicero with evidence which warranted the arrest of Lentulus and other ringleaders in Rome; and its publication created a popular revulsion the lower classes were not averse from plunder but saw no likelihood of benefit to themselves in a general conflagration of Rome.

A certain Lucius Tarquinius was now captured, who gave information tallying with what was already published, but further incriminated Crassus. Crassus, however, was so wealthy, and had so many of the senate in his power, that even those who privately believed the charge to be true, thought it politic to pronounce it a gross fabrication.

The danger of an attempted rescue of Lentulus brought on a debate as to what should be done with the prisoners. Caesar, from whatever motive, spoke forcibly against any unconstitutional action which, however justified by the enormity of the prisoners' guilt, might become a dangerous



CATILINE LISTENING TO CICERO'S DENUNCIATION IN THE SENATE
From the painting by Maccari in the Palazzo del Senatore, Rome

precedent. In his opinion, the wise course would be to confiscate their property and place their persons in custody, not in Rome but in provincial towns.

Caesar's humanitarian statesmanship was answered by the grave austerity of Cato. "The question for us is not that of punishing a crime, but of preserving the state—or of what the degenerate Roman of to-day cares for more than the state, our lives and property. To speak of clemency and compassion is an abuse of terms only too common, when vices are habitually dignified with the names of virtues. Let us for once act with vigour and decision, and doom these convicted traitors to the death they deserve." The decree of death was carried to immediate execution. In the meantime, Catiline had raised a force numbering two legions. He remained in the hills refusing to give battle to Antonius.

On hearing the fate of Lentulus and the rest, he attempted to retreat to Gaul, but this movement was anticipated and intercepted by Metellus Celer, who was posted at Picenum with three legions. With Antonius pressing on his rear, Catiline resolved to hazard all on a desperate engagement. In exhorting his troops, he dwelt on the fact that men fighting for life and liberty were more than a match for a foe who had infinitely less at stake.

Thus brought to bay, Catiline's soldiers met the attack of the government troops with furious valour, their leader setting a brilliant example of daring and generalship. But Petreius, on the other side, directed his force against the rebel centre, shattered it and took the wings in flank. Catiline's followers stood and fought till they fell, with their wounds in front; he himself hewed his way through the foe, and was found still breathing at a distance from his own ranks. No quarter was given or taken; and among the rebels there were no survivors. In the triumphant army, all the stoutest soldiers were slain or wounded; mourning and grief mingled with the elation of victory.

Brilliant Prototype of 'Society' Fiction

LORD LYTTON

PELHAM

WITTY, epigrammatic, light, but never entirely trivolous, and having a mystery plot that is intriguing if rather ingenuous, Pelham, or The Adventures of a Gentleman (1828) is the best of Edward Bulwer Lytton's novels of contemporary life and enjoyed the greatest popularity. Lytton had a happy knack of allowing his readers to understand that he had a profound knowledge of the hidden mechanism of politics and a complete understanding of the best society. Unlike most of his contemporaries and successors who have attempted to do the same thing, he makes his political atmosphere credible and his portraits of gentlemen are executed in a gentlemanly fashion. He could also describe people of the lower and middle classes naturally. Pelham is the first of a class of clever, entertaining and essentially artificial novels—of which the best examples are Beaconsfield's Coningsby, and Tancred—that present a vivid picture of the externals of society. Outlines of Lytton's The Last Days of Pompeii and of Eugene Aram, representing his skill in other categories of fiction, appear elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*.

I—At the Grave of 'G. D.'



I AM an only child. My father was the younger son of one of our oldest earls; my mother, the dowerless daughter of a Scotch peer. Mr. Pelham was a moderate Whig, and gave sumptuous dinners; Lady Frances was a woman of taste, and particularly fond of diamonds and old china. About seven years after my birth my uncle succeeded to the title and estates of the family, paid my father's debts, and established us in our former splendour.

At ten years old I went to Eton. The day after my arrival there I was half-killed for refusing to wash tea-cups. I was rescued from my tyrant by a boy who was reckoned the best fighter, for his size, in the school. His name was Reginald Glanville. He was the son of a baronet of ancient and wealthy family. He was of a singular character, given to solitary walks when all the other boys were at play. Yet to those he loved no one could have been more open and warm. Our friendship lasted all the time he stayed at Eton, which was within a year of my own departure for Cambridge, at the age of eighteen.

I bloomed for two years in the blue and silver of a fellow-commoner of Trinity. Then, being of royal descent, I became entitled to an honorary degree. One raw winter's day, after leaving Cambridge, I paid my first country-house visit as a guest of Sir Lionel Garrett, a man whose ancestors had resided for centuries on their estates in Norfolk. His wife, Lady Harriet, was of a modern and not very rich family. The house party included the beautiful Lady Roseville, the most fasci-

nating woman, perhaps, of the day: twenty-five, and a widow. On the second day after my arrival there came a letter from my mother. 'Without flattery,' she wrote, 'I take it for granted that you are the best-looking and most agreeable person at Garrett Park, and it will be a most unpardonable fault if you do not make Lady Roseville of the same opinion.' 'Never talk much to young men,' ran the postscript; 'remember, that it is the women who make a reputation in society.'

On going down to breakfast I found some excitement had been caused by a man, from his dress and appearance a gentleman, who, whenever he was approached, called his dog and walked away, as if avoiding recognition. Several days passed, during which I took long walks alone. Returning one night, by the churchyard of ——, near to which the stranger had been seen, I noticed a tall, dark figure, wrapped, like myself, in a large French cloak, pass along from the other side of the church, and pause by a thick copse of evergreens. He stood still for a few moments; then flung himself upon the earth and sobbed audibly.

My way lay just by him and, after some hesitation, I walked slowly onwards. I had not gone above three paces before he arose, and stood erect and motionless before me. His hat had fallen off, and the moon shone full upon his countenance. It was not the wild expression of intense anguish which dwelt on those hueless and sunken features that made me start back and feel my heart stand still. I recognized those still noble and striking features: Reginald Glanville stood before me! I threw myself towards him, but he shook me off, and sank down with one wild cry. I called him by name, and knelt beside him. Then suddenly he rose, and the proud, stern character which the features had assumed seemed to deny the feelings which the tears had betrayed.

"Pelham," he said, "*you* have seen me thus; I had hoped that no living eye would. This is the last time I shall indulge folly. God bless you! We shall meet again—and this night shall then seem to you like a dream."

I would have answered, but he turned swiftly, passed through the copse and disappeared. The next day, after a futile effort to discover Glanville's whereabouts, I returned to the churchyard and saw on the small gravestone by the mound on which he had thrown himself, the initials, 'G. D.'

II—Adventures in Paris

After a short stay in London, I entered Paris with the ability and the resolution to make the best of those *beaux jours* which so rapidly glide from our possession. I sought to set up a character as an egregious coxcomb. I thought nothing appeared more likely to be so obnoxious to men, and therefore pleasing to women. My letters of introduction were quickly acknowledged by invitations to balls and dinners. Amongst the Englishmen I met was Lord Vincent, whose whole conversation seemed alternate jest and classical quotation, but beneath the surface of whose character was a restless ambition. I recognized in the man, who as yet was playing a part, a resemblance to myself; whilst he, perhaps, saw at times that I was somewhat better than the voluptuary, and somewhat wiser than the coxcomb, which were all that at present it suited me to appear.

An encounter with a Frenchman in a café, which led to a duel of swords, brought me into touch with another Englishman, named Thornton, who acted as my second. One day, while I was riding in the Bois de Boulogne, two men passed, talking very earnestly. One was Thornton, the other—where before had I seen that pale and remarkable countenance? I looked again. "No, no," said I. "The hair was of a completely different colour. It is not he. Yet how like!"

The next day, in a Palais Royal gaming-house, I was struck by the anxiety on the face of a gambler at the *rouge et noir* table, whose name I found was Tyrrell. At a small distance, playing with an air of complete nonchalance, sat Thornton. Opposite the harassed stranger was the person I had seen with my late second. Never have I forgotten the stern and ferocious expression with which this man

gazed upon the keen and agitated features of the gambler before him. The stranger took from an old purse the few Napoleons left there. He set them all at one hazard on the *rouge*. The fortunes were to the *noir*. He looked with a vacant eye on the mace with which his last hopes were swept away, and then went out. The man who had been watching him so intently followed, uttering as he went a short laugh, heard, perhaps, by no one but myself.

ABOUT a week later I was seated at the garden window of a small cabaret in the Jardin des Plantes, when I heard voices. On the bench beneath the window were the Englishman I had seen with Thornton and a female companion.

"Two hundred pounds, you say?" muttered the man. "Am I to understand," he continued, "that when this is spent there is nothing between him and beggary?"

"Nothing!" said the woman with a sigh.

The man laughed again, and rejoined, in an altered tone: "Then, then, will this parching thirst be quenched at last." The voice became inaudible. The woman seemed as if endeavouring to soothe him.

At length she said, "But poor Tyrrell—you will not, surely, suffer him to starve, to die of actual want, abandoned and alone!"

"Alone? No!" cried her companion fiercely. "When the last agonies shall be upon that man; when, sick with weariness, pain, disease, hunger, he lies down to die; then, *may I be there!*"

A long pause, broken by the woman's sobs, followed. At last the man arose and, in a tone so soft that it seemed like music, addressed her.

"Spite of the stings of my remorse," she replied, "as long as I lose not you, I will lose life, honour, hope, even soul itself!" As she spoke they quitted the spot.

When I called upon Thornton at his quarters in the Rue St. Dominique, he gave the name of the man I had seen in his company as Warburton, adding, "Is it the one you supposed, Mr. Pelham?"

"No," said I, apparently satisfied. "I was quite mistaken."

On the night of my last day in Paris, whence I had been recalled to contest a Parliamentary seat in my uncle's borough of Buyemall, I visited, for the second time, a certain hotel in the Rue St. Honoré. Here I found Thornton with Tyrrell.

"Oh, he'll be here soon," said the former; "and we'll bleed him regularly to-night."

Tyrrell's reply was inaudible. A minute later Warburton entered, and the three moved to an inner room where higher stakes than usual were played for.

Two hours passed. Then the door of the room reopened, and Tyrrell came forth. His face was hueless, his cheek sunk and hollow. Thornton and Warburton followed; the first-named with his customary air of reckless indifference, the face of Warburton lit up with a joyous but savage expression.

Thornton stayed behind, and I followed the others down the dimly-lighted stairs.

"You may yet have a favourable reverse," I heard Warburton say.

"Impossible!" was Tyrrell's reply, in a tone of anguish. "I am an utter beggar!"

AS we reached the courtyard I noticed that big tears were rolling down his cheeks. Warburton laid his hand upon him.

"Turn!" he cried suddenly. "Your cup is not yet full. Look upon me, and *remember!*"

I pressed forward. The light shone full upon the countenance of the speaker. The dark hair was gone. My suspicions were true. I discovered the bright locks and lofty brow of Reginald Glanville.

Slowly Tyrrell gazed, as if he were endeavouring to repel some terrible remembrance; until, as the countenance of Glanville grew darker and darker in its mingled scorn and defiance, he uttered a low cry and sank senseless upon the earth.

I procured cold water and bathed Tyrrell's temples. His eyes opened slowly.

"Gone—gone!" he muttered. "Ay, what did he here at such a moment? Vengeance? For what? *I* could not tell; it would have killed her. Let him thank his own folly. I do not fear. I defy his malice!" With these words he sprang to his feet and, having thanked me for my assistance, said he was recovered and would no longer trespass upon my good nature. So we parted.

III—I Enter Parliament

ARRIVED in England, I made my way to my uncle at Glenmorris Castle. After the due quantum of dining, drinking, spouting, lying, equivocating, bribing, rioting, head-breaking, promise-breaking, and chairing of successful candidateship, I found myself chosen member for Buyemall.

I then set off for Cheltenham, where I once more met Tyrrell, now Sir John Tyrrell and owner of ample means. Within a year I was in London, where I found Glanville, who had succeeded to the baronetcy, living in seclusion with his mother and sister.

In Miss Glanville I beheld a beautiful girl who had made a deep impression on me when I had seen her at a stationer's shop in Cheltenham. I went occasionally to Lady Roseville's, where we all met; and, stately and Juno-like as was Lady Roseville in general, she relaxed into a softness of manner to Miss Glanville that quite won my heart. I observed, too, that whenever she took her eyes from Ellen, they rested on the usually silent, gloomy and reserved face of her brother Reginald.

I had scarcely taken my seat in the House of Commons when, on the petition of my opponent, I had to relinquish it for what he called 'undue means.' But, on my mother's advice, I made myself specially useful to Lord Dawton, the expectant leader of the Whig Opposition.

One morning, on entering a saloon in the Haymarket, I again met Thornton. He was more than half drunk, and devoid of the vulgar spruceness which had been one of his characteristics. He claimed acquaintance; but the antipathy I felt to him silenced me and I made my way home.

Glanville, whose health seemed broken, had now made some reputation as an author, and had been chosen member for a borough. "A new toy, Pelham," said he, faintly smiling; "but a little longer, and they will all be broken—the *rattle* will be the last."

Three weeks after Glanville's first speech in the House—a remarkable display—he spoke to me for the first time about his disguised appearance in Paris, and heard with astonishment of Tyrrell's presence in London and of his newly inherited wealth. To serve his own ends, Thornton had informed Glanville that Tyrrell had died in poverty in France.

Soon after this I was dining with the epicurean Lord Guloseton, whose political support I was commissioned to secure for Lord Dawton, when a message was handed to me. It was from Glanville, who, on my joining him, besought me to convey a challenge to Tyrrell. The latter, however, insisted on deferring his reply till the morning, when he wrote that circumstances forbade his meeting my friend, and that, accordingly, he had left town. On receiving this information, Glanville disappeared also.

It so happened that at this juncture I was asked by Lord Dawton to interview the Marquis of Chester at the latter's country seat. I found Lord Chester entertaining a number of sporting friends, and was prevailed upon to make one of a party going to Newmarket for the races. On our way I saw Thornton, this time in the company of a man whose name, my host said, was Dawson, and whose reputation on the turf was none of the best. As we rode along, Sir John Tyrrell passed. Lord Chester asked him to return after the races to Chester Park, and the invitation was accepted.

Remembering that about three miles from the course lived an old college chum called Clutterbuck, I left my uncongenial surroundings in order to call upon him. As I cantered across the far end of the heath, my horse started from an object upon the ground. It was a man wrapped from head to foot in a long horseman's cloak, and so well guarded as to the face that I could not catch a glimpse of his features. His head was turned with apparent anxiety towards the throng.

When I returned from my visit to Christopher Clutterbuck, whom I found still wasting his life on the pursuit of useless learning, and bearing with patience the frequent wrath of an unappreciative spouse, Lord Chester's party had left the heath, and I had to settle down to a dark and dreary journey on a horse not too well prepared for it.

IV—The Wayside Crime

I HAD proceeded about three miles when I heard the clatter of hoofs. I turned, and beheld Sir John Tyrrell. He had been delayed, he said, by a rascally fellow named Dawson, who owed him money, but could not pay. Rain threatened and, though apparently glad of my company, he grumbled at my mount. I endeavoured to improve the pace, but the road was rough, and at last the animal fell lame. Tyrrell's *impetuosity* broke out in oaths; and when we had both dismounted two men overtook us. They were Thornton and Dawson.

Seeing how I was fixed, they invited my companion to ride on with them. This, in no very courteous manner, Tyrrell declined to do. The two then left us, and Tyrrell told me he did not trust Thornton, especially as that individual knew he had nearly two thousand pounds on his person at that moment. Tyrrell added that he had been followed for two days by someone whose face he could never catch a glimpse of.

Heavy rain began to fall and, my horse becoming lamer, Tyrrell's impatience broke out afresh. I told him the route to Chester Park and, without further parley, he put spurs to his horse, and the pattering rain and the angry heavens soon drowned the last echoes of the receding hoof-clang.

Some five minutes had elapsed when another horseman passed me at a sharp pace. The moon was hidden, and I could only catch the outline of the flitting figure. A thrill of fear crept over me when I saw that it was enveloped in a horseman's cloak. But I comforted myself by the thought that, if this was the man Tyrrell said had been following him, the baronet was better mounted than any highwayman since the days of Duval. And I sought relief in reflecting on the good fortune that so far had attended my political missions.

At last the storm began to subside, the moon broke out, the clouds rolled away, and the sky shone forth. But at that instant, or perhaps a second before the storm ceased, I thought I heard a human cry. I paused, and my heart stood still. By and by an owl came suddenly from behind me, and screamed as it flapped across my path. With a smile at what I deemed my own fancy, I renewed my journey.

Coming to a precipitous descent I dismounted for safety from my drooping horse, and led him down the hill. At a distance beyond I saw something dark moving on the grass, which bordered the road. As I advanced, it started from the shadow and fled before me—a riderless horse. Hastening my steps, I beheld a horseman, enveloped in a long cloak, galloping across the waste. At the foot of the hill were a large pool and a singularly shaped tree. As I approached my eye fell on some obscure object by the side of the pool. It was a human figure, the limbs half-immersed in the water, the face turned upwards. The side and throat were wet with blood; the thin hair of the head was clotted over a frightful contusion.

I bent over the face in a shuddering and freezing silence—it was that of Sir John Tyrrell!

WITHIN a few minutes' walk was the house from which I had seen Thornton and Dawson emerge that morning. But neither had returned. Leaving a message for them, I hurried on to Chester Park. When I returned with assistance, Thornton explained that during the storm he and Dawson had sought shelter in an old shed across the fields. We searched the long grass by the pool, and found the broken blade of a knife. I looked carefully around, Thornton assisting me. At a distance, a few feet from the body, I perceived something glitter. Hastening forward I picked up a miniature, and I was about to cry out when Thornton whispered, "Hush! I know the picture; it is as I suspected!"

An icy thrill ran through my heart. The picture was that of a young and beautiful female. On the reverse side were braided two locks of hair. Beneath were the letters 'G. D.' and 'R. G.'

"Gertrude Douglas and *Reginald Glanville*," said Thornton, and as our eyes met I thrust the miniature in my bosom.

At the inquiry suspicion fell on the muffled horseman I was forced to admit

had passed me on the road. The money Tyrrell had mentioned to me could not be discovered. But the thought of Glanville's possible guilt curdled my blood. On my return to London my health gave way, and I sought the benefit of country air.

Returning to London I was surprised to learn from Lady Roseville that Glanville had been exerting his influence with Lord Dawton on my behalf, as that personage seemed in no hurry to fulfil his promises to me. My cold reply pained her deeply.

V—Reginald Glanville's Story

GLANVILLE was not oblivious of the change in my manner towards him. But the thought came to me—was he trying to propitiate my silence? I soon knew the truth. Glanville called. I confronted him with the miniature which I had found near Tyrrell's dead body.

"I shall be at home at ten to-night," he said, with emotion; "come to me, and *you shall know all*." It was not only Glanville's confession I was to hear. My own fate, my future connexion with Ellen, rested upon the story of that night.

It was a long story. In his early travels on the Continent, Glanville had met and befriended Tyrrell. Then he came back to England and met the original of the miniature. She fled with him—but not to the altar. They travelled. Those days were steeped in the very elixir of life. But once more Tyrrell appeared. He was in great pecuniary embarrassment, as well as in poor health, the result of his excesses. Glanville's purse was again at his disposal.

At this stage Glanville was compelled to leave for the Continent on account of his mother's health. He left Gertrude ill in bed, but made every arrangement possible for her welfare. His return was delayed. He came back to find the woman he loved had been placed in a lunatic asylum by the machinations of Tyrrell. In a lucid interval before she died, Gertrude revealed her dreadful secret and Tyrrell's unspeakable perfidy. From the moment he gathered the meaning of her dying and broken sentences the demon of revenge entered Glanville's soul. All human feelings seemed to fly from his heart. Within two hours of hearing that Tyrrell was in Paris he set out for that capital. And there he employed Thornton to work Tyrrell's ruin through that being's passion for gambling; and he even won over to his ends the woman in whom Tyrrell had placed implicit trust.

Passing on to the time when he learnt from me that Thornton's story was false, Glanville said he followed up the challenge sent to his enemy through me with one couched in even more contemptuous terms; and this failing to have the result desired he decided to force Tyrrell to a meeting. Great was his joy, after the Newmarket races, when he saw Tyrrell leave me and ride on alone. He followed as rapidly as his horse would permit. But only to find the man lying before him in the stillness of death.

It was Glanville's purpose to leave England for ever on the morrow. But on that day Thornton broke into his house, and after making a demand Glanville could not yield to, laid an information before the police. Glanville was arrested and charged with the murder of Tyrrell, his threatening letter to whom, found by Thornton, formed an important piece of evidence against him.

BUT I suspected both Thornton and Dawson, and eventually succeeded in tracing Dawson's whereabouts. He had been put away in a secret asylum by his accomplice. In this retreat he had been placed with others likely to endanger their confederates by repentance. Disguised, I entered this place, and after an exciting adventure, Dawson was secured. On his confession Glanville was released. The actual murderer, who proved to be Thornton himself, was hanged, Dawson dying in prison.

Sir Reginald Glanville's end came suddenly soon after my marriage to his sister. His dying request was that he might be buried by the side of Gertrude Douglas.

The last news I had of Lady Roseville, whose deep affection for my friend came to his knowledge too late for either his or her happiness, was that she was living at Siena in utter seclusion and very infirm health.

HERBERT SPENCER

PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY

ALTHOUGH as a thought-provoking and exceedingly penetrating study of the human mind Principles of Psychology is complete in itself, it should be regarded only as a chapter of the vast philosophical work to which Spencer devoted his life. His aim was to enunciate one philosophic law, based on the 'facts' of evolution, that would be applicable to the whole Cosmos and would govern all phenomena. As he studied the evolution of inorganic matter in First Principles (see pages 449-453) and of plant and animal life in Principles of Biology (see pages 1445-1449), so in Principles of Psychology he shows how the evolutionary process has affected the human mind. In it he departs from the utilitarian philosophy that had hitherto attracted the great English intellectuals, but does not altogether discard the utilitarian theories of psychology. Codes of morality, he contended, could be traced to their beginnings in elementary facts of consciousness, although it could be demonstrated that they were not actually founded on the individual's experiences of utility.

I—Homogeneous and Heterogeneous Complexity



IF the doctrine of evolution is true, the inevitable implication is that mind can be understood only by observing how mind is evolved. To obtain the widest view of this evolution we must includ the evolution nearest akin to it, that of bodily life. What is it, therefore, that mental life and bodily life have in common? What is it that distinguishes life in general?

Now, life is adequately conceived only when we think of it as 'the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences,' which is reducible to 'the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations.' And though, by leaving out the characteristic of heterogeneity, this definition is rendered somewhat too wide, yet practically no error is likely to result from its use.

This has to be developed with a combination of more special truths; and the reader will not fail to observe how we pass from physical to psychical vital actions the moment we rise above the correspondences that are few, simple and immediate.

In the least developed organic forms, as in the yeast plant, the actions of the organism are immediately dependent on the affinities of the elements touching it on all sides, and the internal changes proceed uniformly because the external relations remain uniform. The correspondence is *direct* and *homogeneous*. The ciliated animalcules and the sponges, while they exhibit motion, do so with comparative uniformity. Life a degree higher is seen in organisms that correspond with the *most general* changes to which the environment is liable; and this is the kind of life exhibited by the vegetal kingdom at large.

On ascending from the lowest forms of life one marked manifestation of the heightening correspondence is the increasing distance at which co-existences and sequences in the environment produce adapted changes in the organism. This progress accompanies the development of the physical senses and the subsequent development of the intellect.

There is reason to think that all forms of sensibility to external stimuli are, in their nascent shapes, nothing but the modifications which those stimuli produce in that duplex process of integration and disintegration which constitutes the primordial life physiologically considered.

Out of the primordial irritability which characterises animal organisms in general are gradually evolved those kinds of irritability which answer to the various attributes of matter. The fundamental attribute of matter is resistance. The fundamental sense is a faculty of responding to resistance. And while in the environment, associated with this attribute of resistance, are other attributes severally distinctive of certain classes of bodies, in

the organism there arise faculties of responding to these other attributes—faculties which enable the organism to adjust its internal relations to a greater variety of external relations—faculties, therefore, which increase the speciality of the correspondence.

Throughout the animal kingdom the specialisation of the senses measures the specialisation of correspondences between inner and outer relations: it is a means to this specialisation. When the speciality of correspondence which exhibits itself in discriminating objects from one another is united with the speciality of correspondence which exhibits itself in discrimination in space and time, the previously specialised correspondences are further specialised

II—Generality and Complexity of Correspondence

ADVANCING generality of correspondence shows itself in the recognition of constant co-existences and sequences other than those which characterise special classes—co-existences and sequences common to many classes that have come to be regarded as entirely unlike. This implies a power of recognizing *attributes* as distinguished from the objects possessing them. It is only when this developed speciality of correspondence, characterising superior creatures, is reached that progress in generality of correspondence can begin. And this increase of the correspondence in generality, like its other modes of increase, makes possible not only a greater duration of life, but also a higher degree of life.

Wherever we find nothing but a greater ability to discriminate between varieties of the same simple phenomenon there is increased speciality of correspondence without greater complexity. But where the stimulus responded to consists not of a single sensation, but of several, the increase in speciality of correspondence results from an increase in its complexity. A further advance in speciality is achieved by a more than proportionate advance in complexity.

Each of the higher correspondences displaying rationality implies an adjustment of inner relations, not simply to the particular outer relations perceived, but to sundry general relations not then perceived but established by previous experience.

And the truth may here be observed that the evolution of the sensitive or directive apparatus is inseparable from the evolution of the muscular or executive apparatus. That the sense of touch, in its higher forms, is, more than any other, associated with the advance of intelligence proceeds from the fact that tactual impressions are those into which all other impressions have to be translated before their meanings can be known.

The mother tongue must be as copious as the foreign, otherwise it cannot render all the foreign meanings. The interdependence of the impressibilities and activities is displayed in the course of human progress. All developed science, consisting as it does of quantitative prevision, is lineally descended from the simplest kind of measurement achieved by placing side by side the bodies held in the hands

The performance of a compound action in response to a compound impression implies that the constituent sensations and contractions shall be combined after a particular manner—implies that they shall be co-ordinated; and the perfection of the correspondence will vary as the perfection of the co-ordination, and out of this there grows up integration. The co-ordinated elements of any stimulus, or of any act ever tend towards union, and eventually become distinguishable from one another only by analysis. Further, the connexion between stimulus and act also becomes constantly closer, so that at last they seem two sides of the same change.

THUS, then, the connexions among vital actions directly or indirectly correspond with the connexions among actions in the environment. The several modes in which the advance of the correspondence displays itself are but so many aspects of one mode. The vast array of phenomena which has been considered under different headforms one general continuous and inseparable evolution. By going on simultaneously, the various orders of progress have rendered one another possible. Every kind of advance has opened the way for advances of other kinds, and these again have reacted in like manner.

Every act of intelligence being in essence an adjustment of inner to outer relations, it results that, as the outer relations increase in number, in complexity, in heterogeneity, by degrees that cannot be marked, there can be no precise demarcations between the successive phases of intelligence. The classifications current in our philosophies of the mind can be but superficially true.

III—The Nature and Growth of Intelligence

THE two great classes of vital actions treated of by physiology and psychology are broadly distinguished in this, that while the phenomena forming the subject matter of physiology present themselves as a vast number of different series bound together, those forming the subject matter of psychology present themselves as but a single series. A glance at the many continuous actions constituting the life of the body at large shows that they are going on at one time in mutual dependence; while the actions constituting thought occur one after another, though they never *absolutely* attain the form of a single series. A succession of changes being thus the subject matter of psychology, it is the business of psychology to determine the law of their succession.

All life, whether physical or psychical, being the combination of changes in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences, it results that if the changes constituting physical life occur in succession, the law of their succession must be the law of their correspondence. The correspondence between the internal order and the external order—the law of intelligence—consists in this, that the *persistence* of the connexion between the states of consciousness is proportionate to the persistence of the connexion between the agencies to which they answer.

The acts of animals exhibit countless failures of the internal order to parallel the external order. In the moth which flies at a candle flame there exists no relation of psychical states answering to the relation between light and heat in the environment. The disappearance of such discrepancies between thoughts and facts we speak of as an advance in intelligence.

But how does this conception include co-existences? For when this connexion is not between successive things, but between simultaneous things—not a union in time, but in space—it is less easy to see how the parallelism between the inner and the outer order can result from fulfilment of this law.

Here it must suffice to say that the relation of co-existence is distinguished from the relation of sequence by the readiness of its terms to follow one another through consciousness in either order with equal facility and vividness; that the consciousness of it arises when, in passing backwards and forwards from one term to the other, the sequences, being similarly unresisting, cancel one another; and that thus it consists of the duplication in consciousness made up of a sequence and its inversion.

This law of intelligence is that to which psychical changes conform more and more as intelligence becomes higher, but which can be perfectly conformed to only by perfect intelligence. Only in virtue of this law can there be that adjustment of internal relations to external relations which constitutes life, while it makes possible the continuance of life.

THERE are two possible hypotheses as to how the various degrees of cohesion between the antecedents and consequents of psychical changes are adjusted. One, that the strength of the tendency which each state of consciousness has to follow any other is fixed beforehand by a Creator—that there is a 'pre-established harmony' between the inner and outer relations; the other that it depends upon the frequency with which the two have been connected in experience—that the outer relations produce the inner relations.

Of the two hypotheses the second is supported by such positive evidence as we have. Hence it cannot but be inferred that the growth of intelligence depends on the law that when any two psychical states occur in immediate succession an effect is produced such that if the first subsequently recurs there is a certain tendency for the second to follow it.

IV—Reflex Action, Instinct and Memory

FROM that lowest kind of reflex action, in which a single impression produces a single contraction, the ascent is to complications in the stimuli and in the acts resulting from them. While the processes of purely vegetative life are in adjustment with those most general relations which pervade the environment at large, these lowest processes of the animal life are in adjustment with the most general relations of the solid bodies contained in the environment. Further, in conformity with the general law of intelligence, there is in any of them an established connexion between two psychical states answering to an established connexion between two external phenomena.

Instinct may be described as compound reflex action. While in the more developed forms of reflex action a single impression is followed by a combination of contractions, in instinct a combination of impressions is followed by a combination of contractions, and the higher the instinct the more complex are both the directive and executive co-ordinations.

A chick immediately it comes out of the egg not only balances itself and runs about, but picks up fragments of food. This action implies the excitation of certain retinal nerve-fibres, impressions on nerves proceeding from muscles which move the eyes, and impressions on nerves proceeding from muscles which adjust their lenses implies that all these nerves are excited simultaneously in special ways and degrees; and that the complex co-ordination of muscular contractions by which the food is caught is the result of this complex co-ordination of stimuli. Progression from lower to higher instincts is throughout a progression towards greater speciality and complexity of correspondence.

The necessity of this order will be seen on remembering that the complex relations, both external and internal, being composed of simple ones, must be preceded by simple ones. And if, as the instincts rise higher and higher, they come to include psychical changes that are less coherent with their fundamental ones, there must arise a time when the co-ordination is not perfectly regular. If these compound reflex actions as they grow more compound also become less decided it follows that they will eventually become comparatively undecided. They will begin to lose their distinctly automatic character. Instinct must pass insensibly into something higher

While the absolutely persistent relations among external attributes are responded to by inseparable relations of psychical states, the others, in their respective grades of persistence, are responded to by psychical states proportionate to their degrees of cohesion. Hence, of the impressions produced by adjacent objects during the movements of the organism, each is apt to make nascent certain other impressions with which it has been connected in experience; that is, causes a remembrance of attributes previously found in connexion with the perceived attributes.

As these psychical states have in their turns been connected with others, they tend to arouse such others; and thus there arises that succession of ideas, partly regular, partly irregular, which is called memory regular in so far as the connexions of external phenomena are regular and irregular in so far as the groups of those phenomena occur irregularly in the environment This truth, that memory comes into existence when the involved connexions among psychical states render their successions imperfectly automatic, is in harmony with the obverse truth, that as fast as those connexions among psychical states which we form in memory grow by constant repetition automatic they cease to be part of memory

V—Reason, Feelings and the Will

WHEN the confusion of a complex impression with some allied one causes a confusion among the nascent motor excitations, there is entailed a certain hesitation; until some one set—the strongest—prevails over the others and passes into action; and as this action will usually be the one that has recurred oftenest in experience, the action will generally be the one best adapted to the

circumstances. But an action thus produced is a rational action. Hence it is clear that the actions called instinctive pass gradually into the actions called rational. Further proof is furnished by the converse fact that the actions we call rational are, by long-continued repetition, rendered automatic or instinctive.

At the same time, there arises that kind of reasoning which does not directly lead to action that reasoning through which the great mass of surrounding co-existences and sequences are known. As the groups of external attributes and relations recognized become too complex to be consolidated into single psychical states, there result both opportunity and power of inferring such attributes or relations belonging to any group as are not immediately presented.

The genesis of instinct, the development of memory and reason out of it, and the consolidation of rational actions and inferences into instinctive ones, are explicable on the principle that the cohesion between psychical states is proportionate to the frequency with which the relation between the answering external phenomena has been repeated in experience.

THE impossibility of dissociating the intellectual from the emotional psychical states may be discerned in our ordinary experiences. The state of consciousness produced by a melody or by a single beautiful tone shows cognition and emotion inextricably entangled. Every sensation, to be known as one, must be perceived, and must so be in one respect sensational. The existence of feeling implies psychical states having some persistence; and these are the states which result when automatic action fails. Thus, then, as the psychical changes become too complicated to be perfectly automatic, they become incipiently sensational. Memory, reason and feeling take their rise at the same time.

When two very similar groups of external attributes and relations have been followed in experience by different motor changes; and when, consequently, the presentation of one of these groups partially excites two sets of motor changes, each of which is prevented by their mutual antagonism from at once taking place; then, while one of these sets of nascent motor changes and nascent impressions habitually accompanying it constitutes a memory of such motor changes as before performed, and impressions as before received, and while it also constitutes a prevision of the action appropriate to the new occasion, it further constitutes the desire to perform the action. Different as these things eventually become, they are originally one.

The progress from these forms of feeling considerably compounded to those highly compounded forms of feeling seen in human beings equally harmonises with the general principles of evolution. As with cognitions, so with feelings, advance from the simplest to the most complex is explicable on the principle that the outer relations produce the inner relations.

THAT will comes into existence through the increasing complexity and imperfect coherence of automatic actions is clearly implied by the converse fact that when actions which were once incoherent and voluntary are very frequently repeated they become coherent and involuntary.

Just as any set of psychical changes displaying memory, reason and feeling cease to be conscious, rational and emotional as fast as by repetition they grow closely organized, so do they at the same time pass beyond the sphere of volition. Memory, reason, feeling and will disappear in proportion as psychical changes become automatic.

From the universal law that, other things being equal, the cohesion of psychical states is proportionate to the frequency with which they have followed one another in experience it is an inevitable corollary that all actions whatever must be determined by those psychical connexions which experience has generated—either in the life of the individual or in that general antecedent life of which the accumulated results are organized in his constitution.

Will is spoken of as something apart from the feelings which, for the moment, prevail over others; whereas it is nothing but the general name given to the special feeling that gains supremacy and determines action.

JOSEPH ADDISON

THE SPECTATOR

THE great success of The Spectator was mainly due to the literary genius of Addison, who was the principal contributor to this celebrated periodical. His erudition, very wide if never very profound, his precise and delicate wit and his elegant style all helped to give his essays those fascinating qualities which have so greatly delighted the ordinary reader, and which have been consistently praised by critics. Addison discussed an amazing number of subjects in the Spectator, from the vagaries of society ladies to the poetry of Milton, from politics to witches, from moral discourses to chats on fashions. He can be grave or gay, didactic or flippant as the subject demands. His faults are few, and are those that we might expect to find in a writer intent mainly upon amusing his public. He is inclined to be disjointed and conversational, and to repeat ideas and images, but these defects do not seriously detract from his pleasing charm. An outline of Addison's Cato appears in pages 1257 to 1261 of *The World's Great Books*.

The Essays and the Essayist

MISCELLANEOUS

ADDISON'S Spectator is one of the most interesting books in the English language. When Dr. Johnson praised Addison's prose, it was specially of The Spectator that he was speaking. 'His page,' he says, 'is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to Addison.'

Johnson's verdict has been upheld, for it is chiefly by The Spectator that Addison lives. None but scholars know his Latin verse and his voluminous translations now. His Cato survives only in some half-dozen occasional quotations. Two or three hymns of his, including The Spacious Firmament on High, and When all Thy mercies, O my God, find a place in church collections; and his simile of the angel who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm is used now and again by pressmen and public speakers. But, in the main, when we think of Addison, it is of The Spectator that we think.

Recall the time when it was founded. It was in the days of Queen Anne, the Augustan age of the essay. There were no newspapers then, no magazines or reviews, no Parliamentary reports, nothing corresponding to the so-called 'light literature' of later days. The only centres of society that existed were the court, with the aristocracy that revolved about it, and the clubs and coffee-houses, in which the commercial and professional classes met to discuss matters of general interest, to crack their jokes, and to exchange small talk about this, that and the other person, man or woman, who might happen to figure, publicly or privately, at the time. The Spectator was one of the first organs to give form and consistency to the opinion, the humour and the gossip engendered by this social contact.

One of the first, but not quite the first; for the less famous, though still remembered, Tatler preceded it. And these two, The Tatler and The Spectator, have an intimate connexion from the circumstance that Richard Steele, who started The Tatler, in April 1709 got Addison to write for it, and then joined with Addison in The Spectator when his own paper stopped in January 1711. Addison and Steele had been friends since boyhood. They were contemporaries at the Charterhouse, and Steele often spent his holidays in the parsonage of Addison's father.

The two friends were a little under forty years of age when The Spectator began

in March 1711. It was a penny paper, and was published daily, its predecessor having been published three times a week. It began with a circulation of 3,000 copies, and ran up to about 10,000 before it stopped its daily issue in December 1712. Macaulay, writing in 1843, insists upon the sale as 'indicating a popularity quite as great as that of the most successful works of Scott and Dickens in our time.' The 555 numbers of the daily issue formed seven volumes; and then there was a final eighth volume, made up of tri-weekly issues: a total of 635 numbers, of which Addison wrote 274 and Steele 236.

To summarise the contents of these 635 numbers would require a volume. They are so versatile and so varied. As one of Addison's biographers puts it, to-day you have a beautiful meditation, brilliant in imagery and serious as a sermon, or a pious discourse on death, or perhaps an eloquent and scathing protest against the duel; while to-morrow the whole number is perhaps concerned with the wigs, ruffles and shoe buckles of the *macaroni*, or the hoops, patches, farthingales and tuckers of the ladies. If you wish to see the plays and actors of the time, The Spectator will always show them to you; and, moreover, point out the dress, manners and mannerisms, affectations, indecorums, plaudits, or otherwise of the frequenters of the theatre.

For here is no newspaper, as we understand the term. The Spectator from the first indulged his humours at the expense of the quidnuncs. Says he:

> There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to as being altogether unfurnished with ideas till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with whether there was any news stirring, and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sets, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper; and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

Now, the essential, or at least the leading feature of The Spectator is this: that the entertainment is provided by an imaginary set of characters forming a Spectator Club. The club represents various classes or sections of the community, so that through its members a corresponding variety of interests and opinions is set before the reader, the Spectator himself acting as a sort of final censor or referee. Chief among the Club members is Sir Roger de Coverley, a simple, kindly, honourable, old-world country gentleman. Here is the description of this celebrated character:

> The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended with beggars and gypsies; but this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour that he is rather beloved than esteemed.



SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY GOING TO CHURCH
C. R. Leslie, R.A.

Then there is Sir Andrew Freeport, 'a merchant of great eminence in the City of London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason and great experience.' He is 'acquainted with commerce in all its parts; and will tell you it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that, if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another.'

There is Captain Sentry, too, 'a gentleman of great courage and understanding, but invincible modesty,' who in the club speaks for the army, as the templar does for taste and learning, and the clergyman for theology and philosophy.

And then, that the club may not seem to be unacquainted with 'the gallantries and pleasures of the age,' there is Will Honeycomb, the elderly man of fashion, who is 'very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women.' Will 'knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat; and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the park. This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest, worthy man.'

Nor must we forget Will Wimble, though he is really an outsider. Will is the younger son of a baronet: a man of no profession, looking after his father's game, training his dogs, shooting, fishing, hunting, making whiplashes for his neighbours, knitting garters for the ladies, and after-

wards slyly inquiring how they wear: a welcome guest at every house in the county; beloved by all the lads and the children.

Besides these, and others, there is a fine little gallery of portraits of Sir Roger's country neighbours and tenants. We have, for instance, the yeoman who 'knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week, and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself'; and we have Moll White, the reputed witch, who, if she made a mistake at church and cried 'Amen!' in a wrong place, 'they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards.' We have the diverting captain, 'young, sound and impudent'; we have a demure Quaker; we have Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for 'taking the law' of everybody; and we have the innkeeper, who, out of compliment to Sir Roger, 'put him up in a sign-post before the door,' and then, when Sir Roger objected, changed the figure into the Saracen's Head by 'a little aggravation of the features' and the addition of a pair of whiskers!

Best of all is the old chaplain. Sir Roger was 'afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table'; so he got a university friend to 'find him out a clergyman, rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper and, if possible, a man that understood a little of back-gammon.' The genial knight 'made him a present of all the good sermons printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit.' Thus, it Sir Roger happened to meet his chaplain on a Saturday evening, and asked who was to preach to-morrow, he would perhaps be answered: 'The Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon.' About which arrangement The Spectator boldly observes: 'I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.'

There is no end to the subjects discussed by The Spectator. They range from dreams to dress and duelling; from ghosts to gardening and goats' milk; from wigs to wine and widows; from religion to riches and riding; from servants to sign-posts and snuff-boxes; from love to lodgings and lying; from beards to bankruptcy and blank verse; and hundreds of other interesting themes. Correspondents often wrote to emphasise this variety, for letters from the outside public were always welcome. Thus one Thomas Trusty:

'The variety of your subjects surprises me as much as a box of pictures did formerly, in which there was only one face, that by pulling some pieces of isinglass over it was changed into a senator or a merry-andrew, a polished lady or a nun, a beau or a blackamoor, a prude or a coquette, a country squire or a conjurer, with many other different representations very entertaining, though still the same at the bottom.'

But perhaps, on the whole, woman and her little ways have the predominant attention. Indeed, Addison expressly avowed this object of engaging the special interest of the sex when he started. He says:

> There are none to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought that there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them rather as they are women than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjustment of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribands is reckoned a very good morning's work, and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparations of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect,

as well as of love, into their male beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent, if not an improving, entertainment, and by that means, at least, divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles.

These reflections on the manners of women did not quite please Swift, who wrote to Stella: 'I will not meddle with The Spectator; let him *fair sex* it to the world's end.' But they pleased most other people, as the main contents of The Spectator still please. Here is one typical acknowledgement, signed 'Leonora':

Mr. Spectator,—Your paper is part of my tea-equipage; and my servant knows my humour so well that, calling for my breakfast this morning (it being past my usual hour), she answered, The Spectator was not yet come in, but the tea-kettle boiled, and she expected it every moment.

As an 'abstract and brief chronicle of the time,' this monumental work of Addison and Steele is without peer. In its pages may be traced the foundations of all that is noble and healthy in modern English thought; and its charming sketches may be made the open sesame to a period and a literature as rich as any our country has seen.

French Masterpiece of the Romance of Passion

PROSPER MERIMEE

CARMEN

A STORY of a wild people little influenced by modern civilization, Carmen is a psychological study of great brilliance. Mérimée is at his best when dealing with men and women who are ignorant of the pious hypocrisies of society, but who conduct themselves according to their instincts and certain ill defined, personal standards of behaviour—and this tale allows him free scope for his peculiar genius. Although Carmen is romantic in conception, Mérimée's method of execution gives it a wonderfully convincing realism. This effect is achieved partly by the circumstantial details with which he surrounds each happening, no matter how dramatic or how trivial, and partly by his utterly passionless treatment of his theme. He is content to tell a simple story of passion and crime in such a way that its romantic setting and the occasionally theatrical posturing of its characters do not interfere with our perception of the just values of events. An English translation of Carmen is published by William Heinemann.

I—I Meet Don Jose



ONE day, wandering in the higher part of the plain of Cachena, near Cordova, harassed with fatigue, dying of thirst, burnt by an overhead sun, I perceived, at some distance from the path I was following, a little green lawn dotted with rushes and reeds. It proclaimed to me the neighbourhood of a spring, and I saw that a brook issued from a narrow gorge between two lofty spurs of the Sierra de Cabra.

At the mouth of the gorge my horse neighed, and another horse that I did not see answered immediately. A hundred steps farther, and the gorge, suddenly widening, revealed a sort of natural amphitheatre, shaded by the cliffs which surrounded it. It was impossible to light upon a place which promised a pleasanter halt to the traveller.

But the honour of discovering this beautiful spot did not belong to me. A man was resting there already, and at my entrance he had risen and approached his horse. He was a young fellow of medium height, but robust appearance, with a gloomy and haughty air. In one hand he held his horse's halter, in the other a brass blunderbuss. The fierce air of the man somewhat surprised me, but not having seen any robbers I no longer believed in them. My guide Antonio, however, who came up behind me, showed evident signs of terror, and drew near very much against his will.

I stretched myself on the grass, drew out my cigar-case, and asked the man with the blunderbuss if he had a tinder

box on him. The unknown, without speaking, produced his tinder-box, and hastened to strike a light for me. In return I gave him one of my best Havanas, for which he thanked me with an inclination of the head.

In Spain a cigar given and received establishes relations of hospitality, like the sharing of bread and salt in the East. My unknown now proved more talkative than I had expected. He seemed half famished, and devoured some slices of excellent ham, which I had put in my guide's knapsack, wolfishly. When I mentioned I was going to the Venta del Cuervo for the night he offered to accompany me, and I accepted willingly.

As we rode along Antonio endeavoured to attract my attention by mysterious signs, but I took no notice. Doubtless my companion was a smuggler, or a robber. What did it matter to me? I knew I had nothing to fear from a man who had eaten and smoked with me.

We arrived at the *venta*, which was one of the most wretched I had yet come across. An old woman opened the door, and on seeing my companion, exclaimed:

"Ah, Señor Don José!"

Don José frowned and raised his hand, and the old woman was silent at once.

The supper was better than I expected, and after supper Don José played the mandoline and sang some melancholy songs. My guide decided to pass the night in the stable, but Don José and I stretched ourselves on mule cloths on the floor.

Very disagreeable itchings snatched me from my first nap, and drove me to a wooden bench outside the door. I was about to close my eyes for the second time, when, to my surprise, I saw Antonio leading a horse. He stopped on seeing me, and said anxiously, "Where is he?"

"In the *venta*, he is sleeping. He is not afraid of the fleas. Why are you taking away my horse?"

I then observed that, in order to prevent any noise, Antonio had carefully wrapped the animal's feet in the remains of an old sack.

"Hush!" said Antonio. "That man there is José Navarro, the most notorious bandit of Andalusia. There are two hundred ducats for whoever gives him up. I know a post of lancers a league and a half from here, and before it is day I will bring some of them here."

"What harm has the poor man done you that you denounce him?" said I.

"I am a poor wretch, sir!" was all Antonio could say. "Two hundred ducats are not to be lost, especially when it is a matter of delivering the country from such vermin."

My threats and requests were alike unavailing. Antonio was in the saddle, he set spurs to his horse after freeing its feet from the rags, and was soon lost to sight in the darkness.

I WAS very much annoyed with my guide, and somewhat uneasy; but quickly making up my mind, I returned to the inn, and shook Don José to awaken him.

"Would you be very pleased to see half a dozen lancers arrive here?" I said.

He leapt to his feet.

"Ah, your guide has betrayed me! Your guide! I had suspected him. Adieu, sir. God repay you the service I am in your debt for. I am not quite as bad as you think. Yes, there is still something in me deserving the pity of a gentleman. Adieu!"

He ran to the stable, and some minutes later I heard him galloping into the fields.

As for me, I asked myself if I had been right in saving a robber, perhaps a murderer, from the gallows only because I had eaten ham and rice and smoked with him.

I think Antonio cherished a grudge against me; but, nevertheless, we parted good friends at Cordova.

II—My Experience with Carmen

I PASSED some days at Cordova searching for a certain manuscript in the Dominicans' Library.

One evening I was leaning on the parapet of the quay, smoking, when a woman came and sat down beside me. She was simply dressed, all in black, and we fell into conversation.

On my taking out my repeater watch she was greatly astonished.

"What inventions they have among you foreigners!"

Then she told me she was a gypsy, and proposed to tell my fortune.

"Have you heard people speak of La Carmencita?" she added. "That is me!"

"Good!" I said to myself. "Last week I supped with a highway robber; now to-day I will eat ices with a gypsy. When travelling one must see everything."

With that I escorted the Señorita Carmen to a café, and we had ices.

My gypsy had a strange and wild beauty, a face which astonished at first, but which one could not forget. Her eyes, in particular, had an expression, at once loving and fierce, that I have found in no human face since.

It would have been ridiculous to have had my fortune told in a public café, and I begged the fair sorceress to allow me to accompany her to her domicile. She at once consented, but insisted on seeing my watch again.

"Is it really of gold?" she said, examining it with great attention.

Night had set in, and most of the shops were closed and the streets almost deserted as we crossed the Guadalquivir Bridge, and went on to the outskirts of the town.

THE house we entered was by no means a palace. A child opened the door, and disappeared when the gypsy said some words to it in the Romany tongue.

Then the gypsy produced some cards, a magnet, a dried chameleon, and other things necessary for her art. She told me to cross her left hand with a piece of money, and the magic ceremonies began. It was evident to me that she was no mere novice.

Unfortunately, we were soon disturbed. Of a sudden the door opened violently and a man entered, who denounced the gypsy in a manner far from polite.

I at once recognized my friend Don José, and greeted him cheerfully.

"The same as ever! This will have an end," he said, turning fiercely to the gypsy, who now started talking to him in her own language. She grew animated as she spoke, and her eyes became terrible. It appeared to me she was urging him warmly to do something at which he hesitated. I think I understood what it was only too well from seeing her quickly pass and repass her little hand under her chin. There was some question of a throat to cut, and I had a suspicion that the throat was mine.



CARMEN

Don José only answered with two or three words in a sharp tone, and the gypsy, casting a look of deep contempt at him, retired to a corner of the room and, taking an orange, peeled it and began to eat it.

Don José took my arm, opened the door, and led me into the street. We walked some way together in the profoundest silence. Then, stretching out his hand,

"Keep straight on," he said, "and you will find the bridge."

With that he turned and walked rapidly away. As I was undressing that night I discovered my watch was missing.

I departed for Seville next day, and after several months of rambling in Andalusia, was once more back in Cordova, on my way to Madrid.

The good fathers at the Dominican convent received me with open arms.

"Your watch has been found again and will be returned to you," one of them told me. "The rascal is in gaol and is to be executed the day after to-morrow. He is known in the country under the name of José Navarro, and he is a man to be seen."

I went to see the prisoner, and took him some cigars. At first he shrugged his shoulders and received me coldly, but I saw him again on the morrow and learnt the sad adventures of his life.

III—Don Jose's Story

"I was born," he said, "at Elizondo, and my name Don José Lizzarrabengoa will tell you that I am Basque, and an old Christian. If I take the *don*, it is because I have the right to do so. One day when I had been playing tennis with a lad from Alava I won, and he picked a quarrel with me. We took our iron-tipped sticks, and fought, and again I had the advantage; but it forced me to quit the country. I met some dragoons, and enlisted in the Almanza regiment of cavalry. Soon I became a corporal, and they were under promise to make me sergeant when, to my misfortune, I was put on guard at the tobacco factory at Seville.

"I was young then, and I was always thinking of my native country, and was afraid of the Andalusian young women and their jesting ways. But one Friday—I shall never forget it—when I was on duty, I heard people saying, 'Here's the gypsy.' And looking up, I saw for the first time that Carmen whom you know.

"She made some joke at me as she passed into the factory, and flipped an acacia blossom just between my eyes. When she had gone I picked it up and put it carefully in my pocket. First folly!

"A few hours afterwards I was ordered to take two of my men into the factory. There had been a quarrel, and Carmen had slashed another woman with two terrible cuts of her knife across the face. The case was clear. I took Carmen by the arm, and bade her follow me. At the guard-house the sergeant said it was serious and that she must be taken to prison. I placed her between two dragoons and, walking behind, we set out for the town.

"At first the gypsy kept silence, but presently she turned to me and said softly, 'You are taking me to prison! Alas! what will become of me? Have pity on me, noble officer! You are so young, so good-looking! Let me escape, and I will give you a piece of the loadstone which will make all women love you.'

"I answered her as seriously as I could that the order was to take her to prison, and that there was no help for it.

"My accent told her I was from the Basque province, and she began to speak to me in my native tongue. She told me she had been carried off by gypsies from Navarra, and was working at the factory in order to earn enough to return home to her poor mother. Would I do nothing for a countrywoman? The Spanish women at the factory had slandered her native place.

"It was all lies, señor. She always lied. But I believed her at the time.

"'If I pushed you and you fell,' she resumed, in Basque, 'it would not be these two conscripts who would hold me.'

"I forgot my order and everything, and said, 'Very well, my countrywoman; and may Our Lady of the Mountain be your aid!'

"Suddenly Carmen turned round and dealt me a blow in the chest with her fist. I let myself fall backwards on purpose, and, with one bound, she leapt over me and started to run. There was no risk of overtaking her with our spurs, our sabres and our lances. The prisoner disappeared in no time, and we had to return to the guard-house without a receipt from the governor of the prison.

"The result of this was that I was degraded and sent to prison for a month. One day in prison the gaoler entered, and gave me a special loaf of bread.

"'Here,' he said, 'see what your cousin has sent you.'

"I was astonished, for I had no cousin in Seville, and when I broke the loaf I found a small file and a gold piece inside it. No doubt, then, it was a present from Carmen, for a gypsy would set fire to a town to escape a day's imprisonment, and I was touched by this mark of remembrance.

"But I served my sentence, and, on coming out, was put on sentry outside the colonel's door, like a common soldier. It was a terrible humiliation. While I was on duty I saw Carmen again. She was decked out like a Madonna, all gold and ribbons, and was going in one evening with a party of gypsies to amuse the colonel's guests. She recognized me, and named a place where I could meet her next day. When I gave her back the gold piece she burst into laughter, but kept it all the same. 'Do you know, my son,' she said to me when we parted, 'I believe I love you a little. Perhaps, if you adopted the gypsy law, I would like to become your wife. But it is nonsense; it is impossible. Think no more of Carmencita, or she will bring you to the gallows.'

"She spoke the truth. I would have been wise to think no more of her; but after that day I could think of nothing else, and walked about always hoping to meet her, but she had left the town.

"It was some weeks later, when I had been placed as a night sentinel at one of the town gates, that I saw Carmen. I was put there to prevent smuggling; but Carmen persuaded me to let five of her friends pass in, and they were all well laden with English goods. She told me I might come to see her the next day at the same house I had visited before.

"Carmen had moods like the weather in our country. She would make appointments and not keep them, and at another time would be full of affection.

"One evening when I had called on a friend of Carmen's the gypsy entered the room, followed by a young man, a lieutenant in our regiment.

"He told me to decamp, and I said something sharp to him. We soon drew our swords, and presently the point of mine entered his body. Then Carmen extinguished the lamp, and, wounded though I was, we started running down the street. 'Great fool!' she said. 'You can do nothing but foolish things. Besides, I told you I would bring you bad luck.' She made me take off my uniform and put on a striped cloak, and this, with a handkerchief over my head, enabled me to pass fairly well for a peasant. Then she took me to a house at the end of a little lane, and she and another gypsy washed and dressed my wounds. Next day Carmen pointed out to me the new career she destined me for. I was to go to the coast and become a smuggler. In truth, it was the only one left me, now that I had incurred the punishment of death. Besides, I believed I could make sure of her love. At first the freedom of the smuggler's life pleased me better than the routine and discipline of a soldier's life. I saw Carmen often, and she showed more liking for me than ever; but she would not admit that she was willing to be my wife."

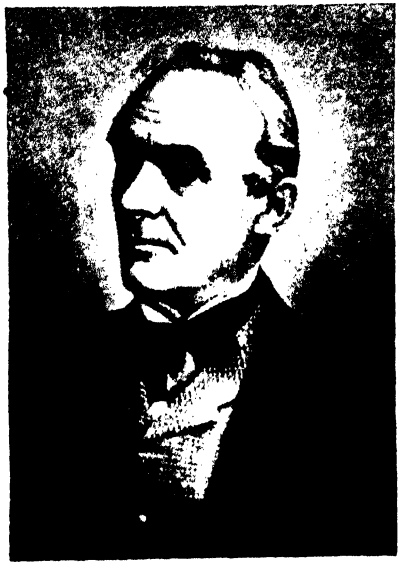
IV—The End of Don Jose's Story

"ONE becomes a rogue without thinking, señor. A pretty girl makes one lose one's head, one fights for her, a misfortune happens, one is driven to the mountains, and from smuggler one becomes robber.

"Carmen often made me jealous, especially after she accepted me as her husband. For my own part, I wanted to change my way of life, but when I spoke to her about quitting Spain and trying to live honestly in America, she laughed at me.

"While I was in hiding at Granada, there were bull-fights, to which Carmen went. When she returned, she spoke much of a very skilful picador, named Lucas. I paid no heed to this at first, but began to grow alarmed when I heard that Carmen had been seen about with him and I asked her why she had made his acquaintance.

"'He is a man,' she said, 'with whom business can be done. He has won twelve hundred pounds at the bull-fights. One of two things: we must either have the money, or, as he is a good horseman, we can enrol him in our band.'



PROSPER MERIMEE was born in Paris on September 28, 1803, and educated as a lawyer. He entered the Civil Service, subsequently becoming Inspector of Historical Monuments and a senator. Much of his leisure was spent in travel, particularly in Spain. He began to write at an early age, and in 1825 and 1827 succeeded in hoaxing the public by publishing two of his own works as translations of Spanish plays and Illyrian folk songs respectively. His historical novel, A Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX, appeared in 1829, and was succeeded by a number of brilliant works of fiction and some very able historical studies. Mérimée died at Cannes, September 23, 1870.

"'I want,' I replied, 'neither his money nor his person, and I forbid you to speak to him.'

"'Take care,' she said; 'when anyone dares me to do a thing, it is soon done.'

"Luckily, the picador left for Malaga, and I set about my smuggling. It was about that time I first met you. Carmen robbed you of your watch at our last interview, and she wanted your money as well. We had a violent dispute about that, and I struck her. She turned pale and wept. It was the first time I saw her weep, and it had a terrible effect on me. I begged her pardon, but it was not till three days later that she would kiss me.

"'There is a fête at Cordova,' she said, when we were friends again. 'I am going to see it; then I shall find out the people who carry money with them and tell you.'

"I let her go, but when a peasant told me there was a bull-fight at Cordova, I set off like a madman to the spot. Lucas was pointed out to me, and on the bench close to the barrier I recognized Carmen. It was enough for me to see her to be certain how things stood. The bull took upon itself the task of avenging me. Lucas was thrown down with his horse on his chest, and the bull on the top of both. I looked at Carmen; she had already left her seat, but I was so wedged in I was obliged to wait for the end of the fights.

"I got home first, however, and Carmen only arrived at two o'clock in the morning.

"'Come with me,' I said.

"'Very well, let us go!' she answered.

"I went and fetched my horse; I put her behind me, and we travelled all the rest of the night without speaking. At daybreak we were in a solitary gorge.

"'Listen,' I said to Carmen, 'I forget everything. Only swear to me one thing, that you will follow me to America, and live there quietly with me.'

"'No,' she said, in a sulky tone. 'I do not want to go to America. I am quite comfortable here.'

"I IMPLORED her to let us change our way of life, and Carmen answered, 'I will follow you to death, but I will not live with you any longer. I always thought you meant to kill me, and now I see that is what you are going to do. It is destiny, but you will not make me yield.'

"'Listen to me,' I said, 'for the last time. You know that for you I have become a robber and a murderer. Carmen! my Carmen, there is still time for us to save ourselves.'

"'José,' she replied, 'you ask me for the impossible. I do not love you any more. You have the right to kill me. But Carmen must always be free. To love you is impossible, and I do not wish to live with you.'

"Fury took possession of me, and I killed her with my knife. An hour later I laid her in a grave in the wood. Then I mounted my horse, galloped to Cordova, and gave myself up at the first guard-house. . . . Poor Carmen! it is the gypsies who are to blame for having brought her up like that."

RENE DESCARTES

DISCOURSE ON METHOD

DOUBT, not scepticism, was Descartes's philosophic starting point, and his rejection of all presuppositions and traditional opinions as possibly untrustworthy involved him in much bitter controversy. Warned by the fate of Galileo he withheld from publication during his lifetime his treatise on The World which he had finished in 1633. His search after philosophical certainty is explained in the Discourse on Method published in 1637. In 1641 he published Meditationes de Prima Philosophia, addressed to the Deans of the Faculty of Theology in the University of Paris, and he dealt with morals in Principia Philosophiae, and Traite des Passions de L'Ame. Descartes stands at the head of the school of mathematicians which linked up the mathematics of the Renaissance with modern mathematical writings. The invention of analytical geometry dates from the publication of his Geometry. His Discourse on Method stands a landmark in the modern history of philosophic thought. English translations of Descartes's Discourse on Method, Meditations, and Principles of Philosophy are published in one volume by William Blackwood

I—The Aim of the Discourse



GOOD sense must be better distributed than anything else in the world, for no man desires more of it than he already has. This shows that reason is by nature equal in all men. If there is diversity of opinion, this arises from the fact that we conduct our thought by different ways and consider not the same things. It does not suffice that the understanding be good; it must be well applied.

My mind is no better than another's, but I have been lucky enough to chance on certain ways, which have led me to a certain method by means of which it seems to me that I may by degrees augment my knowledge to the modest measure of my intellect and my length of days. I shall be very glad to make plain in this Discourse the paths I have followed, and to picture my life so that all may judge of it, and by the setting forth of their opinions may furnish me with yet other means of improvement.

It is my design not to teach the method which each man ought to follow for the right guidance of his reason, but only to show in what manner I have tried to conduct my own.

I had been nourished on letters from my infancy, but as soon as I had finished the customary course of study, I found myself hampered by so many doubts and errors that I seemed to have reaped no benefits, except that I had observed more and more of my ignorance. Yet I was at one of the most celebrated schools in Europe, and I was not held inferior to my fellow students, some of whom were destined to take the place of our masters; nor did our age seem less fruitful of good wits than any which had gone before.

Though I did not cease to esteem the studies of the schools, I began to think that I had given enough time to languages, enough also to ancient books, their stories and their fables; for when a man spends too much time in travelling abroad he becomes a stranger in his own country; and so, when he is too curious concerning what went on in past ages, he is apt to remain ignorant of what is taking place in his own day. I set a high price on eloquence, and I was in love with poetry; above all, I rejoiced in mathematics, but I knew nothing of its true use.

I revered our theology, but, since the way to heaven lies open to the ignorant no less than to the learned, and the revealed truths which lead thither are beyond our intelligence, I did not dare to submit them to my feeble reasonings.

In philosophy there is no truth which is not disputed and which, consequently, is

not doubtful; the other sciences all borrow their principles from philosophy.

Therefore, I entirely gave up the study of letters and employed the rest of my youth in travelling, being resolved to seek no other science than that which I might find within myself, or in the great Book of the World.

Here the best lesson that I learnt was not to believe too firmly anything of which I had learnt merely by example and custom; and thus little by little was delivered from many errors which are liable to obscure the light of nature and to diminish our capacity of hearing reason. Finally, I resolved one day to study myself in the same way, and in this it seems to me I succeeded much better than if I had never departed from either my country or my books.

II—The Intellectual Crisis

BEING in Germany, on my way to rejoin the army after the coronation of the Emperor [Ferdinand II], I was lying at an inn where, in default of other conversation, I was at liberty to entertain my own thoughts. Of these, one of the first was that often there is less perfection in works which are composite than in those which issue from a single hand. Such was the case with buildings, cities, states; for a people which has made its laws from time to time to meet particular occasions will enjoy a less perfect polity than a people which from the beginning has observed the constitution of a far-sighted legislator. This is very certain, that the estate of true religion, which God alone has ordained, must be incomparably better guided than any other.

And again, I considered that as, during our childhood, we had been governed by our appetites and our tutors, which are often at variance, which neither of them perhaps always gave us the best counsel, it is almost impossible that our judgements should be so pure and so solid as they would have been if we had had the perfect use of our reason from the time of our birth and had never been guided by anything else.

Hence, as regarded the opinions that I had received into my belief, I thought that, as a private person may pull down his own house to build a finer, so I could not do better than remove them therefrom in order to replace them by sounder, or, after I should have adjusted them to the level of reason, to establish the same once more.

When I was younger I had studied logic, analytical geometry and algebra. Of these, I found that logic served rather for explaining things we already know; while of geometry and algebra, the former is so tied to the consideration of figures that it cannot exercise the understanding without wearying the imagination, and the latter is so bound down to certain rules and ciphers that it has been made a confused and obscure art which hampers the mind instead of a science which cultivates it. And as a state is better governed which has but few laws, and those strictly observed, I believed that I should find sufficient these four precepts:

THE first was never to accept anything as true when I did not recognize it clearly to be so—that is to say, carefully to avoid precipitation and prejudice, but to include in my opinions nothing beyond that which should present itself so clearly and distinctly to my mind that I might have no occasion to doubt it.

The second was to divide up the difficulties which I should examine into as many parts as possible, and as should be required for their better solution.

The third was to conduct my thoughts in order, by beginning with the simplest objects, so as to mount little by little, by stages, to the most complex knowledge, even supposing an order among things which did not naturally stand in an order of antecedent and consequent.

And the last was to make everywhere enumerations so complete, and surveys so wide, that I should be sure of omitting nothing.

Exact observation of these precepts gave me such facility in unravelling the questions comprehended in geometrical analysis and in algebra, that in two or three months not only did I find my way through many which I had formerly

accounted too hard for me, but, towards the end, I seemed to be able to determine, in those which were new to me, by what means and to what extent it was possible to resolve them.

And so I promised myself that I would apply my system with equal success to the difficulties of other sciences; but since their principles must all be borrowed from philosophy in which I found no certain principles of its own, I thought that before all else I must try to establish some therein. By way of preparation (for I was then but twenty-three years old) I must root up from my mind my previous bad opinion of it, and must practise my method in order that I might be confirmed in it more and more.

III—A Rule of Life

MEANWHILE I must have a rule of life as a shelter while my new house was in building, and this consisted of three or four maxims.

The first was to conform myself to the laws and customs of my country and to hold to the religion in which, by God's grace, I had been brought up; guiding myself, for the rest, by the least extreme opinions of the most intelligent. Among extremes I counted all promises by which a man curtails anything of his liberty, for I should have deemed it a grave fault against good sense if, because I approved something in a given moment, I had bound myself to accept it as good for ever after.

My second maxim was to follow resolutely even doubtful opinions when sure opinions were not available, just as the traveller, lost in some forest, had better walk straight forward, though in a chance direction; for thus he will arrive, if not precisely at the place where he desires to be, at least probably at a better place than the middle of a forest.

My third maxim was to endeavour always to conquer myself rather than fortune, and to change my desires rather than the order of the world, and in general to bring myself to believe that there is nothing wholly in our power except our thoughts. And I believe that herein lay the secret of those philosophers who, in the days of old, could withdraw from the domination of fortune and, despite pain and poverty, challenge the felicity of their gods.

Finally, after looking out upon the divers occupations of men, I pondered that I could do no better than persevere in that which I had chosen—so deep was my content in discovering every day by its means truths which seemed to me important, yet were unknown to the world.

Having thus made myself sure of these maxims, and having set them apart together with the verities of faith, I judged that for the rest of my opinions I might set freely to work to divest myself of them. For nine years, therefore, I went up and down the world a spectator rather than an actor. These nine years slipped away before I had begun to seek for the foundations of any philosophy more certain, nor perhaps should I have dared to undertake the quest had it not been put about that I had already succeeded.

IV—'I Think, Therefore I Am'

I HAD long since remarked that in matters of conduct it is necessary sometimes to follow opinions known to be uncertain, as if they were not subject to doubt; but, because now I was desirous to devote myself to the search after truth, I considered that I must do just the contrary, and reject as absolutely false everything concerning which I could imagine the least doubt to exist.

Thus, because our senses sometimes deceive us, I would suppose that nothing is such as they make us to imagine it; and because I was as likely to err as another in reasoning, I rejected as false all the reasons which I had formerly accepted as demonstrative; and finally, considering that all the thoughts we have when awake can come to us also when we sleep without any of them being true, I resolved to feign that everything which had ever entered into my mind was no more truth than the illusion of my dreams.

But I observed that, while I was thus resolved to feign that everything was false, I who thought must of necessity be



RENE DESCARTES was born at La Haye in Touraine, March 31, 1596, and educated at the Jesuit College of La Fleche in Anjou. He served in the army under Maurice of Orange and Tilly, took part in the siege of Rochelle and at the age of 23 withdrew to Holland where he devoted himself to his philosophical and literary labours and attained world wide fame. He was invited to England by Charles I, to France by Richelieu and, in 1649, to Stockholm by Queen Christina of Sweden; but the climate proved too severe for him and he died there February 11, 1650. This portrait is from the painting by Franz Hals.

somewhat; and remarking this truth—*I think, therefore I am*—was so firm and so assured that all the most extravagant suppositions of the sceptics were unable to shake it, I judged that I could unhesitatingly accept it as the first principle of the philosophy I was seeking. I could feign that there was no world, I could not feign that I did not exist. And I judged that I might take it as a general rule that the things which we conceive very clearly and very distinctly are all true, and that the only difficulty lies in the way of discerning which those things are that we conceive distinctly.

After this, reflecting upon the fact that I doubted, and that consequently my being was not quite perfected (for I saw that to *know* is a greater perfection than to *doubt*), I bethought me to inquire whence I had learnt to think of something more perfect than myself; and it was clear to me that this must come from some nature which was in fact more perfect. For other things I could regard as dependencies of my nature if they were real, and if they were not real they might proceed from nothing—that is to say, they might exist in me by way of defect. But it could not be the same with the idea of a being more perfect than my own; for to derive it from nothing was manifestly impossible; and, because it is no less repugnant that the more perfect should follow and depend upon the less perfect than that something should come forth out of nothing, I could not derive it from myself.

It remained, then, to conclude that it was put into me by a nature truly more perfect than was I and possessing in itself all the perfections of what I could form an idea—in a word, by God. To which I added that, since I knew some perfections which I did not possess, I was not the only being who existed, but that there must of necessity be some other being, more perfect, on whom I depended, and from whom I had acquired all that I possessed; for if I had existed alone and independent of all other, so that I had of myself all this little whereby I participated in the Perfect Being, I should have been able to have in myself all those other qualities which I knew myself to lack, and so to be infinite, eternal, immutable, omniscient, almighty—in fine to possess all the perfections which could observe in God.

PROPOSING to myself the geometer's subject matter, and then turning again to examine my idea of a Perfect Being, I found that existence was comprehended in that idea just as in the idea of a triangle is comprehended the notion that the sum of its angles is equal to two right angles; and that consequently it is as certain that God, this Perfect Being, is or exists, as any geometrical demonstration could be.

That there are many who persuade themselves that there is a difficulty in knowing Him is due to the scholastic maxim that there is nothing in the understanding which has not first been in the senses; where the ideas of God and the soul have never been.

Than the existence of God all other things, even those which it seems to a man extravagant to doubt, such as his having a body, are less certain. Nor is there any reason sufficient to remove such doubt

but such as presupposes the existence of God. From His existence it follows that our ideas or notions, being real things, and coming from God, cannot but be true in so far as they are clear and distinct. In so far as they contain falsity, they are confused and obscure, there is in them an element of mere negation (*elles participent du néant*); that is to say, they are thus confused in us because we ourselves are not all perfect. And it is evident that falsity or imperfection can no more come forth from God than can perfection proceed from nothingness. But, did we not know that all which is in us of the real and the true comes from a perfect and infinite being, however clear and distinct our ideas might be, we should have no reason for assurance that they possessed the final perfection—truth.

Reason instructs us that all our ideas must have some foundation of truth, for it could not be that the All-Perfect and the All-True should otherwise have put them into us; and because our reasonings are never so evident or so complete when we sleep as when we wake, although sometimes during sleep our imagination may be more vivid and positive, it also instructs us that such truth as our thoughts have will assuredly be in our waking thoughts rather than in our dreams.

V—Why I Do Not Publish 'The World'

I HAVE always remained firm in my resolve to assume no other principle than that which I have used to demonstrate the existence of God and of the soul, and to receive nothing which did not seem to me clearer and more certain than the demonstrations of the philosophers had seemed before; yet not only have I found means of satisfying myself with regard to the principal difficulties which are usually treated of in philosophy, but also I have remarked certain laws which God has so established in nature, and of which He has implanted such notions in our souls, that we cannot doubt that they are observed in all which happens in the world.

The principal truths which flow from these I have tried to unfold in a treatise (On the World, or on Light), which certain considerations prevent me from publishing. This I concluded three years ago, and had begun to revise it for the printer when I learnt that certain persons to whom I defer had disapproved an opinion on physics published a short time before by a certain person [Galileo, condemned by the Roman Inquisition in 1633], in which opinion I had noticed nothing prejudicial to religion; and this made me fear that there might be some among my opinions in which I was mistaken.

I now believe that I ought to continue to write all the things which I judge of importance, but ought in no wise to consent to their publication during my life. For my experience of the objections which might be made forbids me to hope for any profit from them. I have tried both friends and enemies, yet it has seldom happened that they have offered my objection which I had not in some measure foreseen; so that I have never, I may say, found a critic who did not seem to be either less rigorous or less fair minded than myself.

Whereupon I gladly take this opportunity to beg those who shall come after us never to believe that the things which they are told come from me unless I have divulged them myself; and I am in nowise astonished at the extravagances attributed to those old philosophers whose writings have not come down to us. They were the greatest minds of their time, but have been ill reported.

Why, I am sure that the most devoted of those who now follow Aristotle would esteem themselves happy if they had as much knowledge of nature as he had, even on the condition that they should never have more! They are like ivy, which never mounts higher than the trees which support it, and which even comes down again after it has attained their summit. So at least, it seems to me, do they who, not content with knowing all that is explained by their author, would find in him the solution also of many difficulties of which he says nothing, and of which, perhaps, he never thought.

Yet their method of philosophising is very convenient for those who have but middling minds, for the obscurity of the distinctions and principles which they employ enables them to speak of all things

as boldly as if they had knowledge of them, and sustain all they have to say against the most subtle and skilful without there being any means of convincing them; wherein they seem to me like a blind man who, in order to fight on equal terms with a man who has his sight, invites him into the depths of a cavern.

And I may say that it is to their interest that I should abstain from publishing the principles of the philosophy which I employ, for so simple and so evident are they that to publish them would be 'like opening windows into their caverns and letting in the day. But if they prefer acquaintance with a little truth, and desire to follow a plan like mine, there is no need for me to say to them any more in this discourse than I have already said.

For if they are capable of passing beyond what I have done, much rather will they be able to discover for themselves whatever I believe myself to have found out; besides which, the practice which they will acquire in seeking out easy things and thence passing to others which are more difficult, will stead them better than all my instructions.

But if some of the matters spoken about at the beginning of the Dioptrics and the Meteors [published with the Discourse on Method] should at first give offence because I have called them 'suppositions," and have shown no desire to prove them, let the reader have patience to read the whole attentively, and I have hope that he will be satisfied.

The time remaining to me I have resolved to employ in trying to acquire some knowledge of nature, such that we may be able to draw from it more certain rules for medicine than those which up to the present we possess. And I hereby declare that I shall always hold myself more obliged to those by whose favour I enjoy my leisure undisturbed than I should be to any who should offer me the most esteemed employments in the world.

Famous Sequel to a Standard Work

SIR THOMAS ERSKINE MAY
CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND

ONLY sixteen years of age when he began his life long connexion with the House of Commons, Erskine May established his reputation as a learned and reliable historian with the publication in 1844 of his Treatise upon the Laws, Privileges, Proceedings and Usage of Parliament, which was immediately accepted as the indisputable authority on this branch of practice. In 1861 he published the work on which his fame chiefly rests, The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III, 1760 to 1860. This was avowedly intended to carry on the work that Hallam had brought down only so far as 1760 in his Constitutional History of England (see page 297). Although May's work proceeds on a different plan it serves admirably the purpose for which it was executed. While free from any definite political bias the author nevertheless displays an adherence on certain subjects to views which though hardly ever challenged during the last forty years of Queen Victoria's reign are no longer undisputed. Erskine May's only other important work was Democracy in Europe, published in 1877.

I—The Crown and Its Power



AT the Revolution of 1688 arbitrary rule gave way to parliamentary government with ministerial responsibility, but the crown was shorn of none of its ancient prerogatives; it remained the source of all power, civil and ecclesiastical. The House of Lords had always ranged itself on the side of the crown. In the Commons, until 1832, the counties and many of the boroughs were under the influence of great families. On the other hand, the government of the state was conducted by ministers responsible to parliament.

Since the accession of the House of Hanover, ministers for nearly fifty years had belonged to the Whig party. That the dynasty was a foreign one strengthened the ministerial ascendancy, but George III was regarded by himself and the nation

as a Briton. He desired to recover the latent authority of the crown, to which end the first step was to break the power of the Whig families. He created a personal non-ministerial party known as the king's friends; he manœuvred against every minister who was not personally agreeable to him. He succeeded in ejecting Pitt and Newcastle.

The Whig party was broken up into sections. Chatham resumed office, constructed a ministry on non-party lines, and then was personally incapacitated. The king was enabled to exercise an ever increasing influence, and Lord North's ministry marked his triumph. In 1780 the carrying of Dunning's famous resolution showed that the tide of resistance was steadily rising.

This culminated in the coalition ministry, whose fall, however, established the younger Pitt in power. That fall had been effected directly by the king's personal intervention in the House of Lords; but the fallen ministers were themselves responsible, since they had resisted the king's constitutional right to dismiss them and appeal to the electorate.

The king was now in alliance, and usually in complete harmony, with the minister, to whose guidance he generally yielded. The king and minister were absolute; the French Revolution and the French war made them all the more so. But even Pitt had to submit on points on which the king had made up his own mind, such as parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation.

The years following Pitt's death demonstrated the completeness of the royal ascendancy, but mental disease deprived George of the control. The Prince of Wales became regent. Contrary to expectation the ministry remained in office. When reconstructed it only strengthened the Tory ascendancy. Even the scandal of the affair of Queen Caroline, when George IV became king, did not seriously weaken the influence of the crown.

Yet at the close of his reign George was obliged to yield to the demand for Catholic emancipation. Early in the reign of William IV the cause of parliamentary reform was carried, as it was pretended, with the king's approbation, but, in fact, much against his will, though he found himself forced to support ministers on the question, against the Opposition, by his promise to create peers if called on to do so. Two years later he dismissed the ministry, but when the country was appealed to it reinstated the dismissed ministers. Such an intervention on the part of the crown has not been repeated. After the accession of Queen Victoria, Sir Robert Peel won a practical victory on the bedchamber question. But the right of the crown to be consulted by ministers was recognized in the Palmerston affair of 1851. The influence of the crown, constitutionally exercised, has ceased to be regarded with jealousy.

In the reign of George III the king's illnesses brought into prominence questions connected with arrangements for a regency. There was a sharp contest in 1788-9 as to the right of the heir-apparent to the regency, and the powers involved. The bill then brought in was not proceeded with, owing to the king's recovery. In 1811 the principle of appointing the regent and attaching restrictions to his powers by bill was recognized.

II—Parliament in the Century

The attempt in the reign of George I to limit the prerogative of the crown in the creation of peerages had failed. In the reign of George III an immense number of peers were created; 140 were appointed by Pitt in seventeen years. In 1860 about one-third of the hereditary peers were of George III's creation. The peerage had been recruited from all classes, and a number of Scottish and Irish peers had become peers of the United Kingdom. In 1856, in the case of the Wensleydale peerage, it was decided that a life peerage does not entitle the grantee to a seat in the House of Lords. The lords spiritual—formerly about one-third of the house—now formed less than one-fifteenth.

In former times differences between the two Houses on important questions of policy were comparatively rare, but whereas the dominant party in the House of Commons may now be suddenly and

completely changed, the like change does not take place in the upper chamber. To prevent a collision between the two Houses placing complete control in the hands of an oligarchy, there remains in the last resort the power of the crown, exemplified at the time of the Reform Bill, to create peers in unlimited numbers.

When George III ascended the throne the electoral system of the House of Commons was wholly inconsistent with any rational theory of representation. Nomination boroughs were the first and most flagrant anomaly. In many boroughs there were restrictions limiting the common law right of election, which rested in the householders resident within the borough; where the popular rights were acknowledged, there were often very few inhabitants to exercise them. Great towns were unrepresented; others returned, not representatives, but the nominees of peers.

Immense sums were expended in bribery; the actual sale of boroughs became a general system. Bribery by means of government appointments was particularly rife. The expense of contested elections was enormous. Matters were worse in Scotland and in Ireland. In 1780 six thousand voters returned a clear majority of the House of Commons. Before Grenville's act of 1770 the election petitions were decided by a party vote in the House of Commons.

In 1776 Lord Chatham was already urging reform. In 1782 his son took up the question; but when he introduced a measure in 1785 neither crown nor parliament supported him. The French Revolution drove any schemes for increasing the power of the people out of the field of practical politics. After some years, however, the question began to revive. In 1820 Lord John Russell opened the campaign, which he renewed year after year. Proposals for disfranchising rotten boroughs and enfranchising industrial towns were rejected.

In 1830 the Duke of Wellington declared his conviction, in effect, that the existing legislature was very nearly perfect. The remark created a storm which swept away the government. The new minister, Earl Grey, devoted himself to a measure of parliamentary reform, but the bill was carried on the second reading by a majority of only one. A dissolution returned a large majority in favour of the bill, but when the Commons had passed it, the Lords rejected it.

A third, somewhat modified, bill was introduced; an alternative ministry proved an impossibility; the king gave Lord Grey the promise he demanded; and by the abstention of the opposition peers the bill was passed. Rotten boroughs were abolished, the great towns enfranchised, and a uniform franchise was established in boroughs and counties respectively.

Property qualifications for members were done away with in 1858. There have been various schemes subsequently for further reforms in the franchise, but none have been carried through hitherto (1861).

The early years of the parliament under George III were signalised by the affairs of John Wilkes, when it refused him the recognized privilege in the case of an alleged libel, and subsequently when it assumed the right of voiding his election for Middlesex. It was not for some years that Wilkes in the next parliament was able to carry the motion expunging from the journals of the House the resolutions in connexion with the Middlesex elections.

To Wilkes was due another change of constitutional importance. Reports of proceedings in the House were forbidden, but had been passed in very slightly disguised forms. Such reports had become very one-sided and highly offensive. In connexion with this question the House came into collision with the City authorities, instigated by Wilkes, with the practical outcome that the publication of reports ceased to be interfered with. The publicity of all parliamentary proceedings steadily increased from that time, till hardly any comment or criticism is challenged.

A regular system of petitioning began to come into vogue in 1779, and has continuously advanced. The attempt to subject parliament to the direct control of public opinion by exacting pledges from candidates at elections seems first to have become prominent in the general election of 1774.

The power of the House of Commons has palpably increased since the reform of representation, and it has been the less provoked to strain its jurisdiction. It controls the executive, not directly, but through the responsibility of ministers to parliament. Without a majority in the House of Commons, ministers are unable to administer the affairs of the country; a vote of confidence or of no confidence in the Commons may decide a ministry's fate. Hence impeachments have become unnecessary. The century under consideration provides only the two examples of Warren Hastings and Lord Melville.

For centuries the Commons have persistently and successfully maintained their exclusive right to determine 'as to the matter, the measure, and the time' of every tax imposed upon the people. The right of the Lords to amend a money bill was denied without qualification. Their right of rejection was theoretically admitted, but not attempted to be put into practice except in the case of the Paper Duties Bill in 1860.

III—Parties and the Liberty of the Press

THE composite form of government which we have surveyed has generally been maintained in harmonious action mainly by the organization of parties. The germs of party were first discernible in the reign of Elizabeth in the actions of the Puritans.

The proceedings of Charles I led to the formation of a regular parliamentary opposition. Under Charles II the Country party and the Court party developed into Whigs and Tories; the one resting on the principle of limiting the royal authority and favouring toleration, the other leaning to prerogative and hostility to dissent; the one supported by the urban population, the other by the rural.

The accession of the House of Hanover placed the Whigs in power for half a century. George III developed a new Tory party, as we have already seen: a party whose basis was widened by the accession to power of the younger Pitt, although by birth, education and inclination he himself was a Whig.

The French Revolution drove a portion of the Whigs to join the Tories, and the remainder into at least a comparative sympathy with democracy. Even Pitt's death did not enable the Whigs to recover power; but Canning's ministry marked a new division of parties. The liberal-minded Tories returned to their natural association with the Whigs, who became dominant with the development of reform.

The Whigs, who, with their extreme associates, now came to be called Liberals, did not provide strong ministries. The Tories, led by Sir Robert Peel, recovered power, but were in turn split as a party by his adoption of Free Trade. The Peelites joined with the Whigs in the Aberdeen ministry, and after various vicissitudes a Liberal ministry came into power, led by Palmerston.

Liberty of opinion has always been the last political privilege which the people have acquired. In England the Church first, and afterwards the crown, assumed a right of prohibiting the publication of all works 'but such as should be first seen and allowed.' Political discussion was silenced by the licenser and the Star Chamber. The expression of opinion was mercilessly penalised under the Licensing Act, but after the repeal of that act in 1695 the freedom of the Press was theoretically established. Practically it was still hampered by a rigorous execution of the libel laws.

The Press now became an instrument of party. Its violence led to the imposition of the stamp duty with the object of checking the circulation of cheap papers. Throughout the reigns of the first two Georges the Press retained its scurrilous character, culminating in the North Briton of John Wilkes. This and the far more powerful letters of Junius led to a series of trials. The doctrines enunciated by Lord Mansfield resulted in juries systematically declining to return verdicts of guilty. The rights of juries and fair trial were not secured till Fox's Libel Act in 1792.

The Middlesex elections also initiated the practice of holding public meetings by way of demonstration of popular sentiment. Political associations began to be

formed. Organized mobs rose in organized riots, as in the case of the Gordon riots. With the progress of the French Revolution, associations and public meetings and seditious writings alike became the objects of prosecution.

In England, and still more in Scotland, democracy was not unnaturally regarded as utterly subversive of order, and resort was taken to very severe and often very unjust methods of repression. This state of things continued until after the passing of the notorious Six Acts in 1819. But the very harshness of the government action produced a popular reaction. The weight of public opinion was thrown in the scales in favour of freedom.

In Ireland, the organization called the Catholic Association, in itself perfectly lawful, and existing in order to formulate a perfectly legitimate demand, acquired such power as virtually to counter-balance the authority of the state. A law was passed in 1825 for its suppression, but could only be so framed as to suppress also organizations which supported the government; but the Catholic Association was promptly reorganized in such a manner as to evade the provisions of the Act. Practically it was successful in forcing Catholic emancipation on the government, and disappeared only when its object had been accomplished.

But, in fact, the whole tone of the Press was improving, as a result, not of repressive measures, but of the advance in education. Since the failure of the prosecution of Cobbett, in 1831, complete freedom of the Press has been practically established. The only checks on its expansion were the limitations on its cheapness imposed by the stamp, advertisement and paper duties. A persistent crusade against these 'taxes on knowledge' did not attain final and complete success until 1860. The histories of the Anti-Slavery Association, of the Anti-Corn Law League, and of the Chartists serve to demonstrate the advantage of giving free play to the expression popular sentiment.

IV—Religious Liberty in Ireland

The Reformation did not introduce toleration. From the accession of Elizabeth, civil disabilities attached to nonconformity; and Catholicism was associated with disaffection to the crown. Neither the Puritan ascendancy nor the reaction of the Restoration effectively diminished persecution. The latter intensified it. After the Revolution the Toleration Act recognized the right of public worship beyond the pale of the State Church, but only within the pale of Protestantism. The penal laws against Catholics in Ireland were made more severe than ever. Dissent, on the other hand, was stimulated by Wesley and Whitefield.

In the reign of George III, political causes having ceased to operate, enlightened opinion was in favour of Catholic relief. But the 'no popery' sentiment was irresistible in Scotland, and produced the Gordon Riots in London. For fear of danger to the Established Church even the movements to relieve dissenters from the disabilities imposed by the Test and Corporation Acts were rejected.

In spite of Pitt, the action of George III in 1801 and thereafter forced Catholic emancipation out of the sphere of practical politics for nearly thirty years longer. Nevertheless, during the Regency, the attitude of Mr. Canning and of Lord Wellesley heralded a marked advance in public opinion on the question.

When George IV became king the House of Lords still stood in the way. In 1828, however, the cause of the Protestant Dissenters triumphed when the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts was carried with the support of the bishops. For Catholic emancipation the decisive factor was the success of the Irish Catholic Association. The return of the Catholic leader, Daniel O'Connell, in the Clare election of 1828, convinced Peel and Wellington that the measure could no longer be withheld except at the cost of civil war.

The next stage in the extension of toleration was the removal of Jewish disabilities, which was practically effected by the Jewish Relief Act of 1858, which gave Jews full parliamentary right.

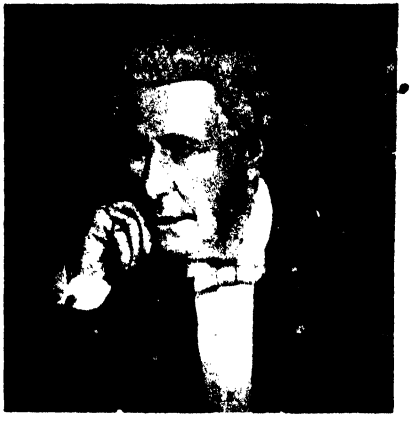
The relations of the clergy to their parishioners were greatly benefited by the Tithe Commutation Act of 1836, which substituted a rent charge upon the land for the literal payment in kind of the tithe.

In Scotland a schism arose in the Scottish Church over the question of patronage and what was called the principle of spiritual independence, whereby congregations claimed the right to reject ministers presented to livings. The government upheld established legal rights, and the result was an immense secession of ministers and congregations from the Established Church in 1843 and the formation of the Free Church of Scotland.

Nowhere has the advance of liberty been more conspicuous than in Ireland. When George III began his reign Ireland was governed by a parliament whence every Catholic was excluded. In her House of Commons the elective franchise was wholly denied to five-sixths of the people on account of their religion. Every vice of the English representative system was exaggerated. Self-interest and corruption were almost universal; places and pensions were publicly bought and sold.

THE law made no provision for the dissolution of parliament except on the demise of the crown. The executive power was in the hands of those who corruptly wielded its authority. Every judge, every magistrate, every officer was a churchman. The administration of justice as well as political power was monopolised by Protestants, and Protestant nonconformists fared little better than Catholics. The parliament was not a free legislature; it could only accept or reject what had already been passed in England. Irish commerce was restrained in the interests of England.

Within ten years of George III's accession the Irish Commons were beginning to resist the system of subordination. They were encouraged by the development of the quarrel with the American colonies, whose methods they threatened to imitate. The withdrawal of troops for the American War led to the formation of bands of lovalist volunteers; but the volunteers



THOMAS ERSKINE MAY was born in London, February 8, 1815, educated at Bedford School and called to the Bar at the Middle Temple. Appointed assistant librarian of the House of Commons in 1841 he became clerk assistant in 1856. Clerk of the House in 1871, and president of the statute law committee in 1883. He was honoured successively with the companionship and Knight Commandership of the Order of the Bath, and on his retirement in 1886 was raised to the peerage as Baron Farnborough. He died May 17, 1886

themselves were very soon demanding legislative independence. The justice of their case was recognized, and the legislature was made independent in 1782.

But the parliament was still close and corrupt. Harmony between the Irish and the English parliaments seemed unattainable; Protestants and Catholics were fiercely inflamed against each other. The doctrines of the French Revolution mingled with the various causes of discontent. In 1798 a rebellion broke out, which was crushed; but the only hope of pacification seemed to lie in a legislative union with Great Britain.

This great end was effected by Pitt, though by the most base and shameless means; and the obstinacy of the king prevented Pitt from fulfilling his promise that a union should be followed by Catholic emancipation. In the Irish executive the Protestant ascendancy was still maintained. In other respects Ireland benefited greatly by the union; but it was thirty years before the people of Ireland were fully admitted to the rights of citizens, by the emancipation of the Catholics and by sharing in the benefits of the Reform Bill.

HUGH MILLER

MY SCHOOLS AND MY SCHOOLMASTERS

BORN of parents in lowly station, and granted no opportunities of early scholastic education, Hugh Miller not only succeeded in placing his name in the first rank of scientific writers and thinkers, but so trained his native literary genius that his books are distinguished by purity and elegance of composition and classic diction, and contain many descriptive passages of really notable beauty. These qualities are displayed to full advantage in The Old Red Sandstone (see page 965) and The Testimony of the Rocks, completed the night before the distinguished author, with nerves shattered by over-work, died by his own hand. My Schools and My Schoolmasters, or The Story of My Education was published in 1854. Although professedly written for the encouragement and benefit of the working classes of his own country, there are few men of literature and science who cannot derive pleasure and profit from this simple, unaffected autobiography of a man who achieved so great a triumph over difficulties. An edition of the work is published by Nimmo at 8s. 6d.

I—Nature's Pupil



I WAS born at Cromarty on October 10, 1802, in a low, dingy cottage built by my great-grandfather, the buccaneer. Ours had long been a seafaring family. My father was a shipmaster, sailing in his own sloop in the coasting trade. His first marriage had been childless, but my mother, whom he married when he was forty four and she only three children, myself and two younger sisters. I was just five years old when he was lost at sea in a great storm, and a dreary season followed, in which my mother worked as a seamstress and was partly supported by her two brothers, my uncles James and Alexander.

My first education was at a dame's school where, in my sixth year, I became fascinated by the stories of the Old Testament. Reading was henceforth my delight and, with the assistance of my uncles, I collected a library of fairy tales in a box of birch bark about nine inches square. After Blue Beard, Sindbad the Sailor, and Aladdin, my next discoveries were translations of the Odyssey and Iliad, the Pilgrim's Progress (with uncouth woodcuts), Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver's Travels, Cook's Voyages, and many other adventures and travels.

After all, however, the two uncles were my chief teachers. Uncle James, who had a retentive memory and a great thirst for information, was a keen local antiquary, knew every old building for twenty miles around, had a considerable knowledge of architecture and was full of traditionary lore. Uncle Alexander, who had served in the navy under Nelson and in Egypt under Abercromby, was a deeply religious man, and had a strong turn for natural history.

Another strong element in my education was an enthusiasm for Scottish interests. I first became thoroughly a Scot some time in my tenth year through reading about Wallace and Bruce, and the consciousness of country has remained strong in me ever since.

After mastering that grand acquirement of my life, the art of holding converse with books, I was transferred to the grammar school of the parish, where there attended a hundred and twenty boys and thirty lassies. The master, noticing my reading habits, set me to the study of Latin; but I made little progress, as there was almost no discipline, and I had gained great popularity for long, extempore romances, which I used to dole out by the hour to my schoolfellows. The master had some notion of what was going on, but he preferred to spare the rod.

But my real education was all this time proceeding outside the school. The shores of Cromarty are strewed over with water-rolled fragments of the primary rocks, derived chiefly from the west during the

ages of the boulder-clay; and I soon learned to take a deep interest in sauntering over the various pebble-beds when shaken up by recent storms and in learning to distinguish their numerous components. But I was sadly in want of a vocabulary, and it was not until long after that I thought of representing the various species of rocks by numerals. I soon, however, acquired considerable quickness of eye in distinguishing the various kinds of rock, and definite conceptions of the generic character of the porphyries, granites, gneisses, quartz rocks, clay-slates and mica-schist which everywhere strewed the beach.

The hill of Cromarty formed at this time at once my true school and favourite playground, and if my master did wink at times harder than a master ought when I was playing truant among its woods or along its shores, it was, I believe, all for the best. The hill is one of a chain belonging to the great Ben Nevis line of elevation, and is composed chiefly of granitic gneiss and a red, splintery hornstone, but contains also many veins and beds of hornblende rock and chlorite-schist, and of a peculiar granite, of which the quartz is white as milk and the feldspar red as blood.

Roaming here with my hammer in my hand, I used to fill my pockets with specimens. At low water, too, I would accompany Uncle Sandy along the shore, and learn from him about the birds and crabs and lobsters and insects; and together, by torchlight, we explored the caves.

Among the pleasures of this period were visits to my mother's sister, who had long been settled in a highland glen in Sutherlandshire, about thirty miles from Cromarty; and the more I saw of this valley the more its interests grew. It was a gneiss district; the western slopes of the glen were mottled by grassy tomhans—the moraines of some ancient glacier; and the upper portions of vast dykes of a grey syenite stood up like broken obelisks, hoary with moss and lichen, in the bottom of the valley. My uncle and cousins were genuine Highlanders, speaking Gaelic, and were men of marked individuality of character.

BEFORE I left school I was alone with my mother, my two little sisters having died of a fever that swept over the place. I was removed from the grammar school to a subscription school, which my uncles and others had started; but the teachers were not very satisfactory and I became a wild, insubordinate boy. I was often truant; my hours in school were wasted in scribbling rhymes; and at last an actual combat with the master brought my schooldays to an end.

II—Apprenticeship

THE companions of my boyhood were scattered, my mother had entered into a second marriage, and I was face to face with the dreary prospect of a life of labour and restraint. My uncles wished me to go to college, but I refused on the ground that I had no vocation for the Church, and had neither inclination nor fitness to become doctor or lawyer. So I determined to be a mason, and agreed to serve for three years the husband of one of my maternal aunts. The quarry in which I began my labours was in the Lower Old Red Sandstone, underlying a bed of boulder clay, and this quarry brought me to be a geologist.

I was now seventeen years old, though still seven inches short of my ultimate stature, and the labour tried me exceedingly at first. But I soon fell into the knack of using the mallet, so that my good master foretold that I should be a 'grand workman.'

In my spare time I wandered along the shore seeking fossils. I shall never forget laying open my first-found ammonite from a nodular mass of bluish-grey limestone, or my first sight of a Liassic deposit, amazingly rich in organisms and exposed for several hundred yards along the shore.

This formation, which rests immediately against the Hill of Eathie, is composed of a dark shale, consisting of easily separable laminae, thin as sheets of pasteboard; and these laminae are the closely written leaves of a geologic library, as full of organic remains as pages are full of printed characters. The great Alexandrian library was a meagre collection compared with the Scottish Lias. Who, after even a few

hours in such a school, could avoid being a geologist?

Winter stopped our labours and three happy months were my own. I wandered with my cousin in the highland recesses of Strathcarron, where I saw the remains of an old forest of the native pine; also with William Ross, my gifted friend, the Cromarty house-painter, I roamed the hills in moonlight and became awakened to the wonder of scenery.

Next summer trade was dull; my master had no contracts and must for the time turn journeyman; so, with him, I set out to make trial of a life spent in bothies and barracks. This was an interesting school for the study of character. There were with us twenty-four workmen crowded in a rusty corn-kiln, open from gable to gable, and not above thirty feet long. Their life was hard and their amusements uproarious. The mason in general is a blunt, manly, taciturn fellow, who rarely wearies of his work; but in a squad he is no longer silent, but laughs much and plays pranks on his fellows. And, indeed, I have come to the conclusion that gaiety indicates little else than the want of solid enjoyment.

Here, in the neighbourhood of the Conon river, I spent many a happy, solitary evening, musing on nature and fashioning my impressions into verse or prose; and hither, after a winter spent largely in reading, I returned for my third summer's work.

III—Journeyman Wanderings

After I had completed my term and was my own master I began by building a cottage for my Aunt Jenny, which, if not very large or elegant, has served her for a home for twenty-five years. I soon got other employment, and was sent in charge of a party of workmen to build a house in Ross-shire, in the neighbourhood of the Gairloch.

The West Highlands were new country to me and the people, the geology, the wild flowers and the life of the sea-bottom alike afforded incessant interest. I rejoiced, too, in the exquisite beauty of the scenery and especially of the summer sunsets. But the miserable circumstances of the inhabitants of this region, due in the first place to the introduction of the extensive sheep-farming system into the interior, and in the second place to an inveterate and hereditary indolence, were extremely disheartening.

Next summer, the disastrous building mania of 1824–25 having just broken out, I determined to try my fortune in Edinburgh. Many a long cherished association drew my thoughts thither, and as I sailed up the Forth in a Leith smack I felt as if I were approaching a magical city. This impression increased when, having met accidentally my old friend William Ross, we viewed Edinburgh together at sunset from the summit of Arthur's Seat.

Of the older portions of the city I never tired. I found I could walk among them as purely for pleasure as among the wild and picturesque of nature. But one visit to the elegant streets and ample squares of the new town has always been enough to satisfy. Of course, I except Princes Street, where the two cities stand ranged side by side, as if for comparison, and the eye falls on a natural scenery that would be pleasing even were both the cities away.

I secured work on a manor-house a few miles to the south of Edinburgh, and began my labours as a hewer under the shades of Niddry Woods. I was now for the first time located on the Carboniferous System, but there were at that time no popular digests of geological science and I had to grope my way without a guide and with no vocabulary. However, the vegetation of the coal measures began gradually to form within my mind's eye; I imagined myself a Lilliputian wandering among our present ferns, club-mosses and equisetaceae, and thus gained a fanciful, yet, on the whole, true, picture of the ancient forests.

The masons here were paid fortnightly; wages were high—we received two pounds eight shillings for our two weeks' work—but scarce half a dozen in the squad could claim at settlement the full tale, as Monday and Tuesday after pay-night were devoted by most to drinking. Any man standing out against this evil custom was unpopular and was subjected to petty persecution, of which I had my share. But finding me incorrigible, my brother operatives

at length left me to be as peculiar as I pleased, and the months passed pleasantly in hewing great stones under the elm and chestnut trees of Niddry Park.

Though employment was very abundant in Edinburgh, I found it well to return home for a few months, since the dust of the stone which I had been hewing for the past two years had begun to affect my lungs. It was not safe for me to run the risk of another season of hard work as a stone-cutter. Accordingly, I sailed north to Cromarty in an Inverness sloop.

When, ten years later, I came southward again, it was to be taught the business of a bank accountant, and when I revisited it still later, it was to undertake the management of a metropolitan newspaper.

IV. Literary Life

In this period of ill health, and especially in quiet evening walks with a friend who was entering the ministry, I was impressed with the personal importance of religious concerns. I had sometimes thought of myself as an infidel, but my belief had been as deep as my incredulity and had a much deeper seat in my mind. Now a believer, and anon a sceptic, I had lived for years in an uneasy see-saw condition. But I now succeeded in finding a middle ground by coming to understand the central object of Christianity—an object to which the heart, as certainly as the intellect, could attach itself.

In all my experience of men I never knew a genuine instance of the love of a mere abstract God, unseen and inconceivable; the Divine Man is the great attractive centre of a system which owes to Him all its coherency.

After several months of precarious health there followed the exquisite enjoyment of convalescence, and I was able to undertake the sculpturing of sundials, tablets and tombstones, my jobs often taking me into distant country districts, where new lessons of geology and of natural life were presented to me of which I made full use.

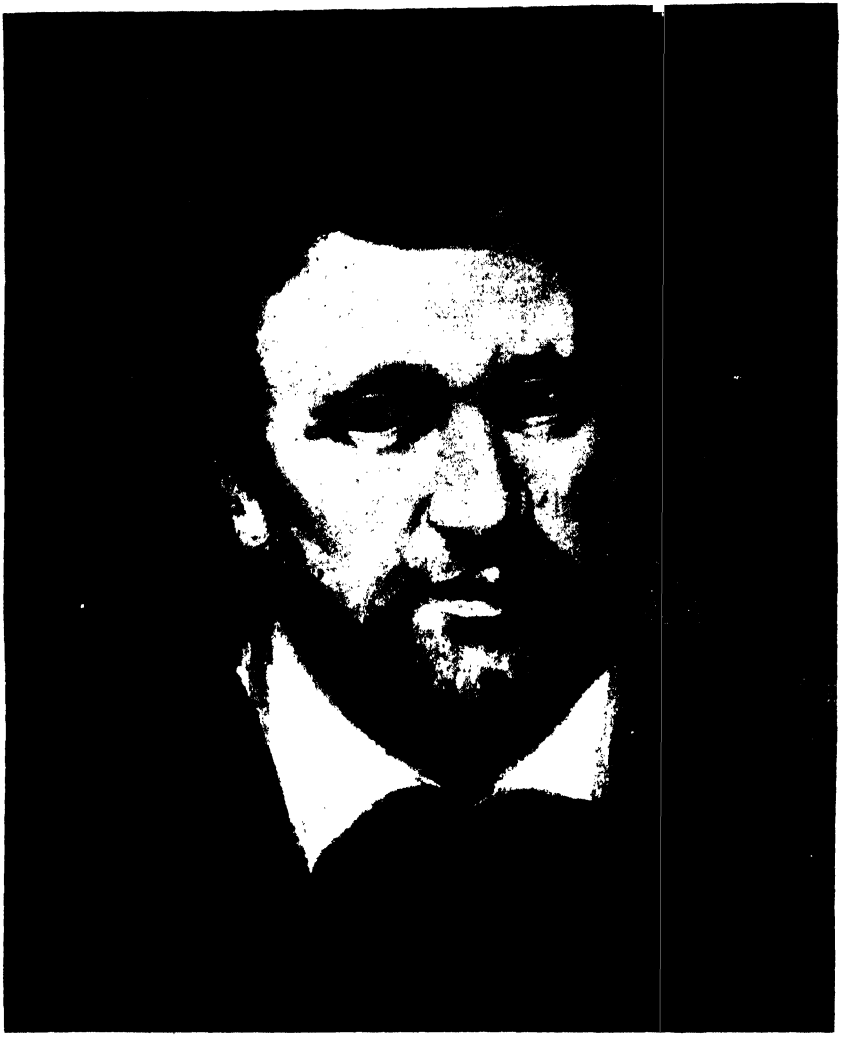
But work failed me in June 1828, and I proceeded to Inverness, where I found a few small engagements, and committed the indiscretion of publishing a collection of my verses in a small volume. They were printed at the office of the Inverness Courier, which, as one happy result, brought me acquainted with one of the ablest of Scottish editors and led to the acceptance of a series of articles on the herring fishery.

My verses and letters received various contradictory criticisms in the newspapers of the south; they also considerably enlarged my circle of friends. Among the latter was the late venerable Principal Baird, who set me upon the piece of literary task-work of which these autobiographic chapters are the offspring. He said: 'The less ordinary the mode in which a literary man's education has been acquired, the more interesting always is the story of it. I wish you to write for me an account of yours.' In compliance with this command I prepared an autobiographic sketch up to 1825, and then set myself to record, in a somewhat elaborate form, the traditions of my native district.

I used to have occasional visitors when working in the churchyard or in my uncle's garden at Cromarty and once, when standing by a dial in the latter place, I received a lady friend of mine, accompanied by two others. The younger of these was very pretty; she was then in her nineteenth year, but the *petite* figure and clear complexion made her look younger. We met again at the charming tea-parties of the place, and I found that she had a decided turn, not for the lighter, but for the severer walks of literature. We became great friends and after a courtship of five years, during which I was initiated into the banking business, we were married.

From this time I turned my leisure to account by writing for the periodicals, but my real education continued, not in these efforts, but in my work behind the bank counter, until I was called, at the beginning of 1840, to the editorial desk of The Witness.

Life itself is a school, and nature always a fresh study; and the man who keeps his eyes and ears open will always find fitting, though it may be hard, schoolmasters to speed him on in his life-long education.



Ben Jonson, poet and dramatist of the English Renaissance, was born in Westminster c. 1573. Educated at Westminster and probably at St John's College, Cambridge, he seems on his own confession somewhat to have neglected his studies, and later went campaigning in the Low Countries as a private soldier. On his return to England about 1502, he became an actor; but his career was marred through his killing a fellow-actor in a duel and being imprisoned for this offence. In 1598 he produced two of his comedies, in one of which, Every Man In His Humour, Shakespeare had a part. From this time onwards Ben Jonson's reputation as a dramatist was secure. During the reign of James I he was much employed by the king in writing masques to be performed at Court; and in 1611, after the publication of his works, he was granted a royal pension. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. This portrait is after the painting by Gerard Honthorst in the National Portrait Gallery.

BEN JONSON

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

ALTHOUGH they have not the attractive spontaneity of Shakespeare's great work, Ben Jonson's comedies are exceedingly well constructed and entertaining. His plots are often unsatisfactory, but his characters are always drawn with the precision of the true artist and with considerable humour, so that they usually constitute the chief interest in his dramas. In Every Man In His Humour (1596), for example, the plot is really very slight, but an exceedingly amusing collection of people talk constantly, wittily and wisely. The play is, indeed, a comedy of character, and is perhaps the first of this type in the English language. The voluble, swaggering Captain Bobadill, Old Knowell, the 'heavy' father, Matthew, the would-be poet who inflicts his verses on any audience, and kindly Justice Clement are as much of to-day as of the Elizabethan Age, and in following their sprightly adventures we appreciate their creator's genius.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Old Knowell	Master Matthew, a town gull	Cash
Young Knowell, in love with Bridget	Captain Bobadill	Formal
Brainworm	Downright	Justice Clement
Master Stephen, a country gull	Wellbred, his half-brother	Dame Kitely
	Kitely, husband to Downright's sister	Bridget, Kitely's sister
		Cob Tib, Cob's wife

First Act

SCENE I.—*In* Knowell's *house. Enter* Knowell, *with a letter from* Wellbred *to young* Knowell.



KNOWELL: This letter is directed to my son. Yes I will break it ope. What's here? What's this?

(*Reads*) 'Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends i' the Old Jewry? Dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there yet? If thou dost, come over and but see our frippery. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots evening and morning, o' the north-west wall. I prythee, come over to me quickly this morning; I have such a present for thee! One is a rhymer, sir, o' your own batch, but doth think himself a poet-major of the town; the other, I will not venture his description till you come.'

Why, what unhallowed ruffian would have writ
In such a scurrilous manner to a friend!
Why should he think I tell my apricots?

[*Enter* Brainworm.

Take you this letter, and deliver it my son.
But with no notice I have opened it, on your life.

[*Exeunt. Then, enter* Young Knowell, *with the letter, and* Brainworm.

Young Knowell: Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brainworm: Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents. For he charged me on my life to tell nobody that he opened it, which unless he had done he would never fear to have it revealed.

[**Young Knowell** *moves apart to read the letter.*

Enter **Stephen.** **Knowell** *laughs.*

Stephen: 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me; an he do——

Knowell: Here was a letter, indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father! Well, if he read this with patience—— (*Seeing* Stephen) What, my wise cousin! Nay, then, I'll furnish our feast with one gull more. How now, Cousin Stephen—melancholy?

Stephen: Yes, a little. I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

Knowell: Be satisfied, gentle coz, and, I pray you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning by a friend in the Old Jewry: will you bear me company?

Stephen: Sir, you shall command me twice far

Knowell: Now, if I can but hold him up to his height!

SCENE II.—Bobadill's *room, a mean chamber, in* Cob's *house.* Bobadill *lying on a bench. Enter* Matthew, *ushered in by* Tib.

Matthew: 'Save you, sir; 'save you, captain

Bobadill: Gentle Master Matthew! Sit down I pray you. Master Matthew, in any case, possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging. Not that I need to care who know it! But in regard I would not be too popular and generally visited, as some are

Matthew: True, captain, I conceive you

Bobadill: For do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirit like yourself—but what new book have you there?

Matthew: Indeed, here are a number of fine speeches in this book.

'O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears'—

There's a conceit! Another:

'O life, no life but lively form of death!
O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs'—

O the Muses! Is't not excellent? But when will you come to see my study? Good faith, I can show you some very good things I have done of late. But, captain, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly.

Bobadill : Squire Downright, the half-brother was't not? Hang him, rook! Come hither; you shall chartel him. I'll show you a trick or two you shall kill him with, at pleasure, the first stoccata, if you will, by this air. Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted, some tavern or so. What money ha' you about you?

Matthew : Faith, not past a two shillings or so.

Bobadill : 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come, we will have a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine, and after, we'll call upon Young Wellbred. [*Exeunt.*

Second Act

SCENE I.—**Kitely's** *house.* **Kitely** *explains to* **Downright** *that* **Wellbred,** *who lodges with him, brings riotous companions to the house, which makes him much troubled for his pretty wife and sister.* **Bobadill** *and* **Matthew** *calling in search of* **Wellbred,** *the former insults* **Downright,** *and leaves him storming.*

SCENE II.—*Moorfields. Enter* **Brainworm,** *disguised as a maimed soldier.*

BRAINWORM : The truth is, my old master intends to follow my young master, dry-foot, over Moorfields to London this morning. Now I, knowing of this hunting match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master, have got me before in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, anything to stay his journey, I am made for ever, in faith. But here comes my young master and his cousin, as I am a true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier.

[*Enter* **Young Knowell** and **Stephen. Brainworm,** with a cock-and-bull tale of his services in the wars, persuades **Stephen** to buy his sword as a pure Toledo. *Exeunt.* Presently, *enter* **Old Knowell,** and **Brainworm** meets him.]

Brainworm (*aside*) : My master! nay, faith, have at you; I am fleshed now, I have sped so well. Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poor soldier; I am ashamed of this base course of life, but extremity provokes me to it; what remedy?

Knowell : I have not for you now.

Brainworm : Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of a can of beer; Heaven shall pay you, sweet worship!

Knowell : Art thou a man, and shamest not thou to beg?
To practice such a servile kind of life?
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman.

Brainworm : Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course—I know what I would say; but as for service—my name, sir? Please you, Fitzsword, sir.

Knowell : Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Would'st thou be modest, humble, just and true?

Brainworm : Sir, by the place and honour of a soldier.

Knowell : Nay, nay, I like not these affected oaths.
But follow me; I'll prove thee.
[*Exit.*

Brainworm : Yes, sir, straight. 'Slid, was there ever a fox in years to betray himself thus! Now shall I be possessed of all his counsels, and by that conduit, my young master.
[*Follows* **Knowell.**

Third Act

SCENE I.—*A room in the Windmill Tavern.* **Wellbred, Bobadill, Matthew.** *Enter* **Young Knowell** *with* **Stephen.**

WELLBRED : Ned Knowell! By my soul, welcome! (*Lower*) Sirrah, there be the two I writ of. But what strange piece of silence is this? The sign of the Dumb Man?

Knowell : Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine; he has his humour, sir.

Stephen : My name is Master Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me.

Matthew : Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir. Your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit. I am melancholy myself, divers times, and then I do no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score or a dozen of fine sonnets at a sitting. [so?

Wellbred : Captain Bobadill, why muse you

Knowell : He is melancholy, too.

Bobadill : Why, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service was performed at the beleaguering of Strigonium; the first but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes. Look you, sir, by St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach; and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives. Observe me judicially, sweet sir. They had planted me three demiculvirins just in the mouth of the breach, but I, with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors, and put 'em pell-mell to the sword.

[*Enter* **Brainworm,** who discloses himself apart to **Knowell** and **Wellbred,** and reports that **Old Knowell** is awaiting his return at **Justice Clement's** house. *Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*At* **Kitely's.** **Kitely** *has gone to* **Justice Clement's;** *very anxious about his wife and sister, he has ordered* **Cash** *to send him a messenger if* **Wellbred** *comes home with any of his boon-companions. Enter to* **Cash, Wellbred,** *with the party as in the last scene.*

Wellbred : Whither went your master, Thomas, canst thou tell?

Cash : I know not; to Justice Clement's, I think, sir. [*Exit.*

Knowell : Justice Clement! What's he?

Wellbred : Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city magistrate, a justice here, an excellent

good lawyer and a great scholar; but the only mad merry old fellow in Europe.

[*Enter* Cash.

Bobadill: Master Kitely's man, pray thee, vouchsafe us the lighting of this match. (**Cash** *takes match, and exit.*) 'Tis your right Trinidado. Did you never take any, Master Stephen?

Stephen: No, truly, sir, but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bobadill: Sir, I have been in the Indies where this herb grows; where neither myself nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only. By Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it, before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

[**Cob** *has entered meanwhile.*

Cob: 'Ods me, I marvel what pleasure they have in taking this roguish tobacco. It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers. An there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe



JOHN FORSTER AS KITELY

From the portrait by Daniel Mytens, R.A.

[**Bobadill** cudgels him. Enter **Cash**, who drags off the lamenting **Cob**. While the rest are conversing, **Matthew** and **Bobadill** slip out.]

Wellbred: Soft, where's Master Matthew? Gone?

Brainworm: No, sir, they went in here.

Wellbred: Oh, let's follow them. Master Matthew is gone to salute his mistress in verse. We shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now. He never comes unfurnished.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—**Justice Clement's Cob** *finds* **Kitely** *and reports the arrival of* **Wellbred's** *party.* **Kitely** *hurries home in a panic. Exit.* **Clement** *with* **Old Knowell** *and* **Formal**.

Clement (*to* **Cob**): How now, sirrah? What make you here?

Cob: A poor neighbour of your worship, come to crave the peace of your worship, a warrant for one that has wronged me, sir; an I die within a twelvemonth and a day, I may swear by the law of the land that he killed me.

Clement: How, knave? What colour hast thou for that?

Cob: Both black and blue, an't please your worship, colour enough, I warrant you.

[*Baring his arm.*

Clement: How began the quarrel between you?

Cob: Marry, indeed, an't please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco; for nothing else.

Clement: Ha! You speak against tobacco. Your name?

Cob: Cob, sir, Oliver Cob.

Clement: Then, Oliver Cob, you shall go to jail.

Cob: Oh, I beseech your worship, for heaven's sake, dear master justice!

Clement: He shall not go; I did but fear the knave. *Formal*, give him his warrant. (*Exeunt* **Formal** *and* **Cob**.) How now, Master Knowell, in dumps? Your cares are nothing. What! Your son is old enough to govern himself; let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason, you had reason to take care; but, being none of these, mirth's my witness, an I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, Come, let's try it

Fourth Act

SCENE I.—*At* Kitely's. Dame Kitely *and* Downright, *who, to his sister's great indignation, is reproving her for admitting* Wellbred's *companions. Enter* Bridget, Matthew, *and* Bobadill; Wellbred, Stephen, Young Knowell *and* Brainworm *at the back.*

BRIDGET: Servant, in truth, you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treasure thus to pour it forth
Upon so mean a subject as my worth.
What is this same, I pray you?

Matthew: Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy. I'll read it if you please.

[*Exit* Downright, disgusted. The rest listen to Matthew's 'elegy,' consisting of scraps from Marlowe. As Downright *re-enters*, fuming, Wellbred is beginning to chaff Matthew. Downright interrupts with an attack on the whole company, and threatens to slit Bobadill's ears. Swords are drawn all round, and Knowell is endeavouring to calm the disturbance, when Kitely *enters*.]

Wellbred: Come, let's go. This is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.

Stephen: I am glad nobody was hurt by his 'ancient humour.'

[*Exeunt* all but they of the house. Bridget and Dame Kitely praise the conduct of Knowell, whereupon Kitely conceives that he must be Dame Kitely's lover.]

SCENE II.—*The Old Jewry.* Wellbred *has agreed with* Knowell *to persuade* Bridget *to meet him at the Tower so that they may be married.* Brainworm *has been despatched to carry out other details of the plot. Meeting* Old Knowell *with* Formal *he reports that* (*as* Fitzsword) *his connexion with* Old Knowell *has been discovered; that he has escaped with difficulty from* Young Knowell, *and that the father had better hasten to* Cob's *house to catch his son 'in flagrante delicto.' He then goes off with* Formal. *Enter* Bobadill, Young Knowell, Matthew *and* Stephen.]

Bobadill: I will tell you, sir, by way of private; were I known to her majesty, I would undertake to save three parts of her yearly charge in holding war. Thus, sir, I would select nineteen more, gentlemen of good spirit; and I would teach the special rules, your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, till they could all play very near as well as myself. We twenty would come into the field, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; kill them, challenge twenty more; kill them, and thus kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; five days a thousand, two hundred days kills forty thousand.

[*Enter* Downright, who challenges Bobadill to draw on the spot, and cudgels him while Matthew runs away, to Knowell's enjoyment. *Exeunt* all. Wellbred makes the proposed arrangement with Bridget. Brainworm, who has stolen Formal's clothes, tricks Kitely and Dame Kitely severally into hurrying off to Cob's house to catch each other in misdoing. Then, meeting Bobadill and Matthew, he engages to procure them a warrant against Downright, and a sergeant to serve it. Old Knowell, Kitely, and Dame Kitely attended by Cash, meet outside Cob's house, each with their own suspicions; there is a general altercation, while Tib refuses to admit any of them.]

SCENE III.—*A street.* Brainworm, *who has exchanged* Formal's *clothes for a sergeant's attire. Enter* Matthew *and* Bobadill.

Matthew: 'Save you, friend. Are you not here by appointment of Justice Clement's man?

Brainworm: Yes, an't please you, sir; with a warrant to be served on one Downright.

[*Enter* Stephen, wearing Downright's cloak, which he had picked up in the scrimmage. As they are arresting him, Downright enters. He submits to arrest, but has Stephen arrested for wearing his cloak. The whole party marches off to Justice Clement's.]

Fifth Act

SCENE.—*Hall in* Justice Clement's. Clement, Kitely, Dame Kitely, Old Knowell.

CLEMENT: Stay, stay, give me leave; my chair, sirrah. Master Knowell, you went to meet your son. Mistress Kitely, you went to find your husband; you, Master Kitely, to find your wife. And Wellbred told her first, and you after. You are gulled in this most grossly all.

[Bobadill and Matthew are ushered in; then Brainworm, with Downright and Stephen; all make their charges.]

Clement: You there (*to* Bobadill), had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bobadill: Ay, an't please your worship; I had it of your clerk.

Clement: Officer (*to* Brainworm), have you the warrant?

Brainworm: No, sir; your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me to do it.

[Brainworm, in fear of some worse penalty, discloses himself. As he reveals one after another of his devices, the delighted Justice begs for him a readily granted pardon from Old Knowell. Finally, he announces that by this time Young Knowell and Bridget are married. Clement despatches a servant to bring home the young couple to dinner 'upon my warrant.' Enter Bridget, Young Knowell and Wellbred.]

Clement: Oh, the young company—welcome, welcome, give you joy. Nay, Mistress Bridget, blush not; Master Bridegroom, I have made your peace; give me your hand. So will I for all the rest, ere you forsake my roof. Come, put off all discontent. 'Tis well, 'tis well. This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love and laughter.

THE APOCRYPHA

A GREEK word signifying 'secret' or 'hidden,' Apocrypha was applied first to writings which were kept secret because they were supposed to contain truths which might be imparted only to the duly initiated. In the sixteenth century the term came to denote certain writings connected with and growing out of the Old and New Testaments, but of a different character from the books generally accepted as inspired or canonical. In common speech the Apocrypha denotes the Old Testament Apocrypha, which are included in the Greek (Septuagint) and Latin (Vulgate) versions of the Old Testament, but not in the ordinary English Bible. The Church of Rome at the Council of Trent in 1546 accepted them as 'sacred and canonical.' The Protestant Churches rejected them, but some of the Reformed Churches, including the Church of England, use them for purposes of edification. The books consist of additions to Old Testament books, such as the Book of Esther; historical works, such as Esdras I and Maccabees; didactic works, such as the Wisdom of Solomon; religious romances, such as Judith and Tobit; and apocalyptic works, such as Baruch. The Apocrypha connected with the New Testament are not so well known, and some of them are very fantastic.

The First Book of Esdras



AND Josias held the feast of the Passover in Jerusalem unto his Lord, the 14th day of the first month of the 18th year of his reign, and ordered the Levites, the holy ministers of Israel, to hallow themselves unto the Lord, and set the Holy Ark of the Lord in the house that King Solomon had built.

And there were offered in sacrifices to the Lord on the altar 37,600 lambs and kids, and 4,300 calves. And they roasted the Passover with fire: as for the sacrifices, they sod them in brass pots and pans with a good savour, and set them before all the people. And such a Passover was not kept in Israel since the time of the prophet Samuel. And the works of Josias were upright before his Lord with an heart full of godliness.

Now, after all these acts of Josias, it came to pass that Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, came to raise war at Carchemish upon Euphrates; and Josias, not regarding the words of the prophet Jeremy, spoken by the mouth of the Lord, went out against him and joined battle with him in the plain of Megiddo. Then said the king unto his servants: Carry me away out of the battle; for I am very weak. And being brought back to Jerusalem he died and was buried in his father's sepulchre. And in all Jewry the chief men, with the women, yea Jeremy the prophet, made lamentation for him unto this day.

And the people took Joachaz, the son of Josias, and made him king; but the king of Egypt deposed him and made Joakim his brother king of Judea and Jerusalem, who did evil before the Lord. Wherefore, against him, Nabuchodonosor, king of Babylon, came up and bound him with a chain of brass and carried him into Babylon. Nabuchodonosor also took of the holy vessels of the Lord and carried them away and set them in his own temple at Babylon, and made Zedechias king. Zedechias reigned eleven years, but did evil also in the sight of the Lord.

The governors of the people and of the priests did likewise many things against the Lord, and defiled the Temple of the Lord, who, being wrath with his people for their great ungodliness, commanded the kings of the Chaldees to come up against them. This they did and slew and spared neither young man nor maid, old man nor child among them.

And they took all the holy vessels of the Lord, both great and small, with the vessels of the Ark of God and the king's treasures and carried them away into Babylon. As for the House of the Lord, they burnt it, and broke down the walls of Jerusalem and set fire upon her towers. And the people that were not slain with the sword were carried unto

Babylon, who became servants to Nabuchodonosor, till the Persians reigned, to fulfil the word of the Lord spoken by the mouth of Jeremy.

In the first year of Cyrus, king of the Persians, the Lord raised up his spirit, and he made proclamation through all his kingdom, saying: The Lord of Israel, the most high Lord, hath made me king of the whole world, and commanded me to build him an house at Jerusalem in Jewry. If there be any of you that are of his people, let the Lord, even his Lord, be with him; let him go up to Jerusalem and build the house of the Lord of Israel.

THEN the chief of the families of Judea and of the tribe of Benjamin, the priests also, and the Levites, moved up to Jerusalem to build an house for the Lord there. And they were helped in all things with silver and gold, with horses and cattle and with very many free gifts. King Cyrus also brought forth the holy vessels which Nabuchodonosor had carried away from Jerusalem and had set up in his temple of idols. The vessels of gold and of silver which were brought back by Sanabassar, together with them of the captivity from Babylon to Jerusalem, were, in number, five thousand four hundred three score and nine.

But in the time of Artaxerxes, the building of the temple ceased. Now, when Darius reigned he made a great feast unto all the governors and captains that were under him from India unto Ethiopia, of an hundred and twenty-seven provinces. And when they had eaten and drunken, three young men that were of the guard that kept the king's body strove to excel each other in wise speeches. Every one wrote his sentence and referred the writings to the judgement of the king. The first declareth the strength of wine; the second declareth the power of a king; the third the force of women and above all, of truth. The third, who was Zorobabel, was judged to be the wisest; and all the people then shouted: Great is Truth, and mighty above all things.

Then said the king unto him: Ask what thou wilt, and we will give it to thee, because thou are found wisest. Then Zorobabel said unto the king: Remember thy vow which thou hast vowed to build Jerusalem in the day when thou camest into thy kingdom, and to build up the temple, which the Edomites burned when Judea was made desolate by the Chaldees.

Then Darius the king stood up and kissed him, and wrote letters for him unto all the treasurers and governors that they should safely convey on their way both him and all those that went with him to build Jerusalem. He also wrote letters unto the lieutenants in Celosyria, Phenice, and Libanus, that they should bring cedar wood from Libanus to Jerusalem; and that they should build the city. Then the families and tribes with their men-servants and maid-servants and singing men and women, escorted by a thousand horsemen, were brought back to Jerusalem.

On the first day of the second month in the second year after they were come back to Jerusalem, the foundation of the House of God was laid, and the Temple was finished in the three and twentieth day of the month of Adar, in the sixth year of Darius, and dedicated with a great feast and sacrifices.

AFTER these things, when Artaxerxes, the king of the Persians, reigned, came Esdras of the family of Aaron, the chief priest, from Babylon, and with him certain priests, Levites, holy singers and ministers of the Temple into Jerusalem. He brought commission from the king to look into the affairs of Judea and Jerusalem, and gifts of vessels of gold and silver for the use of the Temple of the Lord.

Then Esdras made proclamation in all Jewry and Jerusalem to all them who were of the captivity, that they should be gathered together at Jerusalem. Three days after, all the multitude gathered in the broad court of the Temple, and they gave their hands to put away their heathen wives and children, and to offer rams to make reconcilement for the errors they had committed. And Esdras stood up upon a pulpit of wood, which was made for that purpose, and opened the Law of Moses to the people.

So Esdras blessed the Lord God, most High, the God of Hosts, Almighty. And all the people answered: Amen; and lifting

up their hands they fell to the ground and worshipped the Lord, saying: This day is holy unto the Lord; for they all wept when they heard the Law. So the Levites published all things to the people, saying: This day is holy to the Lord; be not sorrowful. Then went they their way every one to eat and drink, and make merry, and to give to them that have nothing, and to make great cheer.

The Second Book of Esdras

THE word of the Lord came unto the prophet Esdras, saying: Go thy way, and show my people their sinful deeds which they have done against me, for they have forgotten me, and have offered unto strange gods. I gathered you together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings: But now I will cast you out from my face. Then Esdras willed to comfort Israel, but they refused and despised the commandments of the Lord; therefore he announced that the heathen were called to the heavenly kingdom. After that, Esdras saw upon the Mount Sion a great people who praised the Lord with songs; and the angel said unto him: These be they that have put off the mortal clothing, and put on the immortal, and have confessed the name of God. Now are they crowned, and receive palms in their hands from the Son of God, whom they have confessed in the world.

In the thirtieth year after the ruin of the city, Esdras was in Babylon and troubled because of the desolation of Sion. He acknowledged to God the sins of the people, yet complained that the heathen who were lords over them were more wicked than they. Uriel, the angel, then said that when Adam transgressed God's statutes the way was made narrow, and the days few and evil; but, behold, the time shall come when my son Jesus shall be revealed and shall die and all men that have life. And after seven days of silence, the earth shall restore those that are asleep, and the Most High shall appear upon the seat of judgement; and misery shall pass away but judgement shall remain; truth shall stand; and faith wax strong.

Then Esdras said: I know the Most High is called merciful, and he pardoneth; for if he did not so that they which have committed iniquities might be eased of them, the ten thousandth part of men should not remain living; there should be very few left, peradventure, in an innumerable multitude. And the angel answered: There be many created, but few shall be saved. Every one that shall be saved shall be able to escape by his works and by faith, and then they shall be shown great wonders. And it came to pass that a voice out of a bush called Esdras, which prophesied that God would take vengeance upon Egypt, Syria, Babylon and Asia; that the servants of the Lord must look for troubles, and not hide their sins but depart from evil, and they would be delivered because God is their guide.

Tobit

THIS is the Book of Tobit, of the tribe of Naphtali, who in the time of Enemessar, king of the Assyrians, was led captive to Nineve. Tobit in captivity still remembered God with all his heart, and was deprived of his goods under King Sennacherib for privily burying fellow-captives who had been killed. Then Tobit, who became blind, remembered that he had in the days of his prosperity committed to Gabael in Rages of Media the sum of ten talents; and he called his son Tobias to go forth and seek Gabael, giving him handwriting. Tobias sought a guide and found Raphael, who was an angel though Tobias knew it not, and who said he knew and had lodged with Gabael. So they went forth both.

When Tobias and Raphael came to the river Tigris, a fish leapt out of the water and would have devoured him, but the young man laid hold of it and drew it to land. The Angel bade Tobias open the fish, and take the heart and the liver and the gall, and put them up safely. The young man said to the Angel: To what use are these? And the Angel said: Touching the heart and the liver, if an evil spirit trouble any, we must make a smoke thereof, and the party shall be no



TOBIT AND ANNA, HIS WIFE

more vexed. As for the gall: it is good to anoint a man that a whiteness in his eyes shall be healed.

When they came near to Rages, the Angel said: To-day we shall lodge with Raguel, who is thy cousin and hath an only daughter named Sara. The maid is fair and wise, and I will speak that she may be given thee as a wife. Then the young man answered the Angel, that he had heard that this maid had been given to seven men who all died in the marriage chamber, and he feared lest he should also die. But the Angel said: Fear not, for she is appointed unto thee from the beginning.

Now they came to the house of Raguel, and Sara met them and brought them therein. Raguel and Edna his wife recognized Tobias as a kinsman, and kissed and blessed him. Tobias and Raphael were entertained cheerfully; and after Raphael

had communicated with Raguel, Edna, his wife, was called and an instrument of covenants of marriage between Sara and Tobias was written and sealed. And a chamber was prepared for them by Edna, who blessed Sara and asked the Lord of Heaven and Earth to give her joy. And when they had all supped, Tobias was brought in unto Sara. And, as he went he remembered the words of Raphael, and put the heart and liver of the fish upon the ashes of the perfume, and made a smoke therewith. When the evil spirit had smelled the smoke he fled into the utmost parts of Egypt, where an angel bound him. Then Tobias and Sara arose and prayed that God would have pity upon them and bless them, and mercifully ordain that they might become aged together. So they slept both that night.

Raguel praised God because the Lord had had mercy upon two that were the only begotten children of their fathers, and prayed that they might finish their life in health and joy. Raphael then went to Rages to Gabael for the money, and the two returned to Raguel's house with the bags sealed up.

Now Tobit and his wife longed for their son, and Tobias said to Raguel: Let me go, for my father and mother look no more to see me. Then Raguel gave him Sara his wife, and half his goods, servants, cattle and money. And he and Edna blessed them and sent them away.

After a prosperous journey, they drew near unto Nineve. Then Raphael told Tobias to make haste before his wife to prepare the house, and to take in his hand the gall of the fish. Now Anna sat looking about toward the way for her son, and when she espied him coming, she said to his father: Behold, thy son cometh and the man that went with him. And Anna ran forth and fell upon the neck of her son and said: From henceforth I am content to die. Tobias met his father at the door, and strake of the gall on his father's eyes, saying: Be of good hope, my father. And Tobit recovered his sight. When he saw his son, he fell upon his neck and wept, and blessed God. Then Tobit went out to meet his daughter-in-law at the gate of Nineve, and welcomed and blessed her; and there was joy among all his brethren which were at Nineve.

Tobit offered to Raphael half of all that had been brought from Rages; but Raphael called him and Tobias apart and exhorted them to praise and magnify the Lord for all the things which he had done unto them; and told them that he, Raphael, was one of the seven holy angels which go in and out before the glory of the Holy One. Then they were both troubled and fell upon their faces; but he said: Fear not, for it shall go well with you. I go up to him that sent me; but write all the things which were done in a book. And when they arose they saw him no more.

TOBIT wrote a prayer of rejoicing, saying: In the land of my captivity do I praise thee, O Lord, and declare thy might and majesty to a sinful nation. For Jerusalem shall be built up, her walls and towers and battlements restored. And all her streets shall say: Alleluia.

And when he was very aged, Tobit called his son and the six sons of his son, and bade them go into Media, for he was ready to depart out of this life, and he surely believed that which Jonas the prophet spake of Nineve, that it should be overthrown. When he had said these things he gave up the ghost. Tobias departed with his wife to Media, and died there; but before he died he heard of the destruction of Nineve by Nabuchodonosor.

Judith

IN the days of Arphaxad, which reigned over the Medes in Ecbatane, he fortified Ecbatane with great stone walls and towers and gates, for the going forth of his mighty armies. Nabuchodonosor, who reigned in Nineve, made war with King Arphaxad, and sent ambassadors to Cilicia, Damascus and Syria, and the land of Moab and Ammon and Judea and all Egypt asking aid; but the inhabitants thereof made light of the commandment, and sent away his ambassadors with disgrace. Therefore, Nabuchodonosor was very angry, and sware by his throne that he would be avenged upon all the inhabitants of these countries.

Nabuchodonosor, in the seventeenth year of his reign, marched in battle array against Arphaxad and overthrew his power and all his horsemen and chariots, and took his cities even unto Ecbatane, and spoiled the streets thereof, and turned the beauty of the city into shame. He also took Arphaxad in the mountains of Ragau and smote him. So he returned to Nineve with all his company of sundry nations and feasted. In the eighteenth year, Nabuchodonosor called the chief captain of his army, Holofernes, and commanded him to take one hundred and twenty thousand footmen and twelve thousand horsemen and go against all the west country because they had disobeyed his commandment. He charged also Holofernes to spare none that would not yield and put them to the slaughter.

AND the army went forth with a great number of allies like locusts into Cilicia, and destroyed Phud and Lud, and all the children of Rasses and Ishmael. Then the army went over Euphrates and went through Mesopotamia, and destroyed all the high cities on the river Arbonai to the sea, and then to Japheth over against Arabia, and Media and Damascus, and burned up their tabernacles, destroyed their flocks and herds, utterly wasted their countries and smote all their young men with the edge of the sword. Then fear fell upon the inhabitants of Tyre and Sidon, on the sea coasts, who sent ambassadors unto Holofernes, and made submission. He received them, yet he cast down their frontiers, cut down their groves, destroyed all the gods of the land, and decreed that all the nations should worship Nabuchodonosor only, and call upon him as God.

Now, the children of Israel that dwelt in Judea, who were newly returned from captivity, were exceedingly afraid for Jerusalem and for the Temple of the Lord their God. Therefore, they possessed themselves of all the tops of the high mountains, and fortified the villages, and laid up victuals for the provision of war. And Joakim and all the priests ministered unto the Lord in the Temple, and offered sacrifices and prayed that he would not give the children of Israel for a prey, their wives for a spoil, the cities of their inheritance to destruction, and the sanctuary to profanation.

Holofernes was very angry when he heard this. And Achior, captain of the sons of Ammon, told Holofernes what the Jews were, their history, and what their God had done for them; and advised Holofernes not to meddle with them. There was then tumult in the council of the Assyrian host, and Holofernes despised the God of the people of Israel, and sent Achior to the children of Israel that were in Bethulia, in the hill country. Then Holofernes with all his army besieged Bethulia, and took possession of the fountains of water, so that the inhabitants fainted for thirst, and there was no longer any strength in them. They murmured against the governors, and called upon them to deliver the city to Holofernes and his army. Ozias, the chief of the city, said: Brethren, be of good courage; let us yet endure five days, in which space the Lord our God may turn his mercy towards us; for he will not forsake us utterly.

NOW Judith heard thereof. She was a widow and was of a goodly countenance and very beautiful to behold, and she feared God greatly. Judith sent for the ancients of the city, and blamed them for provoking the Lord to anger by their lack of trust, and she promised that she would do a thing within the days before the city was to be delivered to their enemies which should go throughout all generations to the children of the nation. Then Judith went to the House of the Lord and fell upon her face and called upon the Lord who breaketh the battles to bless her purpose.

She went thereafter to her house, put off the garments of widowhood and of sackcloth, and bathed, and anointed herself with precious ointment, and put on the garments of gladness, with bracelets and chains and rings and ornaments to lure the eyes of all the men that should see her. Then she went forth with her maid out of the city of Bethulia into the camp of the Assyrians, and was taken by the guard to the tent of Holofernes, who marvelled at her beauty. Holofernes asked Judith the cause of her coming, and she declared that



JUDITH EXHIBITING THE HEAD OF HOLOFERNES TO THE PEOPLE OF BETHULIA

From the sculpture by René Letourneur

if he would follow her words, he and his army would be led by her through the midst of Judea unto Jerusalem wherein he would set up his throne.

Holofernes and all his servants were pleased, and said there was not such a woman in all the earth for beauty of face and wisdom of words. Judith would not eat of the meats and wine which Holofernes offered her, but partook only of the provisions which her maid had brought with her in a bag. Then she was brought into a tent and abode in the camp three days, going out every night into the valley of Bethulia to pray. In the fourth day Holofernes made a feast, and said to Bagoas, the eunuch, to go and persuade the Hebrew woman to come and eat and drink with him and his officers. Judith arose and decked herself, and went in and sat on the ground on soft skins over against Holofernes, whose heart was ravished with her, and his mind moved, and he desired greatly her company.

Now Judith took and ate and drank what her maid had prepared, and Holofernes was greatly delighted with her, and drank much more wine than he had drunk at any time in one day since he was born. Judith, when the evening was come, was left alone with Holofernes, and the servants were dismissed. Then she came to the pillar of the bed, which was at Holofernes' head, took down his fauchion, seized hold of the hair of his head, and said: Strengthen me, O Lord God of Israel, this day. And she smote twice upon his neck with all her might, and took away his head from him.

She put the head in her bag of meat and gave it to her maid, and the twain went forth together, according to their custom, as unto prayer, and passed the camp. Then came they to Bethulia, and were admitted into the city; and the people were astonished wonderfully and worshipped God, and said: Blessed be thou, O our God, which hast this day brought to naught the enemies of thy people. The head of Holofernes was hanged up on the highest place of the city walls, and the men of Israel went forth by bands into the passes of the mountain.

When the Assyrians saw this, they sent to Holofernes' tent, and said that the slaves of Israelites had come forth against them in battle. Then Bagoas went into the tent and found the body of Holofernes cast upon the ground and his head taken away. When also he found not Judith, he leapt out to the people and told them; and great fear and trembling fell upon them, and they fled, being chased until past Damascus and the borders thereof by the children of Israel, who gat many spoils. Then Judith sang a song of thanksgiving in all Israel, and the people sang after her. She dedicated the spoil of Holofernes, which the people had given her, for a gift unto the Lord; and when she died in Bethulia, a widow of great honour, all Israel did lament.

The Book of Esther

These are the chapters of the Book of Esther, which are found neither in the Hebrew nor in the Chaldee.

In the second year of the reign of Artaxerxes the Great, Mardocheus, who was a Jew and dwelt in the city of Susa, had a dream. And the same night he overheard two eunuchs plotting to lay hands on Artaxerxes, and he, being a servitor in the king's court, told the king; and the eunuchs, after examination, were strangled. Aman, who was in great honour with the king, because of this induced Artaxerxes to write to all the princes and governors from India unto Ethiopia to destroy all the Jews, with their wives and children, without pity.

Mardocheus and Queen Esther, being in the fear of death, resorted unto the Lord, and prayed for deliverance, and for the preservation of the children of Israel. On the third day, Queen Esther cometh unto the king's presence; and she was ruddy through the perfection of her beauty, but her heart was in anguish for fear. The king looketh angrily at her as she stood before his royal throne, and she fainteth. Then God changed the spirit of the king, who leaped from his throne, took her in his arms, saying: Be of good cheer, thou shalt not die, though our commandment be general. As he spoke, she fell a second time for faintness, and the king was troubled and his servants comforted her.

Artaxerxes then wrote a letter to all the princes wherein he taxed Aman, the Macedonian, with having by manifold and cunning deceits sought the destruction of Mardocheus, who had saved the king's life, and also of the blameless Esther, partaker of his kingdom, with their whole nation. The king revoked the decree procured by Aman, who, with all his family, was hanged at the gates of Susa. And the king commanded the day of their deliverance to be kept holy.

The Wisdom of Solomon

LOVE righteousness, ye that be judges of the earth, for into a malicious soul wisdom shall not enter. The spirit of the Lord filleth the world: therefore he that speaketh unrighteous things cannot be hid. Seek not death in the error of your life: for God made not death, and righteousness is immortal. The ungodly reason, but not aright: life is short and tedious which, being extinguished, our bodies shall be turned into ashes, and our spirit vanish as the soft air. Come therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present. Their own wickedness hath blinded them, for God created us all to be immortal.

Nevertheless, through envy of the devil came death into the world. The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no torments touch them. Having been a little chastised they shall be greatly rewarded. Better to have no children and to have virtue; for children begotten of unlawful beds are witnesses against their parents. Honourable age is not measured by number of years. He, being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time. For his soul pleased the Lord: therefore hasted he to take him away from among the wicked. This the people saw and understood it not, neither laid they up this in their minds, that his grace and mercy are with his saints, and that he hath respect unto his chosen. The wicked wonder at the godly, and say: what hath pride profited us? And what good hath riches, with our vaunting, brought us? All those things are passed away like a shadow. The hope of the ungodly is like dust that is blown away: but the righteous live for evermore: their reward is a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand. Wisdom is easily found of such as seek her, therefore princes must desire her; for a wise prince is the stay of his people. He that hath Wisdom hath every good thing. Moreover, by her means man shall obtain immortality, and leave behind him an everlasting memorial.

The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach; or Ecclesiasticus

THERE are two prologues to this book. The first is by an uncertain author, stating that the book is the compilation of three hands and is in imitation of the Book of Solomon. The second prologue is by Jesus the son of Sirach and grandchild to Jesus of the same name, who had read the law and the prophets and other books of the fathers and had been drawn himself to write something pertaining to wisdom and learning. Coming into Egypt when Euergetes was king, Jesus, son of Sirach, found a book of no small learning and bestowed diligence and travail to interpret it, and to bring it to an end.

Among the precepts are: All wisdom cometh from the Lord: she is with all flesh according to his gift. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and driveth away sins. My son, if thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for temptation. Set thy heart aright, and constantly endure. Woe be to fearful hearts; but they that fear the Lord shall be filled with the law. Whoso honoureth his father maketh an atonement for his sins. He that honoureth his mother layeth up treasure.

Seek not out the things that are too hard for thee: profess not the knowledge that thou hast not. Defraud not the poor of his living: and be not faint-hearted when thou sittest in judgement. Set not thy heart upon thy goods, for the Lord will surely revenge thy pride. Winnow not with every wind, and let thy life be sincere. Do not extol thy own conceit: if thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first. A faithful friend is a strong defence. Seek not of the Lord pre-eminence: humble thy soul greatly. Fear

the Lord, and reverence his priests. Stretch thine hand unto the poor, and mourn with them that mourn. Strive not with a mighty man: kindle not the coals of a sinner. Lend not unto him that is mightier than thyself: be not surety above thy power. Go not to law with a judge: consult not with a fool. Judge none blessed before his death. He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.

Say not thou: it is through the Lord that I fell away: He has caused me to err. The Lord made man from the beginning and left him in the hand of his counsel. He has commanded no man to do wickedly, neither has he given any man licence to sin. The knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom: neither at any time the counsel of sinners prudence. Whoso discovereth secrets loseth his credit and shall never find friend to his mind. Health and good estate of body are above all gold. There is no joy above the joy of the heart. Give not over thy mind to heaviness: the joyfulness of a man prolongeth his days. Envy and wrath shorten life: carefulness bringeth age before the time.

Then follow praises of a good householder, a good physician, a wise interpreter of the law, and injunctions as to how a man should bear the miseries of life and face the approach of death. And the book concludes with praises of the Patriarchs and the Prophets.

Baruch

BARUCH, the son of Nerias, wrote a book in Babylon what time the Chaldeans took Jerusalem and burnt it with fire. Baruch read the words of this book in the hearing of Jechonias, the son of the king of Judah, and in the ears of all the people. The Jews wept at the reading of it, by the river Sud, and made a collection of money to send to Jerusalem, unto the high priest Joakim, to buy burnt offerings and sin offerings and incense, and to prepare manna to be offered upon the altar of the Lord. The people at Jerusalem are asked also to pray for the life of Nabuchodonosor, King of Babylon, and his son Balthasar, and for those who sent the gifts and the book.

The book begins with a prayer and confession which the Jews at Babylon make, acknowledging that they are yet this day in captivity for a reproach and a curse, and to be subject to payments according to all the iniquities of their fathers which departed from the Lord our God. Then beginneth the book: Hear, O Israel, the commandments of life: give ear to understand wisdom. Let them that dwell about Sion come, and remember the captivity of my sons and daughters, which the Everlasting hath brought upon them. Be of good cheer, O my children, crying unto the Lord, and he shall deliver you from the power and hand of the enemies. I sent you out with mourning and weeping: but God will give you to me again with joy and gladness for ever. Put off, O Jerusalem, the garment of thy mourning and affliction, and put on the comeliness of the glory that cometh from God for ever; for behold thy children gather from the west and from the east and return out of captivity with glory.

With this Book of Baruch there is an Epistle of Jeremy, which he sent unto them that were to be led captive into Babylon because of their sins. The prophet describes the idols and the conduct of the priests and those who attend the heathen temples, and warns the captives not to worship the false gods in Babylon.

The History of Susanna

THERE dwelt a man in Babylon called Joakim. And he took a wife whose name was Susanna, a very fair woman, and one that feared the Lord. The same year were appointed two of the ancients of the people to be judges, and they saw Susanna walking in her husband's garden, and their lust was inflamed towards her. Now Susanna went into the garden to bathe, for it was hot, and dismissed her maids. The two elders, who had hidden in the garden, rose up and said: Consent and lie with us. If thou wilt not, we will bear witness against thee that a young man was with thee, and therefore thou didst send thy maids away.



SUSANNA AND THE ELDERS

From the painting by Guercino in the Prado Gallery, Madrid

Then Susanna cried with a loud voice, and the two elders cried out against her, and declared their matter. The servants rushed in at the privy door and were greatly ashamed, for there was never such a report made of Susanna. It came to pass the next day when the people were assembled to her husband Joakim, with the two elders full of mischievous imagination against Susanna, these wicked men commanded Susanna to uncover her face that they might be filled with her beauty, and her friends and all that saw her wept. Then the elders made their charge which they had agreed upon against Susanna, and the assembled people believed them: so they condemned her to death. Then Susanna cried to the Everlasting God, saying: Thou knowest that they have borne false witness against me, and that I never did such things as these men have maliciously invented against me. And the Lord heard her voice.

When she was led to be put to death, the Lord raised up the holy spirit of a youth named Daniel, who said: Are ye such fools, ye sons of Israel, that without examination or knowledge of the truth ye have condemned a daughter of Israel? Then Daniel put the two elders aside, one far from the other, to examine them. To the first he said: If thou hast seen her, under what tree sawest thou them companying together? He answered: Under a mastic tree. Daniel said: Very well; and he put him aside and commanded the other to be brought. Tell me, he said, under what tree didst thou take them companying together? He answered: Under an holm tree. Then Daniel said: These men have lied against their own heads. Then the assembly arose against the two elders, for Daniel had convicted them of false witness by their own mouth; and they put them to death. Thus the innocent blood was saved the same day.

The History of the Destruction of Bel and the Dragon

WHEN Cyrus of Persia received his kingdom, Daniel conversed with him, and was honoured above all his friends. Now, the Babylonians had an idol called Bel, which the king worshipped, but Daniel worshipped his own God. The king said unto him: Why dost thou not worship Bel? Daniel answered: Because I may not worship idols made with hands, but the living God. Then the king said: Thinkest thou not that Bel is a living god? Seest thou not how much he eateth and drinketh every day? Then Daniel smiled and said: O king, be not deceived; for this is but clay within and brass without, and it never eateth or drinketh anything. So the king was wroth, and called for his priests, and said unto them: If ye tell me not who this is that devoureth these expenses, ye shall die. But if ye can shew me that Bel devoureth them, then Daniel shall die: for he hath spoken blasphemy against Bel. And Daniel said unto the king: Let it be according to thy word.

Then trial was made by order of the king, and meat and wine were set in the temple, the door made fast and sealed with the king's signet. The priests of Bel were three score and ten, besides their wives and children, and they little regarded the trial, for under the table they had made a privy entrance, whereby they entered the temple continually and consumed the meat and the wine. But Daniel had commanded his servants to strew the temple floor with ashes, before the door was shut and sealed. Now, in the night came the priests with their wives and children, as they were wont, and did eat and drink up all.

In the morning betimes the king arose, and Daniel with him. As soon as the door was opened, the king looked upon the table, and cried with a loud voice: Great art thou O Bel, and with thee is no deceit at all. Then laughed Daniel, and held the king that he should not go in, and said: Behold the pavement, and mark well whose footsteps are these. And the king saw the footsteps of men, women and children, and was angry when he was shown the privy doors where they came in and consumed such things as were upon the table. Therefore the king slew them, and delivered Bel into Daniel's power, who destroyed the idol and the temple.

In the same place there was a great dragon, which they of Babylon worshipped. The king said to Daniel: Lo! this dragon liveth, eateth, drinketh; thou canst not say that he is no living god; therefore worship him. Then said Daniel: I will worship the Lord, for he is the living God. But give me leave, O King, and I shall slay this dragon without sword or staff.

The king gave him leave, and Daniel took pitch, and fat, and hair, and did seethe them together, and made lumps thereof. These he put in the dragon's mouth so the dragon did eat, and burst in sunder. Then Daniel said: Lo, these are the gods ye worship!

When they of Babylon heard that, they conspired against the king, saying: The king is become a Jew. So they came to the king, and said: Deliver us Daniel, or else we will destroy thee and thine house. Being sore constrained, the king delivered Daniel unto them, and they cast him into the lions' den, where he was six days, during which the seven lions were given no carcases, to the intent that they might devour Daniel.

NOW, there was in Jewry a prophet called Habakkuk who made pottage and broken bread to take to the reapers in the field. An Angel of the Lord said unto Habakkuk: Go, carry the dinner that thou hast into Babylon unto Daniel, who is in the lions' den. And Habakkuk said: Lord, I never saw Babylon; neither do I know where the den is. Then the Angel of the Lord took Habakkuk by the crown, and bare him by the hair of his head, and through the vehemency of his spirit set him in Babylon over the den. And Habakkuk cried: O Daniel, take the dinner which God has sent thee. And Daniel said: Thou hast remembered me, O God: neither hast thou forsaken them that seek thee and love thee. So Daniel arose, and did eat: And the Angel of

the Lord set Habakkuk in his own place immediately. Upon the seventh day the king went to bewail Daniel; and when he came to the den, behold Daniel was sitting. Then cried the king with a loud voice, saying: Great art thou, O Lord God of Daniel, and there is none other beside thee. And he drew Daniel out, and cast those that were the cause of his suffering into the den; and they were devoured by the lions in a moment before his face.

The Prayer of Manasses

THE Prayer of Manasses, King of Judah, when he was holden captive in Babylon, is an enumeration of the attributes of the Almighty God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and of their righteous seed; a general confession of sins; and an entreaty that God would show him great mercy and goodness, forgive him and condemn him not into the lower parts of the earth. Therefore he would praise the Lord for ever, all the days of his life.

The First Book of the Maccabees

ANTIOCHUS, surnamed Epiphanes, reigned in the hundred and thirty-seventh year of the kingdom of the Greeks. In those days certain wicked men of Israel went to the king, who gave them licence to do after the ordinances of the heathen. Whereupon, they built a place of exercise at Jerusalem according to the custom of the heathen. Now, Antiochus made war against Egypt, and when he had smitten the strong cities, and taken the spoils thereof, he returned in the hundred and forty-third year and went up against Israel and Jerusalem, and captured the city with great massacre, and spoiled the Temple and took away the vessels of gold and silver. Therefore, there was great mourning in Israel. Two years after, the king sent his chief collector of tribute unto the cities of Judea, and he fell suddenly upon Jerusalem, set fire to it, and pulled down the walls thereof. And the women and children he took away captive and defiled the sanctuary.

But the enemy builded the city of David, with a great and strong wall and mighty towers, and stored it with armour and victuals and the spoils of Jerusalem, so that it became a sore snare against the sanctuary and an evil adversary to Israel. Moreover, King Antiochus wrote to his whole kingdom that all should be one people, and sent letters unto Jerusalem and the cities of Judea commanding that the Israelites should abandon their own worship, cease to circumcise their children, and adore his idols. Then was the abomination of desolation set up in the Temple, and idol altars were builded throughout the cities of Judea, and the books of the law were burnt. Howbeit many in Israel chose rather to die than they might not be defiled with meats and profane the Holy Covenant.

In those days arose Mattathias, a priest of the sons of Joarib. He dwelt in Modin, and had five sons: Joannan, Simon, Judas who was called Maccabaeus, Eleazar and Jonathan. The King's officers came to Modin and asked Mattathias to fulfil the king's commandment; but Mattathias said: Though all the nations consent, yet will I and my sons walk in the covenant of our fathers. And he slew a Jew that did sacrifice to idols in his presence, and the king's messenger also. So he and his sons fled into the mountains and, being joined by a company of mighty men of Israel, went round about and pulled down idol altars and circumcised the children valiantly. And the work prospered in their hand, and they recovered the law out of the hands of the Gentiles. When Mattathias came to die he appointed Simon as a man of counsel, and Judas Maccabaeus, who had been mighty and strong in battle even from his youth up, to be their captain to avenge the wrongs of their people. So he died in his hundred and forty-sixth year, and was buried in the sepulchre of his fathers at Modin, and all Israel made great lamentation for him.

Now, Judas Maccabaeus fought the battles of his people with great valiance, captured the cities of Judea, drove Apollonius and a great host out of Samaria, slew Apollonius, took their spoils, and

Apollonius's sword also, and therewith he fought all his life long. Judas also overthrew Seron and the great army of Syria. Then Judas was renowned unto the utmost parts of the earth, and an exceeding great dread fell upon the nations round about.

Now, when King Antiochus heard these things he was full of indignation; wherefore he sent and gathered together all the forces of his realm. And the king sent Lysias, one of the blood royal, with a great army to go into the land of Judea and destroy it. Judas and his brethren, when he heard this, assembled the Israelites at Mizpeh, over against Jerusalem, where they fasted; and Judas organized and armed them to battle, and camped at Emmaus. Gorgias, the lieutenant of Lysias, attempted to surprise Judas, but Judas joined him in battle and discomfited him, putting his host to flight and gaining great spoil. Next year Lysias gathered another army, that he might subdue the Israelites, and came into Idumea, and pitched tents at Bethsura. But Judas joined him in battle and put Lysias and his army to flight. After this, Judas and his brethren came to Jerusalem, pulled down the altar which the heathen had profaned, and set up a new altar. He also builded up Mount Sion with strong towers and high walls. After that Judas smote the children of Esau, Beau and Ammon, and sent Simon into Galilee, while he, with his brother Jonathan, went over Jordan, and captured the cities of Gilead. About that time Antiochus was in Persia, and heard of the doings of Judas. He was astonished and sore moved, and fell sick of grief and died.

Lysias set up Antiochus, his son, as king, and called him Eupator, and brought a great army into Judea. The number of his army was an hundred thousand footmen, twenty thousand horsemen, and two and thirty elephants. Judas went out from Jerusalem and pitched in Bethzacharias over against the king's camp. Then a great battle was fought, when Judas was defeated. There being a famine in the city he made peace with Eupator, who, however, ordered the wall round about Sion to be pulled down.

Demetrius came from Rome and attacked Eupator in Antioch, captured the city, and slew Eupator and Lysias. Alcimus, who wished to be high priest, complained to Demetrius of Judas, and the king sent Nicanor, a man that bare deadly hate unto Israel, to destroy the people; but he was defeated by Judas at Caphar-salama with great slaughter, and in a second battle Nicanor's host was discomfited and he himself was slain, and his head and right hand were hanged up on the tower at Jerusalem. This was a day of great gladness to Israel, and the victory was kept holy every year after.

Now, Judas being informed of the power and policy of the Romans, made a league with them of mutual help. Notwithstanding, Demetrius sent Bacchides and Alcimus a second time into Judea with a great host, and camped at Berea. Now, Judas had pitched his tent at Eleasa, where, seeing the multitude of the other army to be so great, his men began to desert him, whereupon Judas said: God forbid that I should flee away from the enemy: if our time be come, let us die manfully for our brethren, and let us not stain our honour.

The armies came into battle, and the earth shook at the noise thereof, and the fight continued from morning to night. Judas discomfited the right wing of the enemy under Bacchides and pursued them to Mount Azotus, but the left wing followed upon Judas and a sore battle took place, insomuch that many were slain on both sides. Judas was killed also, and the rest of his army fled. The body of Judas was taken to the sepulchre of his father at Modin by Jonathan and Simon his brothers, and all Israel made lamentation for him, and mourned many days, saying: How is the valiant man fallen that delivered Israel!

Jonathan took command of the Israelites in the room of Judas, and made peace with Bacchides. Thereafter, Demetrius made large offers to have peace with Jonathan, including freedom of worship and release of tribute, together with the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem and the towers thereof, and the repairs of the sanctuary; but Jonathan and the

people gave no credit to these words because they remembered the great evil Demetrius had done in Israel. Jonathan made peace with Alexander, and joined him in battle against Demetrius, whose host fled, and he himself was slain.

After that Demetrius the younger came out of Crete, and sent a great host to Azotus. Here Jonathan attacked him, and with the help of Simon, his brother, defeated the enemy and set fire to Azotus, and the temple of Dagon therein. There were burnt and slain with the sword eight thousand men. Now, King Alexander honoured Jonathan and sent him a buckle of gold such as is given to those of the king's blood. After these days, Jonathan did many wonderful exploits in Galilee and Damascus, and then returned to Jerusalem. Now, when Jonathan saw that the time served him, he renewed his league with the Romans and Lacedaemonians and pursued the Arabians until Damascus. He strengthened the cities of Judea, but he was captured by fraud by Tryphon at Ptolemais. Simon was made captain in his brother Jonathan's room, and prepared to attack Tryphon and rescue his brother, but Tryphon slew Jonathan, and returned into his own country.

The land of Judea was quiet all the days of Simon, and every man sat under his own vine and fig tree. When Simon was visiting the cities that were in the country, Ptolemeus son of Abubus, the captain of Jericho, invited Simon and his two sons into his castle called Docus. There a great banquet was given, at which Simon and his sons drank largely, and Ptolemeus and his men came into the banqueting place and slew them.

The Second Book of the Maccabees

THE Brethren, the Jews that were at Jerusalem and in the land of Judea, wrote a letter to the Jews that were throughout Egypt, wishing them good peace and calling upon them to keep the days of the Feast of Tabernacles, and thanking God for the death of Antiochus.

In this letter are recalled the sayings of Jeremy as related both in the public archives and in the records that concern Nehemiah; for Nehemiah, founding a library, gathered together the books about the kings and prophets and the books of David, and letters of kings about sacred gifts. And in like manner Judas also gathered together all those writings that had been scattered by reason of the war that befell.

The letter proceeds to relate all the things concerning Judas Maccabaeus and his brethren, and the purification of the great Temple, and the dedication of the altar, and further the wars against Antiochus Epiphanes and Eupator his son, and the manifestations that came from heaven to those that vied with one another in manful deeds of the religion of the Jews; so that being but a few they rescued the whole country, and recovered again the temple, and freed the city, and restored the laws which were like to be overthrown: all these things had been recorded by Jason of Cyrene in five books, and their contents are abridged within the compass of this letter.

'And although to us, who have taken upon us the painful labour of the abridgement, the task is not easy (even as it is no light thing unto him that prepareth a banquet, and seeketh the benefit of others); yet for the sake of the gratitude of the many we will gladly endure the painful labour.'

The story ends with the final victory of Judas Maccabaeus and the death of Nicanor the blasphemer in battle, and the exposure of Nicanor's head and his hand with the shoulder from the citadel, as a sign evident unto all of the help of the Lord.

'This then having been the issue of the attempt of Nicanor, and the city having from those times been held by the Hebrews, I also will here make an end of my book. And if I have written well and to the point in my story, this is what I myself desired; but if meanly and indifferently, this is all I could attain unto. For as it is distasteful to drink wine alone and in like manner again to drink water alone, while the mingling of wine with water at once giveth full pleasantness to the flavour; so also the fashioning of the language delighteth the ears of them that read the story. 'And here shall be the end.'



Samuel Taylor Coleridge, one of the greatest of the English Romantic poets and a literary critic and philosopher, was born on October 21, 1772, at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire. Educated at Christ's Hospital and at Jesus College, Cambridge, he left the university in 1794 before he had taken a degree. He went to Bristol to join Southey, whom he had previously met at Oxford, and began to lecture on politics and religion. In 1796, his first volume of poems appeared, and in the following year began his memorable association with William Wordsworth, which bore fruit in the joint production, Lyrical Ballads, published in 1798. From this year until 1806 Coleridge spent much time in continental travel, and was beginning to succumb to the fascinations of opium-taking. It was not until 1816 that he went to stay with Dr. Gillman, at Highgate, to combat the vicious habit. Here he remained until his death on July 25, 1834, writing his books of criticism and philosophy, and acting as a kind of literary oracle to the younger generation of writers. This portrait is from a painting by Washington Allston, A.R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

TABLE TALK

IN an age when all cultured people were expected to practise the art of conversation, Samuel Taylor Coleridge enjoyed a unique reputation as the prince of talkers. In his company exchange of ideas was virtually impossible. Ignoring interruptions, he was capable of pouring forth a ceaseless flow of speech on all things new and old, illustrated by 'a boundless range of scientific knowledge, brilliancy and exquisite nicety of illustration, deep and ready humour, immensity of bookish lore, dramatic story, joke and pun.' Dr. Dibdin in his Reminiscences records that at a large dinner party where he first met Coleridge, the writer 'wrapped himself up, as it were, in his chair, and for nearly two hours spoke with unhesitating and uninterrupted fluency. It struck me as something not only out of the ordinary course of things, but as an intellectual exhibition altogether matchless.' Table Talk, published in 1835, 'a report of these conversations made by H. N. Coleridge between 1822 and 1834, and is the only satisfactory record left of the poet' altogether astonishing powers as a talker.

Thoughts on Shakespeare and Milton



SHAKESPEARE is of no age. It is idle to endeavour to support his phrases by quotations from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, etc. His language is entirely his own, and the younger dramatists imitated him. The construction of Shakespeare's sentences, whether in verse or prose, is the necessary and homogeneous vehicle of his peculiar manner of thinking. His is not the style of the age. More particularly Shakespeare's blank verse is an absolutely new creation.

Othello must not be conceived as a negro, but a high and chivalrous Moorish chief. Shakespeare learnt the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry which was prevalent in England in his time. Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure. It was a struggle not to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall.

Hamlet's character is the prevalence of the abstracting and generalising habit over the practical. He does not want courage, skill, will, or opportunity; but every incident sets him thinking; and it is curious, and at the same time strictly natural, that Hamlet, who all through the play seems reason itself, should be impelled at last, by mere accident, to effect his object.

Measure for Measure is the single exception to the delightfulness of Shakespeare's plays. It is a hateful work. Our feelings of justice are grossly wounded in Angelo's escape. Isabella herself contrives to be unamiable, and Claudio is detestable.

Shakespeare's sonnets have been supposed by some to be addressed to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, whom Clarendon calls the most beloved man of his age, though his licentiousness was equal to his virtues. I doubt this. I do not think that Shakespeare, merely because he was an actor, would have thought it necessary to veil his emotions towards Pembroke under a disguise, though he might probably have done so if the real object had perchance been a Laura or a Leonora. It seems to me that the sonnets could only have come from a man deeply in love, and in love with a woman; and there is one sonnet which, from its incongruity, I take to be a purposed blind. The 20 sonnets form a poem of so many stanzas of fourteen lines each; and, like the passion which inspired them, the sonnets are always the same, with a variety of expression—continuous, if you regard the lover's soul, distinct, if you listen to him as he heaves them, sigh after sigh.

In my judgement, an epic poem must either be national or mundane. As to

Arthur, you could not by any means make a poem on him national to Englishmen. What have we to do with him? Milton saw this, and with a judgement equal to his genius, took a mundane theme—one common to all mankind. His Adam and Eve are all men and women inclusively.

In the Paradise Lost, indeed, in every one of his poems, it is Milton himself whom you see: his Satan, his Adam, his Raphael, almost his Eve—are all John Milton; and it is a sense of this intense egotism that gives me the greatest pleasure in reading Milton's works. The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit.

I have no doubt whatever that Homer is a mere concrete name for the rhapsodies of the Iliad. Of course there was a Homer, and twenty besides. I will engage to compile twelve books with characters just as distinct and consistent as those of the Iliad, from the metrical ballads and other chronicles of England about Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. I say nothing about moral dignity, but the mere consistency of character. The different qualities were traditional. Tristram is always courteous, Lancelot invincible, and so on. The same might be done with the Spanish romances of the Cid. There is no subjectivity whatever in the Homeric poetry. There is a subjectivity of the poet, as of Milton, who is himself before himself in everything he writes; and there is a subjectivity of the *persona*, or dramatic character, as in Shakespeare's great creations, Hamlet, Lear, etc.

Whole volumes of Wordsworth's poems were formerly neglected or laughed at, solely because of some few wilfulnesses of that great man; whilst at the same time five-sixth of his poems would have been admired, and indeed popular, if they had appeared without those drawbacks under the name of Byron or Moore or Campbell, or any other of the fashionable favourites of the day. But he has won the battle now; ay! and will wear the crown, whilst English is English.

Some Literary Preferences

I THINK Crabbe and Southey are something alike; but Crabbe's poems are founded on observation and real life, Southey's on fancy and books. In facility they are equal.

It seems, to my ear, that there is a sad want of harmony in Byron's verses. Is it not unnatural to be always connecting very great intellectual power with utter depravity? Does such a combination often really exist *in rerum natura*?

A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth met Mr. —— and myself in a lane near Highgate. —— knew him, and spoke. It was Keats. He was introduced to me, and stayed a minute or so. After he had left us a little way, he came back and said: "Let me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having pressed your hand!" "There is death in that hand," I said to ——, when Keats was gone; yet this was, I believe, before the consumption showed itself distinctly.

I read all sorts of books with some pleasure, except modern sermons and treatises on political economy. Illness never in the smallest degree affects my intellectual powers. I can think with all my ordinary vigour in the midst of pain; but I am beset with the most wretched and unmanning reluctance and shrinking from action. I could not upon such occasion take the pen in hand to write down my thoughts for all the wide world. When I am very ill indeed, I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I can then read. I cannot at such times read the Bible; my mind reflects on it, but I can't bear the open page.

I think highly of Sterne—that is, of the first part of Tristram Shandy, but as to the latter part, about the Widow Wadman, it is stupid and disgusting; and the Sentimental Journey is poor, sickly stuff. There is a great deal of affectation in Sterne.

I have received a great deal of pleasure from some of the modern novels, especially Captain Marryat's Peter Simple. That book is nearer Smollett than any I remember. And Tom Cringle's Log in Blackwood's is also most excellent.

Dr. Johnson's fame now rests principally upon Boswell. It is impossible not to be amused with such a book. But his bow-wow manner must have had a good deal to do with the effect produced, for no one, I

suppose, will set Johnson before Burke—and Burke was a great and universal talker—yet now we hear nothing of this except by some chance remarks in Boswell.

The fact is, Burke, like all men of genius who love to talk at all, was very discursive and continuous; hence he is not reported. He seldom said the sharp, short things that Johnson almost always did, which produce a more decided effect at the moment, and which are so much more easy to carry off. Besides, as to Burke's testimony to Johnson's powers, you must remember that Burke was a great courtier; and Burke said and wrote more than once that he thought Johnson greater in talking than writing, and greater in Boswell than in real life.

The Pilgrim's Progress is composed in the lowest style of English, without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision. This wonderful work is one of the few books which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with a new and different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian—and let me assure you that there is great theological acumen in the work—once with devotional feelings, and once as poet. I could not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colours.

THE reason of my not finishing Christabel is not that I don't know how to do it, for I have as I always had the whole plan entire from beginning to end in my mind; but I fear I could not carry on with equal success the execution of the idea. After the continuation of Faust, which they tell me is very poor, who can have courage to attempt a reversal of the judgement of all criticism against continuations? Let us except Don Quixote, although the second part of that transcendent work is not exactly *toto dista* with the original conception.

Love in Life and Literature

A PERSON once said to me that he could make nothing of love, except that it was friendship accidentally combined with desire. Whence I concluded that he had never been in love. For what shall we say of the feeling which a man of sensibility has towards his wife with her baby at her breast! How free from sensual desire! Yet how different from friendship!

Love is the admiration and cherishing of the amiable qualities of the beloved person, upon the condition of yourself being the object of their action. The qualities of the sexes correspond. The man's courage is loved by the woman, whose fortitude again is coveted by the man. His vigorous intellect is answered by her infallible tact. Can it be true what is so constantly affirmed, that there is no sex in souls? I doubt it exceedingly.

Everyone who has been in love knows that the passion is strongest, and the appetite weakest, in the absence of the beloved object, and that the reverse is the case in her presence. The man's desire is for the woman; but the woman's desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man.

A slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.

Luther has sketched the most beautiful picture of the nature and ends and duties of the wedded life I ever read. St Paul says it is a great symbol, not mystery, as we translate it.

Except in Shakespeare, you can find no such thing as a pure conception of wedded love in our old dramatists. In Massinger and Beaumont and Fletcher it really is on both sides little better than sheer animal desire. There is scarcely a suitor in all their plays whose abilities are not discussed by the lady or her waiting-woman. In this, as in all things, how transcendent over his age and his rivals was Shakespeare!

'Most women have no character at all,' said Pope, and meant it for satire. Shakespeare, who knew man and woman much better, saw that it, in fact, was the perfection of woman to be characterless. Everyone wishes a Desdemona or Ophelia for a wife—creatures who, though they may not always understand you, do always love you, and feel with you.

Our version of the Bible is to be loved and prized for this, as for a thousand

other things—that it has preserved a purity of meaning to many terms of natural objects. Without this holdfast, our vitiated imagination would refine away language to mere abstractions. Intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style. Think of the sublimity, I should rather say the profundity, of that passage in Ezekiel, 'Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest.' I know nothing like it.

I never had, and never could feel, any horror at death—simply as death.

I am never very forward in offering spiritual consolation to anyone in distress or disease. I believe that such resources must be self-evolved in the first instance.

Good and bad men are each less so than they seem. As there is much beast and some devil in man, so is there some angel and some God in him. The beast and the devil may be conquered, but in this life never destroyed.

Thoughts on Music and Men

SILENCE does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner some time ago in company with a man who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with: "Them's the jockies for me!" I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head.

Few men of genius are keen; but almost every man of genius is subtle. If you ask me the difference between keenness and subtlety, I answer that it is the difference between a point and an edge. To split a hair is no proof of subtlety; for subtlety acts in distinguishing differences—in showing that two things apparently one are in fact two; whereas, to split a hair is to cause division, and not to ascertain difference.

Men of humour are always in some degree men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may, amongst other gifts, possess wit—as Shakespeare. Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as, in like manner, imagination must have fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower.

An ear for music is a very different thing from a taste for music. I have no ear whatever; I could not sing an air to save my life; but I have the intensest delight in music, and can detect good from bad. Naldi remarked to me once that I did not seem much interested with a piece of Rossini's which had just been performed. I said it sounded to me like nonsense verses. But I could scarcely contain myself when a thing of Beethoven's followed.

Some music is above me; most music is beneath me. I like Beethoven and Mozart—or else some of the aerial compositions of the elder Italians, as Palestrina, and Carissimi. And I love Purcell.

The best sort of music is what it should be—sacred; the next best, the military, has fallen to the lot of the devil.

I could write as good verses now as ever I did, if I were perfectly free from vexations, and were in the *ad libitum* hearing of fine music, which has a sensible effect in harmonising my thoughts, and in animating my inventive faculty.

THERE are three classes into which all the women past seventy that ever I knew were to be divided: (1) That dear old soul; (2) that old woman; (3) that old witch.

The three great ends which a statesman ought to propose to himself in the government of a nation are: (1) security to possessors; (2) facility to acquirers; (3) hope to all.

Buonaparte was the child of circumstances which he neither originated nor controlled. He had no chance of preserving his power but by continual warfare. No thought of a wise tranquillisation of the shaken elements of France seems ever to have passed through his mind; and I believe that at no part of his reign could he have survived one year's continued peace. He never had but one obstacle to contend with—physical force, the least difficult enemy a general, subject to courts-martial and courts of conscience, has to overcome.

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

SYBIL, OR THE TWO NATIONS

FIRST published in 1845, a year after Coningsby (see page 1738), Sybil, or the Two Nations, is not only an extremely interesting novel, but a study of social life in England of very definite historical value. In it the novelist considered the condition of the people, and, writing in 1870 about the book, the author himself said: 'At that time the Chartist agitation was still fresh in the public memory and its repetition was far from improbable. I had visited and observed with care all the localities introduced, and as an accurate and never exaggerated picture of a remarkable period in our domestic history, and of a popular organization which, in its extent and completeness has, perhaps, never been equalled, the pages of Sybil may, I venture to believe, be consulted with confidence.' Two years after the publication of this book, Disraeli became the leader of his party in the House of Commons, and no more novels came from his pen until 1870.

I—Hard Times for the Poor



IT was Derby Day 1837. Charles Egremont was in the ring at Epsom with a band of young patricians. Groups surrounded the betting post, and the odds were shouted lustily by a host of horsemen. Egremont had backed Caravan to win, and Caravan lost by half a length. Charles Egremont was the younger brother of the Earl of Marney; he had received £15,000 on the death of his father, and had spent it. Disappointed in love at the age of twenty-four, Egremont left England, to return after eighteen months' absence a much wiser man. He was now conscious that he wanted an object and, musing over action, was ignorant how to act.

The morning after the Derby, Egremont, breakfasting with his mother, learnt that King William IV was dying and that a dissolution of parliament was at hand. Lady Marney was a great stateswoman, a leader in fashionable politics.

"Charles," said Lady Marney, "you must stand for the old borough, for Marbury. No doubt the contest will be very expensive, but it will be a happy day for me to see you in parliament, and Marney will, of course, supply the funds. I shall write to him, and perhaps you will do so yourself."

The election took place and Egremont was returned. Then he paid a visit to his brother at Marney Abbey and an old estrangement between the two was ended.

Marney Abbey was as remarkable for its comfort and pleasantness of accommodation as for its ancient state and splendour. It had been a religious house. The founder of the Marney family, a confidential domestic of one of the favourites of Henry VIII, had contrived to obtain the grant of the abbey lands, and in the reign of Elizabeth came a peerage.

The present Lord Marney upheld the workhouse, hated allotments and infant schools, and declared the labourers on his estate to be happy and contented with a wage of seven shillings a week.

The burning of hayricks on the Abbey Farm at the time of Egremont's visit showed that the torch of the incendiary had been introduced and that a beacon had been kindled in the agitated neighbourhood. For misery lurked in the wretched tenements of the town of Marney and fever was rife. The miserable hovels of the people had neither windows nor doors, were unpaved, and looked as if they could scarcely hold together. There were few districts in the kingdom where the rate of wages was more depressed.

"What do you think of this fire?" said Egremont to a labourer at the Abbey Farm.

"I think 'tis hard times for the poor, sir," was the reply, given with a shake of the head.

II—The Old Tradition

"WHY was England not the same land as in the days of his light-hearted youth?" Charles Egremont mused, as he wandered among the ruins of the ancient abbey. "Why were these hard times for the poor?" Brooding over these questions he observed two men hard by in the old cloister garden, one of lofty stature, nearer forty than fifty years of age, the other younger and shorter, with a pale face redeemed from ugliness by its intellectual brow. Egremont joined the strangers, and talked.

"Our queen reigns over two nations, between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy—the rich and the poor," said the younger stranger.

As he spoke, from the lady chapel rose the evening hymn to the Virgin in tones of almost supernatural tenderness.

The melody ceased; and Egremont beheld a female form, a countenance youthful, and of a beauty as rare as it was choice.

The two men joined the beautiful maiden, and the three quitted the abbey grounds together without another word and pursued their way to the railway station.

"I have seen the tomb of the last abbot of Marney, and I marked your name on the stone, my father," said the maiden. "You must regain our lands for us, Stephen," she added to the younger man.

"I can't understand why you lost sight of those papers, Walter," said Stephen Morley.

"You see, friend, they were never in my possession; they were not mine when I saw them. They were my father's. He was a small yeoman, well-to do in the world, but always hankering after the old tradition that the lands were ours. This Hatton got hold of him; he did his work well, I have heard. It is twenty-five years since my father brought his writ of right and, though baffled, he was not beaten. Then he died; his affairs were in great confusion; he had mortgaged his land for his writ. There were debts that could not be paid. I had no capital. I would not sink to be a labourer. I had heard much of the high wages of this new industry; I left the land."

"And the papers?"

"I never thought of them, or thought of them with disgust, as the cause of my ruin. Of Hatton I have not heard since my father's death. He had quitted Mowbray and none could give me tidings of him. When you came and showed me in a book that the last abbot of Marney was a Walter Gerard, the old feeling stirred again, and though I am but the overlooker at Mr. Trafford's mill, I could not help telling you that my fathers fought at Agincourt."

They approached the station, entered the train and two hours later arrived at Mowbray. Gerard and Morley left their companion at a convent gate in the suburbs of the manufacturing town.

The two men made their way through the streets and entered a prominent public house. Here they sought an interview with the landlord and from him got information of Hatton's brother.

"You have heard of a place called Hell-house Yard?" said the publican. "Well, he lives there, and his name is Simon, and that's all I know about him."

III—The Gulf Impassable

WHEN it came to the point, Lord Marney very much objected to paying Egremont's election expenses, and proposed instead that he should accompany him to Mowbray Castle and marry Earl de Mowbray's daughter, Lady Joan Fitz-Warene.

Lord Mowbray was the grandson of a waiter who had gone out to India a gentleman's valet and returned a nabob. Lord Mowbray's two daughters—he had no sons—were great heiresses. Lady Joan was doctrinal; Lady Maud inquisitive. Egremont fell in love with neither, and the visit was a failure. Lord Marney declined to pay the election expenses.

The brothers parted in anger; and Egremont took up his abode in a cottage in Mowedale, a few miles outside the town of Mowbray. He was drawn to this by the knowledge that Walter Gerard and his daughter Sybil, and their friend Stephen Morley, lived close by. Of Egremont's rank these three were ignorant. Sybil had

met him with Mr. St. Lys, the good vicar of Mowbray, relieving the misery of a poor weaver's family in the town, and at Mowedale he passed as Mr. Franklin, a journalist.

For some weeks Egremont enjoyed the peace of rural life, and the intercourse with the Gerards ripened into friendship. When the time came for parting, for Egremont had to take his seat in parliament, it was a tender farewell on both sides.

Egremont, embarrassed by his deception, could only speak vaguely of their meeting again soon. The thought of parting from Sybil nearly overwhelmed him.

When he met Gerard and Morley again it was in London, and disguise was no longer possible. Gerard and Morley came as delegates to the Chartist National Convention in 1839 and, deputed by their fellows to interview Charles Egremont, M.P., came face to face with 'Mr. Franklin, journalist.'

The general misery in the country at that time was appalling. Weavers and miners were starving, agricultural labourers were driven into the new workhouses and riots were of common occurrence. The Chartists believed their proposals would improve matters, other working-class leaders believed that a general stoppage of work would be more effective.

Sybil, in London with her father, ardently supported the popular movement. Meeting Egremont near Westminster Abbey on the very day after Gerard and Morley had waited upon him, she allowed him to escort her home. Then, for the first, she learnt that her friend 'Mr. Franklin' was the brother of Lord Marney.

It was in vain Egremont urged that they might still be friends, that the gulf between rich and poor was not impassable.

'Oh, sir,' said Sybil Laughtily, "I am one of those who believe the gulf is impassable—yes, utterly impassable!"

IV—Plotting Against Lord de Mowbray

STEPHEN MORLEY was the editor of the Mowbray Phoenix, a teetotaler, a vegetarian, a believer in moral force. The friend of Gerard, and in love with Sybil, Stephen looked with no favour on Egremont. Although a delegate to the Chartist Convention, Stephen had not forgotten the claims of Gerard to landed estates, and had pursued his search for Hatton with some success.

First Stephen had journeyed to Woodgate, commonly known as Hell-house Yard, a wild and savage place, the abode of a lawless race of men who fashioned locks and instruments of iron. Here he had found Simon Hatton, who knew nothing of his brother's residence.

By accident Stephen discovered that the man he sought lived in the Temple. Baptist Hatton at that time was the most famous of heraldic antiquaries. Not a pedigree in dispute, not a peerage in abeyance, but it was submitted to his consideration. A solitary man was Baptist Hatton, wealthy and absorbed in his pursuits. The meeting with Morley excited him, and he turned over the matter anxiously in his mind as he sat alone.

"The son of Walter Gerard, a Chartist delegate! The best blood in England! These infernal papers! They made my fortune; and yet the deed has cost me many a pang. It seemed innoxious; the old man dead, insolvent; myself starving; his son ignorant of all to whom could they be of use, for it required thousands to work them? And yet with all my wealth and power what memory shall I leave? Not a relative in the world, except a barbarian. Ah! had I a child like the beautiful daughter of Gerard! I have seen her. He must be a fiend who could injure her. I am that fiend. Let me see what can be done. What if I married her?"

But Hatton did not offer marriage to Sybil. He did much to make her stay in London pleasant; but there was something about the maiden that awed while it fascinated him. A Catholic himself, Hatton was not surprised to hear from Gerard of Sybil's wish to enter a convent. "And to my mind she is right. My daughter cannot look to marriage; no man that she could marry would be worthy of her."

This did not deter Hatton from considering how the papers relating to Gerard's lost estates could be recovered.

The first move was an action entered against Lord de Mowbray, and this

brought that distinguished peer to Mr. Hatton's chambers in the Temple, for Hatton was at that time advising Lord de Mowbray in the matter of reviving an ancient barony. Hatton easily quieted his client.

"Mr. Walter Gerard can do nothing without the deed of '77. Your documents you say are all secure?"

"They are at this moment in the muniment room of the tower of Mowbray Castle."

"Keep them; this action is a feint."

As for Mr. Baptist Hatton, the next time we see him a few months have elapsed. He is at the principal hotel in Mowbray in consultation with Stephen Morley.

A great labour demonstration had taken place the previous night on the moors outside the town, and Gerard had been acclaimed as a popular hero.

"Documents are in existence," said Hatton, "which prove the title of Walter Gerard to the proprietorship of this great district. Two hundred thousand human beings yesterday acknowledged the supremacy of Gerard. Suppose they had known that within the walls of Mowbray Castle were contained the proofs that Walter Gerard was the lawful possessor of the lands on which they live? Moral force is a fine thing, friend Morley, but the public spirit is inflamed here. You are a leader of the people. Let us have another meeting on the Moor; you can put your fingers in a trice on the men who will do our work. Mowbray Castle in their possession, a certain iron chest, painted blue and blazoned with the shield of Valence would be delivered to you. You shall have £10,000 down and I will take you back to London besides."

"The effort would fail," said Stephen Morley. "Wages must drop still more, and the discontent here be deeper. But I will keep the secret; I will treasure it up."

V—Liberty—At a Price

While Mr. Baptist Hatton and Stephen Morley discussed the possible recovery of the papers, much happened in London. Gerard became a marked man in the Chartist Convention, a member of a small but resolute committee. Egremont, now deeply in love with Sybil, declared his suit.

"From the first moment I beheld you in the starlit arch of Marney, your image has never been absent from my consciousness. Do not reject my love; it is deep as your nature, and fervent as my own. Banish those prejudices that have embittered your existence. If I be a noble, I have none of the accidents of nobility. I cannot offer you wealth, splendour and power; but I can offer you the devotion of an entranced being, aspirations that you shall guide, an ambition that you shall govern."

"These words are mystical and wild," said Sybil in amazement. "You are Lord Marney's brother; I learnt it but yesterday. Retain your hand, and share your life and fortunes! You forget who I am. No, no, kind friend—for such I'll call you—your opinion of me touches me deeply. I am not used to such passages in life. A union between the child and brother of nobles and a daughter of the people is impossible. It would mean estrangement from your family, their hopes destroyed, their pride outraged. Believe me, the gulf is impassable."

The Chartist petition was rejected by the House of Commons contemptuously. Riots took place at Birmingham. Sybil grew anxious for her father's safety.

Egremont's speech in parliament on the presentation of the national petition created some perplexity among his aristocratic relatives and acquaintances. It was free from the slang of faction—the voice of a noble who had upheld the popular cause, who had pronounced that the rights of labour were as sacred as those of property, that the social happiness of the millions should be the statesman's first object.

Sybil, enjoying the calm of St. James's Park on a summer morning, read the speech with emotion, and while she still held the paper the orator himself stood before her. She smiled without distress, and presently confided to Egremont that she was unhappy about her father.

"I honour your father," said Egremont. "Counsel him to return to Mowbray.

Exert every energy to get him to leave London at once—to-night if possible. After this business at Birmingham the government will strike at the convention. If your father returns to Mowbray and is quiet, he has a chance of not being disturbed."

Sybil returned and warned her father.

"You are in danger," she cried, "great and immediate. Let us quit this city to-night."

"To-morrow, my child," Walter Gerard assured her, "we will return to Mowbray. To-night our council meets and we have work of utmost importance. We must discountenance scenes of violence. The moment our council is over I will come back to you."

But Walter Gerard did not return. While Sybil sat and waited, Stephen Morley entered the room. His manner was strange and unusual.

"Your father is in danger; time is precious. I can endure no longer the anguish of my life. I love you, and if you will not be mine I care for no one's fate. I can save your father. If I see him before eight o'clock, I can convince him that the government know of his intentions and will arrest him to-night. I am ready to do this service—to save the father from death and the daughter from despair, if she would but only say to me: 'I have but one reward, and it is yours.'"

"It is bitter, this," said Sybil, "bitter for me and mine; but for you pollution this bargaining of blood. In the name of the Holy Virgin I answer you—no!"

Morley rushed frantically from the room.

Sybil, in despair, made her way to a coffee-house near Charing Cross, which she knew had been much frequented by members of the Chartist Convention. Here, after some delay, she was given the fatal address in Hunt Street, Seven Dials.

Sybil arrived at the meeting a few minutes before the police raided the premises. She was found with her father, and taken with him and six other men to Bow Street Police Station. A note to Egremont procured her release in the early hours of the morning.

Walter Gerard in due time was sent to trial convicted and sentenced to eighteen months' confinement in York Castle.

VI—Within the Castle Walls

In 1842 came the great stoppage of work. The mills ceased; the miners went 'to play,' despairing of a fair day's wage for a fair day's work; and the inhabitants of Woodgate—the Hell-cats, as they were called—stirred up by a Chartist delegate, sallied forth with Simon Hatton, named the 'liberator,' at their head to deal ruthlessly with all 'oppressors of the people.'

They sacked houses, plundered cellars, ravaged provision shops, destroyed gasworks and stormed workhouses. In time they came to Mowbray. There the liberator came face to face with Baptist Hatton without recognizing his brother.

Stephen Morley and Baptist Hatton were in close conference.

"The times are critical," said Hatton.

"Mowbray may be burnt to the ground before the troops arrive," Morley replied.

"And the castle, too," said Hatton quietly. "I was thinking only yesterday of a certain box of papers. To business, friend Morley. This savage relative of mine cannot be quiet. If he does not destroy Trafford's Mill it will be the castle. Why not the castle instead of the mill?"

Trafford's Mill was saved by the direct intervention of Walter Gerard. All the people of Mowbray knew the good reputation of the Traffords, and Gerard's eloquence turned the mob from the attack.

While the liberator and the Hell-cats hesitated, a man named Dandy Mick, prompted by Morley, urged that a walk should be taken in Lord de Mowbray's park.

The proposition was received with shouts of approbation. Gerard succeeded in detaching a number of Mowbray men, but the Hell-cats, armed with bludgeons, poured into the park and on to the castle.

Lady de Mowbray and her friends made their escape, taking Sybil with them.

Mr. St. Lys gathered a body of men in defence of the castle, but came too late to prevent the entrance of the Hell-cats. Singularly enough, Morley and one or two of his followers entered with the liberator.

The first great rush was to the cellars, and the invaders were quickly at work knocking off the heads of bottles and brandishing torches. Morley and his lads traced their way down a corridor to the winding steps of the Round Tower and forced their way into the muniment room of the castle. It was not till his search had nearly been abandoned in despair that he found the small blue box blazoned with the arms of Valence. He passed it hastily to a trusted companion, Dandy Mick, and bade him deliver it to Sybil Gerard at the convent.

At this moment the noise of musketry was heard; the yeomanry were on the scene.

Morley, cut off from flight by the military, was shot, pistol in hand, with the name of Sybil on his lips. "The world will misjudge me," he thought—"they will call me hypocrite, but the world is wrong."

The man with the box escaped through the window and, in spite of the fire, troopers and mob, reached the convent in safety.

The castle was burnt to the ground by the torches of the Hell-cats.

Sybil, separated from her friends, found herself surrounded by a band of drunken ruffians. She was rescued by a yeomanry officer, who pressed her to his heart.

"Never to part again," said Egremont.

Under Egremont's protection, Sybil returned to the convent, and there in the courtyard they found Dandy Mick, who had refused to deliver his charge, and was lying down with the blue box for his pillow. He fulfilled his mission. Sybil, too agitated to perceive all its import, delivered the box into the custody of Egremont, who, bidding farewell to Sybil, bade Mick follow him to his hotel.

While these events were happening, Lord Marney, hearing an alarmed and exaggerated report of the insurrection, and believing that Egremont's forces were by no means equal to the occasion, had set out for Mowbray with his own troop of yeomanry.

Crossing the moor he encountered Walter Gerard with a great multitude, whom Gerard headed for purposes of peace. His mind inflamed, and hating at all times any popular demonstration, Lord Marney hastily read the Riot Act and the people were fired on and sabred. The indignant spirit of Gerard resisted, and the father of Sybil was shot dead. Instantly arose a groan and a feeling of frenzy came over the people. Armed only with stones and bludgeons they defied the troopers and rushed at the horsemen; a shower of stones rattled without ceasing on the helmet of Lord Marney, nor did the people rest till Lord Marney fell lifeless on Mowbray Moor, stoned to death.

The writ of right against Lord de Mowbray proved successful in the courts, and his lordship died of the blow.

For a long time after the death of her father Sybil remained in helpless woe. The widowed Lady Marney, however, came over one day, and carried her back to Marney Abbey, never again to quit it until the bridal day, when the Earl and Countess of Marney departed for Italy.

Though the result was not what Mr. Hatton had once anticipated, the idea that he had deprived Sybil of her inheritance had, ever since he had become acquainted with her, been the plague-spot of Hatton's life, and there was nothing he desired more than to see her restored to those rights, and to be instrumental in that restoration.

Dandy Mick was rewarded for all the dangers he had encountered in the service of Sybil and what he conceived was the vindication of popular rights, and was set up in business by Lord Marney. Mick took Devilsdust for a partner, and Devilsdust, having thus obtained a position in society, and become a capitalist, thought it but a due homage to the social decencies to assume a decorous appellation, and he called himself by the name of the town where he was born. The firm of Radley, Mowbray and Co. is a rising one, and will probably furnish in time a crop of members of Parliament and peers of the realm. A year after the burning of Mowbray Castle, on the return of the Earl and Countess of Marney to England, the romantic marriage and the enormous wealth of Lord and Lady Marney were still the talk in fashionable circles.

JOHN STUART MILL

ON LIBERTY

IN many respects the most carefully prepared of all John Stuart Mill's books the essay On Liberty appeared in 1859, eleven years after the publication of his Principles of Political Economy (see page 2093), and in the year after the death of his wife, in collaboration with whom it was thought out and partly written. The treatise goes naturally with that on Utilitarianism, of which an outline appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*. Both are succinct and incisive in their reasoning, and both are grounded on similar sociological principles. Perhaps the primary problem of politics in all ages has been the reconciliation of individual and social interests, and in an age when legislation is ever tending to become more socialistic, Mill's view of the problem is of especial value, and the doctrine of individual liberty promulgated in this essay has a most interesting relevancy to modern social movements.

I—Liberty of Thought and Discussion



PROTECTION against popular government is as indispensable as protection against political despotism. The people may desire to oppress a part of their number, and precautions are needed against this as against any other abuse of power. So much will be readily granted by most, and yet no attempt has been made to find the fitting adjustment between individual independence and social control.

The object of this essay is to assert the simple principle that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number is self-protection—that the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others, either by his action or inaction. The only part of the conduct of anyone for which he is amenable to society is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.

This principle requires, firstly, liberty of conscience in the most comprehensive sense, liberty of thought and feeling; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological—the liberty even of publishing and expressing opinions. Secondly, the principle requires liberty of tastes and pursuits; of framing the plan of our life to suit our own character; of doing as we like, so long as we do not harm our fellow-creatures. Thirdly, the principle requires liberty of combination among individuals for any purpose not involving harm to others, provided the persons are of full age and not forced or deceived.

The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it. Mankind gains more by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest.

Coercion in matters of thought and discussion must always be illegitimate. If all mankind save one were of one opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing the solitary individual than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. The peculiar evil of silencing the expression of opinion is that it is robbing the whole human race, present and future—those who dissent from the opinion even more than those who hold it. For if the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth; and, if wrong, they lose

he clear and livelier impression of truth produced by its collision with error.

All silencing of discussion is an assumption of infallibility and, as all history teaches, neither communities nor individuals are infallible. Men cannot be too often reminded of the condemnation of Socrates and of Christ, and of the persecution of the Christians by the noble-minded Marcus Aurelius.

Enemies of religious freedom maintain that persecution is a good thing, for, even though it makes mistakes, it will root out error while it cannot extirpate truth. But history shows that even if truth cannot be finally extirpated, it may at least be put back centuries.

We no longer put heretics to death; but we punish heresies with a social stigma almost as effective, since it may debar men from earning their bread. Social intolerance does not actually eradicate heresies, but it induces men to hide unpopular opinions. The result is that new and heretical opinions smoulder in the narrow circles of thinking and studious persons who originate them, and never light up the general affairs of mankind with either a true or a deceptive light.

THE price paid for intellectual pacification is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human race. Who can compute what the world loses in the multitude of promising intellects too timid to follow out any bold, independent train of thought lest it might be considered irreligious or immoral? No one can be a great thinker who does not follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead. In a general atmosphere of mental slavery a few great thinkers may survive, but in such an atmosphere there never has been, and never will be, an intellectually active people; and all progress in the human mind and in human institutions may be traced to periods of mental emancipation.

Even if an opinion be indubitably true and undoubtingly believed, it will be a dead dogma, and not a living truth, if it be not fully, frequently and fearlessly discussed. If the cultivation of the understanding consists of one thing more than another, it is surely in learning the grounds of one's own opinions, and these can only be fully learnt by facing the arguments that favour the opposite opinions. He who knows only his own side of the case knows little of that. Unless he knows the difficulties which his truth has to encounter and conquer, he knows little of the force of his truth. Not only are the grounds of an opinion unformed or forgotten in the absence of discussion, but too often the very meaning of the opinion

When the mind is not compelled to exercise its powers on the questions which its belief presents to it, there is a progressive tendency to forget all of the belief except the formularies, until it almost ceases to connect itself at all with the inner life of the human being. In such cases a creed merely stands sentinel at the entrance of the mind and heart to keep them empty, as is so often seen in the case of the Christian creed as at present professed.

SO far we have considered only two possibilities—that the received opinion may be false and some other opinion consequently true, or that, the received opinion being true, a conflict with the opposite error is essential to a clear apprehension and deep feeling of the truth.

But there is a commoner case still, when conflicting doctrines share the truth, and when the heretical doctrine completes the orthodox. Every opinion which embodies somewhat of the portion of the truth which the common opinion omits ought to be considered precious with whatever amount of error and confusion it may be conjoined.

In politics, again, it is almost a commonplace that a party of order or stability, and a party of progress or reform, are both necessary factors in a healthy political life. Unless opinions favourable to democracy and to aristocracy, to property and to equality, to co-operation and to competition, to sociability and to individuality, to liberty and to discipline, and all the other standing antagonisms of practical life are expressed with equal freedom, and enforced and defended with equal talent and energy, there is no chance of both elements obtaining their due. Truth is usually reached only by the rough

process of a struggle between combatants fighting under hostile banners.

It may be objected, 'But some received principles, especially on the highest and most vital subjects are more than half-truths.' This objection is not sound. Even the Christian morality is incomplete and one-sided, and unless ideas and feelings not sanctioned by it had contributed to the formation of European life and character, human affairs would have been in a worse condition than they are.

II—Individuality as an Element of Well-Being

We have seen that opinions should be freely formed and freely expressed. How about actions? If a man refrains from molesting others in what concerns them and merely acts according to his own inclination and judgement in things which concern himself, the same reasons which show that opinion should be free prove also that he should be allowed to carry his opinions into action. As it is useful that while mankind are imperfect there should be different opinions, so it is useful that there should be different experiments of living, that free scope should be given to varieties of character short of injury to others, and that the worth of different modes of life should be proved practically. It is desirable, in short, that in things which do not primarily concern others, individuality should assert itself. When traditions or customs of other people are the rule of conduct, there is wanting one of the principal ingredients of human happiness and quite the chief ingredient of individual and social progress.

No one's idea of excellence in conduct is that people should do absolutely nothing but copy one another. On the other hand, it would be absurd to pretend that people ought to live as if experience had as yet done nothing towards showing that one mode of existence or of conduct is preferable to another. No one denies that people should be so taught and trained in youth as to know and benefit by the results of human experience. But it is the privilege of a mature man to use and interpret experience in his own way. He who lets the world, or his own portion of it, choose his plan of life for him has no need of any other faculty than the ape-like one of imitation. He, on the other hand, who chooses his plan for himself, employs all his faculties—reasoning, foresight, activity, discrimination, resolution, self-control. We wish not automatons, but living, originating men and women.

Nevertheless it may be maintained that strong desires and passions are a peril and a snare. Yet it is desires and impulses which constitute character, and one with no desires and impulses of his own has no more character than a steam-engine. An energetic character implies strong, spontaneous impulses under the control of a strong will, and such characters are desirable, since the danger which threatens modern society is not excess but deficiency of personal impulses and preferences.

Everyone nowadays asks: What is usually done by persons of my station and pecuniary circumstances, or (worse still), what is usually done by persons of a station and circumstances superior to mine? The consequence is that through failure to follow their own nature, they have no nature to follow; their human capacities are withered and starved, and are incapable of any strong pleasures or opinions properly their own.

It is not by pruning away the individual but by cultivating it wisely that human beings become valuable to themselves and to others, and that human life becomes rich, diversified and interesting. Individuality is equivalent to development, and in proportion to the latitude given to individuality an age becomes noteworthy or the reverse.

Unfortunately, the general tendency of things is to render mediocrity the ascendant power. At present, individuals are lost in the crowd, and it is almost a triviality to say that public opinion now rules the world. And public opinion is the opinion of collective mediocrity and is expressed by mediocre men. The initiation of all wise and noble opinions must come from individuals, and the individuality of those who stand on the higher eminences of thought is necessary to correct the tendency that makes mankind acquiesce in customary opinions.

III—Limits to the Authority of Society Over the Individual

WHERE, then, does the authority of society begin? How much of human life should be assigned to individuality and how much to society?

To individuality should belong that part of life in which it is chiefly the individual that is interested; to society, the part which chiefly interests society.

Society, in return for the protection it affords its members, and as a condition of its existence, demands, first, that its members respect the rights of one another; and, secondly, that each person bear his share of the labours and sacrifices incurred in defending society or its members. Further, society may punish acts of an individual hurtful to others, even if not a violation of rights, by the force of public opinion.

But in all cases where a person's conduct affects or need only affect himself, society may not interfere. Society may help individuals in their personal affairs, but neither one person, nor any number of persons, is warranted in saying to any human creature that he may not use his own life, so far as it concerns himself, as he pleases. He himself is the final judge of his own concerns, and the inconveniences which are strictly inseparable from the unfavourable judgement of others are the only ones to which a person should ever be subjected for that portion of his conduct and character which affects his own good, but which does not affect the interests of others.

But how, it may be asked, can any part of the conduct of a member of society be a matter of indifference to the other members?

I fully confess that the mischief which a person does to himself may seriously affect those nearly connected with him, and even society at large. But such contingent and indirect injury should be endured by society for the sake of the greater good of human freedom, and because any attempt at coercion in private conduct will merely produce rebellion on the part of the individual coerced. Moreover, when society interferes with purely personal conduct, the odds are that it interferes wrongly, and in the wrong places, as the pages of history and the records of legislation abundantly demonstrate.

Closely connected with the question of the limitations of the authority of society over the individual is the question of government participation in industrial and other enterprises generally undertaken by individuals.

THERE are three main objections to the interference of the state in such matters. In the first place, the matter may be better managed by individuals than by the government. In the second place, though individuals may not do it so well as government might, yet it is desirable that they should do it, as a means of their own mental education. In the third place, it is undesirable to add to the power of the government. If roads, railways, banks, insurance offices, great joint-stock companies, universities, public charities, municipal corporations and local boards were all in the government service, and if the employees in these looked to the government for promotion, not all the freedom of the Press and the popular constitution of the legislature would make this or any other country free otherwise than in name. And, for various reasons, the better qualified the heads and hands of the government officials, the more detrimental would the rule of the government be. Such a government would inevitably degenerate into a pedantocracy monopolising all the occupations which form and cultivate the faculties required for the government of mankind.

To find the best compromise between individuals and the state is one of the most difficult and complicated questions in the art of government. It is, in a great measure, a question of detail, in which many and various considerations must be kept in view and no absolute rule can be laid down. But I believe that the ideal to be kept in view may be conveyed in these words: the greatest dissemination of power consistent with efficiency; but the greatest possible centralisation of information, and the diffusion of it from the centre.

JOHN MILTON

SAMSON AGONISTES

ALWAYS troubled by weakness of the eyes, Milton became totally blind about the year 1651. As a result of the Restoration he found himself an impoverished and proscribed man, and domestic unhappiness added to his distresses. There was thus a similarity between his own state and that of Samson, blind, betrayed by his wife, and living in the midst of enemies, and the sympathy born of experience doubtless reinforced the poet's genius when writing this poignant drama. Samson Agonistes has more vigorously sustained movement than any of Milton's works and the formality of the style adds dignity to the work. The drama was published in 1671. Outlines of Paradise Lost and of Paradise Regained appear elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Samson	**Public Officer**
Manoa, the father of Samson	**Messenger**
Dalila, his wife	**Chorus of Danites**

The scene is placed before the prison in Gaza



SAMSON: A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade.
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,
Where I, a prisoner chained, scarce freely draw
The air, imprisoned also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught. But here I feel amends—
The breath of Heaven fresh-blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works. Hence, with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease—
Oh, wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an angel, if I must die
Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze?
O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam, and thou great Word,
'Let there be light, and light was over all.'
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant inter-lunar cave.

Chorus: This, this is he; softly a while;
Let us not break in upon him.
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,
With languished head unpropt,
As one past hope, abandoned,
And by himself given over;
Which shall I first bewail—
Thy bondage or lost sight,
Prison within prison
Inseparably dark?
Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
The dungeon of thyself;
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen

Samson: I hear the sound of words; their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

Chor.: He speaks; let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
The glory late of Israel, now the grief!
We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,
To visit or bewail thee.

Samson: Your coming, friends, revives me
Tell me, friends,
Am I not sung and proverbed for a fool
In every street?

Chor.: Wisest men
Have erred, and by bad women been deceived;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness.
But see! Here comes thy reverend sire,
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoa: advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him

Manoa: Brethren and men of Dan, if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
My son now captive, hither hath informed
Your younger feet, while mine, cast back with age
Came lagging after, say if he be here.

Chor.: As signal now in low dejected state
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. : O miserable change! Is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renowned,
The dread of Israel's foes?

Samson : Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me
But justly.

Man : True; but thou bear'st
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains;
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza, and proclaim
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,
To Dagon, as their god who hath delivered
Thee, Samson, bound and blind, into their hands.

Samson: Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought
To Dagon, and advanced his praises high
Among the heathen round. The contest is now
'Twixt God and Dagon. Dagon hath presumed,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God.
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

Man. : But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the meanwhile, here forgot,
Lie in this miserable, loathsome plight,
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom [here,

Samson : Spare that proposal, father; let me
As I deserve, pay on my punishment
And expiate, if possible, my crime.

Man. : Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite;
But act not in thy own affliction, son.
Repent the sin; but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids.

Samson : Nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself;
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. : I, however,
Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else.

Chor. : But who is this? What thing of sea or land
Female of sex it seems—
That, so bedecked, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing?
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;
And now at nearer view no other certain
Than Dalila, thy wife

Samson : My wife! My traitress! Let her not come near me.

Dalila : With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson.

Samson : Out, out, hyena! These are thy wonted arts
And arts of every woman false like thee—
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray;
Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move with feigned remorse.

Dal. : Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care,
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age.

Samson : No, no; of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
Nor think me so unwary or accursed
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught; thy warbling charms
No more on me have power: their force is nulled.

Dal. : Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Samson : Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee; go with that;
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives.

Dal : I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers than winds and seas. Yet winds to seas
Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore.
My name, perhaps, among the circumcised
In Dan, in Judah and the bordering tribes
To all posterity may stand defamed.
But in my country, where I most desire,
I shall be named among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who, to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock bands; my tomb
With odours visited and annual flowers.

Chor. : She's gone—a manifest serpent by her sting—
Discovered in the end, till now concealed.
This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.
And yet, perhaps, more trouble is behind;
For I descry this way
Some other tending; in his hand
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears;
A public officer, and now at hand.
His message will be short and voluble.

Officer : Hebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

Chor. : His manacles remark him; there he sits.

Off. : Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say.
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp and games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honour this great feast and great assembly.
Rise, therefore, with all speed, and come along,
Where I will see thee heartened and fresh clad,
To appear as fit before the illustrious lords.

Samson : Thou know'st I am a Hebrew; therefore tell them
Our law forbids at their religious rites
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

Off. : This answer, be assured, will not content them.

Samson : Return the way thou cam'st; I will not come.

Off. : Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

Samson : Can they think me so broken, so debased
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands
Joined with extreme contempt? I will not come.

Off. . I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Chor. : He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more imperious.

Samson : Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression—so requite
Favour renewed, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols?

Chor. : Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

Samson : Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along—
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor. : In time thou hast resolved: the man returns.

Off. : Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say: Art thou our slave,
And dar'st thou, at our sending and command,
Dispute thy coming? Come without delay;
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fastened than a rock.

Samson : Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.

Off. : I praise thy resolution. Doff these links.
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Samson : Brethren, farewell. Your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends.
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself

Chor. : Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide.
But wherefore comes Manoa in such haste?

Man. : Peace with you, brethren! My inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my son,
By orders of the lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came; I had no will,
Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.
But that which moved my coming now was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

Chor. : That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee.

Man : What noise or shout was that? It tore the sky.



SAMSON PULLING DOWN THE TEMPLE OF DAGON

From the painting by Gustave Doré

Chor. : Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.
Man. : His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And numbered down. Much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fixed not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forgo
And quit. Not wanting him, I shall want nothing.
It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in his house, ennobled
With all those high exploits by him achieved.
Chor. : Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain,
Of his delivery.

Man. : I know your friendly minds, and—
Oh, what noise!
Mercy of Heaven! What hideous noise was that,
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout?
Chor. : Noise call you it, or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perished?
Blood, death and deathful deeds are in that noise;
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.
Man. : Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise.
Oh! It continues; they have slain my son.
Chor. : Thy son is rather slaying them; that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.
Man. : Some dismal accident it needs must be.
What shall we do—stay here, or run and see?
Chor. : Best keep together here, lest, running thither,
We unawares run into danger's mouth
This evil on the Philistines is fallen;
From whom could else a general cry be heard?
Man. : A little stay will bring some notice hither.
Chor. : I see one hither speeding—
A Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.
Messenger : Oh, whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
Man. : The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry; yet what it was we hear not.
Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.
Mess. : Gaza yet stands; but all her sons are fallen,
All in a moment overwhelmed and fallen.
Man. : Sad! but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest
The desolation of a hostile city.
Mess. : Feed on that first; there may in grief be surfeit.
Man. : Relate by whom.
Mess. : By Samson.
Man. : That still lessens
The sorrow and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess. : Ah! Manoa, I refrain too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon,
Lest evil tidings, with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.
Man. : Suspense in news is torture; speak them out.
Mess. : Then take the worst in brief—Samson is dead.
Man. : The worst indeed! Oh, all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! But Death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
How died he?—Death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell, thou say'st; by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?
Mess. : Unwounded of his enemies he fell.
Man. : Wearied with slaughter, then, or how? Explain.
Mess. : By his own hands.
Man. : Self-violence! What cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes?

Mess. : Inevitable cause—
At once both to destroy and be destroyed:
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half round on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold.
Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels; on each side went armed guards,
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assayed,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length, for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,
As over-tired, to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined
And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved.
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud,
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld;
Now, of my own accord, such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength yet greater
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed;
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars

With horrible convulsions to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnise this feast.
Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped, who stood without.

Chor.: O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfilled
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now liest victorious
Among thy slain self-killed
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoined
Thee with thy slaughtered foes in number more
Than all thy life had slain before.

Man.: Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
I, with what speed the while
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train,
Home to his father's house. There will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel evergreen and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts enrolled
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour and adventures high

Romance Breathes Life into Ancient Lore

GEORG MORITZ EBERS

AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS

FROM the first moment of his taking up the subject during the long illness that afflicted him when he was a young man, Egyptology had an irresistible fascination for Georg Ebers and he conceived the idea of popularising Egyptian lore by means of historical romances. His first of these was An Egyptian Princess, published in 1864. It achieved great success and since its publication numerous editions have appeared, and the book has been translated into most European languages. Later works of the same kind were Uarda, Homo Sum, Die Schwestern, Der Kaiser, of which the scene is laid in Egypt at the time of Hadrian, Cleopatra, and especially Serapis. Ebers also wrote historical novels descriptive of South Germany and the Netherlands in the sixteenth century, and in addition several important works on Egypt, including his edition of the famous Papyrus Ebers, a medical treatise from Saïs of the sixteenth century B.C. An English translation of An Egyptian Princess is obtainable in Bohn's Popular Library.

I—The Royal Bride



A CAVALCADE of dazzling splendour was moving along the high road towards Babylon. The embassy sent by Cambyses, the mighty king of the East, had accomplished its mission, and now Nitetis, the daughter of Amasis, king of Egypt, was on the way to meet her future spouse. At the head of the sumptuous escort were Bartja, Cambyses' handsome, golden-haired younger brother; his kinsman Darius; Croesus, the dethroned king of Lydia, and his son Gyges; Prexaspes, the king's ambassador, and Zopyrus, the son of Megabyzus, a Persian noble.

A few miles before the gates of Babylon they perceived a troop of horsemen galloping towards them. Cambyses himself came to honour his bride. His pale face, framed by an immense black beard, expressed great power and unbounded pride. Deep pallor and bright colour flitted by turns across the face of Nitetis, as his fiery eyes fixed her with a piercing gaze. Then he waved a welcome, sprang from his horse, shook Croesus by the hand, and asked him to act as interpreter. "She is beautiful and pleases me well," said the king. And Nitetis, who had begun to learn the language of her new home on the long journey, blushed deeply and began softly in broken Persian, "Blessed be the gods, who have caused me to find favour in thine eyes."

Cambyses was delighted with her desire to win his approbation, and with her industry and intellect, so different from the indolence and idleness of the Persian women in his harem. His wonder and

satisfaction increased when, after recommending her to obey the orders of Boges, the eunuch, who was head over the house of women, she reminded him that she was a king's daughter, bound to obey the commands of her lord, but unable to bow to a venal servant.

Her pride found an echo in his own haughty disposition.

"You have spoken well. A separate dwelling shall be appointed you. I, and no one else, will prescribe your rules of life and conduct. Tell me now, how my messengers pleased you and your countrymen?"

"Who could know the noble Croesus without loving him? Who could fail to admire the beauty of the young heroes, your friends, and especially of your handsome brother Bartja? The Egyptians have no love for strangers, but he won all hearts."

At these words the king's brow darkened, he struck his horse so that the creature reared, and then, turning it quickly round, he galloped towards Babylon. He decided in his mind to give Bartja the command of an expedition against the Tapuri, and to make him marry Rosana, the daughter of a Persian noble. He also determined to make Nitetis his real queen and adviser. She was to be to him what his mother Kassandane had been to Cyrus, his great father. Not even Phaedime, his favourite wife, had occupied such a position. And as for Bartja, "he had better take care," he murmured, "or he shall know the fate that awaits the man who dares to cross my path."

II—The Plot

ACCORDING to Persian custom, a year had to pass before Nitetis could become Cambyses' lawful wife, but, conscious of his despotic power, he had decided to reduce this term to a few months. Meanwhile, he only saw the fair Egyptian in the presence of his blind mother or of his sister Atossa, both of whom became Nitetis's devoted friends. Meanwhile, Boges, the eunuch, sank in public estimation, since it was known that Cambyses had ceased to visit the harem, and he began to conspire with Phaedime as to the best way of ruining Nitetis, who had come to love Cambyses with ever growing passion.

The Egyptian princess's happiness was seriously disturbed by the arrival of a letter from her mother, which brought her naught but sad news. Her father, Amasis, had been struck with blindness on the very day she had reached Babylon; and her frail twin sister Tachot, after falling into a violent fever, was wasting away for love of Bartja, whose beauty had captured her heart at the time of his mission in Sais. His name had been ever on her lips in her delirium, and the only hope for her was to see him again.

Nitetis's whole happiness was destroyed in one moment. She wept and sighed, until she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. When her maid Mandane came to put a last touch to her dress for the banquet, she found her sleeping, and as there was ample time she went out into the garden, where she met the eunuch Boges. He was the bearer of good news. Mandane had been brought up with the children of a Magian, one of whom was now the high-priest Oropastes. Love had sprung up between her and his handsome brother Gaumata; and Oropastes, who had ambitious schemes, had sent his brother to Rhagae, and procured her a situation at court, so that they might forget one another. And now Gaumata had come and begged her to meet him next evening in the hanging gardens. Mandane consented after a hard struggle.

Boges hurried away with malicious pleasure in the near success of his scheme. He met one of the gardeners, whom he promised to bring some of the nobles to inspect a special kind of blue lily, in which the gardener took great pride. He then hurried to the harem, to make sure that the king's wives should look their best, and insisted upon Phaedime painting her face white, and putting on a simple, dark dress without ornament, except the chain given her by Cambyses on her marriage, to arouse the pity of the Achaemenidae, to which family she herself belonged.

The eunuch's cunning scheme succeeded but too well. At the end of the great

banquet Bartja, to whom Cambyses had promised to grant a favour on his victorious return from the war, confessed to him his love for Sappho, a charming and cultured Greek maiden of noble descent, whom he wished to make his wife. Cambyses was delighted at this proof of the injustice of his jealous suspicions, and announced aloud that Bartja would in a few days depart to bring home a bride. At these words Nitetis, thinking of her poor sister's misery, fainted.

Cambyses sprang up pale as death; his lips trembled and his fist was clenched. Nitetis looked at him imploringly, but he commanded Boges to take the women back to their apartments. "Sleep well, Egyptian, and pray to the gods to give you the power of dissembling your feelings. Here, give me wine; but taste it well, for to-day, for the first time, I fear poison. Do you hear, Egyptian? Yes, all the poison, as well as the medicine, comes from Egypt."

Boges gave strict orders that nobody—not even the queen-mother or Croesus—was to have access to the hanging gardens, whither he had conducted Nitetis. Cambyses, meanwhile, continued his drinking bout, thinking the while of punishment for the false woman. Bartja could have had no share in her perfidy, or he would have killed him on the spot; but he would send him away. And Nitetis should be handed to Boges to be made the servant of his concubines and thus to atone for her crimes.

When the king left the hall, Boges, who had slipped out before him, intercepted one of the gardener's boys with a letter for Prince Bartja. The boy refused to hand it over, as Nitetis had instructed him to hand it only to the prince; and on Cambyses' approach the boy fell on his knees. Cambyses snatched the papyrus roll from his hand, and stamped furiously on the ground at seeing that the letter was written in Greek, which he could not read. In dangerous temper he went to his own apartments, followed by Boges, whom he instructed to keep a strict watch over the Egyptian and the hanging gardens. "If a single human being or a message reach her without my knowledge, your life will be forfeit."

BOGES, pleading a burning fever, begged that Kandaules, the Lydian captain of eunuchs, who was as true as gold and inflexibly severe, should relieve him on the morrow. On the king's consent he begged furthermore that Oropastes, Croesus and three other nobles should be allowed to witness the opening of the blue lily in the hanging gardens. Kandaules would see that they enter into no communication with the Egyptian.

"Kandaules must keep his eyes open, if he values his own life—go!"

III—Conflicting Evidence

THE hunt was over, and Bartja, who had invited his bosom friends, Darius, Gyges, Zopyrus and Croesus, to drink a parting cup with him, sat with the first three in the bower of the royal gardens. They talked long of love, of their ambitions, of the influence of stars on human destinies, when Croesus rapidly approached the arbour. When he beheld Bartja, he stood transfixed, then whispered to him, "Unhappy boy, you are still here? Fly for your life! The whip-bearers are close on my heels."

"What do you mean?"

"Fly, I tell you, even if your visit to the hanging gardens was innocently meant. You know Cambyses' violent temper. You know his jealousy of you; and your visit to the Egyptian to-night——"

"My visit? I have never left this garden!"

"Don't add a lie to your offence. Save yourself, quickly."

"I speak the truth, and I shall remain."

"You are infatuated. We saw you in the hanging-gardens not an hour ago."

Bartja appealed to his friends, who confirmed on oath the truth of his assertion; and before Croesus could arrive at a solution of the mystery, the soldiers had arrived, led by an officer who had served under Bartja. He had orders to arrest everybody found in the suspect's company, but at the risk of his life urged Bartja to escape the king's fury. His men would blindly follow his command. But Bartja refused. He was innocent, and knew that Cambyses, though hasty, was not unjust.

Two hours later Bartja and his friends stood before the king, who had just recovered from an epileptic fit. A few hours earlier he would have killed Bartja with his own hands. Now he was ready to lend an ear to both sides. Boges first related that he was with the Achaemenidae, looking at the blue lily, and called Kandaules to inquire if everything was in order. On being told that Nitetis had not tasted food or drink all day, he sent Kandaules to fetch a physician. It was then that he saw Bartja by the princess's window. She herself came out of the sleeping-room. Croesus called to Bartja, and the two figures disappeared behind a cypress. He went to search the house and found Nitetis lying unconscious on a couch. Hystaspes and the other nobles confirmed the eunuch's words, and even Croesus had to admit their substantial truth, but added that they must have been deceived by some remarkable likeness—at which Boges grew pale.

Bartja's friends were equally definite in their evidence for the accused. Cambyses looked first on the one, then on the other party of these conflicting witnesses, trying to read truth in their countenances. Then Bartja begged permission to speak.

"A son of Cyrus," he said, "would rather die than lie. I confess no judge was ever placed in so perplexing a position. But were the entire Persian nation to rise up against you and swear that Cambyses had committed an evil deed, and you were to say, 'I did not commit it,' I, Bartja, would give all Persia the lie and exclaim, 'Ye are all false witnesses! A son of Cyrus cannot allow his mouth to deal in lies.' I swear to you that I am innocent. I have not once set foot in the hanging gardens since my return."

Cambyses' looks grew milder on hearing these words, and when Oropastes suggested that an evil spirit must have taken Bartja's form to ruin him, he nodded assent and stretched out his hand towards Bartja.

At this moment a staff-bearer came in and gave the king a dagger found by a eunuch under Nitetis's window.

Cambyses examined it, dashed the dagger violently to the ground, and turned furiously on Bartja.

"This is your dagger!" he shrieked. "At last you are convicted, you liar! Ah, you are feeling in your girdle! You may well turn pale, your dagger is gone! Seize him, put on his fetters! He shall be strangled to-morrow! Away with you, you perjured villains! They shall all die to-morrow! And the Egyptian—at noon she shall be flogged through the streets. Then I'll——"

But here he was stopped by another fit of epilepsy, and sank down in convulsions.

THE fate of the unfortunates was sealed when, afterwards, Cambyses made Croesus read to him Nitetis's Greek letter to Bartja.

'Nitetis, daughter of Amasis of Egypt, to Bartja, son of the great Cyrus.

'I have something important to tell you; I can tell it to no one but yourself. To-morrow I hope to meet you in your mother's rooms. It lies in your power to comfort a sad and loving heart, and to give it one happy moment before death. I repeat that I must see you soon.'

Croesus, who tried to intercede for the condemned, was sentenced to share their fate. In his heart even he was now convinced of Bartja's guilt, and of the perjury of his own son and of Darius.

IV—The Unexpected Witness

NITETIS had passed many a wretched hour since the great banquet. All day long she was kept in strict seclusion, and in the twilight Boges came to tell her jeeringly that her letter had fallen into the king's hand and that its bearer had been executed. The princess swooned away, and Boges carried her to her sleeping-room, the door of which he barred carefully. When, later, Mandane left her lover Gaumata, the maid hurried into her mistress's room, found her in a faint, and used every remedy to restore her to consciousness.

Then Boges came with two eunuchs, loaded the princess's arms with fetters, and gave vent to his long-nourished spite, telling her of the awful fate that was in store for her. Nitetis resolved to swallow a poisonous ointment for the complexion

irectly the executioner should draw near er. Then, in spite of her fetters, she anaged to write to Cambyses, to assure im once more of her love and to explain er innocence. 'I commit this crime gainst myself, Cambyses, to save you om doing a disgraceful deed.'

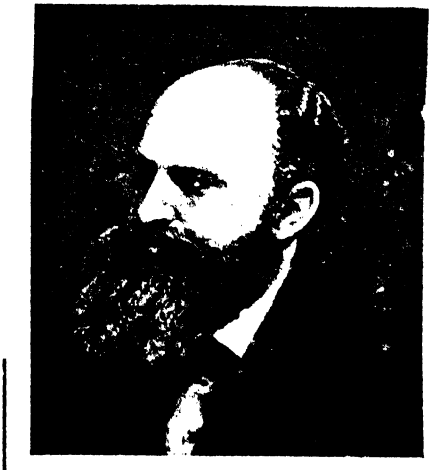
Meanwhile, Boges, after exciting Phaedime's curiosity by many vague hints, livulged to her the nature of his infamous cheme to ruin Nitetis.

When Gaumata had come to Babylon or the New Year's festival, Boges had liscovered his remarkable likeness to Bartja. He knew of his love for Mandane, gained his confidence, and arranged the nocturnal meeting under Nitetis's bedroom window. In return he exacted the promise of the lover's immediate departure after the meeting. Boges himself had helped Gaumata to make his escape through a trap-door.

To get Bartja out of the way, he had induced a Greek merchant to dispatch a letter to the prince, asking him, in the name of her he loved best, to come alone on the evening to the first station outside the Euphrates gate. Unfortunately, the messenger managed the matter clumsily, and apparently gave the letter to Gaumata. But to counteract Bartja's proofs of innocence, Boges had managed to get hold of his dagger and, placing it under the window where the eunuch might find it, manufactured apparently conclusive evidence.

And now Nitetis was sentenced to be set astride upon an ass and led through the streets of Babylon. As for Gaumata, three men were lying in wait for him to throw him into the Euphrates before he could get back to Rhagae. Phaedime, who had never forgiven Nitetis for supplanting her in Cambyses' favour, joined in Boges' laughter, and hung a heavy jewel-studded chain round his neck.

A FEW hours only were wanted for the time fixed for Nitetis's disgrace, and the streets of Babylon were thronged with a dense crowd of sightseers, when a small caravan approached the Bel gate. In the first carriage was a fine, handsome man of about fifty, of commanding aspect, and dressed as a Persian courtier. With



GEORG MORITZ EBERS was born in Berlin, March 1, 1837, and educated at Keilhau, in Thuringen, Quedlinburg, and at Gottingen University, where he read law. In 1858 lameness compelled him to abandon his idea of becoming a lawyer and he took up philology and archæology, devoting himself almost exclusively to Egyptology. In 1869 he travelled in Egypt, Nubia and Arabia, and on his return became professor of Egyptology at Leipzig University, retaining that post until 1889. Ebers visited Egypt again in 1872 and discovered, besides many other important inscriptions, the papyrus which bears his name. He died at Tutzing, August 7, 1898.

difficulty the driver cleared a passage through the crowd. "Make way for us! The royal post has no time to lose, and I am driving someone who will make you repent every minute's delay." They arrived at the palace, and the stranger's insistence succeeded in gaining admission to the king. The Greek—for such the stranger had declared himself—affirmed that he could prove the condemned men's innocence.

"Call him in!" exclaimed Cambyses. "But if he wants to deceive me, let him remember that where the head of a son of Cyrus is about to fall, a Greek head has but very little chance."

The Greek's calm and noble manner impressed Cambyses favourably, and his hostility was entirely overcome when the stranger revealed to him that he was Phanes, the famous commander of the Greek mercenaries in Egypt, and that he had come to Babylon to offer his services to Cambyses.

Phanes now related how, on approaching Babylon by the royal post, just before

midnight, they heard some cries of distress, and found three fierce-looking fellows dragging a youth towards the river; how with his Greek war-cry he had rushed on the murderers, slain one of them and put the others to flight; and how he discovered—so he thought—the youth to be none other but Bartja, whom he had met at the Egyptian court.

They took him to the nearest station, bled him and bound up his wounds. When he regained consciousness he told them his name was Gaumata. Then he was seized by fever, during which he constantly spoke of the hanging gardens and of his Mandane.

"Set the prisoners free, my king. I will answer for it with my own head that Bartja was not in the hanging gardens."

The king was surprised at this speech, but not angry. Phanes then advised him to send for Oropastes and Mandane, whose examination elicited the full truth. Boges, who was also sent for, had disappeared. Cambyses had all the prisoners set free, gave Phanes his hand to kiss—a rare honour—and, greater honour still, invited him to eat at the king's table. Then he went to the rooms of his mother, who had sent for him.

NITETIS had been carried insensible to the queen-mother's apartments. When she opened her eyes, her head was resting on the blind queen's lap, she felt Atossa's warm kisses on her forehead, and Cambyses was standing by her side. She gazed around, and smiled as she recognized them one by one. She raised herself with difficulty. "How could you believe such a thing of me, my king?" she asked. There was no reproach in her tone, but deep sadness. Cambyses replied, "Forgive me."

Nitetis then gave them the letter she had received from her mother, which would explain all, and begged them not to scorn her poor sister. "When an Egyptian girl once loves, she cannot forget. But I feel so frightened. The end must be near. That horrible man, Beges, read me the fearful sentence, and it was that which forced the poison into my hand."

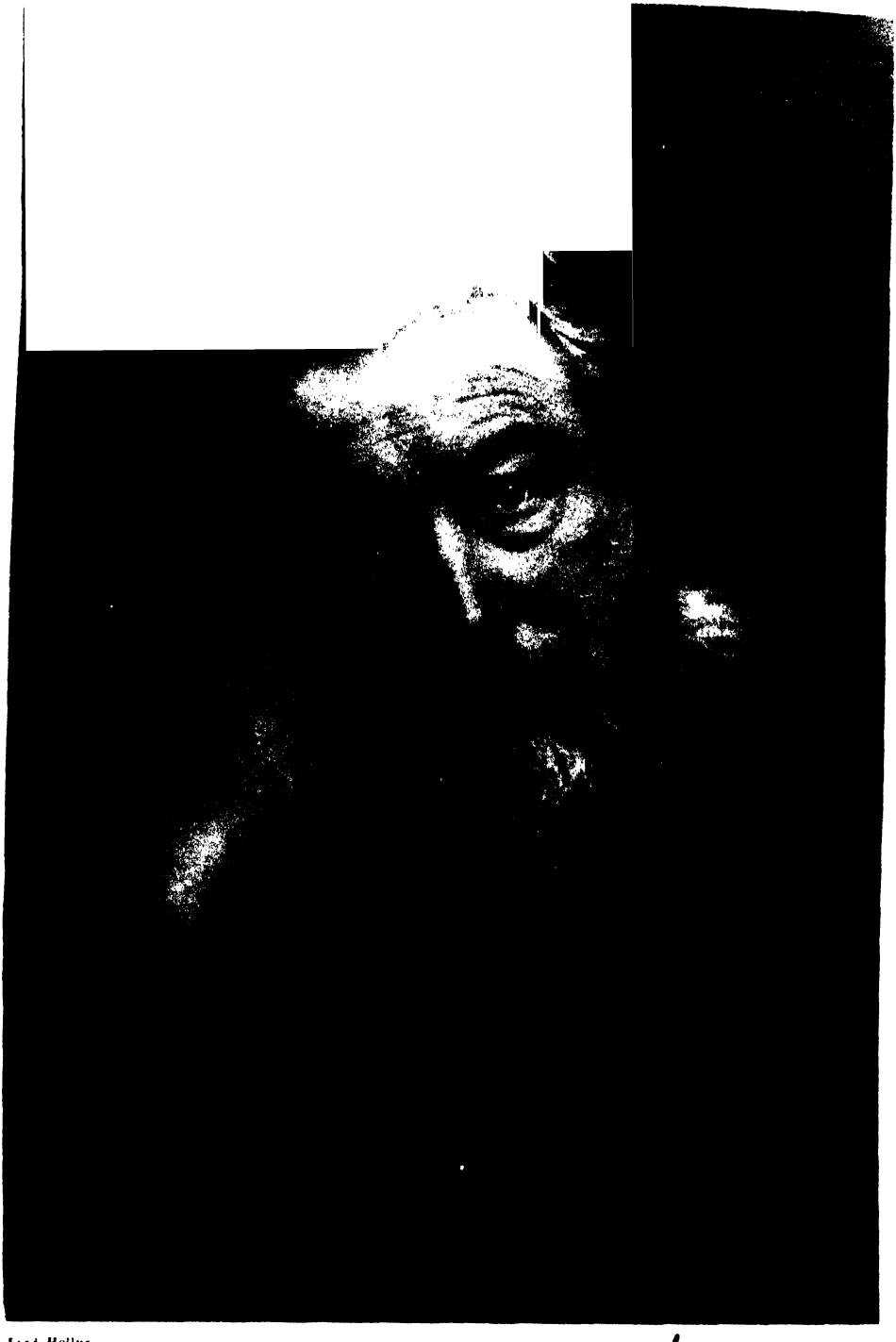
The physician rushed forward. "I thought so! She has taken a poison which results in certain death. She is lost!"

On hearing this, the king exclaimed in anguish, "She *shall* live; it is my will. Summon all the physicians in Babylon. Assemble the priests. She is not to die! She must live! I am the king, and I command it!"

Nitetis opened her eyes as if endeavouring to obey her lord. She looked upon her lover, who was pressing his burning lips to her right hand. She murmured with a smile, "Oh, this great happiness!" Then she closed her eyes, and was seized with fever.

ALL efforts to save Nitetis's life were fruitless. Cambyses fell into the deepest gloom, and wanted action, war, to dispel his sad thoughts. Phanes gave him the pretext. As commander of the Greek mercenaries in Egypt, he had enjoyed Amasis's confidence. He alone, with the high priest, shared Amasis's secret about the birth of Nitetis, who was not the daughter of Amasis, but of Hophra, his predecessor, whose throne Amasis had usurped. When, owing to the intrigues of Psamtik, Amasis's son, Phanes fell into disgrace and had to fly for his life, his little son was seized and cruelly murdered by his persecutors. Phanes had sworn revenge. He now persuaded Cambyses to wage war upon Egypt, and to claim Amasis's throne as the husband of Hophra's daughter.

The rest is known to all students of history—how Cambyses, with the help of Phanes, defeated Psamtik's host at Pelusium and took possession of the whole Egyptian Empire; how, given more and more to drink and fearful excesses, he set up a rule of untold terror, had his brother Bartja murdered in another fit of jealousy, and finally suffered defeat at the hands of the Ethiopians. They will also know how on his death Gaumata, the 'pseudo-Smerdis' of the Greeks, was urged by his ambitious brother, Oropastes, to seize the throne by impersonating the dead Bartja; how, finally, the pretender was defeated and had to pay for his attempt with his life; and how Persia rose again to unity and greatness under the rule of the noble Darius, Bartja's faithful kinsman and friend.



Fred Hollyer

To face page 2445

William Morris

WILLIAM MORRIS

A DREAM OF JOHN BALL

And a Critical Appreciation of His Life and Work by Wilkinson Sherren



IN some respects, all William Morris's life and work was a preparation for writing the little prose masterpiece, A Dream of John Ball. A hater of all things machine-made, and of machinery, he worked in varied fields of literature and craftsmanship with the ceaseless energy of a dynamo. A Dream of John Ball is an authentic declaration of faith, and an exquisite work of art in which shines the waning England of his dreams. To be fully appreciated, it should be seen in the light of what went before its creation.

The fairies who presided at Morris's birth at Walthamstow on March 24, 1834, were benign. His father was a prosperous bill broker, and the struggle for subsistence happily never meant more to him than a phrase in current economics. That social portent, the Chartist movement, was beginning to show the class to which he belonged that life was becoming unendurable to multitudes of Englishmen, who had no use for the new marvels of science that were making the educated classes very proud of themselves. What did it profit that the world rolled down the ringing grooves of change, if it did not enable them to live decently, the poor asked, and the time came when Morris vehemently reiterated the question.

Nearly the whole of his youth—a youth coloured with dreams of knight errantry—passed in the glades of Epping Forest and the lowlands of Essex, scenery afterwards to be transmuted into colourful backgrounds. In these early influences one sees how it was that Morris brought medievalism out of Wardour Street into the meadows, where it belongs.

Morris went to school at Marlborough, and delighted his school-fellows with endless stories of knights and fairies. So exuberant was his energy, that he had to employ his fingers in net making, though perhaps this was the urge of the born craftsman. By this time he had developed, not only a love of medieval architecture, but of the retired life of the Middle Ages. The church seemed to be his natural vocation.

The years of residence at Exeter College, 1853-1856—a period of intellectual ferment that saw the publication of Tennyson's Maud—moulded his future destiny. The romantic renaissance identified with the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was now on the way. Tennyson was the predominant star in the firmament of poetical literature. It was Ruskin, however, who most powerfully influenced William Morris. 'It was through him,' Morris has explained, 'that I first learnt to give form to my discontent, which I must say was not by any means vague.' As great, in a different way, was the influence of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, and Malory's Morte D'Arthur. Throughout his life Chaucer and Malory remained his acknowledged masters in song and prose.

Then began a life-long friendship with Burne-Jones, and a shorter friendship with Rossetti. On attaining his majority, Morris inherited a sufficient fortune to give him complete freedom of choice as to a career. In 1856 he articled himself to Street, the architect, but later, the influence of Rossetti determined him to become a painter. Queen Guinevre is the only completed painting of his which is known to exist.

No trumpets of acclamation sounded when William Morris's first volume of poems, The Defence of Guinevre, appeared in 1858. Tennyson was supreme, and Morris's debt to Tennyson was considerable. At its best, the authentic Morris sang a new faery music, and what was most typical was seen in Rapuntzal, which, moreover, has an elaborate metrical scheme. The finest lyric in the volume is The Eve of Crecy. As to technique, one notices his variations of the normal iambic pentameter. At the time of the publication of The Defence of Guinevre, Morris was still painting diligently, though he was growing towards the realization that the palace of art roofed the world.

In 1859 William Morris married Jane Burden, of Oxford, whose beauty resembled the type made familiar to us in Rossetti's pictures. His interest in craftsmanship, which flowered in the firm of Morris & Co., was then deepening, for he was growing convinced that to make life tolerable, he must try to shape it according to the ideal seen on the mount of vision. He came to see that the house beautiful was an essential unit in the construction of the world beautiful. Every house ought to be a fitting casket for a poem.

With the publication of The Life and Death of Jason, originally intended to be part of The Earthly Paradise, William Morris can be said to have arrived. In its fluent melodiousness you can almost hear, amid the medieval atmosphere, man's haunting desire to escape death. The tapestried pictures glow with colours all his own. Warm brilliancies for the inner eye, music, occasionally falling into monotony, for the inner ear, are the constant gift of this singer, who wrote narrative poems with an ease which, in a differently natured man, would be described as fatal facility. How could such a man be a metrical innovator?

The first and second parts of The Earthly Paradise appeared in 1868, and the third and fourth parts two years later. They had a great and immediate success, and Morris was at once ranked with Swinburne and Rossetti in the firmament of the Romantic poets.

Popular admiration has made the following lines almost trite, though they must be repeated, because they are seminal lines:

> Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
> Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
> Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
> Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
> Telling a tale not too importunate
> To those who in this sleepy region stay,
> Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Once more, in The Earthly Paradise, is heard man's complaint of the evanescence of things earthly, and the vanity of mortal desires, and the ugliness that is in life. And how Morris's minstrel quality sings and glows! His narrative genius is seen in the short stories following the Prologue, The Wanderers, which, you will remember, is finely concerned with adventurers who sailed in search of an earthly paradise, and who finally discover an island peopled with descendants of a Greek colony, who still lived as the Greeks used to do. But too easy is the flow of sound, at times, and one is not surprised that Swinburne's ear, when he first read it, hungered 'for more force and variety of sound in the verse.'

A typical example of Morris's lyric quality is heard in this verse from the Song in The Story of Acontius and Cydippe:

> Fair is the night and fair the day
> Now April is forgot of May,
> Now into June May falls away:
> Fair day, fair night, O give me back,
> The tide that all fair things did lack,
> Except my love, except my sweet.

Followed Poems by the Way, and Love is Enough, and The Story of Sigurd the Viking, one of the greatest epics of the nineteenth century. Generally, it may be said that his poetry suffered from his amazing fertility, and from his natural liking for the discursive, which is displayed in over-decorativeness. His poetry has no place in the evolution of English metres. As a poet, he is best enjoyed selectively.

Complemental to the poetry are the brilliant tapestries of romance—fairy-tales for grown-ups: A Tale of the House of the Wolfings, The Roots of the Moun-

tains, The Story of the Glittering Plain, The Wood Beyond the World, The Water of The Wondrous Isles, The Sundering Flood, the very titles euphonious invitations to enter the region wanly revealed by the light that never was on sea or land—lovely habitations for the mind that was hurt by the ugliness and pain in the life of the nineteenth century.

William Morris reacted to the aesthetic discontent which began in the middle of the nineteenth century, with a difference. He was fundamentally discontented with life; he wanted not only to re-make the manner of doing work and the spirit in which work was done, but the very world in which men laboured. His principal biographer has declared that he devoted the whole of his extraordinary powers towards no less an object than the reconstruction of the civilized life of mankind. Some of his dreams of an 'empty' day became beautiful realities—the Morris wallpapers, chintzes, the Kelmscott books.

NEVER before his time, and certainly not since, has genius expressed itself so intensely in more varied ways. A master maker of things beautiful and useful, he chalienged the nineteenth century at every point; much of his wrath at Victorian civilization sprang from his hatred of its ugly aspects. Even the mere handling of beautiful things seemed to give him intense physical pleasure. 'If you have got one of his books in your hands for a minute,' Burne-Jones said of him, 'he'll take it away from you as if you were hurting it, and show it you himself.'

When it is said that the ugliness of civilization caused William Morris to weave paradisal refuges for his spirit, we have only half the truth, for he made beautiful things as instinctively as a bird makes music. A born minstrel and extemporaneous story-teller, he could even tell tales at the loom, and he showed less than patience with poets of a different mould, who needed silence and seclusion. His stature in the hierarchy of literature would be greater than it is had he concentrated on one mode of artistic expression, but then, he would not have been William Morris.

'The true incentive to useful and happy labour is and must be pleasure in the work itself.' In that sentence—it is his own—you have Morris's belief in politics, economics and art. He seems to have become a Socialist in 1883 because he believed that Socialism stood for ideals which, if realized, would give men joy of their work, and create a spirit of Guild fellowship such as permeated the exercise of the crafts in the Middle Ages, in which he lived always in spirit. 'The study of history,' William Morris wrote towards the end of his life, 'and the love and practice of art forced me into a hatred of the civilization which, if things were to stop as they are, would turn history into inconsequent nonsense, and make art a collection of the curiosities of the past, which would have no serious relation to the life of the present.'

ALL his life had been steeped in the Middle Ages. That is why A Dream of John Ball is so fine a colourful genre picture of England at the time when the medieval system was breaking up, and giving place to times of change and unsettlement. In this masterpiece, literally 'dashed off' about the year 1885 as a piece of propaganda for the periodical, The Commonweal, you see a symbol of Morris's earthly paradise beginning to go crooked. In a way, you almost hear his spirit thirsting for social justice and fellowship, in the beautifully moulded and balanced sentences.

Its writing was an act of religion; it contains in small compass Morris's gospel of life and work. Here men and women are no mere symbols in a rich tapestry. His copious knowledge of the period gives definiteness and reality to descriptions of people, houses and countryside, while his power of suggestion is magical, here as elsewhere.

A Dream of John Ball is the story of a dream, the dreamer being of course the poet himself. He finds himself in a familiar and yet unfamiliar countryside, and notices a tall spire, white and brand-new, rising on the other side of a copse. This surprises him, as does the garden-like neatness and trimness of everything. He turns his face to the village, and is passed

by a man in fantastic armour. Arriving at the village, he notices that the chancel of the church is so new 'that the dust of the stone still lay white on the midsummer grass beneath the carvings of the windows.'

A good many people are about, women and children, many of them somewhat gaily clad. Men are coming into the village carrying bows in cases of linen. Then he is accosted by a tall fellow, one Will Green, who befriends him and takes him to the Rose Inn, the interior strange and beautiful, 'though it was but a pot-house parlour.'

THERE is stir and excitement among these Kentish peasants. There is a rumour of Wat Tyler and his men. The men of Essex were gathering against oppression, and there is fear that this oppression will spread. Yet the company at the Rose enjoy their victuals and drink, and also a song. Through the open window comes the sound of another song, a marching song, and all leap up and seize their bows.

The newcomers and the villagers meet at the Cross, where they are addressed by John Ball, a hedge priest, who speaks thus:

'Forsooth, ye have heard it said that ye shall do well in this world that in the world to come ye may live happily for ever; do ye well, then, and have your reward both on earth and in heaven; for I say to you that earth and heaven are not two, but one. . . . Forsooth, brothers, fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell. Therefore I tell you that the proud, disputeous rich man, though he knoweth it not, is in hell already, because he hath no fellow.'

John Ball reminds them that as he lay in prison, his friends had rescued him, and continues:

'I saw of old the great treading down the little, and the strong beating down the weak, and cruel men fearing not, and kind men daring not, and wise men caring not; and the saints in heaven forbearing, and yet bidding me not forbear; forsooth, I knew once more that he who doeth well in fellowship, and because of fellowship, shall not fail though he seem to fail to day; but in days hereafter shall he and his work yet be alive and men be helpen by them to strive again and yet again.'

By such speech the peasants are roused to resistance, and they are told of a time when fellowship shall be established on the earth. Tidings of battle then reach the peasants, and they make them ready. A gleam of steel in a field has betokened the presence of Rafe Hopton's arms, and the sheriff's arms, and another company.

Presently came a great blare of trumpets and horns from the other side, and therewith as it were a river of steel and bright coats poured into the field before us, and still their horns blew as they spread out to the left of our line.

Then there is a battle at the township's end, and the peasants are shown victorious. John Ball addresses them again, urging them to wend the road to London on the morrow. Supper is then taken at Will Green's. John Ball leaves the company for the church, where he goes 'to wake the dead' who were carried there after the battle. Thither the dreamer resorts to talk to John Ball, who learns of the condition of the people in far days to come, and is sad of heart, yet is he assured that 'the Fellowship of Men shall endure, however many tribulations it shall have to wear through.'

Dawn breaks in the village church as the twain talk.

Once more I heard the voice of John Ball: 'Now, brother, I say farewell; for now verily hath the day of the earth come, and thou and I lonely of each other again; thou hast been a dream to me and I to thee. . . I go to life and death, and leave thee. . . I wish thee what thou wishest for thyself, and that is hopeful strife and blameless peace, which is to say in one word, life. . .'

Then I strove to rise up, but fell back again. A white light, empty of all sights, broke upon me for a moment, and lo! behold, I was lying in my familiar bed, and the south-westerly gale rattling the Venetian blinds, and making their hold-fasts squeak.

RARELY if ever has dream of a saddened seer become such a beautiful reality—a dream with a soul at its heart rendered in prose that represents the poet's high water mark. The counterpart to A Dream of John Ball is the pastoral, News from Nowhere, which describes what Morris wished life to become.

THE KORAN

Abridgement by Professor T. Witton Davies

THE holy scripture of more than a hundred millions of men, The Koran is the least original of all existing sacred books. Mahomedans agree in believing that it is from beginning to end, and word for word, inspired; and that it existed before the Creation on what is called the 'Preserved Tablet.' This tablet was brought by the Archangel Gabriel from the highest to the lowest heaven, whence it was dictated sura (chapter) by sura, verse by verse, and word by word, to the Prophet Mahomet. Its matter is, however, taken for the most part from the Old Testament, especially the narrative portions of the Pentateuch; from the New Testament; from the traditions of the ancient Arabs; and also from Zoroastrian and other scriptures or traditions. Nevertheless, planless and fragmentary compilation though it be, the Koran, particularly in the earlier suras written at Mecca, has much of the grandeur and beauty of style and the passionate exaltation of a true prophet, the sincerity of whose zeal is unquestioned.

Introductory

RELIGION

THE word 'Koran,' or 'Quran,'[1] from a root *qara*—to read, means literally 'what is to be read,' *i.e.* the written authority on all matters, religions, etc. It is the exact equivalent of the Rabbinical Hebrew word 'Miqra' (from the Hebrew *qara*—to read). The idea involved in both the Arabic and Hebrew words is that what is so designated is the ultimate authority deciding all questions. The Rabbis of post-Biblical times (compare the Jewish Qabbalah) regarded the Old Testament as an encyclopedia of universal knowledge. In the best-known Moslem universities of modern times philosophy, science and everything else are taught from the Koran, which is made in some way to contain implicitly the latest words of modern thought, invention and discovery.

The Koran did not exist as a whole until after the Prophet Mahomet's death. It was then compiled by the order of Abu Bekr, the first Sunnite Caliph. Its contents were found written on palm leaves, white stones and other articles capable of being written on. The compilers depended, to a large extent, upon the memory of the prophet's first followers, but the Koran, as we now have it, existed without any appreciable divergence by the end of the first year after Mahomet's death (A.D. 632).

This Moslem Bible has no scheme or plan, because it is an almost haphazard compilation of unconnected discourses, uttered on various unexplained occasions and dealing with many incidents and themes. There is practically no editing, and no attempt is made to explain when, or how, or why the various speeches were delivered.

The earliest native writers and commentators on the Koran arranged its suras into two main classes: (1) Those uttered at Mecca before the flight in A.D. 622; (2) those written at Medina during the next ten years.

Most recent scholars follow the chronological arrangement proposed by the great Orientalist Nöldeke in 1860. Friedrich Schwally, in his revised edition of Nöldeke's great work on the Koran, published in 1908, follows his master in almost every detail. J. M. Rodwell's translation of the Koran, included in Everyman's Library, arranges the suras chronologically according to Nöldeke's scheme. In the summaries that follow it is this chronological order that is adopted. In the Arabic editions followed by the well-known and valuable translations of Sale, E. H. Palmer (Clarendon Press, Sacred

[1] This spelling of the word (Quran) represents the native Arabic pronunciation if it be remembered that 'q' stands for a 'k' sound proceeding from the lower part of the throat. The initial sound is therefore to be distinguished from that of the Arabic and Hebrew letters properly transliterated 'k.'

Books of the East, vols. 6 and 9), and others, the principle adopted is to put the longest suras first and the shortest last.

The Meccan suras are much more original than the Medina ones, especially those of the first period—*i.e.* those belonging to the first four years of Mahomet's prophetic mission, *e.g.* suras 96, 74, etc. In these suras the style is grander, more passionate and fuller of poetry.

The suras of the second period, the following two years of the prophet's mission (*e.g.* suras 54, 37, etc.), have the same general character, but are less vehement. Still less vehement and more restrained are the suras of the third Meccan period—*i.e.* from the seventh year of the prophet's mission to his flight in A.D. 622 (*e.g.* suras 32, 41, etc.). The style of the Medina suras resembles that of the Meccan revelations of the third period, only they are still more matter of fact and restrained, and are largely made up of appeals to Jews, Christians and others to abandon their 'unbelief,' and to accept the prophet who had come to them with the true religion, a religion as old as Abraham, though forgotten for many ages.

The Koran differs from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, including the Apocrypha, in that these latter are much more varied, as emanating from many minds, and belonging to very different occasions. The Koran is, from beginning to end, the effusions (often very wild) of one man.

The present writer has kept before him the Arabic text of Maracci, Fluegel and Redslob, and also several Oriental editions (Cairo, Constantinople, Calcutta, etc.). But, of course, the best-known translations, and also the native commentaries (Baidhawi, etc.), have been consulted.

In the summaries which follow, numerals following the paragraphs indicate the number of the sura or suras in the Arabic text as well as in Sale's translation.

Meccan Suras

I—FIRST PERIOD (A.D. 613-617)

Mahomet's First Call to Read the Koran

IN the name of the gracious and compassionate God.[1]

Recite in the name of thy Lord, who created man and taught men to write, recite what God has revealed to thee His Prophet, and be not afraid. Consider not the opposition of Abu Gahl, who has threatened to put his foot on thy neck if thou dost worship Allah. (96)

Denunciation of Abu Lahab[2]

Abu Lahab's two hands shall perish, and he himself perish. His wealth shall not avail him, nor all that he has gained. He shall be burnt in the fiery flames[3] of Hell, his wife carrying wood for fuel, with a cord of palm tree fibres twisted round her neck. (111)

Mahomet Commanded to Offer Sacrifices

We have given to thee, O Prophet, great wealth and abounding riches. Pray thou to Allah, and offer Him suitable sacrifices out of what He has bestowed upon thee. (108)

[Compare with this paragraph the following, from sura 22 of the Medina group:

We have ordained that ye offer sacrifices unto Allah, and that ye receive much benefit therefrom. When, therefore, ye slay your camels let the name of Allah be pronounced over them. Then eat of them and give to those who ask humbly, giving also to the poor and needy who ask not. Flesh and blood can never reach unto Allah (God), but your obedience and piety will reach unto Him.]

Believers and Unbelievers

We will make the path to happiness easy and safe to all such as fear Allah, and give alms, and believe the truth proclaimed by Allah's messenger. But we will make easy the path to distress and misery for all such as are niggardly, are bent on making riches, and deny the truth when it is proclaimed to them. When these last fall headlong into Hell, their wealth will avail them nothing. In the burning furnace they shall burn and broil. (92)

[1] All the suras, except the ninth, begin with this formula, as, indeed, do most Arabic books, often even books of an immoral nature.

[2] Mahomet's uncle, who, with his wife, rejected the prophet's claims.

[3] A word-play, Lahab meaning 'flame.'

The Duty of Exercising Charity

Verily, We (God) have created some men in such poverty and distress as to need the help of others. What does that braggart man mean when he says, 'None shall prevail over me; I have and have scattered riches boundless'? Does he not know that there is a Divine eye that sees him? Have not We created him with a capacity of distinguishing between the two highways, that which descends towards evil, and that which ascends towards the good? This niggardly man however, makes no attempt to scale the heights. What is it to ascend the upward road? It is to free the prisoner, to feed the hungry, to defend the orphan who is akin, and the downtrodden poor. Besides this, it is enjoined that men believe in Allah and His Prophet; that they encourage each other to be steadfast in the faith, exercising mutual consideration and sympathy. All such as do these things shall be the people of the right hand. But all those who disbelieve Our signs shall be the companions of the left hand, over whom shall be a vault of fire. (90)

Mahomet Commanded to Arise and Preach

O thou mantle-wrapped one, arise and warn the people, and magnify thy Lord. The Day of Judgement will be a sad day for unbelievers. Leave thou thine enemy in Mine hands, and let Me visit upon him his well-deserved punishment. For he has ridiculed the Koran; he has said: 'This is nothing else than magic, they are the words of a man.' I [God] will cast him into Hell, where he shall burn in torment. The fires of this Hell leave nothing unconsumed. It scorches men's flesh. We have appointed nineteen angels as guardians over Hell fire. But why nineteen? That believers may be sure of the veracity of this Book, and that unbelievers may have occasion for denying the divinity of the Koran, saying: 'What means this number?' (74)

The Koran Given to Mahomet

Verily, We have brought down to Mahomet the Koran on the Night of Power.[1] This one Night of Power is better than a thousand months. On that night did Gabriel and the angels descend and reveal to Our Prophet all the words of the Koran. (97)

[1] Said by Moslem commentators to be one of the last ten nights of Ramadhan, the seventh of those nights reckoning backwards.

Mahomet not Mad nor an Impostor

Believe thou not, O Messenger of Mine, when they say, 'Thou art bereft of thy senses,' when they charge thee with imposture. Thy Lord knoweth who are bereft of their senses, and who are the impostors. Warn thou those malignants of the awful judgement which awaits them. (68)

God's Promise to Help Mahomet to Recite the Koran

We [Allah] shall enable thee to remember all the parts of the Koran, so that thou mayest recite them for the encouragement of those who believe and as a warning to all unbelievers. Nor shalt thou forget aught of this Revelation except what We please.[1] All those who fear God will receive the prophet's warning, but all those who disbelieve shall be cast into terrible fire where they will neither live nor die. This doctrine which We command thee to preach is that taught in the ancient Books, the Books of Abraham and of Moses, who were faithful Moslems. (87)

The Koran Inspired

By the falling star, your comrade Mahomet does not err, nor does he speak his own mind. What he utters has been revealed to him. The Koran is from God through Gabriel; it is not the work of man. Why worship ye goddesses like Allat and Al'Uzza and Manah? There are no goddesses.[2] (53)

The Treatment of Women Believers

When believing women come to you as fugitives, leaving behind them unbelieving husbands, send them not back to the infidels, but test their faith, and if they are found true Moslems, pay back to their husbands the dowries which they have expended. Then may ye marry them, provided ye give them the accustomed dowries. (60)

[1] The earliest mention of ... do... of previous revelations. When Mahomet w... convinced that what he had previously taught was erroneous he always professed to have received a new revela... annulling the earlier one bearing on the matter.

[2] There is perhaps here an indirect ref... nce to the alleged deification of the Virgin Mary by th... Christians with whom Mahomet came in contact.

God's Unity[1]

Say 'He is but one God, the everlasting God who begets not,[2] nor is begotten, and there is none like unto Him.' (10)

Formulae of Exorcism

I flee for refuge to the Lord, that He may protect me against the evil things which He has created. Against night goblins when the night comes on, and from witches who bind by their magic knots, and from such as injure by the evil eye; I seek refuge with the Lord from charmers, from jinns [demons], and from evil men. (113)

The Heaven of the Moslems

All who believe in Allah and His Prophet shall be admitted hereafter into delightful gardens [Paradise]. They shall repose for ever on couches decked with gold and precious stones, being supplied with abundance of luscious wine, fruits of the choicest variety and the flesh of birds. They shall be accompanied by damsels of unsurpassed beauty, with large black, pearl-like eyes. (56)

II—SECOND PERIOD (A.D. 617-619)

Winds and Demons Subject to Solomon

AND We made a strong wind subject to Solomon, so that it conveyed him whither he would. We also gave him the power of commanding demons, so that they dived into the sea to bring him pearls, and did everything else that he wished.[3] (21)

The Miraculous Birth of Jesus

Remember Mary, who preserved her virginity, and into whom We breathed Our own spirit, so that when her son Isa [Jesus] was born, mother and son became a sign unto all mankind. (21)

The Virgin Mary

After Mary, the Virgin, had borne her son Isa [Jesus] she was found one day carrying the child in her arms when some pious men met her and rebuked her, saying: 'O Mary, thou sister of Aaron,[4] what is this strange thing thou hast done? Thy father Amram was an upright man, and thy mother was no harlot, as thou seemest to be.' In answer to all this the infant child, not having previously lisped a syllable, said, 'Verily I am the servant of Allah, who has given me the Book of the Gospel, and appointed me to be His Prophet. He has made me blessed, and to be a blessing. Happy the day wherein I was born, and the day wherein I shall die, and the day whereon I shall be raised again.' (19)

Devils Sent by God to make Men Sin

Do ye not know that We [God] send devils against the unbelievers to move them, by their suggestions, to the sin of which these unbelievers become guilty? (19)

Solomon's Army of Men, Birds and Jinns (Demons)

Solomon was able to understand the speech of birds and to make them understand his speech.[2] There gathered to him on a certain day his entire army of men, birds and jinns in the Valley of Ants. The crowd was so great that one of the ants said to his fellows, 'Get you at once into your ant-homes, or you will be trampled to death by one of these myriad feet.'

The Queen of Sheba's Visit to Solomon

Solomon, one day reviewing his varied troops, missed among the birds the hoopoe, and asked whither this bird had gone, threatening all manner of punishments for his absence. Soon the missing bird came flying to the king, uttering the words, 'I have just come from Sheba, where I have looked upon the most wonderful queen, sitting upon the most magnificent throne I have ever set eyes on. But this queen and her subjects, unfortunately, worshipped not Allah, the true God, but the sun.'

---

[1] This is from one of the oldest suras. A most important Moslem tradition says that Mahomet declared this sura to be equal to a third of the rest of the Koran. Some say it represents the prophet's creed when he entered upon his mission.

[2] This is directed against both the Meccan belief that angels were daughters of God, and also against the Christian doctrine that Jesus was the Son of God. Reference is also made, perhaps, to the Jewish description of Ezra as God's son.

[3] Mahomet here adopts the Jewish and Arab myth that Solomon had a seal with the divine name (Yahwe) inscribed on it, giving him control over winds and jinns, or demons.

[4] In Arabic, Mary and Miriam are spelt exactly alike ('Miriam'). This evidently misled Mahomet. In sura 56 he describes the Virgin as a daughter of Amram, the father of Aaron, Moses and Miriam. (See Numbers xxvi, 59, and Exodus xv, 20.)

[5] This is a well-known Arab fable, based on a misunderstanding of 1 Kings iv, 33, influenced by the second Targum on Esther. See an English translation of this last in a commentary on Esther by Paul Cassel (T. & T. Clark), p. 263. This Targum is certainly older than the Koran, and it embodies Jewish legends of a still greater antiquity.

'I will test the truth of thy words!' replied the angry monarch. 'Take thou this note of mine to the queen thou laudest so highly, bidding her come to my kingdom to acknowledge my authority.'

Almost in a twinkling the hoopoe was back with the queen's answer consenting to visit Solomon and his dominions. Solomon then asked his nobles 'Which of you will bring me the Queen of Sheba's throne, to be here before she arrives?'

'I will!' said one of the wickedest of the jinns.

In a very short time the throne was in Solomon's palace. 'Alter ye it,' said the king, 'to see whether she has any supernatural knowledge to identify it.'

When the queen arrived, she was asked, 'What throne is this?'

She replied, 'It is mine—strangely mine.' After she had witnessed the glory and wisdom of Solomon, she gave up her idols, and became the worshipper of Allah, the true God. (27)

III—THIRD PERIOD (A.D. 619-622)

Punishment for Violating the Sabbath

YE know how We tested and proved those wicked people who dwelt in Elath on the Red Sea. On the sabbath day We made the fish come right up to them, as if asking to be caught, but not so on other days. Those who yielded to the temptation, and thus violated the sanctity of the sacred day, We turned into apes as a punishment for their wrong doing. (7)

Mount Sinai Shaken Above the Israelites

When the Israelites doubted the authority of the Law which We had given them through Moses, Our servant, We caused Mount Sinai to rear itself above them as a covering, so that the people feared it was going to fall upon them. And We said to them, 'Receive ye with reverence that Law which We have given you, and remember what is contained therein, taking heed thereto.'[1] (7)

Medina Suras

Salvation for Others than Moslems

ALL such as believe in Allah and in the last day, and who do that which is right, whether they are Jews, Christians, Sabeans, or Moslems, shall have their reward from Allah, who will take away from them all fear and grief. (3)

Moslems Only to be Saved

No one that follows any other religion than Islam will be accepted by God or saved from perishing in the life that is to come. (2)

Abraham, Ishmael, Isaac, Jacob and the Tribes of Israel All Moslems

Do ye Jews say that Abraham, Ishmael, Isaac, Jacob and the tribes of Israel were Jews, or do ye Christians say that they were Christians? But God knows better, and has revealed to you the truth that all these were Moslems, followers of the religion of Islam. But God is cognisant of your unbelief, and will bring you to account. (2)

The Qiblah Changed from Jerusalem to Mecca

Foolish men will say, 'Why have they changed the Qiblah from Jerusalem to the Ka'aba[2] in Mecca?' Say to them, 'God's is the east and the west, and He has commanded us to turn, when we pray, to the sacred mosque at Mecca.' (2)

Against Jews and Christians Who Capriciously Choose and Reject What Divine Revelations They Please

Why, then, do ye believe part only of the Book, and deny that part which authenticates the mission of the Prophet of Allah? All those who are guilty of this sin shall have shame in this life, and on the Resurrection Day shall be driven into the most excruciating torments. (2)

The Mecca Temple Founded by Abraham

It was Abraham, our father, who first erected the Ka'aba sanctuary at Mecca,

---

[1] This legend about Mount Sinai is contained twice in the Jewish Talmud (Abodah Zarah Mishnah II, 2, and Shabbath Gemarah lxxxviii 1). It is no doubt this Jewish tradition that suggested the above passage.

[2] The Qiblah is the point to which men turn in prayer. Zoroastrians pray towards the east—the direction of the rising sun; Jews towards Jerusalem, where the Temple was; and Moslems, from the utterance of this sura, towards Mecca. At first Mahomet adopted no Qiblah. On reaching Medina, in order to conciliate the Jews, he adopted Jerusalem as the Qiblah. But a year after reaching Medina he broke with the Jews and commanded his people to make the Ka'aba their Qiblah.

The Ka'aba is the cube-like building in the centre of the mosque at Mecca, which contains the sacred black stone.

and it is our bounden duty, if at all able, to visit this sacred house. (3)

Jesus Predicts the Coming of Mahomet

Jesus, Mary's Son, said, 'O Israelites, I am Allah's Apostle, sent to confirm the Law of the Old Testament, and to bring you good tidings of a great Apostle to come after me, whose name is Ahmad.'[1] (61)

Mahomet, the Last and Greatest of God's Messengers

In the former times We sent Our apostles with convincing arguments and all decisive miracles, and We gave them the Scriptures. We sent to men Noah, Abraham and the prophets, but many believed not. Then We sent Our apostles, after whom came Jesus, Son of Mary. Then, last of all, came Our great apostle, Mahomet. O all ye believers, fear God and obey the words of Allah's messenger. (57)

The Koran Consistent Throughout

Why do they not carefully and impartially consider the Koran? If it had not been wholly of God, unbelievers would have been able to find contradictions. (4)

[1] Ahmad and Mahomet have both the same meaning, *i.e.* 'the Praiseworthy One.' Moslem commentators hold that the Paraclete (Comforter) promised in John xvi. 7 means Mahomet. In order to make this clear, however, they say we ought to read 'Periklutos,' *i.e.* virtually Ahmad and Mahomet, instead of 'Paracletos.'

One God, not Three Gods, According to the Scripture

O ye who have received the Scriptures, do not believe more than these sacred writings teach! Jesus, Son of Mary, was God's Apostle, His Word, a spirit proceeding from God. Do not say there are three gods—Allah, Isa and Mary.[1] There is but one God, and He can have no son. (4)

Forbidden Food

Ye are forbidden to eat that which dies of itself, blood, swine's flesh, and that on which the name of any other god than Allah has been invoked[2]; that which has been strangled or killed by a blow or by a fall or what has been gored to death, and whatever has been sacrificed to idols. (5)

Denial of the Divinity of Christ and the Trinity

Those are unbelievers who say that God is the Christ [lit. Messiah], Son of Mary. Nay, this Christ Himself said, 'O Israelites, worship God, My Lord and yours!' He who associates with God any companion as His equal shall be excluded from Paradise, and have his place in Hell fire. (5)

[1] According to the Koran, Mary was worshipped as God by the Christians of Arabia.

[2] According to sura 2, verse 174, the *Bismillah* (lit. 'In the name of Allah,' etc.) must be uttered before animals to be eaten are killed.

Romanticism Brilliantly Satirised

HEINRICH HEINE

ATTA TROLL

A SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

PERHAPS the last free wood-song of a Romantic,' to quote Heine's ironic description of his great mock epic, Atta Troll (1847) is a masterpiece of fantastic satire. In it the poet attacks the conceit and sentimentalities of the German romantics, such as Schiller and Freiligrath, yet so gaily that we cannot but laugh with him. The hero of the poem is a Pyrenean dancing-bear, Atta Troll, which escapes from its master only to meet with an ignoble death. We are given the political and religious opinions of this wonderful bear, and find them an admirable parody of those of emotional poets and students of the type that was so common in Germany in the nineteenth century. There are exquisite lyrical passages throughout the poem; the hunter's vision of the ghostly hunting-party is a magnificent piece of sustained description.



I

IN the valley lies attractive
Cauterets. The shining houses
Gay with balconies, and on them
Stand fair ladies, loudly laughing.

Laughing as they look beneath them
On the brightly swarming market,
Where are dancing bear and she-bear
To the droning of the bagpipes.

Atta Troll and his good lady,
Whom the people call black Mumma,
Are the dancers; the Biscayans
Shout aloud in admiration.

Atta Troll, who once paraded
Like a mighty lord of deserts,
Free upon the mountain summit,
Dances in the vale to rabble!

Both the music and the laughter
Quickly cease and, shrieking loudly,
From the market fly the people,
And the ladies they are fainting.

Yes, the slavish chain that bound him
Suddenly hath rent asunder
Atta Troll. And, wildly springing,
Up the rocks he nimbly clambers.

In the empty market standing,
All alone are left black Mumma
And the keeper. Wild with fury
On the ground his hat he dashes.

On the wretched poor black Mumma
Falls this much-enraged one's fury
Doubly down at last; he beats her,
Then he calls her Queen Christina.

II

In the vale of Ronceval
Not far off from Roland's cleft,
And by savage fir-trees hidden,
Lies the cave of Atta Troll.

In the bosom of his family,
There he rests from all his hardships.
Tender meeting! All his young ones
Found he in the well-loved cavern:

Well-licked, lady-like young bears,
Blonde their hair, like parson's daughters;
Brown the boys, the youngest only
With the single ear is black.

Gladly now relates the old one
What he's in the world experienced,
Of the overwhelming plaudits
Reaped by his great skill in dancing.

Overcome by self-laudation,
Now he calls on deeds to witness
That he is no wretched boaster,
That he's really great at dancing.

III

In the caverns with his offspring,
Sick at heart, upon his back lies
Atta Troll; in meditation
Licks his paws and, licking, growls:

"Mumma, Mumma, pearl of blackness,
Whom I fished from out life's ocean,
Is it thus that in life's ocean
I am forced again to lose thee!

"Might I only once more sniffle
That sweet odour, the peculiar,
Of my black, my darling Mumma,
Fragrant as the scent of roses!

"But, alas! my Mumma pineth
In the fetters of those rascals,
Who, the name of Men assuming,
Call themselves Creation's lords.

"Mankind, are ye any better
Than we others, just because ye
Boiled and baked devour your victuals?
In a raw state we eat ours.

"Children," grumbles Atta Troll,
"Children, we must seize the future!
If each bear but thought as I do,
We should soon subdue the tyrants.

"Let the boar but form alliance
With the horse, the elephant
Coil his trunk with love paternal
Round the valiant bullock's horns;

"Bear and wolf of every colour,
Goat and monkey; even hares, too
Let them work awhile together,
And the victory cannot fail us.

"Equal rights for all God's creatures,
Be our fundamental maxim;
Absolutely no distinction
In belief, or skin, or smell.

"Strict equality! Every jackass
Competent for highest office;
On the other hand, the lion
Trotting with the corn to grind."

IV

Many an honest, virtuous burgher
Lives on earth in evil odour,
Whilst your princely people reek of
Lavender and ambergris.

Therefore do not make wry faces,
Gentle reader, if the cave of
Atta Troll should not remind you
Of the spices of Arabia.

Tarry with me in the steamy
Confines in the dismal odour,
Where the hero to his youngest
Speaks as if from out a cloud:

"Ever shun men's ways of thinking!
Not a creature that is decent
Can be found among these creatures.
Even Germans, once much better,

"In primeval times our cousins,
These alike are now degen'rate:
Traitors to their creed and godless,
Now they preach e'en atheism!

"Only be no atheist,
Like a non-bear who respects not
His great Maker—Yes, a Maker
Hath this universe created.

" Yonder in the starred pavilion,
On the golden throne of power,
World-controlling and majestic,
Sits a giant Polar bear.

" At his feèt are sitting gentle
Sainted bears, who in their life-time
Uncomplaining suffered ; in their
Paws the palm of martyrdom.

" Shall I ever, drunk with heaven,
Yonder in the starred pavilion,
With the Glory, with the palm-branch,
Dance before the throne of God ? "

V

FIGURES twain, morose and baleful,
And on all-fours slowly creeping,
Break themselves a gloomy passage
Through the underwood at midnight.

That is Atta Troll, the father,
And his son, young Master One-Ear.
" This old stone " - growls Atta Troll—
" Is the altar, where the Druids

" In the days of superstition
Human sacrifices butchered.
Oh, the overwhelming horror !
Shedding blood to honour God !

" Now indeed far more enlightened
Are these men—they only murder
Now from selfishness and grasping.
Each one plunders for himself !

" Nature never yet created
Owners, no—for void of pockets,
Not a pocket in our fur coats,
We were born, the whole of us.

" Only man, that smooth-skinned being,
Could in borrowed wool, so artful,
Dress himself, or could, so artful,
Thus provide himself with pockets.

" Be the mortal foe of all such
Fierce oppressors reconcileless,
To the end of thy existence —
Swear it, swear it here, my son ! "

And the youngster swore as once did
Hannibal. The moon illumined
With her yellow light the Blood-stone,
And the pair of misanthropes.

VI

I WAS early one fine morning
With Lascaro setting forward
On the bear-hunt. And at mid-day
We arrived at Pont-d'Espagne.

Evening shades were dark'ning round us
When we reached the wretched hostel,
Where the Ollea-Podrida
Steamed up from the dirty soup-dish.

What a raving with these poets,
E'en the tame ones ! Why, they never
Cease to sing and say that Nature
Is the Maker's mighty temple.

Well, so be it, charming people !
But confess that in this temple
All the stairs are slightly awkward,
Miserably bad the stairs !

Close beside me strides Lascaro,
Pale and long, just like a taper ;
Never speaking, never smiling,
He, the dead son of a witch.

Yes, 'tis said, he is a dead one,
Long defunct, although his mother,
Old Uraka, by enchantments
Keeps him living to appearance.

In the little fishing cottage,
On the Lac-de-Gobe we met with
Shelter and some trout for dinner ;
And they tasted quite delicious.

VII

FROM the sunny golden background
Smile the violet mountain peaks,
On the ridge there clings a village,
Like a boldly ventured birds'-nest.

Having climbed there, 'twas apparent
That the old ones wing had taken,
And behind were tarrying only
All the young brood, not yet fledged.

Nearly all that day I lingered
With the children, and we chatted
Quite familiar. They were curious
Who I was, what I was doing ?

" Germany, dear friends "—so said I—
" Is the land where I was born ;
Bears live there in any number,
And I took to hunting bears.

" There I drew the skin for many
Over very bearish ears ;
And between them I was sometimes
Roughly by their bear claws handled.

" But with merely unlicked blockheads
Every day to be contending
In my well-loved home, at last I
Found to be too much for me.

" So at last have journeyed hither,
Seeking out some better sport ;
I intend to try my prowess
On the mighty Atta Troll."

VIII

LIKE a narrow street the valley,
And its name is Spectre Hollow ;
Rugged crags rise up abruptly
Either side to giddy heights.

On a dizzy, steep projection,
Peeping downwards, like a watch-tower,
Stands Uraka's daring cottage;
Thither I Lascaro followed.

With his mother he took counsel,
Using secret signs as language,
How might Atta Troll be tempted,
How he might be put to death.

What Uraka as her lawful
Business followed, that was honest;
For she dealt in mountain simples
And she also sold stuffed birds.

Full of all these natural wonders
Was the hut. The smell was dreadful
Of the henbane, cuckoo-flowers,
Dandelion and deadmen's fingers.

Vultures, too, a large collection,
Carefully arranged on all sides,
With the wings at full extended
And the most enormous beaks.

Was't the odour of the foolish
Plants which stupefied my senses?
Strange sensations crept about me
At the sight of all these birds.

IX

Argonauts without a ship,
Who on foot the mountains traverse,
And instead of golden fleeces
Only look to win a bear-skin,

Ah, we are but sorry devils!
Heroes of a modern pattern,
And there's not a classic poet
Would in song immortalise us!

And for all that we have suffered
Mighty hardships! What a shower
Overtook us on the summit,
And no tree and no *fiacre!*

Tired to death, and out of humour,
Like two well-drenched poodles, once more
Very late at night, we clambered
To the witch's hut above.

Shivering, and with teeth a-chatter,
Near the hearth I stood awhile;
Then, as though the warmth o'ercame me,
Sank at last upon the straw.

How the roaring of the chimney
Terrified me! Like the moaning
Of poor, wretched, dried-up souls—
Quite familiar seemed the voices.

Sleep completely overcame me
In the end, and then in place of
Waking phantasm, rose before me
Quite a wholesome, firm-set dream.

And I dreamed the little cottage
Suddenly became a ballroom,
Carried up aloft on pillars
And by chandeliers illumined.

Then invisible musicians
Struck up from Robert le Diable
That ungodly dance of nuns;
I was walking all alone there.

But at last the portals open
Of themselves, and then come marching
Measured footsteps, slow and solemn,
Most extraordinary guests.

Nothing now but bears and spectres,
Walking upright, every he-bear
On the arm a ghost conducted,
Muffled in a long white shroud.

Sometimes in the dance's bustle,
Tore a bear the burial garment
Off the head of his companion;
Lo! a death's-head came to view.

But at last sounds forth a joyous
Crashing of the horns and cymbals;
And the kettle-drums they thunder,
And there came the galopade.

This I did not dream the end of—
For a most ill-mannered bruin
Trod upon my favourite corn,
So that, shrieking out, I woke.

X

In the cavern, with his offspring,
Atta Troll lies, and he slumbers
With the snoring of the righteous;
But at last he wakes up yawning.

"Children!"—sighs he, whilst are trickling
Tears from those large eyes unbidden—
"Children! Finished is my earthly
Pilgrimage and we must part.

"Just at midday whilst I slumbered
Came a dream, which has its meaning.
Then my spirit sweetly tasted
Omens of my coming death.

"On the world and fate reflecting,
Yawning I had fallen asleep,
When I dreamed that I was lying
Underneath a lofty tree.

"From the tree's o'erspreading branches
Dribbled down transparent honey.
Joyous blinking, up above me
Seven little bears I noticed.

"Tender, graceful little creatures,
Rosy coloured were their fur coats,
As they clambered; from their shoulders
Just like silk two wings were sprouting.



HEINRICH HEINE was born of Jewish parents at Düsseldorf, December 13, 1797. After a brief experience of commercial life he went to the universities of Bonn, Göttingen and Berlin, and obtained a degree at Göttingen in 1825, having previously published two books, Poems, and Tragedies. With his Journey to the Harz Mountains, and The North Sea he made his reputation and was enabled to travel in England and Italy. For a short period he was joint editor of a Bavarian paper, but in 1831 he went to Paris, which was his home until he died, February 17, 1856. This portrait is from the drawing by E. B. Vrietz.

"And with soft and supernatural
Flute-like voices they were singing:
While thus singing, icy coldness
Crept throughout my skin, and flame-like

"From my skin my soul departed;
Soared in brightness up to heaven."
Thus in tender words and falt'ring
Grunted Atta Troll. His ears then

Pricked themselves and strangely worked,
And from his repose he started,
Trembling, and with rapture bellowing,
"Children do ye hear those sounds?

"Is it not the voice melodious
Of your mother? Oh, I know it,
'Tis the growling of my Mumma!
Mumma! Yes, my own black Mumma!"

Atta Troll, whilst these words utt'ring,
Like a madman headlong bounded
From the cavern to destruction!
Ah! he rushed upon his doom!

In the vale of Ronceval,
On the very spot where whilom
Charlemagne's peerless nephew
Gasped away his fleeting spirit,

There fell also Atta Troll,
Fell through treason, like the other,
Whom the traitor, knighthood's Judas,
Ganelon of Mainz, betrayed.

XI

FOUR gigantic men in triumph
Brought along the slaughtered Bear.
Upright sat he in an armchair,
Like a patient at the hot-wells.

That same day soon after skinning
Atta Troll, they up to auction
Put the skin. For just a hundred
Francs a furrier purchased it.

Elegantly then he trimmed it,
And he edged it round with scarlet,
And again he sold it quickly
Just for double what it cost.

So, at last, third hand possessed it—
Julietta, and at Paris
It reposes in her chamber,
Serving as a bed-side carpet.

What of Mumma? Ah, the Mumma
Is a poor weak woman! Frailty
Is her name! Alas, the women
Are as so much porcelain frail.

When the hand of Fate had parted
Mumma from her noble husband,
Neither did she die of sorrow,
Nor succumb to melancholy.

And at last a fixed appointment,
And for life a safe provision,
Far away she found at Paris
In the famed Jardin des Plantes.

Sunday last as I was walking
In the gardens with Julietta,
By the railing round the bear-pit—
Gracious Heavens! What saw we there!

'Twas a powerful desert bear
From Siberia, snow-white coated,
Playing there an over-tender,
Amorous game with some black she-bear

And, by Jupiter! 'twas Mumma!
'Twas the wife of Atta Troll!
I remembered her distinctly
By the moist eye's tender glances.

XII

WHERE in heaven, Master Louis,
Have you all this crazy nonsense
Scraped together? Such the question
Of the Cardinal d'Este,

After having read the poem
Of Rolando's frenzied doings,
Which Ariosto with submission
To his Eminence dedicated.

Yes, Varnhagen, worthy friend,
Yes, I see the same words nearly
On thy lips this moment hanging
With the same sarcastic smile.

" Sounds this not like youthful visions,
Which I once dreamt with Chamisso
And Brentano and Fouqué,
On those deep-blue moonlight evenings ? "

Yes, my friend, it is the echo
Of those long-forgotten dream-days ;
Only that a modern trilling
Mingles with the ancient cadence.

Other seasons, other songsters !
Other songsters, other ditties !
What a cackling, as of geese, which
Once preserved the Capitol !

What a rumbling ! Turtle-doves, which
Love o'ercloyed, are bent on hatred,
And henceforth, deserting Venus,
Drag along Bellona's car !

What a humming, startling worlds !
'Tis colossal May cockchafers
Of the people's new-found spring-time
Seized with the Berserker-rage !

Other seasons, other songsters !
Other songsters, other ditties !
I might take a pleasure also
In them had I other ears !

The Model Story of English Public School Life

THOMAS HUGHES

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS

BY common consent the best story descriptive of English public school life ever written, Tom Brown's Schooldays was published in 1857, and was acclaimed as a thoroughly English book, heartily acquiescent in English ways and tastes, especially in the English system of public school education. Hughes followed it up in 1861 with Tom Brown at Oxford, a book which was not only a failure, as most sequels are, but was evidently written by an author who knew that it was a failure. Between the publication of these two works Hughes brought out The Scouring of the White Horse, illustrated by Richard Doyle, which had a favourable reception. Besides these works Hughes wrote Religio Laici, a Biography of Alfred the Great, Memoirs of his elder brother, George E. Hughes, and of his great friend, Charles Kingsley, the latter prefixed to the edition of Alton Locke, published in 1876, and a volume entitled Our Old Church : What Shall We Do With It ? directed against the movement for the dis-establishment of the national church.

I—Tom Goes to Rugby



SQUIRE BROWN, J.P. for the county of Berks, dealt out justice and mercy in a rough way, and begat sons and daughters and hunted the fox and grumbled at the badness of the roads and the times. And his wife dealt out stockings and shirts and smock frocks and comforting drinks to the old folk with the ' rheumatiz ' and good counsel to all.

Tom was their eldest child, a hearty, strong boy, from the first given to fighting with and escaping from his nurse and fraternising with all the village boys, with whom he made expeditions all round the neighbourhood.

Squire Brown was a Tory to the backbone ; but, nevertheless, held divers social principles not generally supposed to be true blue in colour ; the foremost of which was the belief that a man is to be valued wholly and solely for that which he is in himself, apart from all externals whatever. Therefore, he held it didn't matter a straw whether his son associated with lords' sons or ploughmen's sons, provided they were brave and honest. So he encouraged Tom in his intimacy with the village boys and gave them the run of a close for a playground. Great was the grief among them when Tom drove off with the squire one morning, to meet the coach, on his way to Rugby, to school.

It had been resolved that Tom should travel down by the Tally-ho, which passed through Rugby itself ; and as it was an early coach, they drove out to the Peacock Inn, at Islington, to be on the road. Towards nine o'clock, the squire, observing that Tom was getting sleepy, sent the little fellow off to bed, with a few parting words, the result of much thought.

" And now, Tom, my boy," said the squire, " remember you are going, at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear, with all your troubles before you—earlier than

we should have sent you, perhaps. You'll see a great many cruel blackguard things done and hear a deal of foul, bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth and keep a brave, kind heart and never listen to or say anything you wouldn't have your mother or sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

The mention of his mother made Tom feel rather choky and he would have liked to hug his father well, if it hadn't been for his recent stipulation that kissing should now cease between them, so he only squeezed his father's hand and looked up bravely and said, "I'll try, father!"

At ten minutes to three Tom was in the coffee-room in his stockings, and there was his father nursing a bright fire; and a cup of coffee and a hard biscuit on the table.

Just as he is swallowing the last mouthful, Boots looks in, and says, "Tally-ho, sir!" And they hear the ring and rattle as it dashes up to the Peacock.

"Good-bye, father; my love at home!" A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard holding on with one hand, while he claps the horn to his mouth. Toot, toot, toot! Away goes the Tally-ho into the darkness.

Tom stands up and looks back at his father's figure as long as he can see it; and then comes to an anchor and finishes his buttonings and other preparations for facing the cold three hours before dawn. The guard muffles Tom's feet up in straw and puts an oat-sack over his knees, but it is not until after breakfast that his tongue is unloosed, and he rubs up his memory, and launches out into a graphic history of all the performances of the Rugby boys whose acquaintance he had made on the road in the last twenty years.

"And so here's Rugby, sir, at last, and you'll be in plenty of time for dinner at the schoolhouse, as I tell'd you," says the old guard.

Tom's heart beat quick and he began to feel proud of being a Rugby boy when he passed the school gates and saw the boys standing there as if the town belonged to them.

One of the young heroes ran out from the rest, and scrambled up behind, where, having righted himself with, "How do, Jem?" to the guard, he turned round short to Tom, and began, "I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?"

"Yes," said Tom, in considerable astonishment.

"Ah, I thought so; my old aunt, Miss East, lives somewhere down your way in Berkshire; she wrote that you were coming to-day, and asked me to give you a lift!"

TOM was somewhat inclined to resent the patronising air of his new friend, a boy of just about his own age and height, but gifted with the most transcendent coolness and assurance, which Tom felt to be aggravating and hard to bear, but couldn't help admiring and envying.

"You see," said East, as they strolled up to the school gates, "a good deal depends on how a fellow cuts up at first. You see, I'm doing the handsome thing by you, because my father knows yours; besides, I want to please the old lady—she gave me half-a-sov. this half, and perhaps 'll double it next if I keep in her good books."

Tom was duly placed in the Third Form, and found his work very easy; and as he had no intimate companion to make him idle (East being in the Lower Fourth), soon gained golden opinions from his master, and all went well with him in the school. As a new boy he was, of course, excused fagging, but, in his enthusiasm, this hardly pleased him; and East and others of his young friends kindly allowed him to indulge his fancy, and take their turns at night, fagging and cleaning studies. So he soon gained the character of a good-natured, willing fellow, ready to do a turn for anyone.

II—The War of Independence

THE Lower Fourth was an overgrown Form, too large for any one man to attend to properly, consequently the elysium of the young scamps who formed the staple of it. Tom had come up from the Third, with a good character, but he rapidly fell away and became as unmanageable as the rest. By the time the second monthly examination came round, his character for steadiness was

gone and, for years after, he went up the school without it and regarded the masters, as a matter of course, as his natural enemies. Matters were not so comfortable in the house, either. The new praeposters of the Sixth Form were not strong, and the big Fifth Form boys soon began to usurp power and to fag and bully the little boys.

One evening Tom and East were sitting in their study, Tom brooding over the wrongs of fags in general and his own in particular.

"I say, Scud," said he at last, "what right have the Fifth Form boys to fag us as they do?"

"No more right than you have to fag them," said East, without looking up from an early number of Pickwick. Tom relapsed into his brown study and East went on reading and chuckling.

"Do you know, old fellow, I've been thinking it over, and I've made up my mind I won't fag except for the Sixth."

"Quite right, too, my boy," cried East. "I'm all for a strike myself; it's getting too bad."

"I shouldn't mind if it were only young Brooke now," said Tom; "I'd do anything for him. But that blackguard Flashman——"

"The cowardly brute!" broke in East.

"Fa-a-ag!" sounded along the passage from Flashman's study.

The two boys looked at one another.

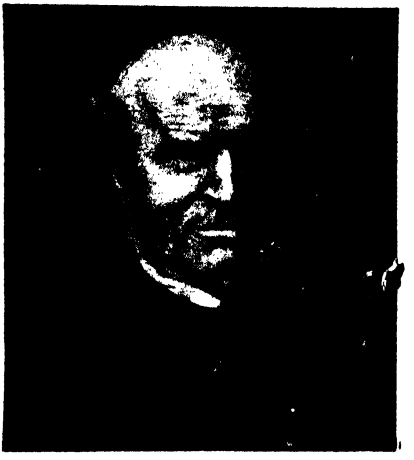
"Fa-a-ag!" again. No answer.

"Here, Brown! East! You young skulks!" roared Flashman. "I know you're in! No shirking!"

Tom bolted the door, and East blew out the candle.

"Now, Tom, no surrender!"

THEN the assault commenced. One panel of the door gave way to repeated kicks and the besieged strengthened their defences with the sofa. Flashman & Co. at last retired, vowing vengeance, and when their convivial noises began again steadily, Tom and East rushed out. They were too quick to be caught, but a pickle-jar, sent whizzing after them by Flashman, narrowly missed Tom's head. Their story was soon told to a knot of small boys round the fire in the hall, who nearly all bound themselves not to fag for the Fifth,



THOMAS HUGHES was born at Uffington, Berkshire, October 20, 1823, and educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and Oriel College, Oxford. He was called to the bar in the Inner Temple in 1848 and took silk in 1869. An advanced Liberal in politics and an earnest churchman of the Latitudinarian or Erastian school, he entered Parliament as member for Lambeth in 1865 and from 1868-74 represented Frome. In 1882 he was made a County Court Judge. Hughes was prominent as a Christian Socialis and succeeded his friend F. D. Maurice as principal of the Working Men's College, London. He was also Charles Kingsley's most intimate friend. He died at Brighton, March 22, 1896.

encouraged and advised thereto by Diggs—a queer, very clever fellow, nearly at the top of the Fifth himself. He stood by them all through, and seldom have small boys had more need of a friend.

Flashman and his associates united in 'bringing the young vagabonds to their senses,' and the whole house was filled with chasings, sieges and lickings.

One evening, in forbidden hours, Brown and East were in the hall, chatting by the light of the fire, when the door swung open and in walked Flashman. He didn't see Diggs, busy in front of the other fire; and as the boys didn't move, struck one of them, and ordered them all off to their study.

"I say, you two," said Diggs, rousing up, "you'll never get rid of that fellow till you lick him. Go in at him, both of you! I'll see fair play."

They were about up to Flashman's shoulder, but tough and in perfect training; while he, seventeen years old, and big and strong for his age, was in poor condition from his monstrous habits of stuffing and want of exercise.

They rushed in on him and he hit out wildly and savagely and in another minute Tom went spinning backwards over a form; and Flashman turned to demolish East, with a savage grin. But Diggs jumped down from the table on which he had seated himself.

"Stop, there!" shouted he. "The round's over! Half-minute time allowed! I'm going to see fair. Are you ready, Brown? Time's up!"

The small boys rushed in again; Flashman was wilder and more flurried than ever. In a few moments over all three went on the floor, Flashman striking his head on a form. But his skull was not fractured, as the two youngsters feared it was, and he never laid finger on them again. But whatever harm a spiteful tongue could do them, he took care should be done. Only throw dirt enough and some will stick. And so Tom and East, and one or two more, became a sort of young Ishmaelites. They saw the praeposters cowed by or joining with the Fifth and shirking their own duties; and so they didn't respect them, and rendered no willing obedience, and got the character of sulky, unwilling fags. At the end of the term they are told the Doctor wants to see them. He is not angry, only very grave. He explains that rules are made for the good of the school and must and shall be obeyed. He should be sorry if they had to leave and wishes them to think very seriously in the holidays over what he has said. Good-night!

III—The Turn of the Tide

THE turning point of our hero's school career had now come, and the manner of it was as follows.

Tom and East and another Schoolhouse boy rushed into the matron's room in high spirits when they got back on the first day of the next half-year. She sent off the others, but kept Tom to tell him Mrs. Arnold wished him to take a new boy to share the study he had hoped to share with East. She had told Mrs. Arnold she thought Tom would be kind to him and see that he wasn't bullied.

In the far corner of the room he saw a slight, pale boy who looked ready to sink through the floor. The matron watched Tom for a minute and saw what was passing in his mind.

"Poor little fellow!" she said, almost in a whisper. "His father's dead, and his mamma—such a sweet, kind lady—almost broke her heart at leaving him. She said one of his sisters was like to die of a decline——"

"Well, well," burst in Tom, "I suppose I must give up East. Come along, young 'un! What's your name? We'll have supper, and then I'll show you our study."

"His name's George Arthur," said the matron. "I've had his books and things put into the study, which his mamma has had new papered, and the sofa covered, and new curtains. And Mrs. Arnold told me to say she'd like you both to come up to tea with her."

Here was an announcement for Master Tom! He was to go up to tea the first night, just as if he were of importance in the school world instead of the most reckless young scapegrace among the fags. He felt himself lifted on to a higher moral platform at once, and marched off with his young charge in tow in monstrous good humour with himself and all the world. His cup was full when Dr. Arnold, with a warm shake of the hand, seemingly oblivious of all the scrapes he had been getting into, said, "Ah, Brown, you here! I hope you left all well at home. And this is the little fellow who is to share your study? Well, he doesn't look as we should like to see him. You must take him some good long walks and show him what pretty country we have about here."

The tea went merrily off and everybody felt that he, young as he was, was of some use in the school world and had a work to do there. When Tom was recognized coming out of the private door which led from the doctor's house, there was a great shout of greeting, and Hall at once began to question Arthur.

"What a queer chum for Tom Brown," was the general comment. And it must be confessed that so thought Tom himself as he lighted the candle in their study and surveyed the new curtains with much satisfaction.

"I say, Arthur, what a brick your mother is to make us so cosy! But look

here now, you must answer straight up when the fellows speak to you. If you're afraid, you'll get bullied. And don't you ever talk about home or your mother or sisters."

Poor little Arthur looked ready to cry.

"But please, mayn't I talk about home to you?"

"Oh, yes; I like it. But not to boys you don't know. What a jolly desk!"

And soon Tom was deep in Arthur's goods and chattels and hardly thought of his friends outside till the prayer-bell rang.

He thought of his own first night there when he was leading poor little Arthur up to No. 4, and showing him his bed. The idea of sleeping in a room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off. However, presently off it came and he paused and looked at Tom.

"Please, Brown,' he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring. "You'll have to go down for more water if you use it all." On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his undressing, and looked round more nervously than ever. This time, however, he did not ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry of the tender child, or the strong man.

Tom was unlacing his boots with his back towards Arthur, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed, and one big, brutal fellow picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy. The next moment the boot Tom had just taken off flew straight at the head of the bully.

"If any other fellow wants the other boot," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, "he knows how to get it!"

At this moment the Sixth Form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished undressing there. Sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. The thought of his promise to his mother came over him never to forget to kneel at his bedside and give himself up to his Father before he laid his head on the pillow from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break.

NEXT morning he was up and washed and dressed just as the ten-minutes bell began, and then in the face of the whole room knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say; he was listening for every whisper in the room. What were they all thinking of him? At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still, small voice seemed to breathe: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." He repeated the words over and over again, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole school. It was not needed; two other boys had already followed his example. Before either Tom or Arthur left the Schoolhouse there was no room in which it had not become the custom.

IV—Tom Brown's Last Match

THE curtain now rises on the last act of our little drama. Eight years have passed and it is the end of the summer half-year at Rugby. The boys have scattered to the four winds, except the Eleven and a few enthusiasts who are permitted to stay to see the result of the cricket matches. For this year the return matches are being played at Rugby and to-day the great event of the year, the Marylebone match, is being played. Let me call your attention to a group of three watching the match. The first, a clergyman, is carelessly dressed and looks rather used up. By his side, in white flannel shirt and trousers, and the captain's belt, sits a strapping figure, with ruddy, tanned face and a laughing eye. It is Tom Brown, spending his last day as a Rugby boy. And at their feet sits Arthur. His face is somewhat pale, but his figure is well-knit and active, and all his old timidity has disappeared. He goes off to the wicket, with a last exhortation from Tom to play steady.

"I'm surprised to see Arthur in the Eleven," says the master.

"Well, I'm not sure he ought to be," said Tom; "but I couldn't help putting him in. It will do him so much good and you can't think what I owe him!"

The master smiled.

"Nothing has given me greater pleasure," he said, "than your friendship for him. It has been the making of you both."

"Of me, at any rate," answered Tom. "It was the luckiest chance in the world that sent him to Rugby and made him my chum."

"There was neither luck nor chance in that matter," said the master. "Do you remember when the Doctor lectured you and East when you had been getting into all sorts of scrapes?"

"Yes; well enough," said Tom. "It was the half-year before Arthur came."

"Exactly so," said the master. "He was in great distress about you both and, after some talk, we both agreed that you in particular wanted some object in the school beyond games and mischief. So the Doctor looked out the best of the new boys and separated you and East in the hope that when you had somebody to lean on you, you'd be steadier yourself, and get manliness and thoughtfulness. He has watched the experiment ever since with great satisfaction."

Up to this time Tom had never fully given in to, or understood, the Doctor. He had learnt to regard him with love and respect, and to think him a very great and wise and good man. But it was new to find that besides teaching the Sixth and governing and guiding the whole school, editing classics and writing histories, the great headmaster had found time to watch over the career even of him, Tom Brown. However, the Doctor's victory was complete from that moment. It had taken eight long years to do it, but now it was done thoroughly.

The match was over.

Tom said good-bye to his tutor and marched down to the Schoolhouse.

Next morning he was in the train and away for London, no longer a schoolboy.

A City of Delightful Nonsense

ARISTOPHANES

THE BIRDS

IN The Knights (see page 1477) and The Clouds (see page 1899) Aristophanes turned his satirical genius upon democracy and sophism, always particular objects of his detestation. In The Birds, which was produced in 414 B.C., he aims at no individual person or subject; it is simply a piece of delightful topsy-turvydom with very little in the way of personal allusion and wholly free from rancour. There is some satire in it, but this is very gentle and the merriment is at the expense of classes rather than of individuals. It contains lyrical passages of such beauty that many critics lament that a poet with such true lyrical genius should have confined himself to the writing of comedies alone. No translation could give an adequate idea of Aristophanes' lyrical powers, but The Birds displays him as a master unsurpassed in the art of writing irresistible nonsense. Many English translations of The Birds are obtainable.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Peisthetairus	Patraloias	Hoopoe	Priest	Prometheus
Euelpides	Triballus	Nightingale	Commissioner	Poseidon
Trochilus	Iris	Poet	Soothsayer	Hercules
Cinesias	Meton	Sycophant	Hawker	Heralds

Messengers Chorus of Birds

First Act



PEISTHETAIRUS and Euelpides—or as Bunyan might have called them, Mr. Persuasive and Mr. Sanguine—leave Athens because the entire population is absorbed in attending the law courts all the year round;

To seek some easier unlitigious place,
Meaning to settle there and colonise.

With a raven and a jackdaw to guide them, they go in search of the mythical king, Tereus (who had been turned into a hoopoe), the husband of Procne, who had been turned into a nightingale. The birds have brought the travellers to a pathless spot, where there is nothing but rocks and

brushwood. Here they both signify that something is to be expected from above.

This, then, must be the travellers' destination; they begin to shout: "Whoo-hoop! Hoop-oe!" and are startled out of their wits by a door opening, and the appearance of Trochilus the Wagtail, with a portentous beak, who challenges them as being men and bird-catchers. Both declare that they are really birds, and want speech of the Hoopoe, whose servant the Wagtail is. He goes to call the Hoopoe, who appears with terrifying beak and crest. Euelpides, the subordinate of the two Athenians, does the talking, till the dignified Peisthetairus assumes the tone of authority.

Euelpides explains that they have come to the Hoopoe for advice—

> Because you were a man, the same as us,
> And found yourself in debt, the same as us,
> And did not like to pay, the same as us;
> And after that you changed into a bird,
> And ever since have flown and wandered far
> Over the lands and seas, and have acquired
> All knowledge that a bird or man can learn.

In fact, they want a nice cheerful, hospitable place with no law courts. None of the human habitations suggested by Hoopoe is at all up to the mark. How do the birds get on? "Pretty well; no money worries, and plenty to feast on." Now Peisthetairus breaks in!

> How grand a scheme among the race of birds
> I see—what power, if you'd be ruled by me!
> Set up a city.
>
> What? a city of birds?

PUNNING on the Greek terms for sky and city, Peisthetairus explains that by occupying the sky, their city, they can make the gods obey them by intercepting the sacrificial offerings on the way to heaven. The Hoopoe is delighted, and goes off to waken the Nightingale.

He sings outside; the Nightingale's warble is heard; then the Hoopoe gives the call-song of the birds—piping and twittering, fluttering, trilling, chirruping, warbling. The chorus of four-and-twenty different birds flock on to the stage, to the astonished comments of the human visitors, while Hoopoe explains who they are. The birds assume hostile attitudes and Euelpides is very much frightened. The birds clamour against the Hoopoe for having betrayed them, and propose immediately to peck the intruders to death. The resourceful Peisthetairus, however, is quick to arm himself and Euelpides with the kitchen pots and pans, while the Hoopoe stoutly strives to quell the excitement. These are friends of his who have come with the most excellent intentions and superlatively sensible proposals. Yes, yes, even if they come of a hostile race, what better than to learn wisdom from your enemies? The chorus quiet down. They will hear what the Hoopoe has to say.

Hoopoe explains that the strangers wish to settle among them, and are most intelligent and convincing. He invites the Athenians to hang their coats of mail in the chimney-corner again, and set forth their plans. Peisthetairus insists on a formal armistice. When the birds have duly sworn, he delivers an oration.

MAGNILOQUENTLY he tells them the birds are the sovereigns of creation were so, in fact, before there were gods on earth, as witness Aesop's fables, with other demonstrations. The Cock was lord of Persia before Darius was heard of; the Kite was king of the Hellenes—that is why they grovel when they see one: the Cuckoo ruled in Egypt. Zeus himself has an Eagle for his emblem (all of these statements are punctuated by a burlesque commentary from Euelpides); Apollo has the Hawk, and Athene the Owl. That was in order that these birds might claim their proper share in the sacrifices.

But now, Peisthetairus protests with indignation, how are the birds fallen from their high estate! With men and boys "snaring them, scaring them, hooting them, shooting them, toasting them, roasting them."

The chorus weep over the pathetic picture of their degradation, and petition the orator to tell them how they may recover their ancient glories.

Peisthetairus unfolds the plan. They are to fortify an aerial Babylon. That done, they will send an ultimatum to Olympus demanding the abdication of Zeus on pain of exclusion from the space between earth and heaven; and another to men, requiring every sacrifice to the gods to be accom-



EUELPIDES

panied by an oblation to the appropriate birds, on pain of having their grain devoured and the eyes pecked out of their cattle and sheep. The birds can be a lot more use to them than the gods, if they are amenable, and will not be half so expensive to worship. The delighted birds unanimously elect Peisthetairus their president.

The Hoopoe now promises to provide the visitors with wings, and to introduce Procne the Nightingale. The chorus hail her with a song, and she leads the choric strain, the other actors quitting the stage.

> Ye children of Man! whose life is a span,
> Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
> Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
> Sickly calamitous creatures of clay!
> Attend to the words of the Sovereign Birds.

Since mankind have of late been troubling themselves with 'profound speculation about the Creation,' let them hear the true origin of things.

> Before the Creation of Aether and Light
> Chaos and Night together were plight.

An Egg was the result, out of which Love was hatched; the Primitive Birds were the first-born of Love and Chaos; the gods, the earth, and all other creatures coming later. Men owe all to the birds, from whom they learn the time for sowing and shearing and everything. The chorus then emphasise the freedom of the bird-laws, and the immense convenience that will result to all mankind from being endowed with wings.

Second Act

THE former characters reappear, Peisthetairus and Euelpides duly feathered and much pleased with themselves, though each is hugely amused at the other's appearance. But now arises the important question: What is the new state to be called? Cloud-cuckoo-land! Nephelococcugia! 'A truly noble and sonorous name.'

Peisthetairus then persuades Euelpides to go away and attend to the building, while he himself remains to attend to the ceremonial sacrifices. They are going to have a Real Sacrifice on the stage; something awe-inspiring—a sheep! But Peisthetairus draws the line at the Crow for the solo singer. He and the priest proceed to invoke bird after bird; but Peisthetairus again pulls up at the Cormorant and



PEISTHETAIRUS

Vulture when the sacrifice is not big enough to satisfy a single Kite ; and the priest finds he must content himself with just one or two bird-deities.

But now begins a series of interruptions ; the news of Nephelococcugia has reached earth, and visitors arrive. The first is a Poet with an ode :

> Nephelococcugia !
> Hymn, O Muse, the happy day !
> Chanting a melodious lay !
> The Muse's menial I, as Homer hath it.

Peisthetairus packs him off with a vest from one of the company and a coat from another. The next arrival is a Soothsayer, with an oracle which says that he is to receive a rich reward. Peisthetairus extemporises another oracle, which says that he is to be soundly flogged, and the soothsayer retreats hastily. Next comes Meton, the geometrician, very self-important, to make a survey of the new city. He is frightened off by an alarm of an outbreak of popular violence against aliens. He is succeeded by a Commissioner from Athens,



HOOPOE



TROCHILUS

The pictures in these two pages illustrate characters in The Birds as played by the Cambridge University Dramatic Society.

also very self-important. Peisthetairus drubs him out, as a street-hawker enters droning an Athenian proclamation for the benefit of the Nephelococcugians ; and he has some trouble in getting rid of the pair. Consequently, he retires to finish the ceremonial indoors where he may hope to escape further interruption.

The chorus proceed to set a price on the head of the fowler Philocrates, and to promise the judges who are to award the prize for comedy their favour if the play wins, and sundry pains and penalties if it does not.

With the re-entry of the actors a breathless messenger arrives to tell Governor Peisthetairus that the fortifications are already completed ; rather to the governor's annoyance. He narrates the various parts played by cranes, storks, sea-birds, geese, pelicans and other birds.

Peisthetairus listens politely but is somewhat incredulous, but his attention is promptly absorbed by another messenger. " One of the gods has evaded the guards, and is flying through the birds' realm of air ; we don't know who it was, but squadrons of hawks, eagles and the like have been dispatched in pursuit."

Amid wild excitement, Iris, the messenger of Zeus, is sighted and promptly arrested,

to her great indignation. Peisthetairus deals with her with dignified firmness and impresses upon her that the Olympians are of no account at all; the birds are masters of the situation. Her threat to 'tell her father' is given an unexpected interpretation; and the Olympians are given public notice that trespassers will be prosecuted.

A Herald from Earth arrives, with numerous high-flown compliments, to say that the birds have become so extremely popular that crowds of human beings must be expected to arrive, demanding to be naturalised in the new community and to be provided with wings. The chorus chant the praise of Nephelococcugia, while Peisthetairus is upset by the delay in fetching an assortment of wings.

The first of the would-be colonists to arrive is Patraloias, a young man who is enamoured of the idea of flying and hankers to be a citizen where he may thrash his father with impunity. Peisthetairus remarks that he will not like the law which requires sons to maintain their parents; and recommends him to satisfy his pugnacity by taking service with the army in Thrace. The youth accepts the suggestion.

Then comes Cinesias, a dithyrambic poet, who thinks he will acquire good 'copy' by flying about among the clouds. In theory he desires to be 'buffeted and baffled with the gusty gales,' but in fact does not at all like being taken at his word.

The next character is a 'sycophant' who wishes to make his livelihood as an informer and blackmailer. Peisthetairus draws him out artistically and, having fooled him to the top of his bent, produces a horsewhip, which has the desired effect.

After a brief choric song with topical allusions, the Titan Prometheus enters with stealthy tread, enveloped in a cloak. He would impart to Peisthetairus a dread secret, but no Olympian eye must mark his act. "Prometheus!" Hush! Hush! An umbrella to conceal us! Now; Zeus is ruined! The fact is, the gods are being fairly starved out, because the smoke of the sacrifices can't get to them. The Olympians and the barbarian gods, the Triballi, are going to send an embassy; and as Prometheus is not exactly fond of the Olympians he has come to warn Peisthetairus to make no concession, but insist on the recognition of the birds' sovereignty, and claim the Lady Queen who manages Zeus's household for his own bride. Peisthetairus bids Prometheus a polite farewell.

The chorus introduce one of the favourite jibes about Socrates, that he was not given to bathing; and then the deputation from the gods enters—Poseidon, with Hercules, and the barbarian Triballus, an unintelligible savage. Poseidon represents the diplomatic proprieties; Hercules is a beefy, thick-headed glutton.

Peisthetairus ignores them at first; he is intent on sauces. But when Hercules thrusts forward he greets him blandly. The hero explains that they have come to treat for peace. Peisthetairus has no objection. If the envoys are prepared to acknowledge the ancient sovereignty of the birds he will be delighted to see them at supper. Hercules agrees at once, but Poseidon protests.

Peisthetairus, never at a loss for an argument, points out the immense advantage to the gods of leaving the birds to look after things for them on earth; punishing perjury, for instance, or securing the fulfilment of vows. Hercules applies moral suasion to Triballus, who agrees; and Poseidon gives in.

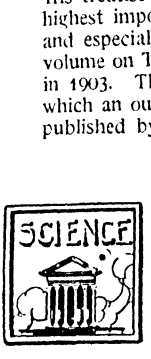
Peisthetairus at once adds the trivial demand for the Lady Queen. Poseidon declares that this ends the negotiation; not so Hercules, on whom Peisthetairus surreptitiously urges the futility of his hoping to inherit anything from his father Zeus, since he is illegitimate and Athene is not. Hercules and Triballus are one too many for Poseidon, who has to submit. Hercules stops behind to keep an eye on the cooking, while his uncle departs to get the treaty carried out. The chorus now has a hit at the Athenian love of forensic rhetoric, and at the travelling teachers of that art in the person of Gorgias; and the play closes with the entry of Peisthetairus and his bride, to the strains of a hymeneal ode.

ELIE METCHNIKOFF

THE NATURE OF

THE greater part of Metchnikoff's work was concerned with the most intimate processes of the body and notably the means by which it defends itself from the living agents of diseases. His early work in zoology led him to study the water-flea and thence to discover the function of the white corpuscles of the human blood in opposing, consuming and destroying invading microbes. His treatise entitled Immunity in Infective Diseases is a standard work on this subject, of the highest importance to mankind. In later years Metchnikoff devoted himself to more general and especially philosophical studies, the outcome of which is best represented by the notable volume on The Nature of Man: Studies in Optimistic Philosophy, which was published at Paris in 1903. The subject was carried further in a subsequent work, The Prolongation of Life, of which an outline appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*. An English translation is published by William Heinemann, by whose permission the following outline has been made.

I—Disharmonies in Nature



NOTWITHSTANDING the real advance made by science, it cannot be disputed that a general uneasiness disturbs the whole world to-day, and the frequency of suicide is increased greatly among all civilized peoples. Yet if science turns to study human nature, there may be grounds for hope. The Greeks held human nature and the human body in high esteem, and among the Romans such a philosopher as Seneca said, 'Take nature as your guide, for so reason bids you and advises you; to live happily is to live naturally.' In our own day Herbert Spencer has expressed again the Greek ideal, seeking the foundation of morality in human nature itself.

But it has often been taught that human nature is composed of two hostile elements, a body and a soul. The soul alone was to be honoured, while the body was regarded as the vile source of evils. This doctrine has had many disastrous consequences, and it is not surprising that in consequence of it celibacy should have been regarded as the ideal state. Art fell from the Greek ideal until the Renaissance, with its return to that ideal, brought new vigour. When the ancient spirit was born again its influence reached science and even religion, and the Reformation was a defence of human nature. The Lutheran doctrines resumed the principle of a 'development as complete as possible of all the natural powers' of man, and abolished compulsory celibacy.

The historical diversity of opinion regarding human nature is what has led me to the attempt to give an exposition of human nature in its strength and in its weakness. But, before dealing with man himself, we must survey the lower forms of life.

The facts of the organized world, before the appearance of man, teach us that though we find change and development, development does not always take a progressive march. We are bound to believe, for instance, that the latest products of evolution are not human beings, but certain parasites which live only upon, or in, the human body. The law in nature is not of constant progress, but of constant tendency towards adaptation. Exquisite adaptations, or harmonies, in nature are constantly met with in the world of living beings.

But, on the other hand, any close investigation of organization and life reveals that beside many most perfect harmonies there are facts which prove the existence of incomplete harmony, or even absolute disharmony. Rudimentary and useless organs are widely distributed. Many insects are exquisitely adapted for sucking the nectar of flowers; many others wish to do the same, but their want of adaptation baffles them.

It is plain that an instinct, or any other form of disharmony, leading to destruc-

tion, cannot increase or even endure very long. The perversion of the maternal instinct, tending to abandonment of the young, is destructive to the stock. In consequence, individuals affected by it do not have the opportunity of transmitting the perversion. If all rabbits, or a majority of them, left their young to die through neglect, it is evident that the species would soon die out. On the contrary, mothers guided by their instinct to nourish and foster their offspring will produce a vigorous generation capable of transmitting the healthy maternal instinct so essential for the preservation of the species. For such a reason harmonious characters are more abundant in nature than injurious peculiarities. The latter, because they are injurious to the individual and to the species, cannot perpetuate themselves indefinitely.

In this way there comes about a constant selection of characters. The useful qualities are handed down and preserved, while noxious characters perish and so disappear. Although disharmonies tend to the destruction of a species, they may themselves disappear without having destroyed the race in which they occur.

This continuous process of natural selection, which offers so good an explanation of the transmutation and origin of species by means of preservation of useful and destruction of harmful characters, was discovered by Darwin and Wallace, and was established by the splendid researches of the former of these.

LONG before the appearance of man on the face of the earth, there were some happy beings well adapted to their environment, and some unhappy creatures that followed disharmonious instincts so as to imperil or to destroy their lives. Were such creatures capable of reflection and communication, plainly the fortunate among them would be on the side of the optimists; they would declare this the best of all possible worlds, and insist that to secure happiness it is necessary only to follow natural instincts.

On the other hand, the disharmonious creatures, those ill adapted to the conditions of life, would be pessimistic philosophers. Consider the case of the ladybird, driven by hunger and with a preference for honey, which searches for it on flowers and meets only with failure, or of insects driven by their instincts into the flames, only to lose their wings and their lives; such creatures, plainly, would express as their idea of the world that it was fashioned abominably, and that existence was a mistake.

II—Disharmonies in Man

s for man, the creature most interesting to us, in what category does he fall? Is he a being whose nature is in harmony with the conditions in which he has to live, or is he out of harmony with his environment? Close and critical examination is needed to answer these questions.

Science has proved that man is closely akin to the higher monkeys or anthropoid apes—a fact which we must reckon with if we are to understand human nature. The details of anatomy which show the kinship between man and the apes are numerous and astonishing. All the facts brought to light during the last forty years have supported this truth, and no single fact has been brought against it. Quite lately it has been shown that there are remarkable characters in the blood, such that, though by certain tests the fluid part of human blood can be readily distinguished from that of any other creature, the anthropoid apes, and they alone, furnish an exception to this rule. There is thus verily a close blood relationship between the human species and the anthropoid apes.

But how man arose we do not know. It is probable that he owes his origin to a mutation—a sudden change comparable with that which de Vries observed in the case of the evening primrose. The new creature possessed a brain of abnormal size placed in a spacious cranium which allowed a rapid development of intellectual faculties. This peculiarity would be transmitted to the descendants, and as it was a very considerable advantage in the struggle for existence, the new race would hold its own, propagate and prevail.

Although he is a recent arrival on the earth man has already made great progress,

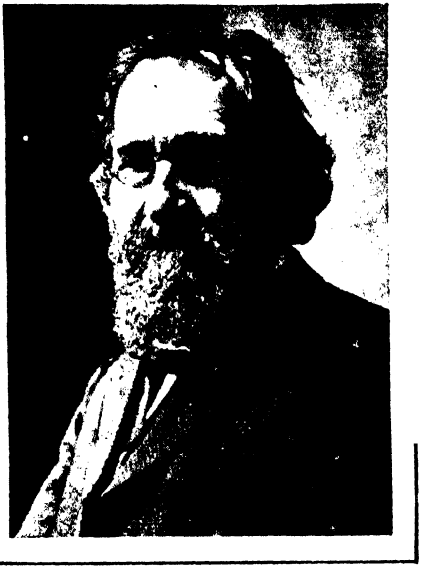
as compared with his ancestors the anthropoid apes, and we learn the same if we compare the higher and lower races of mankind. Yet there remain many disharmonies in the organization of man, as, for instance, in his digestive system. A simple instance of the kind is furnished by the wisdom teeth. The complete absence of all four wisdom teeth has no influence on mastication, and their presence is very frequently the source of illness and danger. In man they are indeed rudimentary organs, providing another proof of our simian origin.

The vermiform appendix, so frequently the cause of illness and death, is another rudimentary organ in the human body, together with the part of the digestive canal to which it is attached. The organ is a very old part of the constitution of mammals, and it is because it has been preserved long after its function has disappeared that we find it occurring in the body of man.

I believe that not only the appendix, but a very large part of the alimentary canal is superfluous, and worse than superfluous. It is, of course, of great importance for the horse, the rabbit, and some other mammals that live exclusively on grain and herbage. The latter part of the alimentary canal, however, must be regarded as one of the organs possessed by man and yet harmful to his health and life. It is the cause of a series of misfortunes. The human stomach also is of little value, and can easily be dispensed with, as surgery has proved.

IT is because we inherit our alimentary canal from creatures of different dietetic habits that it is impossible for us to take our nutriment in the most perfect form. If we were only to eat substances that could be almost completely absorbed, serious complications would be produced. A satisfactory system of diet has to make allowance for this, and in consequence of the structure of the alimentary canal has to include in the food bulky and indigestible materials, such as vegetables.

Lastly, it may be noted that the instinct of appetite in man is largely aberrant. The widespread results of alcoholism show plainly the prevalent existence in man of a want of harmony between the instinct for choosing food and the instinct of preservation.



ELIE METCHNIKOFF was born May 15, 1845, at Ivanovka, near Kharkov, Russia. He studied at Kharkov, Giessen, Gottingen and Munich, and in 1870 became professor of zoology at Odessa. After further research at Messina and Teneriffe, he gained world-wide reputation by his investigation into the function of the white blood corpuscles. In 1887 he settled in Paris, working at the Pasteur Institute, of which he became assistant director. Here he investigated many obscure diseases, including cancer and plague, and collaborated with Ehrlich in combating syphilis. Metchnikoff died June 16, 1916.

Far stronger than the social instinct, and far older, is the love of life and the instinct of self preservation. Devices for the protection of life were developed long before the evolution of mankind, and it is quite certain that animals, even those highest in the scale of life, are unconscious of the inevitability of death, and the ultimate fate of all living things. This knowledge is a human acquisition. The instinctive love of life and fear of death are of importance in the study of human nature, impossible to over-estimate.

The instinctive love of life is preserved in the aged in its strongest form. It is a terrible disharmony that the instinctive love of life should manifest itself so strongly when death is felt to be so near at hand. Hence the religions of all times have been concerned with the problem of death.

III—Science the Only Remedy for Human Disharmonies

In religion and in philosophy throughout their whole history we find attempts to combat the ills arising from the disharmonies of the human constitution.

Ancient and modern philosophies, like ancient and modern religions, have concerned themselves with the attempt to remedy the ills of human existence, and instinctive fear of death has always ensured that great attention has been paid to the doctrine of immortality.

Science, the youngest daughter of knowledge, has begun to investigate the great problems affecting humanity. Her first steps, taken along the lines first laid down by Bacon, were slow and halting. But medical science has lately made great progress and has gone very far to control disease, especially in consequence of the work of Pasteur.

It is said that science has failed because, for instance, tuberculosis persists, but tuberculosis is propagated not because of the failure of science, but because of the ignorance and stupidity of the population. To diminish the spread of tuberculosis, of typhoid fever, of dysentery, and of many other diseases, it is necessary only to follow the rules of scientific hygiene without waiting for specific remedies.

Science offers as much hope also when it is directed to the study of old age and the phenomena which lead to death.

Man, who is the descendant of some anthropoid ape, has inherited a constitution adapted to an environment very different from that which now surrounds him. He is possessed of a brain very much more highly developed than that of his ancestors, and has entered on a new path in the evolution of the higher organisms. The sudden change in his natural conditions has brought about a large series of organic disharmonies, which become more and more acutely felt as he becomes more intelligent and more sensitive; and thus there has arisen a number of sorrows which poor humanity has tried to relieve by all the means in its power. Humanity in its misery has put question after question to science, and has lost patience at the slowness of the advance of knowledge. It has declared that the answers already found by science are futile and of little interest. But science has quietly continued to work. Little by little the answers to some of the questions that have been set have begun to appear.

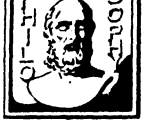
Man, because of the fundamental disharmonies in his constitution, does not develop normally. The earlier phases of his development are passed through with little trouble; but after maturity greater or lesser abnormality begins, and ends in old age and death that are premature and pathological. Is not the goal of existence the accomplishment of a complete and physiological cycle in which occurs a normal old age, ending in the loss of the instinct of life and the appearance of the instinct of death? But before attaining the normal end, coming after the appearance of the instinct of death, a normal life must be lived; a life filled all through with the feeling that comes from the accomplishment of function. Science has been able to tell us that man has good and evil qualities in his nature, and that his life is made unhappy by the evil qualities.

But the constitution of man is not immutable, and perhaps it may be changed for the better. Morality should be based not on human nature in its existing condition, but on ideal human nature, as it may be in the future. Before all things, it is necessary to try to amend the evolution of human life, that is to say, to transform its disharmonies into harmonies. This task can be undertaken only by science, and to science the opportunity of accomplishing it must be given. Before it is possible to reach the goal mankind must be persuaded that science is all-powerful and that the deeply-rooted existing superstitions are pernicious. It will be necessary to reform many customs and many institutions that now seem to rest on enduring foundations. The abandonment of much that is habitual, and a revolution in the mode of education, will require long and painful effort. But the conviction that science alone is able to redress the disharmonies of the human constitution will lead directly to the improvement of education and to the solidarity of mankind.

PLATO
THE REPUBLIC
From the Greek Original

How much of Socrates's teaching is actually contained in Plato's several expositions of it is difficult to say, since very definite developments evidently took place in Plato's own views. The series of dialogues in which Socrates takes the leading part are the foundation of all idealistic philosophy, and as literary masterpieces remain unmatched. Some of Plato's disciples would claim that his highest achievement in all the dialogues is the Timaeus; some prefer the Phaedo; but a general vote of all Platonists would probably give the first position to the Republic, and this is undoubtedly the work which has had the widest influence. In The Republic Socrates is engaged in a disputation of which the object is to discover the meaning of justice, and this leads to the description of the building up of that ideal commonwealth from which the dialogue derives its title. A translation by Davies and Vaughan is published by Macmillan. Outlines of Plato's Symposium and the Apology appear in other pages of *The World's Great Books*.

I—How The Argument Arose



I HAD gone with Glaucon to attend the celebration of the festival of Bendis—the Thracian Artemis—a picturesque affair, and we were just leaving when Polemarchus insisted on carrying us off by main force to the house of his father, Cephalus. There we found a small company assembled. The old gentleman received us with hearty geniality; he is ageing, but would not see any hardship in that, if you take age good-humouredly. Of course, he owned that being wealthy makes a difference, but not all the difference. The best of wealth is that you need not do things which anger the gods and entail punishment in the hereafter; there is no occasion for you to lie, or be in debt to gods or men. And this consciousness of your own justice is a great consolation.

"But," said I, "what is justice? Is it always to speak the truth, and always to let a man have his property? There are circumstances——"

"I must go," said he. "Polemarchus shall do the arguing."

This set us discussing the nature of justice. Glaucon took up the cudgels, after a preliminary skirmish with Thrasymachus.

Assuming justice to be desirable—is it so for itself and by itself, or only for its results; or both? The world at large puts it in the second category as an inconvenient necessity. To suffer injustice is an evil, and to protect themselves from that the weak combine to prevent injustice from being done. But if anyone had the ring of Gyges which made him invisible, so that he could go his own way without let or hindrance, he would get all the pleasures he could out of life without troubling about the justice of it.

Again, imagine, on the one hand, your really consummate rogue who gets credit for all the virtues and is surrounded by all the material factors of happiness; and, on the other hand, a man of utter rectitude, on whom circumstances combine to fix the stigma of iniquity. He will be rejected, scourged, crucified; while the other is enjoying wealth, honour, everything and can afford to make his peace with the gods into the bargain.

Then Adeimantus took the field in support of his brother.

"The poets," he said, "hold forth about the rewards of virtue here and hereafter. But we see the unrighteous prospering mightily; and the religious mendicants come to rich folks and offer to sell them indulgences on easy terms. A keen-witted lad is bound to argue that it is only the appearance of justice that is needed for prosperity; while the gods can be reconciled cheaply. This dwelling on the temporal rewards of justice is fatal. What we expect of you is to show us the inherent value of justice—justice itself, not the appearance of it."

"Well argued," said I, "especially as you reject your own conclusion. I can but try, though the task be hard. But my weak sight may enable me to read large characters better than small. The general may throw light upon the particular. Justice is the virtue of the state as well as of the individual; finding it in the state, the greater, may help us to find it in the individual, the less."

II—The Socratic Utopia

SOCIETY arises because different people are the better skilled to supply different wants, and the wants of each are supplied by mutual arrangement and division of labour. Wants multiply; the community grows; it exchanges its own for foreign products; merchants and markets are added to the producers; and when folk begin to hire servants you have a complete city or state living a life of simplicity.

We will go on and develop every luxury of civilization. But then our city and its neighbours will be wanting each other's lands. We must have soldiers. Our best guardians will be a select band, those who are of the right temper and thoroughly trained; fierce to foes but gentle to friends like that true philosopher, the dog, to whom knowledge is the test. The known are friends, the unknown foes—knowledge begets gentleness.

So our guardians must be trained to knowledge; we must educate them. Music and gymnastic, our national intellectual and physical training, must be taught. Literature comes first, and really we teach things that are not true before we teach things that are true—fables before facts. But over these we must exercise a rigid censorship, excluding what is essentially false.

We must have no stories which attribute harmful things to the gods. God must be represented as He is—the author of good always, of evil never; also as having in Him no variableness, neither shadow of turning. God has no need of disguises. The lie in the soul—essential falsehood—is to Him abhorrent, and He has no need of such deceptions as may be innocent or even laudable for men. God must be shown always as utterly true.

Similarly, we must not have stories which inspire dread of death: no Achilles saying in the under-world that it were better to be a slave in the flesh than Lord of the Shades. And again, no heroes—and gods still less—giving way to frantic lamentations and uncontrolled emotions, even uncontrolled laughter.

Truth must be inculcated; medicinal untruths, so to speak, are the prerogative of our rulers alone, and must be permitted to no one else. Temperance, which means self-control and obedience to authority, is essential, and is not always characteristic of Homer's gods and heroes! We must exclude a long list of most unedifying passages on this score. As for pictures of the afflictions of the righteous and the prosperity of the unjust, we must wait, as we have not yet defined justice. We turn to the poetical forms in which the stories should be embodied.

The possible forms are the simply descriptive, the imitative and the mixture of the two: narrative drama and narrative mixed with dialogue. Our guardians ought to eschew imitation altogether, or at least to imitate only the good and noble. The act of imitating an evil character is demoralising. Imitation must be restricted within the narrowest practicable limits.

BUT who are to be our actual rulers? The best of the elders, whose firmness and consistency have stood the test of temptation. To them we transfer the title of guardians, calling the younger men auxiliaries. And we must try to induce everyone—guardians, soldiers, citizens—to believe in one quite magnificent lie: that they, like the men in the Cadmus myth, were fashioned in the ground, their common mother; that they are brothers and sisters, but of different metals—gold, silver, brass, iron; not necessarily of the same metal as their parents; and must take rank according to the metal whereof they are made.

And now our soldiers must pitch their camp for the defence of the city. Soldiering is their business, not money-making. They must live in common, supported efficiently by the state, having no private property.

III—Of Justice and Communism

But now we have to look for justice. Find the other three cardinal virtues first, and then justice will be distinguishable. Wisdom is in the guardians; if they be wise, the whole state will be wise. Courage we find in the soldiers; courage is the true estimation of danger, and that has been ingrained in them by their education. Temperance, called mastery of self, is really the mastery of the better over the baser qualities; as in our state the better class controls the inferior. Temperance would seem to be in the harmonious inter-relation of the different classes. Obviously, the remaining virtue of the state is the constant performance of his own particular function in the state, and not his neighbour's, by each member of the state. Let us see how that works out in the individual.

Shall we not find that there are three several qualities in the individual, each of which must in like manner do its own business: the intellectual, the passionate or spirited and the lustful? They must be separate, because one part of a thing cannot be doing contradictory things at the same time; your lusts bid you to do what your intelligence forbids; and the emotional quality is distinct from both desire and reason, though in alliance with reason. Well, here you have wisdom and courage in the intellectual and spiritual parts, temperance in their mastery over desire; and justice is the virtue of the soul as a whole; of each part never failing to perform its own function and that alone. To ask, now, whether justice or injustice is the more profitable becomes ridiculous.

Now, we shall find that virtue is one, but that vice has several forms; as there is but one form of perfect state—ours—whether it happens to be called a monarchy if there be but one guardian, or an aristocracy if there be more; and, as it has four principal imperfect forms, so there are four main vices.

Here Glaucon and Adeimantus refused to let me go on; I had shirked a difficulty. What about women and children? My saying that the soldiers were to live in common might mean anything. What kind of communism was I demanding?

Well, there are two different questions What is desirable? and What is possible? First, then, our defenders are our watch-dogs. Glaucon knows all about dogs; we don't differentiate between males and females; the latter hunt with the pack. If women are similarly to have the same employments as men they must have the same education in music and gymnastic. But should they share masculine employments? Do they differ from men in such a way that they should not? Women bear children, and men beget them; but apart from that, the differences are really only in degrees of capacity, not essential distinctions of quality: even as men differ among themselves. The natures being the same, the education must be the same and the same careers must be open.

But a second and more alarming wave threatens us: Community of wives and children. "You must prove both the possibility and the desirability of that." Men and women must be trained together and lived together, but not in licentiousness. They must be mated with the utmost care for procreation, the best being paired at due seasons, nominally by lot, and for the occasion. The offspring of the selected will have a common nursery: the mothers will not know which were their own children. Parentage will be permissible only between twenty-five and fifty-five, and between twenty and forty. The children begotten in the same batch of espousals will be brothers and sisters.

The absence of 'mine' and 'thine' will ensure unity, because it abolishes the primary cause of discord: common maintenance by the state removes all temptation either to meanness or cringing.

As to practicability: communism is suitable for war. The youngsters will be taken to watch any fighting; cowards will be degraded; valour will be honoured, and death on the field, with other supreme services to the state, will rank the hero among demigods. Against Greeks war must be conducted as against our own kith and kin. But as to the possibility of all this—this third threatening wave is the most terrific of all.

IV—Of Philosophy in Rulers

IT will be possible then, and only then, when kings are philosophers or philosophers kings.

The philosopher desires all knowledge. Justice, beauty, good and so on are single, though their presentation is multiplex and variable. Curiosity about the multiplex particulars is not desire of knowledge, which is of the one constant idea—of that which is, as ignorance is of that which is not. What neither is nor is not, that which fluctuates and changes, is the subject matter of opinion, a state between knowledge and ignorance. Beauty is beauty always and everywhere; the things that look beautiful may be ugly from another point of view. Experience of beautiful things, curiosity about them, must be distinguished from knowledge of beauty; the philosopher is not to be confounded with the connoisseur, nor knowledge with opinion. The philosopher is he who has in his mind the perfect pattern of justice, beauty, truth; his is the knowledge of the eternal; he contemplates all time and all existence; no praises are too high for him.

"No doubt; still, if that is so, why do philosophers always show themselves either fools or knaves in ordinary affairs?"

A ship's crew which does not understand that the art of navigation demands a knowledge of the stars will stigmatise a properly qualified pilot as a star-gazing idiot, and will prevent him from navigating. The world assumes that the philosopher's abstractions are folly, and rejects his guidance. The philosopher is the best kind of man; the corrupted philosopher is the worst; and the corrupting influences brought to bear are irresistible to all but the very strongest natures. The professional teachers of philosophy live not by leading popular opinion, but by pandering to it; a bastard brood trick themselves out as philosophers, while the true philosopher withdraws himself from so gross a world. Not in the soil of any existing state can philosophy grow naturally; planted in a suitable state, her divinity will be apparent.

I need no longer hesitate to say that we must make our guardians philosophers. The necessary combination of qualities is extremely rare. Our test must be thorough, for the soul must be trained up by the pursuit of all kinds of knowledge to the capacity for the pursuit of the highest—higher than justice and wisdom—the idea of the good.

The good is to the intellectual faculty what the sun is to that of vision: it is the source and cause of truth, which is the light whereby we perceive ideas; it is not truth nor the ideas, but above them; their cause, as the sun is the source of light and the cause of growth.

Again, the material things with which the eye is concerned are in two categories—the copies, reflections or shadows of things, and actual things. Correspondingly the things perceived by the intellect are in a secondary region—as the mathematical—where everything is derived from hypotheses which are assumed to be first principles; or in a supreme region, in which hypotheses are only the steps by which we ascend to the real ultimate first principles themselves.

And it will follow further that the mind has four faculties appropriate to these four divisions, which we call respectively pure reason, understanding, conviction and perception of shadows; the first pair being concerned with being, the field of the intellect; the second pair with becoming, the field of opinion.

V—Of Shadows and Realities

LET me speak a parable. Humanity—ourselves—are as people dwelling ever bound and fettered in a twilight cave, with our backs to the light. Behind us is a parapet, and beyond the parapet a fire; all that we see is the shadows thrown on the wall that faces us by figures passing along the parapet behind us; all we hear is the echo of their voices. Now, if some of us are turned round to face the light and look on the real figures, they will be dazzled at first, and much more if they are taken out into the light, and up to face the sun himself; but presently they will see perfectly and have all the joy thereof. Now send them

back into the cave, and they will be apparently much blinder than the folk who have been there all the time, and their talk of what they have seen will be taken for the babbling of fools, or worse. Small wonder that those who have beheld the light have little mind to return to the twilight cave, which is the common world.

But remember—everyone in the cave possesses the faculty of sight if only his eyes be turned to the light. Loose the fetters of carnal desires which hold him with his back to the light, and every man *may* be converted and live. So we must select those who are most capable of facing the light, and see to it that they return to the cave, to give the cave-dwellers the benefit of their knowledge. And if this be for them a hardship, we must bear in mind, as before, that the good of the whole is what matters, not whether one or another may suffer hardship for the sake of the whole.

How, then, shall we train them to the passage from darkness to light? For this, our education in music and gymnastic is wholly inadequate. We must proceed first to the science of numbers, then of geometry and then of astronomy. And after astronomy, there is the sister science of abstract harmonics—not of audible sounds. All of which are but the prelude to the ultimate supreme science of dialectic, which carries the intelligence to the contemplation of the idea of the good, the ultimate goal. And here to attempt further explanation would be vanity. This is the science of the pure reason, the coping stone of knowledge.

•

We saw long ago that our rulers must possess every endowment of mind and body, all cultivated to the highest degree. From the select we must again select, at twenty, those who are most fit for the next ten years' course of education; and from them at thirty, we shall choose those who can, with confidence, be taken to face the light; who have been tested and found absolutely steadfast, not shaken by having got beyond the conventional view of things. We will give them five or six years of philosophy; then fifteen years of responsible office in the state; and at fifty they shall return to philosophy, subject to the call upon them to take up the duties of rulership and of educating their successors.

VI—Of State Types and Individual Types

Before this digression we were on the point of discussing the four vitiated forms of the state and the corresponding individual types. The four types of state, as we know them in Hellas, are: the Spartan, where personal ambition and honour rule, which we call timocracy; the oligarchical, where wealth rules; the democratic; and the arbitrary rule of the individual, which we call tyranny. The comparison of this last—the supremely unjust—with our own—the supremely just—will show whether justice or injustice be the more desirable.

The perfect state degenerates to timocracy when the state's numerical law of generation [an unsolved riddle] has not been properly observed, and inferior offspring have entered in consequence into the ruling body. The introduction of private property will cause them to assume towards the commonalty the attitude, not of guardians, but of masters, and to be at odds among themselves; also, in their education, gymnastic will acquire predominance over music. Ambition and party spirit become the characteristic features. When, in an ill ordered state, a great man withdraws from the corruption of politics into private life, we see the corresponding individual type in the son of such a one, egged on by his mother and by flattering companions to win back for himself at all costs the prestige which his father had resigned; personal ambition becomes his dominant characteristic.

Oligarchy is the next outcome of the introduction of private property; riches outweigh virtue, love of money the love of honour, and the rich procure for themselves the legal monopoly of political power. Here the state becomes divided, against itself—there is one state of the rich and another of the poor—and the poor will be divided into the merely incompetent and the actively dangerous, or predatory. And your corresponding individual is he whose father had won honours which had not

saved him from ultimate ruin ; so that the son rejects ambition and makes money his goal, till, for the sake of money, he will compass any baseness, though still only under a cloak of respectability.

In the oligarchy the avaricious encourage and foster extravagance in their neighbours. Men, ruined by moneylenders, turn on their moneyed rulers, overthrow them and give everyone a share in the government. The result is that the state is not one, nor two, but divers. Folk say what they like and do what they like, and anyone is a statesman who will wave the national flag. That is democracy. Such is the son of your miserly oligarch ; deprived of unnecessary pleasures, he is tempted to wild dissipation. He has no education to help him to distinguish, and the vices of dissipation assume the aspect and title of virtue. He fluctuates from one point of view to another ; is one thing to-day and another to-morrow.

And last we come to tyranny and the tyrannical man. Democratic licence develops into sheer anarchy. Jack is as good as his master. The predatory population become demagogues ; they squeeze the decent citizens and drive them to adopt oligarchical methods ; then the friend of the people appears ; the protector, champion and hero by a familiar process becomes a military autocrat, who himself battens, as must also his mercenary soldiery, on the citizens ; and our unhappy Demos finds that it has jumped out of the reek into the fire. Now, our democratical man was swayed by the devices and moods of the moment ; his son will be swayed by the most irrational and most bestial of his appetites ; be bully and tyrant, while slave of his own lusts. Your thorough blackguard of every species comes of this type, and the worst of all is he who achieves the tyranny of a state. See, then, how, even as the tyrannic state is the most utterly enslaved, so the tyrannic man is of all men the least free ; and, beyond all others, the tyrant of a state.

PROCLAIM it, then, son of Ariston, that the most just of men is he who is master of himself, is of all men the happiest, whether gods and men recognize him or no.

VII—Of the Happiness of the Just

NOW for a second proof. Three kinds of pleasure correspond to the three elements of the soul—reason, spirit, desire. In each man one of the three is in the ascendant. One counts knowledge vain in comparison with the advantages of riches, another with those of honour ; to the philosopher only truth counts. But he is the only one of them who makes his choice from experience of all three kinds. And he, the only qualified judge, places the satisfaction of the spirit second, and of desire lowest.

And yet a third proof. I fancy the only quite real pleasures are those of the philosopher. There is an intermediate state between pleasure and pain. To pass into this from pleasure is painful, and from pain is pleasurable. Now, the pleasures of the body are really nothing more than relief from pains of one kind or another. And, next, the pleasures of the soul, being of the eternal order, are necessarily more real than those of the body, which are fleeting—in fact, mere shadows of pleasure.

Much as I love and admire Homer, I think our regulations as to poetry were particularly sound ; but we must inquire further into the meaning of imitation. We saw before that all particular things are the presentations of some universal idea. There is one ultimate idea of bed, or chair, or table. What the joiner makes is a copy of that. All ideas are the creation of the master artificer, the demi-urge ; of his creations all material things are copies. We can all create things in a way by catching reflections of them in a mirror. But these are only copies of particular things from one point of view, partial copies of copies of the idea.

Such precisely are the creations of the painter, and in like manner of the poet. What they know and depict is not the realities, but mere appearances. If the poets knew the realities they would have left us something other than imitations of copies. Moreover, what they imitate is not the highest but the lower ; not the truth of reason, but emotions of all sorts, which it should be our business not to excite but to

control and allay. So we continue to prohibit the poetry which is imitation, however supreme, and allow only hymns to the gods, and praises of great men. We must no more admit the allurements of poesy than the attractions of ambition or of riches.

Greater far are the rewards of virtue than all we have yet shown; for an immortal soul shall heed nothing that is less than eternal.

"What, is the soul, then, immortal? Can you prove that?"

Yes, of a surety. In all things there are good and evil; a thing perishes of its own corruption, not of the corruption of aught external to it. If disease or injury of the body cannot corrupt the soul, *a fortiori* they cannot slay it; but injustice, the corruption of the soul, is not induced by injury to the body. If, then, the soul be not destroyed by sin, nothing else can destroy it, and it is immortal. The number of existing souls must, then, be constant; none perish, none are added for additional immortal souls would have to come out of what is mortal, which is absurd.

Now, hitherto we have shown only that justice is in itself best for the soul, but now we see that its rewards, too, are unspeakably great. The gods, for whom the just are known, will reward them hereafter, if not here; and even in this world they have the better lot in the long run.

Let us, then, believing that the soul is indeed immortal, hold fast to knowledge and justice, that it may be well with us both here and hereafter.

Delicate Irony in Perfection

JANE AUSTEN

MANSFIELD PARK

THE novels of Jane Austen may be divided into two groups. The first three—Sense and Sensibility (see page 559), Pride and Prejudice (see page 1808), and Northanger Abbey, were all written between 1792 and 1798, during their author's residence at Steventon, which she left in 1801. For the next fourteen years she wrote nothing; then between 1812 and 1814 Mansfield Park was written at Chawton Cottage, and published in July 1814 by her original publisher, Mr. Egerton. When the novel reached a second edition its publication was taken over by John Murray, who also brought out its successor, Emma, of which an outline appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*. With regard to the introduction of naval officers into the story, it may be pointed out that Jane Austen's brothers, Francis and Charles, both served in the navy, and rose to the rank of admiral; Jane herself lived at Southampton from 1805 to 1809, and thus was able to visit Portsmouth and study the sailor's life ashore.

I—Sir Thomas Bertram's Family Connexions

FICTION

MISS MARIA WARD, of Huntingdon, with only seven thousand pounds, had the good luck to captivate Sir Thomas Bertram, of Mansfield Park, in the county of Northampton, and to be thereby raised to the rank of a baronet's lady, with all the comforts and consequences of a handsome house and large income. She had two sisters to be benefited by her elevation; and such of their acquaintances as thought Miss Ward and Miss Frances quite as handsome as Miss Maria did not scruple to predict their marrying with almost equal advantage. But there certainly are not so many men of large fortune in the world as there are pretty women to deserve them. Miss Ward, at the end of half a dozen years, found herself obliged to be attached to the Rev. Mr. Norris, a friend of her brother-in-law's, with scarcely any private fortune; and Miss Frances fared yet worse.

Miss Ward's match, indeed, when it came to the point, was not contemptible, Sir Thomas happily being able to give his friend, in the living of Mansfield, an income of very little less than a thousand a year. But Miss Frances married, in the common phrase, to disoblige her family, and by fixing on a lieutenant of marines, named Price, without education, fortune, or con-

nexions, did it very thoroughly. To escape remonstrance, she never wrote to her family on the subject till actually married.

Lady Bertram, who was a woman of very tranquil feelings and a temper remarkably easy and indolent, would have contented herself with merely giving up her sister and thinking no more of the matter; but Mrs. Norris had a spirit of activity which could not be satisfied till she had written a long and angry letter to Fanny. Mrs. Price, in her turn, was injured and angry; and an answer which comprehended both sisters in its bitterness, and bestowed such very disrespectful reflections on the pride of Sir Thomas as Mrs. Norris could not keep to herself, put an end to all intercourse between them for a considerable period.

By the end of eleven years, however, Mrs. Price could no longer afford to cherish pride or resentment, or to lose one connexion that might possibly assist her. A very small income, a large and still increasing family, a husband disabled for active service, but not the less equal to company and good liquor, made her eager to regain the friends she had so carelessly sacrificed; and she addressed Lady Bertram in a letter which spoke so much contrition and despondence as could not but dispose them all to a reconciliation. The letter re-established peace and kindness. Sir Thomas sent friendly advice and professions, Lady Bertram dispatched money and baby-linen for the expected child and Mrs. Norris wrote the letters.

Within a twelvemonth a more important advantage to Mrs. Price resulted from her letter. Mrs. Norris, who was often observing to the others that she seemed to be wanting to do more for her poor sister, proposed that the latter should be entirely relieved from the charge and expense of her eldest daughter, Fanny, a girl of ten; and Sir Thomas, after debating the question, assented.

The division of gratifying sensations in the consideration of so benevolent a scheme ought not, in strict justice, to have been equal; for, while Sir Thomas was fully resolved to be the real and consistent patron of the selected child, Mrs. Norris had not the least intention of being at any expense whatever in her maintenance. As far as walking, talking and contriving reached, she was thoroughly benevolent and nobody knew better how to dictate liberality to others; but her love of money was equal to her love of directing, and she knew quite as well how to save her own as to spend that of her friends.

Fanny Price proved to be small for her age, with no glow of complexion or any other striking beauty; exceedingly timid and shy, and shrinking from notice; but her air, though awkward, was not vulgar, her voice was sweet, and when she spoke her countenance was very pretty. Sir Thomas and Lady Bertram received her very kindly; and Sir Thomas, seeing how much she needed encouragement, tried to be all that was conciliating. But he had to work against a most untoward gravity of deportment; and Lady Bertram, without taking half so much trouble, by the mere aid of a good-humoured smile, became immediately the less awful character of the two.

The young people were all at home and sustained their share in the introduction very well, with much good humour. They were a remarkably fine family; the sons, Tom and Edmund, boys of seventeen and sixteen, very well looking; the daughters, Maria, aged thirteen, and Julia, twelve, decidedly handsome.

But it took a long time to reconcile Fanny to the novelty of Mansfield Park and to the separation from everybody she had been used to. Nobody meant to be unkind, but nobody put himself out of the way to secure her comfort. She was disheartened by Lady Bertram's silence, awed by Sir Thomas's grave looks, and quite overcome by Mrs. Norris's admonitions. Her elder cousins mortified her by reflections on her size, and abashed her by noticing her shyness; Miss Lee, the governess, wondered at her ignorance; and the maidservants sneered at her clothes. It was not till Edmund found her crying one morning on the attic stairs, and comforted her, that things began to mend for her. He was ever afterwards her true friend and, next to her dear brother William, first in her affections; and from that day she grew more comfortable.

II—Cupid at Mansfield Park

THE first event of any importance in the family's affairs was the death of Mr. Norris, which happened when Fanny was about fifteen and necessarily introduced alterations and novelties. Mrs. Norris, on quitting the parsonage, removed first to the Park, and then arranged to take a small dwelling in the village belonging to Sir Thomas and called the White House. The living had been destined for Edmund, and in ordinary circumstances would have been duly given to some friend to hold until he were old enough to take orders. But Tom's extravagances had been so great as to render a different disposal of the next presentation necessary, and so the reversion was sold to a Dr. Grant, a hearty man of forty-five, fond of good eating, married to a wife about fifteen years his junior, and unprovided with children.

The Grants had scarcely been settled in Mansfield a year, when, for the better settlement of his property in the West Indies, Sir Thomas found it expedient to go to Antigua, and he took his elder son with him, in the hope of detaching him from some bad connexions at home.

Lady Bertram did not at all like to have her husband leave her; but she was not disturbed by any alarm for his safety or solicitude for his comfort, being one of those persons who think nothing can be dangerous or difficult or fatiguing to anybody but themselves. Before very long she found that Edmund could quite sufficiently supply his father's place. On this occasion the Miss Bertrams, who were now fully established among the belles of the neighbourhood, were much to be pitied, not for their sorrow, but for their want of it. Their father was no object of love to them; he had never seemed the friend of their pleasures and his absence was unhappily most welcome.

Fanny's relief, and her consciousness of it, were quite equal to her cousins'; but a more tender nature suggested that her feelings were ungrateful and she really grieved because she could not grieve.

Meantime, taking advantage of her sister's indolence, Mrs. Norris acted as chaperon to Maria and Julia in their public engagements, and very thoroughly relished the means this afforded her of mixing in society without having horses to hire.

Fanny had no share in the festivities of the season; but she enjoyed being avowedly useful as her aunt's companion, and talked to Lady Bertram, listened to her and read to her with never a thought of envying her cousins their gaieties. About this time Maria, who was now in her twenty-first year, got engaged to a rich but heavy country gentleman called Rushworth merely because he had an income larger than her father's and could give her a house in town; while Tom returned safely from the West Indies, bringing an excellent account of his father's health but telling the family that Sir Thomas would be detained in Antigua for several months longer.

SUCH was the state of affairs in the month of July; and Fanny had just reached her eighteenth year when the society of the village received an addition in the brother and sister of Mrs. Grant, a Mr. and Miss Crawford, the children of her mother by a second marriage. They were young people of fortune, the son having a good estate in Norfolk, the daughter twenty thousand pounds. They had been brought up by their father's brother and his wife, Admiral and Mrs. Crawford; and it was Mrs. Crawford's death, and the consequent installation of the admiral's mistress in the house, that had forced them to find another home. Mary Crawford was remarkably pretty; Henry had air and countenance; the manners of both were lively and pleasant; and Mrs. Grant gave them credit for everything else.

The young people were pleased with each other from the first. Miss Crawford was most allowably a sweet, pretty girl, while the Miss Bertrams were the finest young women in the country. Mr. Crawford was the most agreeable young man Julia and Maria had ever known. Before he had been at Mansfield a week the former lady was quite ready to be fallen in love with, while as for the latter she did not want to see or to understand. 'There could be no harm in her liking an agreeable man—

everybody knew her situation—Mr. Crawford must take care of himself.'

A young woman, pretty, lively, witty, playing on a harp as elegant as herself, was enough to catch any man's heart. Without studying the business, Edmund was beginning, at the end of a week of such intercourse, to be a good deal in love with Mary Crawford; and, to the credit of the lady, it may be added that, without his being a man of the world or an elder brother, without any of the arts of flattery or the gaieties of small talk, he began to be agreeable to her. He taught her to ride on a horse which he had given to Fanny; he was always going round to see her at the parsonage; and, although he disapproved of the flippancy with which she talked of her relations, of religion and of his future profession of clergyman, he was never weary of discussing her and of confessing his admiration of her to Fanny.

Harry Crawford was not so constant as his sister. On an expedition to Sotherton Court (Mr. Rushworth's place) he flirted with Julia on the way down, and with Maria when Sotherton was reached, leaving poor Mr. Rushworth no resource but to declare to Fanny his surprise at anyone calling so undersized a man as his rival handsome.

SOME rehearsals of a play called Lovers' Vows, in which Harry left Maria happy and expectant and Julia furious by assigning the parts of the lovers to the elder sister and to himself, made Mr. Rushworth even jealous. But this theatrical scheme, to which even Edmund had been forced to lend a reluctant co-operation—merely with a view of preventing outside actors being introduced—happily came to nothing, thanks to the unexpected arrival of Sir Thomas.

III—Fanny in Society

MARIA was now expecting the man she loved to declare himself; but instead of making such a declaration of attachment, Harry Crawford left the neighbourhood almost immediately on the plea of having to meet his uncle at Bath. Maria, wounded and indignant, resolved that, though he had destroyed her happiness, he should not know that he had done so. So when her father, having, in an evening spent at Sotherton, discovered what a very inferior young man Mr. Rushworth was, and having noticed Maria's complete indifference to him, offered to give up the connexion if she felt herself unhappy in the prospect of it, she merely thanked him, and said she had not the smallest desire of breaking through her engagement and was not sensible of any change of opinion or inclination since her forming it. In a few weeks' time she was married to Mr. Rushworth; and the wedded pair went off to Brighton, where they were joined by Julia Bertram.

Meantime, Fanny, as the only young lady left at the Park, became of importance. Sir Thomas decided that she was pretty; Miss Crawford cultivated her society; and Mrs. Grant asked her to dinner. This last-mentioned attention disturbed Lady Bertram.

"So strange!" she said. "For Mrs. Grant never used to ask her."

"But it is very natural," observed Edmund, "that Mrs. Grant should wish to procure so agreeable a visitor for her sister."

"Nothing can be more natural," said Sir Thomas, after a short deliberation; "nor, were there no sister in the case, could anything, in my opinion, be more natural. Mrs. Grant's showing civility to Miss Price, to Lady Bertram's niece, could never want explanation. The only surprise I can feel is that this should be the first time of its being paid. Fanny was right in giving only a conditional answer. She appears to feel as she ought. But, as I conclude that she wishes to go, since all young people like to be together, I can see no reason why she should be denied this indulgence."

"Upon my word, Fanny," said Mrs. Norris, "you are in high luck to meet with such attention and indulgence. You ought to be very much obliged to Mrs. Grant for thinking of you, and to your aunt for letting you go, and you ought to look upon it as something extraordinary; for I hope you are aware that there is no real occasion for your going into company in this sort of way, or ever dining out at all; and it is what you must not depend upon ever being

repeated. Nor must you be fancying that the invitation is meant as a compliment to you; the compliment is intended to your uncle and aunt and me. Mrs. Grant thinks it a civility due to *us* to take a little notice of you, or else it would never have come into her head, and you may be certain that if your cousin Julia had been at home you would not have been asked."

Mrs. Norris fetched breath, and went on.

"I think it right to give you a hint, Fanny, now that you are going into company without any of us; and I do beseech and entreat you not to be putting yourself forward, and talking and giving your opinion as if you were one of your cousins as if you were dear Mrs. Rushworth or Julia. Remember, wherever you are, you must be the lowest and last; and though Miss Crawford is in a manner at home at the Parsonage, you are not to be taking place of her. And as to coming away at night, you are to stay just as long as Edmund chooses."

"Yes, ma'am. I should not think of anything else."

"And if it should rain—which I think likely, for I never saw it more threatening for a wet evening in my life—you must manage as well as you can, and not be expecting the carriage to be sent for you."

"Walk!" said Sir Thomas, in a tone of unanswerable dignity, and, coming further into the room: "My niece walk to an engagement at this time of the year! Fanny, will twenty minutes after four suit you?"

A few weeks later Fanny was made happy by a visit from her brother William, now, through Sir Thomas's influence, a midshipman; and soon the former intercourse between the families at the Park and at the Parsonage was revived, Sir Thomas perceiving, in a careless way, that Mr. Crawford, who was back again at Mansfield, was somewhat distinguishing his niece.

Harry, indeed, was beginning to be rather piqued by Fanny's indifference.

"I do not quite know what to make of Miss Fanny," he said to his sister. "Is she solemn? Is she queer? Is she prudish? I can hardly get her to speak. I never was so long in company with a girl in my life, trying to entertain her, and succeeded so ill! Never met with a girl who looked so grave on me."

"FOOLISH fellow!" said Mary. "And so this is her attraction after all! This it is—her not caring for you—which gives her such a soft skin and makes her so much taller, and produces all those charms and graces! I do desire that you will not be making her really unhappy. A little love, perhaps, may animate and do her good; but I will not have you plunge her deep, for she is as good a little creature as ever lived, and has a great deal of feeling."

"It can be but a fortnight," said Harry, "and if a fortnight can kill her she must have a constitution which nothing could save! No, I will not do her any harm. I only want her to look kindly on me, to give me smiles as well as blushes, to keep a chair for me by herself wherever we are, and be all animation when I take it and talk to her; to think as I think, be interested in all my possessions and pleasures, try to keep me longer at Mansfield, and feel when I go away that she shall never be happy again. I want nothing more."

"Moderation itself!" replied Mary. "I can have no scruples now. Well, you will have opportunities enough of endeavouring to recommend yourself, for we are a great deal together."

Harry was unable to make any impression on Fanny; and though he fell deeply in love with her, got her brother William made lieutenant and, after a ball given in her honour by Sir Thomas, proposed to her, he was unable to win her favour. She was in love with Edmund; and Edmund was torn between love for Mary, despair of winning her, and disapproval of her principles.

IV—Wedding Bells at Mansfield

MR. WILLIAM PRICE, second lieutenant of *H.M.S. Thrush*, having obtained a ten days' leave of absence, again went down to see his sister; and Sir Thomas, as a kind of medicinal project on his niece's understanding, just to enable her to contrast with her father's shabby dwelling an abode of wealth like Mansfield Park, arranged that she should accompany her brother back to Portsmouth.

Within four days from their arrival William had to sail; and Fanny could not conceal it from herself that the home he had left her in was, in almost every respect, the very reverse of what she could have wished. It was the abode of noise, disorder and impropriety. Nobody was in his right place; nothing was done as it ought to be. She could not respect her parents as she had hoped. Her father was more negligent of his family, worse in his habits, coarser in his manners, than she had been prepared for. He did not want abilities; but he had no curiosity, and no information beyond his profession. He read only the newspaper and the Navy List. He talked only of the dockyard, the harbour, Spithead and the Mother-bank. He swore and he drank: he was dirty and gross.

She had never been able to recall anything approaching to tenderness in his former treatment of herself. There had remained only a general impression of roughness, and now he scarcely ever noticed her but to make her the object of a coarse joke.

HER disappointment in her mother was greater. There she had hoped much, and found almost nothing. She discovered, indeed, that her mother was a partial, ill-judging parent, a dawdle, a slattern, who neither taught nor restrained her children, whose house was the scene of mismanagement and discomfort from beginning to end, and who had no talent, no conversation, no affection towards herself; no curiosity to know her better, no desire of her friendship, and no inclination for her company that could lessen her sense of such knowledge.

At the end of the fourth week of her visit Harry Crawford came to see Fanny, made himself very agreeable to her and her family, and then went back to town to see his sister and to meet such friends as Edmund Bertram and the Rushworths. Fanny heard from Mary of the splendours of Maria's house in Wimpole Street, while from Edmund she gathered that his hopes of securing Mary were weaker than those he had cherished when he had left Mansfield, and that he was more satisfied with all that he saw and heard of Harry Crawford.

"I cannot give her up, Fanny," Edmund wrote of Mary. "She is the only woman in the world whom I could ever think of as a wife."

Mary, on her part, hearing of a serious illness which had prostrated Tom Bertram, could not forbear saying to the same correspondent: "Poor young man! If he is to die, there will be two poor young men less in the world. I put it to your conscience whether 'Sir' Edmund would not do more good with all the Bertram property than any other possible 'sir.'" She also told Fanny that Mrs. Rushworth, in the absence of her husband on a visit to his mother at Bath, had been spending the Easter with some friends at Twickenham, and that her brother Harry had also been passing a few days at Richmond.

The interval of a few days afforded a commentary on this last piece of news. It turned out that Mrs. Rushworth, having succumbed once more to the protestations of Harry Crawford, had left her house in Wimpole Street to live with him, and that her sister Julia had eloped to Scotland to be married to Mr. Yates. On the occurrence of this distressing news, Fanny was summoned back to Mansfield Park, and was escorted down there by Edmund, who described to her his final interview with Mary. It seemed that Mary's distress at her brother's folly was so much more keenly expressed than any sorrow for his sin that Edmund's conscience left him no alternative but to make an end of their acquaintance.

INDEED, before many weeks had passed, he ceased to care about Miss Crawford, and became as anxious to marry Fanny as Fanny herself could desire; and before many months had gone, the cousins were united. Nor was this the only happy event that occurred at Mansfield. Harry Crawford and Mrs. Rushworth having quarrelled and parted, and Sir Thomas having refused to allow his elder daughter to come home, Mrs. Norris cast off the dust of Mansfield from her feet, and went to live with her niece in another county. Tom gradually regained his health, without regaining the thoughtlessness and selfishness of his previous habits, and was, in fact, improved for ever by his illness.

JAMES AUGUSTUS GRANT

A WALK ACROSS AFRICA

WHILE on service in India, in 1847, Grant formed a friendship with John Hanning Speke, and when the latter, after his discovery of the Victoria Nyanza, was commissioned by the Royal Geographical Society to prosecute further his discoveries in equatorial Africa, Grant offered to accompany him. The offer was immediately accepted, and in 1860 they set out on the memorable expedition which solved the problem of the sources of the Nile. Throughout the long walk across Africa Grant proved himself a loyal and devoted follower of Speke, and, as he himself said, not a shred of jealousy or distrust, or even ill temper ever came between the two in their wanderings. Grant carried out several investigations independently and made valuable botanical collections, contributing on this subject to the journals of various learned societies. His book, *A Walk Across Africa, or Domestic Scenes from my Nile Journal*, published in 1864, was written at the suggestion of Speke, and was confined to the manners, customs and products of the countries through which the expedition passed. An outline of Speke's book on the Discovery of the Source of the Nile appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*.

I—To the 'Country of the Moon'



ON April 30, 1860, Captain Speke and I embarked at Plymouth and, after a protracted voyage, reached Zanzibar Bay on August 17, the 108th day since we departed from England. Preparations for our three years' journey in the interior of Africa occupied us in the island town of Zanzibar till September 25, when we crossed in the sultan's corvette to the mainland at Bagomoya, and from thence on October 2 we started for Kazeh, 500 miles distant in latitude five degrees south.

The expedition consisted of Captain Speke, the commandant, Captain Grant, second in command, ten Cape Mounted Rifles, four interpreters, two personal servants, sixty-four Seedee boys, 115 porters, eleven mules and five donkeys. Twenty-five Belooch soldiers escorted us for the first thirteen stages from the coast, and during the journey thirty Seedees and 113 porters deserted.

We travelled all October, November, December, and twenty-five days of January at from one to twenty-five miles a day, according to the caprices of our followers, the difficulties of the country and the final desertion of our porters. We passed through three distinct countries, Uzaramo, Usagura and Ugogo, before reaching Kazeh, the principal town of Unyamuezi, which, being translated, is the 'Country of the Moon.' Each district had its despot ruler, the terror of travellers, who were forced to pay whatever tax was demanded by his cupidity. In Unyanyembe, we all suffered from the acclimatisation fever, which rapidly undermined our strength.

The four native races we encountered were: (1) the Wazaramo, a smart, nearly naked people with a most self-possessed air, fond of beads and other ornaments. They are polygamists; their only faith is belief in the 'black art'; and though residing on the borders of civilization they have no curiosity or ambition. (2) The Wassagara population live such an outcast life on the tops of their conical hills that we saw little of their manners or customs. (3) The Waggogo are a smart, wiry, active race. They were avaricious; the settlement of the tax for passing through their country was a most harassing affair. (4) The Wanyamuezi are average sized, slim-limbed negroes, many of them with handsome countenances. They were invaluable as guides, first-rate spoorers, had extraordinary knowledge of edible roots and herbs, and under almost any circumstances would not starve. They sang the jolliest of songs with deep-toned choruses, but had no idea of discipline and were insubordinate to a degree.

II—From Kazeh to Karague

On arrival at Kazeh on January 25, 1861, we were received with great delight by Moossah, an Indian trader and old friend of Speke. Here we were delayed for fifty-one days on account of falling rains, the flooded state of the rivers and the impossibility of getting porters.

All the cereals known in Zanzibar are cultivated; but grain was so scarce that slaves could be bought for two fathoms of cloth. The chief wealth is in cattle, and the cowherds are Watusi—men and women of a large stamp, with fine oval faces and erect figures, clad in well-dressed cow skins. The aboriginal natives practise the 'black art,' chipping the teeth, and their divination is by dissecting fowls.

We left Kazeh on March 16 for Ukuni by detachments on account of the difficulty of obtaining porters, although Speke had walked eighty miles in order to secure some. It took seventy-five days to accomplish ninety miles. Most of the villages were fortified by high palisades, strengthened by quick-set hedges of euphorbia. A few scrubby cotton bushes were grown on the mounds made by white ants, and looms of the rudest description converted the produce of these into a very hard, very stout cloth.

We were compelled to remain at Mineenga, the capital of Ukuni, from May 27 till September 12, and during all that time there were only one or two slight showers of rain. But the sun rose and set in a haze, and a veil of mist hung about all day. The south-east wind was very unhealthy. Both Speke and I suffered the former dangerously from fevers; our Seedee bodyguard were also attacked by fevers with ulcers.

The people are naturally musical and have many fine national airs. Their funeral ceremonies are simple. The chiefs are buried under the floors of their dwellings; witches and slaves are thrown into the jungle without interment. Taking them all round the natives are a sottish, un-ambitious race. Of religion, they have none; but of superstitious fears and beliefs they have an ample store. Driving out evil spirits is accomplished by a long ceremonial in which the sprinkling of the blood of cows takes a leading part. Adultery is punished in the most horrible manner, and those convicted of witchcraft or poisoning are taken to the dry bed of a stream and have their throats cut from ear to ear.

Speke had gone on to try and engage porters, and I heard nothing of him for twenty-seven days, but on September 12, after obstinate resistance from, and a final outbreak with the Sultan of Ukuni, I made a move. Passing through the country of the Sultan of Myonga every load in my caravan was partially plundered, and in the Wanyambo country we were more troubled by thieves than anywhere else. They attempted to get inside our ring fence of thorns, and the thefts became so numerous that we had to shoot two or three of the plunderers—a proceeding generally approved by the ordinary inhabitants, who were industrious, with comfortable 'crofts' around their houses.

On November 25 we arrived at the capital of Karague, the residence of King Rumanika, and were charmed to get there. Its fine hills, lake scenery, climate and, above all, the gentleness of the royal family were all in such contrast to what we had experienced elsewhere of Africa and Africans. Rumanika, the M'Kama, or king, was the handsomest and most intelligent sovereign we had met with in Africa. He stood six feet two inches in height, and his countenance had a fine, mild expression. The king's five wives were of enormous proportions, unable to enter the door of an ordinary hut, and requiring a person on each side to support them when moving from one place to another. Their diet consisted of boiled plantains and milk.

The sultan lived on milk, the juice of boiled beef, drank very little plantain wine, and was never known to be intoxicated. He combined the offices of prophet, priest and king; he was very fond of curiosities, but his chief delight was in medicines and pictures. We could not trace any distinct form of religion amongst

this interesting race, but there were certain indications of Jewish worship, and a tree was considered the greatest object in creation, not even excepting man.

The health of the men did not suffer from the continuous wet, but for myself, having had fevers twice a month for some time, in December my usual complaint assumed a new form. The right leg above the knee became deformed from inflammation, which gave intense pain, only temporarily relieved by deep incisions.

M'annagee, the sultan's brother, provided me with all sorts of native remedies, but I was confined to my grass couch for five months, and when at last I was able to be out of the hut, inhaling the sweet air, and once more permitted to behold the works of God's creation in the beautiful lakes and hills, never did I experience a happier moment.

M'tessa, King of Uganda, sent a message early in January 1862 saying that he was impatient to see the white men, and Speke departed for Uganda with a company of native porters on the tenth of that month. At first sight this appeared to some persons at home as an unkindly proceeding, but my companion was not a man to be daunted. He was offered an escort to the north, and all tender feelings must yield to the necessities of the case.

The population of Karagne consists of two races, the dominant Wahuma, and the Wanyambo, who originally owned and now cultivate the soil, and are black and lanky.

All are fond of carousing over their plantain wine, singing and chanting wild airs; even the children drink it, carrying gourdfuls of it wherever they go; but no one ever gets drunk. The dead are simply thrown into the lakes, except the bodies of the princes, which are buried in one of the islands. The only approach to religion is an appeal to idols of horns filled with charms. Speke having written urging me to come on, I started from Karagne on April 14, 1862, and, being still unable to walk, I was borne on a wicker stretcher.

III—Uganda and Unyoro

It had been arranged that I should be carried to the Kitangule river and then conveyed by boat to Uganda; but Mariboo, the Waganda officer sent by King M'tessa, ordered the march as he liked, halted when it suited him, got tipsy whenever he could. When the Victoria Nyanza was reached, there were no boats. The lake, seen for the first time, excited our wonder and admiration.

On May 20 we crossed Katonga Bay in canoes and continued our journey overland, my Waganda bearers living by plundering the villages, although the officers in charge of the districts, by order of King M'tessa, brought me presents of fowl, butter-milk and sugar cane. Some of the tribes, like the Wazeewa, offered fried locusts and freshly-fledged white ants as food, but these I rejected. The travel from Katonga Bay to Kibuga, the capital of Uganda, was without exception the most disagreeable I ever made. My Waganda bearers threw away the stretcher, and I was compelled to limp along with my stiff knee-joint. Within a radius of thirty miles from M'tessa's palace nothing was allowed to be plundered.

On May 27 I joined Speke in Kibuga, after being separated from him for four months a day, not only of intense joy, but of deep thankfulness. I felt that my prayers for safety had been heard. Next day Speke and I paid our formal visit to King M'tessa. There was much ceremonial in his palace, and ridiculous formality.

He was a tall, well built young fellow, sprightly in manner, very vain, his woolly hair dressed with the greatest care; small head, remarkably prominent, clever-looking clear eyes, good teeth, and long nails to his hands and feet. His bark cloth 'toga' had not a speck upon it, and was neatly knotted over the right shoulder. Each finger had upon it a ring of brass, except a gold one on the third of the left hand, given him by Speke. With these he played, while sitting at his levees, occasionally receiving a golden coloured gourd-cup of wine from a maid of honour sitting by his side.

The following day the king returned my visit, dressed like a negro sailor. Afterwards I was introduced to the king's mother. She seemed to me like a Tartar



JAMES AUGUSTUS GRANT was born at Nairn, Scotland, April 11, 1827. Educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, he received a commission in the 8th Native Bengal Infantry in 1846. He took part in the sieges of Multan and Gujerat, 1849, and was attached to the 78th Highlanders at the relief of Lucknow, 1857, when he was wounded. Returning to England in 1858, he joined Speke's expedition to Africa in 1860, and received the Companionship of the Bath in 1860 in recognition of his services. In 1868 he accompanied the Abyssinian expedition under Napier and at the close of the war left the army with the rank of lieutenant colonel. Grant died at Nairn, February 11, 1892.

woman, being fair skinned, stout and short. Her head was shaved, and had a cord tied round it. Conversation was kept up briskly, and she sipped at wine, looked at herself in a small mirror, smoked, and ate boiled beef. A day or two after, the king went out hunting with a gun I had presented to him, and on my asking a page what his majesty had killed, he said, "As his highness could not get any game to shoot at, he shot down many people."

During our stay, on the slightest provocation, men, women and children were ordered to be killed, and the executioners were always kept busy. No flour or milk is used in the country the natives living entirely upon plantains boiled or made into wine. The natives of Uganda are extremely musical, and their instruments were beautifully played, especially a miniature harp.

We were detained in the Uganda capital till July 7, when Speke and I, with our united camps, started for Karee. Bundja, an officer whom M'tessa had sent in charge of us, had been ordered to take us to the exit of the Nile from the Victoria Nyanza, but he did not adhere to the route, and Speke asked me whether I was able to make a flying march thither. I was at that time unable to walk twenty miles a day over rough ground and, therefore, yielded reluctantly to the necessity of our parting again. Some people have hastily inferred that my companion did not wish me to share in the gratification of seeing the exit of the river, but nothing could be more contrary to the fact. He only wished to set at rest for geographers the latitude of the interesting locality.

The camp separated on July 19, and I halted at the boundary between Uganda and Unyoro to receive permission from King Kamarasi of Unyoro to enter his territory. On August 19, Speke rejoined me. He had accomplished his purpose, of seeing the first cataract at the point where the Nile flows out of the Victoria Nyanza, and had called it the Ripon Falls. Next day a messenger came from Kamarasi to say that we might proceed, and on August 22 we struck camp and marched till the 31st, when Bundja, with his Waganda escort and twenty-eight of our Seedees, deserted. We were glad to get rid of the disaffected in the camp, and on September 9 we came in sight of Kamarasi's capital at the junction of the Kuffoo and the White Nile.

NOTHING could be more desolate than the spot allotted to our encampment. The king was such a morose autocrat that he would not allow us to go beyond our dwellings, and we were, in fact, during the whole of our stay, little better than prisoners. It was nine days before his suspicions would allow us to see him. He was, in appearance, fair for an African, of slender figure, nearly six feet high, with good features and soft, gentle eyes, but the forehead and nose were much disfigured by black patches.

He received our presents very coolly, and at every subsequent interview he showed the greatest avarice, asking for

everything he saw in our camp. Kamarasi, however, was not unkindly, and there was no savage butchery of his subjects like that by M'tessa. The wives of the king lived upon milk, of which they consumed the yield of from five to fifteen cows daily, and they were of enormous proportions. The ordinary tropical crops were grown, and an intoxicating drink was made from millet. Superstitious practices were prevalent in which charms—dead frogs, fowls and goats—play an important part. The belief that Kamarasi, if he chose, could divide the waters of the lake near at hand, seemed to us a long-enduring and far-spread tradition from the time of Moses!

IV—Back to Civilization

On November 1, the firing of guns announced the return of Bombay, one of our interpreters, who had been sent forward to make inquiries, and who now reported that he had found an Egyptian camp on the banks of the Nile. Eight days after we obtained a grudging permission from Kamarasi to depart, and set out on a log canoe from a point a few miles below the king's residence where the Kuffoo joins the White Nile. For four days we paddled down the river and then marched overland to the falls of Karuma, which we reached on November 19, both Speke and myself suffering severely from fever and dysentery. The climate here was health-giving, and it was a joy to sit upon the rocks, to watch the foam of the broken river, and view the steep banks densely covered with tree foliage.

On November 22 we ferried across the Nile, marched through an uninhabited forest for some days, entered the Gani country, and came to an encampment of Toorkees, who were in fact the followers of an ivory-trader named de Bono. This was at sunset, December 3, one of those happy epochs never to be forgotten. The place was named Faloro, and we were received with a procession of men dressed as soldiers, and with the firing of guns and every mark of rejoicing.

The scene in the camp was strange to us. Everyone seemed to be well dressed; they all had shoes, regular bedsteads, crockery, etc., none of which we had seen for more than two years. We were provided with an excellent dinner, but the greatest treat was to come. Water was brought to us to wash our hands, and, luxury of all luxuries, soap! A large open shed was made over to us, but we could not retire to rest without a prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty for having preserved us through so many difficulties, and at length by His all-protecting arm brought us in safety to the border of civilization after twenty-six months of unceasing toil and anxiety.

The men whom we were so glad to see turned out to be ivory hunters and land pirates, who, for three successive seasons, had made 'razzias' upon the natives, collected an immense store of ivory purchased with plundered cattle and occasionally with a few beads, and captured many slaves, both men and women.

On January 11, 1863, we left Faloro, and the main body of the Toorkees joined us on January 31, at a village named Apuddo, where we camped for several days. Three or four miles from the right bank of the Nile within sight of Apuddo, at 3° 34½′ north latitude, and 32° east longitude, stands a tamarind tree. I visited it on February 1, and traced five letters, three of which were illegible, that had been cut in the tree by a European. On reaching Khartoum we found that they had been carved by a Venetian named Miani.

From Apuddo we marched through the Madi country on the right bank of the Nile until February 14, when we had to pass a track inhabited by the Bari tribe. Our camp was threatened by an attack of these wild people, but our sentinels were on the alert, and although the Bari had fired the grass along one third of the horizon they were evidently frightened away by the click of the sentries' gun-locks.

The whole camp moved off in a compact mass by daylight by February 15, and were unmolested. As we approached Gondokoro a white speck was pointed out as the church of the Austrian mission. Afterwards we could see the masts of

Nile boats, the appearance of which increased our excitement. A mile from these, when the Toorkees drew up in line and fired a *feu-de-joie*, I had great difficulty in submitting to the delay. However, Speke was tolerably cool, and we all marched in together, and soon had the happiness to see a sturdy English figure approaching. With a hearty cheer, we waved our hats and rushed into the arms of Baker, the elephant hunter of Ceylon, who had bravely come in search of us. He led us to his diabeah, where we found him surrounded with many of the comforts of civilized life long denied to us.

We halted at Gondokoro from February 15 to the morning of the 26th, so that Speke might find the moon in lunar distance for the longitude, which he ascertained to be 31° 40′ 0″ east, and latitude 4° 54′ 5″ north, and then embarked on Baker's boats and sailed down the Nile to Khartoum. The voyage, which need not be described, lasted till March 30, when we met with a magnificent reception from the governor, Musa Pasha, and were able to exchange our old ragged clothes for European attire.

At Khartoum we remained resting until April 15, when we started on our voyage to Berber, which was reached on the 22nd. From there we crossed the Bayuda desert, arrived at Korosko on May 12, and after a short stay at Aswan we sailed, on May 19, on a steamer which had been sent by the viceroy of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, to bring us down the river, and reached Boulac, the port of Cairo, after a pleasant voyage of six days.

Our faithful Seedees were lodged in the public gardens at Cairo, as the people were afraid to admit them into their houses. On June 1 we saw them, headed by Bombay, depart by train for Suez, *en route* to Aden and Zanzibar. They took leave of us with affectionate regret and many prayers, trusting they would again see us in their own country. On the same day we had a private audience of the viceroy, who showed great interest in our journey.

On June 4 we sailed in the *Pera* for England, where we arrived in safety after our long and varied journey, and an absence of eleven hundred and forty-six days.

A Militant Christian's Vivid Memories

RICHARD BAXTER

RICHARD BAXTER'S NARRATIVE

On his death in 1691 Richard Baxter left a mass of autobiographical materials to his friend, Matthew Sylvester, who published it in 1696, under the title of Reliquiae Baxterianae, or Mr. Richard Baxter's Narrative of the Most Memorable Passages of his Life and Times. The work is divided into three parts: Part 1, written mainly in 1664 and including extraordinarily picturesque information about the Civil War and about public affairs in general up to the time of the death of Cromwell; Part 2, written in 1665, dealing largely with differences and debates about Church government; and Part 3, written for the most part in 1670 and containing interesting side lights on public affairs and valuable information about the progress of Nonconformity. There are additions carrying the story beyond 1678, and appendices containing some of Baxter's most important correspondence. Picturesque and vivid, the book is indispensable to students of the period, though over-large for the general reader.

I—Early Life and Ordination



father's name was Richard (the son of Richard) Baxter. I was born at Rowton, a village in Shropshire, November 12, 1615. There I lived, away from my parents, with my grandfather, till I was near ten years of age, and then I was taken home to live with them at Eaton Constantine, a mile from the Wrekin Hill, and above half a mile from the River Severn, and five miles from Shrewsbury. My father had only the competent estate of a freeholder, but having been addicted to gaming from his youth, and his father before him, it was so entangled in debts that it occasioned some excess of worldly cares before it was

freed. We lived in a country that had but little preaching in it at all, but it pleased God to instruct and change my father by the bare reading of the Bible.

When I was very young his serious speeches possessed me with a fear of sinning. But though my conscience was troubled, yet I was addicted, when I feared correction, to lie that I might escape, and to the excessive gluttonous eating of apples and pears, going with other boys to steal fruit in orchards, when I had enough at home.

When I was about fifteen years of age it pleased God to open my eyes more clearly to things spiritual and to show me the folly of sinning, and about this time my father bought from a poor pedlar Dr. Sibbs's Bruised Reed, which opened my eyes more to the love of God to me. I was persuaded to go to London to seek some office through acquaintance at the Court. I had formed the desire to be a minister, but my friends had no great inclination for this, and sent me to live for a time with Sir Henry Herbert, then Master of the Revels. But I quickly had enough of the Court when I saw a stage play instead of a sermon on the Lord's Day.

My mother fell very sick and desired my return, and so I went home and I was shut up in the great snow of that year, till she died on May 10, 1635. From the age of twenty-one till near twenty-three I was in great weakness and I was not expected to live above a year; but afterwards went to Dudley, to become headmaster of the new grammar school there. And at the same time I was ordained by the bishop, and preached my first sermon in the upper parish church. In Dudley I lived not quite a year, not without great comfort, being amongst a poor, tractable people, lately noted for drunkenness, but commonly more ready to hear God's word with submission and reformation than most places where I have come.

II—Ministry During the Civil War

I WAS then invited to Bridgnorth to preach as assistant to the worthy pastor there. The people proved a very ignorant, dead-hearted flock, the town consisting too much of inns and alehouses. Here I remained a year and three-quarters in full enjoyment of liberty, which I took to be a very great mercy to me in these troublesome times; for the Long Parliament, resolving to reform the corrupted clergy, appointed a committee to receive petitions and complaints against them. This was no sooner understood but multitudes in all districts came up with petitions against their ministers.

Amongst these complainers were the people of Kidderminster, where the vicar, knowing his insufficiency, and how two of the clergy in such case had fared, desired to compound this business with them. Hereupon they invited me to Kidderminster from Bridgnorth. As soon as I had preached one day I was chosen without opposition, in March 1640.

After two years, during which great numbers were converted, the civil wars threw the whole country into confusion. The Parliament sent down an order for demolishing all statues, images and crosses. The churchwarden was about to remove a crucifix from the churchyard when a crew of the drunken, riotous party in the town ran together with weapons to defend the crucifix and the church images.

I was advised to withdraw for a time from the fury of the rabble, and went to Gloucester, and from thence to some old friends at Bridgnorth, to wait quietly to see which way the war would go. While I was thinking what course to take, the Committee and Governor of the city of Coventry desired me to go and stay with them and to lodge in the Governor's house, and to preach to the soldiers. Here I lived in his house, and followed my studies as quietly as in time of peace for about a year, only preaching once a week to the soldiers and once on the Lord's Day to the people, not taking a penny from any one of them, save my diet only.

I was next invited by Cromwell to become chaplain to his troop at Cambridge, but declined. Yet some time after, on learning of the condition of things in the army, and being convinced of the prospect of great usefulness, I left Coventry to become chaplain to Colonel Whalley's regiment. I set myself to find out the

corruptions of the soldiers. My life among them was a daily contending against seducers and gently arguing with the more tractable.

While I lived here in peace and liberty we did daily hear the news of one fight or other, or of one garrison or other won or lost—the two Newbury fights; the sieges of Gloucester, Plymouth, Lyme and Taunton; the loss of Newark, the slaughter at Bolton, the greatest fight of all at York, with abundance more. So miserable were those bloody days, in which he was most honourable that could kill most of his enemies. Naseby not being far from Coventry, where I was after the victory of Cromwell's army there, I went to see if two or three of my intimate friends in the army were dead or alive. When I found them, I stayed a night and then understood the state of the army better than before.

We that lived in Coventry did keep to our old principles; we were unfeignedly for King and Parliament. We believed that the war was only to save the Parliament and kingdom from delinquents and to remove the Dissidents, that the king might again return to his Parliament and that no changes might be made in religion but by the laws which had his free consent. But I found a new face of things which I never dreamt of till I came to Cromwell's army, for I heard the plotting heads very hot upon that which intimated their intention to subvert both Church and State.

When Worcester siege was over I went to London to Sir Thomas Mayern about my great weakness of health. He sent me to Tunbridge Wells and after some stay there, to my great benefit, I went to my quarters with the regiment in Worcestershire. The king was delivered to Parliament, and he was to abide at Homeby House in Northamptonshire; but presently he was brought away to Hampton Court.

And now I return to my own infirmities. For two years I was afflicted with great languishings which affected my eyes, and I suffered much from internal pains. But being conscious that my time had not been improved to the service of God as I desired, I offered many an earnest prayer for restoration. And my prayers were granted when men and means failed.

DURING the time of sickness I wrote the first book that I ever published, called Aphorisms of Justification and the Covenants. The second book which I wrote was The Saints' Everlasting Rest. When I was weakened with great bleeding and left solitary in my chamber, and was sentenced to death by the physicians, I began to contemplate more seriously on the Everlasting Rest which I apprehended myself to be on the borders of. This book it pleased God so far to bless to the profit of many that it encouraged me to be guilty of those writings which afterwards followed.

On my merciful recovery, being urged by my people at Kidderminster to return to them, I joyfully consented and began to labour diligently among them, though but seldom free for an hour from pain, for the attacks oft recurred. The congregation was usually full, so that we were fain to build five galleries after my coming thither, the church itself being very capacious and the most commodious and convenient that ever I was in. I have very great cause to be thankful for the success of my book The Reformed Pastor.

III—Meeting Oliver Cromwell

BEING brought by Lord Broghill and the Earl of Warwick to preach before Cromwell, the Protector, I knew not which was better to provoke him to his duty than by preaching on 1 Cor. i, 10, against the divisions and distractions of the Church. A little while after, Cromwell sent to speak with me, and when I came, in the presence only of his chief men, he began a long and tedious speech to me of God's providence in the change of government, and how God had owned it, and what great things had been done at home and abroad, in the peace with Spain and Holland, etc.

When he had worried us all with speaking thus slowly for about an hour, I told him it was too great condescension to acquaint me thus fully with all these matters which were above me; but I told him that we took an ancient monarchy to be a blessing, and not an evil to the land, and humbly craved his patience that I might ask him how England had ever

forfeited that blessing, and unto whom the forfeiture was made? I was fain to speak of the species of government only, for they had lately made it treason to speak for the person of the king.

Upon that question he was awakened into some passion, and told me it was no forfeiture, but God had changed it as pleased Him. And then he let fly at the Parliament, which thwarted him; and especially by name four or five of those members who were my chief acquaintance; and I presumed to defend them against his passion, and thus four or five hours were spent.

A few days after, he sent for me again, to hear my judgement about liberty of conscience, which he pretended to be most zealous for, before almost all his Privy Council where, after another tedious speech of his, I told him a little of my judgement.

All my labours, except my private conferences with families, even preaching and preparing for it, were but my recreations and, as it were, the work of my spare hours, for my writings were my chief and daily labour. My Call to the Unconverted is been blessed to very many in England, Scotland and Ireland. And as if all this were not mercy enough to me, God, after I was silenced, sent it over on His message to many beyond the seas; for when Mr. Eliot had printed all the Bible in the Indians' language, he translated this, my Call to the Unconverted, as he wrote to us.

IV—Controversy and Trouble

WHEN in the time of the unhappy wars the controversies about church government were most in men's mouths, it was necessary for me to set myself to the most serious study of these points, the result of which was this confident and settled judgement that, of the four contending parties—the Erastian, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Independent—each one had some truths in peculiar, which others overlooked, and each one had their proper mistakes, which gave advantage to their adversaries; though all of them had so much truth in common among them as would have made these kingdoms happy if it had been unanimously and soberly reduced to practice by prudent and charitable men. In each party I liked some things and disliked others. So I stood still some years as a looker-on, and contented myself to wish and pray for peace and only drop now and then a word for it in my writings, which has since been no small cause of my troubles.

But my efforts were blessed to bring ministers to agreement, and many associations were formed in different countries, betokening the reconciliation of different parties. Terms were drawn up which all Christian Churches might hold communion upon, and upon the publication of an agreement, the ministers in most countries began to take the business into consideration. In a word, a great desire to concord began to possess all good people in the land and our breaches seemed ready to heal.

On the last day of April 1660 I preached to the Parliament in London. It was a day of fasting, and on the next day the Parliament did unanimously vote for the return of the king. The City of London about that time was to keep a day of solemn thanksgiving for General Monk's success in bringing over Prince Charles, and the Lord Mayor desired me to preach before them in St. Paul's Church: wherein I so endeavoured to show the value of that mercy as to show also how men's abuse might turn it into calamity, and what should be right bounds and qualifications of that joy. The moderate were pleased with it; the fanatics were offended with me for keeping such a thanksgiving; the diocesan party thought I did suppress their joy.

On June 26 I was made one of the chaplains in ordinary to the King and, in order to bring about a union between the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, a meeting was arranged in presence of his Majesty, whereat I was one of the speakers. I spoke of the measures that would give religious liberty to the people and prevent the removal of many worthy and pious ministers from their flocks. The King professed his gladness to hear our inclinations to agreement, and said that if it were not accomplished, it would be of ourselves and not of him.

V—Persecution and Imprisonment

BEING offered a bishopric by the Lord Chancellor I declined the honour for such reasons as did not offend him. Instead of it, I craved the favour to preach to my people at Kidderminster, whence I had been cast out because of my opinions. But this was not granted. The great Savoy Conference was held, to seek how the different religious parties might be reconciled. I offered various propositions, but without good effect. Those who opposed me charged me with speaking too boldly and too long, and the differences waxed greater and greater. So vehement was the endeavour in court, city and country to make me contemptible and odious, that any stranger might have asked: 'What monster of wickedness is that man?'

The Act of Uniformity being passed, I refused to take the oath, as did 2,000 ministers, who were therefore ejected from their livings. I desired it to be known that I could not conform, seeing that my example was looked to by many in the land. But soon the Great Plague seized London, of which about 100,000 died. Many of the ejected ministers preached with blessing in the deserted pulpits. After the Plague, the Great Fire broke out. I had been preaching at Acton when information was laid against me. Being convicted of keeping conventicles contrary to law, I was committed for six months to prison at Clerkenwell. After my release, I fell into sore sickness, but by God's mercy was restored.

Having till now foreborne for several reasons to seek a licence for preaching from the King, but seeing that many others had done so, and were settled in various places, I sent to seek one, and found that Sir Thomas Player, Chamberlain of London, had procured me one without my knowledge. On January 24, 1673, I began a Friday lecture at Mr. Turner's church in New Street, near Fetter Lane, but I never took a penny for it of any one.

On February 20, I took my house in Bloomsbury and removed thither after Easter with my family. My wife urged the building of a chapel in Bloomsbury for Mr. Read, where I might sometimes help him, the neighbourhood being very full of people, rich and poor, and Mr. Bourman, the parish parson, not having preached, read, or administered the sacrament for three years. But when I had preached but once in the new chapel that I had built, a resolution was taken to surprise me the next day and send me six months to jail. But not knowing this—it being the hottest part of the year—I had agreed to go for a few weeks to the country, twenty miles off, and so had nine weeks' greater ease and comfort than I had ever expected in this world.

When I had been kept a whole year from preaching in the chapel which I built, on April 16, 1676, I began in another, for the necessity of the parish of St. Martin's, where about 60,000 souls had no place to go to. Being forcibly denied the use of my own chapel, I was forced to let it stand empty and to pay £30 a year for ground rent.

HAVING been for retirement in the country, from July 1 till August 14, 1682, returning in great weakness I was able to preach only twice, the last occasion being my usual lecture in New Street, and it fell out to be August 24, just that day twenty years that I and 2,000 more had been forbidden to preach any more. But after this I was suddenly surprised in my house by many constables and officers, who apprehended me and served on me a warrant to seize my person for coming within five miles of a corporation and five more warrants to distrain for £190 for five sermons. They executed all their warrants on my books and goods, and took even the bed on which I lay sick, and sold them all. So I had no remedy but utterly to forsake my house and goods, and all, and take distant secret lodgings in a stranger's house.

The separation from my books would have been a greater part of my small affliction but that I found I was near the end both of that work and life that needeth books, and so I easily let go all. Naked came I into the world, and naked must I go out.

HONORE DE BALZAC

OLD GORIOT

IN the series of novels to which Balzac gave the collective title The Human Comedy is contained the completest picture of the social conditions of France during the troublous period which synchronised with Balzac's own life that has yet been or is ever likely to be painted. One of the earliest and greatest of the series was The Wild Ass's Skin (see page 1760). Another of the acknowledged triumphs is Old Goriot, which was published in 1834. It is a most movin study of unselfish paternal affection, and of filial ingratitude. In its pictures of Parisian life, from the sordid boarding-house to the luxurious mansions of the aristocracy in the days of the Bourbon restoration, Balzac exhibits the tendency to over-description for which he was criticised by his contemporaries and an excessive inclination to dwell upon petty details. Nevertheless it is the cumulative effect of these minute details that makes the presentations of character so truly realistic. An English translation of the novel is included in the complete edition of Balzac, published by Dent, and is also included in Everyman's Library

I—In a Paris Boarding-House



MADAME VAUQUER, *née* Conflans, is an elderly lady who for many years past has kept a Parisian middle-class boarding-house, situated in the Rue Neuve Sainte-Geneviève, between the Latin Quarter and the Faubourg Saint Marcel. This pension, known under the name of the Maison Vauquer, receives men as well as women—young men and old; but hitherto scandal has never attacked the moral principles on which the respectable establishment has been conducted. Moreover, for more years than one can remember, no young woman has been seen in the house; and if any young man ever lived there, it was because his family were able to make him only a very slender allowance. Nevertheless, in 1819, the date at which this drama begins, a poor young girl was found there.

The Maison Vauquer is of three storeys, with attic chambers, and a tiny garden at the back. The ground floor consists of a parlour lighted by two windows looking upon the street. Nothing could be more depressing than this chamber, which is used as the sitting-room. It is furnished with chairs, the seats of which are covered with strips of alternate dull and shining horsehair stuff, while in the centre is a round table with a marble top. The room exhales a smell for which there is no name, in any language, except that of *odour de pension*. And yet, if you compare it with the dining-room which adjoins, you will find the sitting-room as elegant and as perfumed as a lady's boudoir. There misery reigns without a redeeming touch of poesie—poverty, penetrating, concentrated, rasping.

This room appears at its best when at seven in the morning Madame Vauquer, preceded by her cat, enters it from her sleeping chamber. She wears a tulle cap, under which hangs awry a front of false hair; her gaping slippers flop as she walks across the room. Her features are oldish and flabby; from their midst springs a nose like the beak of a parrot. Her small fat hands, her person plump as a church rat, her bust too full and tremulous, are all in harmony with the room. About fifty years of age, Madame Vauquer looks as most women do who say that they have had misfortunes.

At the date when this story opens there were seven boarders in the house. The first floor contained the two best suites of rooms. Madame Vauquer occupied the smaller, and the other was let to Madame Couture, the widow of a paymaster in the army of the French Republic. She had with her a very young girl, named Victorine Taillefer. On the second floor, one apartment was tenanted by an old gentleman named Poiret; the other by a man of about forty years of age, who wore a black wig, dyed his whiskers, gave out

that he was a retired merchant, and called himself Monsieur Vautrin.

The third storey was divided into four single rooms, of which one was occupied by an old maid named Mademoiselle Michonneau, and another by an aged manufacturer of vermicelli, who allowed himself to be called 'Old Goriot.' The two remaining rooms were allotted to a medical student known as Bianchon, and to a law student named Eugène de Rastignac. Above the third storey were a loft where linen was dried, and two attic rooms, in one of which slept the man of all work, Christophe, and in the other the fat cook, Sylvie.

The desolate aspect of the interior of the establishment repeated itself in the shabby attire of the boarders. Mademoiselle Michonneau protected her weak eyes with a shabby green silk shade mounted on brass wire, which would have scared the Angel of Pity. Although the play of passions had ravished her features, she retained certain traces of a fine complexion, which suggested that the face conserved some fragments of beauty. Poiret was a human automaton, who had earned a pension by mechanical labour as a government functionary.

Mademoiselle Victorine Taillefer was of of a sickly paleness, like a girl in feeble health; but her grey-black eyes expressed the sweetness and resignation of a Christian. Her dress, simple and cheap, betrayed her youthful form. Happy, she might have been beautiful, for happiness imparts a poetic charm to women, as dress is the artifice of it. If love had ever given sparkle to her eyes, Victorine would have been able to hold her own with the fairest of her compeers.

Her father believed he had reason to doubt his paternity, though she loved him with passionate tenderness; and after making her a yearly allowance of six hundred francs, he disinherited her in favour of his only son, who was to be the sole successor to his millions. Madame Couture was a distant relation of Victorine's mother, who had died in her arms, and she had brought up the orphan as her own daughter in a strictly pious fashion.

Eugène de Rastignac, the eldest son of a poor baron of Angoulême, was a characteristic son of the South. His complexion was clear, hair black, eyes blue. His figure, manner and habitual poses proved that he was a scion of a noble family and that his early education had been based on aristocratic traditions.

THE connecting link between these two individuals and the other boarders was Vautrin—the man of forty, with the dyed whiskers. He was one of that sort of men who are familiarly described as 'jolly good fellows.' His face, furrowed with premature wrinkles, showed signs of hardness which belied his insinuating address. He was invariably obliging, with a breezy cheerfulness, though at times there was a steely expression in the eyes which inspired his fellow-boarders with a sense of fear. He knew or guessed the affairs of everybody in the house, but no one could divine his real business or his most intimate thoughts.

II—The Beginnings of the Tragedy

SUCH a household ought to offer, and did present in miniature, the elements of a complete society. Among the inmates there was, as in the world at large, one poor discouraged creature a butt on whom mocking pleasantries were rained. This patient sufferer was the old vermicelli maker, Goriot. Six years before, he had come to live at the Maison Vauquer, having, so he said, retired from business. He dressed handsomely, wore a gold watch, with thick gold chain and seals, flourished a gold snuffbox, and, when Madame Vauquer insinuated that he was a gallant, he smiled with the complacency of vanity tickled. Among the china and silver articles with which he decorated his sitting-room were a dish and porringer, on the cover of which were figures representing two doves billing and cooing.

"That," said Goriot, "is the present which my wife made to me on the first anniversary of our wedding-day. Poor dear, she bought it with the little savings she hoarded before our marriage. Look you, madame, I would rather scratch the ground with my nails for a living than part with that porringer. God be praised,

however, I shall be able to drink my coffee out of this dish every morning during the rest of my days. I cannot complain. I have on the shelf, as the saying is, plenty of baked bread for a long time to come."

At the close of his first year Goriot began to practise little economies; at the end of the second he removed his rooms to the second floor, and did without a fire all the winter. This, although, as Madame Vauquer's prying eyes had seen, Goriot's name appeared in the list of state funds for a sum representing an income of from eight to ten thousand francs. Henceforth she denounced him to the other paying guests as an unprincipled old libertine, who lavished his enormous income from the funds on unknown youthful charmers.

The boarders agreed; and when two young ladies in the most fashionable and costly attire visited him in succession in a semi-stealthy manner, their suspicions, as they believed, were confirmed. On one occasion, Sylvie followed Old Goriot and his beautiful visitor to a side street, and saw that there was a splendid carriage waiting and that she got into it. When challenged upon the point, the old man meekly declared that they were his daughters, though he never disclosed that their occasional visits were paid only to wheedle money from him.

THE years passed, and with the gentleness of a broken spirit, beaten down to the docility of misery, Goriot curtailed his personal expenses and again removed his lodgings; this time to the third floor. His dress turned shabbier; with each ascending grade his diamonds, gold snuff-box and jewels disappeared. He grew thinner in person; his face, which had once the beaming roundness of a well-to-do middle-class gentleman, became furrowed with wrinkles. Lines appeared in his forehead, his jaws grew gaunt and sharp; and at the end of the fourth year he bore no longer the likeness of his former self. He was now a wan, worn-out septuagenarian—stupid, vacillating.

Eugène de Rastignac had ambitions, not only to win distinction as a lawyer, but also to play a part in the aristocratic society of Paris. He observed the influence which women exert upon society; and at his suggestion his aunt, Madame de Marcillac, who lived with his father in the old family château near Angoulême, and who had been at court in the days before the French Revolution, wrote to one of her great relatives, the Vicomtesse de Beauséant, one of the queens of Parisian society, asking her to give kindly recognition to her nephew. On the strength of that letter Eugène was invited to a ball at the mansion of the vicomtesse in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. The vicomtesse became interested in him especially as she was suffering from the desertion of the Marquis d'Ajuda-Pinto, a Portuguese nobleman who had been long her lover, and stood sponsor for him in society. At the Faubourg, Eugène met the Duchesse de Langeais, from whom he learnt the history of Old Goriot.

"DURING the Revolution," said the duchesse, "Goriot was a flour and vermicelli merchant and, being president of his section, was behind the scenes. When a great scarcity of food was at hand he made his fortune by selling his goods for ten times what they cost him. He had but one passion; he loved his daughters, and by endowing each of them with a dot of eight hundred thousand francs, he married the eldest, Anastasie, to the Comte de Restaud, and the youngest, Delphine, to the Baron de Nucingen, a rich German financier. During the Empire, his daughters sometimes asked their father to visit them; but after the Restoration the old man became an annoyance to his sons-in-law. He saw that his daughters were ashamed of him; he made the sacrifice which only a father can, and banished himself from their homes.

"There is," continued the duchesse, "something in these Goriot sisters even more shocking than their neglect of their father, for whose death they wish. I mean their rivalry to each other. Restaud is of ancient family; his wife has been adopted by his relatives and presented at court. But the rich sister, the beautiful Madame Delphine de Nucingen, is dying with envy, the victim of jealousy. She is a hundred leagues lower in society than her sister. They renounce each other as

they both renounced their father. Madame de Nucingen would lap up all the mud between the Rue Saint-Lazare and the Rue de Grenelle to gain admission to my salon."

What the duchesse did not reveal was that Anastasie had a lover, Comte Maxime de Trailles, a gambler and a duellist. To pay the gambling losses of this unscrupulous lover, to the extent of two hundred thousand francs, the Comtesse de Restaud induced Old Goriot to sell out of the funds nearly all that remained of his great fortune and give the proceeds to her.

Returning to his lodgings from a ball in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, Eugène saw a light in Goriot's room; and, without being noticed, watched the old man laboriously twisting two pieces of silver plate—his precious dish and porringer—into one lump.

"He must be mad," thought the student.

"The poor child!" groaned Goriot.

The next morning Goriot visited a silversmith, and the Comtesse de Restaud received the money to redeem a note of hand which she had given to a moneylender on behalf of her lover.

"Old Goriot is sublime," muttered Eugène when he heard of the transaction.

DELPHINE DE NUCINGEN also had an admirer, Comte de Marsay, through whose influence she expected to be introduced into the exclusive aristocratic society to which even the wealth of her husband and his German patent of nobility could not secure an entry. Apart from her social aspirations, Delphine was personally extravagant; and as the baron was miserly and only gave her a very scanty allowance, she visited the gambling dens of the Palais Royale to try to raise the money which she could no longer coax from her old father.

III—A Temptation and a Murder

To be young, to thirst after a position in the world of fashion, to hunger for the smiles of beautiful women, to obtain an entry into the salons of the Faubourg, meant to Rastignac large expenditure. He wrote home asking for a loan of twelve hundred francs, which, he said, he must have at all costs. The Vicomtesse de Beauséant had taken him under her protection, and he was in a situation to make an immediate fortune. He must go into society, but had not a penny even to buy gloves. The loan would be returned tenfold.

The mother sold her jewels, the aunt her old laces, his sisters sacrificed their economies, and the twelve hundred francs were sent to Eugène. With this sum he launched into the gay life of a man of fashion. One day Vautrin arrived in the highest spirits, surprising Eugène conversing with Victorine. This was Vautrin's opportunity, for which he had been preparing. When Victorine retired, Vautrin pointed out how impossible it was to maintain a position in society as a law student, and if Eugène wished to get on quickly he must either be rich, or make believe to be so.

"In view of all the circumstances, therefore, I make a proposition to you," said Vautrin to Eugène, "which I think no man in your position should refuse. I wish to become a great planter in the Southern States of America, and need two hundred thousand francs. If I get you a dot of a million, will you give me two hundred thousand francs? Is twenty per cent. commission on such a transaction too much? You will secure the affection of a little wife. A few weeks after marriage you will seem distracted. Some night, between kisses, you can own a debt of two hundred thousand francs, and ask your darling to pay it. The farce is acted every day by men of good family, and no amorous young wife will refuse the money to the man she adores. Moreover, you will not lose the money; you will easily get it back by judicious speculation!"

"But where can I find such a girl?" said Eugène.

"She is here, close at hand."

"Mademoiselle Victorine?"

"Precisely!"

"But how can that be?"

"She loves you; already she thinks herself the little Baronne de Rastignac."

"She has not a penny!" cried Eugène in amazement.

"Ah, now we are coming to the point," said Vautrin.

Thereupon, Vautrin insinuated that if Papa Taillefer lost his son through the interposition of a wise Providence, he would take back his pretty and amiable daughter, who would inherit his millions. To this end he, Vautrin, frankly volunteered to play the part of destiny. He had a friend, a colonel in the army of the Loire, who would pick a quarrel with Frederic, the young blackguard son who had never sent a five-franc piece to his poor sister, and then 'to the shades'—making a pass as if with a sword.

"Silence, monsieur! I will hear no more."

"As you please, my dear fellow! I thought you were stronger."

A few days after this scene, Mademoiselle Michonneau and Poiret were sitting on a bench in the Jardin des Plantes, when they were accosted by the chief of the detective force. He told them that the minister of police believed that a man calling himself Vautrin, who lived with them in the Maison Vauquer, was an escaped convict from Toulon galleys, Jacques Collin, but known by the nickname of Trompe-la-Mort, and one of the most dangerous criminals in all France. In order to obtain certainty as to the identity of Vautrin with Collin he offered a bribe of three thousand francs if mademoiselle would administer a potion in his coffee or wine, which would affect him as if he were stricken with apoplexy. During his insensibility they could easily discover whether Vautrin had the convict's brand on his shoulder.

The pair accepted the bribe, and the plot succeeded. Vautrin was identified as Collin and arrested, just as a messenger came to announce that Frederic Taillefer had been killed in a duel, and Victorine was carried off with Madame Couture to her father's home, the sole heir to his millions.

When he was being pinioned to be conveyed back to the galleys, Collin looked upon his late fellow boarders with fierce scorn.

"Are you any better than we convicts are?" said he. "We have less infamy branded on our shoulders than you have in your hearts—you flabby members of a gangrened society. There is some virtue here," exclaimed he, striking his breast. "I have never betrayed anyone. As for you, you old female Judas," turning to Mademoiselle Michonneau, "look at these people. They regard me with terror, but their hearts turn with disgust even to glance at you. Pick up your ill-gotten gains and begone." As Jacques Collin disappeared from the Maison Vauquer and from our story, Sylvie, the fat cook, exclaimed: "Well, he was a man all the same!"

ALTHOUGH the way was now clear for Rastignac to marry the enormously wealthy Victorine, he paid court instead to Delphine, the Baronne de Nucingen, and dined with her every night. Old Goriot was informed of the intrigue by the baroness's maid. He did not resent but rather encouraged the liaison, and spent his last ten thousand francs in furnishing a suite of apartments for the young couple, on condition that he was to be allowed to occupy an adjoining room and see his daughter every day.

IV—Old Goriot's Death-Bed

THE Vicomtesse de Beauséant was brokenhearted when the marriage of her lover was accomplished, but to maintain a brave spirit in the face of society she gave a farewell ball before retiring to her country estate. Among those invited was the Comtesse de Restaud, who ordered a rich costume for the occasion, which, however, she was unable to pay for. Her husband, the count, insisted on her appearing at the ball and wearing the family diamonds, which she had pawned to discharge her lover's gambling debts, and which had been redeemed to save the family honour. Anastasie sent her maid to Old Goriot, who rose from a sick-bed, sold his last forks and spoons for six hundred francs, pledged his annuity for four hundred francs, and so raised a thousand, which enabled Anastasie to obtain the gown and shine at the ball.

Through Rastignac's influence, Delphine, Baronne de Nucingen, received from the vicomtesse a ticket for the

dance, and insisted on going, as Rastignac declared 'even over the dead body of her father,' to challenge her sister's social precedence at the supreme society function. The ball was the most brilliant of the Parisian season. Both Goriot's daughters satisfied their selfish ambitions and gave never a thought to their old parent in the wretched Maison Vauquer.

For Old Goriot was sick unto death. His garret was bare; the walls dripped with moisture; the floor was damp; the bed was comfortless, and the few faggots which made the handful of fire had been bought only by the money got from pawning Eugène's watch. Christophe, the manservant, was sent by Rastignac to tell the daughters of their father's condition.

"Tell them that I am not very well," said Old Goriot; "that I should like to see them, to kiss them before I die."

By and by, when the messenger had gone, the old man said: "I don't want to die. To die, my good Eugène, is - not to see them there, where I am going. How lonely I shall be! Hell, to a father, is to be without his children. Tell me, if I go to heaven, can I come back in spirit and hover near them? You saw them at the ball; they did not know that I was ill, did they?"

On the return of the messenger, Old Goriot was told that both his daughters refused to come and see him. Delphine was too tired and sleepy; Anastasie was discussing with her husband the future disposition of her marriage portion. Then alternately Goriot blamed his daughters and pardoned their unfilial behaviour.

"My daughters were my vice—my mistresses. Oh, they will come! Come, my darlings! A kiss, a last kiss, the viaticum of your father! I am justly punished; my children were good, and I have spoilt them; on my head be their sins. I alone am guilty; but guilty through love."

Eugène tried to soothe the old man by saying that he would go himself to fetch his daughters; but Goriot kept muttering in his semi-delirium.

"Here, Nasie! here Delphine, come to your father who has been so good to you, and who is dying! Are they coming? No? Am I to die like a dog? This is my reward; forsaken, abandoned! They are wicked; they are criminal. I hate them. I will rise from my coffin to curse them. Oh, this is horrible! Ah, it is my sons-in-law who keep them away!"

"My good Old Goriot," said Eugène, "be calm."

"Not to see them—it is the agony of death!"

"You shall see them."

"Ah! my angels!"

And with these feeble words, Old Goriot sank back on the pillow and breathed his last.

Anastasie did come to the death-chamber, but too late. "I could not escape soon enough," she said to Rastignac. The student smiled sadly, and Madame de Restaud took her father's hand and kissed it, saying, "Forgive me, my father."

Goriot had a pauper's funeral. The aristocratic sons-in-law refused to pay the expenses of the burial. These were scraped together with difficulty by Eugène de Rastignac, the law student, and Bianchon, the medical student, who had nursed him with loving tenderness to the last. At the graveside in Père Lachaise, Eugène and Christophe were the only mourners; Bianchon's duties detained him at the hospital. When the body of Old Goriot was lowered into the earth, the clergy recited a short prayer—all that could be given for the students' money. The pall of night was falling; the mist struck a chill on Eugène's nerves, and when he took a last glance at the shell containing all that was mortal of his old friend, he buried the last tear of his young manhood—a tear drawn by a sacred emotion from a pure heart.

Eugène wandered to the most elevated part of the cemetery, whence he surveyed that portion of the city between the Place Vendôme and the dome of the Invalides, where lives that world of fashion which he had hungered to penetrate. With bitterness he muttered: "Now there is relentless war between us." And as the first act of defiance which he had sworn against society, Rastignac went to dine with Madame de Nucingen!

GEORGES CUVIER

THE SURFACE OF THE GLOBE

ONE of the greatest pioneers of science, Cuvier achieved remarkable success and left a lasting impression in both zoology and palaeontology. The results of his principal palaeontological and geological investigations were given to the world in two separate works, the Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles des Quadrupèdes (1812) and the Discours sur les Révolutions de la Surface du Globe (1825). The latter is an endeavour to trace the relationship between the changes which have taken place on the surface of the globe and the changes which have taken place in its animal inhabitants, with especial reference to the evidence afforded by fossil remains of quadrupeds. 'It is apparent,' Cuvier writes, 'that the bones of quadrupeds conduct us, by various reasonings, to more precise results than any other relics of organized bodies.' The two books together may be considered the first really scientific palaeontology. Cuvier's other great work, Le Règne Animal (1817) embodied the results of all his previous researches on the structure of living and fossil animals and became at once the standard reference book in natural history.

I—Effects of Geological Change

SCIENCE

MY first object will be to show how the fossil remains of the terrestrial animals are connected with the theory of the earth. I shall afterwards explain the principles by which fossil bones may be identified. I shall give a rapid sketch of new species discovered by the application of these principles. I shall then show how far these varieties may extend, owing to the influence of the climate and domestication. I shall then conceive myself justified in concluding that the more considerable differences which I have discovered are the results of very important catastrophes. Afterwards I shall explain the peculiar influence which my researches should exercise on the received opinions concerning the revolutions of the globe. Finally, I shall examine how far the civil and religious history of nations accords with the results of observation on the physical history of the earth.

When we traverse those fertile plains where tranquil waters cherish, as they flow, an abundant vegetation, and where the soil, trod by a numerous people, adorned with flourishing villages, rich cities and superb monuments, is never disturbed save by the ravages of war or the oppression of power, we can hardly believe that nature has also had her internal commotions. But our opinions change when we dig into this apparently peaceful soil, or ascend its neighbouring hills. The lowest and most level soils are composed of horizontal strata, and all contain marine productions to an incalculable extent. The hills to a very considerable height are composed of similar strata and similar productions. The shells are sometimes so numerous as to form the entire mass of the soil, and all quarters of the globe exhibit the same phenomenon.

The time is past when ignorance could maintain that these remains of organized bodies resulted from the caprice of nature, and were productions formed in the bosom of the earth by its generative powers; for a scrupulous comparison of the remains shows not the slightest difference between the fossil shells and those that are now found in the ocean. It is clear, then, that they inhabited the sea and that they were deposited by the sea in the places where they are now found; and it follows, too, that the sea rested in these places long enough to form regular, dense, vast deposits of aquatic animals.

Further, we find under the horizontal strata, *inclined* strata. Thus the sea, previously to the formation of the horizontal strata, must have formed others, which have been broken, inclined and overturned by some unknown causes.

More than this, we find that the fossils vary with the depth of the strata, and that the fossils of the deeper and more ancient strata exhibit a formation proper to them-

selves; and we find in some of the strata, too, remains of terrestrial life.

The evidence is thus plain that the animal life in the sea has varied and that parts of the earth's surface have been alternately dry land and ocean.

The reiterated irruptions and retreats of the sea have not all been gradual, but, on the contrary, they have been produced by sudden catastrophes. The last catastrophe, which inundated and again left dry our present continents, left in the northern countries the carcases of large quadrupeds, which were frozen, and which are preserved even to the present day, with their skin, hair and flesh. Had they not been frozen the moment they were killed, they must have putrefied; and, on the other hand, the intense frost could not have been the ordinary climatic condition, for they could not have existed at such low temperatures. In the same instant, then, in which these animals perished the climate which they inhabited must have undergone a complete revolution.

Animal life has thus been frequently disturbed on this earth by terrific catastrophes. Living beings innumerable have perished. The inhabitants of the dry land have been engulfed by deluges; and the tenants of the water, deserted by their element, have been left to perish from drought.

Even ancient rocks formed or deposited before the appearance of life on the earth show signs of terrific violence.

It has been maintained by some that the causes now at work altering the face of the world are sufficient to account for all the changes through which it has passed; but this is not so. None of the agents nature now employs—rain, thaw, rivers, seas, volcanoes—would have been adequate to produce her ancient works.

To explain the external crust of the world a thousand extraordinary theories have been advanced. Thus, according to one philosopher, the earth has received in the beginning a uniform light crust which caused the abysses of the ocean and was broken to produce the Deluge. Another supposed the Deluge to be caused by the momentary suspension of the cohesion of minerals.

All attempts at explanation have been stultified by an ignorance of the facts to be explained, or by a partial survey of them, and especially by a neglect of the evidence afforded by fossils. How was it possible not to perceive that the theory of the earth owes its origin to fossils alone? They alone, in truth, inform us with any certainty that the earth has not always had the same covering, since they certainly must have lived upon its surface before they were buried in its depths. If there were only strata without fossils, one might maintain that the strata had all been formed together. Hitherto, in fact, philosophers have been at variance on every point save one, and that is that the sea has changed its bed; and how could this have been known except for fossils?

From this consideration I was led to study fossils; and since the field was immense I was obliged to specialise in one department of fossils, and selected for study the fossil bones of quadrupeds. I made this selection because only from a study of fossil quadrupeds can one hope to ascertain the number and periods and contents of irruptions of the sea; and because, since the number of quadrupeds is limited and most quadrupeds known, we have better means of assuring ourselves if the fossil remains are remains of extinct or extant animals.

But though the study of fossil quadrupeds be enlightening, it has its special difficulties. One great difficulty arises from the fact that it is very rare to find a fossil skeleton approaching to a complete state.

Fortunately, however, there is a principle in comparative anatomy which lessens this difficulty. Every organized being constitutes a complete and compact system with all its parts in mutual correspondence. None of its parts can be changed without changing other parts, and consequently each part, taken separately, indicates the others.

Thus, if the intestines of an animal are made to digest raw flesh, its jaws must be likewise constructed to devour prey, its claws to seize and tear it, its teeth to rend it, its limbs to overtake it, its organs of sense to discern it afar. Again, in order to enable the jaw to seize with facility, a

certain form of condyle is necessary, and the zygomatic arch must be well developed to give attachment to the masseter muscle. Again, the muscles of the neck must be powerful, whence results a special form in the vertebrae and the occiput, where the muscles are attached. Yet again, in order that the claws may be effective, the toe bones must have a certain form, and must have muscles and tendons distributed in a certain way. In a word, the form of the tooth necessitates the form of the condyle, of the shoulder-blade, of the femur and of all the other bones, and all the other bones taken separately will give the tooth.

In this manner anyone who is scientifically acquainted with the laws of organic economy may from a fragment reconstruct the whole animal. The mark of a cloven hoof is sufficient to tell the form of the teeth and jaws and vertebrae and leg bones and thigh bones and pelvis of the animal The least fragment of bone, the smallest apophysis, has a determinative character in relation to the class, the order, the genus and species to which it may belong. This is so true that, if we have only a single extremity of bone well preserved we may, with application and skilful use of analogy and exact comparison, determine all those points with as much certainty as if we were in possession of the entire animal. By the application of these principles we have identified and classified the fossil remains of more than one hundred and fifty mammalia.

II—What the Fossils Teach

An examination of the fossils on the lines I have indicated shows that out of one hundred and fifty mammiferous and oviparous quadrupeds, ninety are unknown to present naturalists, and that in the older layers such oviparous quadrupeds as the ichthyosauri and plesiosauri abound. The fossil elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus and the mastodons are not found in the more ancient layers. In fact, the species which appear the same as ours are found only in superficial deposits.

Now, it cannot be held that the present races of animals differ from the ancient races merely by modifications produced by local circumstances and change of climate —for if species gradually changed, we must find traces of these gradual modifications, and between the palaeotheria and the present species we should have discovered some intermediate formation; but so far none of these has appeared.

Why have not the bowels of the earth preserved the monuments of so remarkable a genealogy unless it be that the species of former ages were as constant as our own, or at least because the catastrophe that destroyed them had not left them time to give evidence of the changes?

Further, an examination of animals shows, that though their superficial characteristics, such as colour and size, are changeable, yet their more radical characteristics do not change. Even the artificial breeding of domestic animals can produce only a limited degree of variation. The maximum variation known at the present time in the animal kingdom is seen in dogs, but in all the varieties the relations of the bones and the shape of the teeth undergo no palpable change.

I know that some naturalists rely much on the thousands of ages which they can accumulate with a stroke of the pen; but there is nothing which proves that time will effect any more than climate and a state of domestication.

I have examined the engravings of animals, including birds, on the numerous columns brought from Egypt to Rome. M. Saint Hilaire collected all the mummies of animals he could obtain in Egypt—cats, ibises, birds of prey, dogs, monkeys, crocodiles, etc.—and we cannot find any more difference between them and those of the present day than between human mummies of that date and skeletons of the present day.

There is nothing, then, in known facts which can support the opinion that the new genera discovered among fossils—the palaeotheria, anoplotheria, megalonyces, mastodontes, pterodactyli, ichthyosauri, etc.—could have been the sources of any animals now existing, which would differ only by the influence of time or climate.

As yet no human bones have been discovered in the regular layers of the surface of the earth, so that man probably did not



GEORGES CUVIER was born at Montbeliard, August 24, 1769, and educated at Stuttgart Academy. In 1789 he went to Paris, where he became successively assistant professor of comparative anatomy in the Jardin des Plantes and professor of natural history in the Pantheon and College de France. In 1814 he was appointed president of the Council of Public Instruction. In 1819 he became minister of the interior to Louis XVIII and chancellor of Paris University, and he was created a peer of France in 1831 by Louis Philippe. Cuvier died May 14, 1832.

exist in the countries where fossil bones are found at the epoch of the revolutions which buried these bones.

Man *may* have inhabited some confined tract of country which escaped the catastrophe, but his establishment in the countries where the fossil remains of land animals are found that is to say, in the greatest part of Europe, Asia and America - is necessarily posterior not only to the revolutions which covered these bones, but even to those which have laid open the strata which envelop them.

On the contrary, in closely examining what has taken place on the surface of the globe, since it was left dry for the last time, we clearly see that the last revolution, and consequently the establishment of present society, cannot be very ancient. An examination of the amount of alluvial matter deposited by rivers, of the progress of downs, and of other changes on the surface of the earth, informs us clearly that the present state of things did not commence at a very remote period.

The history of nations confirms the testimony of the fossils and of the rocks. The chronology of none of the nations of the West can be traced unbroken farther back than 3,000 years. The Pentateuch, the most ancient document the world possesses, and all subsequent writings allude to a universal deluge, and the Pentateuch and Vedas and Chou-king date this catastrophe as not more than 5,400 years before our time. Is it possible that mere chance gave a result so striking as to make the traditional origin of the Assyrian, Indian and Chinese monarchies agree in being as remote as 4,000 or 5,000 years back? Would the ideas of nations with so little inter-communication, whose language, religion and laws have nothing in common, agree on this point if they were not founded on truth? Even the American Indians have their Noah or Deucalion, like the Indians, Babylonians and Greeks.

It may be said that the long existence of ancient nations is attested by their progress in astronomy. But this progress has been much exaggerated. But what would this astronomy prove even if it were more perfect? Have we calculated the progress which a science would make in the bosom of nations which had no other? All that these people knew might have been discovered in a few centuries, when only 300 years intervened between Copernicus and Laplace.

Again, it has been pretended that the zodiacal figures on ancient temples give proof of a remote antiquity; but the question is very complicated and no conclusions against the newness of continents and nations can be based on such evidence.

In conclusion, if there be anything determined in geology, it is that the surface of our globe has been subjected to a revolution within 5,000 years, and that this revolution buried the countries formerly inhabited by man and modern animals and left the bottom of the former sea dry as a habitation for the few individuals it spared. Consequently, our present human societies have arisen since this catastrophe.

But the countries now inhabited had been inhabited before, as fossils show, by animals, if not by mankind, and had been overwhelmed by a previous deluge; and, judging by the different orders of animal fossils we find, they had perhaps undergone two or three irruptions of the sea.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND

ALREADY recognized as one of the foremost intellects of his time, James Anthony Froude won permanent fame with the publication in 1856 of the first two instalments of his magnificent work, A History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth, the last volumes of which, carrying the story to the defeat of the Armada, appeared in 1870. This review of the middle Tudor period is one of the most fascinating historical works in the language, written in a vivid and graphic prose and with a remarkable power of picturesque description that give vitality to all the figures in the pages and plausibility to the motive actuating their conduct. Froude never accepted the doctrine that history should be treated as a science; rather he claimed that the historian should concern himself with the dramatic aspect of the period about which he writes, and this he does triumphantly. Of Froude's voluminous works the other most notable productions are his History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century, his Life of Caesar and his Short Studies on Great Subjects.

I—The Condition of Tudor England



IN periods like the present, when knowledge is every day extending and the habits and thoughts of mankind are perpetually changing under the influence of new discoveries, it is no easy matter to throw ourselves back into a time in which for centuries the European world grew upon a single type, in which the forms of the father's thoughts were the forms of the son's and the late descendant was occupied in treading into paths the footprints of his ancestors.

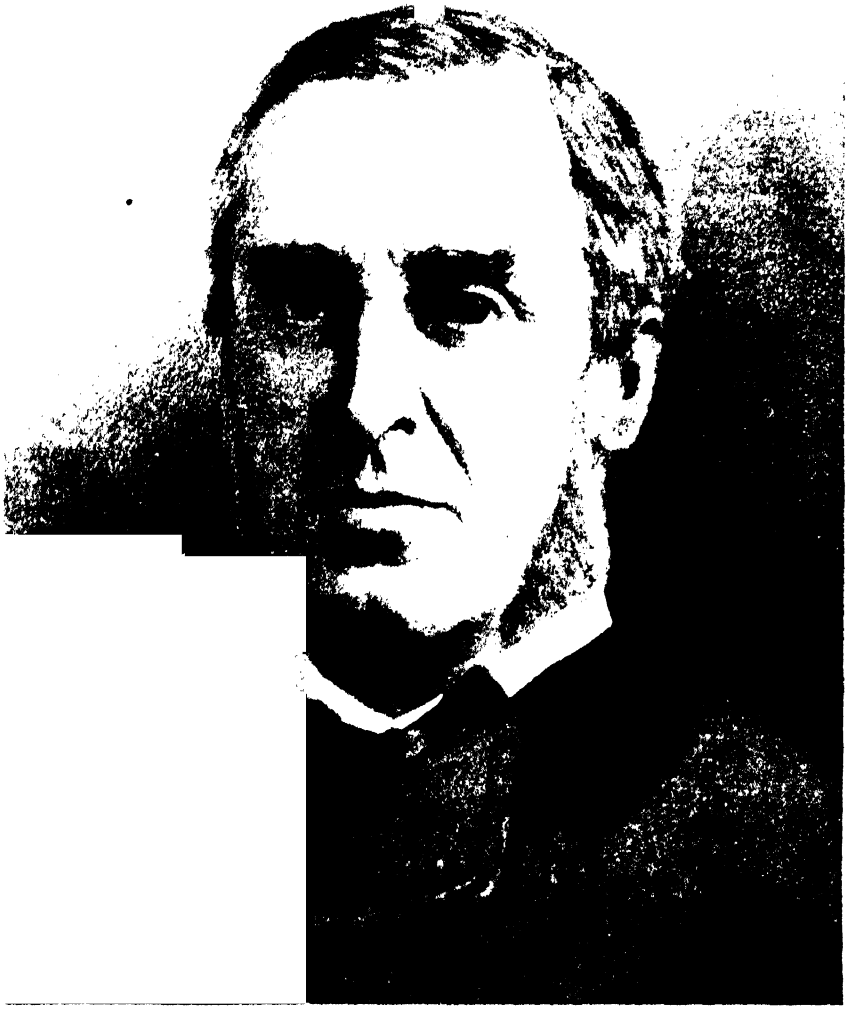
So absolutely has change become the law of our present condition, that to cease to change is to lose place in the great race. Looking back over history, we see times of change and progress alternating with other times when life and thought have settled into permanent forms. Such was the condition of the Greeks through many ages before the Persian wars and such, again, became the condition of Europe when the Northern nations grafted religion and the laws of the Western empire on their own hardy natures.

A condition of things differing alike both inwardly and outwardly from that into which a happier fortune has introduced ourselves is necessarily obscure to us. In the alteration of our own characters we have lost the key which would interpret the characters of our fathers. But some broad conclusions as to what they were are, however, at least possible to us.

A rough census taken at the time of the Armada shows that the population was something under five millions. The feudal system, though practically modified, was still the organizing principle of the nation and the owner of land was bound to military service at home whenever occasion required. All land was held upon a strictly military principle. The state of the working classes can best be determined by a comparison of their wages with the price of food.

Both were, as far as possible, regulated by Act of Parliament. Wheat in the fourteenth century averaged 10d. the bushel; beef and pork were ½d. a pound; mutton was ¾d. The best pig or goose could be bought for 4d.; a good capon for 3d.; a chicken for 1d.; a hen for 2d. Strong beer which now costs 1s. 6d. a gallon was then 1d. a gallon, and table beer was less than a halfpenny.

A penny at the time of which we write must have been nearly equal in the reign of Henry VIII to the present shilling. For a penny the labourer could buy as much bread, beef, beer and wine as the labourer of to-day can for a shilling. Turning, then, to the question of wages, by the 3rd of the 6th of Henry VIII it was enacted that the master carpenters, masons, bricklayers, tilers, plumbers, glaziers, joiners and other employers of skilled workmen should give to each of their journeymen, if no meat and drink were allowed, sixpence a day for the first half year, fivepence a day for the



James Anthony Froude, British historian, was born at Dartington, Devon, April 23, 1818. After a brilliant career at Oxford, he became a fellow of Oriel College, took holy orders, and associated himself with the leaders of the High Church movement. Influenced by Carlyle's thought, however, he renounced orthodox religion, and consequently had to give up his fellowship; later, he became a layman again. He subsequently made Carlyle's acquaintance, and their friendship endured for the rest of Carlyle's life. The effects of his teaching are to be seen in Froude's glorification of strong men in his greatest work, the History of England, and in the Life of Caesar. He was possessed of a meticulous sense of style and great critical power, and his works, especially his studies, met with widespread acclamation, despite the frenzy of criticism, sometimes just but often hysterical, aroused by his histories and even by his books on travel. In 1892, Froude became professor of modern history at Oxford, and he died October 20, 1894. This portrait is from the chalk drawing by J. Edward Goodall in the National Portrait Gallery.

other half; or fivepence-halfpenny for the yearly average. The common labourers were to receive fourpence a day for the first half year; for the remaining half, threepence.

The day labourer received what was equivalent to something near twenty shillings a week, the wages at present paid in English colonies; and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. The agricultural labourer held land in connexion with his house, while in most parishes there were large ranges of common and unenclosed forest land, which furnished fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese, and where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it; and so important was this privilege considered, that when the commons began to be largely enclosed, Parliament insisted that the working man should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his industry.

By the 7th of the 31st of Elizabeth it was ordered that no cottage should be built for residence without four acres of land at lowest being attached to it for the sole use of the occupants of such cottage.

The incomes of the great nobles cannot be determined, for they varied probably as much as they do now. Under Henry IV the average income of an earl was estimated at £2,000 a year. Under Henry VIII the third Duke of Buckingham, the wealthiest English peer, had £6,000. And the income of the Archbishop of Canterbury was rated at the same amount. But the establishments of such men were enormous. Their retinues in time of peace consisted of several hundred persons and in time of war a large share of the expenses was paid often out of private purses.

PASSING down to the body of the people, we find that £20 a year, and heavy duties to do for it, represented the condition of the squire of the parish. By the 2nd of Henry V 'the wages' of a parish priest were limited to £5 6s. 8d., except in cases where there was a special licence from the bishop, when they might be raised as high as £6. Both squire and priest had sufficient for comfort. Neither was able to establish any steep difference between himself and the common people, so far as concerned outward advantages.

II—Wolsey and Church Reformation

TIMES were changed in England since the second Henry walked barefoot through the streets of Canterbury and knelt while the monks flogged him on the pavement in the Chapter House, doing penance for Becket's murder. The clergy had won the battle in the twelfth century because they deserved it. They were not free from fault and weakness, but it is indisputable that they felt the meaning of their profession. Their hearts were in their vows, their authority was exercised more justly, more nobly, than the authority of the crown; and therefore, with inevitable justice, the crown was compelled to stoop before them.

The victory was great, but, like many victories, it was fatal to the conquerors. It filled them with the vanity of power; they forgot their duties in their privileges and when, a century later, the conflict recommenced, the altering issue proved the altering nature of the conditions under which it was fought. The nation was ready for sweeping remedies. The people felt little loyalty to the pope. The clergy pursued their course to its natural end. They sank steadily into that condition which is inevitable, from the constitution of human nature, among men without faith, wealthy, powerful and luxuriously fed, yet condemned to celibacy and cut off from the common duties and common pleasures of ordinary life.

Many priests spent their time in hawking or hunting, in lounging at taverns, in the dissolute enjoyments of the world. If, however, there were no longer saints among the clergy, there could still arise among them a remarkable man. In Cardinal Wolsey, the king found an adviser who was essentially a transition minister, holding a middle place between an English statesman and a Catholic of the old order. Under Wolsey's influence, Henry made war with Louis of France in the pope's quarrel, entered the polemic lists with Luther and persecuted the English Protestants.

Fish's famous pamphlet shows the spirit that was seething. He spoke of what he



HENRY VIII
From the painting by Holbein at Windsor Ca

had seen and knew. The monks, he tells the king, 'be they that have made a hundred thousand idle, dissolute women in your realm.' But Wolsey could interfere with neither bishops nor monks without a special dispensation from the pope. A new trouble arose for the nation in the desire of Henry to divorce Catherine of Aragon, who had been his deceased brother's wife, was six years older than himself and was an obstacle to the establishment of the kingdom. Her sons were dead, and she was beyond the period when more children could be expected. Though descent in the female line was not formally denied, no queen regent had ever, in fact, sat upon the throne; nor was the claim distinctly admitted, or the claim of the House of York would have been unquestionable. It was, therefore, with no little anxiety that the council of Henry VIII perceived his male children, on whom their hopes were centred, either born dead, or dying within a few days of birth.

The life of the Princess Mary was precarious, for her health was weak from her childhood. If she lived, her accession would be a temptation to insurrection; if she did not live and the king had no other children, a civil war was inevitable. The next heir in blood was James of Scotland, and gravely as statesmen desired the union of the two countries, in the existing mood of the people, the very stones in London streets, it was said, would rise up against a king of Scotland who entered England as sovereign.

So far were Henry and Catherine alike that both had imperious tempers and both were indomitably obstinate; but Henry was hot and impetuous, Catherine cold and self-contained. She had been the wife of Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII, but the death of that prince occurred only five months after the marriage. The uncertainty of the laws of marriage and the innumerable refinements of the Roman canon law affecting the legitimacy of children had raised scruples of conscience in the mind of the king. The loss of his children must have appeared as a judicial sentence on a violation of the Divine law. The divorce presented itself to him as a moral obligation when national advantage combined with superstition to encourage what he secretly desired.

Wolsey, after thirty years' experience of public life, was as sanguine as a boy. Armed with this little lever of divorce, he saw himself in imagination the rebuilder of the Catholic faith and the deliverer of Europe from ecclesiastical revolt and from innovations of faith. The mass of the people hated Protestantism as he, a true friend of the Catholic cult, sincerely

detested the reformation of Luther. He believed that the old life-tree of Catholicism, which in fact was but cumbering the ground, might bloom again in its old beauty. But a truer political prophet than Wolsey would have been found in the most ignorant of those poor men who were risking death and torture in disseminating the pernicious volumes of the English Testament.

CATHERINE being a Spanish princess, Henry, in 1527, formed a league with Francis I, with the object of breaking the Spanish alliance. The pope was requested to make use of his dispensing power to enable the king of England to marry a wife who could bear him children. Deeply as we deplore the outrage inflicted on Catherine, and the scandal and suffering occasioned by the dispute, it was in the highest degree fortunate that at the crisis of public dissatisfaction in England with the condition of the Church, a cause should have arisen which tested the whole question of Church authority in its highest form. It was no accident which connected a suit for divorce with the reformation of religion.

The Spanish emperor, Charles V, gave Catherine his unwavering support and refused to allow the pope to pass a judicial sentence of divorce. Catherine refused to yield. Another person now comes into conspicuous view. It has been with Anne Boleyn as with Catherine of Aragon—both are regarded as the victims of a tyranny which Catholics and Protestants unite to remember with horror and each has taken the place of a martyred saint in the hagiology of the respective creeds. Anne Boleyn was the second daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, a gentleman of noble family. She was educated in Paris, and in 1525 came back to England to be maid of honour to Queen Catherine and to be distinguished at the court by her talents, accomplishments and beauty.

The fortunes of Anne Boleyn were unhappily linked with the one of men to whom the greatest work ever yet accomplished in this country was committed. In the memorable year 1529, after the meeting of parliament, events moved apace. In six weeks astonished Church authorities saw bill after bill hurried up before the lords, by which successively the pleasant fountains of their incomes would be dried up to flow



QUEEN CATHERINE PLEADING TO HENRY VIII DURING THE PROCEEDINGS FOR DIVORCE

From the painting by H. N. O'Neill in the Corporation Art Gallery, Birmingham

no longer. The great Reformation had commenced in earnest.

The carelessness of the bishops in the discharge of their most immediate duties obliged the legislature to trespass in the provinces most purely spiritual and to undertake the discipline of the clergy. Bill after bill struck hard and home on the privileges of the recreant clergy. The aged Bishop of Rochester complained to the lords that in the lower house the cry was nothing but 'Down with the Church.' Yet, so frightful were the abuses that called for radical reform that even persons who most disapprove of the reformation will not at the present time wonder at their enactment, or disapprove of their severity.

The king treated the bishops, when they remonstrated, with the most contemptuous disrespect.

Archbishop Cranmer now adopted a singular expedient. He advised Henry to invite expressions from all the chief learned authorities throughout Europe as to the right of the pope to grant him a dispensation of dissolution of his marriage. The English universities, to escape imputations of treason and to avoid exciting Henry's wrath, gave replies such as would please him, that of Oxford being, however, the more decided of the two. Most of the Continental authorities declined to pronounce any dictum as to the powers of the pope.

III—The Fall of the Great Chancellor

THE fall of Wolsey was at hand. His enemies accused him of treason to the constitution by violating a law of the realm. He had acted as papal legate within the realm. The parliaments of Edward I, Edward III, Richard II, and Henry IV had by a series of statutes pronounced illegal all presentations by the pope to any office or dignity in the Anglican Church, under a penalty of *præmunire*. Henry did not feel himself called on to shield his great minister, although the guilt extended to all who had recognized Wolsey in the capacity of papal legate. Indeed, it extended to the archbishops, bishops, the privy council, the two houses of parliament and indirectly to the nation itself. The higher clergy had been encouraged by Wolsey's position to commit those acts of despotism which had created so deep an animosity among the people. The overthrow of England's last ecclesiastical minister was to teach them that the privileges they had abused were at an end.

In February 1531 Henry assumed the title, which was to occasion such momentous consequences, of 'Protector and only Supreme Head of the Church and Clergy of England.' The clergy were compelled to assent. Further serious steps marked the great breach with Rome. The annates, or first fruits, were abolished. Ever since the crusades a practice had existed in all the churches of Europe that bishops and archbishops, on presentation to their sees, should transmit to the pope one year's income. This impressive impost was now abrogated. It was a sign of the parting of the ways.

Henry laid his conduct open to the world, declaring truly what he desired, and seeking it by open means. He was determined to proceed with the divorce, and also to continue the reformation of the English Church. And he was in no small measure aided in the former resolve by the recommendation of Francis, for the French king advised him to act on the general opinion of Europe that his marriage with Catherine, as widow of his elder brother Arthur, was null, and at once make Anne Boleyn his wife. This counsel, so palatable to Henry, was administered at an interview between the two kings at Boulogne, in October 1532.

THE pope had trifled for six years with the momentous question and Henry was growing old. At the outset of the discussion the pope had said, 'Marry freely; fear nothing; and all shall be arranged as you desire.' But the pontiff, reduced to a dilemma by various causes, had fallen back on his Italian cunning, and had changed his attitude, listening to the appeals of Catherine and her powerful friends. And now he threatened Henry with excommunication.

Henry entered privately into matrimonial relations with Anne in November 1532 and the marriage was solemnly celebrated, with a gorgeous pageant, at

Westminster Abbey in the following January. On July 24 the people gathering to church in every parish read, nailed to the church doors, a paper signed 'Henry R.,' setting forth that the Lady Catherine of Spain, heretofore called queen of England, was not to be called by that title any more, but princess dowager and so to be held and esteemed. The triumph of Anne was to last but three short year.'

IV—The Birth and Triumph of Protestantism

WYCLIFFE'S labour had left only the Bible as the seed of a future life and no trace remained in the sixteenth century of the Lollardry of the fourteenth. But now Protestantism recommenced its enterprise in the growing desire for a nobler, holier insight into the will of God. In the year 1525 was enrolled in London a society calling itself The Association of Christian Brothers. Its paid agents went up and down the land carrying tracts and Testaments with them and enrolling in the order all who dared risk their lives in such a cause.

The Protestants thus isolated were waiting for direction, and men in such a temper are seldom left to wait in vain. Luther had kindled the spark which was to become a conflagration, in Germany, at Wittemberg, on October 31, 1517, by his denunciation of indulgences. His words found an echo and flew from lip to lip all through Western Europe. Tyndale, an Oxford student, went to Germany, saw Luther and under his direction translated into English the Gospels and Epistles. This led to the formation of the 'association' in London.

The authorities were alarmed. The bishops subscribed to buy up the translations of the Bible and these were burnt before a vast concourse in St. Paul's Churchyard.

But Wolsey for two years already had been suppressing the smaller monasteries. Simultaneously, Protestants were persecuted wherever they could be detected and seized. 'Little' Bilney, or 'Saint' Bilney, a distinguished Cambridge student, was burnt as a heretic at the stake, as were James Bainham, a barrister of the Middle Temple and several other members of the 'association.' These were the first paladins of the reformation and the struggle went bravely forward. They were the knights who slew the dragons and made the earth habitable for common flesh and blood.

As yet but two men of the highest order of power were on the side of Protestantism —Latimer and Cromwell. These were now to come forward, pressed by circumstances which could no longer dispense with them. When the breach with the pope was made irreparable and the papal party at home had assumed an attitude of suspended insurrection, the fortunes of the Protestants entered into a new phase. The persecution ceased and those who were but lately its likely victims, hiding for their lives, passed at once by a sudden alternation into the sunshine of political favour.

Cromwell and Latimer together caught the movement as it went by and before it was over a work had been done in England which, when it was once accomplished, was accomplished for ever. The conservative party recovered their power and abused it as before; but the chains of the nation were broken, and no craft of kings or priests or statesmen could weld the magic links again. Latimer became famous as a preacher at Cambridge and was heard of by Henry, who sent for him and appointed him one of the royal chaplains. He was accused by the bishops of heresy, but was, on trial, absolved and sent back to his parish. Soon after, the tide turned and the reformation entered into a new phase.

THOMAS CROMWELL, like Latimer, of humble origin, was the *malleus monachorum*. Wolsey discovered his merit and employed him in breaking up the small monasteries which the pope had granted for the foundation of the new colleges. Cromwell remained with the great cardinal till his fall. It was then that the truly noble nature which was in him showed itself. The lords had passed a bill of impeachment against Wolsey—violent, vindictive and malevolent. It was to be submitted to the commons. Cromwell prepared an opposition and conducted the defence from his place in parliament so skilfully

that he threw out the bill, saved Wolsey and gained such a reputation that he became Henry's secretary, representing the government in the House of Commons and was on the high road to power.

The reformation was blotted with a black and frightful stain. Towards the end of April 1536 certain members of the Privy Council were engaged in secretly collecting evidence which implicated the queen in adultery. In connexion with the terrible charge, as her accomplices, five gentlemen were arrested - Sir William Brereton, Mark Smeton, a court musician, Sir Henry Norris, Sir Francis Weston and, the accusation in his case being the most shocking, Lord Rochford, the queen's brother. The trial was hastily pushed forward and all were executed. The queen, who vehemently and piteously appealed to Henry, passionately protesting that she was absolutely innocent, was also condemned and was beheaded in public on Tower Hill.

Henry immediately after the tragedy married Jane, daughter of Sir John Seymour. The indecent haste is usually considered conclusive of the cause of Anne Boleyn's ruin. On October 12, 1537, a prince, so long and passionately hoped for, was born; but a sad calamity followed, for the queen took cold and died on October 24.

In 1539 monastic life came to an end in England. The great monasteries were dissolved; the abbey lands were distributed partly amongst the old nobility and partly amongst the chapters of six new bishoprics. On January 6, 1540, was solemnised the marriage of Henry with Anne, daughter of the Duke of Cleves and sister-in-law of the Elector of Saxony. This event was brought about by the negotiations of Cromwell. The king was deeply displeased with the ungainly appearance of his bride when he met her on her landing, but retreat was impossible. Though Henry was personally kind to the new queen, the marriage made him wretched, and no time was lost in dissolving it.

Cromwell's enemies speedily hatched a conspiracy against the great statesman. He was arrested on a charge of high treason, was accused of corruption and heresy, of gaining wealth by bribery and extortion and, in spite of Cranmer's efforts to save him, passed to the scaffold on July 28, 1540. For eight years Cromwell, who had been ennobled as Earl of Essex, was supreme with king, parliament and convocation, and the nation, in the ferment of revolution, was absolutely controlled by him.

Convocation had already dissolved the marriage of Henry and Anne, setting both free to contract and consummate other marriages without objection or delay. The queen had placidly given her consent. Handsome settlements were made on her in the shape of estates for her maintenance producing nearly three thousand a year. In August of the same year the king married, without delay of circumstance, Catherine, daughter of Lord Edmund Howard.

Brief indeed was her reign. In November 1541 she was charged with unfaithfulness to her marriage vows. The king was overwhelmed. Some dreadful spirit pursued his married life, tainting it with infamy.

Two gentlemen confessed their guilty connexion with the queen. They were hanged at Tyburn and the queen and Lady Rochford, who had been her confidential companion, suffered within the Tower. Once more the king ventured into marriage. Catherine, widow of Lord Latimer, his last choice, was selected, not in the interest of politics or religion, but by his own personal judgement; and this time he found the peace which he desired.

Henry died on January 28, 1547. He was attended in his last moments by Cranmer, having sent specially for the archbishop.

The king did not leave the world without expressing his views on the future with elaborate explicitness. He spent the day before his death in conversation with Lord Hertford and Sir William Paget on the condition of the country. By separate and earnest messages he commended Prince Edward to the care both of Charles V and of Francis I.

The earl, on the morning of Henry's death, hastened off to bring up the prince, who was in Hertfordshire with the

Princess Elizabeth, and in the afternoon of Monday, the 31st, he arrived at the Tower with Edward. The Council was already in session and Hertford was appointed protector during the minority of Edward. Thus the reforming Protestant party was in full power. Cranmer set the willing example and the other prelates consented, or were compelled to imitate him, in an acknowledgment that all jurisdiction, ecclesiastical as well as secular, within the realm only emanated from the sovereign.

In February it was ordered in council that Hertford should be duke of Somerset and that his brother, Sir Thomas Seymour, should be Lord Seymour of Sudleye; Lord Parr was to be marquis of Northampton; Lord Wriothesley, the chancellor, earl of Southampton; and Viscount Lisle was to be earl of Warwick. The duke of Somerset was the young king's uncle, and the real power was at once in his hands. But if he was ambitious, it was only as he persuaded himself to do good.

V—Edward and the Catholic Restoration

UNDER Somerset's rule the spirit of iconoclasm spread fast and the reformation proceeded to completion. Churches were cleared of images and crucifixes were melted into coin. He gave the popular movement the formal sanction of the government. Injunctions were issued for the general purification of the churches. The Book of Homilies was issued as a guide to doctrine, care was taken that copies of the Bible were accessible in the parish churches and translations of Erasmus's Paraphrase of the New Testament were provided as a commentary.

Somerset was a brave general as well as a great statesman. He invaded Scotland during the first year of his protectorate, on account of the refusal of the Scottish government to ratify the contract entered into with Henry VIII, by which it was agreed that Mary Queen of Scots should marry Edward. At the memorable battle of Pinkie, on September 10, 1547, the Scots were completely beaten. But Somerset was hastily summoned southward. Intrigue was rife. His brother, Lord Seymour, had been caballing against him and was arrested, tried and beheaded on Tower Hill, on March 20, 1549.

But the fall of the protector himself was not long delayed, for under his administration of three years his policy gradually excited wide discontent. In various parts of the country insurrections had to be suppressed. The French king had taken away the young Scottish queen, the king's majesty's espouse, by which marriage the realms of England and Scotland should have been united in perpetual peace. Money had been wasted on the royal household. The alliance with Charles V had been trifled away. The princely name and princely splendour which Somerset affected, the vast fortune which he amassed amidst the ruin of the national finances and the palace—now known as Somerset House, London—which was rising before the eyes of the world amidst the national defeats and misfortunes, combined to embitter the irritation with which the council regarded him.

His great rival, John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, by constant insinuations both in and out of parliament, excited the national feeling against him to such a degree that at length the young king was constrained to sign his deposition. He seems to have entertained no strong attachment to his uncle. On December 1, 1551, he was tried before the lords for high treason and condemned. He was beheaded on Tower Hill on January 22, 1552.

The English public, often wildly wrong on general questions, are good judges, for the most part, of personal character; and so passionately was Somerset loved that those who were nearest the scaffold started forward to dip their handkerchiefs in his blood.

BEFORE this event, Dudley, by whose cruel treachery the tragedy had been brought about, had been created duke of Northumberland. The great aim of this nobleman was to secure the succession to the throne for his own family. With this purpose in view he married his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, to Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the duchess of Suffolk, to whom, by the will of Henry VIII, the crown would pass, in default of issue by Edward, Mary, or Elizabeth.



KING EDWARD VI IN COUNCIL
From the painting by John Pettie, R.A.

In April 1553, Edward, who had been removed to Greenwich in consequence of illness, grew rapidly worse. By the end of the month he was spitting blood and the country was felt to be on the eve of a new reign. The accession of Mary, who was personally popular, was looked forward to by the people as a matter of course. The ambitious Northumberland, however, worked on the mind of the feeble and dying king and succeeded in persuading him to declare both his sisters incapable of succeeding to the crown, as being illegitimate. The king died on July 6. The last male child of the Tudor race had ceased to suffer.

When Lady Jane was saluted by Northumberland and four other lords, all kneeling at her feet, as queen, she shook, covered her face with her hands and fell fainting to the ground. The next Monday, July 10, the royal barges came down the Thames from Richmond and at three in the afternoon Lady Jane landed at the broad staircase of the Tower, as queen, in undesired splendour. But that same evening messages came saying that Mary, whose right in law was unquestionable, had declared herself queen. She had sent addresses to the peers, commanding them on their allegiance to come to her.

Happily, the conspiracy in favour of Lady Jane was crushed without bloodshed, although it had seemed for a time as if the nation were on the brink of a civil war. But though Mary wished to spare Lady Jane and her husband, her intentions were frustrated by the determination of Renard, ambassador of the emperor. Northumberland was sent to the Tower and beheaded on August 22 and, in the following November, Lady Jane and her husband were also condemned. Mary long hesitated, but at length her scruples were overcome, she issued the fatal warrant on February 8, 1554, and four days later both were executed. Lady Jane was but a delicate girl of seventeen, but met her fate with the utmost heroism.

Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, became the chief instrument of the restoration of the Catholic faith under Mary. His fierce spirit soon began to display itself. In the fiery obstinacy of his determination this prelate speedily became the incarnate expression of the fury of the ecclesiastical faction, smarting, as they were, under their long degradation and under the irritating consciousness of those false oaths of submission which they had been compelled to swear to a power they loathed.

VI—The English Reign of Terror

MARY listened to the worst counsels of each and her distempered humour settled into a confused ferocity. Both Gardiner and she resolved to secure the trial, condemnation and execution of her sister Elizabeth, but their plans utterly miscarried, for no evidence against her could be gathered. The princess was known to be favourable to the Protestant cause, but the attempts to prove her disloyalty to Mary were vain. She was imprisoned in the Tower and the fatal net appeared to be closing on her.

But though the danger of her murder was very great, the lords who had reluctantly permitted her to be imprisoned would not allow her to be openly sacrificed, nor indeed permit the queen to continue in the career of vengeance on which she had entered. The necessity of releasing Elizabeth from the Tower was an unspeakable annoyance to Mary. A confinement at Woodstock was the furthest stretch of severity that the country would, for the present, permit. On May 19, 1554, Elizabeth was taken up the river.

Vexations began to tell on Mary's spirit. She could not shake off her anxieties, or escape from the shadow of her subjects' hatred. Insolent pamphlets were dropped in her path and in the offices of Whitehall. They were placed by mysterious hands in the sanctuary of her bedroom.

Her trials began to tell on her understanding. She was ill with hysterical longings; ill with the passions which Gardiner, as her chancellor, had provoked, but Paget, as leader of the opposing party, had disappointed. But she was now to become the wife of King Philip of Spain. Negotiations for this momentous marriage had been protracted and ever after the contract had been signed, Philip seemed slow to arrive. The coolness manifested by his tardiness did much to aggravate the queen's despondency.

On July 20, 1554, he landed at Southampton. The atmospheric auspices were not cheering, for Philip, who had come from the sunny plains of Castile, from his window at Southampton looked out on a steady downfall of July rain. On the next Sunday he journeyed to Winchester, again in pouring rain. To the cathedral he went first, wet as he was. Mary was at the bishop's palace, a few hundred yards' distance. Mary could not wait and the same night the interview took place. Let the curtain fall over the meeting, let it close also over the wedding solemnities which followed with due splendour two



QUEEN MARY
From the painting by Sir Anthony More

days after. There are scenes in life which we regard with pity too deep for words. The unhappy queen, unloved, unlovable, yet with her parched heart thirsting for affection, was flinging herself upon a breast to which an iceberg was warm; upon a man to whom love was an unmeaning word.

Mary set about to complete the Catholic reaction. Gardiner, Bonner and four other prelates formed a court on January 28, 1555, in St. Mary Overy's Church, Southwark, and Hooper, bishop of Gloucester, and Canon Rogers of St. Paul's were brought up before them. Both were condemned as Protestants and both were burnt at the stake, the bishop at Gloucester, the canon at Smithfield. They suffered heroically. The Catholics had affected to sneer at the faith of their rivals. There was a general conviction among them that Protestants would all flinch at the last; that they had no 'doctrine that would abide the fire.' Many more victims were offered. The enemies of the Church were to submit or die. So said Gardiner and so said the papal legate and the queen, in the delirious belief that they were the chosen instruments of Providence.

The people, whom the cruelty of the party was reconverting to the reformation, while the fires of Smithfield blazed with a rapidity like that produced by the gift of tongues at Pentecost, regarded the martyrs with admiration as soldiers dying for their country. On Mary, sorrow was heaped on sorrow. Her expectation of a child was disappointed and Philip refused to stay in England. The horrible crusade against heretics became the business of the rest of her life. Archbishop Cranmer, Bishops Ridley and Latimer and many other persons of distinction were amongst the martyrs of the Marian persecution.

Mary's miseries were intensified month by month. War broke out between England and France. For ten years the French had cherished designs and on January 7, 1558, the famous stronghold of Calais fell into their hands. The effect of this misfortune on the queen was to produce utter prostration. She now well understood that both parliament and the nation were badly disposed towards her. But her end was at hand. After much suffering from dropsy and nervous debility, she prepared quietly for what she knew was inevitable.

On November 16, at midnight, taking leave of a world in which she had played so evil a part, Mary received the last rites of the Church. A few hours later the pope's legate, Cardinal Pole, followed her. Thus the reign of the pope in England and the reign of terror closed together.



ARCHBISHOP CRANMER ENTERING THE TOWER THROUGH THE TRAITORS' GATE
From the painting by F. Goodall, R.A., in the Victoria and Albert Museum

LORD LYTTON

EUGENE ARAM

FEW books on their first appearance have created a greater furore than Lord Lytton's Eugene Aram, which was published in 1832. One section of the novel reading public hailed its moving, dramatic story with delight while another severely condemned it on account of its false morality. The remarkable scholar and criminal Eugene Aram, who was executed at York in 1759 for a murder committed fourteen years before, had at one time been a tutor in the Lytton family and his conviction caused consternation at the time, his refined and kindly disposition being apparently in direct contradiction to his real nature. Lord Lytton's own opinion was that though an accomplice in robbery, Aram was not guilty of premeditated or actual murder, and his fictional presentation of the man is an unusually successful, though perhaps rather one-sided psychological study, further distinguished by much true eloquence and natural and fervent feeling. Outlines of Lord Lytton's Pelham and of The Last Days of Pompeii appear in other pages of *The World's Great Books*

I—At the Sign of The Spotted Dog



IN the county of —— was a sequestered hamlet, to which I shall give the name of Grassdale. It lay in a fruitful valley between gentle and fertile hills. Its single hostelry, The Spotted Dog, was owned by one Peter Dealtry, a small farmer, who was also clerk of the parish. On summer evenings Peter was frequently to be seen outside his inn discussing psalmody and other matters with Jacob Bunting, late a corporal in his majesty's army, a man who prided himself on his knowledge of the world, and found Peter's easy merriment occasionally irritating.

On one such evening their discussion was interrupted by an unprepossessing and travel-stained stranger, who, when his wants, none too amiably expressed, had been attended to, exhibited a marked curiosity concerning the people of the locality. As the stranger paid for his welcome with a liberal hand, Peter became more than usually communicative.

He described the lord of the manor, a distinguished nobleman who lived at the castle some six miles away. He talked of the squire and his household. "But," he continued, "the most noticeable man is a great scholard. There, yonder," said he, "you may just catch a glimpse of the tall what-d'ye-call-it he has built on the top of his house that he may get nearer to the stars."

"The scholar I suppose," observed the stranger, "is not very rich. Learning does not clothe men nowadays, eh, corporal?"

"And why should it?" asked Bunting. "Zounds! Can it teach a man how to defend his country? Old England wants soldiers. But the man's well enough, I must own—civil, modest——"

"And by no means a beggar," added Peter. "He gave as much to the poor last winter as the squire himself. But if he were as rich as Lord —— he could not be more respected. The greatest folk in the country come in their carriages and four to see him. There is not a man more talked on in the whole country than Eugene Aram——"

"What!" cried the traveller, his countenance changing as he sprang from his seat. "What? Aram? Did you say *Aram?* Great heavens! How strange!"

"What! You know him?" gasped the astonished landlord.

Instead of replying, the stranger muttered inaudible words between his teeth. Now he strode two steps forward, clenching his hands; now smiled grimly. Then he threw himself upon his seat, still in silence.

"Rum tantrums!" ejaculated the corporal. "What the devil! Did the man eat your grandmother?"

The stranger lifted his head and, addressing Peter, said, with a forced smile, "You have done me a great kindness, my friend.

Eugene Aram was an early acquaintance of mine. We have not met for many years. I never guessed that he lived in these parts."

And then, directed, in answer to his inquiries, to Aram's dwelling, a lonely grey house in the middle of a broad plain, the traveller went his way.

II—The Squire's Guest

THE man the stranger went to seek was one who perhaps might have numbered some five-and-thirty years, but at a hasty glance would have seemed considerably younger. His frame was tall, slender, but well knit and fair-proportioned; his cheek was pale, but with thought; his hair was long and of a rich, deep brown; his brow was unfurrowed; his face was one that a physiognomist would have loved to look upon, so much did it speak of both the refinement and the dignity of intellect.

Eugene Aram had been now about two years settled in his present retreat, with an elderly dame as housekeeper. From almost every college in Europe came visitors to his humble dwelling, and willingly he imparted to others any benefit derived from his lonely researches. But he proffered no hospitality and shrank from all offers of friendship. Yet, unsocial as he was, everyone loved him. The peasant threw kindly pity into his respectful greeting. Even that terror of the village, Mother Darkmans, saved her bitterest gibes for others; and the village maiden, as she curtseyed by him, stole a glance at his handsome but melancholy countenance, and told her sweetheart she was certain the poor scholar had been crossed in love.

At the manor house he was often the subject of remark, but only on the day of the stranger's appearance at The Spotted Dog had the squire found an opportunity of breaking through the scholar's habitual reserve and so persuaded him to dine with him and his family on the day following.

The squire, Rowland Lester, a man of cultivated tastes, was a widower, with two daughters and a nephew. Walter, the only son of Rowland's brother Geoffrey, who had absconded, leaving his wife and child to shift for themselves, was in his twenty-first year, tall and strong, with a striking if not strictly handsome face; high-spirited, jealous of the affections of those he loved; cheerful outwardly, but given to moody reflections on his orphaned and dependent lot, for his mother had not long survived her desertion.

Madeline Lester, at the age of eighteen, was the beauty and toast of the whole country; with a mind no less beautiful than her form was graceful, and a desire for study equalled only by her regard for those who possessed it, a regard which had extended secretly, if all but unacknowledged to herself, to the solitary scholar of whom I have been speaking. Ellinor, her junior by two years, was of a character equally gentle, but less elevated, and a beauty akin to her sister's.

WHEN Eugene Aram arrived at the manor house in keeping with his promise, something appeared to rest upon his mind, from which, however, by the excitement lent by wine and occasional bursts of eloquence, he seemed striving to escape, and at length he apparently succeeded.

When the ladies had retired, Lester and his guest resumed their talk in the open, Walter declining to join them.

Aram was advancing the view that it is impossible for a man who leads the life of the world ever to experience content.

"For me," observed the squire, "I have my object of interest in my children."

"And I mine in my books," said Aram.

As they passed over the village green, the gaunt form of Corporal Bunting arrested their progress.

"Beg pardon, your honour," said he to the scholar, "but strange-looking dog here last evening—asked after you—said you were old friend of his—trotted off in your direction—hope all was right, master?"

"All right," repeated Aram, fixing his eyes on the corporal, who had concluded his speech with a significant wink. Then, as if satisfied with his survey, he added, "Ay, ay; I know whom you mean. He had become acquainted with me some years ago. I don't know—I know very little of him." And the student was turning away, but stopped to add, "The man called on me last night for assistance.

I gave him what I could afford, and he has now proceeded on his journey. Good-evening!"

Lester and his companion passed on, the former somewhat surprised, a feeling increased when shortly afterwards Aram abruptly bade him farewell. But, recalling the peculiar habits of the scholar, he saw that the only way to hope for a continuance of that society which had so pleased him was to indulge Aram at first in his unsocial inclinations, and so, without further discourse, he shook hands with him and they

III—The Old Riding Whip

WHEN Lester regained the little parlour in his home he found his nephew sitting, silent and discontented, by the window. Madeline had taken up a book and Ellinor, in an opposite corner, was plying her needle with an earnestness that contrasted with her customary cheerful vivacity.

The squire thought he had cause to complain of his nephew's conduct to their guest. "You eyed the poor student," he said, "as if you wished him amongst the books of Alexandria."

"I would he were burnt with them!" exclaimed Walter sharply. "He seems to have bewitched my fair cousins here into a forgetfulness of all but himself."

"Not me!" said Ellinor eagerly.

"No, not you; you are too just. It is a pity Madeline is not more like you."

Thus was disturbance first introduced into a peaceful family. Walter was jealous; he could not control his feelings. An open breach followed, not only between him and Aram, but a quarrel between him and Madeline. The position came as a revelation to his uncle, who, seeing no other way out of the difficulty, yielded to Walter's request that he should be allowed to travel.

Meanwhile, Aram, drawn out of his habitual solitude by the sweet influence of Madeline, became a frequent visitor to the manor house and the acknowledged suitor for Madeline's hand. As for Walter, when he set out for London, with Corporal Bunting as his servant, he had found consolation in the discovery that Ellinor's regard for him had gone beyond mere cousinly affection. His uncle gave him several letters of introduction to old friends; among them one to Sir Peter Hales and another to a Mr. Courtland.

An incident that befell him on the London road revived to an extraordinary degree Walter's desire to ascertain the whereabouts of his long-lost father. At the request of Sir Peter Hales he had alighted at a saddler's for the purpose of leaving a parcel committed to him, when his attention was attracted by an old fashioned riding whip. Taking it up, he found it bore his own crest, and his father's initials, 'G. L.' Much agitated, he ascertained that the whip had been left for repair about twelve years previously by a gentleman who was visiting Mr. Courtland, and had not been heard of since.

Eagerly he sought out Mr. Courtland, and gleaned news which induced him, much to Corporal Bunting's disgust, to set his back on London, and make his way with all speed in the direction of Knaresborough. It appeared that at the time the whip was left at the saddler's, Geoffrey Lester had just returned from India, and when he called on his old acquaintance, Mr. Courtland, he was travelling to the historic town in the West Riding to claim a legacy his old colonel—he had been in the army—had left him for saving his life. The name Geoffrey Lester had assumed on entering the army was Clarke.

IV—Hush Money

WHILE Walter Lester and Corporal Bunting were pressing northward, the squire of Grassdale saw, with evident complacency, the passion growing up between his friend and his daughter. He looked upon it as a tie that would permanently reconcile Aram to the hearth of social and domestic life; a tie that would constitute the happiness of his daughter and secure to himself a relation in the man he felt most inclined of all he knew to honour and esteem. Aram seemed another man; and happy indeed was Madeline in the change. But one evening, while the two were walking together, and Aram was discoursing on their future, Madeline

uttered a faint shriek and clung trembling to her lover's arm.

Amazed and aroused from his enthusiasm, Aram looked up and, on seeing the cause of her alarm, seemed himself transfixed, as by a sudden terror, to the earth.

But a few paces distant, standing amidst the long and rank fern that grew on each side of their path, quite motionless, and looking on the pair with a sarcastic smile, stood the ominous stranger whom we first met at the sign of The Spotted Dog.

"Pardon me, dear Madeline," said Aram softly, disengaging himself from her, "but for one moment."

He then advanced to the stranger, and after a conversation that lasted but a minute, the latter bowed and, turning away, soon vanished among the shrubs.

Aram, regaining the side of Madeline, explained, in answer to her startled inquiries, that the man, whom he had known well some fourteen years ago, had again come to ask for his help, and he supposed that he would again have to aid him.

"And is that indeed *all?*" said Madeline, breathing more freely. "Well, poor man, if he be your friend, he must be inoffensive. Here, Eugene." And the simple-hearted girl put her purse into Aram's hand.

"No, dearest," said he, shrinking back. "I can easily spare him enough. But let us turn back. It grows chill."

"And why did he leave us, Eugene?"

"Because," was the reply, "I desired him to visit me at home an hour hence."

There was a past shared by these two men, and Houseman—for that was the stranger's name—had come for the price of his silence. The next day, on the plea of an old debt that suddenly had to be met, Aram approached his prospective father-in-law for the loan of £300. This sum was readily placed at his disposal. His next action was to travel to London, where, with all the money at his command, he purchased an annuity for Houseman, falling back, for his own needs, upon the influence of Lord —— to secure for him a small state allowance which it was in that nobleman's power to grant to him as a needy man of letters.

Houseman was surprised at the scholar's generosity when the paper ensuring the annuity was placed in his hands.

"Before daybreak to-morrow," he said, "I will be on the road. You may now rest assured that you are free of me for life. Go home marry—enjoy your existence. Within four days I shall be in France."

The pale face of Eugene Aram brightened. He had resolved, had Houseman's attitude been different, to surrender Madeline at once.

V—Human Bones

THE unexpected change in her lover's demeanour, on his return to Grassdale, brought unspeakable joy to the heart of Madeline Lester. But hardly had Aram left Houseman's squalid haunt in Lambeth when a letter was put into the ruffian's hand telling of his daughter's serious illness. For this daughter Houseman, villain as he was, would willingly have given his life. Now, casting all other thoughts aside, he set forth, not for France, but for Knaresborough, where his daughter was lying, and whither, guided by his enquiries concerning his father, Walter Lester was also on his way.

It was not long ere Walter found that a certain Colonel Elmore had died in 17—, leaving £1,000 and a house to one Daniel Clarke, and that an executor of the colonel's will survived in the person of a Mr. Jonas Elmore. From Mr. Elmore, Walter learnt that Clarke had disappeared suddenly, after receiving the legacy, taking with him a number of jewels with which Mr. Elmore had entrusted him. His disappearance had caused a sensation at the time, and a man named Houseman had assigned as a cause of Clarke's disappearance a loan which he did not mean to repay. It was true that Houseman and a young scholar named Eugene Aram had been interrogated by the authorities, but nothing could be proved against them, and certainly nothing was suspected where Aram was concerned. He left Knaresborough soon after Clarke had disappeared, having received a legacy from a relative at York.

This story of a legacy Walter was not inclined to believe, but proof of it was

forthcoming. Another circumstance in Aram's favour was that his memory was still honoured in the town, by the curate, Mr. Summers, as well as by others.

Accompanied by Mr. Summers, Walter visited the house where Daniel Clarke had stayed, and also the woman at whose house Aram had lived. It was a lonely, desolate-looking house; its solitary occupant a woman who evidently had been drinking. When the name of Eugene Aram was mentioned, the woman assumed a mysterious air and eventually disclosed the fact that she had seen Mr. Clarke, Houseman and Aram enter Aram's room early next morning. They went away together. A little later Aram and Houseman returned. She found out afterwards that they had been burning some clothes. She also discovered a handkerchief belonging to Houseman with blood upon it. She had shown this to Houseman, who had threatened to shoot her should she say a word to anyone regarding himself or his companions.

Armed with this narrative, extracted by the promise of pecuniary reward, Walter and Mr. Summers were making their way to a magistrate's when their attention was attracted by a crowd. A workman, digging for limestone, had unearthed a big wooden chest. The chest contained a skeleton!

In the midst of the commotion caused by this discovery a voice broke out abruptly. It was that of Richard Houseman. His journey had been in vain. His daughter was dead. His appearance revealed all too plainly to what source he had flown for consolation.

"What do ye here, fools?" he cried, reeling forward. "Ha! Human bones! And whose may they be, think ye?"

There were in the crowd those who remembered the disappearance which had so surprised them years before, and more than one name repeated the name of 'Daniel Clarke.'

"Clarke's bones!" exclaimed Houseman. "Ha, ha! They are no more Clarke's than mine!"

At this moment Walter stepped forward.

"Behold!" he cried, in a ringing voice, vibrant with emotion—"behold the murderer!"

Pale, confused, conscience-stricken, the bewilderment of intoxication mingling with that of fear, Houseman gasped out that if they wanted the bones of Clarke they should search St. Robert's cave. And in the place he named was found the unhallowed burial-place of the murdered dead.

But Houseman, now roused by a sense of personal danger, denied that he was the guilty man. Drawing his breath hard and setting his teeth as with steeled determination, he cried, "The murderer is Eugene Aram!"

VI—'I Murdered My Own Lif

It was a chill morning in November. But at Grassdale all was bustle and excitement. The church bells were ringing merry peals. It wanted but an hour or so to the wedding of Eugene Aram and Madeline Lester. In this interval the scholar was alone with his thoughts. His reverie was rudely disturbed by a loud knocking, the noise of which penetrated into his study. The outer door was opened. Voices were heard.

"Great God!" he exclaimed. "'Murderer!' Was that the word I heard shouted forth? The voice, too, is Walter Lester's. Could he have learnt——"

Calm succeeded to the agitation of the moment. He met the newcomers with a courageous front. But, followed by his bride who was to be, by her sister Ellinor and by their father, all confident that Walter had made some horrible mistake, Eugene Aram was taken away to be committed to York on the capital charge.

The law's delays were numerous. Winter passed into spring and spring into summer before the trial came on. Eugene Aram's friends were numerous. Lord —— firmly believed in his innocence and proffered help. But the prisoner refused legal aid and conducted his own defence—how ably history records. Madeline was present at the closing scene, in her wedding dress. Her father was all but broken in his grief for daughter and friend. Walter was distraught by the havoc he had caused and in doubt whether, after all, his action had not been too impetuous. The court was deeply impressed by the prisoner's defence.



EUGENE ARAM WAS TAKEN AWAY TO BE TRIED ON THE CAPITAL CHARGE

From the drawing by F. T. Skinner

But the judge's summing up was all against the accused, and the verdict was 'Guilty!' Madeline lived but a few hours after hearing it.

The following evening Walter obtained admittance to the condemned cell.

"Eugene Aram," he said, in tones of agony, "if at this moment you can lay your hand on your heart, and say, 'Before God, and at peril of my soul, I am innocent of this deed,' I will depart; I will believe you, and bear as I may the reflection that I have been one of the unconscious agents in condemning to a fearful death an innocent man. But if you cannot take that oath, oh, then, be generous, and let me not be haunted through life by the spectre of a ghastly and restless doubt!"

On the eve of his last day on earth Eugene Aram placed in Walter's hands a paper which that young man pledged himself not to read till Rowland Lester's grey hairs had gone to the grave. This document set forth at length the story of Aram's early life, how he sought knowledge amidst grinding poverty and how, when a gigantic discovery in science gleamed across his mind, a discovery which only lack of means prevented him from realizing to the vast benefit of truth and man, the tempter came to him. This tempter took the form of a distant relative, Richard Houseman, with his doctrine that 'Laws order me to starve, but self-preservation is an instinct more sacred than society,' and his demand for co-operation in an act of robbery from one Daniel Clarke, whose crimes were many, who was, moreover, on the point of disappearing with a number of jewels he had borrowed on false pretences.

"Houseman lied," wrote the condemned man. "I did not strike the blow. I never designed a murder. But the deed was done, and Houseman divided the booty. My share he buried in the earth. There, perhaps, it lies still. I never touched what I had murdered my own life to gain. Three days after that deed a relative, who had neglected me in life, died and left me wealth greater than that for which I had—— My ambition died in remorse!"

Houseman passed away in his own bed. But he had to be buried secretly in the dead of night, for, ten years after Eugene Aram had died on the scaffold, the hatred of the world survived for his accomplice. Rowland Lester did not live long after Madeline's death.



Edmund Gosse

To face page 2523

Poignant Study of Conflicting Temperaments

SIR EDMUND GOSSE

FATHER AND SON

A Critical Appreciation by Walter Jerrold



IN the early seventies of last century a small new 'school' of poetry made its appearance, the most prominent names associated with which were those of Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang and Edmund Gosse. They were poets who found, to a varying degree, pleasure in exercising the renewed forms of old French verse—ballade, rondel, rondeau, etc.—to which Swinburne had drawn attention by his Poems and Ballads of a few years earlier; forms which, generally speaking, belong to the artistry of verse rather than to natural spontaneous song. Here we are concerned with the youngest of the three, one who attained some distinction as poet, but distinction more notable as biographer, essayist and critic, and who wrote, furthermore, in Father and Son, a book that may be looked upon as standing outside any classification suggested by those four activities.

Edmund William Gosse (born in London, September 21, 1849) was the only child of morbidly evangelical parents, both of whom were well known: Philip Henry Gosse as a naturalist, and Emily (Bowes) Gosse as a writer of popular religious tracts. The future man of letters, destined from earliest infancy by parental zeal for the narrow ministry of the Plymouth Brethren, passed the greater part of his childhood on the Devonshire coast, and at the age of seventeen received an appointment as an assistant in the library of the British Museum. Some years later he became Translator to the Board of Trade, and subsequently Librarian of the House of Lords. Yet, despite close upon fifty years of official service, he maintained the output of an energetic and prolific writer in various branches of literature, and for many years after his retirement from official service occupied a prominent position in literary journalism.

Although it was as a poet that Edmund Gosse began publishing at the age of twenty-one, in collaboration with a friend, a volume of Madrigals, Songs and Sonnets and, with On Viol and Flute (1873), taking a definite place among those lesser poets of the day who were influenced to no small extent by the dominating genius of Tennyson he early turned his attention to the study of Scandinavian languages, and so came to be one of the writers most directly concerned in introducing to English readers the modern literature of northern Europe. In English literature he had devoted himself more particularly to the poets and other writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Both of these more specialised branches of his literary activities are prominently indicated in many of the works produced during a long period of years.

The Tennysonian influence on Gosse's earlier poetry is mostly to be noted in his nature descriptions, though where the older poet fixed the result of acute observation in flashes of happy phrasing, the disciple indulged in something of full description, as in the seemingly closely observed detail of The Whitethroat:

I heard the Whitethroat sing
Last eve at twilight when the wind was dead,
And her sleek bosom and her fair smooth head
Vibrated, ruffling, and her olive wing
Trembled. So soft her song was that it seemed
As though, in wandering through the copse at noon,
She must have found the holy bough where dreamed
The day-struck Nightingale,
And, listening, must have overheard too soon
The dim rehearsal of that golden tale
That greets the laggard moon.

But through the imitative strain
Between each gentle cadence, and again
When those clear notes she tried, for which her throat
Was not so capable as fain,
I joyed to hear her own peculiar note
Through all the music float.

The poet found delight in life and colour as though in reaction against his lack of them during childhood, but he seemed to sing rather of that which he saw with the physical or the mental eye than of that which he felt; rather as one who loved song than as one who sang linnet-wise, 'because he must.' This is perhaps more particularly noticeable in Fortunate Love, the course of which is presented, in a series of sonnets and rondels, rather pictorially and neatly than passionately and movingly. And so it was with the successive volumes which at long intervals the poet issued during a period of forty years (a single volume edition of The Collected Poems of Edmund Gosse was published by William Heinemann in 1911), wherein he generally showed himself at his best in his renderings of aspects of English nature and such a colourful theme as he found in Firdausi in Exile, where he has set forth with evident delight the traditional story of the great Persian poet's fate.

In some of his later memorial and tribute verses the poet's emotional gift and command of artistic expression combine to admirable effect: as in this simple tribute to Tennyson:

Thanks for the music that through thirty years
Quicken'd my pulse to tears,
The eye that colour'd Nature, the wise hand,
The brain that nobly plann'd;
Thanks for the anguish of the perfect phrase,
Tingling the blood ablaze!
Organ of God, with multitudinous swell
Of various tone, farewell!

or in the epigrammatic lines on the death of John Henry Newman:

Peace to the virgin heart, the crystal brain!
Truce for one hour thro' all the camps of thought!
Our subtlest mind hath rent the veil of pain,
Hath found the truth he sought.

Who knows what script those opening eyes have read?
If this set creed, or that, or none be best?
Let no strife jar above this snow-white head!
Peace for a saint at rest!

With a wide range of interest in English and continental literature, Edmund Gosse had no insignificant share in broadening and deepening the popular interest in books which was a marked characteristic of the closing decades of the nineteenth century. He took an active part in making known the literature of Denmark, Norway and Sweden by means of both critical appreciations and translations. He was the first translator to introduce the name Henrik Ibsen to the British public, and thirty-six years after that introduction he wrote the first English biography of the great Norwegian poet-dramatist, a clear and interesting presentation of a striking personality.

It has indeed been recognized of Sir Edmund Gosse that he 'possesses a biographical gift rivalled by few men in his generation'—a gift most notably employed on literary subjects belonging to the two centuries to which he had felt more particularly drawn, though the most individual expression of it will be found in the intimate presentation of Father and Son which stands apart from anything in the nature of formal Lives. In literary biography Gosse presented Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne and Thomas Gray in the concise and illuminating studies of the well-known English Men of Letters series, and dealt with William Congreve in a similar series of monographs. It is, however, The Life and Letters of John Donne (Heinemann, 1899) that may be looked upon as his outstanding achievement in formal literary biography. Here he had a big theme—and one hitherto not adequately studied—in that poet-divine whose varied life and genius offer to the student a series of problems thus summed up:

Of his life, of his experiences, of his opinions, we know more now than it has been vouchsafed to us to know of any other of the great Elizabethan and Jacobean galaxy of writers, and yet how little we fathom his contradictions, how little we can account for his impulses and his limitations. Even those of us who have for years made his least adventures the subject of close and eager investigation must admit at last that he eludes us. He was not the crystal-hearted saint that Walton adored and exalted. He was not the crafty and redoubtable courtier whom the recusants suspected. He was not the prophet

of the intricacies of fleshly feeling whom the young poets looked up to and worshipped. He was none of these, or all of these, or more. What was he? It is impossible to say, for, with all his superficial expansion, his secret died with him. We are tempted to declare that of all great men he is the one of whom least is essentially known. Is not this, perhaps, the secret of his perennial fascination?

CONNECTED with Gosse's work as biographer, and perhaps in a way yet more characteristic, are those part-critical, part-biographical essays and appreciations which he collected in Seventeenth Century Studies, Critical Kit-Kats and other volumes, papers which present a wealth of careful scholarship and consideration in a manner that is unfailingly interesting and a style that is attractive, and with happy evidence on the part of the critic of a knack of rendering the result of his consideration in a telling fashion. Thus in a short study of the work of Thomas Lodge the author not only shows how that versatile genius was an early influence on Shakespeare but shows also—in a very happy illustration—the way in which in the Rosalynde of Lodge, and the Menaphon of Robert Greene, may be seen the beginning of that form of fiction which has come to occupy so large a place in English literature. In those late sixteenth century romances, it is said:

> We find the two cotyledons between which sprang up the shoot which has spread into the mighty tree of English fiction. In these languid and cumbrous stories it may be difficult to trace any promise of the subtlety of Far from the Madding Crowd, or of the vivid realism of A Modern Instance, but the process of evolution which has led from Greene and Lodge to Mr. Hardy and Mr. Howells has been consistent and direct. Already in these Euphuistic romances we trace in embryo certain qualities which have always been characteristic of Anglo-Saxon fiction, a vigorous ideal of conduct, a love of strength and adventure, an almost Quixotic reverence for womanhood.

Something of the secret of Gosse's success in these brief studies of writers who fell short of greatness is indicated in words which he wrote of Abraham Cowley:

> If the judgement of a whole generation has unanimously set an unambitious man on a pedestal of supreme reputation, I am more ready to doubt my own perception than to stigmatise so many cultivated persons with folly. No poet universally admired in his own age can be wholly without lasting merit. . . . I confess that I find a particular fascination in the study of these maimed and broken poets, these well strung instruments upon whose throbbing strings Destiny has laid the pressure of her silencing fingers. The masters of song instil me with a sort of awe. I feel embarrassed when I write of Milton. But Cowley has surely grown humble in the long years of his exile, and he will not exact too much homage from the last of his admirers.

THOUGH in an active literary career of well over half a century Sir Edmund Gosse mainly expressed himself in poetry, and his devotion to literature in critical appreciation and biography, he is also, as has already been indicated, the author of a volume which defies classification with any other of his literary work; a book which may be said to stand alone not only among his works but among the works of his generation; a book which it may well be believed has its sure place among the intimate, revelatory 'documents' that will help to make known to posterity the period with one strange aspect of which it deals. This book, though there was no attempt at mystification in regard to its authorship, was published anonymously in 1907 as Father and Son: a Study of Two Temperaments, and it is not too much to say that it is the author's most outstanding work, affording poignant reading to those brought up in intellectual freedom.

Father and Son is described by its author as a slice of life—an intimate, touching record of educational and religious conditions which, having passed away, will never return; and such it is, presented with a naturalness and simplicity that are as convincing as they are at times distressing, for though the narrative is compact of comedy as well as tragedy 'those who are affected by the pathos of it will not need to have it explained to them that the comedy was superficial and the tragedy essential.' Though the titular father and son form the subject of the book, the mother, who passes away after the earlier chapters, dominates the work, first by her narrow convictions and later by the expression of wishes in that way which makes of them sometimes the most cruel legacy that the dying can leave to their successors.

By an early passage from this impressive book can something of its character best be indicated.

It was a curious coincidence that life had brought both my parents along similar paths to an almost identical position in respect to religious belief. She had started from the Anglican standpoint, he from the Wesleyan, and each, almost without counsel from others, and after varied theological experiments, had come to take up precisely the same attitude towards all divisions of the Protestant Church, that, namely, of detached and biased contemplation. So far as the sects agreed with my Father and my Mother, the sects were walking in the light; wherever they differed from them, they had slipped more or less definitely into a penumbra of their own making, a darkness, into which neither of my parents would follow them. Hence, by a process of selection, my Father and Mother alike had gradually, without violence, found themselves shut outside all Protestant communions, and at last they met only with a few extreme Calvinists like themselves, on terms of what may almost be called negation: with no priest, no ritual, no festivals, no ornament of any kind, nothing but the Lord's Supper and the exposition of Holy Scripture drawing these austere spirits into any sort of cohesion. They called themselves 'The Brethren,' simply; a title enlarged by the world outside into 'Plymouth Brethren.'

It was accident and similarity which brought my parents together at these meetings of the Brethren. Each was lonely, each was poor, each was accustomed to a strenuous intellectual self-support. He was nearly thirty-eight, she was past forty-two, when they married. From a suburban lodging, he brought her home to his mother's little house in the north east of London without a single day's honeymoon. . . .

In this strange household the advent of a child was not welcomed, but was borne with resignation. The event was thus recorded in my Father's diary:

'F. delivered of a son. Received green swallow from Jamaica.'

This entry has caused amusement, as showing that he was as much interested in the bird as in the boy. But this does not follow, what the wording exemplifies is my Father's extreme punctilio. The green swallow arrived later in the day than the son, and the earlier visitor was therefore recorded first, my Father was scrupulous in every species of arrangement.

THE son is seen at first as companion of a mother stoically suffering from a terrible disease, and then, after being left motherless at the age of seven, as the companion of his father, at first in London and later at a villa near the Devonshire coast. He passed through years of extraordinary loneliness, with every horizon bounded by the limiting tenets of the small sect to which his father ministered, he himself dedicated from the first, as has been said, to that ministration.

It seems almost cruel to the memory of their opinions that the only words which rise to my mind, the only ones which seem in the least degree adequate to describe the attitude of my parents, had fallen from the pen of one whom, in their want of imaginative sympathy, they had regarded as anathema. But John Henry Newman might have come from the contemplation of my Mother's death-bed when he wrote: 'All the trouble which the world inflicts upon us, and which flesh cannot but feel,—sorrow, pain, care, bereavement,—these avail not to disturb the tranquillity and the intensity with which faith gazes at the Divine Majesty.' It was 'tranquillity,' it was not the rapture of the mystic. Almost in the last hour of her life, urged to confess her 'joy' in the Lord, my Mother, rigidly honest, meticulous in self-analysis, as ever, replied: 'I have peace, but not *joy*. It would not do to go into eternity with a lie in my mouth.'

When the very end approached, and her mind was growing clouded, she gathered her strength together to say to my Father, 'I shall walk with Him in white. Won't you take our lamb and walk with me?' Confused with sorrow and alarm, my Father failed to understand her meaning. She became agitated, and she repeated two or three times: 'Take our lamb, and walk with me!' Then my Father comprehended, and pressed me forward; her hand fell softly upon mine and she seemed content. Thus was my dedication, that had begun in my cradle, sealed with the most solemn, the most poignant and irresistible insistence, at the death-bed of the holiest and purest of women. But what a weight, intolerable as the burden of Atlas, to lay on the shoulders of a little fragile child!

THE whole story is concerned with life as it was experienced by that dedicated son up to the time when he approached manhood—'the record of a struggle between two temperaments, two consciences, and almost two epochs'—and it is rendered with a fullness and poignancy through which occasionally radiate brief gleams of humour almost Dickensian in quality, though the master of fiction would probably have failed to retain the reader's regard for the narrow-minded father, and could scarcely have avoided making ridiculous one whom the writer never makes other than pitiful. We follow the story of a man without any doubts or questionings, a man sure of the narrow path he treads being the only way, engaged in bringing up an eager-minded

child on arid theological disquisitions and interpretations of Biblical prophecy, and quite incapable of realizing that the child could or should desire to seek any further except at the instigation of Evil.

We are shown how, in the hope that so his consecrated service might be assured, the child at the age of ten was initiated to the full ritual of Brotherhood, and given his place as an adult, and we are afforded curiously realistic, even pathetic, pictures of a narrow religionism which has dwindled much since those mid years of the nineteenth century. As the narrative develops, circumstances are seen to have been too strong for the intolerant, if loving, repression of the father; the time came when the son had to meet other boys, to encounter the danger of contact with other ideas, when he had to 'go out into the world.' The coming of a step-mother meant a lifting of a little of the load of repression, and the mind that began to be moved by curiosity could not remain in the narrow limits it had been set and the inevitable breach began. The son had the natural desire to know what doctrine it was that other churches taught, and even such a wish was inconceivable to the father, so that the rift between the two souls widened and led up to that torturing correspondence inspired by love which became a misery when the son had left the paternal roof.

Father and Son stands as a tender and deeply interesting presentation of the overlapping of the age of unreasoning faith and the age of reverent inquiry; a book which may well have been painful for the author to write, yet one for the writing of which he merits our grateful thanks. Incidentally, too, it gives some vivid sketches of life during the mid-Victorian era, and includes some account of the upsetting of old conventional notions by the coming of the theory of evolution.

Light-Hearted Mockery of the Petty Official

NIKOLAI VASSILIEVITCH GOGOL

THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL

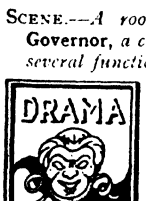
IN the midst of the general despondency that pervades Russian literature, it is almost startling to discover in Nikolai Vassilievitch Gogol a writer who is at once a romanticist and a humorist. It is true that much of Gogol's humour is satirical, but it has a robustness and air of spontaneity that is lacking in, for example, that of Anton Chekhov. His comedy, The Inspector-General (1836), which was produced in 1920 at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, under the title of The Government Inspector, admirably shows his powers as a writer of broad satire. A translation is issued by the Walter Scott Publishing Company.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Anton Antonovitch, governor of a small town
Anna Andreyevna, his wife
Marya, their daughter
Luka, director of schools
Khlestakov, a St. Petersburg official
Osip, his servant-man
Bobchinski and **Dobchinski**, independent gentlemen
A Judge, **A Charity Commissioner**, **A Postmaster**, **Police Superintendent** and **Constables** **A Waiter** at the Inn

First Act

SCENE.—*A room in the* **Governor's** *house. The* **Governor,** *a coarse and ill-educated official, and several functionaries of the town.*



GOVERNOR (*addressing the functionaries*): I have bad news. An inspector-general is coming from St. Petersburg. You must see that your various departments are set in order. The hospital must be tidied up and the patients given nice white night-caps. The school-teachers must coach up the scholars in their subjects.

[*Enter* **Bobchinski** *and* **Dobchinski** *in a state of breathless excitement.*]

Bobchinski: What an extraordinary incident!

Dobchinski: A startling announcement!

All: What is it? What is it?

Bob.: I will tell you correctly. After you had received the letter from St. Petersburg, I ran out to tell the postmaster what it had announced. On the way Dobchinski pressed me to go into the inn for refreshment. Into the restaurant came an elegant young man with a fashionable aspect. The landlord told us he was an official on his way from Petersburg to Saratov, and that he is acting strangely, for he has been here more than a fortnight and pays for nothing.

Gov. : Good lord! Surely it cannot be he! Been here a fortnight? May heaven help us! You, sirs, get all your departments in proper trim. In the meantime, I will take a stroll round the town and satisfy myself that travellers are treated with due respect.

[The **Governor** orders the police to see that the street leading to the inn is well swept. He threatens to punish severely any of the townspeople who shall dare to bring complaints of any kind to the visiting official.]

Second Act

SCENE — *A small room in the inn.* **Osip** *lying on his master's bed.*

OSIP : Devil take it! I am famishing. It is two months since we left St. Petersburg. This master of mine has squandered all his money on the way, and here we are penniless. The old man sends his son money, but he goes on the racket with it till all is spent and then he has to pawn his clothes almost to the last rag. And now this landlord declares he will let us have nothing more to eat unless we pay in advance. Ah, there's the knock.

[*He gets off the bed.* **Khlestakov** *enters.*

Khlestakov : Go down and ask for something to eat.

Osip : No. The landlord will not let us have it. He says we are swindlers and he threatens to have you put in prison.

Khles. : Go to the devil! Call the landlord. (**Osip** *goes.*) How fearfully hungry I am! And I was cheated at cards and cleaned out at Penza by that infantry captain. What a miserable little town this is. They give no credit at the provision shops. [*Enter* **Waiter.**

Waiter : The landlord asks what you want.

Khles. : Please bring my dinner at once. I must be busy directly I have dined.

[The waiter replies that the landlord refuses to supply anything more and seems likely to complain to the **Governor.** But presently dinner is brought in. To **Khlestakov's** great consternation **Osip** announces that the **Governor** has come and is asking for him.]

Kles. : What? The landlord has reported me! I'll put on an aristocratic air, and ask him how he dares — —

[**Governor,** entering in trepidation and saluting humbly, astonishes him by profuse offers of hospitality and entertainment, though when at first mention is made of taking him to other quarters, the guest in horror ejaculates that he supposes the gaol is meant, and he asks what right the **Governor** has to hint at such a thing.]

Khles. : (*indignantly*) : How dare you? I— I— I am a government official at St. Petersburg. I— I— I— —

Governor (*aside*) : Good heavens, what a rage he is in! He knows everything. Those confounded merchants have told him all.

[Banging the table, **Khlestakov** declares he will *not* go to the gaol, but will complain to the Minister of the Interior; and the **Governor,** trembling and terrified, pleads that he has a wife and little children and begs that he may not be ruined. The ridiculous misunderstanding on both sides grows more confused every minute. The **Governor** pours forth the most abject apologies; declares that if the people accuse him of oppression and extortion, and even of flogging women, they are a slandering mob.]

Khles. : What have I to do with your enemies or the women you have flogged? Don't attempt to flog me. Now, look here, I will pay this landlord's account, but just now I have not the money. That is why I am staying here.

Gov. (*aside*) : Sly rogue, trying to mystify me! (*Aloud*). If you really are short of money, I am ready to serve you at once.

[The visitor says that he will in that case borrow 200 roubles, and the money is readily handed over; in fact, the **Governor** quietly slips in 200 extra roubles. The **Governor,** convinced that the **Inspector-General** is simply determined to keep up his *incognito*, resolves to act accordingly and to tell falsehoods appropriate for mutual deception. He invites the guest to visit various institutions, and a round is made.]

Third Act

SCENE.—*A room in the* **Governor's** *house.* **Governor, Khlestakov** *and other functionaries.*

KHLESTAKOV : Fine establishments! In other towns they showed me nothing.

Governor : In other towns I venture to say that the officials think most about their own profit; here we only aim at winning the approbation of the government.

Khles. : That lunch was very good! The fish was delicious! Where was it that we lunched? Was it not at the hospital? I saw the beds, but there were not many patients. Have the sick recovered?

Gov. : Yes. Since I became governor they all get well like flies, not so much by doctoring as by honesty and regularity. Thank God, everything goes satisfactorily here! Another governor would undoubtedly look after his own advantage; but, believe me, when I lie down to sleep, my prayer is, 'O Thou my Lord, may the government perceive my zeal and be satisfied.' So I have an easy conscience.

Khles. : Are there any clubs here where a game at cards could be had?

Gov. : God forbid! Here such a thing as a card club is never heard of. I am disgusted at the sight of a card, and never dealt one in my life. Once to amuse the children I built a house of cards, and had accursed dreams all night.

Luka (*aside*) : But the villain cheated me yesterday out of a hundred roubles!

[Introduced to the **Governor's** wife and daughter, **Khlestakov** addresses them in the manner of a gallant from the metropolis, and chatters boastfully of his influence, his position and his connexions. His house is the first in St. Petersburg. Meantime, the various functionaries meet in the house of the **Governor** to concert measures for propitiating this great courtier. They resolve to present him with a substantial token of regard. With great trepidation they wait on him.]

Judge (*entering very nervously*): I have the honour to present myself. I have been judge here since 1816, and have been decorated with the Vladimir of the Fourth Class.

Khles.: What have you there in your hand?

Judge (*in bewilderment drops banknotes on the floor*): Nothing.

Khles.: How nothing? I see some money has been dropped.

Judge (*trembling and aside*): O heaven, I am already before the tribunal, and they have brought the cart to take me into exile.

[**Khlestakov** picks up the notes, and asks that the money may be lent him, as he has spent all his cash on the journey. He promises to return it as soon as he reaches home, but the **Judge** protests that the honour of lending it is enough, and he begs that there shall be no injunction against him.

Next to present himself is the **Postmaster**, in full uniform, sword in hand. After a little conversation with this functionary, **Khlestakov** thinks he may just as well borrow of him also, and he forthwith mentions that a similar thing has happened to him, for he has lost all his money on the way and would be glad to be obliged with the loan of three hundred roubles. It is instantly counted out with alacrity, and the **Postmaster** hastily retires. Also, in a very nervous state, **Luka**, the **School Director**, the **Charity Commissioner, Bobchinski** and **Dobchinski**, come to pay their homage, and **Khlestakov** borrows easily from them all in turn.]

Khlestakov (*alone*): There are many officials here; it seems to me, however, that they take me for a government functionary. What fools! I must write about it all to Tryapitchkin at Petersburg. Here, Osip, bring me paper and ink! I will just see how much money I have got. Oh, more than a thousand!

[While he is writing a letter **Osip** interrupts him with earnest assurances that it will be prudent to depart speedily from the town; for people have been mistaking him for somebody else and awkward complications may ensue. It is really time to go. There are splendid horses here, and these can be secured for the journey. **Khlestakov** consents, tells **Osip** to take the letter to the post, and to obtain good posthorses. Suddenly some merchants present themselves with petitions, bringing with them gifts of sugar-loaves and wine. They pour forth bitter complaints against the **Governor**. They accuse him of constant and outrageous extortion. They beg **Khlestakov** to secure his deposition from office. When they offer the sugar-loaves and the wine, **Khlestakov** protests that he cannot accept bribes, but if they would offer him a loan of three hundred roubles that would be another matter. They do so and go out.]

Marya (*entering nervously*): Ach!

Khles.: Why are you so frightened?

Marya: No; I am not frightened. I thought mamma might be here. I am disturbing you in your important business.

Khles.: But your eyes are more attractive than important business.

Marya: You are talking in St. Petersburg style.

Khles.: May I venture to be so happy as to offer you a chair? But no; you should be offered a throne, not a chair! I offer you my love, which ever since your first glance——

Marya: Love! I do not understand love!

[He kisses her on the shoulder and, when she rises angrily to go, falls on his knees. At that moment her mother enters. With a show of indignation she orders **Marya** away.]

Khles. (*kneeling at her feet*): Madame, you see I burn with love.

Anna Andreyevna: But permit me, I do not quite comprehend you. If I am not mistaken, you were making a proposal to my daughter.

Khles.: No; I am in love with you.

Anna: But I am married!

Khles.: That is nothing. Let us here under the canopy of heaven. I crave your hand!

[**Marya** enters, and seeing **Khlestakov** on his knees, shrieks. The mother scolds her for her bad manners and declares that he was, after all, asking for the daughter's hand. Then enters the **Governor**. He breathlessly begins to bewail the base, lying conduct of the merchants who have been slandering him, and swears he is innocent of oppressing anybody.

To his profound amazement, **Anna** informs her husband that the great man has honoured them by asking for their daughter's hand. On recovering from his amazement, he sees the couple kissing, and gives them his blessing. **Osip** enters at this juncture to say the horses are ready, and **Khlestakov** informs the **Governor** that he is only off for a day to visit a rich uncle. He will quickly return. He presently rides off after affectionate farewell expressions on both sides.]

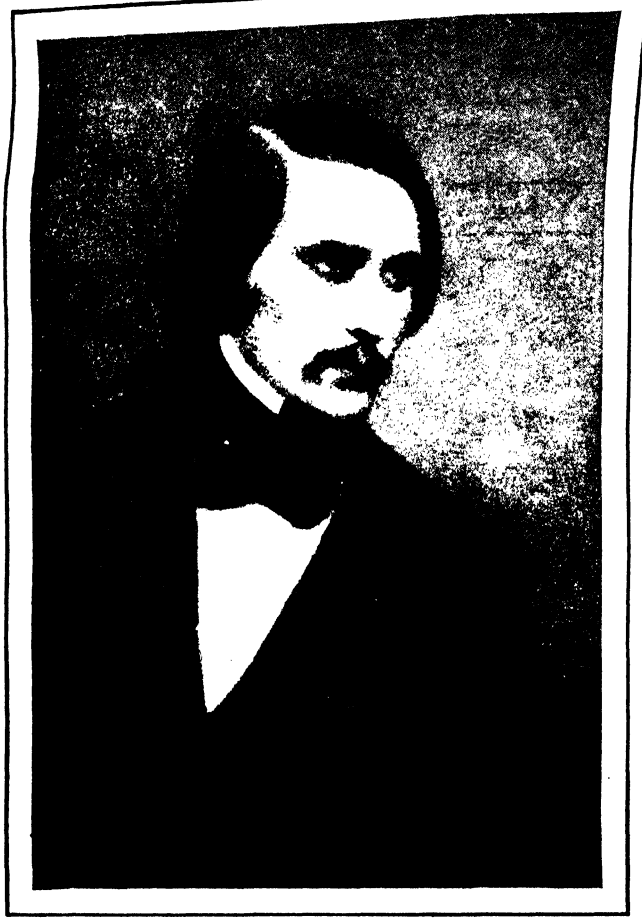
Fourth Act

SCENE—*As before. The* **Governor, Anna Andreyevna** *and* **Marya**. *A police officer enters.*

GOVERNOR (*addressing the policeman*): Ivan Karpovitch, summon the merchants here, brother. Complaining of me, indeed! Cursed lot of Jews! Little turtle doves! Ascertain who brought petitions; and take care to let them know how heaven has honoured the Governor. His daughter is going to marry a man without an equal in the world; who can achieve everything, everything, everything. Let everybody know! Shout it out to everybody! Ring the bells! Devil take it; now that at length I triumph, triumph I will!

[The police officer retires. The **Governor** and **Anna** indulge in roseate prospects of their coming prosperity. Of course they will not stay in these mean surroundings, but will remove to St. Petersburg. Suddenly the merchants enter. The **Governor** receives them with the utmost indignation, assails them with a shower of vituperation. They abjectly entreat pardon. They promise to make amends by sending very

2530



NIKOLAI VASSILIEVITCH GOGOL was born at Sorochintsi, Poltava, March 31, 1809, and educated at Nyejin. He went to St. Petersburg in 1828, and for a time was a clerk in a government office and also professor of history. He published his first book, Evenings at a Farmhouse near Dikanka, in 1831, and in 1834 established his fame with Mirgorod, a volume of stories including Taras Bulba, a Romance of the Cossacks, which was virtually the foundation of the Russian novel. Of his later books, Dead Souls, published in 1842, is the most notable. Gogol lived abroad from 1836 to 1846, mostly in Rome; in later years he became intensely religious and died at Moscow, worn out, it is said, by prayer and fasting, March 3, 1852.

handsome presents, and they are enjoined not to forget to do so. The wedding gifts are to be worthy of the occasion. The merchants retire crestfallen, and callers stream in with profuse congratulations. **Anna**, with studied haughtiness, makes them fully understand that the family will now be far above them all. All the people secretly express to each other their hatred and contempt for the **Governor** and his family.]

Postmaster (*breathlessly entering with an open letter in his hand*): An astonishing fact, gentlemen! The official whom we took for an inspector-general is not one! I have discovered this from a letter which he wrote and which I saw was addressed 'Post Office Street.' So, as I said to myself that he had been reporting to the authorities something we had found wrong in the postal department, I felt a supernatural impulse constraining me to open the letter.

Gov.: You dared to open the letter of so powerful a personage?

Postmaster: That is just the joke; that he is neither powerful nor a personage. I will read the letter. (*Reads*) 'I hasten to inform you, my dear Tryapitchkin, of my experiences. I was cleared out of everything on the way by an infantry captain, so that an innkeeper wanted to put me in prison; when, owing to my Petersburg appearance and dress, the whole town suddenly took me for the inspector-general. So now I am living with the governor, enjoy myself, and flirt with his wife and daughter. These people all lend me as much money as ever I please. The governor is as stupid as a grey gelding. The postmaster is a tippler. The charity commissioner is a pig in a skull-cap.'

Gov.: I am crushed—crushed—completely crushed. Catch him!

Postmaster: How can we catch him? I, as if purposely, specially ordered for him the very best post-carriage and three horses.

Gov.: What an old fool I am! I have been thirty years in the service; not a tradesman nor contractor could cheat me; rogues upon rogues have I outwitted; three governors-general have I deceived!

Anna: But this cannot be, Antosha. He is engaged to Mashenka.

Gov. (*enraged*): Engaged! Rubbish! Look, look; all the world, all Christendom, all of you look how the governor is fooled! Fool, fool; old driveller that I am! (*Shakes his fist at himself*) Ah, you fat-nose! Taking a rag for a man of rank! And now he is jingling his bells along the road. Who first said he was an inspector-general? Answer!

[All point to **Bobchinski** and **Dobchinski**, who fall to accusing each other. A gendarme enters.]

Gendarme: The inspector-general sent by imperial command has arrived and requires you to attend him immediately. He awaits you at the inn.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE

SHIRLEY

CHRONOLOGICALLY the second of Charlotte Brontë's novels, Shirley was published on October 26, 1849, two years after Jane Eyre (see page 856). The writing of it was a tragedy. When the book was begun Branwell, Emily and Anne Brontë were alive; when it was finished all were dead and Charlotte was left alone with her aged father. In the character of Shirley Keeldar the novelist tried to depict her sister Emily as she would have been had she been placed in health and prosperity. Nearly all the characters were drawn from life, and so vividly that they were recognized locally. Caroline Helstone was sketched from Ellen Nussey, Charlotte Brontë's dearest friend, who later furnished much of the material for the best biographies of the novelist. At the time of its publication Shirley maintained the reputation won through Jane Eyre but as tested by time the story no longer ranks with that last fruit of its author's genius, nor with Villette (see page 1160), which was its consummation.

I—In the Dark Days of the War



RELEASED from the business yoke, Robert Moore was, if not lively himself, a willing spectator of the liveliness of Caroline Helstone, his cousin, a complacent listener to her talk, a ready respondent to her questions. Sometimes he was better than this—almost animated, quite gentle and friendly. The drawback was that by the next morning he was frozen up again.

To-night he stood on the kitchen hearth of Hollow's cottage, after his return from Whinbury cloth-market, and Caroline, who had come over to the cottage from the vicarage, stood beside him. Looking down, his glance rested on an uplifted face, flushed, smiling, happy, shaded with silky curls, lit with fine eyes. Moore placed his hand a moment on his young cousin's shoulder, stooped and left a kiss on her forehead.

"Are you certain, Robert, you are not fretting about your frames and your business and the war?" she asked.

"Not just now.'

"Are you positive you don't feel Hollow's cottage too small for you, and narrow and dismal?"

"At this moment, no."

"Can you affirm that you are not bitter at heart because rich and great people forget you?"

"No more questions. I am not anxious to curry favour with rich and great people. Only want means—a position a career."

"Which your own talent and goodness shall win for you. You were made to be great; you shall be great."

"Ah! You judge me with your heart; you should judge me with your head."

It was the dark days of the Napoleonic wars, when the cloth of the West Riding was shut out from the markets of the world and ruin threatened the manufacturers, while the introduction of machinery so reduced the numbers of the factory hands that desperation was born of misery and famine.

Robert Moore, of Hollow's Mill, was one of the most unpopular of the mill-owners, partly because he haughtily declined to conciliate the working class and partly because of his foreign demeanour; for he was the son of a Flemish mother, had been educated abroad and had only come home recently to attempt to retrieve, by modern trading methods, the fallen fortune of the ancient firm of his Yorkshire forefathers.

The last trade outrage of the district had been the destruction on Stilbro' Moor of the new machines that were being brought by night to his mill.

Caroline Helstone was eighteen years old, drawing near the confines of illusive dreams. Elf-land behind her, the shores of Reality in front. To herself she said that night, after Robert had walked home with her to the rectory gate: "I love Robert,

and I feel sure that he loves me. I have thought so many a time before; to-day I felt it."

And Robert, leaning later on his own yard gate, with the hushed, dark mill before him, exclaimed: "This won't do. There's weakness—there's downright ruin in all this." For Caroline Helstone was a fatherless girl, entirely dependent on her uncle, the rector of Briarfield.

II—The Master of Hollow's Mill

"COME, child, put away your books. Lock them up! Get your bonnet on; I want you to make a call with me."

Thus the Rev. Matthewson Helstone, the imperious rector of Briarfield, to his niece, who asked where they were going.

"To Fieldhead," replied the Rev. Matthewson Helstone. "We are going to see Miss Shirley Keeldar."

"Miss Keeldar! Is she come to Yorkshire?"

"She is; and will reside for a time on her property."

The Keeldars were the lords of the manor, and their property included the mill rented by Mr. Robert Moore.

The visitors were received at Fieldhead by a middle-aged nervous English lady, to whom Caroline at once found it natural to talk with a gentle ease, until Miss Shirley Keeldar, entering the room, introduced them to Mrs. Pryor, who, she added, "was my governess, and is still my friend."

Shirley Keeldar was no ugly heiress. She was agreeable to the eye, gracefully made, and her face, pale, intelligent and of varied expression, also possessed the charm of grace.

The interview had not proceeded far before Shirley hoped they would often have the presence of Miss Helstone at Fieldhead; a request repeated by Mrs. Pryor.

"You are distinguished more than you think," said Shirley, "for Mrs. Pryor often tantalises me by the extreme caution of her judgements. I have entreated her to say what she thinks of my gentleman-tenant, Mr. Moore, but she evades an answer. What are Mr. Moore's politics?"

"Those of a tradesman," returned the rector; "narrow, selfish and unpatriotic."

"He looks a gentleman, and it pleases me to think he is such."

"And decidedly he is," joined in Caroline, in distinct tones.

"You are his friend, at any rate," said Shirley, flashing a glance at the speaker.

"I am both his friend and relative."

"I like that romantic Hollow with all my heart—the old mill, and the white cottage and the counting-house."

"And the trade?" inquired the rector.

"Half my income comes from the works in that Hollow."

"Don't enter into partnership, that's all."

"You've put it into my head!" she exclaimed with a joyous laugh. "It will never get out; thank you."

Some days later, the new friends were walking together towards the rectory when the talk turned on the qualities which prove that a man can be trusted.

"Do you know what soothsayers I would consult?" asked Caroline. "Neither man nor woman, elderly nor young; the little Irish beggar that comes barefoot to my door; the bird that, in frost and snow, pecks at the window for a crumb. I know somebody to whose knee the black cat loves to climb, against whose shoulder and cheek it loves to purr. The old dog always comes out of his kennel and wags his tail when somebody passes."

"Is it Robert?"

"It is Robert."

"Handsome fellow!" exclaimed Shirley. "He is both graceful and good."

"I was sure that you would see that he was. When I first looked at your face I knew that you would."

"I was well inclined to him before I saw him; I liked him when I did not see him; I admire him now."

When they kissed each other and parted at the rectory gate, Shirley said:

"Caroline Helstone, I have never in my whole life been able to talk to a young lady as I have talked to you this morning."

"This is the worst passage I have come to yet," said Caroline to herself. "Still, I was prepared for it. I gave Robert up to Shirley the first day I heard she was come."

III—Caroline Finds a Mother

THE Whitsuntide school treats were being held, and it was Shirley Keeldar who, at the head of the tea-table, kept a place for Robert Moore, and whose temper became beclouded when he was late. When he did come he was hard and preoccupied, and presently the two girls noticed he was shaking hands and renewing a broken friendship with the militant rector in the playing field, and that the more vigorous of their manufacturing neighbours gathered in a group to talk.

"There is some mystery afloat," said Shirley. "Some event is expected, some preparation to be made; and Robert's secrecy vexes me. See, they are all shaking hands with emphasis, at if ratifying some league."

"We must be on the alert," said Caroline, "and perhaps we shall find a clue."

Later, the rector came to them to mention that he would not sleep at home that night, and Shirley had better stay with Caroline—arrangements which they could not but connect with a glimpse of martial scarlet they had observed on a distant moor earlier in the day and the passage, by a quiet route, of six cavalry soldiers.

So the girls sat up that night and watched, until, close upon midnight, they heard the tramp of hundreds of marching feet. The mob halted by the rectory for a muttered consultation and then moved cautiously along towards Hollow's Mill.

In vain did the two watchers try to cross to the mill by fenced fields and give an alarm. When they reached a point from which they could overlook the mill, the attack had already begun and the yard-gates were being forced. A volley of stones smashed every window, but the mill remained mute as a mausoleum.

"He cannot be alone," whispered Caroline.

"I would stake all I have that he is as little alone as he is alarmed," responded Shirley.

Shots were discharged by the rioters. Had the defenders waited for this signal? It seemed so. The inert mill woke, and a volley of musketry pealed sharp through the Hollow. It was difficult in the darkness to distinguish what was going on now. The mill-yard was full of battle-movement, there was struggling, rushing, tramping and shouting, and then the rioters, who had never dreamt of encountering an organized defence, fell back defeated.

Caroline Helstone now fell into a state of depression and physical weakness which she tried in vain to combat.

"It is scarcely living to measure time as I do at the rectory," she confessed one day to Mrs. Pryor who had become her instructress and friend. "The hours pass, and I get over them somehow, but I do not live. I endure existence, but I barely enjoy it. I want to go away from this place and forget it."

"You know I am at present residing with Miss Keeldar in the capacity of companion," Mrs. Pryor replied. "Should she marry, and that she will marry ere long many circumstances induce me to conclude, I shall cease to be necessary to her. I possess a small independency, arising partly from my own savings and partly from a legacy. Whenever I leave Fieldhead I shall take a house of my own. I have no relations to invite to close intimacy. To you, my dear, I need not say I am attached. With you I am happier than I have been with any living thing. You will come to me then, Caroline?"

"Indeed, I love you," was the reply, "and I should like to live with you."

"All I have I would leave to you."

"But, my dear madam, I have no claim on this generosity - -"

Mrs. Pryor now displayed such agitation that it was Caroline who had to become the comforter.

The sequel to this scene appeared when Caroline sank into so weak a state that constant nursing was needed, and Mrs. Pryor established herself at the rectory.

One day, when the watchful nurse could not forbear to weep—her full heart overflowing—her patient asked:

"Do you think I shall not get better? I do not feel very ill—only weak."

"But your mind, Caroline; your mind is crushed; your heart is broken; you have been left so desolate."

"I sometimes think if an abundant gush of happiness came on me, I could revive yet."

"You love me, Caroline?"

"Inexpressibly. I sometimes feel as if I could almost grow to your heart."

"Then, if you love me so, it will be neither shock nor pain for you to know that you are my own child."

"Mrs. Pryor! That is—that means—you have adopted me?"

"It means that I am your true mother."

"But Mrs. James Helstone—but my father's wife, whom I do not remember to have seen, she is my mother?"

"She is your mother," Mrs. Pryor assured her. "James Helstone was my husband."

"My own mother! And one I can be so fond of! If you are my mother, the world is all changed to me."

The offspring nestled to the parent, who gathered her to her bosom and covered her with noiseless kisses.

IV—An Old Acquaintance

An uncle of Shirley Keeldar, Sympson by name, now came with his family to stay at Fieldhead, and accompanying them, as tutor to a crippled son Harry, was Louis Moore, Robert's younger brother.

"Shirley," said Caroline one day as they sat in the summer-house, "you are a singular being. I thought I knew you quite well; I begin to find myself mistaken. Did you know that my cousin Louis was tutor in your uncle's family before the Sympsons came down here?"

"Yes, of course; I knew it well."

"How chanced it that you never mentioned it to me?" asked Caroline. "You knew Mrs. Pryor was my mother, and were silent, and now again here is another secret."

"I never made it a secret; you never asked me who Henry's tutor was, or I would have told you."

"I am puzzled about more things than one in this matter. You don't like poor Louis—why? Do you wish that Robert's brother were more highly placed?"

"Robert's brother, indeed!" was the exclamation in a tone of scorn and, with a movement of proud impatience, Shirley snatched a rose from a branch peeping through the open lattice. "Robert's brother! Robert's brother is a topic on which you and I shall quarrel if we discuss it often; so drop it henceforth and for ever."

She would have understood the meaning of that outburst better if she had heard a conversation in the schoolroom a few days later between Louis Moore and Shirley.

"For two years," he was saying, "I had once a pupil who grew very dear to me. Henry is dear, but she was dearer. Henry never gives me trouble; she—well—she did. She spilt the draught from my cup; and having taken from me my peace of mind and ease of life, she took from me herself, quite coolly—just as if, when she was gone, the world would be all the same to me. At the end of two years it fell out that we encountered again. She received me haughtily; but then she was inconsistent; she tantalised as before. When I thought of her only as a lofty stranger, she would suddenly show me a glimpse of loving simplicity, warm me with such a beam of reviving sympathy that I could no more shut my heart to her image than I could close that door against her presence. Explain why she distressed me so."

"She could not bear to be quite outcast," was the docile reply.

Caroline would have understood still more could she have read what Louis Moore wrote in his diary that night: 'What a child she is sometimes! What an unsophisticated thing! I worship her perfections; but it is her faults, or at least her foibles, that bring her near to me. If I were a king and she were a housemaid, my eye would recognize her qualities.'

Robert Moore had long been absent from Briarfield, and no one knew why he stayed away. It could not be that he was afraid, for he had shown the utmost fearlessness in bringing to justice and transportation the four ringleaders in the attack on the mill. He had now returned, and one day as he rode over Rushedge Moor from Stilbro' market with a bluff neighbour, he unbosomed himself of the reason why he had remained thus long from home.

"I certainly believed she loved me," he said. "I have seen her eyes sparkle when she found me out in a crowd. When my name was uttered she changed countenance; I know she did. She was cordial to me; she took an interest in me; she was anxious about me. I saw power in her; I owed her gratitude. She aided me substantially and effectively with a loan of five thousand pounds. Could I believe she loved me? With an admiration dedicated entirely to myself I smiled at her being the first to love and to show it. That whip of yours seems to have a good heavy handle. Knock me out of the saddle with it if you choose, for I never felt as if nature meant her to be my other and better self. Yet I walked up to Fieldhead and in a hard, firm fashion offered myself—my fine person—with my debts, of course, as a settlement. There was no misunderstanding her aspect and voice as she indignantly ejaculated: 'God bless me!' Her eyes lightened as she said: 'You have pained me; you have outraged me; you have deceived me. I did respect, I did admire, I did like you, and you would immolate me to that mill-stone your Moloch?' I was obliged to say, 'Forgive me!' To which she replied, 'I could if there was not myself to forgive too, but to mislead a sagacious man so far I must have done wrong.' She added, 'I am sorry for what has happened.' So was I, God knows."

It was after this talk that Moore was shot down by a concealed assassin.

V—Love Scenes

On the very night that Robert Moore arrived at his cottage in the Hollow, after being nursed back to life in the house of the neighbour who was with him when he was shot by a fanatical revolutionist, he scribbled a note to ask his cousin Caroline to call, as was her wont before the days of misunderstanding.

"Caroline, you look as if you had heard good tidings," said Robert. "What is the source of the sunshine I perceive about you?"

"For one thing, I am happy in mamma. I love her more every day. And I am glad you are better, and that we are friends."

"Cary, I mean to tell you some day a thing about myself that is not to my credit. I cannot bear that you should think better of me than I deserve."

"But I believe I know all about it. I inferred something, gathered more from rumour, and made out the rest by instinct."

"I wanted to marry Shirley for the sake of her money, and she refused me scornfully; you needn't prick your fingers with your needle, that is the plain truth—and I had not an emotion of tenderness for her."

"Then, Robert, it was very wicked in you to want to marry her."

"And very mean, my little pastor; but, Cary, I had no love to give—no heart that I could call my own."

It is Louis who is once more speaking to Shirley in the schoolroom.

"For the first time, Shirley, I stand before you myself. I fling off the tutor and introduce you to the man. My pupil."

"My master," was the low answer.

"I have to tell you that for five years you have been growing into your tutor's heart, and that you are rooted there now. I have to declare that you have bewitched me, in spite of sense and experience, and difference of station and estate, and that I love you with all my life and strength."

"Dear Louis, be faithful to me; never leave me. I don't care for life unless I pass it at your side." She looked up with a sweet, open, earnest countenance. "Teach me and help me to be good. Show me how to sustain my part. Your judgement is well-balanced; your heart is kind; I know you are wise. Be my companion through life, my guide where I am ignorant, my master where I am faulty."

The Orders in Council are repealed, the blockaded ports are thrown open, and the ringers in Briarfield belfry crack a bell that remains dissonant to this day. Caroline Helstone is in the garden listening to this call to be gay when a hand steals quietly round her waist.

"Caroline," says a manly voice, "I have sought you for an audience. The repeal of the Orders in Council saves me. Now I shall not turn bankrupt, now I shall be no longer poor, now I can pay my debts; now all the cloth I have in my warehouses will be taken off my hands.

This day lays my fortunes on a foundation on which for the first time I can securely build."

"Your heavy difficulties are lifted?"

"They are lifted; I breathe; I can act. Now I can take more workmen, give better wages, be less selfish. Now, Caroline, I can have a home that is truly mine, and seek a wife. Will Caroline forget all I have made her suffer; forget my poor ambition; my sordid schemes? Will she let me prove I can love faithfully? Is Caroline mine?"

His hand was in hers still, and a gentle pressure answered him, "Caroline is yours."

"I love you, Robert," she said simply, and mutely offered a kiss, an offer of which he took unfair advantage.

Novel Theories on the Attainment of Longevity

ELIE METCHNIKOFF

THE PROLONGATION OF LIFE

With a touch of irony that was possibly unintentional, Professor Metchnikoff gave the descriptive sub-title of Optimistic Essays to his book, The Prolongation of Life, which was published in 1907. According to him, man, by taking thought, can add forty years to his biblical span—but all Metchnikoff's elaborate arguments are somewhat discounted by the fact that he himself died at the age of seventy one. To avoid the auto-intoxication to which "many of our minor ills and incapacities and later our degenerations and so-called 'senility'" are partly due, Metchnikoff recommended that sour milk should be made a regular article of diet. He vigorously combats the suggestion of Mr. Fletcher, the well-known advocate of slow mastication, that it is only by conscientious chewing that a man attains to a really advanced age in full possession of his faculties and good health. Although Metchnikoff's theories cannot be accepted in their entirety, many of them are of very considerable importance and interest. An English translation of this work, as also of The Nature of Man (see page 2469) is published by William Heinemann, by whose permission the following outline has been made.

I—Early Old Age is Avoidable



When we study old age in man and the lower animals, we observe certain features common to both. But often among vertebrates there are found animals whose bodies withstand the ravages of time much better than that of man. I think it a fair inference that senility, that precocious senescence which is one of the greatest sorrows of humanity, is not so profoundly seated in the constitution of the higher animals as has generally been supposed. The first facts which we must accept are that human beings who reach extreme old age may preserve their mental qualities, notwithstanding serious physical decay, and that certain of the higher animals can resist the influence of time much longer than is the case with man under present conditions.

Many theories have been advanced regarding the cause of senility. It is certain that many parts of the body continue to thrive and grow even in old age, as, for instance, the nails and hair. But I believe that I have proved that in many parts of the body, especially the higher elements, such as nervous and muscular cells, there is a destruction due to the activity of the white cells of the blood. I have shown also that the blanching of the hair in old age is due to the activity of these white cells, which destroy the hair pigment.

Progressive muscular debility is an accompaniment of old age; physical work is seldom given to men over sixty years of age, as it is notorious that they are less capable of it. Their muscular movements are feebler, and soon bring on fatigue; their actions are slow and painful. Even old men whose mental vigour is unimpaired admit their muscular weakness.

The physical correlate of this condition is an actual atrophy of the muscles. I have found that the cause of this atrophy is the consumption of the muscle fibres by what I call phagocytes, or eating cells, a certain kind of white blood cells.

In the case of certain diseases we find symptoms, which look like precocious

senility, due to the poison of the disease. It is no mere analogy to suppose that human senescence is the result of a slow, but chronic, poisoning of the organism. Such poisons, if not completely destroyed or got rid of, weaken the tissues, the functions of which become altered or enfeebled. But we must make further studies before we can answer the question whether our senescence can be ameliorated.

The duration of the life of animals varies within very wide limits. As a general rule, small animals do not live so long as large ones, but there is no absolute relation between size and longevity, since parrots, ravens and geese live much longer than many mammals, and than some much larger birds. Buffon long ago argued that the total duration of life bore some definite relation to the length of the period of growth, but further inquiry shows that such a relation cannot be established. Nevertheless, there is something intrinsic in each kind of animal which sets a definite limit to the length of years it can attain. The purely physiological conditions which determine this limit leave room for a considerable amount of variation in longevity. Duration of life, therefore, is a character which can be influenced by the environment.

The duration of life in mammals is relatively shorter than in birds and in the so-called cold-blooded vertebrates. No indication as to the cause of this difference can be found elsewhere than in the organs of digestion. Mammals are the only group of vertebrate animals in which the large intestine is much developed. This part of the alimentary canal is not important, for it fulfils no notable digestive function. On the other hand, it accommodates among the intestinal flora many microbes which damage health by poisoning the body with their products. Among the intestinal flora there are many microbes which are inoffensive, but others are known to have pernicious properties, and auto-intoxication, or self-poisoning, is the cause of the ill health which may be traced to their activity. It is indubitable that the intestinal microbes or their poisons may reach the system generally, and bring harm to it.

I infer from the facts that the more the digestive tract is charged with microbes, the more it is a source of harm capable of shortening life. As the large intestine is not only that part of the digestive tube most richly charged with microbes, but is relatively more capacious in mammals than in any other vertebrates, it is a just inference that the duration of life of mammals has been notably shortened as the result of chronic poisoning from an abundant intestinal flora.

It is impossible to accept the view that the high mortality between the ages of seventy and seventy-five indicates a natural limit to human life. The fact that many men from seventy to seventy-five years old are well preserved, both physically and intellectually, makes it impossible to regard that age as the natural limit of human life. Philosophers such as Plato, poets such as Goethe and Victor Hugo, artists such as Michelangelo, Titian and Franz Hals, produced some of their most important works when they had passed what some regard as the limit of life.

Moreover, deaths of people at that age are rarely due to senile debility. Centenarians are really not rare. In France, for instance, nearly 150 centenarians die every year, and extreme longevity is not limited to the white races. Women more frequently become centenarians than men—a fact which supports the general proposition that male mortality is always greater than that of the other sex. Most centenarians have been people who were poor or in humble circumstances, and whose life has been extremely simple.

II—The Study of Natural Death

It is surprising to find how little science really knows about death. By natural death I mean to denote death due to the nature of the organism, and not to disease. We may ask whether natural death really occurs, since death so frequently comes by accident or by disease; and certainly the longevity of many plants is amazing. Such ages as three, four, and five thousand years are attri-

buted to the baobab at Cape Verde, certain cypresses, and the sequoias of California. It is plain that among the lower and higher plants there are cases where natural death does not exist; and, further, so far as I can ascertain, it looks as if poisons produced by their own bodies were the cause of natural death among the higher plants where it does occur.

In the human race cases of what may be called natural death are extremely rare; the death of old people is usually due to infectious disease, particularly pneumonia, or to apoplexy. The close analogy between natural death and sleep supports my view that it is due to an auto-intoxication of the organism, since it is very probable that sleep is due to poisoning by the products of organic activity.

Although the duration of the life of man is one of the longest amongst mammals, men find it too short. Ought we to listen to the cry of humanity that life is too short, and that it will be well to prolong it? If the question were merely one of prolonging the life of old people, without modifying old age itself, the answer would be doubtful.

It must be understood, however, that the prolongation of life will be associated with the preservation of intelligence and of the power to work. When we have reduced or abolished such causes of precocious senility as intemperance and disease, it will no longer be necessary to give pensions at the age of sixty or seventy years. The cost of supporting the old, instead of increasing, will diminish progressively. We must use all our endeavours to allow men to complete their normal course of life, and to make it possible for old men to play their parts as advisers and judges, endowed with their long experience of life.

FROM time immemorial suggestions have been made for the prolongation of life. Many elixirs have been sought and supposed to have been found, but general hygienic measures have been the most successful in prolonging life and in lessening the ills of old age. That is the teaching of Sir Herman Weber, himself of very great age, who advises general hygienic principles, and especially moderation in all respects. He advises us to avoid alcohol and other stimulants, as well as narcotics and soothing drugs.

Certainly the prolongation of life which has come to pass in recent centuries must be attributed to the advance of hygiene; and if hygiene was able to prolong life when little developed, as was the case until recently, we may well believe that with our greater knowledge a much better result will be obtained.

III—The Use of Lactic Acid

THE general measures of hygiene directed against infectious diseases play a part in prolonging life; but, in addition to the microbes which invade the body from outside, there is a rich source of harm in microbes which inhabit the body.

The most important of these belong to the intestinal flora. Now, the attempt to destroy the intestinal microbes by the use of chemical agents has little chance of success, and the intestine itself may be harmed more than the microbes. If, however, we observe the new-born child we find that, when suckled by its mother, its intestinal microbes are very different and much fewer than if it be fed with cows' milk. I am strongly convinced that it is advantageous to protect ourselves by cooking all kinds of food which, like cows' milk, are exposed to the air.

It is well-known that other means as, for instance, the use of lactic acid—will prevent food outside the body from going bad. Now, as lactic fermentation serves so well to arrest putrefaction in general, why should it not be used for the same purpose within the digestive tube? It has been clearly proved that the microbes which produce lactic acid can, and do, control the growth of other microbes within the body.

From time immemorial human beings have absorbed quantities of lactic microbes by consuming in the uncooked condition substances such as soured milk, kephir, *sauerkraut*, or salted cucumbers, which have undergone lactic fermentation. By these means they have unknowingly lessened the evil consequences of intestinal putrefaction. The fact that so many

races make soured milk and use it copiously is an excellent testimony to its usefulness, and critical inquiry shows that longevity, with few traces of senility, is conspicuous among peoples who use sour milk extensively.

If it be true that our precocious old age is due to poisoning of the tissues, the greater part of the poison coming from the large intestine, inhabited by numberless microbes, it is clear that agents which arrest intestinal putrefaction must at the same time postpone and ameliorate old age. This theoretical view is confirmed by the collection of facts regarding races which live chiefly on soured milk.

IV—An Ideal Old Age

As I have shown in The Nature of Man, the human constitution as it exists to-day, being the result of a long evolution and containing a large animal element, cannot furnish the basis of rational morality. The conception which has come down from antiquity to modern times of a harmonious activity of all the organs is no longer appropriate to mankind. Organs which are in course of atrophy must not be reawakened, and many natural characters which, perhaps, were useful in the case of animals, must be made to disappear in men.

Human nature, which, like the constitutions of other organisms, is subject to evolution, must be modified according to a definite ideal. Just as a gardener or stock-raiser is not content with the existing nature of the plants and animals with which he is occupied, but modifies them to suit his purposes, so also the scientific philosopher must not think of existing human nature as immutable, but must try to modify it for the advantage of mankind. To modify the nature of plants, it is necessary to understand them well, and it is necessary to have an ideal to be aimed at. In the case of mankind the ideal of human nature towards which we ought to press may be formed.

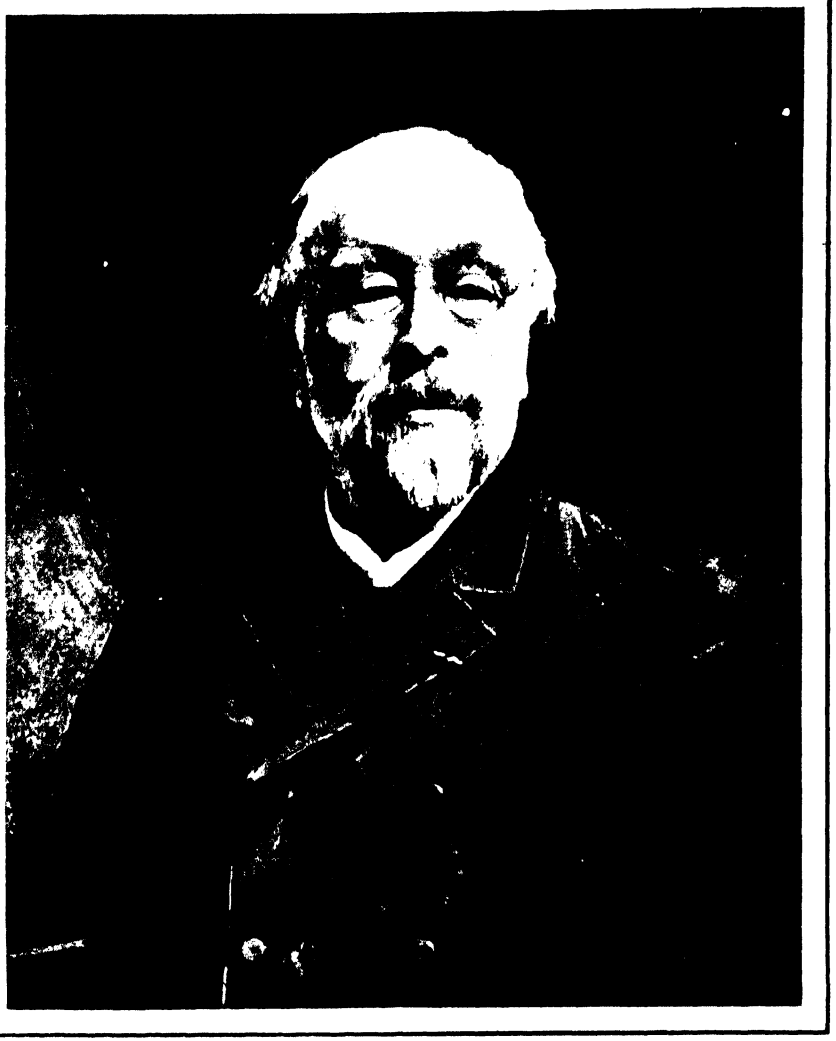
In my opinion, this ideal is 'orthobiosis'—that is to say, the development of human life so that it passes through a long period of old age in active and vigorous health, leading to a final period in which there shall be present a sense of satiety of life and a wish for death.

Varied and profound knowledge is the first requisite for the ideal of moral conduct. It is necessary not only to know the structure and functions of the human organism, but to have exact ideas on human life as it is in society. Scientific knowledge is so indispensable for moral conduct that ignorance must be placed among the most immoral acts. A mother who rears her child in defiance of good hygiene, from want of knowledge, is acting immorally towards her offspring, notwithstanding her feeling of sympathy. And this also is true of a government which remains in ignorance of the laws which regulate human life and human society.

If the human race comes to adopt the principles of orthobiosis, a considerable change in the qualities of men of different ages will follow. Old age will be postponed so much that men of from sixty to seventy years of age will retain their vigour, and will not require to ask assistance in the fashion now necessary. On the other hand, young men of twenty-one years of age will no longer be thought mature or ready to fulfil functions so difficult as taking a share in public affairs.

It is easily intelligible that in the new conditions such modern idols as universal suffrage, public opinion, and the referendum, in which the ignorant masses are called on to decide questions which demand varied and profound knowledge, will last no longer than the old idols. The progress of human knowledge will bring about the replacement of such institutions by others in which applied morality will be controlled by the really competent persons. I permit myself to suppose that in these times scientific training will be much more general than it is now.

Our intelligence informs us that man is capable of much, and, therefore, we hope that he may be able to modify his own nature and transform his disharmonies into harmonies. It is only human will that can attain this ideal.



Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, French historian and literary critic, was born on April 21, 1828. After a remarkably brilliant career at school and college, he held professorships of gradually diminishing degrees of importance before he wrote his Journey in the Pyrenees in 1854, and so entered upon a literary career. There followed in rapid succession French Philosophers, Critical and Historical Essays, and La Fontaine and his Fables. By 1800, Taine had the satisfaction of having had his opinions attacked in many important reviews, and his position in the front rank of contemporary critics was officially recognized by his being appointed professor of the history of art and aesthetics at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Many later historical, critical and philosophical works, among which the most important are the History of English Literature and The Origins of Contemporary France, further enhanced his great reputation. All Taine's writings show his belief in the supreme importance of scientific methods of history and criticism. He died March 5, 1803. This portrait is from the painting by Bonnat.

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

IT is usually profoundly uncomfortable to 'see ourself's as others see us,' but in Taine's History of English Literature (1863-64), there is little that can outrage the preconceived opinions of Englishmen on their national literature, unless it be his treatment of Milton. Despite the thoughtfulness of the History, and the vigour and brilliance of the style, it is nevertheless marred by Taine's view that any man could best be judged by considering his life, his thought and his works with reference to three things—his race, his epoch and his environment—a formula which Taine applied blindly and not altogether consistently. Sainte-Beuve has suggested that the work is really 'a history of the English civilization and race illustrated by the literature'; but, notwithstanding, it is one of the most original, suggestive and sympathetic studies of English literature that have ever been written. An English translation is published by Chatto & Windus.

I—Saxon and Norman



HISTORY has been revolutionised by the study of literatures. A work of literature is now perceived not to be a solitary caprice, but a transcript of contemporary manners, from which we may read the style of man's feelings for centuries back. By the study of a literature one may construct a moral history, the psychology of a people. To find a complete literature is rare. Only ancient Greece and modern France and England offer a complete series of great literary monuments. I have chosen England because it is alive, and one can see it with more detachment than one can see France.

Huge white bodies, cool-blooded, with fierce blue eyes, reddish flaxen hair; ravenous stomachs filled with meat and cheese, and heated by strong drinks; a cold temperament, slow to love, home-stayers, prone to drunkenness—these are, to this day, the features which descent and climate preserve to the English race. The heavy human brute loves strife for strife's sake and gluts himself with sensations and noise, and this appetite finds a grazing-ground in blows and battle.

The Norman conquerors of France had, by intermarriage, become a Latin race, and nimbly educated themselves from the Gauls, who boasted of 'talking with ease.' When they crossed to England they introduced new manners and a new spirit. They taught the Saxon how ideas fall in order, and which ideas are agreeable; they taught him how to be clear, amusing and pungent. At length, after long impotence of Norman literature, which was content to copy, and Saxon literature, which bore no fruit, a definite language was attained and there was room for a great writer.

Then Geoffrey Chaucer appeared, inventive though a disciple, original though a translator, and by his genius, education and life was enabled to know and depict a whole world, but, above all, to satisfy the chivalric world and the splendid courts which shone upon the heights. He belonged to it, and took such part in it that his life from end to end was that of a man of the world and a man of action.

There is something more pleasant than a fine narrative, and that is a collection of fine narratives, especially when the narratives are all of different colouring. This collection Chaucer gave us, and more. If over-excited, he is always graceful, polished, full of light banter, half mockeries, somewhat gossipy; an elegant speaker, facile, ever ready to smile, he makes of love not a passion, but a gay feast. But if he was romantic and gay after the fashion of his age, he also had a fashion of his own. He observes characters, notes their differences, studies the coherence of their parts, brings forward living and distinct persons—a thing unheard of in his time.

It is the English grand sense and aptitude for seeing the inside of things beginning to appear. Chaucer ceases to gossip, and thinks. Each tale is suited to the teller. Instead of surrendering himself to the facility of glowing improvisation, he plans. He advanced beyond the threshold of his art, but he paused in the vestibule. He half opens the door of the temple, but does not take his seat there. His voice is like that of a boy breaking into manhood. He sets out as if to quit the Middle Ages; but in the end he is still there.

II—The Renaissance, Spenser and the Theatre

For seventeen centuries a deep and sad thought had weighed upon the spirit of man—the idea of his impotence and decadence. Greek corruption, Roman oppression and the dissolution of the old world had given it birth; it, in its turn, had produced a stoical resignation, an epicurean indifference, Alexandrian mysticism and the Christian hope in the Kingdom of God. At last invention makes another start. All was renewed. America and the Indies were added to the map. The system of the universe was propounded, the experimental sciences were set on foot, art and literature shot forth like a harvest and religion was transformed. It seemed as though men had suddenly opened their eyes and seen. They obtained a new and superior kind of intelligence, which produced extraordinary warmth of soul, a superabundant and splendid imagination, reveries, visions, artists, believers, creators.

This was Europe's grand age, and the most notable epoch of human growth. To this day we live from its sap. To vent the feelings, to set free boldly on all the roads of existence the pack of appetites and instincts; this was the craving which the manners of the time betrayed. It was 'Merry England,' as they called it, then. It was not yet stern and constrained. A few sectarians, chiefly in the towns, clung gloomily to the Bible; but the court and men of the world sought their teachers and their heroes from pagan Greece and Rome.

Nearer still was another paganism, that of Italy, and civilization was drawn thence as from a spring. Transplanted into different races and climates, this paganism received from each a distinct character—in England it becomes English. Here Surrey—the English Petrarch—introduced a new style, a manly style, which marks a great transformation of the mind. He looks forward to the last line whilst writing the first, and keeps the strongest word for the last. He collects his phrases in harmonious periods and by his inversions adds force to his ideas. Those who have ideas now possess in the new-born art an instrument capable of expressing them. In half a century English writers had introduced every artifice of language, period and style.

Among all the poems of this time there is one truly divine—Spenser's Faerie Queene. Everything in his life was calculated to lead Spenser to ideal poetry; but the heart within was the true poet. Before all, his was a soul captivated by sublime and chaste beauty. Philosophy and landscapes, ceremonies and ornaments, splendours of the country and the court—on all that he painted or thought, he impressed his inward nobleness. Spenser remains calm in the fervour of invention. He is epic—that is, a narrator. No modern is more like Homer. Like Homer, he is always simple and clear; he makes no leap, he omits no argument, he preserves the natural sequence of ideas while presenting noble classical images.

To expand his epic faculties in the region where his soul is naturally borne he requires an ideal stage, situated beyond the bounds of reality, in a world which could never be. His most genuine sentiments are fairy-like; magic is the mould of his mind. He carries everything that he looks upon into an enchanted land. Only the world of chivalry could have furnished materials for so elevated a fancy. It is the beauty in the poet's heart which his whole work strives to express, a noble yet laughing beauty, English in sentiment, Italian in externals, chivalric in subject, representing a unique epoch, the appearance of paganism in a Christian race, and the worship of form by an imagination of the north.

The theatre was the special product of the English renaissance. If ever there was a living and natural work, it is here. There were already seven theatres in Shakespeare's time, so brisk and universal was the taste for representations. The inborn instincts of the people had not been tamed. We hear from the stage, as from the history of the times, the fierce murmur of all the passions. Not one of them was lacking.

The poets who established the drama carried in themselves the sentiments which the drama represented. Greene, Marlowe and the rest were ill regulated, passionate, outrageously vehement and audacious. The drama is found in Marlowe as a plant in the seed, and Marlowe was a primitive man, the slave of his passions, the sport of his dreams. Shakespeare, Beaumont, Jonson, Webster, Massinger, Ford, appear close upon each other, a new and favoured generation, flourishing in the soil fertilised by the efforts of the generation which preceded them. The characters they produced were such as either excite terror by their violence or pity by their grace. Passion ravages all around when their tragic figures are on the stage; and contrasted with them is a troop of sweet and timid figures, tender before everything, and the most love-worthy it has been given to man to depict.

When a new civilization brings a new art to light there are about a dozen men of talent who express the general idea surrounding one or two men of genius who express it thoroughly. The first constitute the chorus, the other the leaders. The leaders in this movement are Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

Ben Jonson was a genuine Englishman, big and coarsely framed, combative, proud, often morose, prone to strange splenetic imaginations. His knowledge was vast. In an age of great scholars, he was one of the best classics of his time. Other poets for the most part are visionaries; Jonson is all but a logician. Whatever he undertakes, whatever be his faults, haughtiness, rough handling, predilection for morality and the past, he is never little or commonplace. Even when he grew old, his imagination remained abundant and fresh. He is the brother of Shakespeare.

III—Shakespeare, Milton and the Christian Renaissance

ONLY this great age could have cradled such a child as Shakespeare. What a soul! What extent of action, and what sovereignty of an unique faculty! What diverse creations, and what persistence of the same impress! Look now. Do you not see the poet behind the crowd of his creations? They have all shown somewhat of him. Ready, impetuous, impassioned, delicate, his genius is pure imagination, touched more vividly and by slighter things than ours. Hence his style, blooming with exuberant images, loaded with exaggerated metaphors. An extraordinary species of mind, all-powerful, excessive, equally master of the sublime and the base, the most creative that ever engaged in the exact copy of the details of actual existence, in the dazzling caprice of fancy, in the profound complications of superhuman passions; a nature inspired, superior to reason, extreme in joy and pain, abrupt of gait, stormy and impetuous in its transports!

Shakespeare imagines with copiousness and excess. He spreads metaphors profusely over all he writes; it is a series of paintings which is unfolded in his mind; picture on picture, image on image, he is for ever copying the strange and splendid visions which are heaped up within him. Such an imagination must needs be vehement. Every metaphor is a convulsion. Shakespeare's style is a compound of furious expressions. He never sees things tranquilly. Like a fiery and powerful horse, he bounds, but cannot run. He flies, we creep. He is obscure and original beyond all the poets of his or any other age—the most immoderate of all violators of language, the most marvellous of all creators of souls. The critic is lost in Shakespeare as in an immense town; he can only describe a few monuments and entreat the reader to imagine the city.

Following the pagan came the Christian renaissance, born of the reformation, a new birth, in harmony with the genius of the Germanic peoples. It must be admitted that the reformation entered England by a side door. It was established when Henry VIII permitted the English Bible to be

published. England had her book. Hence have sprung much of the English language and half of the English manners; to this day the country is Biblical.

After the Bible, the book most widely read in England is the Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan. It is a manual of devotion for the use of simple folk. In it we hear a man of the people speaking to the people, who would render intelligible to all the terrible doctrine of damnation and salvation. Allegory is natural to Bunyan. He employs it from necessity. He only grasps truth when it is made simple by images. Bunyan is a poet because he is a child. He has the freedom, the tone, the ease, the clearness of Homer. He and Milton survived as the two last poets of the reformation, oppressed and insulted; but their work continued without noise, for the ideal they raised was, after all, that which the clime suggested and the race demanded.

JOHN MILTON was not one of those fevered souls whose rapture takes them by fits and whose inquietude condemns them to paint the contradictions of passion. His mind was lucid, his imagination limited. He does not create souls, but constructs arguments. Emotions and arguments are arranged beneath a unique sentiment — that of the sublime and the broad river of lyric poetry streams from him with even flow, splendid as a cloth of gold.

Against external fluctuations he found a refuge in himself; and the ideal city which he had built in his soul endured, impregnable to all assaults. He believed in the sublime with the whole force of his nature and the whole authority of his logic. I have before me the formidable volume in which his prose works were collected. What a book! The chairs creak when you place it upon them. Now, we cannot fix our attention on the same point for a page at a time. We require manageable ideas; we have disused the big two-handed sword of our forefathers. If Michelangelo's prophets could speak it would be in Milton's style. Overloaded with ornaments, infinitely prolonged, these periods are triumphant choruses of angelic alleluias sung by deep voices to the accompaniment of ten thousand harps of gold. But is he truly a prose writer? Entangled dialectics, a heavy and awkward mind, fanatical and ferocious provincialism, the blast and the temerities of implacable passion, the sublimity of religious and lyric exaltation —we do not recognize in these features a man born to explain, persuade and prove.

As a poet Milton wrote, not by impulse, but like a man of letters, with the assistance of books, seeing objects as much through previous writings as in themselves, adding to his images the images of others, borrowing and recasting their inventions. He made thus for himself a composite and brilliant style, less natural than that of his precursors, less fit for effusions, less akin to the lively first glow of sensation, but more solid, more regular, more capable of concentrating in one large patch of light all their sparklings and splendours. He compacted and ennobled the poets' domain.

When, however, seventeen years of fighting and misfortune had steeped his soul in religious ideas, mythology yielded to theology, the habit of discussion subdued the lyric flight. The poet no more sings sublime verse; he harangues in grave verse. He gives us correct, solemn discourses. Adam and Eve, the first pair! I listen and hear two reasoners of the period—Colonel Hutchinson and his wife. Heavens! Dress them at once. Folks so cultivated should have invented, before all, a pair of trousers and modesty. This Adam entered paradise *via* England. There he learnt respectability and moral speechifying. Adam is your true paterfamilias, with a vote, an old Oxford man, consulted at need by his wife, and dealing out to her with prudent measure the scientific explanations which she requires. The flow of dissertations never pauses.

WHEN we take in in one view the vast literary region of England, extending from the restoration of the Stewarts to the French Revolution, we perceive that all the productions bear a classical impress, such as is met with neither in the preceding nor in the succeeding time. This classical art finds its centre in the neighbours of Pope, and above all in Pope, whose favourite author was Dryden, of all English poets the least inspired and the

most classical. Pope gave himself up to versification. He did not write because he thought, but he thought in order to write. I wish I could admire his works of imagination, but I cannot. I know the machinery. There is, however, a poet in Pope, and to discover him we have only to read him in fragments. Each verse in Pope is a masterpiece if taken alone. There is a classical architecture of ideas, and of all the masters who have practised it in England Pope is the most skilled.

IV—The Modern Spirit

THE spirit of the modern revolution broke out first in a Scotch peasant, Robert Burns. Scarcely ever was seen together more of misery and talent. Burns cries out in favour of instinct and joy. Love was his main business. In him, for the first time, a poet spoke as men speak, or rather as they think, without premeditation, with a mixture of all styles. Burns was much in advance of his age, and the life of men in advance of their age is not wholesome. He died; worn out, at thirty-seven. In him old narrow moralities give place to the wide sympathy of the modern man.

Now appeared the English romantic school. Among the multitude of its writers we may distinguish Southey, a clever man, a producer of decorative poems to suit the fashion; Coleridge, a poor fellow who had steeped himself in mystical theories; Thomas Moore, a witty railer; and Walter Scott, the favourite of his age, who was read over the whole of Europe, was almost equalled to Shakespeare, had more popularity than Voltaire, earned about two hundred thousand pounds, and taught us all history. Scott gave to Scotland a citizenship of literature. Scott loves men from the bottom of his heart. By his fundamental honesty and his wide humanity Walter Scott was the Homer of modern life.

When the philosophical spirit passed from Germany to England, transformed itself and became Anglican, or deformed itself and became revolutionary, it produced a Wordsworth, a Byron, a Shelley. Wordsworth, a new Cowper, with less talent and more ideas, was essentially an interior man, engrossed by the concerns of the soul. To such men life becomes a grave business, on which we must incessantly and scrupulously reflect. Wordsworth was a wise and happy man, a thinker and dreamer, who read and walked and listened in deep calm to his own thoughts. The peace was so great, within him and around him, that he could perceive the imperceptible. He saw grandeur and beauty in the trivial events which weave the woof of our most commonplace days. His Excursion is like a Protestant temple—august, though bare and monotonous.

Shelley, one of the greatest poets of the age, beautiful as an angel, of extraordinary precocity, sweet, generous, tender, overflowing with gifts of heart, mind, birth and fortune, marred his life by introducing into his conduct the enthusiastic imagination he should have kept for his verse. His world is beyond our own. We move in it between heaven and earth, in abstraction, dreamland, symbolism. Shelley loved deserts and solitary places where man enjoys the pleasure of believing infinite what he sees—infinite as his soul. Verily there is a soul in everything; in the universe is a soul; ever beyond the sensible form shines a secret essence and something divine which we catch sight of by sublime illuminations, never reaching or penetrating it. The poets hear the great heart of nature beat; they would reach it. One alone, Byron, succeeds.

I HAVE reserved for the last the greatest and most English artist, from whom we may learn more truths of his country and of his age than from all the rest. All styles appear dull and all souls sluggish by the side of Byron's. No such great poet has had so narrow an imagination. They are his own sorrows, his own revolts, his own travels, which, hardly transformed and modified, he introduces into his verses. He never could make a poem save of his own heart. If Goethe was the poet of the universe, Byron was the poet of the individual: and if the German genius found its interpretation in the one, the English genius found its interpretation in the other.

WILLIAM COWPER

THE TASK

ALTHOUGH he cannot be classed with the great poets, *William Cowper nevertheless occupies a* place of considerable importance in English literary history. Among his serious poems, The Task (1785) and a few shorter pieces will always be read for their serene beauty, which is all the more effective because it alternates with passages of great enthusiasm, indignation and melancholy that recall to our minds Cowper's unfortunate periodical fits of insanity, while John Gilpin is one of the happiest, drollest pieces of verse in the English language. But Cowper's great achievement is his partial emancipation from the cramping bonds of the Augustan poetic tradition. Throughout his works, and especially in The Task, there is evidence of the spirit that was to animate the Romantic movement. The language is simple and more unaffected, and the thought more buoyant, and expressed with an unclassical warmth that makes it seem more sincere. A selection of the charming letters of William Cowper appears at page 663 of *The World's Great Books.*

I—The Sofa



I SING the sofa. I, who lately sang
Truth, Hope and Charity, and touched with awe
The solemn chords, and, with a trembling hand,
Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme;
The theme though humble, yet august and proud
The occasion -for the fair commands the song.

[After giving an account of how necessity invented stools, convenience the elbow-chair, and luxury the sofa, the poet rejoices that he is not confined to indolent pleasures. He describes the charms of a rural walk, amid rural sights and sounds. He watches the labourer at work and dwells upon nature's demand for activity.]

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel
That Nature rides upon maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves;
Its own revolvency upholds the world.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious; oceans, rivers, lakes and streams,
All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleansed
By restless undulation; even the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm;
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
The impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder. But the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns;
More firm below, the more disturbed above.
The law by which all creatures else are bound
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause:
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.

[Lovely is art, continues the poet; but is not nature far lovelier? He contrasts the unnatural gaiety of dissipation with the natural gaiety of innocence. Civilization, with its freedom and culture, should be the nurse of virtue; yet too often is it otherwise in cities. In cities virtue cannot triumph; it can only flee.]

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder, then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?
Possess ye, therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only ye can shine,
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve
The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes: the thrush departs
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, what enemies would ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure soon to fall.

II—The Timepiece

[The poet's heart is wrung by the tales of outrage inflicted by man upon man that daily reach his ears.]

HE finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own, and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause,
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else,

Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?

[Yet these sins are committed at a time when God reveals His wrath against mankind by awful signs and portents. 'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,' but England's faults are deep and deadly. The poet bitterly satirises the luxury that emasculates the navy and destroys national honour. But what vice, asks the poet, has ever been subdued by satire? It is the pulpit that should be the most effective guard of virtue's cause; but the pulpit, alas! is perverted by affectation and love of applause. The preacher, stuffed with vanity, and putting forth the love of philosophy in preference to the word of Christ, fails utterly to censure the extravagances and follies that prey upon society.]

Now basket up the family of plagues
That waste our vitals; peculation, sale
Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds
By forgery, by subterfuge of law,
By tricks and lies as numerous and as keen
As the necessities their authors feel;
Then cast them, closely bundled, every brat
At the right door. Profusion is its sire . . .
Profusion, deluging a state with lusts
Of grossest nature and of worse effects,
Prepares it for its ruin; hardens, blinds
And warps the consciences of public men,
Till they can laugh at virtue, mock the fools
That trust them, and in the end disclose a face
That would have shocked credulity herself,
Unmasked, vouchsafing this their sole excuse —
Since all alike are selfish, why not they?

[This accursed cause of mischief has itself a cause. It is the lack of discipline at the universities—the poet maintains—and consequent idleness and degradation that ruin the pastors, and through the pastors their flocks.]

III—The Garden

[Now the poet changes his theme, and treads 'a cleanlier road.' Since pulpits fail, to what purpose cracks he his satiric whip? Let him sing the pleasures of the country and of home.]

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
Thou art not known where pleasure is adored,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield

[In former days men shunned offenders against purity and honour. Now, so candid and so tolerant have men become, forsooth, that evil-doers are safe from censure. The poet surveys in his retirement the delusive dreams of men; how they labour to build up systems of history and philosophy that pass into nothingness because they ignore the eternal truths of God.]

God never meant that man should scale the heavens
By strides of human wisdom. In His works
Though wondrous, He commands us in His word
To seek Him rather where His mercy shines.
The mind, indeed, enlightened from above,
Views Him in all; ascribes to the grand cause
The grand effect; acknowledges with joy
His manner, and with rapture tastes His style.
But never yet did philosophic tube,
That brings the planets home into the eye
Of observation, and discovers, else
Not visible, His family of worlds,
Discover Him that rules them; such a veil
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
And dark in things divine.

[The poet discourses at length on the innocent pleasures of the garden and the greenhouse. Why, he asks, does nature lack admirers? Why are the country mansions deserted by their owners, drawn by ambition, avarice and lust of pleasure to London, the abode of public corruption and private vice? London has many righteous men. Well for her that she has, else Sodom's fate would surely fall upon her.]

IV—The Winter Evening

[Hark! the horn of the postman, light-hearted messenger of grief to many, of joy to few. The newspaper has come.]

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

[The poet now peeps through the loopholes of retreat, by means of the newspaper, into the busy world beyond. He then addresses winter.]

O winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled,

Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and by thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st! . . .
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening know.

[The simple pleasures of a rural winter evening are contrasted by the poet with the glare and luxury of the town. He reflects on the winter hardships of the honest poor; mourns the degeneracy of the country folk—and ends by expressing the belief that, despite all corruption, the love of nature is in every man's heart. Do we not see it revealed in the gardens and window-boxes of the towns?]

V—The Winter Morning Walk

'Tis morning; and the sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires the horizon; while the clouds
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From every herb and every spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field. . . .
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners where the fence
Screens them, and seem, half-petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder, not like hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied, but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.

[The poet marvels at the beauty of a frost-bound waterfall, and contrasts it with the artificial splendours of the imperial ice-palace on the Neva. 'Great princes have great playthings,' and the greatest of their playthings is war. He traces war back to Cain's murder of his brother, and shows how war gave birth to the king. He condemns despotism, and compares it with honourable rule over a free people.]

Whose freedom is by sufrance, and at will
Of a superior, he is never free.
Who lives, and is not weary of, a life
Exposed to manacles, deserves them well.
The state that strives for liberty, though foiled,
And forced t' abandon what she bravely sought,
Deserves at least applause for her attempt,
And pity for her loss. But that's a cause
Not often unsuccessful; power usurped
Is weakness when opposed; conscious of wrong,
'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.
But slaves that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for: spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger, and united hearts—
The surest presage of the good they seek.

[Shameful to manhood, then, is the 'abode of broken hearts,' the Bastille.]

There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,
Immured, though unaccused, condemned, untried,
Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape! . . .
Oh, comfortless existence, hemmed around
With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel
And beg for exile or the pangs of death?
That man should thus encroach on fellow-man
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon the endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him for, perhaps, a heedless word
To barrenness, and solitude and tears,
Moves indignation, makes the name of king
(Of king whom such prerogative can please),
As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.

[Liberty alone gives lustre and perfume to the flower of life. But the best liberty is one that no oppression can take away—liberty of heart, bought with the blood of Christ, the deliverer of mankind from the slavery of sin. The soul who sees God can learn from nature. From Him come all gifts that soothe the life of man.]

But, O Thou bounteous giver of all good!
Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown;
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away!

VI—The Winter Walk At Noon

['There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,' and the ringing of the village bells brings clear memories to the poet's mind—memories, especially, of his father, whose kind sternness he had misunderstood.]

But not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stolen away the slighted good
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amiss,
And seeking grace to improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.

[The winter noon has the warmth of May; the sky is cloudlessly blue, the scene below white, without a speck.]

No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed;
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grows without his books. . . .
What prodigies can power divine perform
More grand than it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man?
Familiar with the effect, we slight the cause,
And in the constancy of nature's course,
The regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,
See naught to wonder at.

[Reflection on the yearly re-awakening of trees and flowers leads the poet to a concise and culminating statement of his belief as to the relation of God to nature.]

From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is nature's progress when she lectures man
In heavenly truth, evincing as she makes
The grand transition that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.

[Man praises man, but let it be the poet's part to praise nature, and to prophesy the coming of the age of universal harmony and love among created things. Happiest now is he who, in his life of retired and tranquil contemplation, 'shows something of that happier life to come.']

So glide my life away! and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfilled,
May some [illegible] disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf that I have often trod. . . .
But all is in His hand whose praise I seek.
In vain the poet sings, and the world hears,
If He regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of the minstrel's lyre,
To charm His ear whose eye is on the heart,
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation prosper even mine.

Racy Story of an Historic Exploration

JOHN HANNING SPEKE

DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF THE NILE

WHILE exploring the regions round Lake Tanganyika with Richard Burton in 1858, Speke came to the conclusion that Victoria Nyanza was the source of the Nile, but he had to return to England without being able to test the accuracy of his conjectures. Under the direction of the Royal Geographical Society, however, he set out again for Victoria Nyanza in 1859, accompanied by Captain J. A. Grant. The Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile is Speke's account of the adventurous journey (for Grant's, see A Walk Across Africa, page 2985), and, besides being written in an extremely able and interesting manner, contains a mass of valuable data, geographical, zoological and ethnological. Many of the deductions that Speke made from his discoveries were challenged when his book appeared but have subsequently been proved correct. The Discovery of the Source of the Nile is included in Everyman's Library.

I—The Beginnings in the Black Man's Land



I STARTED on my third expedition in Africa, to prove that the Victoria Nyanza was the source of the Nile, on May 9, 1854, under the direction of the Royal Geographical Society, and Captain Grant, an old friend and brother sportsman in India, asked to accompany me. After touching at the Cape and East London we made our first acquaintance with the Zulu Kaffirs at Delagoa Bay, and on August 15 we reached our destination, Zanzibar. Here I engaged my men, paying a year's wages in advance, and anyone who saw the grateful avidity with which they took the money and pledged themselves to serve me faithfully would think I had a first rate set of followers.

At last we made a start and, reaching Uzaramo, my first occupation was to map the country by timing the rate of march with a watch, taking compass bearings, and ascertaining by boiling a thermometer the altitude above the sea level, and the latitude by the meridian of a star, taken

with a sextant, comparing the lunar distances with the Nautical Almanac. After long marching I made a halt to send back some specimens, my camera and a few of the sickliest of my men, and then entered Usagara, which includes all the country between Kingani and Mgéta rivers east, and Ugogo, the first plateau west—a distance of one hundred miles. Here water is obtainable throughout the year, and where slave hunts do not disturb the industry of the people cultivation thrives, but these troubles constantly occur, and the meagre looking wretches, spiritless and shy, retreat to the hill tops at the sight of a stranger.

At this point Baraka, the head of my Wanguana (emancipated slaves), became discontented; ambition was fast making a fiend of him, and I promoted Frij in his place. Shortly afterwards my Hottentots suffered much from sickness and Captain Grant was seized with fever. In addition to these difficulties we found that avarice, that fatal enemy to the negro chiefs, made them overreach themselves by exorbitant demands for taxes, for experience will not teach the negro, who thinks only for the moment. The curse of Noah sticks to these his grandchildren by Ham; they require a government like ours in India, and without it the slave trade will wipe them off the face of the earth.

We travelled slowly with our sick Hottentot lashed to a donkey; the man died when we halted, and we buried him with Christian honours. As his comrades said, he died because he had determined to die an instance of that obstinate fatalism in their mulish temperament which no kind words or threats can cure.

After crossing the hilly Usagara range, leaving the great famine lands behind, we camped on November 24 in the Ugogo country, which has a wild aspect well in keeping with the natives who occupy it, and carry arms intended for use rather than show. They live in flat-topped square villages, are fond of ornaments, impulsive by nature and avaricious. They pester travellers, jeering, quizzing and pointing at them on the road, and in camp intrusively forcing their way into the tents.

In January, after many very trying experiences, we arrived at Unyamuézi—the Country of the Moon—with which the Hindus, before the Christian era, had commercial dealings in ivory and slaves. The natives are wanting in pluck and gallantry, the whole tribe are desperate smokers and greatly given to drink. Here some Arabs came to pay their respects; they told me what I had said about the Nyanza being the source of the Nile would turn out all right, as all the people in the north knew that when the Nyanza rose the stream rushed with such violence it tore up islands and floated them away. By the end of March we had crossed the forests, forded the Quandé nullah, and entered the rich, flat district of Mininga, where the gingerbread palm grows abundantly.

During my stay with Musa, the king, at Kazé, who had shown himself friendly on a previous expedition, I underwent some trying experiences in trying to mediate between two rival rulers, Snay and Manua Séra, between whom there was continual wrangle and conflict. On one occasion Musa, who was suffering from a sharp illness, to prove to me that he was bent on leaving Kazé the same time as myself, began eating what he called his training pills—small dried buds of roses with alternate bits of sugar candy. Ten of these buds, he said, eaten dry, were sufficient, especially after having been boiled in rice water or milk.

Struggling on, faced by the thievish sultans and followed by my train of quarrelling servants, I at last reached Uzinza, which is ruled by a Wahuma chief of Abyssinian stock, and here I found the petty chiefs quite as extortionate in extorting hongo (tax) as others. To add to my troubles, which already were sufficiently disturbing, a new leader I had previously engaged, called 'The Pig,' gave me great annoyance, causing a mutiny amongst my men. Some were saying, "They were the flesh and I was the knife; I cut and did with them just what I liked, and they couldn't stand it any longer." However, they had to stand it, and it was not very long before I brought them to reason.

II—Travel Difficulties and a King's Hospitality

A BAD cough began to trouble me so much that whilst mounting a hill I blew and grunted like a broken-winded horse, and during an enforced halt at Lumérési's village I was in constant pain, so much that lying down became impossible. This chief tried to plunder and detain me, and Baraka, my principal man, began to grow discontented because in my intention to push on to Karagué I was acting against impossibilities.

"Impossibilities!" I said. "What is impossible? Could I not go on as a servant with the first caravan, or buy up a whole caravan if I liked? What is impossible? For God's sake, don't try any more to frighten my men, for you have nearly killed me already in doing so."

My troubles did not end here. A letter came in from Grant, whom I had left behind through sickness, that his caravan had been attacked and wrecked, and he was, as Baraka had heard, in sore straits. However, to my inexpressible joy, a short time afterwards Grant appeared.

November 16 found us rattling on again, as merry as larks, over the red sandstone formation. We entered a fine forest at a stiff pace until we arrived at the head of a deep valley, called Lohugati, which was so beautiful we instinctively pulled up to admire it. Deep down its well-wooded side was a stream of most inviting aspect for a trout-fisher, flowing towards the Nyanza. Just beyond it, the valley was clothed with fine trees and luxuriant vegetation of all descriptions, amongst which were conspicuous the pretty pandana palm and rich gardens of plantains, whilst thistles of extraordinary size and wild indigo were the common weeds.

Nothing could be more agreeable than our stay at Karagué, our next stopping place, where we found Rumanika, its intelligent king, sitting in a wrapper made of antelope's skin, smiling blandly as we approached him. He talked of the geography of the lake, and by his invitation we crossed the Spur to the Ingézi Kagéra side, showing by actual navigation the connexion of these highland lakes with the rivers which drain the various spurs of the Mountains of the Moon.

Rumanika also told me that in Rúnda there existed pygmies who lived in trees, but occasionally came down at night and, listening at the hut-doors of the men, would wait till they heard the name of one of its inmates, when they would call him out and, firing an arrow into his heart, disappear in the same way as they came. After a long and amusing conversation, I was introduced to his sister-in-law, a wonder of obesity, unable to stand, except on all fours. Meanwhile the daughter, a lass of sixteen, sat before us sucking at a milk pot, on which her father kept her at work by holding a rod in his hand, as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life.

Rumanika wished to know what difference existed between the Arabs and ourselves, to which Baraka replied, as the best means of making him understand, that whilst Arabs had only one book, we had two, to which I added, "Yes, that is true in a sense, but the real merit lies in the fact that we have got the better book, as may be inferred by the obvious fact that we are more prosperous and superior in all things."

ONE day, we heard the familiar sound of the Uganda drum. Maula, a royal officer, with an escort of smartly dressed men and women and boys, had brought a welcome from the king. One thing only now embarrassed me. Grant was worse, without hope of recovery for some months. This large body of Waganda could not be kept waiting. To get on as fast as possible was the only chance of ever bringing the journey to a successful issue. So, unable to help myself, with great remorse at another separation, on the following day I consigned my companion, with several Wanguana, to the care of my friend Rumanika.

When all was completed, I set out on the march, perfectly sure in my mind that before very long I should settle the great Nile problem for ever, only hoping that Grant would be able to join me before I should have to return again, for it was never supposed that it was possible I ever could get north from Uganda.

III—A Distinguished Guest at the Court of Uganda

As it was my lot to spend a considerable time in Uganda, I formed a theory of its ethnology, founded on the traditions of the several nations and my own observation. In my judgement, they are of the semi-Shem-Hamitic race of Ethiopia, having at some early date invaded from Abyssinia the rich pasture lands of Unyoro and founded the great kingdom of Kittara. Here they lost their religion, forgot their language and changed their national name to Wahuma, their traditional idea being still of a foreign extraction. We note one very distinguishing mark, the physical appearance of this remarkable race partaking more of the phlegmatic nature of the Shemitic father than the nervous boisterous temperament of the Hamitic mother, as a certain clue to their Shem-Hamitic origin.

Before, however, I had advanced much farther over the frontiers of this new country, I had a rather spirited scene with my new commander-in-chief (Baraka being left with Grant) on a point of discipline. I ordered him one morning to strike the tent; he made some excuses. "Never mind; obey orders; strike the tent."

Bombay refused, and I began to pull it down myself, at which he flew into a passion and said he would pitch into the men who helped me, as there was gunpowder, which might blow us all up. I promptly remonstrated.

"That's no reason why you should abuse my men," I said, "who are better than you by obeying my orders. If I choose to blow up my property, that is my look-out; and if you don't do your duty, I will blow you up also."

As Bombay foamed with rage at this, I gave him a dig on the head with my fist, and when he squared up to me, I gave him another, till at last as the claret was flowing, he sulked off. Crowds of Waganda witnessed this comedy, and were all digging at one another's heads, showing off in pantomime the strange ways of the white man. It was the first and last time I had occasion to lose my dignity by striking a blow with my own hands, but I could not help it on this occasion without losing command and respect.

On February 19, Mtésa, the king of Uganda, sent his pages to announce a levée at the palace in my honour. I prepared for my presentation at court in my best, but cut a sorry figure in comparison with the dressy Waganda. The preliminary ceremonies were so dilatory that I allowed five minutes to the court to give me a proper reception, saying if it were not conceded, I would then walk away. My men feared for me, as they did not know what a 'savage' king would do in case I carried out my threat; whilst the Waganda, lost in amazement at what seemed little less than blasphemy, saw me walk away homeward, leaving Bombay to leave the present on the ground and follow.

Mtésa thought of leaving his toilet room to catch me up, but sent Wakungu running after me. Poor creatures! They caught me up, fell upon their knees and implored me to return at once, for the king had not tasted food, and would not till he saw me. I felt grieved, but simply replied by patting my heart and shaking my head, walking, if anything, all the faster.

My point gained, I cooled myself with coffee and a pipe, and returned, advancing in the hut where sat the king, a good-looking, well-figured young man of twenty-five, with hair cut short, and wearing neat ornaments on his neck, arms, fingers and toes. A white dog, spear, shield and woman—the Uganda cognisance—were by his side. Not knowing the language, we sat staring at each other for an hour, but in the second interview Maula translated.

On that occasion I took a ring from my finger and presented it to him with the words, "This is a small token of friendship: if you inspect it, it is made after the fashion of a dog collar, and being the king of metals, gold, is in every respect appropriate to your illustrious race."

To which compliment he replied, "If friendship is your desire, what would you say if I showed you a road by which you might reach your home in a month?"

I knew he referred to the direct line to Zanzibar across the Masai. He afterwards sent a page with this message and a bundle of grass: "The king hopes you will not be

offended if required to sit on it—the bundle of grass—before him, for no person in Uganda, however high in office, is ever allowed to sit upon anything raised above the ground but the king."

To this I agreed, and afterwards had many interviews with his queen, fair, fat and forty-five, to whom I administered medicine and found her the key to any influence with the king. She often sat chattering, laughing and smoking her pipe in concert with me.

I found that Mtésa was always on the look-out for presents, and set his heart upon my compass. I told him he might as well put my eyes out and ask me to walk home as take away that little instrument. But this only excited his cupidity. He watched it twirling round and pointing to the north, and looked and begged again until, tired of his importunities, I told him I must wait until the Usoga road was open before I could part with it, and then the compass would be nothing to what I would give him.

Hearing this, he reared his head proudly, and patting his heart, said: "That is all on my shoulders; as sure as I live, it shall be done. For that country has no king, and I have long been desirous of taking it."

I declined, however, to give him the instrument on the security of this promise, and he went to breakfast.

I had a brilliant instance of the capricious restlessness and self-willedness of this despotic monarch Mtésa. He sent word that he had started for Nyanza and wished me to follow. But Nyanza merely means a piece of water, and no one knew where he meant. I walked rapidly through gardens over hills, and across swamps down the west flank of the Murchison creek, and found the king with his Wakungu in front and women behind like a confused pack of hounds.

It will be kept in view that the hanging about at this court and all the perplexing and irritating negotiations had always one end in view—that of reaching the Nile where it pours out of the Nyanza as I was long certain that it did.

Without the consent, and even the aid, of this capricious barbarian I was now talking to, such a project was hopeless. I thought that whilst I could be employed in inspecting the river and feeling the route by water to Kiani, Grant could return to Karagué by water, bring up our rear traps, and in navigating the lake obtain the information he had been frustrated in getting before.

Finally, we bade Mtésa good-bye. I flattered him with admiration of his shooting, his country and the possibilities of trade in the future, to which he replied in good taste. We then rose with an English bow, placing the hand on the heart while saying adieu, and there was a complete uniformity in the ceremonial, for whatever I did, Mtésa in an instant mimicked with the instinct of a monkey.

IV—The Source Confirmed at Last

The final stage of our toilsome travelling was now reached, and we started northward, but as it appeared all-important to communicate quickly with Petherick, who had promised to await us with boats at Gondokoro, and Grant's leg being weak, I arranged for him to go direct with my property, letters, etc., for dispatch to Petherick. I should meanwhile, go up the river to its source, or exit from the lake, and come down again, navigating as far as practicable. Crossing the Luajerri, a huge rush drain three miles broad, which is said to rise in the lake and fall into the Nile, I reached Urondogani.

Here, at last, I stood on the brink of the Nile; most beautiful was the scene, nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly-kept park, with a magnificent stream from 600 to 700 yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by storms and crocodiles basking in the sun—flowing between fine high, grassy banks, with rich trees and plantations in the background, where herds of the nsunnu and hartebeest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water and florikan and guinea-fowl rising at our feet.

I told my men they ought to shave their heads and bathe in the holy river, the cradle of Moses, the waters of which



JOHN HANNING SPEKE was born May 4, 1827. He entered the Indian Army in 1844 and during his service travelled extensively, making his way as far as Tibet. In 1854 he accompanied Sir Richard Burton into Somaliland. He and Burton made another journey from Zanzibar in 1857 and pushed up to Lake Tanganyika, Speke eventually reaching the Victoria Nyanza. In 1862 Speke again made his way to Victoria Nyanza with James Augustus Grant and definitely established the fact that the Nile is an outlet of the lake. Speke accidentally shot himself September 18, 1864.

men sweetened with sugar, and carried all the way from Egypt to Mecca to sell to the pilgrims. But Bombay, who is a philosopher of the Epicurean school, said, "We don't look on those things in the same fanciful manner that you do; we are contented with all the commonplaces of life and look for nothing beyond the present. If things don't go well, it is God's will; and if they do go well, that is His will also."

I marched up the left bank of the Nile, passed the Isamba Rapids, and at last, crossing hills and threading huge grasses, arrived at the extreme end of the journey. The 'stones,' as the Waganda call the falls, provided by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about 12 feet deep, and 400 to 500 feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still, it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish, leaping at the falls with all their might, the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake—made, in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds, and gardens on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.

The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old Father Nile, without any doubt, rises in the Victoria Nyanza! I mourned, however, when I thought how much I had lost by the delays in the journey having deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the north-east corner of the Nyanza to see what connexion there was with it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making 'Usoga an island.' But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish.

THE most remote waters, or *tophead of the Nile*, are the southern end of the lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude, which gives to the Nile the surprising length in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above 2,300 miles; or more than one-eleventh the circumference of our globe.

I now christened what the natives term 'the stones' as Ripon Falls, after the nobleman who presided over the Royal Geographical Society when my expedition was got up, and the arm of water from which the Nile issued, Napoleon Channel, in token of respect to the French Geographical Society, who gave me their gold medal for discovering the Victoria Nyanza.

After a long journey to Gani we reached the habitation of men; knots of native fellows perched like monkeys on the granite blocks awaited us, and finally, at Gondokoro, we got first news of home and came down by boat to Khartoum. Of course, in disbanding my followers, my faithful children, I duly rewarded them, franked them home to Zanzibar, and they all promptly volunteered to go with me again.

GOETHE

WILHELM MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP

GOETHE'S prestige was enormously increased by the publication in 1796 of Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship (Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre). Representing the fruits of twenty years' labour it was written, like Faust (see page 849) in fragments during the ripest period of his intellectual activity. The story of Wilhelm Meister is by no means exciting, but as a gallery of portraits and a repository of wise observations it is more characteristic of its author than any other of his prose works. It is more mellow than Werther (see page 2337), and the action moves more slowly, incident following incident in very leisurely fashion. The keen psychological analysis in the story is assumed to have been derived from the author's own experience. Goethe continued the history of his hero in Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre (Travels), published in 1821-29. A dramatised version of Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship was produced in Leipzig but with no marked success. English translations of the story are procurable at popular prices.

I—On the Road



THE moment was now at hand to which poor Mariana had been looking forward as to the last of her life. Wilhelm Meister, the man she loved, was departing on a long journey in connexion with his father's business: a disagreeable lover was threatening to come.

"I am miserable," she exclaimed, "miserable for life! I love him, and he loves me; yet I see that we must part, and know not how I shall survive it. Wilhelm is poor and can do nothing for me——"

Darkness had scarcely come on when Wilhelm glided forth to her house; he carried with him a letter in which he entreated her to marry him forthwith, saying that he would abandon his father's business and earn his living on the stage, to which he had always been strongly drawn. This he could do with certainty, as he was well acquainted with Serlo, manager of a theatre in a town at some distance.

His plan was to leave the letter with her, and return a little later for her answer. The vehemence of his emotion at first prevented him from noticing that she did not greet him with her wonted heartiness; she complained of a headache and would not hear of his coming back later that evening. Suspecting nothing wrong, he ceased to urge her, but he felt that this was not the moment for delivering his letter. He retained it, therefore, and, in a tumult of insatiable love, as he tore himself away from her he snatched one of her neckerchiefs and, after pressing it madly to his lips, crushed it into his pocket.

His whole being was in a ferment of excitement as he walked aimlessly about the streets. Midnight found him again in the neighbourhood of Mariana's house; consciousness of the fact brought him to himself. He went slowly away, set himself for home, and constantly turned round again; at last, with an effort, he constrained himself and actually departed. At the corner of the street, looking back yet once more, he imagined that he saw Mariana's door open and a dark figure issue from it. He was too distant to see clearly, and in a moment the appearance was lost in the night.

On his way he had almost effaced the unexpected delusion from his mind by the most sufficient reasons. To soothe his heart and put the last seal on his returning belief, ere he disrobed for the night, he took her kerchief from his pocket. The rustle of a letter which fell from it took the kerchief from his lips; he lifted it, and read a passionate letter from another man, railing at her for her coldness on the preceding night, making an appointment for that same night and breathing a spirit of intimate familiarity. The shock smote him like a blow beneath the heart.

A violent fever, with its train of consequences, besides the unwearied attentions of his family, were so many fresh occupations for his mind, and formed a kind of painful entertainment. On his recovery he determined to abandon for ever his former leaning towards the stage and to apply himself with greater diligence to business, and, to the great contentment of his father, no one was now more diligent in the counting-house. For a long time he continued to show exemplary attention to his duties, and was then thought sufficiently master of his business to be sent on a long expedition on behalf of the firm.

THE first part of his business successfully accomplished, Wilhelm found himself at a little mountain town called Hochdorf. A troupe of actors had got stranded there, their exchequer empty, their properties seized as security for debts. Wilhelm recognized among them an old man whom he recollected as having seen on the stage with Mariana. After some hesitation, he hazarded a question concerning her.

"Do not speak to me of that baggage!" cried the old man. "I am ashamed that I felt such a friendship for her. Yet, had you known the girl better, you would excuse me. I loved her as my own daughter; indeed, I had formed a resolution to take the creature into my own house and save her from the hands of that old crone Barbara, her confidante; but my wife died and so the project came to nothing. At the end of our stay in your native town, I noticed a visible sadness about her. I questioned her, but she evaded me. At last we set out on our journey. She travelled in the same coach with me, and I soon observed what she could not deny, that she was about to become a mother. In a short time the manager made the same discovery; he paid her off at once and left her behind at the village inn."

Wilhelm's old wounds were all torn open afresh by the old man's story; the thought that perhaps Mariana was not wholly unworthy of his love was again brought to life. Nay, even the bitter accusations brought against her could not lower her in his estimation; for he, as well as she, was guilty in all her aberrations. He saw her as a frail, ill-succoured mother, wandering helplessly about the world.

The old longing for the stage came back to him with redoubled force; he determined to give it vent, for a time at least, and to this end he advanced to Melina, the manager of the actors, a sum of money sufficient to redeem their properties and accompanied the troupe until such time as it should be repaid.

A profitable engagement soon came their way. A wealthy count, who happened to pass through the town, required their services to entertain the prince, whom he was shortly expecting as a guest. For several weeks they stayed at his castle and when, on the prince's departure, their engagement came to an end, they were all weightier in purse than they had been for many a long day. Melina was now in hopes to get established with his company in a thriving town at some distance. To get there it was necessary to take a considerable journey by unfrequented roads.

ACCORDINGLY, conveyances were hired and a start was made. Towards evening, they began to pitch their camp in the midst of a beech wood; all were busily engaged about the task allotted to each—the women to prepare the evening meal, the men to attend to everything necessary for their comfort for the night. All at once, a shot went off; immediately another; the party flew asunder in terror. Next moment armed men were to be seen pressing forward to the spot where the coaches, packed with luggage, stood.

The men all rushed at the intruders. Wilhelm fired his pistol at one who was already on the top of the coach cutting the cords of the packages. The scoundrel fell, but several of his friends rushed to his aid and our hero fell, stunned by a shot wound and by a sword-stroke that almost penetrated to his brain.

When he recovered his senses, it was to find himself deserted by all his companions except two of the girls. His head was lying in Phillina's lap, while Mignon, the child whom he had rescued from a brutal circummaster who was ill-treating her, was vainly trying to staunch his wounds with her

hair. For some time they continued in this position, no one returning to their aid. At last, they heard a troop of horses coming up the road; a young lady emerged on horseback, accompanied by some cavaliers. Wilhelm fixed his eye on the soft, calm, sympathising features of the stranger; he thought he had never seen aught nobler or more lovely. In a few moments one of the party stepped to the side of our hero. He held in his hand some surgeon's instruments and bandages, with which he hastily attended to his wounds. The lady asked several questions, and then, turning to an old gentleman, said, "Dear uncle, may I be generous at your expense?" taking off the coat that she was wearing as she spoke, and laying it softly above him.

As he tried to open his mouth to stammer out some words of gratitude to the beautiful Amazon, the impression of her presence worked so strongly on his senses that all at once it seemed to him that her head was encircled with rays, and a glancing light seemed by degrees to spread itself all over her form. At this moment the surgeon gave him a sharper twinge; he lost consciousness; and on returning to himself found the horsemen and coaches, the fair one and her attendants had vanished like a dream.

II—A Message From the Dead

WILHELM'S wounds were slow to heal and it was long before he was able to move about freely again. When he fully recovered he went to his old friend, Serlo, and obtained a position in his company, both for himself and also for many of his companions in misfortune.

With Serlo he remained for a considerable period, until an untoward event led to his leaving him. Aurelia, Serlo's sister, had long entertained an affection for a nobleman, whom she knew by the name of Lothario; though at one time much attached to her, his affection had cooled off, and for a long time now he had not had any communication with her. Heartbroken at this treatment, though still devotedly attached to him, she gradually pined away and complete neglect of her health finally brought her to her death-bed. Before she died, however, she wrote a letter of farewell to him, which she entrusted to Wilhelm to deliver as soon after her death as possible.

Arrived at the castle where the baron lived, he found his lordship unable to give him any attention that day, as he was engaged to fight a duel and was busy settling up his affairs in preparation. Wilhelm was requested to remain until a more convenient season. On the following morning, while the company were seated at breakfast, the baron was brought back in a carriage seriously wounded.

As the surgeon came out from attending him, the band hanging from his pouch caught Wilhelm's eye; he fancied that he knew it. He was convinced that he beheld the very pouch of the surgeon who had dressed his wounds in the forest, and the hope, so long deferred, of again finding his lovely Amazon struck like a flame through his soul.

The abbé entered from Lothario's chamber, and said to Wilhelm, "The baron bids me ask you to remain here to share his hospitality and, in the present circumstances, to contribute to his solacement."

From this hour our friend was treated in the house as if he belonged to it.

"WE have a kindness to ask of you," said Jarno, the baron's confidential companion, to Wilhelm one morning. "The violent, unreasonable love and passionateness of the Lady Lydia only hinder the baron's recovery. She must be removed by some means. His wound requires rest and calmness; you see how she tortures him with her tempestuous anxieties, her ungovernable terrors, her never-drying tears. Enough! Our doctor expressly requires that she should quit us for a while; we have persuaded her to pay a visit to a lady, an old friend of hers; you must escort her as you can best be spared."

"I willingly undertake the charge," said Wilhelm. "though it is easy to foresee the pain I shall have to suffer from the tears, the despair, of Lydia."

"And for this no small reward awaits you," said Jarno. "Fräulein Theresa, with whom you will get acquainted, is a lady such as you will rarely see. Indeed, were it



WILHELM MEISTER'S FRIEND AND WARD, MIGNON

From the painting by W. Bouguereau, by permission of Messrs. Goupil & Co.

not for an unfortunate passage between her mother and the baron, she would long since have been married to his lordship."

When they returned from their visit, Lothario was in the way of full recovery. He was now for the first time able to talk with Wilhelm about the sad cause that had brought him to the castle. "You may, however, well forgive me," he said, "that I forsook Aurelia for Theresa; with the one I could expect a calm and cheerful life, with the other not a happy hour."

"I confess," said Wilhelm, "that in coming hither I had no small anger in my heart against you, that I proposed to censure with severity your conduct towards Aurelia. But, at the grave in which the hapless mother sleeps, let me ask you why you acknowledge not the child—a son in whom any father might rejoice and whom you appear entirely to overlook. With your tender nature, how can you altogether cast away the instinct of a parent?"

"Of whom do you speak?" said Lothario. "I do not understand you."

"Of whom but your son, Aurelia's son, the lovely child to whose good fortune there is nothing wanting but that a tender father should acknowledge and receive him."

"You mistake, my friend," said Lothario; "Aurelia never had a son. I know of no child, or I would gladly acknowledge it. But did she ever give you to believe that the boy was hers—was mine?"

"I cannot recollect that I ever heard a word from her expressly on the subject, but we took it so, and I never for a moment doubted it."

"I can give you a clue to this perplexity," interposed Jarno. "An old woman, whom Wilhelm must have noticed, gave Aurelia the child, telling her that it was yours. She accepted it eagerly, hoping to alleviate her sorrows by its presence; and, in truth, it gave her many a comfortable hour."

This discovery awoke anxieties in Wilhelm. He thought of the beautiful child Felix with the liveliest apprehension, and expressed his wish to remove him from the state in which he was.

"We can soon arrange that," said Lothario. "I think you ought yourself to take charge of him."

It was agreed to lose no time in putting this plan into execution and Wilhelm departed forthwith to fetch the child.

Passing through the house, he found Aurelia's old serving-maid, whom he had

never seen at close quarters before, employed in sewing. Felix and Mignon were sitting by her on the floor.

"Art thou the person," he demanded earnestly, "from whom Aurelia received this child?"

She looked up and turned her face to him; he saw her in full light, and started back in terror. It was old Barbara!

"Where is Mariana?" cried he.

"Far from here."

"And Felix?"

"Is the son of that unhappy and too tender-hearted girl. Here are Mariana's last words," she added, handing him a letter.

"She is dead?" cried he.

"Dead," said the old woman.

A bitter grief took hold of Wilhelm: he could scarcely read the words that Barbara placed before him.

'If this should reach thee, then lament thine ill-starred friend. The boy, whose birth I survive but a few days, is thine. I die faithful to thee, much as appearances may be against me; with thee I lost everything that bound me to life. This will be my only comfort, that though I cannot call myself blameless, towards thee I am free from blame.'

Wilhelm was stupefied by this news. He took the children back with him to Lothario's castle. Felix he kept with him, while Mignon, who was not in the best of health, was sent by the baron to the house of his sister, at some distance.

III—Wilhelm's Apprenticeship

ONE evening Jarno said to Wilhelm, "We can now consider you as one of ourselves with such security that it were unjust not to introduce you deeper into our mysteries. You shall see what a curious little world is at your very hand, and how well you are known in it." He led our friend through certain unknown chambers and galleries of the castle to a door, strongly framed with iron. Jarno knocked; the door opened a little, so as to admit one person. Jarno introduced our friend, but did not follow him.

Within was complete darkness. A voice cried "Enter"; he pressed forward and found that only tapestry was hemming him in. Raising this, he entered. Within, he found a man, who said, in a tone of dignity, "To guard from error is not the instructor's duty, but to lead the erring pupil; nay, let him quaff his error in deep, satiating draughts; he who only tastes his error will long dwell with it; he who drains it to the dregs will, if he be not crazy, find it out."

A curtain closed before the figure, whom Wilhelm vaguely recollected as having seen at some time previously; possibly on the night when he had parted from Mariana.

Then the curtains opened again; another figure advanced. "Learn to know the men who may be trusted," he said, and again the curtain closed, "Dispute not with us," cried a voice; "thou art saved, thou art on the way to the goal. None of the follies wilt thou repent; none wilt thou wish to repeat."

The curtain opened; the abbé came into view. "Come hither," he cried to his marvelling friend. Wilhelm mounted the steps. On the table lay a little roll.

"Here is your indenture," said the abbé. "Take it to heart; it is of weighty import."

Wilhelm opened it, and read:

"*INDENTURE.*

"*Art is long, life short, judgement difficult, opportunity transient. To act is easy, to think is hard, to act according to our thought is troublesome. It is but a part of art that can be taught; the artist needs it all. Who knows it half, speaks much and is always wrong; who knows it all, speaks seldom and is inclined to act. No one knows what he is doing while he acts aright; but of wrong-doing we are always conscious. The instruction which the true artist gives us opens the mind, for where words fail him, deeds speak. The true scholar learns from the known to unfold the unknown, and approaches more and more to being a master——*"

"Enough," cried the abbé; "the rest in due time. Now look round you among these cases." With astonishment Wilhelm found, among others, *Lothario's Apprenticeship*, *Jarno's Apprenticeship*, and his own *Apprenticeship* placed there. "May I hope to look into these rolls?"

"In this chamber nothing is now hid from you."

Wilhelm heard a noise behind him; he turned round and saw a child's face peeping through the tapestry at the end of the room. It was Felix. "Come forward," said the abbé; his father rushed towards him, took him in his arms and pressed him to his heart.

"Yes, I feel it," cried he. "Thou art mine. For what a gift of Heaven have I to thank my friends! Whence or how comest thou, my child, at this important moment?"

"Ask not," said the abbé. "Hail to thee, young man! Thy apprenticeship is done; nature has pronounced thee free."

After sorrow, often and in vain repeated, for the loss of Mariana, Wilhelm felt that he must find a mother for the boy; and also, that he could not find one equal to Theresa. With this gifted lady he was now thoroughly acquainted. Such a spouse and helpmate seemed the only one to trust to in such circumstances. Her affection for Lothario did not make him hesitate; she looked on herself as free; she had even spoken of marrying, with indifference, indeed, but as a matter understood.

Before Theresa's answer came to hand, Lothario sent for our friend. "I must send you to a place where you are more needed than here. My sister Natalia bids me beg of you to go to her as soon as possible. Poor Mignon seems to be getting steadily worse, and it is thought that your presence might allay the malady."

Wilhelm agreed and proceeded on the journey.

IV—Heart Against Reason

Behind a light screen, which threw a shadow on her, sat a young lady, reading; she rose and came to him. It was the Amazon! Unable to restrain himself, he fell on his knees, seized her hand and kissed it with rapture.

A day or two later, the following letter from Theresa was handed to Wilhelm.

'I am yours, as I am, and as you know me. I call you mine, as you are, and as I know you. As it is no passion, but trust and inclination for each other, that leads us together, we run less risk than thousands of others. You will forgive me, will you not, if I still think often and kindly of my former friend; in return, I will press Felix to my heart, as if I were his mother. Adieu, dear friend! Theresa clasps you to her breast with hope and joy.'

It was with mingled feelings that Wilhelm read this letter. Oh, that he had known sooner that he would so soon meet again with his adored Amazon!

Natalia wrote a letter to her brother; she invited Wilhelm to add a word or two. They were just about to seal it, when Jarno unexpectedly came in.

"I am come," he said, "to give you very curious and pleasing tidings about Theresa; now guess."

"We are more skilful than you think," said Natalia, smiling. "Before you asked, we had the answer down in black and white," handing him as she spoke the letter she had just written. Jarno read the sheet hastily. "What shall I say?" cried he in amazement. "Surprise against surprise! I came to tell you that Theresa is not the daughter of her reputed mother. There is no obstacle to her marriage with Lothario: *I came to ask you to prepare her for it.*"

"And what," said Lothario, taking Wilhelm by the hand, "what if your alliance with my sister were the secret article on which depended my alliance with Theresa? This amends the noble maiden has appointed for you; she has vowed that we two pairs should appear together at the altar. 'His reason has made choice of me,' she said; 'his heart demands Natalia: my reason shall assist his heart.' We agreed to keep our eyes upon Natalia and yourself; we have done so and are confident of the correctness of Theresa's observation."

Lothario embraced his friend and led him to Natalia, who, with Theresa, came to meet them. "To my mind, thou resemblest Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom."

"I know not the worth of a kingdom," said Wilhelm, "but I know that I have attained a happiness undeserved, which I would not change for anything in life."

GEORGE GROTE

THE HISTORY OF GREECE

Outlined by A. D. Innes

As early as 1822 George Grote conceived the idea of writing a reliable and authoritative history of Greece, and was confirmed in his purpose by the publication of Mitford's history, a work full of anti-democratic fervour and very antagonistic to the great Greek democratic state of Athens. In some respects Grote's work is a defence of the Athenian democracy, at least as contrasted with Sparta. It appeared in twelve volumes between 1846 and 1856 and covered Greek history from the earliest times till the close of the generation contemporary with Alexander the Great. It at once occupied, and still holds the field as the classic work on the subject as a whole, though later research has modified several of Grote's conclusions. His methods were pre-eminently thorough, dispassionate and judicial, and his style is direct and forcible. An edition of the History is included in Everyman's Library

I—Early History



THE divine myths constitute the earliest matter of Greek history. These may be divided into those which belong to the gods and to the heroes respectively; but most of them, in point of fact, present gods, heroes and men in juxtaposition. Every community sought to trace its origin to some common divine, or semi-divine, progenitor; the establishment of a pedigree was a necessity; and each pedigree contains at some point figures corresponding to some actual historical character, before whom the pedigree is imaginary, but after whom, in the main, actual. The precise point where the legend fades into the mythical or consolidates into the historical, is not usually ascertainable.

The legendary period culminates in the tale of Troy, which belongs to a period prior to the Dorian conquest presented in the Herakleid legend; the tale of Troy itself remaining the common heritage of the Greek peoples, and having an actual basis in historical fact. The events, however, are of less importance than the picture of an actual historical, political and social system, corresponding, not to the supposed date of the Trojan war, but to the date of the composition of the Homeric poems.

Later ages regarded the myths themselves with a good deal of scepticism, and were often disposed to rationalise them, or to find for them an allegorical interpretation. The myths of other European peoples have undergone a somewhat similar treatment.

Greece proper, that is, the European territory occupied by the Hellenic peoples, has a very extensive coast-line, covers the islands of the Aegean and is so mountainous on the mainland that communication between one point and another is not easy.

This facilitated the system which isolated communities, compelling each one to develop and perfect its own separate organization; so that Greece became, not a state, but a congeries of single separate city states—small territories centring in the city, although in some cases the village system was not centralised into the city system.

On the other hand, the Hellenes very definitely recognized their common affinity, looked on themselves as a distinct aggregate, and very emphatically differentiated that entire aggregate from the non-Hellenes, whom they designated 'barbarians.'

Of these states, the first to come into view—post-Homerically—is Sparta, the head of the Dorian communities, governed under the laws and discipline attributed to Lycurgus, with its special peculiarity of the dual kingship designed to make a pure despotism impossible. The government lay and remained in the hands of the

conquering Spartan race—as for a time with the Normans in England—which formed a close oligarchy, while within the oligarchical body the organization was democratic and communistic. For Sparta, the eighth and seventh centuries B.C. were characterised by the two Messenian wars; and we note that while the Hellenes generally recognized her headship, Argos claimed a titular right to that position.

As a general rule, the primitive monarchical system portrayed in the Homeric poems was displaced in the Greek cities by an oligarchical government, which in turn was overthrown by an irregular despotism called *tyrannis*, primarily established by a professed popular leader, who maintained his supremacy by mercenary troops. One after another these usurping dynasties were again ejected in favour either of a restored oligarchy or of a democracy. Sparta, where the power of the dual kingship was extremely limited, was the only state where the legitimate kingship survived. Corinth attained her highest power under the despot Periander, son of Cypselus.

Of the Ionian section of Greek states, the supreme type is Athens. Her early history is obscure. The kingship seems to have ended by being, so to speak, placed in commission, the royal functions being discharged by an elected body of Archons. Dissensions among the groups of citizens issued in the democratic Solonian constitution, which remained the basis of Athenian government, except during the despotism of the house of Pisistratus in the latter half of the sixth century B.C.

But outside of Greece proper were the numerous Dorian and Ionian colonies, really independent cities, planted in the coast districts of Asia Minor, at Cyrene and Barka in Mediterranean Africa, in Epirus (Albania), Southern Italy, Sicily and even at Massilia in Gaul and in Thrace beyond the proper Hellenic area. These colonies brought the Greek world in touch with Lydia and its king, Croesus, with the one sea-going Semitic power, the Phoenicians, with the Egyptians and, more remotely, with the wholly Oriental empires of Assyria and Babylon, as well as with the outer barbarians of Scythia.

Between 560 and 510 B.C., Athens was generally under the rule of the despot Pisistratus and his son Hippias. In 510, the Pisistratidae were expelled and Athens became a pure democracy. Meanwhile, the Persian Cyrus had seized the Median monarchy and overthrown every other potentate in Western Asia; Egypt was added to the vast Persian dominion by his son Cambyses. A new dynasty was established by Darius, the son of Hystaspes, who organized the empire, but failed to extend it by invading European Scythia.

THE revolt of the Ionic cities in Asia Minor against the governments established by the 'great king' brought him in contact with the Athenians, who sent help to Ionia. Demands for 'earth and water,' *i.e.* the formal recognition of Persian sovereignty, sent to the apparently insignificant Greek states were insolently rejected. Darius sent an expedition to punish Athens in particular, and the Athenians drove his army into the sea at the battle of Marathon.

Xerxes, son of Darius, organized an overwhelming force by land and sea to eat up the Greeks. The invaders were met but hardly checked at Thermopylae, where Leonidas and the immortal three hundred fell; all Greece north of the Isthmus of Corinth was in their hands, including Athens. But their fleet was shattered to pieces, chiefly by the Athenians under Themistocles and Aristides at Salamis, and the destruction of their land forces was completed by the united Greeks at Plataea. A further disaster was inflicted on the same day at Mycale.

II—The Struggle of Athens and Sparta

MEANWHILE, the Sicilian Greeks, led by Gelo of Syracuse, successfully resisted and overthrew the aggression of Carthage, the issue being decided at the battle of Himera. The part played by Athens under the guidance of Themistocles in the repulse of Persia gave her a new position among the Greek states and an indisputable naval leadership. As the maritime head of Hellas she was chief of the naval Delian League, now formed ostensibly to carry on the war against

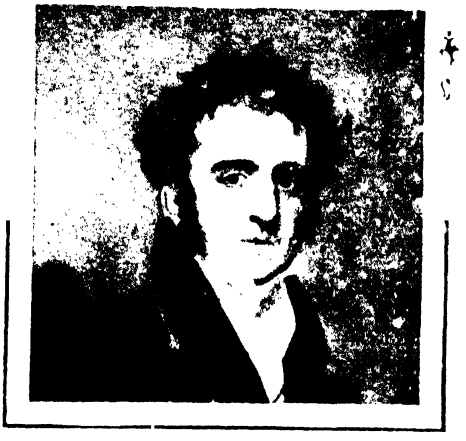
Persia. But the leaguers, who first contributed a quota of ships, soon began to substitute money to provide ships, which in effect swelled the Athenian navy and turned the contributors into tributaries. Thus, almost automatically, the Delian League converted itself into an Athenian empire.

In Athens itself an unparalleled personal ascendancy was acquired by Pericles, who made the form of government and administration more democratic than before. But this growing supremacy of Athens aroused the jealous alarm of other Greek states. Sparta saw her own titular hegemony threatened; the subject cities grew restive under the Athenian yoke. Sparta came forward professedly as champion of the liberties of Hellas; Athens refused to submit to Spartan dictation and accepted the challenge which plunged Greece into the Peloponnesian war.

The Athenians concentrated on the expansion of their naval armament, left the open country undefended and gathered within the city walls, and landed forces at will on the Peloponnese. Plataea, almost their sole ally on land, held out valiantly for some time, but was forced to surrender; and Athens herself suffered frightfully from a visitation of the plague.

After the death of Pericles, Cleon became the most prominent leader of the aggressive and democratic party, Nicias, of the anti-democratic peace party. Over most of Greece in each state the oligarchic faction favoured the Peloponnesian league, the democratic, Athens. The general Demosthenes at Pylos effected the surrender of a Lacedaemonian force, which temporarily shattered Sparta's military prestige, a blow in some degree counteracted by the brilliant operations of Brasidas in the north, where, however, both he and Cleon were killed.

Meanwhile, Athens was awakening to the possibilities of a great sea-empire, in consequence of her intervention having been invited in disputes among the Sicilian states. As the outcome, incited by the brilliant young Alcibiades, she resolved on the fatal Sicilian expedition. The expedition, planned on an unprecedented scale, and placed under the command of Alcibiades and Nicias, was dispatched in spite of the startling mutilation of the Hermae, a sacrilegious performance attributed to Alcibiades. It had hardly reached Sicily when he was recalled, but made his escape and spent some years in intriguing against Athens.



GEORGE GROTE was born at Beckenham, Nov. 17, 1794, and educated at the Charterhouse. At the age of 16 he entered his father's bank, but he continued his studies and attained high proficiency in classics, economics and philosophy. A philosophic radical, a keen politician and reformer, and pre-eminent among the educationists of the time, he represented the City of London in Parliament from 1832 to 1841 and took an active part in the foundation and organization of the University of London, where he founded and endowed the chair of Philosophy of Mind and Logic. Grote was the recipient of many academic honours and declined a peerage in 1869. He died June 18, 1871, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The siege of Syracuse was progressing favourably, when the Spartan Gylippus was allowed to enter, and put new life into the defence. Disaster followed on disaster both by sea and land; finally, the whole Athenian force was either cut to pieces or surrendered at discretion, to become the slaves of the Syracusans, both Nicias and Demosthenes being put to death.

Meanwhile, the truce between Athens and Sparta had been ended and war again declared. Sparta occupied permanently a post on Attic territory, Decelcia, with merciless effect. The Sicilian disaster moved the islanders, notably Chios, to revolt, with Spartan help, against Athens. She, however, renovated her navy with unexpected vigour. But, with her fleets away, Alcibiades inspired oligarchical intrigues in the city; a *coup d'état* gave the government to the leaders of a group

of 400. The navy stood by the democratic constitution, the 400 were overthrown, and an assembly, nominally of 5,000, assumed the government. A great Athenian triumph at Arginusae was followed later by a still more overwhelming disaster at Aegos Potami.

The Spartan commander Lysander blockaded Athens; starvation forced her to surrender. Lysander established the government known as that of the Thirty Tyrants, who were headed by Kritias. Lysander's ascendancy created in Sparta a party in opposition to him; in the outcome, the Spartan king Pausanias helped in the overthrow of the Thirty at Athens by Thrasybulus, and the restoration of the Athenian democracy. Throughout, the conduct of the democratic party contrasted favourably with that of the oligarchical faction.

These eighty years were the great period of Athenian literature and art: of the Parthenon and Pheidias; of Aeschylus, the soldier of Marathon; then of Sophocles and Euripides and Aristophanes; finally, of Socrates, the inspirer of Plato and the founder of ethical science.

III—The Blotting Out of Hellas

The triumph of Sparta had established her empire among the Greeks; she used her power with a tyranny infinitely more galling than the sway of Athens. The Spartan character had become greatly demoralised. Agesilaus, who succeeded to the kingship, set on foot ambitious projects for a Greek conquest of Asia; but Greece began to revolt against the Spartan dominion. Thebes and other cities rose, and called for help from Athens, their former foe.

In the first stages of the ensuing war, of which the most notable battle was Coronea, Sparta maintained her supremacy within the Peloponnesus, but not beyond. Athens obtained the countenance of Persia, and the counter-diplomacy of Sparta produced the peace known by the name of the Spartan Antalcidas, establishing generally the autonomy of Greek cities. But this in effect meant the restoration of Spartan domination.

In course of time, however, this brought about the defiance of Spartan dictation by Thebes and the tremendous check to her power inflicted at the battle of Leuctra, by Epaminondas the Theban, whose military skill and tactical originality there overthrew the Spartan military prestige. As a consequence, half the Peloponnese itself broke away from Sparta; a force under Epaminondas aided the Arcadians and the Arcadian federation was established.

Hellenic Sicily during these years was having a history of her own of some importance. Syracuse, after her triumph over the Athenian forces, continued the contest with her neighbours, which had been the ostensible cause of the Athenian expedition. But this was closed by the advent of fresh invaders, the Carthaginians, who renewed the attack repulsed at Himera. Owing to the disaster to Athens, her fleets were no longer to be feared by Carthage as a protection to the Hellenic world; and for two centuries to come, her interventions in Sicily were incessant. Now, the presence of a foreign foe in Sicily gave intriguers for power at Syracuse their opportunity, of which the outcome was the subversion of the democracy and the establishment of Dionysius as despot.

His son, Dionysius II, succeeded, and was finally ejected by the Corinthian Timoleon, who, after a brilliant career of victories as Syracusan general against Carthage, acted as general liberator of Sicilian cities from despotisms, laid down his powers and was content with the position, not of despot, but of counsellor, to the great prosperity of Sicily as a whole.

Going back to the north of Greece, the semi-Hellenic Macedon with a Hellenic dynasty was growing powerful. Philip—father of Alexander the Great—was now king, and was resolved to make himself the head of the Greek world. His great opponent is found in the person of the Athenian orator Demosthenes, who saw that Philip was aiming at ascendancy, but generally failed to persuade the Athenians to recognize the danger in which they stood. Philip gradually achieved his immediate end of being recognized as the captain-general of the Hellenes, and their leader in a new Persian war, when his life

was cut short by an assassin, and he was succeeded by his youthful son Alexander.

The Greek states, awakening to their practical subjection, would have thrown off the new yoke, but the young king with swift and overwhelming energy swept down from Thrace upon Thebes, the centre of resistance, and stamped it out. He had already conceived, in part, at least, his vast schemes of Asiatic conquest; while he lived Greece had practically no distinguishable history. She is merely an appendage to Macedon. Everything is absorbed in the Macedonian conqueror. With an army incredibly small for the task before him, he entered Asia Minor and routed the Persian forces on the River Granicus. The Greek Memnon, the one able leader for the Persians, would have organized against him a destructive naval power; but death removed him.

Alexander dispersed the armies of the Persian king Darius at the Issus, captured Tyre after a remarkable siege and took easy possession of Egypt, where he founded Alexandria. Having organized the administration of the conquered territories he marched to the Euphrates, but did not engage the enormous Persian hosts till he found and shattered them at the battle of Gaugamela, also called Arbela. Darius fled, and Alexander swept on to Babylon, to Susa, to Persepolis, assuming the functions of the 'Great King.' The fugitive Darius was assassinated.

•

ALEXANDER henceforth assumed a new and oriental demeanour; but he continued his conquests, crossing the Hindu Kush to Bactria and then bursting into the Punjab. But his ambitions were ended by his death and their fulfilment not at all according to his designs, was left to the 'Diadochi,' the generals among whom the conquered dominions were parted. Athens led the revolt against Macedonian supremacy, but in vain. Demosthenes, condemned by Antipater, took poison. The remainder of the history is that of the blotting out of Hellas and of Hellenism.

Passionate Appeal by a Great Evangelist

RICHARD BAXTER

A CALL TO THE UNCONVERTED

IN his own Narrative of the Most Memorable Passages of his Life (see page 2490) Baxter says that it was the success of his second book, The Saints' Everlasting Rest (see page 2956), which encouraged him to be 'guilty of the writings which afterwards' followed. He is said to have been the author of over 120 books, and of these one of the most successful was A Call to the Unconverted, published in 1657; 20,000 copies were sold in twelve months and it was translated into all the European languages and into one of the dialects of India, and at the time was certainly Baxter's most popular book. It reveals in fullest measure Baxter's remarkable gifts of persuasive argument and forthright eloquence with a natural felicity of language that raises it to the level of a masterpiece of style. Its influence upon individual souls was enormous and it can be read to-day with keen intellectual pleasure and great spiritual advantage.

I—The Unchangeable Laws of God



IT has been the astonishing wonder to many a man, as well as to me, to read in Holy Scripture how few will be saved. But nature itself teaches us to lay all the blame of evil works upon the doers. If we saw a man killed and cut to pieces on the way, we should ask who did this cruel deed. And when we read that the most of men will be lost, we must needs think within ourselves how this comes to pass. And we can meet with few that own the guilt. It therefore lies between God and the sinner. God disclaimeth it, and so usually does the sinner. The Lord complains of the people, and the people think it is owing to God.

If you will believe God, believe in this unchangeable law, that wicked men must turn or die. No wonder if the guilty quarrel with the law, for few men are apt to believe what they apprehend to be against them. But quarrelling with the law or with the judge will not save the malefactor. The law was not made for you to judge, but that you might be ruled and judged by it.

Man is of the middle nature, between the angel and the brute, as partaking of both flesh and spirit; and therefore he was made for both earth and heaven. But as his flesh is made to be but the servant to the spirit, so is he made for earth but as his passage or way to heaven, and not that this should be his home or happiness. Having made man a free agent, God left him to his own free will. Also God gave man a perfect law, requiring him to obey it and to continue in the love of God. By the wilful breach of this law, man did not only forfeit his hopes of everlasting life, but also turned his heart from God and fixed it on the lower fleshly things, thus blotting out the image of God.

But when God had provided for us a remedy, even Jesus Christ, to be the Saviour of our souls, and to be the Mediator of a new covenant of grace, offering pardon to all who should repent, yet He knew that the heart of man was grown so wicked that this offer of mercy would not be accepted.

Therefore the Holy Ghost has undertaken to inspire the apostles, and to confirm the Scriptures by miracles and to illuminate and convert the souls of the elect. So by this much you may see that as there are three persons in the Trinity, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, each of these have their several offices. The Father's works were to create and rule over us and in mercy to provide a Redeemer. The works of the Son were to ransom and redeem us by His sufferings and righteousness, to proclaim the promise of grace, to make intercession and to send the Holy Ghost. The works of the Spirit are to indite the Scriptures, to illuminate the ministers of the Gospel and to convert the souls of men.

Now, a wicked man, as also a converted man, may be known by three things. First, a wicked man is one who places his chief content on earth. If he might be sure of earth and its pleasures, he would let heaven go. On the other side, a converted man would rather see the face of God and live in His everlasting love and praises than have all the wealth and pleasures of the world.

Secondly, a wicked man is one who makes it the principal business of his life to prosper in the world. But a converted man makes it his chief care to please God and to be saved. He loves a holy life and longs to be more holy. He has no sin but what he hates and strives to be rid of.

Thirdly, the soul of a wicked man did never truly discern and relish the mystery of redemption, nor welcome the offer of a Saviour. Though he may be willing to be nominally religious, yet he never truly surrenders his soul to Christ. On the contrary, the converted soul, having felt himself undone by sin, thankfully entertains the tidings of redemption, takes Christ as the life of his soul and lives by Him.

Sirs, my request to you is that you will take your hearts to task and examine them till you see if you are converted or not. But perhaps when I ask this you will say—what if we should find ourselves yet unconverted, what shall we do then? This question leads me to my second doctrine.

II. The Promise of God

'Say unto them, as I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked may turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?' (Ezek. xxxiii, 11). The Lord here professes that this is what He takes pleasure in, that the wicked may turn and live.

As you love your souls, remember what turning it is that is spoken of. It is not to mend the old house, but to pull all down and to build a new house on Christ, the sure foundation. It is not to serve the flesh and the world in a more reformed

way, but to change your master, and your works and end, and set your face the contrary way, and do all for the life that you never saw, and dedicate yourselves and all you have to God.

But if you will not be saved, there is no remedy. There is no middle place; you must have either life or death. We are commanded to offer life to you all and to tell you from God that if you will turn you may live. Here you may safely trust your souls, for the love of God is the foundation of this offer (John iii, 16). If you believe you shall be saved without conversion, you believe a falsehood.

Why, this is the sin commonly called presumption, and do you call this believing and trusting God? There is enough in God's word to comfort and to strengthen the hearts of the sanctified; but not a word to strengthen the hands of wickedness, nor to give men hope of being saved, though they be never sanctified.

A simple willingness or complacency is the first act of the will, following the simple apprehension of the understanding, before it proceeds to compare things together. But the choosing act of the will is a following act, and supposes the comparing practical act of the understanding; and these two acts may often be carried to contrary objects without any fault at all in the person.

A ruler's will is, first and principally, that his laws may be obeyed, but his will supposes the law either kept or broken, and therefore he resolves on rewards and punishments accordingly. So does God, as lawgiver or promiser, perform all that belongs to Him for the salvation of men; yet as lawgiver He resolves that they who will not turn shall die, and as judge, when their day of grace is past, He will execute that decree.

THAT God takes no pleasure in the death of the wicked is proved by His gracious nature, proclaimed in Scripture (Exodus xx, 6, and xxxiv, 6), by the commission He has given His ministers of the Gospel to offer mercy, and by the course of His providence, in which He entices you by daily kindnesses to turn to Him, and also by his rod seeks to force you into your senses. Else He would not set so many examples before you; no, nor wait on you so patiently as He doth from day to day and year to year. These are not signs of one who taketh pleasure in your death. It is further proved by the sufferings of His Son that He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked.

Does not all this mercy and patience show God's goodness? Can the can be burn without the oil? Can your houses stand without the earth to bear them? As well can you live one hour without support from God. Surely it is to see whether thou will return at last and live that God hath waited so long for thee.

GOD has left man no pretence to question His declaration that He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, for He has confirmed it by an oath (Heb. vi, 3, 16-18). If any man cannot reconcile this truth with the doctrine of predestination, or the actual lot of the wicked, that is his own ignorance; he has no pretence left to deny the truth in hand after this confirmation. Who is it, then, takes pleasure in your sin and death? Not any that bear the image of God, for they must be like minded to Him. It is none of your understanding, godly friends, for it is the grief of their souls to see your misery.

Who is it, then? It is none but the three great enemies of God whom you renounced in your baptism and are now turned falsely to serve. The Devil, indeed, takes pleasure in your sin and death; for this is the very end of all his temptations and for this he watches night and day. The wicked also are delighted in it, for it is agreeable to their nature.

But I know that it is not the pleasing of the Devil that you intend even when you are pleasing him; but it is *your own flesh*, the greatest and most dangerous enemy, that you intend to please. It is the flesh that would be pampered, that would be pleased in meat and drink and clothing, that would be pleased in your company, and pleased in applause and credit with the world, and pleased in sports and lusts and idleness. This is the gulf that devours all. This is the very god that you serve. But is a little meat, or drink, or ease, or wealth of this world to be valued above the joys of Heaven?

So earnest is God for the conversion of sinners that He doubles His commands and entreaties with vehemency: 'Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?' How many, how loud, how earnest, how dreadful, and yet what encouraging, joyful calls! For the principal inviter is God Himself. He that commandeth Heaven and earth commandeth thee to turn. He commands all the orbs of heaven, and they obey; He commands the whole creation to keep its course, and all obey Him.

And yet if He commands but a sinner to turn, he will not obey Him. He only thinks himself wiser than God; he cavils and pleads the cause of sin, and will not obey. If the Lord Almighty say the word, the heavens and all therein obey Him; but if He call but a drunkard out of an alehouse, he will not obey; or if he call a worldly, fleshly sinner to deny himself, and mortify the flesh and set his heart on a better inheritance, he will not obey. This voice which calls to thee is the same which has called all to Heaven that are there now; and they would not now, for a thousand worlds, that they had made light of it and not turned to God. If thou wilt obey the call, thou wilt come to the same happiness.

III—Man His Own Enemy

A STRANGE disputation it is, both as to controversy and as to the disputants. But why is it that God will reason with man? Because man, being a reasonable creature, is accordingly to be dealt with and by reason to be persuaded and overcome. But the worldling is so taken up with earthly things that he has no heart, nor time, nor mind, for heavenly.

I remember an occurrence that happened on a bridge over the Severn. A man was driving a flock of fat lambs and, something meeting them and hindering their progress, one of the lambs leaped upon the wall of the bridge and, his legs slipping from under him, he fell into the stream. The rest seeing him, did one after another leap over the bridge into the stream and were all, or almost all, drowned. Those that were behind did little know what was become of those that were gone before, but thought that they might venture to follow their companion; but as soon as they were over the wall, and falling headlong, the case was altered.

Even so it is with unconverted, carnal men. One dies and is lost, and another follows the same way; and yet they will go after them, because they think not whither they are gone. Oh, but when death has once opened their eyes, and they see what is on the other side of the wall, even in another world, then what would they give to be where they were!

I have shown you the reasonableness of God's commands and the unreasonableness of wicked men's disobedience. If nothing will do but men will yet refuse to turn, we are next to consider to whom it is owing if they be condemned.

The greatest enemy to man is himself; and the greatest judgement that can befall him in this life is to be left to himself; and the great work that grace has to do is to save us from ourselves. The greatest work that we have to do ourselves is to resist ourselves. The greatest part of your work, if you would help men to heaven, is to save them from themselves, even from their own corrupted wills.

We know so much of the goodness of God that we have no reason to suspect Him of being the cause of our death, or to call Him cruel. He is not only righteous in all His ways, and therefore will deal justly, but He is also good to all and His tender mercies are over all His works. But as for man, we know that his mind is dark, his will perverse, his affections carry him so headlong, that he is fitted by his folly and corruption to such work as the destroying of himself.

If you will turn, you shall immediately be made members of Christ, and have an interest in Him, and be renewed in the image of God, and be adorned with all His graces, and quickened with a new and heavenly life, and saved from the tyranny and dominion of sin, and have the pardon of the sins of your whole lives, and at death your souls shall go to Christ, and at the day of judgement both soul and body shall be glorified and enter into your Master's joy.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE

KATERFELTO

A MODEST and unassuming man, Whyte-Melville was always inclined to under-rate his literary powers, which certainly would have brought him greater fame had circumstances compelled their more diligent use. For no one has written of country house life and field sport with greater fidelity or more breezy vigour, and these qualities, combined with the author's gift of straightforward narrative, have secured for several of his numerous novels a permanence denied to many works of fiction of higher purely literary merit. The best known of his stories are Digby Grand (1853), Kate Coventry (1856), Market Harborough (1861), The Gladiators (1863), and Katerfelto (1870). The last has been selected for inclusion in *The World's Great Books* because it presents an admirable blend of the author's favourite atmospheres, the historical and the sporting. Katerfelto is published by Ward, Lock & Co., by whose permission this outline has been prepared, and cheap editions of several of Whyte-Melville's books are procurable.

I—A Ride for the Cause



ON the last day of April 1763, John Wilkes, refusing to enter into his recognisances to appear before the Court of Queen's Bench, was committed to the Tower.

In consequence of this defiance of constituted authority, Mr. Wilkes became a hero; and while many a jug of beer was emptied to his health, divers street songs, more or less execrable, were composed in honour of the so-called patriot. One of these ditties, chanted beneath the windows of a tavern in Covent Garden, where a party of gentlemen sat at supper, roused their protestations, and a gentleman in a laced waistcoat shut down the window, after throwing a crown-piece to the singer.

They were drinking punch; voices had risen, a glass was broken. In the natural course of events someone called a toast.

"Blue eyes!" shouted a handsome young fellow.

"A fine!" objected the punch-ladler. "By the laws of our society, no member has leave to pledge a female toast. Call something else."

"Then here's John Wilkes!" laughed the first speaker. "John Wilkes! His good health and deliverance—with three."

"Hold!" exclaimed a beetle-browed man of forty, turning down his glass. "I protest! Nobody but a d—d Jacobite and traitor to his majesty would venture to call such a toast in this worshipful com-

[illegible] John

[illegible]ooke [illegible] The young gentleman thus offensively addressed clenched his glass as if to hurl it in the speaker's face. Controlling himself, however, with an obvious effort, he broke into a forced laugh and observed quietly, "If you wish to fasten a quarrel on me, Mr. Gale, this is neither a fitting time nor place."

The quarrel was smoothed over by the man behind the punch-bowl, but John Garnet—'plain John Garnet,' as his friends called him in jest, referring to his handsome looks and the title he had lost through his father, Sir John's, adherence to the Stewart cause—completely sobered by the wrangle, sipped his punch in silence and meditated reprisals.

In the duel that followed he left his adversary wounded to death—though Gale lived long enough to assure the doctor and two witnesses that the quarrel was of his own seeking, and fought fairly—while he himself reeled, bleeding and half senseless, into a narrow passage, where his unconscious body was picked up and nursed back to health by the old charlatan of Deadman's Alley, Katerfelto, and Waif, or Thyra, the beautiful young gypsy girl he had bought for his assistant.

"You have restored me to life," said he, "and I cannot even pay you a surgeon's fee. I tell you plainly I have not ten guineas in the world."

The old man laughed a noiseless laugh peculiar to himself.

"When the frost is bitter and the earth white with snows, do you not long for the opening of spring, the soft south wind, the coming of the blackbird at last?" he said.

A look of intelligence passed between them, and Garnet's eye brightened. It was the password of a losing, nay, of a ruined cause. The handful of Jacobites in England had not yet relinquished all hope of the Stewart's return, and Garnet had sworn to his dying father never to abandon the good cause.

"We are comrades in the same service," continued the doctor quietly. "There is no question of guineas between you and me. Will you ride a hundred miles on an errand in which we are equally interested, and cry quits?"

"To the end of the world!" answered John Garnet, "only I have not a horse to my name."

Katerfelto, scanning narrowly the resolute countenance and strong, active frame, smiled to think that here was a tool shaped expressly for his purpose.

"I might find horseflesh," said he, "if you can find spurs. Come with me to the next street, I want your opinion of a horse I keep there." He led his visitor to a tumble down building. "Enter!" said he, unlocking the door.

An exclamation of wonder and delight escaped from the visitor; here seemed the very flower and perfection of the whole equine race. The sloping shoulders, deep girth, flat legs, round, firm feet, full, well-turned back and lengthy quarters denoted strength and speed unequalled; there was that proportion and harmony of all the parts which nature is careful to preserve when she turns out some masterpiece.

"LISTEN, John Garnet," said Katerfelto. "He is yours. You shall ride him out of London to-night. They would hang you, my good sir, if they could catch you, and this I consider a sufficient reason for leaving London. John Garnet, I call upon you to ride for the king! Lord Bellinger took coach to-day for his lieutenancy in the West, carrying with him certain warrants which must never reach their destination. You understand? Briefly, these warrants must be destroyed before the end of the week, and I look to you for a speedy completion of the job. In this purse are a hundred guineas. Spend them, founder the horse, use your pistols at your discretion, but the warrants must be in the fire before his lordship crosses the borders of Somerset, and the gentlemen named in them must be warned. You must corrupt the servants, make love to my lady, or rob my lord."

II—Outlawed and Pursued

THE Bellingers spent their first day of travel agreeably enough. At noon of the second it began to rain, a trace broke, a horse cast a shoe; finally the unwieldy vehicle creaked, groaned, swung and stopped in the middle of a hill. It is possible his lordship might have sworn but that his attention was diverted at this juncture to the beauty and action of a horse passing at a gallop, ridden by a young man whose seat and bearing did justice to the animal he bestrode. Finding John Garnet—for it was he—at the hostelry where they stayed the night, he challenged him to picquet, and not only won from him his hundred guineas but also his horse Katerfelto, so named on the spur of the moment.

Lord Bellinger started.

"Do *you* know Katerfelto?" said he.

"I got the horse with that name," answered John Garnet; "but his new owner can alter it at pleasure."

So, with many profound bows, the pair separated and, to his extreme disgust, the loser heard Lord Bellinger's door carefully locked on the inside.

To have lost a hundred guineas after supper was bad enough, but to yield possession of the best horse he ever owned and pursue Lord Bellinger on foot was not to be thought of. There was nothing for it but highway robbery, and with Waif's aid—for she had followed him secretly, and obtained the help of Fin Cooper, her Romany lover, and others of her tribe—he succeeded. There was no difficulty in finding the warrants. With these, and the hundred guineas he had lost safe in his pockets, John Garnet turned Katerfelto's

head towards the down, pausing one moment to clasp Waif's hand, and to hear her murmur, "I do not say farewell, for it would break my heart to think we should not meet again!"

The exploit for which Galloping Jack—for the grey horse had been identified as belonging to a notorious highwayman—must henceforth bear the blame had been thoroughly carried out. The warrants were burnt, the attainted persons warned in time to escape. But a reward of a hundred guineas was offered for the apprehension of the highwayman on the grey stallion, and John Garnet was forced to lie low for a time, choosing the neighbourhood of Porlock Bay, where he met Nelly Carew, a maiden of comely features and gracious presence, the sweetest lass from Bossington Point to Bideford Bay.

But, wittingly or unwittingly, nobody ever offended Katerfelto, the charlatan, without regretting it. He had every intention of screening John Garnet from the avenger of blood, but when he discovered Waif was missing too, in a quick, remorseless way he vowed vengeance on them both.

Parson Abner Gale had journeyed to London, and sought his aid by finding his brother's antagonist. Believing that the mission must be fulfilled by now, and the warrants burnt, Katerfelto sent him back to his own West Country hills to find the slayer of his kinsman, John Garnet, a proper youth and an expert swordsman.

Katerfelto had seen too much of mankind and their worst passions to be easily moved. But he felt his blood curdle when he marked the parson's rubicund cheek turn to a sallow white. If ever there was *murder* in a man's face he read it now. Perhaps for one moment he felt compunction, but the weakness was soon over.

III—Love's Forgetfulness

AND you never told me your life was in danger, never said that a careless word might ruin both of us at a blow. Dear heart, surely you might have trusted *me*."

It was Nelly Carew's voice, and her brow was pressed to John Garnet's shoulder while she spoke. Wilfully blind to his ruined prospects and his false position, he had abandoned himself to the happiness of the hour, forgetting the past, ignoring the future—Waif, Katerfelto, Lord Bellinger, robbery, high treason and Tyburn Hill—while he held Nelly Carew's hand and looked lovingly in her delicate face beneath the apple trees by Porlock Bay.

"I need not go to prison, and I need not die," he answered lightly. "This is a secure hiding-place enough. I should like to stay here for the rest of my life. What can a man want to make him happy more than I have? The sweetest girl in the world to walk with, and the best horse in England to ride. I gave him a ten-mile stretch on the moor this morning while you were fast asleep and dreaming. Were you dreaming, Nelly?"

"Never mind my dreams," she answered, blushing. "If I *did* dream of somebody, I'm not going to say so. Tell me about your ride."

"I met a strange old man," he continued. "So weird looking that in the North we should have thought him something uncanny, a brownie at least, or a wandering spirit of the moor. Not that he was a jack-o'-lanthorn nor will o'-the-wisp, for he showed me the way out instead of luring me *into* a bog, or I should have been there now."

"It must have been Red Rube!" exclaimed Nelly, joyfully. "Did he say there were deer in Horner Woods? Oh, how I long for a gallop over the moor after a stag, and with you!"

John Garnet pondered. There would be little risk, he thought, in joining these West Country gentlemen in the hunting field. Then the temptation! To ride Katerfelto far ahead of meaner steeds from ridge to ridge, sweeping over mountain and moor as though on the wings of an eagle. Yes, he would have a ride in pursuit of the red deer, at any risk.

But there crouched behind the hedge in the orchard one whose dark eye and tawny ear missed not the lowest whisper, the lightest gesture—whose tameless heart quivered and throbbed with every syllable, every caress, as at the stroke of a knife. Waif bit her lip till the blood came, and nerved herself to listen till she learnt

that the whole scaffolding on which she had so unconsciously built the edifice of her future had crumpled into ruins and crushed her own heart in its collapse.

Scarce knowing how, she sped back to the encampment of her own people swift and straight as the red hind, that neither fails nor falters, though she carries a bullet in her breast. There she found Parson Gale, and it was revenge she promised him—revenge on the man he suspected of rivalling him in Nelly Carew's love, revenge on his brother's slayer.

"The man you seek," she said, "is in your reach. The man who slew your brother sleeps to-night within three leagues of you, in the hamlet by Porlock Bay. When you stand face to face with John Garnet, tell him that the gypsy girl he betrayed delivered him into your hand."

IV—Two Faithful Women

MEANTIME, Lord Bellinger had returned to town to find himself cold-shouldered for the failure of his mission and Katerfelto, the prophet whom he had so often consulted, suspected of being a Jacobite spy, arms having been found in his cellar and gunpowder under his bed. But the charlatan was missing when they sent to arrest him, having had forty-eight hours' start, and making his way, disguised as a cheap-jack to Dulverton Revel, where he was recognized by Parson Gale and Fin Cooper.

"You will lodge with us to-night on the moor," Fin Cooper said. "The fullest platter shall smoke and the softest blanket be spread for the gypsy's friend."

Katerfelto shook his head.

"If I came to your tent and claimed my own, Fin," he asked, "would your welcome be so hearty and free?"

The gypsy's face fell.

"I love her," he said. "She was given to me long before you bought her from our people. You told me I should have her back at some future time, father, the morning you took her away."

"Keep her in your tents, Fin," said Katerfelto, with a smile, "and fear no hindrance from me. But, remember, a Romany lass may wander too free and far."

"I understand you, father," muttered Fin. "You mean she has a Gorgio lover?"

"I mean," answered Katerfelto coolly, "that John Garnet is better out of the way, both for you and for me and for Waif. Let King George take the trouble off your hands and pay you, besides, a purse of gold. John Garnet's is a hanging matter, and a reward of one hundred guineas is offered for his apprehension. That Exmoor parson—watch for him riding home. He is a magistrate; never fear him for that. Lay your hand on his horse's mane, and say to him in the king's name, 'I can show you the man you want. Follow me.'"

But John Garnet, enjoying the golden hour at Porlock with the carelessness of his nature, thought no more of the toils that surrounded him than the wild deer thought of the many preparations made for its capture. At the meet the honest squires whispered to each other with nods and winks of intelligence as their practised eyes travelled approvingly over the symmetrical shape of Katerfelto; but their motto being 'Live and let live,' and their political sympathies with the one or two honest fellows the burning of the warrants had saved, they made no demur to John Garnet's appearance.

When the stag turned at bay at last, after a magnificent run, he would have been alone, having long out-distanced the others; but, seeing Parson Gale galloping towards him on his black horse, Cassock, he greeted him with an encouraging wave of the arm and a jolly cheer, before leaping lightly off his horse and scrambling over the slippery boulders towards the pool where the stag stood.

BUT Abner Gale, too, had dismounted, and run in behind the quarry with eight inches of bare steel in his hand. It was then that the hideous temptation came to him, when he looked from that hated rival, unconscious of his presence and within arm's length, to the steel in his hand. His eye had already marked the spot where he could plant a blow and pierce the very heart. He nerved himself, set his teeth and raised his hand; but

even while the knife quivered in the air, John Garnet turned his head and caught his enemy by the wrist.

"Hold on, parson! You've been and dropped your knife," said a rough voice, while a dexterous snatch twitched the weapon from his fingers. "Shame, gentlemen, shame! That two such noble riders should dispute about the honour of blooding a pack of hounds!"

And, stooping nimbly, Red Rube, the harbourer, who had struggled up in the nick of time, drew the parson's hunting-knife across the stag's throat, observing that, in the huntsman's absence, it was his right as 'harbourer,' or tracker, to administer the death-stroke. He forebore returning the parson's knife to its owner, however, and John Garnet, finding a moment's leisure, looked round in vain for the white pony and Nellie Carew.

She was riding home, full of pleasant thoughts and fancies that grouped themselves round a figure on a grey horse skimming the moorland far ahead of all competitors, when the parson overtook her. His bargain was a hard one—her promise to be his wife, and never to speak to nor see John Garnet again, on condition that Gale spared him and gave him time to clear out of the country. But Nellie acceded to it out of her woman's self-sacrificing devotion.



GEORGE JOHN WHYTE-MELVILLE was born near St. Andrews, Fifeshire, June 19, 1821, son of a Scottish laird, and educated at Eton. He joined the Coldstream Guards and in the Crimean War served as a officer in the Turkish cavalry. In 1850 he retired from the army with the rank of major and, settling down at Tetbury, Gloucestershire, gave full indulgence to his predilection for field sports and wrote many novels dealing with the hunting field and with country life generally. The proceeds of the extensive sales of his books he devoted to philanthropic purposes. Whyte-Melville died from a fall in the hunting field, December 5, 1878.

BUT John Garnet waited for her at her own door, to fold her in a close embrace against his heart. Warned of Parson Gale's unscrupulous hatred by Red Rube, he had meant to say farewell to Nellie for a time, and ride to Ilfracombe, where he hoped to find a ship; but her grandfather had been taken dangerously ill, he could not leave her in her distress. But on the morrow she bade him go—for *her* sake, since she was to wed Abner Gale—and rushed out of his presence, leaving him utterly bewildered and dismayed.

Later in the day, wandering restlessly to and fro, he felt, for the first time in his life, that keen pang of jealousy which is at once the test and the punishment of love, as he saw Parson Gale enter the house without ceremony. Her grandfather was worse, however, and the parson rode to the gypsy's camp, and insisted on Katerfelto returning with him to give his aid to the old man. But his life was fast ebbing away, and John Garnet, knowing it, still lingered, for how could he find it in his heart to leave the neighbourhood of the woman he loved in her sorrow?

His presence filled Katerfelto with indignation and alarm, and he warned the parson of his presence. Nelly, overhearing them, sent word to John Garnet that he must fly at once.

It set John Garnet acting as well as thinking. It was a dreary night of snow and storm, but after all his preparations were made he passed once more under her windows and watched, with a strange, sad longing, the point of light that denoted her vigil by the dying man's bed before turning back to his lodging for a few hours' rest.

But, meanwhile, Parson Gale had sought Fin Cooper's aid, and at daybreak they set off to hunt him down. Waif, who was to wed Fin on the morrow, had stolen forth through the blinding storm to warn John; but she was too late, and she was sinking exhausted on the snow when the tramp of galloping horses came. She saw

the death-chase, with Parson Gale on Cassock heading John towards a deep ravine. Tearing her kerchief from her bosom as she ran, she waved her signal for him to come on, and Katerfelto bounded across to safety with his rider, but stumbled and fell as he landed, dragging the bridle loose, and rising, scoured riderless into the waste. Parson Gale followed, but the gallant old horse made his effort too late. Chesting the opposite bank, the concussion shot the hapless pair to the very bottom of the chasm in a ghastly heap, with hardly a bone unbroken.

"Take off your boots," sobbed Waif. "I swore to save you, and I will. Close by here is a sheep-track that will lead you to Red Rube's hut. They will never think of looking for you there. Thank your God, if you Gorgios have one, for this snow-storm! No man living can see twenty paces before him while it lasts. Farewell, Master Garnet. Do not—do not quite forget Waif!"

She turned to plunge through the snow without another word, his heavy riding-boots drawn on her own shapely limbs; and then, after one long, last look at her, he made his way to safety. But she plunged and laboured on to lead his pursuers farther from their prey, until Fin found her at last, with a cry of triumph, thinking her his rival—dead, stone dead—married, like a Gorgio bride, all in white.

Thanks to King George's clemency, John received a free pardon and the promise of his confiscated northern estates, and wedded Nelly. While the good grey horse, freeing itself of the saddle, passed on, rejoicing, to life-long freedom on the moors.

Most Lyrical of Sophocles' Tragedies

SOPHOCLES

ANTIGONE

THE tragedy of conflict between civil authority and a girl's noble scrupulousness, Antigone is one of the greatest of the dramas of Sophocles that remain to us. It is more lyrical in style than either of the two Oedipus plays with which it is associated, and was almost certainly written at an earlier stage in the poet's artistic development. It shows how Antigone, daughter of the tragic marriage of Oedipus and Jocasta, attempts to bury the body of her brother, Polynices, according to the customary ritual, despite the fact that the king, Creon, has ordered that it shall remain unburied. We are shown clearly the disastrous consequences of disobedience to man-made laws, even though this disobedience was prompted by love for a brother and respect for the gods. Outlines of Oedipus the King and Oedipus at Colonos appear at pages 293 and 641 respectively. Several excellent English translations of Sophocles' dramas have been published.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Creon	Ismene	Eurydice, wife of Creon
Haemon, son of Creon		Two Messengers Guard
Tiresias	Antigone	Chorus of Theban Elders

The scene is laid in front of the palace of Thebes

First Act

Enter Antigone *and* Ismene



ANTIGONE: Ismene, own sister, dearest one,
Surely all woes that sprang from Oedipus
Will Zeus accomplish one and twain; and now
Hast thou not heard our chieftain's new decree?

Ismene: No pleasant word or painful have I heard
Since we were reft at once of brothers twain
On one sad day.

Ant.: Therefore I sent for thee
Beyond the gates, that thou mayst hear alone
One, Eteocles, with rites of burial
Creon has honoured; but, for Polynices,
Unwept, unsepulchred, a prey to birds,
His corpse must lie. So Creon hath decreed.
Who disobeys, by stoning he must die.
Show now if thou art worthy of thy birth!
Wilt thou take part with me in risk and toil,
Wilt thou with me give burial to our dead?

Ism.: Darest thou what Creon has forbidden?

Ant.: Ay,
He has no right to keep me from mine own.

Ism.: Oh, sister, we two girls are left alone;
We cannot strive with men; this and far worse
We must obey. From those that are departed
I pray forgiveness, but obey our lords.

Ant.: Now would I not, though thou shouldst will it, share

The deed with thee. I, I will bury him ;
Yea, and rejoice to die in doing it.
Dishonour if thou wilt what gods approve.
[*Exeunt.* *Enter* **Chorus of Theban Elders** *and* **Creon.**

Creon : Friends, since the sons of Oedipus have fallen,
Both on the selfsame day with murderous blow,
Smiting and being smitten, now I hold
Their thrones and all their powers of sovereignty.
Now, whoso, being called to guide a state,
Still counts his friend more worthy than his country,
I utterly despise him. Not as friend
I count my country's foe. Such my decree
Concerning those two sons of Oedipus.
Him who died fighting for our fatherland,
Eteocles, I honour with all rites ;
But him who sought with fire to desolate
His father's city and the shrines of God,
Him, Polynices, none shall dare entomb
Nor utter any wail or loud lament
But leave his corpse unburied, by the dogs
And vultures mangled, foul to look upon.
[*Enter a* **Guard.**

Guard : Not with swift feet, but tarrying oft in doubt,
I come to thee, O king, in haste yet slow,
And though I tell of naught yet I will speak ;
Yea, speak I will. The corpse . . . someone has been
But now and buried it ; a little dust
O'er the skin scattering with wonted rites.

Creon : What sayest thou ? What man dared this deed of guilt ? [hard,

Guard : I know not. All the soil was dry and
But he who did it went and left no sign ;
No tomb was raised, but dust all lightly strewn.
Now, when we found the thing, ill words arose,
Since every guard to every guard appeared
The man whose hand had done it ; yet not one
Was privy to his schemes who planned the deed ;
So swore we all. Therefore to tell thee all
Against my will I come, seeing 'tis true
That no man loves the messenger of ill.

Chorus : Perchance in this is some divine intent.

Creon : Be thou not found, though full of years, a fool ;
Nor deem that for this corpse the gods may care ;
The gods approve not men of evil deeds.
These men were bribed to let the deed be done ;
But they who bribed have laboured to their cost.
Unless ye find the very man whose hand
Has wrought this burial, and before mine eyes
Present him captive, yea, unless you show
To me the doers, ye shall say ere long
That ill got gains still work their punishment.
[*Exit.*

Guard : God send we find him ; should we find him not
You will not see me coming here again. [*Exit.*

Second Act

CHORUS : Many the forms of life,
Wondrous and strange to see,
But naught than man appears
More wondrous and more strange.
He with the wintry gales
O'er the white foaming sea
Mid wild waves surging round
Wendeth his way across.
Earth, of all gods from ancient days the first,
Unworn and undecayed,
He with his ploughs that travel o'er and o'er,
Furrowing with horse and mule,
Wears ever year by year
The thoughtless tribe of birds,
The beasts that roam the fields
The brood in sea depths born,
He takes them all in nets,
Knotted in a snarm, mesh,
Man wonderful in skill
And by his subtle arts
He holds in sway the beasts
That roam the fields or tread the mountains' height
And brings the bondage yoke
Upon the neck of horse with shaggy mane,
Or bull on mountain crest
Untamable in strength.
And speech, and thought as swift as speech,
And tempered mood, for higher life and states,
These he has learnt ; and how to flee
O'er the clear cold of frost unkind,
O'er darts of storm and shower,
Man all providing. Unprovided, he
Meeteth no chance the coming days may bring.
Only from Hades still
He fails to find escape,
Though skill of art may teach him how to flee
From depths of fell disease incurable.
So, gifted with a wondrous might,
Above all fancy's dreams, with skill to plan,
Now unto evil, now to good,
He turns ; while holding fast the laws,
His country's sacred rights
That rest upon the oath of gods on high,
High in the state ; an outlaw from the state,
When loving in his pride
The thing that is not good.
Ne'er may he share my hearth nor yet my thoughts
Who worketh deeds of evil like to this.
[*Enter* **Guards** *leading* **Antigone.**
Lo ! is not this the maid Antigone ?
O wretched one, of wretched father born,
What means this ? Surely 'tis not that they bring
Thee as a rebel against the king's decree,
And taken in the folly of thine act ?
[*Enter* **Creon.**

Guard : I come, although I swore the contrary,
Bringing this maiden whom in act we found
Decking the grave. The prize, O king, was mine,
And I am free of all this troublous coil.

Creon : Dost know and rightly speak the tale thou tellst ? [corpse.

Guard : I saw her burying that selfsame

Creon : Thou, then—yes, thou, who bend'st thy face to earth,
Confessest thou or dost deny the deed ?



ANTIGONE STREWING DUST UPON THE DEAD BODY OF HER BROTHER POLYNICES

Antigone : I own I did it and will not deny.
[*Exit* **Guard.**
Creon : Knew'st thou the edicts which forbade these things,
And didst thou dare to disobey these laws ?
Ant. : Yes ; for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,
Nor Justice, dwelling with the gods below,
Who traced these laws for all the sons of men ;
Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough
That thou, a mortal man, should overpass
The unwritten laws of God, that know not change.
They are not of to-day or yesterday,
But live for ever, nor can man assign
When first they sprang to being. Not through fear
Of any man's resolve was I prepared
Before the gods to bear the penalty
Of sinning against these. That I should die
I knew—how should I not ?—though the decree
Had never spoken. And before my time
If I shall die, I reckon this a gain.
For whoso lives, as I, in many woes,
How can it be but he shall gain by death ?
And so for me to bear this doom of thine
Has nothing painful ; but if I had left
My mother's son unburied on his death,
In that I should have suffered. But in this
I suffer not ; and should I seem to thee
To do a foolish deed, 'tis simply this—
I bear the charge of folly from a fool.
Creon : Thou and thy sister shall not 'scape a doom

Most foul and shameful; for I charge her, too,
With having planned this deed of sepulchre.
[*Enter* Ismene.
Creon: Wilt thou confess thou took'st thy part in this,
Or wilt thou swear thou didst not know of it?
Ismene: I did the deed if she did. Go with her?
Yes, share the guilt and bear an equal blame.
Ant.: Nay, justice will not suffer this, for thou
Didst not consent nor did I let thee join.
Ism.: What life to me is sweet, bereaved of thee?
Ant.: Thou mad'st thy choice to live, and I to die.
Ism. (*to* **Creon**): Wilt thou, then, slay thy son's betrothed bride?
Creon: Wives that are vile I love not for my sons.
Ism.: Ah, dearest Haemon, how thy father shames thee!
Chor.: Her doom is fixed, it seems, then; she must die.
Creon: Fixed, yes, by me and thee; no more delay.
[*Exeunt* **Guards** *with* **Antigone** *and* **Ismene**.

CHORUS: Thy power, O Zeus, what haughtiness of man,
Yes, what can hold in check
Which neither sleeps, which maketh all things old,
Nor the long months of gods that never fail
Can for a moment seize?
But still as lord supreme,
Waxing not old with time,
Thou dwellest in thy sheen of radiancy
On far Olympos' height.
Through future near or far as through the past
One law holds ever good:—
Naught comes to life of man unscathed throughout by woe.
[*Enter* **Haemon**, *who vainly endeavours to dissuade* **Creon** *from his purpose*.
Creon: Thou woman's slave, I say, prate on no more.
Haem.: Wilt thou, then, speak and, speaking, listen not? [free
Creon: Nay, by Olympos, thou shalt not go
To flout me with reproaches; lead her out,
Whom my soul hates, that she may die forthwith
Before mine eyes, and near her bridegroom here.
Haem.: No! Think it not; near me she shall not die;
And thou shalt never see my face alive,
That thou mayest storm at those who like to yield. [*Exit*.
Chor.: What form of death mean'st thou, to slay her with?
Creon: Leading her on to where the desert path
Is loneliest, there, alive in rocky cave,
Will I immure her, just so much of food
Before her set as may avert pollution,
And save the city from the guilt of blood.
Chor.: Oh, Love, in every battle victor owned,
Love rushing on thy prey;
Now on a maiden's soft and blooming cheek
In secret ambush hid,
Now o'er the broad sea wandering at will
And now in shepherd's folds—
Of all the Undying Ones none 'scape from thee,
Nor yet of mortal men.
Lo, I see her, I see Antigone,
Wend her sad lonely way
To that bride chamber, where we all must be.
[*Enter* Antigone.
Ant.: Behold, O men of this my father's land,
I wend my last lone way.
Seeing the last sunbeam now and never more;
With neither part nor lot
In marriage festive,
Nor hath the marriage hymn
Been sung to me as bride;
But I shall be the bride of Acheron.
Unwept, without a friend,
Unwed and wholmed in woe,
I journey on this road that opens
What law of heaven have I transgressed against?
What use for me, ill-starred one, still to look
To any god for succour or to call
On any friend for aid? For holiest deed
I bear this charge of rank unholiness.
If acts like these the gods on high approve,
We, taught by pain, shall own that we have sinned;
But if these sin I pray they suffer not
Worse evil than the wrongs they do to me.
Oh, citadel of Thebes, my native land,
Ye gods of ancient days, I go and tarry not.
[**Antigone** *is led out*.

CHORUS: Oh, great and dread the might of destiny,
Nor kingly wealth nor war,
Nor tower nor dark-hulled ships
Beaten by waves escape!
[*Enter* **Tiresias**, *guided by a boy*.
Creon: Say, what new thing, Tiresias, brings thee here? [razor edge.
Tiresias: Know that thou walk'st on fortune's
The gods no more hear prayers of sacrifice
Nor own the flame that burns the victim's limbs;
Nor do the birds give cry of omen good,
But feed on carrion of a slaughtered corpse.
Yield to the dead and outrage not the slain.
Creon: That corpse ye shall not hide in any tomb;
Not though the evil birds of Zeus should bear
Their carrion morsels to the throne of God.
I know your augur's tricks for hire's sake.
Tir.: Know, then, and know it well, that thou shalt see
Not many winding circuits of the sun
Before thou giv'st as quittance for the dead
A corpse by thee begotten; for that thou
Hast to the ground cast one that walked on earth,
And foully placed within a sepulchre
A living soul; and now thou keep'st from them,
The gods below, the corpse of one unblessed,
Unwept, unhallowed. Therefore do they wait
The slow though sure avengers of the grave,

The dread Erinnyes of the mighty gods.

[*Exit* Tiresias.

Creon: What shall I do? Speak ye, and I'll obey.

Chor.: Go then, and free the maiden from her tomb,
And give a grave to him who lies exposed.

Creon: I — I myself who bound her now will loose her. [*Exit.*

Third Act

CHORUS: O thou of many names
Of that Cadmeian maid
The glory and the joy,
Whom Zeus as offspring owns,
Zeus thunders deep and loud;
O thou who lead'st the band,
The choral band of stars still breathing fire,
Lord of the hymns of night,
The child of highest Zeus! Appear, O king,
With Thyian maidens wild,
Who all night long in dance
With frenzied chorus sing
Thy praise their Lord Iacchos.

[*Enter* **Messenger.**

Messenger: Ye men of Cadmos and Amphion's house,
Haemon lies dead and weltering in his blood.

Chor.: By his own act, or by his father's hand?

Mess.: His own, in wrath against his father's crime

Chor.: Lo, Creon's wife comes, sad Eurydice.

[*Enter* **Eurydice.**

Eurydice: I heard, I heard your words yet tell it to me,
Tell the tale once again.

Mess.: I'll tell thee, lady.
Even as we entered on the stone-pav'd home,
Death's marriage chamber for the ill-starred maid,
We heard a shriek: and Creon cried aloud,
'The voice of Haemon! Haste and search.' We searched,
And in the farthest corner found her hanging,
A cord about her neck; and him we found
Clasping her form in passionate embrace.
Then Creon wailed, 'Come forth, my son, my son!' [eyes,
And then the boy, with fierce, wild, gleaming
Glares at him, spits upon his face, and draws,
Still without words, a sharp two-handed sword;
Fell on the point and drove it through his breast
Full half its length, and clasping, yet alive,
The maiden's arm still soft, he there breathes out
In broken gasps upon her fair white cheek
Swift stream of bloody shower. So they lie,
Dead bridegroom and dead bride; and he has gained,
Poor boy, his marriage rites in Hades' home.

[*Exit* **Eurydice.**

Chor.: Never a word of good or ill she spake;
What does she mean? For silence hard, no less
Than vain wild cries, is sign of bitter woe.

Mess.: Yea, there is terror in that silence hard.

[*Enter* **Creon,** *carrying* **Haemon's** *body.*

Chor.: Lo, where the king himself draws nigh
And in his hands he bears a record clear;
No woe, if I may speak, by others caused,
Himself the great offender.

Creon: Woe for the sins of souls of evil mood
Stern, mighty to destroy!
O ye, who look on those of kindred race,
The slayers and the slain,
Woe for mine own rash plans that prosper not!
Woe for thee, son, but new in life's career,
And by a new fate dying! Woe, ah, woe!
Thou diest, thou art gone,
Not by thine own ill-counsel, but by mine.
Ah me!
I learn the grievous lesson. On mine head
God pressing sore hath smitten me and vexed
In ways most rough and terrible, ah me!
Shattering my joy, as trampled under foot.

[*Enter another* **Messenger.**

Messenger: More sorrows in thine house too soon, it seems, [dead.
Thou need'st must come and see. Thy wife is

CREON: Haven of death that none may pacify,
Why dost thou 'whelm me thus? Oh, agony!
Thou who dost speak woes horrible to tell,
Thou trampl'st on a man already slain.
What sayst thou? What new tidings dost thou bring?
My own wife's death, to crown my misery?

[*The gates open, and show the dead body of* **Eurydice.**]

Here in my arms I bear what was my son;
And there, ah, woe! I look upon the dead.
Ah, wretched mother! Ah, my son, my son!

Mess.: In frenzy wild she round the altar clung;
And at the last she cried a bitter cry
Against thy deeds, the murderer of thy son.

Creon: Will no one strike with sharp two-edged sword
A deadly blow? Fearful my fate, alas!
How did she strike the stroke that wrought her death?

Mess.: With her own hand beneath her heart she stabbed,
Hearing her son's most pitiable fate.

Creon: Ah, me! the fault is mine; on no one else
Of all that live the fearful guilt can come.
I, even I, did slay thee, woe is me!
I, yes, I speak the truth. All near at hand
Is turned to evil; and upon my head
There falls a doom far worse than I can bear.

Chor.: Man's highest blessedness in wisdom stands;
And in the things that touch the gods 'tis best
In word or deed to shun unholy pride.
Great words of boasting bring great punishments,
And to grey hairs teach wisdom at the last.

HERBERT SPENCER

PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY

LIKE First Principles (see page 440), Principles of Biology (page 1445), Principles of Psychology (page 2370) and even the Autobiography (page 586), Spencer's very important work on the Principles of Sociology is intended to be regarded merely as a constituent part of the vast, comprehensive system of philosophy that he planned. The belief that the whole Cosmos was advancing in orderly fashion according to strictly Darwinian principles of evolution is the foundation of the elaborate structure of Spencerian philosophy, and its influence is predominant in Principles of Sociology. Spencer advances many important theories in this work, as when he traces the development of modern religion from ancient ancestor worship. Of a more debatable nature is his comparison of industrial civilization with military culture, with the conclusion that the individualism produced by the former is of a higher type than that produced by the latter. Principles of Ethics, showing a further aspect of Spencer's philosophy, appears elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*.

I—Domestic Sociology



SUPER-ORGANIC evolution may be marked off from organic by taking it to include all those processes and products which imply the co-ordinated action of many individuals. Commencing with the development of the family, sociology has next to describe and explain the rise and development of political organization; the evolution of the ecclesiastical structures and functions; the control embodied in ceremonial observances; and the relations between the regulative and operative divisions of every society.

That evolution decreases the sacrifice of individual life to the life of the species we may see on glancing upwards from the microscopic protozoa, where the brief parental life disappears absolutely in the lives of the progeny, to the mammalia, where the greatest conciliation of the interests of the species, the parents and the young, is displayed. The highest constitution of the family is reached where there is such conciliation between the needs of the society and those of its members that the mortality between birth and the reproductive age falls to a minimum, while the lives of adults have their subordination to the rearing of children reduced to the smallest possible.

The propriety of setting out with the foregoing purely natural history view will be evident upon learning that among low savages the relations of the sexes are substantially like those common among inferior creatures. The effect of promiscuity, however, being to hinder social evolution, wherever it was accompanied by unions having some duration, the products of such unions were likely to be superior to others, and from this primitive stage domestic evolution takes place in several directions by increase of coherence and definiteness.

From promiscuity we pass to that form of polyandry in which the unrelated husbands have but one wife; thence to the form in which the husbands are related; and finally to the form in which they are brothers only, as in the fraternal polyandry of the ancient Britons. It is almost needless to point out that, as in passing from promiscuity to polyandry the domestic relations become more coherent and definite, so do they in passing from the lower forms of polyandry to the higher.

That polygyny is better than polyandry may be concluded from its effects. It conduces in a higher degree to social self-preservation than the inferior types of marital relations, by making possible more rapid replacement of men lost in war, and so increases the chance of social survival. By establishment of descent in the male line it conduces to political stability; and by making possible a

developed form of ancestor-worship, it consolidates society.

Societies which from generation to generation produce in due abundance individuals who relatively to the requirements are the best physically, morally and intellectually, must become the predominant societies and must tend through the quiet process of industrial competition to replace other societies. Consequently, marital relations which favour this result in the highest degree must spread; while the prevailing sentiments and ideas must become so moulded into harmony with them that other relations will be condemned as immoral. The monogamic form of the sexual relations is manifestly the ultimate form, and any changes to be anticipated must be in the direction of completion and extension of it.

II—Political Organization

A SOCIETY is formed only when, besides juxtaposition, there is co-operation. Co-operation is made possible by society, and makes society possible. It presupposes associative men; and men remain associated only because of the benefits co-operation yields them. But there cannot be concerted actions without agencies by which actions are adjusted in their times, amounts and kinds; and the actions cannot be of different kinds without the co-operators undertaking different duties. That is to say, the co-operators must become organized, either voluntarily or involuntarily.

The political evolution manifested by increase of mass is political aggregation. One of the laws of evolution at large is that integration results when like units are subject to the same force or the like forces; and from the first stages of political integration to the last this law is illustrated.

Likeness in the units forming a social group being one condition of their integration, a further condition is their joint reaction against external action. Co-operation in war is the chief cause of social integration. The temporary unions of savages for offence and defence show the initiatory steps. When many tribes unite against a common enemy, long continuance of their combined action makes them coherent under some common control. And so it is subsequently with still larger aggregates.

The state of homogeneity in the social aggregate is an unstable one. The primary political differentiation originates from the primary family differentiation. Men and women very early respectively form the two political classes of rulers and ruled. The slave class acquires separateness only as fast as there arrive some restrictions on the powers of the owners; slaves begin to form a division of the body-politic when their personal claims begin to be distinguished as limiting the claims of their masters.

Where men have passed into the agricultural or settled state it becomes possible for one community to take possession bodily of another community, along with the territory it occupies. When this happens there arise additional class divisions. The class differentiation, of which militancy is the actual cause, is furthered by the establishment of definite descent, especially male descent, and by the transmission of position and property to the eldest son of the eldest continually. Inequalities of position and wealth once initiated tend to increase and to establish physical differences; and beyond these there are produced, by the respective habits of life, mental differences, emotional and intellectual, strengthening the general contrast of nature.

When there come conquests which produce compound societies and doubly compound ones, there results superposition of ranks: while the ranks of the conquering society become respectively higher than those which have existed before, the ranks of the conquered society become respectively lower.

The political differentiations which militancy originates, and which for a long time increase in definiteness, are, at later stages and under other conditions, interfered with, traversed and partially or wholly destroyed. While the higher political evolution of large social aggregates tends to break down the divisions of rank which grew up in the small component aggregates, by substituting other divisions, these

original divisions are still more broken down by growing industrialism. Generating wealth that is not connected with rank, this initiates a compelling power; and, at the same time, it weakens those divisions which at the outset expressed inequality of position before the law.

In its primitive form political power is the feeling of the community acting through an agency which it has either informally or formally established; and this public feeling, while it is to some extent the feeling spontaneously formed by those concerned, is to a much larger extent the accumulated and organized sentiment of the past. Everywhere we are shown that the ruler's function as regulator is mainly that of enforcing the inherited rules of conduct which embody ancestral sentiments and ideas.

At the outset the principle of efficiency was the sole principle of organization, but evidently supremacy, which depends exclusively on personal attributes, is but transitory. Only when the chief's place is forthwith filled by one whose claim is admitted does a differentiation begin which survives through successive generations.

Where groups of the patriarchal type fall into regions permitting considerable growth of population, but having physical structures which impede the centralisation of power, compound political heads will arise and for a time sustain themselves through co-operation of two factors, independence of local groups and need for union in war. Thus, as Mommsen says, primitive Rome was rather an aggregate of urban settlements than a single city.

The council of war is the germ out of which the consultative body arises. Within the warrior, which is of necessity the land-owning, class war produces increasing differences of wealth and status; so that military leaders come to be distinguished as large landowners and local rulers. Hence members of a consultative body become contrasted with the freemen at large—not only as leading warriors are contrasted with their followers, but still more as men of wealth and authority.

If the king attains or acquires the reputation of supernatural descent or authority, and the law of hereditary succession is so settled as to exclude election, those who might otherwise have formed a consultative body having co-ordinate power become simply appointed advisers. But if the king has not the prestige of sacred origin or commission, the consultative body retains power; and if the king continues to be elected it may become an oligarchy.

How is the governmental influence of the people acquired? The primary purpose for which chief men and representatives are assembled is that of voting money. The revenues of rulers are derived, at first wholly and afterwards partly, from presents. This primary obligation to render money and service to the head of the state, often reluctantly complied with, is resisted when the exactions are great, and resistance causes conciliatory measures. From ability to prescribe conditions under which money will be voted grows the ability, and finally the right, to join in legislation.

III—Laws, Property and the Industrial Society

Law is mainly an embodiment of ancestral injunctions. The living ruler, able to legislate only in respect of matters unprovided for, is bound by the transmitted command of the unknown and the known who have passed away. Hence the trait common to societies in early stages that the prescribed rules of conduct, of whatever kind, have a religious sanction.

In societies that become large and complex there arise forms of activity and intercourse not provided for in the sacred code; and in respect of these the ruler is free to make regulations. Thus, there comes into existence a body of laws of known human origin which has not the sacredness of the god-descended body of laws—human law differentiated from divine law. And in proportion as the principle of voluntary co-operation more and more characterises the social type, fulfilment of contracts and implied assertion of equality in men's rights become the fundamental requirements, and the consensus of individual interests the chief source of law; such authority as law otherwise derived continues to have, being secondary and insisted upon only because maintenance of law for its own sake indirectly furthers the general welfare.

The theories at present current, adapted to the existing compromise between militancy and industrialism, are steps towards the ultimate theory in conformity with which law will have no other justification than that gained by it as maintainer of the conditions to complete life in the associated state.

The desire to appropriate lies deep in animal nature, being, indeed, a condition to survival. The consciousness that conflict and consequent injury may probably result from the endeavour to take that which is held by another tends to establish the custom of leaving each in possession of whatever he has obtained by labour.

With the passage from a nomadic to a settled state, ownership of land by the community becomes qualified by individual ownership; but only to the extent that those who clear and cultivate portions of the surface have undisturbed enjoyment of its produce. Habitually the public claim survives, qualified by various forms of private ownership mostly temporary; but war undermines communal proprietorship of land, and partly or wholly substitutes for it either the unqualified proprietorship of an absolute conqueror or proprietorship by a conqueror qualified by the claims of vassals holding it under certain conditions. The individualisation of ownership extended and made more definite by trading transactions under contract eventually affects the ownership of land.

The traits of the industrial type of society are so hidden by those of the still dominant militant type that its nature is nowhere more than very partially exemplified. The industrial type is distinguished from the militant type as being not both positively regulated and negatively regulated, but as being negatively regulated only. To the member of the industrial community authority says, 'Thou shalt not,' and not 'Thou shalt.' On turning to the civilized peoples to observe the form of individual character which accompanies the industrial form of society, we encounter the difficulty that the personal traits proper to industrialism are, like the social traits, mingled with those proper to militancy.

NEVERTHELESS, on contrasting the characters of our ancestors during more warlike periods with our own characters, we see that with an increasing ratio of industrialism to militancy have come a growing independence, a less marked loyalty, a smaller faith in governments and a more qualified patriotism; and while there has been shown a strengthening assertion of individuality there has accompanied it a growing respect for the individualities of others, as is implied by the diminution of aggressions upon them and the multiplication of efforts for their welfare.

It seems needful to explain that it is not so much that a social life passed in peaceful occupations is positively moralising, as that a social life passed in war is positively demoralising. The sacrifice of others to self is, in the one, incidental only; while in the other it is necessary.

IV—Ecclesiastical Institutions

RIGHTLY to trace the evolution of ecclesiastical institutions, we must know whence came the ideas and sentiments implied by them. Are these innate or are they derived? They are derived. And here it may be remarked that where among African savages there existed no belief in a double which goes away during sleep, there was found to exist no belief in a double which survives after death.

From the ordinary absence of the other self in sleep, and its extraordinary absences in swoons, apoplexy and so forth, the transition is to its unlimited absence at death; then, after an interval of waiting, the expectation of immediate return is given up. Commonly the spirit is supposed to linger near the body or to revisit it. Hence the universality of ministrations to the double of the deceased habitually made at funerals. The habitat of the other self is variously conceived, though everywhere there is an approach to parallelism between the life here and the imagined life hereafter.

Along with the development of grave-heaps into altars, grave-sheds into religious edifices, and food for the ghost into sacrifices, there goes on the development of praise and prayer. Turning to certain

more indirect results of the ghost theory, we find that, distinguishing but confusedly between semblance and reality, the savage thinks that the representation of a thing partakes of the properties of a thing. Hence the effigy of a dead man becomes a habitation for his ghost; and idols, because of the indwelling doubles of the dead, are propitiated.

In their normal forms, as in their abnormal forms, all gods arise by apotheosis. Originally the god is the superior living man whose power is conceived as superhuman. As in primitive thought divinity is synonymous with superiority, and as at first a god may be either a powerful living person or a dead person who has acquired supernatural power as a ghost, there come two origins for semi-divine beings—the one by unions between a conquering god race and the conquered race, distinguished as men, and the other by supposed intercourse between living persons and spirits.

PROMPTED, as offerings on graves originally are, by affection for the deceased, it naturally happens that such propitiations are made more by relatives than others. The family cult next acquires a more definite form by the devolution of its functions on one member of the family. Hence in ancient Egypt 'it was most important that a man should have a son established in his seat after him who should perform the due rites' of sacrifice to his *ka*, or double.

Facts also show that the devolution of the sacrificial office accompanies devolution of property, for this has to bear the costs of the sacrifices; and by a natural corollary the head of the village community combines the characters of priest and ruler. With the increase of a chief's territory there comes an accumulation of business which necessitates the employment of assistants, and among the functions deputed is that of priest, at first perhaps temporarily assumed by a brother. Such is the usual origin of priesthood.

Many facts make it clear that not only the genesis of polytheism, but the long survival of it, are sequences of primitive ancestor-worship. Eventually there results, under favouring conditions, a gravitation towards monotheism, and with this an advance towards unification of priesthood.

Likeness between ecclesiastical and political organizations, when they have diverged, is largely due to their community of origin. There results a hierarchy of sacerdotal functionaries analogous to the graduated system of political functionaries; then the agencies for carrying on celestial rule and terrestrial rule eventually begin to compete for supremacy; and there are reasons for thinking that the change from an original predominance of a spiritual power over the temporal power to ultimate subjugation of it is mainly due to the development of industrialism with the moral and intellectual changes involved.

WHILE preparing The Principles of Sociology Herbert Spencer collected and classified as bases of induction large quantities of facts relating to societies of different types, ancient and modern. This gigantic work, called by him Descriptive Sociology, was begun in October 1867.

The facts were presented in such a manner as to enable students of social science to draw their own conclusions uninfluenced by the hypotheses or prejudices of other persons. The parts published in his lifetime include: The Lowest Races, African Races, American Races, Asiatic Races, Mexicans and Central Americans, Hebrews and Phoenicians, English and French. He found the expense of production too much for his means, and brought the publication to a close in 1881.

The continuation of the undertaking was one on which he was bent with characteristic tenacity of purpose, and the residuum of his estate was left by him to complete the work after his death.

After the death of Spencer steps were taken to prepare the continuation, and there have since appeared a volume on Hellenic Greeks, by the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy and Professor Goligher, and an elaborate volume on Chinese Civilization, drawn from the best European and Chinese sources, by E. T. C. Werner. These volumes on Descriptive Sociology, like all Herbert Spencer's works, are published by Williams & Norgate.



David Hume (1711–1776), Scottish philosopher and historian, was one of the most vital thinkers of modern times. After studying law without enthusiasm and embarking half-heartedly on a commercial career, he retired to France in 1734 to study philosophy. In 1737 appeared A Treatise on Human Nature, and this was followed by Essays, Moral, Social and Political and An Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals. Hume's philosophy, as expressed in these works, is based on universal scepticism, and differs from contemporary French thought in being purely speculative and not written for political ends. His theories are directly opposed to those of Bishop Berkeley, and yet have nothing in common with the realist views of Hobbes, since they declare that ideas are but the faint echoes of physical impressions. This teaching very greatly influenced Kant, and has hence affected all modern thought. Hume's histories are remarkable for their elegant style, magnificent indifference to accuracy and a lack of enthusiasm for any man or cause as refreshing as it is salutary. This portrait is from the painting by Allan Ramsay.

JOHN HILL BURTON

LIFE OF DAVID HUME

AFTER the death of David Hume in 1776 his papers and correspondence were collected by his nephew, Baron Hume, and bequeathed by him to the Council of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, by whom they were entrusted to John Hill Burton. Burton took the fullest advantage of an exceptional opportunity and in The Life and Correspondence of David Hume, published in two volumes in 1846, he gave the world a really adequate comprehension of the complete personality of Hume both as man and as thinker. Burton's fame rests mainly on this biography; but his History of Scotland, which appeared in eight volumes between 1853 and 1870, demonstrates his great merits as a historian while his Manual of the Law of Scotland (1839) and his treatise on The Law of Bankruptcy in Scotland (1857) are memorials of his eminence as a jurist and economist.

I—Early Writings



DAVID HUME was born in Edinburgh on April 26, 1711, the second son of Joseph Hume, or Home, proprietor of the estate of Ninewells, at Chirnside, Berwickshire. His mother was a daughter of Sir David Falconer, of Newton, who was Lord President of the Court of Session from 1682 to 1685; his father was a member of the Faculty of Advocates. The father died when David was an infant, and the mother, a lady of singular merit, devoted herself entirely to her two boys and girl.

David matriculated in Edinburgh University under the age of twelve, but his name does not appear in any list of graduates. 'I was seized very early,' he tells us, 'with a passion for literature, which has been the ruling passion of my life and a great source of my enjoyments.' And joined to this impulse we find a stoical self-sacrifice and endurance for the accomplishment of great ends.

About his seventeenth year Hume began, but soon relinquished, the practical study of law, and deliberately entered upon the life of a student. Again, he made a short trial, in 1734, of commercial life in Bristol, but gave up that experiment like the other, and proceeded, in the summer of the same year, to France, with a view to following his studies in some quiet country retreat.

He remained for a short time in Paris, where many reputed miracles were taking place at the tomb of a Jansenist recently dead, and here the theory of his Essay on Miracles was doubtless suggested to him. Three years were passed very agreeably in France, first at Rheims and then at La Flèche, where he had some communication with the Jesuits' College, in which Descartes had been educated. It is to this sojourn in France that we must assign the time and the scene of Mackenzie's fiction, the Story of La Roche, 1779, dealing with the character and habits of David Hume. It was at this time, also, that Hume composed the Treatise on Human Nature, returning to London in 1737 to carry it through the press. The first two books, Of the Understanding, and Of the Passions, were published in January 1739, by John Noone, bookseller.

The Treatise is utterly without definite plan or logical arrangement, but its style is clear, flexible and simple. Hume's two leading metaphysical principles are: First, that all thought may be reduced to the representation, the combination and the arrangement of raw materials, which consist, on the one hand, of impressions of sense and, on the other hand, of ideas; and, secondly, that the sole connexion between cause and effect is that the latter is found invariably to follow the former.

Early in 1739 the young author returned, disappointed, to his home in Berwickshire. A small volume, the first of the Essays, Moral and Political, was published anonymously in Edinburgh in 1741, and was followed by a second in 1742. The Liberty of the Press, The Parties of Great Britain, The Independency of Parliament, and imaginative sketches such as The Epicurean, The Stoic, The Sceptic, The Platonist, are among their subjects. These essays were well received and were soon sold out.

After an unsuccessful attempt, early in 1745, to secure a nomination to the vacant chair of ethics in Edinburgh University, Hume received a letter from the Marquis of Annandale, the last of that title, inviting him to come and live with him in England, and enclosing a present of £100. The young nobleman was at this time insane, and incapable of governing himself and managing his own affairs, as was found by an inquest from the Court of Chancery in 1748; but the impression he gave was rather that of a morbidly timid and reserved man, who was liable also to fits of unaccountable passion. Hume entered on his duties as companion in April 1745 at a salary of £300 a year, and took up his residence with the marquis at Weldhall, near St. Albans.

The arrangement was at first satisfactory, but the overbearing pretensions of a Captain Vincent, who had the management of Lord Annandale's household, soon led to a violent disagreement. Realizing that 'books, study, leisure, frugality' and independence are a great deal better,' Hume abandoned his servitude fifteen days after the completion of a year, and so late as 1760 we still find him urging a claim for £75, as the balance of salary due under the agreement.

Early in 1746 Hume received an invitation from General St. Clair to attend him as secretary to his expedition, which was at first intended against Canada, but ended in an incursion on the coast of France. The naval force, accompanied by 5,800 land troops, sailed from Plymouth on September 14, and a landing was effected at Port L'Orient in Brittany, the seat of the French East India trade. Siege was laid to the town, but was without effect, owing to the incompetence of the English engineers; and the expedition returned ingloriously.

After a few months of studious retirement at Ninewells, Hume was again appointed secretary to General St. Clair, on his mission to the court of Turin. They set forth in February 1748, though Europe was at war, passing through The Hague, Cologne, Frankfort, Vienna and Milan. Of his two years on this embassy, Hume says: 'I passed them agreeably, and in good company; and my appointments, with my frugality, had made me reach a fortune. I was now master of near a thousand pounds.'

II—Hume Achieves Fame

Early in 1748, and while he was yet on his way to Turin, Hume's Philosophical Essays Concerning Human Understanding, which he afterwards styled Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding, appeared anonymously in London. The most important feature of this book is the attempt to establish the doctrine of necessity, and to refute that of free will, in relation to the springs of human action. This view is closely identified with Hume's theory of cause and effect: that both depend on the annihilation of the notion of power in the material and in the immaterial world.

It was upon this occasion that Hume promulgated his opinions upon miracles, which gave so much offence to serious and devout thinkers. Yet the offence was in the manner of the promulgation, not in the matter of the opinions; for Hume expressly states that reason and revelation are two disconnected things, and that each must act alone, and that the one derives no aid from the other; and in fact no two things are in more perfect unison than Hume's theory of belief in miracles and the belief that miracles, according to the common acceptation of the term, have actually taken place.

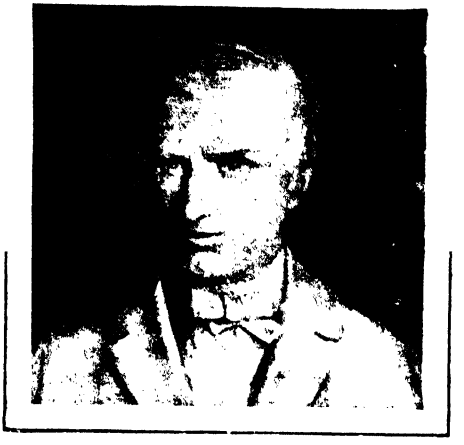
A second edition of the Essays, Moral and Political appeared in 1742, and a third in 1748. To the latter Hume added essays on The Original Contract, and on Passive

Obedience, which are a further adaptation to politics of those utilitarian theories which he had previously applied both to private morals and to government.

On his return from Turin, Hume rejoined the family circle at Ninewells, now bereaved of the devoted mother. Here he lived for two years, earnestly engaged in the preparation of the Essays on Political Economy, which were published in 1752.

The Dialogues Concerning Natural Religion, though not published until after their author's death, were written before 1751. Their solemn simplicity of tone is worthy of the character of the subject. Cleanthes, the principal speaker, has created a natural religion of his own—a system of theism in which, by induction from the beautiful order and mechanism of the world, he has reasoned himself into the belief in an all-wise and all-powerful Supreme Being 'who created us for happiness, and who, having implanted in us immeasurable desires of good, will prolong our existence to all eternity.' Strangely enough, it is with this view that the author shows most sympathy, very nearly professing that the doctrine announced by Cleanthes is to be accepted as his own.

It was in 1751 that Hume removed from the country to the town, 'the true scene for a man of letters.' He took a flat in the Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, for a year or two, and then moved to a tenement in the Canongate. The Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals, published in 1751, contained the full development, so far as it was made by Hume, of the utilitarian system. In the same year he was again disappointed in an application for a professorship. Adam Smith had vacated the Chair of Logic in Glasgow University to take that of Moral Philosophy, and both Hume and Burke were unsuccessful candidates for the former.



JOHN HILL BURTON was born at Aberdeen, August 22, 1809, and educated at Marischal College. He was called to the bar and had some practice as an advocate, but supported himself mainly by his pen, becoming an industrious contributor to The Westminster and The Edinburgh Reviews, to Blackwood's Magazine, and to Chambers' Encyclopædia. For a short time he was editor of The Scotsman. In 1854 he was appointed secretary to the Prison Board of Scotland, and thereafter had means and leisure to devote himself to his literary pursuits, these including the editorship of the Scottish National Registers. Burton died near Edinburgh, August 10, 1881.

The Political Discourses, which gained great popularity, appeared in 1752; they are, in truth, the cradle of political economy, and these earliest and simplest developments of the principles of that science are still read with delight by masters of the subject. They introduced Hume to the literature of the Continent, for the public mind of France had been opened for novel doctrines by the bold appeal of Vauban and by the original inquiries of Montesquieu.

III—Hume the Historian

His appointment, in 1752, as librarian to the Faculty of Advocates gave Hume £40 a year, which he made over, in charity, to Blacklock, the blind poet. But it also gave him the command of a great library, and he now began to execute a design of long standing, the History of Great Britain, from the union of the two crowns. The first volume, quarto, containing the reigns of James I and Charles I, appeared in 1754, and at once became famous both for its excellencies and for its defects. The chief charge brought against it has been that the author has shown a partiality to the side of the monarch, and has endeavoured to make the opposite side—Independents, Presbyterians, Republicans, etc.—odious and ridiculous. This bias, which is strangely contrary to Hume's known

principles, is to be explained by an irresistible growing personal sympathy with the aristocratic side in the conflict.

The second volume of the History, bringing down the narrative to the Revolution, was published in 1756; and in the following year appeared a volume of four essays, The Natural History of Religion, Of the Passions, Of Tragedy, and Of the Standard of Taste.

Early in 1757 Hume resigned his office of librarian of the Advocates' Library, and set to work on a third volume of the History, beginning with the reign of Henry VII; and towards the close of the following year, in order to superintend the printing of this work, he went up to London and resided in Lisle Street, Leicester Fields. He was able at the same time to perform services to his friend, Dr. Robertson, whose History of Scotland was also going through the press, and returned to Edinburgh in November 1759.

As historian and as essayist alike, Hume employed himself occasionally in corrections and alterations of his published volumes; and these revisals were all in one direction—away from democratic opinions and towards despotic principles. In this change he was partly influenced by what he described as the 'senseless clamour of the Whigs,' for it was part of his nature not to yield to popular clamour, but all the more to oppose it.

IV—Some Acquaintances

His correspondence with Madame de Boufflers began in 1761. This lady, who lived under the protection of the Prince of Conti, had irritated England, where she was well received by the aristocracy, and was even honoured by a laudatory growl from Johnson. The prince could not be prevailed on to make her his wife, and she chose Hume as her confidant and adviser.

Madame de Boufflers, and the exiled Earl Marischal of Scotland, who was now Governor of Neufchâtel, appealed to Hume in 1762, on behalf of Rousseau, who had been driven from France on account of the opinions expressed in his Emile, and Hume, who had the greatest admiration for Rousseau, wrote assuring him of security and honour in Britain. The invitation was cordially received, but not immediately accepted.

In the same year, the History of England from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Accession of Henry VII was issued in two quarto volumes. In this earlier part of English history, in which so much has been discovered since his time, Hume's work is least valuable.

On the conclusion of the treaty of 1763, the Marquis of Hertford was appointed ambassador to the court of France, and invited Hume to attend him as his secretary. At that court, where literary distinction was highly valued, the philosopher and historian was met, as he tells us, 'with extraordinary honours'.

In June 1765, Hume was appointed secretary to the Embassy, with a salary of £1,200 a year, and on the recall of Lord Hertford performed the functions of British representative until the Duke of Richmond arrived in October.

Hume had become strongly attached to Rousseau, who had returned to Paris, and they left France together in January 1766. Various attempts were made to find a resting-place for Rousseau in England, but he would agree to none until the mansion of Wooton, in Derbyshire, was offered him by Mr. Davenport. Here he settled in March, with great delight; but in June, his frantic bitterness against Hume found expression in the celebrated letter in which he told his friend that the whole of his horrible designs were discovered. Hume, now thoroughly angry with the 'self-torturing sophist,' answered in very plain terms, and afterwards sent to Paris all the documents connected with Rousseau's attack, where they were published.

From 1767 to 1768 Hume was Under-Secretary of State, and again proved himself a man of punctual and industrious habits. In 1769 he returned to Edinburgh, 'very opulent and healthy, though somewhat stricken in years.'

David Hume died on Sunday, August 25, 1776, and was buried on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, where a circular monument built after the fashion of the old Roman tombs marks his grave.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA

COMMISSIONED at the age of twenty-six to investigate and report on American prisons, Alexis de Tocqueville made use of his residence in the United States to gain a thorough insight into the political institutions and social conditions of the great republic. The results of his observations and reflections were given to the world in 1835 in the two famous volumes, De la Democratie en Amérique, which were followed in 1840 by a third and fourth volume under the same title. As an analysis of American political institutions, de Tocqueville's work has been superseded by Bryce's study of the same subject; but as one of the great classics of political philosophy it can never be superseded and has rarely been rivalled. With all a Frenchman's simplicity and lucidity, he traces the manifold results of the democratic spirit; though sometimes an excessive ingenuity, which is also French, leads him to over-speculative conclusions. The work was received with universal applause. This outline has been made from the original French text.

I—Equality



THE most striking impression which I received during my residence in the United States was that of the equality which reigns there. This equality gives a peculiar character to public opinion and to the laws of that country, and influences the entire structure of society in the most profound degree. Realizing that equality, or democracy, was rapidly advancing in the Old World also, I determined to make a thorough study of democratic principles and of their consequences, as they are revealed in the western continent.

We have only to review the history of European countries from the days of feudalism to understand that the development of equality is one of the great designs of Providence, inasmuch as it is universal, inevitable and lasting, and that every event and every individual contributes to its advancement. It is impossible to believe that a social movement which has proceeded so far as this movement towards equality has done, can be arrested by human efforts, or that the democracy which has bearded kings and barons can be successfully resisted by a wealthy *bourgeoisie*.

I confess to a kind of religious terror in the presence of this irresistible revolution, which has defied every obstacle for the last ten centuries. A new political science is awaited by a world which is wholly new; but the most immediate duties of the statesman are to instruct the democracy—if possible, to revive its beliefs, to purify its morals, to enlighten its inexperience by some knowledge of political principles, and to substitute for the blind instincts which sway it the consciousness of its true interests.

In the Old World, and in France especially, the more powerful, intelligent and moralised classes have held themselves apart from democracy, and the latter has therefore been abandoned to its own savage instincts. The democratic revolution has permeated the whole substance of society, without those concomitant changes in laws, ideas, habits and manners which ought to have embodied and clothed it.

Our poor have the prejudices of their fathers without their beliefs, their ignorance without their virtues; they have taken self-interest for a principle without knowing what their interests are. Our society is tranquil, not in the consciousness of strength and of well-being, but with a sense of decrepitude and of despair.

That is why I have studied America, in order that we may ourselves profit by her example. I have no intention of writing a panegyric on the United States. I have seen more in America than America herself; I have sought a revelation of democracy, with all its character and tendencies, its prejudices and its passions.

II—Religion and Liberty

OUR first consideration is of great importance, and must never be lost sight of. The Anglo-American civilization which we find in the United States is the product of two perfectly distinct elements, which elsewhere are often at war with one another, but have here been merged and combined in the most wonderful way. I mean the spirit of religion and the spirit of liberty. The founders of New England were at the same time ardent sectaries and enthusiastic radicals; they were bound by the narrowest religious beliefs, but were free from all political prejudices.

Thus arose two tendencies which we may trace everywhere in American manners as well as in their laws. All political principles, laws and human institutions seem to have become plastic in the hands of the early colonists. The bonds which fettered the society in which they had been born fell from their limbs; ancient opinions which had dominated the world for ages simply disappeared; a new career opened for the human race; and they exulted in liberty. But outside the limits of the political world they made no ventures of this kind. They abjured doubt, renounced their desire for innovation, left untouched the veil of the sanctuary and knelt with awe before the truths of religion.

So, in their world of morals, everything was already classed, arranged, foreseen and determined; but in their world of politics everything was agitated, debated and uncertain. In the former they were ruled by a voluntary obedience, but in all political affairs they were inspired by independence, contempt for experience and jealousy of every authority.

Far from impeding one another, these two tendencies, which appear so radically opposed, actually harmonise and seem even to support each other. Religion sees in civil liberty a noble field for the exercise of human faculties. Free and powerful in her own sphere, and satisfied with the part reserved for her, she knows that her sovereignty is all the more securely established when she depends only on her own strength and is founded in the hearts of men. And liberty, on the other hand, recognizes in religion the comrade of its struggles and triumphs, the cradle of its rights. It knows that religion is the safeguard of morals, and that morals are the safeguard of the laws and the judge of the continuance of liberty itself.

III—Omnipotence of the Majority

THE greatest danger to liberty in America lies in the omnipotence of the majority. A democratic power is never likely to perish for lack of strength or of resources, but it may very well fall because of the misdirection of its strength and the abuse of its resources. If ever liberty is lost in America it will be due to an oppression of minorities which may drive them to arms. The resulting anarchy will be due only to despotism.

This danger has not escaped the notice of American statesmen. Thus, President James Madison said, 'It is of great importance to republics, not only that society should be defended from the oppression of those who govern it, but also that one section of society should be protected against the injustice of another section, for justice is the end towards which all government must be directed.'

Again, Jefferson said that, 'the tyranny of legislators is at present, and will be for many years, our most formidable danger. The tyranny of the executive will arise in its turn, but at a more distant period.' Jefferson's words are of great importance, for I consider him to have been the most powerful apostle that democracy has ever had.

But there are certain factors in the United States which moderate this tyranny of the majority. Chief among these is the absence of any administrative centralisation, so that the majority, which has often the tastes and instincts of a despot, lacks the instruments and the means of tyranny. The local administrative bodies constitute so many reefs and breakwaters to retard or divide the stream of the popular will.

Not less important, as a counterpoise to the danger of democracy, is the strong

legal spirit which pervades the United States. Lawyers have great influence and authority in matters of government. But lawyers are strongly imbued with the tastes and habits of mind which are most characteristic of aristocracy; they have an instinctive liking for forms and for order, a native distaste for the will of the multitude, and a secret contempt for popular government. Of course, their own personal interest may, and often does, override this professional bias. But lawyers will always be, on the whole, friends of order and precedent and enemies of change.

A third safeguard against the tyranny of the majority is to be found in the institution of the jury. Almost everyone is called at one time or another to sit on a jury, and thus learns at least something of the judicial spirit. The civil jury has saved English freedom in past times, and may be expected to maintain American liberties also. It is true that there are many cases, and those often the most important, in which the American judge pronounces sentence without a jury. Under those circumstances his position is similar to that of a French judge, but his moral power is far greater, for the memory and the influence of juries are all about him, and he speaks with the authority of one who rests upon the jury system.

IV—Equality of Men and Women

INASMUCH as democracy destroys or modifies the various inequalities which social traditions have made, it is natural to ask whether it has had any effect on that great inequality between men and women which is elsewhere so conspicuous. The social movement which places son and father, servant and master, and, in general, the inferior and the superior, more nearly on the same level, must raise woman more and more to an equality with man.

Let us guard, however, against misconceptions. There are people in Europe who confuse the natural qualities of the two sexes, and desire that men and women should be not only equal, but also similar to one another. That would give them both the same functions, the same duties and the same rights, and would have them mingle in everything, in work, in pleasures and in business. But the attempt to secure this kind of equality between the sexes only degrades them both, and must result in unmanly men and unwomanly women.

The Americans have not thus mistaken the kind of democratic equality which ought to hold between woman and man. They know that progress does not consist in forcing these dissimilar temperaments and faculties into the same mould, but in securing that each shall fulfil his or her task in the best possible way. They have most carefully separated the functions of man and woman in order that the great work of social life may be most prosperously carried on.

In America, far more than elsewhere, the lines of action of the two sexes have been clearly divided. You do not find American women directing the external affairs of the family, or entering into business or into politics; but neither do you find them obliged to undertake the rough labours of the field, or any other work requiring physical strength. There are no families so poor as to form an exception to this rule.

So it is that American women often unite a masculine intelligence with an appearance of great refinement and altogether womanly manners.

One has often noticed in Europe a certain tinge of contempt even in the flatteries which men lavish on women; and although the European often makes himself the slave of a woman, it is easy to see that he never really regards her as his equal. But in the United States men rarely praise women, though they show their esteem for them every day.

Americans show, in fact, a full confidence in woman's reason and a profound respect for her liberty. They realize that her mind is just as capable as that of man to discover truth, and that her heart is just as courageous in following it; and they have never tried to shelter or to guide her by means of prejudice, ignorance, or fear.

For my part I do not hesitate to say that the singular prosperity and the ever-growing power of the American people is due to the superiority of American women.

V—American Vanity

All free people are proud of themselves, but national pride takes different forms. The Americans, in their relations with strangers, are impatient of the least criticism and absolutely insatiable for praise. The slightest congratulation pleases them, but the most extravagant eulogium is not enough to satisfy them; they are all the time touting for your praise, and if you are slow to give it they begin praising themselves. It is as if they were doubtful of their own merit. Their vanity is not only hungry, but anxious and envious. It gives nothing and asks insistently. It is both suppliant and pugnacious.

If I tell an American that his country is a fine one, he replies: 'It is the finest in the world.' If I admire the liberty which it enjoys, he answers: 'There are few people worthy of such liberty.' I remark on the purity of manners in the United States, and he says: 'Yes, a stranger who knows the corruption of other nations must indeed be astonished at us.' At length I leave him to the contemplation of his country and of himself, but he presently runs after me, and will not go away until I have repeated it all over again. It is a kind of patriotism that worries even those who honour it.

The Englishman, on the contrary, tranquilly enjoys the real or imaginary advantages which his country affords. He cares nothing for the praise of strangers. His attitude towards the whole world is one of disdainful and ignorant reserve. His pride seeks no nourishment; it lives on itself. It is very remarkable that two people who have arisen from the same stock should differ so radically in their way of feeling and speaking.

In aristocratic countries, great families possess enormous privileges, on which their pride rests. They consider these privileges as a natural right inherent in their person and their feeling of superiority is, therefore, a peaceful one. They have no reason to boast of the prerogatives which everyone concedes to them without question. So, when public affairs are directed by an aristocracy, the national pride tends to take this reserved, haughty and independent form.

Under democratic conditions, on the contrary, the least advantage which anyone gains has great importance in his eyes; for everyone is surrounded by millions very nearly his equal. His pride, therefore, becomes anxious and insatiable; he founds it on miserable trifles and defends it obstinately. Again, most Americans have recently acquired the advantages which they possess, and therefore have inordinate pleasure in contemplating these advantages, and in showing them to others; as these advantages may escape at any moment, they look at them again and again to see that they still have them. Men who live in democracies love their country as they love themselves, and their national vanity hangs upon their private vanity.

The close dependence of this anxious and insatiable vanity of democratic peoples upon the equality and fragility of their conditions is seen from the fact that the members of the proudest nobility show the same passionate jealousy for the most trifling circumstances of their life when these become unstable or are contested.

VI—The Danger of Despotism

A democratic state, such as that of the Americans, may at some future time very easily become a despotism. It is true that we are not likely again to see tyrannies like those of the ancient world, but we may sink under tyrannies quite as powerful as any in history, which will degrade men without oppressing them. Tyranny is hardly the word to use in this connexion, but I vainly seek a new expression for the danger ahead.

I see an innumerable multitude of men, all similar and equal, every man of them incessantly revolving upon himself to procure little vulgar pleasures wherewith to satisfy his soul. Every one of them, in selfish isolation, is careless of the common destiny; his children and his immediate friends constitute for him the human race. He is quite unconscious of the multitude around him; he has no longer a fatherland.

He and his like, innumerable, are overshadowed by a vast tutelary power, which shepherds them and provides their trivial pleasures. Its power is absolute; it arranges gently and with the utmost regularity for every detail. It resembles a father in his care for his children, except that instead of preparing them for a virile life, its chief pre-occupation is to preserve them in a stunted infancy; it desires that its subjects shall enjoy themselves, so long as they seek nothing but enjoyment. It labours willingly for their delights, on condition that itself be the sole provider and arbiter of their happiness.

It keeps them in safety, foresees and supplies their wants, directs their industry, regulates their patrimony, and at death it divides their estates. As nearly as possible, it relieves them of the trouble of thinking and even of living.

Having thus enslaved the individual, the tyranny extends its meshes over all society, covering the surface of life with a network of innumerable minute and complicated rules, so that not even the most original minds or the most ardent souls can emerge from the universal level. Its effect is rarely positive, encouraging to action, but is, on the other hand, always negative, opposing in a hundred ways whatever one may wish to do. Yet this servile condition, mild and peaceable, is entirely compatible with the outward forms of liberty.

The people of the present day are moved by two opposing passions: the desire to be shepherded and the desire to be free. Unable to stifle either of these contrary instincts, they do their best to satisfy them both at once. Their ideal is a single, omnipotent, tutelary power, but one elected by those who are to be subject to it. They would thus combine centralisation with the sovereignty of the people, and they willingly suffer bondage, because they remember that they themselves have chosen their overseers.

There are many who are deceived to-day by this compromise between a despotism and the sovereignty of the people, believing that individual freedom must be safe because it is entrusted, not to a tyrant, but to the nation itself. But it is a mistake to suppose that this is any security for liberty. It does not so much matter who the master is as what is the nature of the servitude.



ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, French politician and writer, was born at Verneuil, July 29, 1805. He was called to the bar in 1826, and became a judge in 1830. In 1831 he went on a government mission to America to inspect the prison system. He was admitted to the Academy of Moral Science in 1836 and to the French Academy in 1841. Deputy for Valognes, 1839–48, he was elected to the constituent assembly in 1848, and in 1849 became minister for foreign affairs. His protest against the *coup d'état* 1851, led to a short imprisonment, and he then retired from public affairs. De Tocqueville died at Cannes, April 14, 1859.

Liberty is at least as necessary in the minor choices of life as it is in those great political decisions upon which we are called to vote; and those whose will has become blunted in respect of the former will not long retain any real power with regard to the latter. You cannot expect men whom you are making more and more dependent upon the central power to emerge with unimpaired powers of thought and feeling when the time comes for them to re-elect that power.

Indeed, it is difficult to imagine how men who have lost the habit of directing their own lives can rightly choose those who are to guide them; it is impossible to believe that a wise, liberal government can arise from the suffrages of a servile people. When a condition of that kind has matured, the vices of the governors and the imbecility of the governed will quickly ruin the state; and the unhappy nation, weary of its representatives and no less weary of itself, must create its institutions anew, or subject itself in despair to the will of a single despot.

A Great Prose Master at His Best

EDMUND BURKE

REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE

THIS magnificent treatise on the French Revolution, of which the full title is Reflections on the Revolution in France and on the Proceedings of Certain Societies in London relative to that Event in a Letter Intended to Have Been Sent to a Gentleman in Paris, was published in 1790 and was read all over Europe, powerfully encouraging strenuous resistance to the revolution. Profound in its penetration into political principles as it is magnificent in conception and in language, it is perhaps the noblest expression that any literature has to show of all that is noble in Conservatism. As Burke had stood for a true liberty in America so he took his stand against a false liberty in Europe. But history has not justified him so completely in the latter case as in the former. Revolutionism was not only, nor chiefly, libertinism; and the wonderful modern France has largely falsified his predictions. Cheap editions of the treatise are procurable. An outline of Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful appears in page 1011 of *The World's Great Books.*

I—The Meaning of Freedom



DEAR SIR,—You are pleased to call again, and with some earnestness, for my thoughts on the late proceedings in France. You will see, sir, that though I do most heartily wish that France may be animated by a spirit of rational liberty, it is my misfortune to entertain great doubts concerning several material points in your late transactions. I love a manly, moral, regulated liberty as well as anyone; but I cannot stand forward and give praise or blame to anything which relates to human actions and human concerns, on a simple view of the subject, as it stands stripped of every relation, in all the nakedness and solitude of metaphysical abstraction.

I should, therefore, suspend my congratulations on the new liberty of France until I was informed how it had been combined with government; with public force; with the discipline and obedience of armies; with the collection of an effective and well-distributed revenue; with morality and religion; with the solidity of property; with peace and order; with civil and social manners.

All these, in their way, are good things, too; and, without them, liberty is not a benefit while it lasts, and is not likely to continue long. The effect of liberty to individuals is that they may do what they please; we ought to see what it will please them to do before we risk congratulations. It appears to me as if I were in a great crisis, not of the affairs of France alone, but of all Europe, perhaps of more than Europe.

All circumstances taken together, the French Revolution is the most astonishing that has hitherto happened in the world. Everything seems out of nature in this chaos of levity and ferocity, and of all sorts of crimes jumbled together with all sorts of follies. In viewing this monstrous tragi-comic scene, the most opposite passions succeed, and sometimes mix with each other in the mind; alternate contempt and indignation; laughter and tears; scorn and horror.

From Magna Charta to the Declaration of Right it has been the uniform policy of our constitution to claim and assert our liberties as an entailed inheritance derived to us from our forefathers and to be transmitted to our posterity.

Our political system is placed in a just symmetry with the order of the world; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great, mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation and progression. We have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood; binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domesticities; keeping insepar-

able, and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchres and our altars. Always acting as if in the presence of canonised forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. All your sophisters cannot produce anything better adapted to preserve a manly freedom than the course that we have pursued, who have chosen our nature rather than our speculations for the great conservatories and magazines of our rights and privileges.

II—A Lost Opportunity

YOU might, if you pleased, have profited of our example, and have given to your recovered freedom a correspondent dignity. You possessed in some parts the walls, and, in all, the foundations, of a noble and venerable castle. You might have repaired those walls, you might have built on those old foundations. But you began ill, because you began by despising everything that belonged to you. Respecting your forefathers, you would have been taught to respect yourselves. By following wise examples you would have shamed despotism from the earth by showing that freedom is not only reconcilable, but auxiliary to law. You would have had a free constitution. You would have had a protected, satisfied, laborious and obedient people, taught to seek the happiness that is to be found by virtue in all conditions; in which consists the true moral equality of mankind, and not in that monstrous fiction which, by inspiring false ideas and vain expectations into men destined to travel in the obscure walk of laborious life, serves only to aggravate and embitter that real inequality which it never can remove; and which the order of civil life establishes as much for the benefit of those whom it must leave in an humble state as those whom it is able to exalt to a condition more splendid, but not more happy.

Compute your gains; see what is got by those extravagant and presumptuous speculations which have taught your leaders to despise all their predecessors and all their contemporaries, and even to despise themselves, until the moment in which they became truly despicable. By following those false lights, France has bought undisguised calamities at a higher price than any nation has purchased the most unequivocal blessings. She has abandoned her interest that she might prostitute her virtue.

All other nations have begun the fabric of a new government, or the reformation of an old, by establishing, or by enforcing with greater exactness, some rites or other of religion. All other people have laid the foundations of civil freedom in severer manners and a system of a more austere and masculine morality. France, when she let loose the reins of regal authority, doubled the license of a ferocious dissoluteness in manners and of an insolent irreligion in opinions and practices; and has extended through all ranks of life, all the unhappy corruptions that usually were the disease of wealth and power. This is one of the new principles of equality in France.

FRANCE has utterly disgraced the tone of lenient counsel in the cabinets of princes, and has taught kings to tremble at what will hereafter be called the delusive plausibilities of moral politicians. Sovereigns will consider those who advise them to place an unlimited confidence in their people as subverters of their thrones. This alone is an irreparable calamity to you and to mankind.

The French have rebelled against a mild and lawful monarch with more fury, outrage and insult than ever any people has been known to rise against the most illegal usurper or the most sanguinary tyrant. Their resistance was made to concession; their revolt was from protection; their blow was aimed at a hand holding out graces, favours and immunities. They have found their punishment in their success. Laws overturned; tribunals subverted; industry without vigour; commerce expiring; the revenue unpaid, yet the people impoverished; a Church pillaged and a state unrelieved; everything human and divine sacrificed to the idol of public credit, and national bankruptcy the consequence.

III—The Men in Power

THIS unforced choice, this fond election of evil, would appear perfectly unaccountable if we did not consider the composition of the National Assembly. If we were to know nothing of this assembly but its title and function, no colours could paint to the imagination anything more venerable. But no artificial institution whatever can make the men of whom any system of authority is composed any other than God, and nature, and education and their habits of life have made them.

Capacities beyond these the people have not to give. Virtue and wisdom may be the objects of their choice; but their choice confers neither the one nor the other on those upon whom they lay their ordaining hands. They have not the engagement of nature, they have not the promise of revelation, for any such powers.

Judge, sir, of my surprise when I found that a very great proportion of the assembly was composed of practitioners in the law. It was composed, not of distinguished magistrates, not of leading advocates, not of renowned professors; the general composition was of obscure provincial advocates, of stewards of petty local jurisdictions, country attorneys, notaries, and the whole train of the ministers of municipal litigation, the fomenters and conductors of the petty war of village vexation.

From the moment I read the list I saw distinctly, and very nearly as it happened, all that was to follow. Who could but conceive that men who are habitually meddling, daring, subtle, active, of litigious dispositions and unquiet minds, would easily fall back into their old condition of low and unprofitable chicane? Who could doubt but that, at any expense to the state, of which they understood nothing, they must pursue their private interests, which they understood but too well? It was inevitable; it was planted in the nature of things.

Other revolutions have been conducted by persons who, whilst they attempted changes in the commonwealth, sanctified their ambition by advancing the dignity of the people whose peace they troubled. Such was our Cromwell, one of the great bad men of the old stamp. Such were your whole race of Guises, Condés, Colignys and Richelieus. These men, among all their massacres, did not slay the *mind* in their country. A conscious dignity, a noble pride, a generous sense of glory and emulation, was not extinguished.

But your present confusion, like a palsy, has attacked the fountain of life itself. Every person in your country in a situation to be actuated by principles of honour is disgraced and degraded. Property is destroyed, and rational liberty has no existence. If this be your actual situation, as compared to the situation to which you were called, as it were by the voice of God and man, I cannot find it in my heart to congratulate you on the choice you have made, or the success which has attended your endeavours.

FAR am I from denying in theory, full as far as my heart from withholding in practice, the *real* rights of man. Government is not made in virtue of natural rights, which may and do exist in total independence of it; and exist in much greater clearness, and in a much greater degree of abstract perfection; but their abstract perfection is their practical defect. Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom. Among these wants is to be reckoned the want, out of civil society, of a sufficient restraint upon their passions. In this sense the restraints on men, as well as their liberties, are to be reckoned among their rights.

But as the liberties and the restrictions vary with times and circumstances, and admit of infinite modifications, they cannot be settled upon any abstract rule; and nothing is so foolish as to discuss them upon that principle. The moment you abate anything from the full rights of men, each to govern himself, and suffer any artificial, positive limitation upon those rights, from that moment the whole organization of government becomes a consideration of convenience. This it is

which makes the constitution of a state, and the due distribution of powers, a matter of the most delicate and complicated skill.

When I hear the simplicity of contrivance aimed at and boasted of in any new political constitutions, I am at no loss to decide that the artificers are grossly ignorant of their trade, or negligent of their duty. The pretended rights of these theorists are all extremes, and in proportion as they are metaphysically true they are morally and politically false. The rights of men are in a sort of *middle*, incapable of definition, but not impossible to be discerned. But this sort of people are so taken up with their theories about the rights of man that they have totally forgotten his nature. Without opening one new avenue to the understanding, they have stopped up those that lead to the heart.

IV—The Death of Chivalry

s for the National Assembly, a majority, sometimes real, sometimes pretended, captive itself, compels a captive king to issue as royal edicts, at third hand, the polluted nonsense of their most licentious and giddy coffee-houses. It is notorious that all their measures are decided before they are debated. Amidst assassination, massacre and confiscation, perpetrated or meditated, they are forming plans for the good order of future society. Who is it that admires, and from the heart is attached to, national representative assemblies, but must turn with horror and disgust from such a profane burlesque and abominable perversion of that sacred institute? Miserable king, miserable assembly!

History, who exercises her awful censure over the proceedings of all sorts of sovereigns, will not forget how the king, and his queen, and their infant children, who once would have been the pride and hope of a great and generous people, were forced to abandon the sanctuary of the most splendid palace in the world, which they left polluted by massacre and strewn with mutilated carcases, and were made to taste, drop by drop, more than the bitterness of death. Is this a triumph to be consecrated at altars?

I rejoice to hear that the great lady, an object of that triumph, has borne that day—one is interested that beings made for suffering should suffer well—and that she bears the whole weight of her accumulated wrongs with a serene patience, in a manner suited to her rank and race; that she feels with the dignity of a Roman matron; that in the last extremity she will save herself from the last disgrace; and that, if she must fall, she will fall by no ignoble hand. It is now sixteen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb a more delightful vision. I saw her glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour and joy. Oh, what a revolution!

Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leapt from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

If the King and Queen of France and their children were to fall into our hands by the chance of war, they would be treated with another sort of triumphal entry into London. We formerly have had a king of France in that situation; you have read how he was received in England. Four hundred years have gone over us; but I believe we are not materially changed since that period. We have not lost the generosity and dignity of thinking

of the fourteenth century; nor as yet have we subtilised ourselves into savages.

We have not been drawn and trussed, in order that we may be filled with chaff and rags and paltry shreds of paper about the rights of man. We have hearts of flesh and blood beating in our bosoms. We fear God; we look up with awe to kings, with affection to parliaments, with duty to magistrates, with reverence to priests, and with respect to nobility.

Why? Because when such ideas are brought before our minds it is natural to be so affected; because all other feelings are false and spurious, and tend to corrupt our minds, to vitiate our primary morals, to render us unfit for rational liberty; and by teaching us a servile insolence, to be our low sport for a few holidays, to make us perfectly fit for, and justly deserving of, slavery through the whole course of our lives.

V—Principles of Statesmanship

ONE of the first principles on which the commonwealth and the laws are consecrated is lest the temporary possessors and life-renters in it should act as if they were the entire masters, hazarding to leave to those who come after them a ruin instead of an habitation. By this unprincipled facility of changing the state as often and in as many ways as there are floating fancies or fashions, the whole continuity of the commonwealth would be broken. Men would become little better than the flies in summer.

First of all, the science of jurisprudence, the pride of the human intellect, which, with all its defects, redundances and errors, is the collected reason of ages, combining the principles of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns, would be no longer studied. No certain laws, establishing invariable grounds of hope and fear, would keep the actions of men in a certain course. No principles would be early worked into the habits. Who would ensure a tender and delicate sense of honour, to beat almost with the first pulses of the heart, when no man could know what would be the test of honour in a nation continually varying the standard of its coin?

To avoid, therefore, the evils of inconstancy and versatility, ten thousand times worse than those of obstinacy and the blindest prejudice, we have consecrated the state, that no man should approach to look into its defects or corruptions but with due caution; that he should never dream of beginning its reformation by its subversion; that he should approach to the faults of the state as to the wounds of a father, with pious awe and trembling solicitude. Society is indeed a contract. But it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature.

It is a partnership in all science, a partnership in all art, a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primeval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible worlds, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place.

THESE, my dear sir, are, were and, I think, long will be, the sentiments of not the least learned and reflecting part of this kingdom. They conceive that He Who gave our nature to be perfected by our virtue willed also the necessary means of its perfection. He willed, therefore, the state—He willed its connexion with the source and original archetype of all perfection. They who are convinced of His will, which is the law of laws, and the sovereign of sovereigns, cannot think it reprehensible that this, our corporate fealty and homage, that this our recognition of a signiory paramount—I had almost said this oblation of the state itself—as a worthy offering on the high altar of universal praise, should be performed with modest splendour and unassuming state. For those purposes they think some part

of the wealth of the country is as usefully employed as it can be in fomenting the luxury of individuals.

It is on some such principles that the majority of the people of England, far from thinking a religious national establishment unlawful, hardly think it lawful to be without one. The commons of Great Britain, in the national emergencies, will never seek their resource from the confiscation of the estates of the Church and poor. Sacrilege and proscription are not among the ways and means of our committee of supply. There is not one public man in this kingdom, of any party or description, who does not reprobate the dishonest, perfidious and cruel confiscation which the National Assembly have been compelled to make of that property which it was their first duty to protect.

But to what end should we discuss all these things? How shall we discuss the limitations of royal power? Your king is in prison. Why speculate on the measure and standard of liberty? I doubt very much indeed whether France is at all ripe for liberty on any standard. Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be

A Fictional Triumph of Verisimilitude

ANNE MANNING

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE

It was with The Maiden and Married Life of Mistress Mary Powell, Afterwards Mistress Milton, which appeared in Sharpe's Magazine in 1849, that Anne Manning first established her reputation, and thereafter she was generally known as 'the author of Mary Powell.' Even more successful was The Household of Sir Thomas More, which appeared as a serial in the same magazine and was published in book form in 1860, and it is by this tender and charming work alone that Anne Manning is now remembered. Like the earlier story it was in diary form and written with such fidelity to historical fact and so vividly that both were attacked as 'spurious antiques' and the public was seriously warned not to accept them as authentic diaries. They were, of course, intended as fiction and no profession to the contrary was ever made by the author. It is interesting to compare Anne Manning's story with the Life of Sir Thomas More written by William Roper, Margaret More's husband, with which it is now frequently reprinted.

I—Of the Writing of My 'Libellus'



CHELSEA, *June* 18. On asking Mr. Gunnel to what use I should put this fayr Libellus, he did suggest my making it a kinde of family register, wherein to note the more important of our domestick passages, whether of joy or griefe my father's journies and absences—the visits of learned men, theire notable sayings, etc. 'You are ready at the pen, Mistress Margaret,' he was pleased to say, 'and I woulde humblie advise your journaling in the same fearless manner in the which you framed that letter which so well pleased the Bishop of Exeter that he sent you a Portugal piece. 'Twill be well to write it in English, which 'tis expedient for you not altogether to neglect, even for the more honourable Latin.'

Methinks I am close upon womanhood. My master Gonellus doth now 'humblie advise' her he hath so often chid. 'Tis well to make trial of his 'humble' advice.

. . . As I traced the last word, methoughte I heard the well known tones of Erasmus, his pleasant voyce, and indeede here is the deare little man coming up from the riverside with my father, who, because of the heat, had given his cloak to a tall stripling behind him to bear. I flew upstairs, to advertise mother, and we found 'em alreadie in the hall.

So soon as I had obtayned their blessings the tall lad stept forth, and who should he be but William Roper, returned from my

father's errand overseas! His manners are worsened, for he twice made to kiss me and drew back. I could have boxed his ears, 'speciallie as father, laughing, cried, 'The third time's lucky!'

After supper, we took deare Erasmus entirely over the house, in a kind of family procession. In our own deare Academia, with its glimpse of the clear-shining Thames, Erasmus noted and admired our cut flowers and glanced, too, at the books on our desks—Bessy's being Livy; Daisy's, Sallust; and mine, St. Augustine, with father's marks where I was to read and where desist. He tolde Erasmus, laying hand fondlie on my head, 'Here is one who knows what is implied in the word Trust.' Dear father, well I may! Thence we visitted the chapel and gallery, and all the dumb kinde. Erasmus doubted whether Duns Scotus and the Venerable Bede had been complimented in being made name-fathers to a couple of owls; but he said Argus and Juno were good cognomens for peacocks.

Anon, we rest and talk in the pavilion. Sayth Erasmus to my father, 'I marvel you have never entered into the king's service in some publick capacitie.'

Father smiled.

'I am better and happier as I am. To put myself forward would be like printing a book at request of friends, that the publick may be charmed with what, in fact, it values at a doit. When the cardinall offered me a pension, as retaining fee to the king, I told him I did not care to be a mathematical point, to have position without magnitude.'

'We shall see you at court yet,' says Erasmus.

Sayth father, 'With a fool's cap and bells!'

Tuesday. This morn I surprised father and Erasmus in the pavilion. Erasmus sayd the revival of learning seemed appoynted by Heaven for some greate purpose.

In the evening, Will and Rupert, spruce enow with nosegays and ribbons, rowed us up to Putney. We had a brave ramble through Fulham meadows, father discoursing of the virtues of plants and how many a poor knave's pottage would be improved if he were skilled in the properties of burdock and old man's pepper.

June 20. Grievous work overnighte with the churning. Gillian sayd that Gammer Gurney, dissatisfyde last Friday with her dole, had bewitched the creame. Mother insisted on Bess and me, Daisy and Mercy Giggs, churning until the butter came. We sang Chevy Chase from end to end, and then chaunted the 119th Psalme; and by the time we had attained to *Lucerna Pedibus*, I heard the buttermilk separating and splashing in righte earnest. 'Twas neare midnighte, however. Gillian thinketh our Latin brake the spell.

June 21. Erasmus to Richmond with *Polus* (for soe he Latinises Reginald Pole), and some other of his friends.

I walked with William *juxta fluvium*, and he talked not badlie of his travels. There is really more in him than one would think.

To-day I gave this book to Mr. Gunnel in mistake for my Latin exercise! Was ever anything so downright disagreeable?

June 24. Yesternighte, St. John's Eve, we went into town to see the mustering of the watch. The streets were like unto a continuation of fayr boweres or arbours, which, being lit up, looked like an enchanted land. To the sound of trumpets came marching up Cheapside two thousand of the watch and seven hundred cressett bearers, and the Lord Mayor and sheriffs, with morris dancers and pageants, very fine. The streets uproarious on our way back to the barge, but the homeward passage under the stars delicious.

June 25. Poor Erasmus caughte colde on the water last nighte, and keeps house. He spent the best part of the morning in our Academia, discussing the pronunciation of Latin and Greek with Mr. Gunnel, and speaking of his labours on his Greek and Latin Testament, which he prays may be a blessing to all Christendom. He talked of a possible *Index Bibliorum*, saying 'twas onlie the work of patience and industrie. Methoughte, if none else would undertake it, why not I?

June 29. Dr. Linacre at dinner. At table discourse flowed soe thicke and faste that I might aim in vain to chronicle it, and why should I, dwelling as I doe at the fountayn head?

In the hay-field alle the evening. Swathed father in a hay-rope. Father reclining on the hay with his head in my lap. Said he was dreaming 'of a far-off future day, when thou and I shall looke back on this hour, and this hay-field, and my head on thy lap.'

'Nay, but what a stupid dream, Mr. More,' says mother. 'If I dreamed at all, it shoulde be of being Lord Chancellor at the leaste.'

'Well, wife,' sayd father, 'I forgive thee for not saying at the most.'

July 2. Erasmus is gone. His last saying to father was, 'They will have you at court yet'; and father's answer, 'When Plato's year comes round.'

To me he gave a copy—how precious!—of his Greek Testament.

July 11. A forayn mission hath been proposed to father and he did accept. Lengthe of his stay uncertain, which caste a gloom on alle.

II—Father Goeth to the Court

MAY 27, 1523. 'Tis so manie months agone since I made an entry in my Libellus, as that my motto, *Nulla dies sine linea*, hath somewhat of sarcasm in it. In father's prolonged absence I have toiled at my *Opus* (the *Index Bibliorum*), but 'twas not to purpose, and then came that payn in my head. Father discovered my *Opus*, and with alle swete gentlenesse told me firmly that there are some things a woman cannot and some she had better not do. Yet if I would persist, I shoulde have leisure and quiet and the help of his books.

Hearing Mercy propound the conditions of an hospital for aged and sick folk, father hath devised and given me the conduct of a house of refuge, and oh, what pleasure have I derived from it! 'Have I cured the payn in thy head, miss?' said he. Then he gave me the key of the hospital, saying, ''Tis yours now, my joy, by livery and seisin.'

August 6. I wish William would give me back my Testament.

August 7. Yesterday, father, taking me unawares, asked, 'Come, tell me, Meg, why canst not affect Will Roper?'

I was a good while silent, at length made answer, 'He is so unlike alle I have been taught to esteem and admire by you.'

'Have at you,' he returned laughing, 'I wist not I had been sharpening weapons against myself.'

Then did he plead Will's cause and bid me take him for what he is.

August 30. Will is in sore doubte and distresse, and I fear it is my Testament that hath unsettled him. I have bidden him fast, pray and use such discipline as our Church recommends.

September 2. I have it from Barbara through her brother, one of the men-servants, that Mr. Roper hath of late lien on the ground and used a knotted cord. I have made him an abstract from the Fathers for his soul's comfort.

October, 1524. The king took us by surprise this morning. Mother had scarce time to slip on her scarlet gown and coif ere he was in the house. His grace was mighty pleasant to all and at going saluted all round, which Bessy took humourouslie, Daisy immoveablie, Mercy humblie, I distastefullie, and mother delightedlie. She calls him a fine man; he is indeed big enough, and like to become too big; with long slits of eyes that gaze freelie on all. His eyebrows are supercilious and his cheeks puffy. A rolling, straddling gait and abrupt speech.

Tuesday, October 25. Will troubleth me noe longer with his love-fitt, nor with his religious disquietations. Hard studdy of the law hath filled his head with other matters, and made him infinitely more rationall and more agreeable.

T'other evening, as father and I were strolling down the lane, there accosts us a poor, shabby fellow, who begged to be father's fool. Father said he had a fancy to be prime fooler in his own establishment, but liking the poor knave's wit, civilitie and good sense, he agreed to halve the businesse, he continuing the fooling and Patteson—for that is the simple good fellow's name—receiving the salary. Father delighteth in sparring with Patteson far

more than in jesting with the king, whom he alwaies looks on as a lion that may, any minute, rend him.

July 2, 1525. Soe my fate is settled. Who knoweth at sunrise what will chance before sunsett? But we must not speak of chance. Ruth's hap was to light on the field of Boaz, but what she thought casual, the Lord had contrived.

'Twas no use hanging back for ever and ever, soe now there's an end, and I pray God to give Will and me a quiet life.

September, 1528. Father hath had some words with the cardinall touching the draught of some foreign treaty. 'By the Mass,' exclaimed his grace, nettled, 'thou art the veriest fool in all the councell.'

Father, smiling, rejoined, 'God be thanked that the king, our master, hath but one fool therein.'

The cardinall's rage cannot rob father of the royal favour. Howbeit, father says he has no cause to be proud thereof. 'If my head,' said he to Will, 'could win the king a castle in France, it shoulde not fail to fly off.'

STRANGE that I was senseless enow to undervalue Will. Yes, I am a happy wife, a happy mother. When my little Bill stroaked dear father's face just now, and murmured 'Pretty!' he burst out a-laughing, and cried, 'You are like the young Cyrus, who exclaimed, Oh, mother, how pretty is my grandfather!'

I often sitt for an hour or more, watching Hans Holbein at his brush. He hath a rare gift of limning; but in our likenesses, which he hath painted for deare Erasmus, I think he has made us very ugly.

III—The Great Seal is Resigned

JUNE, 1530. Events have followed too quick and thick for me to note 'em. Father's embassade to Cambray, and then his summons to Woodstock. Then the fire in the men's quarter, the outhouses and barns. Then, more unlookt for, the fall of my lord cardinall and father's elevation to the chancellorship.

On the day succeeding his being sworn in, Patteson marched hither and thither, in mourning, bearing a huge placard, inscribed, 'Partnership dissolved,' and crying, 'My brother is dead; for now they've made him Lord Chancellor, we shall ne'er see Sir Thomas more.'

Father's dispatch of busjness is such that one day before the end of term he was told there was no other cause or petition to be sett before him, a thing unparallelled, which he desired might be recorded.

July 28. Here's father at issue with half the learned heads in Christendom concerning the king's marriage. And yet, for alle that, I think father is in the right.

He taketh matters soe to heart that e'en his appetite fails.

August. He hath resigned the Great Seal! And none of us knew it until after morning prayer to-day, when, instead of one of his gentlemen stepping up to my mother in her pew, with the words, 'Madam, my lord is gone,' he cometh up to her himself, smiling, and with these self-same words. She takes it at first for one of his manie jests whereof she misses the point.

Ours was but a short sorrow, for we have got father to ourselves again. Patteson skipped across the garden, crying, 'Let a fatted calf be killed, for this my brother who was dead is alive again!'

How shall we contract the charges of Sir Thomas More? Certain servants must go; poor Patteson, alas! can be easier spared than some.

September 22. A tearfull morning. Poor Patteson has gone, but father hath obtained him good quarters with my Lord Mayor and he is even to retain his office with the Lord Mayor for a time.

April 1, 1533. The poor fool to see me, saying it is his holiday, and having told the Lord Mayor overnighte that if he lookt for a fool this morning, he must look in the glass.

Patteson brought news of the coronation of Lady Anne this coming Easter, and he begs father to take a fool's advice and eat humble pie; for, says he, this proud madam is as vindictive as Herodias and will have father's head on a charger.

April 4. Father bidden to the coronation by three bishops. He hath, with curtesie, declined to be present. I have misgivings of the issue.

April 15. Father summoned forth to the Council to take the oathe of supremacie. Having declared his inabilitie to take the oathe as it stoode, they bade him take a turn in the garden to reconsider. When called in agayn, he was as firm as ever and was given in ward to the Abbot of Westminster until the king's grace was informed of the matter. And now the fool's wise saying of vindictive Herodias came true, for 'twas the king's mind to have mercy on his old servant, and tender him a qualified oathe, but Queen Anne, by her importunate clamours, did overrule his proper will, and at four days' end father was committed to the Tower. Oh, wicked woman, how could you! . . .

May 22. Mother hath at length obtaynd access to dear father. He is stedfaste and cheerfulle as ever. He hath writ us a few lines with a coal, ending with '*Sursum corda*, dear children! Up with your hearts.'

August 16. The Lord begins to cut us short. We are now on very meagre commons, dear mother being obliged to pay fifteen shillings a week for the board, meagre as it is, of father and his servant. She hath parted with her velvet gown.

August 20. I have seen him, and heard his precious words. He hath kist me for us alle.

November, Midnight. Dear little Elsie hath ta'en a feverish attack. Early in the night his mind wandered, and he says fearfullie, 'Mother, why hangs you hatchet in the air with it sharp edge turned towards us?'

I rise, move the lamp, and say, 'Do you see it now?'

He sayth, 'No, not now,' and closes his eyes.

November 17. He's gone, my pretty! . . . Slipt through my fingers like a bird upfled to his native skies. My Billy-bird! His mother's own heart! They are alle wondrous kind to me. . . .

March, 1535. Spring comes that brings rejuvenescence to the land and joy to the heart, but none to me, for where hope dieth joy dieth. But patience, soul; God's yet in the aumry

IV—The Worst is Done

MAY 7. Father arraigned.

July 1. By reason of Willie minding to be present at the triall, which, for the concourse of spectators, demanded his earlie attendance, he committed the care of me, with Bess, to Dancey, Bess's husband, who got us places to see father on his way from the Tower to Westminster Hall. We coulde not come at him for the crowd, but clambered on a bench to gaze our very hearts away after him as he went by, sallow, thin, grey-haired, yet in mien not a whit cast down. His face was calm but grave, but just as he passed he caught the eye of some one in the crowd, and smiled in his old frank way; then glanced up towards the windows with the bright look he hath so oft caste up to me at my casement, but saw us not; perchance soe 'twas best.

. . . Will telleth me the indictment was the longest ever heard: on four counts. First, his opinion concerning the king's marriage. Second, his writing sundrie letters to the Bishop of Rochester, counselling him to hold out. Third, refusing to acknowledge his grace's supremacy. Fourth, his positive deniall of it, and thereby willing to deprive the king of his dignity and title.

They could not make good their accusation. 'Twas onlie on the last count he could be made out a traitor, and proof of't had they none. He shoulde have been acquitted out of hand, but his bitter enemy, my Lord Chancellor, called on him for his defence, whereat a generall murmur ran through the court.

He began, but a moment's weakness of the body overcame him and he was accorded a seat. He then proceeded to avow his having always opposed the king's marriage to his grace himself, deeming it rather treachery to have withholden his opinion when solicited. Touching the supremacy he held there could be no treachery in holding his peace, God only being cognizant of our thoughts.

"Nay," interposeth the attorney generall, "your silence was the token of a malicious mind."

"I had always understood," answers father, "that silence stoode for consent," which made sundrie smile.

The issue of the black day was aforehand fixed. The jury retired and presentlie returned with a verdict of guilty; for they knew what the king's grace would have 'em doe in that case. . . .

And then came the frightful sentence. . . .

They brought him back by water. . . . The first thing I saw was the axe, *turned with its edge towards him.*

SOME one laid a cold hand on mine arm; 'twas poor Patteson. He sayth, 'Bide your time, Mistress Meg; when he comes past, I'll make a passage for ye. . . . Oh, brother, brother, what ailed thee to refuse the oath? I've taken it! . . . Now, mistress, now!' and flinging his arms right and left, made a breach, through which I darted, fearless of bills and halberds, and did cast mine arms about father's neck. He cries, 'My Meg!' and hugs me to him as though our very souls shoulde grow together. He sayth, 'Bless thee, bless thee! Kiss them alle for me thus and thus.' . . . . . Soe gave me back into Dancey's arms, the guards about him alle weeping. . . .

I did make a second rush, and agayn they had pitie on me and made pause while I hung upon his neck. He whispered, 'Meg, for Christ's sake, don't unman me. God's blessing be with you,' he sayth with a last kiss, then adding, with a passionate upward regard, 'The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!'

I look up, almost expecting a beatific vision, and when I turn about, he's gone.

July 5, 6. Alle's over now. . . . They've done theire worst, and yet I live. Dr. Clement sayth he went up as blythe as a bridegroom, to be clothed upon with immortality.

July 19. They have let us bury his poor mangled trunk; but as sure as there's a sun in heaven, I'll have his head! before another sun has risen, too. If wise men won't speed me, I'll e'en content me with a fool.

July 20. Quoth Patteson: 'Fool and fayr lady will cheat 'em yet.'

At the stairs lay a wherry with a couple of boatmen. We went down the river quietlie enow— nor lookt I up till aneath the bridge gate, when, casting up one fearsome look, I beheld the dark outline of the ghastly yet precious relic; and falling into a tremour, did wring my hands and exclaim, 'Alas, alas! That head hath lain full manie a time in my lap, woulde God it lay there now!' When, o' suddain, I saw the pole tremble and sway towardes me; and stretching forth my apron, I did, in an extasy of gladness, pity and horror, catch its burthen as it fell.

Patteson, shuddering, yet grinning, cries under his breath, 'Managed I not well, mistress? Let's speed away with our theft, but I think not they'll follow hard after us, for there are well-wishers on the bridge. I'll put ye into the boat and then say, "God speed ye, lady, with your burthen."'

July 23. I've heard Bonvisi tell of a poor Italian girl who buried her murdered lover's heart in a pot of basil, which she watered day and night with her tears, just as I do my coffer. Will hath promised it shall be buried with me; layd upon my heart, and since then I've been easier.

He thinks he shall write father's life, when we are settled in a new home. We are to be cleared out o' this in alle haste; for the king grutches at our lingering over father's footsteps, and yet when the news of the bloody deed was taken to him, he scowled at Queen Anne, saying, 'Thou art the cause of this man's death!'

FLOW on, bright, shining Thames. A good, brave man hath walked aforetime on your margent, himself as bright and usefull and delightsome as you, sweet river. There's a river whose streams make glad the city of our God. He now rests beside it. Good Christian folks, as they hereafter pass this spot will, maybe, point this way and say, 'There dwelt Sir Thomas More,' but whether they doe or not, *vox populi* is no very considerable matter. Theire favourite of to-day may, for what they care, goe hang himself to-morrow in his surcingle. Thus it must be while the world lasts; and the very racks and scrues wherewith they aim to overcome the nobler spiritt onlie lift and reveal its power of exultation above the heaviest gloom of circumstance.

Interfecistis, interfecistis hominem omnium Anglorum optimum.

JOSEPHUS

THE WARS OF THE JEWS

THIS, the oldest of the extant works of Josephus, was written towards the end of Vespasian's reign (A.D. 69–79). The Aramaic original has not been preserved, but the Greek version was prepared by Josephus himself, who, on account of his beautiful Greek style, was called the Greek Livy. The work displays Josephus's literary genius to the full. It covers the period from about 170 B.C. to the Fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, the latter portion describing events which came within Josephus's own knowledge. The Romans, in whose hands he was a prisoner of war, employed him to conciliate his compatriots, and although he writes throughout as a Jewish propagandist, he is an honest one whose accuracy, he tells us, was testified to by Vespasian, Titus and Agrippa II. An outline of his later work, The Antiquities of the Jews, appears in page 2203, and an outline of his Autobiography is given in later pages of *The World's Great Books*. A translation of The Wars of the Jews, with an introduction by Dr. Hart, is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Beginning of the Great Conflict

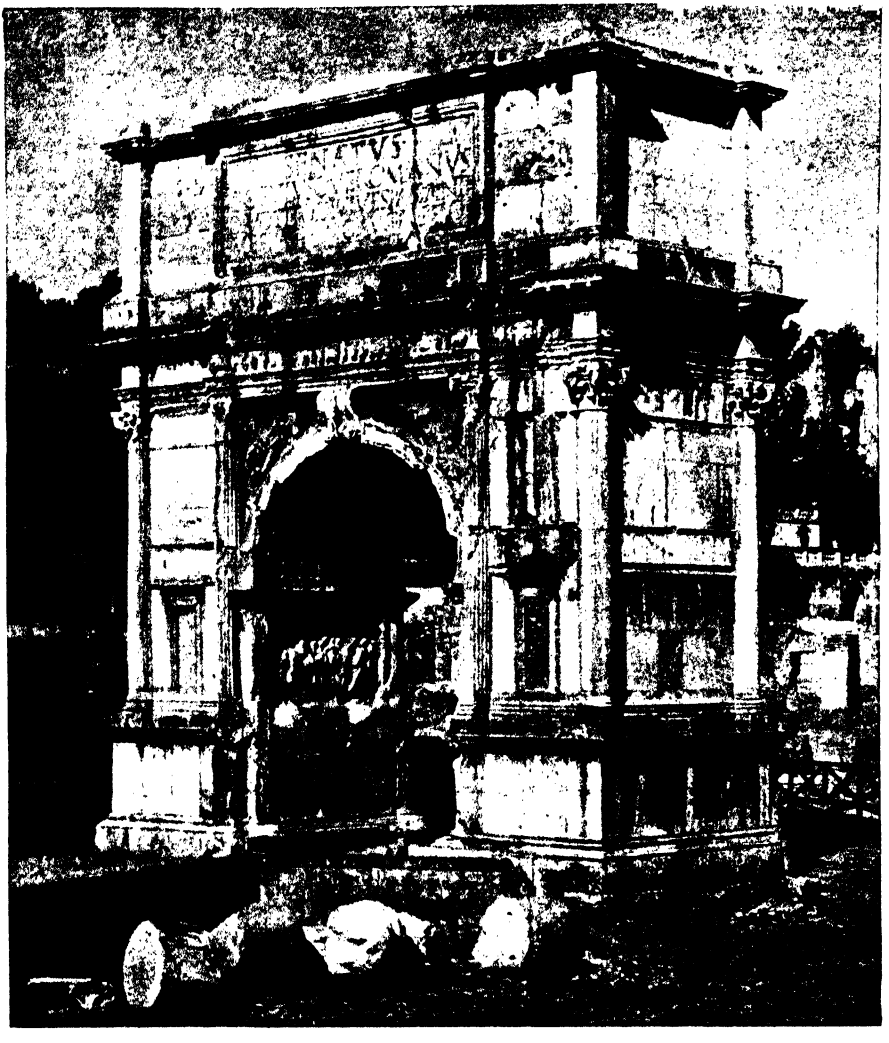


WHEREAS the war which the Jews made against the Romans hath been the greatest of all times, while some men who were not concerned themselves have written vain and contradictory stories by hearsay, and while those that were there have given false accounts, I, Joseph, the son of Matthias, by birth a Hebrew, and a priest also, and who at first fought against the Romans myself, and was forced to be present at what was done afterwards, am the author of this book.

Now, the affairs of the Romans were in great disorder after the death of Nero. At the decease of Herod, Agrippa, his son, who bore the same name, was seventeen years old. He was considered too young to bear the burden of royalty, and Judea relapsed into a Roman province. Cuspius Fadus was sent as governor and administered his office with firmness, but found civil war disturbing the district beyond Jordan. He cleared the country of the robber bands; and his successor, Tiberius Alexander, during a brief rule, put down disturbances which broke out in Judea. The province was at peace till he was superseded by Cumanus, during whose government the people and the Roman soldiery began to show mutual animosity. In a terrible riot 20,000 people perished, and Jerusalem was given up to wailing and lamentation.

It was in Caesarea that the events took place which led to the final war. This magnificent city was inhabited by two races—the Syrian Greeks, who were heathens, and the Jews. The two parties violently contended for the pre-eminence. The Jews were the more wealthy; but the Roman soldiery, levied chiefly in Syria, took part with their countrymen. Tumults and bloodshed disturbed the streets. At this time a procurator named Gessius Florus was appointed, and he, by his barbarities, forced the Jews to begin the war in the twelfth year of the reign of Nero and the seventeenth of the reign of Agrippa.

But the occasion of the war was by no means proportioned to those heavy calamities that it brought upon us. The fatal flame finally broke out from the old feud at Caesarea. The decree of Nero had assigned the magistracy of that city to the Greeks. It happened that the Jews had a synagogue, the ground around which belonged to a Greek. For this spot the Jews offered a much higher price than it was worth. It was refused and, to annoy them as much as possible, the owner set up some mean buildings and shops upon it, and so made the approach to the synagogue as narrow and difficult as possible. The more impetuous of the Jewish youth interrupted the workmen. Then the men of greater wealth and influence, and among them John, a publican, collected the large sum of eight talents and sent it



THE ARCH OF TITUS IN ROME, COMMEMORATING THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

as a bribe to Florus, that he might stop the building. He received the money, made great promises, and at once departed for Sebaste from Caesarea. His object was to leave full scope for the riot.

On the following day, while the Jews were crowding to the synagogue, a citizen of Caesarea outraged them by oversetting an earthen vessel in the way, over which he sacrificed birds, as done by the law in cleansing lepers, and thus he implied that the Jews were a leprous people. The more violent Jews, furious at the insult, attacked the Greeks, who were already in arms. The Jews were worsted, took up the books of the law, and fled to Narbata, about seven miles distant.

John, the publican, and twelve men of eminence went to Samaria to Florus, implored his aid and reminded him of the eight talents he had received. He threw them into prison and demanded seventeen talents from the sacred treasury under pretence of Caesar's necessities. This injustice and oppression caused violent excitement in Jerusalem when the news reached that city. The people assembled around the Temple with the loudest out-

cries; but it was the purpose of Florus to drive the people to insurrection, and he gave his soldiers orders to plunder the upper market. Of men, women and children there fell that day 3,600.

When Agrippa attempted to persuade the people to obey Florus till Caesar should send someone to succeed him, the more seditious cast reproaches on him and got the king excluded from the city; nay, some had the impudence to fling stones at him. At the same time they excited the people to go to war, and some laid siege to the Roman garrison in the Antonia; others made an assault on a certain fortress called Masada. They took it by treachery and slew the Romans. One, Menahem, a Galilean, became leader of the sedition and went to Masada and broke open Herod's armoury, and gave arms not only to his own people, but to other robbers, also. These he made use of for a bodyguard, and returned in state to Jerusalem and gave orders to continue the siege of the Antonia.

The tower was undermined and fell, and many soldiers were slain. Next day the high priest, Ananias, and his brother Hezekiah, were slain by the robbers. By these successes Menahem was puffed up and became barbarously cruel; but he was slain, as were also the captains under him, in an attack led by Eleazar, a bold youth who was governor of the Temple.

II—The Gathering of Great Storms

AND now great calamities and slaughters came on the Jews. On the very same day two dreadful massacres happened. In Jerusalem the Jews fell on Netilius and the band of Roman soldiers whom he commanded after they had made terms and had surrendered, and all were killed except the commander himself, who supplicated for mercy and even agreed to submit to circumcision. On that very day and hour, as though Providence had ordained it, the Greeks in Caesarea rose, and slew over 20,000 Jews, and so the city was emptied of its Jewish inhabitants. For Florus caught those who escaped, and sent them to the galleys.

By this tragedy the whole nation was driven to madness. The Jews rose and laid waste the villages all around many cities in Syria, and they descended on Gadara, Hippo and Gaulonitus, and burnt and destroyed many places. Sebaste and Askelon they seized without resistance, and they razed Anthedon and Gaza to the ground.

When thus the disorder in all Syria had become terrible, Cestius Gallus, the Roman commander at Antioch, marched with an army to Ptolemais and overran all Galilee and invested Jerusalem, expecting that it would be surrendered by means of a powerful party within the walls. But the plot was discovered, and the conspirators were flung headlong from the walls, and an attack by Cestius on the north side of the Temple was repulsed with great loss. Seeing the whole country around in arms, and the Jews swarming on all the heights, Cestius withdrew his army by night, leaving 400 of his bravest men to mount guard in the camp and to display their ensigns, that the Jews might be deceived.

But at break of day it was discovered that the camp was deserted by the army, and the Jews rushed to the assault and slew all the Roman band.



THE SEVEN-BRANCHED CANDLESTICK

This sculpture showing the removal of the seven-branched candlestick from the Temple at Jerusalem, is one of the panels on the Arch of Titus

III—Judea in Rebellion Against Rome

NERO was at this time in Achaia. To him, Cestius, in order to lay the blame on Florus, sent as ambassadors Costobar and Saul, two brothers of the Herodian family, who, with Philip, the son of Jacimus, the general of Agrippa, had escaped from Jerusalem. Meantime, a great massacre of the Jews took place at Damascus. Then those in Jerusalem who had pursued after Cestius called a general assembly in the Temple, and elected their governors and commanders. Their choice fell on Joseph, the son of Gorion, and Ananus, the chief priest, who were invested with absolute authority in the city: but Eleazar was passed over, for he was suspected of aiming at kingly power, as he went about attended by a bodyguard of zealots. But as commanding within the Temple he had made himself master of the public treasures, and in a short time the need of money and his extreme subtlety won over the multitude, and all real authority fell into his hands. To the other districts they sent the men most to be trusted for courage and fidelity.

Josephus was appointed to the command of Galilee, with particular charge of the strong city of Gamala. He raised in that province in the north an army of more than a hundred thousand young men, whom he armed and exercised after the Roman manner; and he formed a council of seventy, and appointed seven judges in each city. He sought to unite the people and to win their good will. But great trouble arose from the treachery of his enemy, John of Gischala, who surpassed all men in craft and deceit. He gathered a force of 4,000 robbers and wasted Galilee, while he inflamed the dissensions in the cities, and sent messengers to Jerusalem accusing Josephus of tyranny. Tiberias and several cities revolted, but Josephus suppressed the rising, severely punishing many of the leaders. John retired to the robbers at Masada, and took to plundering Idumea.

IV—Vespasian and Josephus

NERO, on learning from the messengers the state of affairs, at first regarded the revolt lightly; but presently grew alarmed, and appointed to the command of the armies in Syria and the task of subduing the Jews Vespasian, who had pacified the West when it was disordered by the Germans, and had also recovered Britain for the Romans. He came to Antioch in the early spring, and was there joined by Agrippa and all his forces. He marched to Ptolemais, where he was met by his son Titus, who had, with expedition unusual in the winter season, sailed from Achaia to Alexandria. So the Roman army now numbered 60,000 horsemen and footmen, besides large numbers of camp followers who were also accustomed to military service and could fight on occasion.

The war was now opened. Josephus attempted no resistance in the open field, and the people had been directed to fly to the fortified cities. The strongest of all these was Jotapata, and here Josephus commanded in person. Being very desirous of demolishing it, Vespasian besieged it with his whole army. It was defended with the greatest vigour, but after fierce conflicts, was taken in the thirteenth year of the reign of Nero, on the first day of the month Panemus (July). During this dreadful siege, and at the capture, 40,000 men fell.

The Romans sought in vain for the body of Josephus, their stubborn enemy. He had leaped down the shaft of a dry well leading to a long cavern. A woman betrayed the hiding-place, and Josephus was taken and brought before the conqueror, of whom he had demanded from his captors a private conference. To Vespasian he announced that he and his son would speedily attain the imperial dignity. Vespasian was conciliated by the speech of his prisoner, whom he treated with kindness; for though he did not release him from his bonds, he bestowed on him suits of clothes and other precious gifts.

Joppa, Tiberias, Taricheae and Gamala were taken, both Romans and Jews perishing in the conflicts; and, by the capture of Gischala, all Galilee was subdued, John of Gischala fleeing to Jerusalem.

V—The Prelude to the Great Siege

WHILE the cities of Galilee thus arrested the course of the Roman eagles, Jotapata and Gamala setting the example of daring resistance, the leaders of the nation in Jerusalem, instead of sending out armies to the relief of the besieged cities, were engaged in the most dreadful civil conflicts.

The fame of John of Gischala had gone before him to Jerusalem, and the multitude poured forth to do him honour. He falsely represented the Roman forces as being very greatly weakened, and declared that their engines had been worn out in the sieges in Galilee. He was a man of enticing eloquence, to whom the young men eagerly gave heed. So the city now began to be divided into hostile factions, and the whole of Judea had before set to the people of Jerusalem the fatal example of discord. For every city was torn to pieces by civil animosities. Not only the public councils, but even numerous families were distracted by the peace and war dispute. Through all Judea the youth were ardent for war, while the elders vainly endeavoured to allay the frenzy. Bands of desperate men began to spread over the land, plundering houses, while the Roman garrisons in the towns, rather rejoicing in their hatred to the race than wishing to protect the sufferers, afforded little help.

Large numbers of these evil men stole into the city and grew into a daring faction, who robbed houses openly, and many of the most eminent citizens were murdered by these Zealots, as they were called from their pretence that they had discovered a conspiracy to betray the city to the Romans. They dismissed many of the sanhedrin from office and appointed men of the lowest degree, who would support them in their violence, till the leaders of the people became slaves to their will.

At length resistance was provoked, led by Ananus, oldest of the chief priests, a man of great wisdom, and the robber Zealots took refuge in the Temple and fortified it more strongly than before. They appointed as high priest one Phanias, a coarse and clownish rustic, utterly ignorant of the sacerdotal duties, who when decked in the robes of office caused great derision. This sport and pastime for the Zealots caused the more religious people to shed tears of grief and shame; and the citizens, unable to endure such insolence, rose in great numbers to avenge the outrage on the sacred rites. Thus a fierce civil war broke out in which very many were slain.

Then John of Gischala with great treachery, outwardly siding with Ananus and secretly aiding the Zealots, sent messengers inviting the Idumeans to come to his help, of whom 20,000 broke into the city during a stormy night and slew 85,000 people.

VI—The Siege and Fall of Jerusalem

NERO died after having reigned thirteen years and eight days, and Vespasian, being informed of the event, waited for a whole year, holding his army together instead of proceeding against Jerusalem. Galba was made emperor, and slain, as was also Otho, his successor; and then, after the defeat and death of the emperor Vitellius, Vespasian was proclaimed by the East. He had preferred to leave the Jews to waste their strength by their internal feuds while he sent his lieutenants with forces to reduce various surrounding districts instead of attacking Jerusalem. When he became emperor, he released Josephus from his bonds, honouring him for his integrity. Hastening his journey to Rome, Vespasian commanded Titus to subdue Judea.

At Jerusalem were now three factions raging furiously. Eleazar, son of Simon, who was the first cause of the war, by persuading the people to reject the offerings of the emperors to the Temple, and had led the Zealots and seized the Temple, pretended to cherish righteous wrath against John of Gischala for the bloodshed he had occasioned. But he deserted the Zealots and seized the inner court of the Temple, so that there was war between him and Simon, son of Gioras. Thus Eleazar, John and Simon each led a band in constant fightings, and the Temple was everywhere defiled by murders.

Now, as Titus was on his march he chose out 600 select horsemen, and went to take a view of the city, when suddenly an immense multitude burst forth from the gate over against the monuments of Queen Helena and intercepted him and a few others. He had on neither helmet nor breastplate, yet though many darts were hurled at him, all missed him, as if by some purpose of Providence and, charging through the midst of his foes, he escaped unhurt. Part of the army now advanced to Scopos, within a mile of the city, while another occupied a station at the foot of the Mount of Olives.

SEEING this gathering of the Roman forces, the factions within Jerusalem for the first time felt the necessity for concord, as Eleazar from the summit of the Temple, John from the porticoes of the outer court, and Simon from the heights of Sion watched the Roman camps forming thus so near the walls. Making terms with each other, they agreed to make an attack at the same moment. Their followers, rushing suddenly forth along the valley of Jehoshaphat, fell on the 10th legion, encamped at the foot of the Mount of Olives and working there unarmed at the entrenchments. The soldiers fell back, many being killed. Witnessing their peril, Titus, with picked troops, fell on the flank of the Jews and drove them into the city with great loss.

The Roman commander now carefully pushed forward his approaches, and the army took up a position all along the northern and the western walls, the footmen being drawn up in seven lines, with the horsemen in three lines behind, and the archers between.

Jerusalem was fortified by three walls. These were not one within the other, for each defended one of the quarters into which the city was divided. The first, or outermost, encompassed Bezetha, the next protected the citadel of the Antonia and the northern front of the Temple, and the third, or old, and innermost wall was that of Sion. Many towers, 35 feet high and 35 feet broad, each surmounted with lofty chambers and with great tanks for rain water, guarded the whole circuit of the walls, 90 being in the first wall, 14 in the second, and 60 in the third. The whole circuit of the city was about 33 stadia (four miles). From their pent-houses of wicker the Romans, with great toil day and night, discharged arrows and stones, which slew many of the citizens.

At three different places the battering rams began their thundering work, and at length a corner tower came down, yet the walls stood firm, for there was no breach. Suddenly the besieged sallied forth and set fire to the engines. Titus came up with his horsemen and slew twelve Jews with his own hands.

The Jews now retreated to the second wall, abandoning the defence of Bezetha, which the Romans entered. Titus instantly ordered the second wall to be attacked, and for five days the conflict raged more fiercely than ever. The Jews were entirely reckless of their own lives, sacrificing themselves readily if they could kill their foes. On the fifth day they retreated from the second wall, and Titus entered that part of the lower city which was within it with 1,000 picked men.

But, being desirous of winning the people he ordered that no houses should be set on fire and no massacres should be committed. The seditious, however, slew everyone who spoke of peace, and furiously assailed the Romans. Some fought from the walls, others from the houses, and such confusion prevailed that the Romans retired; then the Jews, elated, manned the breach, making a wall of their own bodies.

THUS the fight continued for three days, till Titus a second time entered the wall. He threw down all the northern part and strongly garrisoned the towers of the south. The strong heights of Sion, the citadel of the Antonia, and the fortified Temple still held out. Titus, eager to save so magnificent a place, resolved to refrain for a few days from the attack, in order that the minds of the besieged might be affected by their woes, and that the slow results of famine might operate. He reviewed his army in full armour, and they received their pay in view of the city, the battlements being thronged by spectators during this splendid defiling, who looked on in terror and dismay.

The famine increased, and the misery of the weaker was aggravated by seeing



THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY THE ROMANS
From the painting by Francesco Hayes in the Royal Academy of Venice

the stronger obtaining food. All natural affection was extinguished, husbands and wives, parents and children snatching the last morsel from each other. Many wretched men were caught by the Romans prowling in the ravines by night to pick up food, and these were scourged, tortured and crucified. This was done to terrify the rest, and it went on till there was not wood enough for crosses.

Terrible crimes were commited in the city. The aged high-priest, Matthias, was accused of holding communication with the enemy. Three of his sons were killed in his presence, and he was executed in sight of the Romans, together with sixteen other members of the sanhedrin. The famine grew so woeful that a woman devoured the body of her own child. At length, after fierce fighting, the Antonia was scaled, and Titus ordered its demolition.

Titus now promised that the Temple should be spared if the defenders would come forth and fight in any other place, but John and the Zealots refused to surrender it. For several days the outer cloisters and outer court were attacked with rams, but the immense and compact stones resisted the blows. As many soldiers were slain in seeking to storm the cloisters, Titus ordered the gates to be set on fire. Through that night and the next day the flames raged through the cloisters. Then, in order to save the Temple itself, he ordered the fire to be quenched. On the tenth of August, the same day of the year on which Nebuchadnezzar destroyed the Temple built by Solomon, the cry was heard that the Temple was on fire. The Jews, with cries of grief and rage, grasped their swords and rushed to take revenge on their enemies or perish in the ruins.

The slaughter was continued while the fire raged. Soon no part was left but a small portion of the outer cloisters, where 6,000 people had taken refuge, led by a false prophet who had there promised that God would deliver His people in His Temple. The soldiers set the building on fire and all perished. Titus next spent eighteen days in preparations for the attack on the upper city, which was then speedily captured. And now the Romans were not disposed to display any mercy, night alone putting an end to the carnage. During the whole of this siege of Jerusalem, 1,100,000 were slain, and the prisoners numbered 97,000.

A Genial Essayist's Most Notable Novel

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

ELSIE VENNER

In his famous Breakfast Table causeries (see pages 593, 699 and 828) Oliver Wendell Holmes found opportunity for the creation of fictitious characters and the invention of incidents, but neither the Autocrat nor the Professor, who had captured the imagination of the reading world in 1857 and 1859, furnished him with the plot of a regular story and the doctor had long been ambitious to write a novel. Accordingly, in 1861 he published Elsie Venner, at first under the title The Professor's Story. The novel is distinguished for the charm and fidelity of its pictures of New England life and, although marred by exaggerated insistence on the ante-natal influence of the rattlesnake bite, the psychological study of the heroine is noteworthy, Elsie Venner finally being remembered as one of the most pathetic figures in American fiction. Dr. Holmes followed the same lines of thought with perhaps even better results in his second novel, The Guardian Angel (1867), and again in A Mortal Antipathy (1885). Inexpensive editions of Elsie Venner are published by Collins and by Routledge.

I—The Eyes of Elsie Venner



R. BERNARD LANGDON, duly certificated, had accepted the invitation from the Board of Trustees of the Apollinean Female Institute, a school for the education of young ladies, situated in the flourishing town of Rockland.

Rockland is at the foot of a mountain, and a horrible feature of this mountain was the region known as Rattlesnake Ledge, which was still tenanted by those horrible reptiles in spite of many a foray by the townspeople.

That the brood was not extirpated there was a melancholy proof in the year 184 –, when a young married woman, detained at home by the state of her health, was bitten in the entry of her own house by a rattlesnake which had found its way down from the mountain. Owing to the almost instant employment of powerful remedies, the bite did not prove immediately fatal, but she died within a few months of the time when she was bitten.

It was on a fine morning when Mr. Langdon made his appearance, as master for the English branches, in the great schoolroom of the Apollinean Institute. The principal, Mr. Silas Peckham, carried him to the desk of the young lady assistant, Miss Darley by name, and introduced him to her. The young lady assistant had to point out to the new master the whole routine of the classes, and Mr. Langdon had a great many questions to ask relating to his new duties. The truth is, the general effect of the school-room, with its scores of young girls, was enough to confuse a young man like Mr. Langdon, and he may be pardoned for asking Miss Darley questions about his scholars as well as about their lessons.

He asked who one or two girls were and, being answered, went on, "And who and what is that sitting a little apart there—that strange, wild-looking girl?"

The lady teacher's face changed; one would have said she was frightened or troubled. The girl did not look up; she was winding a gold chain about her wrist, and then uncoiling it as if in a kind of reverie. Miss Darley drew close to the master and placed her hand so as to hide her lips.

"Don't look at her as if we were talking about her," she whispered softly. "That is Elsie Venner."

A girl of about seventeen, tall, slender, was Elsie Venner. Black, piercing eyes, black hair, twisted in heavy braids, a face that one could not help looking at for its beauty, yet that one wanted to look away from, and could not for those diamond eyes.

Those eyes were fixed on the lady teacher one morning not long after Langdon's arrival. Miss Darley turned her own away and let them wander over the other scholars. But the diamond eyes were on her

still. She turned the leaves of several of her books and finally, following some ill-defined impulse which she could not resist, left her place and went to the young girl's desk.

"What do you want of me, Elsie Venner?" It was a strange question to put, for the girl had not signified that she wished the teacher to come to her.

"Nothing," she said. "I thought I could make you come." The girl spoke in a low tone, a kind of half-whisper.

Bernard Langdon experienced the power of those diamond eyes one particular day that summer.

He had made up his mind to explore the dreaded Rattlesnake Ledge of the mountain, to examine the rocks and perhaps to pick up an adventure in the zoological line; for he had on a pair of high, stout boots, and he carried a stick in his hand.

High up on one of the precipitous walls of rock he saw some tufts of flowers, and knew them for flowers Elsie Venner had brought into the school-room. Presently, on a natural platform where he sat down to rest, he found a hairpin.

He rose up from his seat to look round for other signs of a woman's visits, and walked to the mouth of a cavern and looked into it. His look was met by the glitter of two diamond eyes, shining out of the darkness, but gliding with a smooth, steady motion towards the light and himself. He stood fixed, struck dumb, staring back into them with dilating pupils and sudden numbness of fear that cannot move. The two sparks of light came forward until they grew to circles of flame, and lifted themselves up as if in angry surprise.

THEN, for the first time, thrilled in Mr. Bernard's ears the dreadful sound that nothing which breathes can hear unmoved —the long, singing whir, as the huge, thick-bodied reptile shook his many-jointed rattle. He waited as in a trance; and while he looked straight into the flaming eyes, it seemed to him that they were losing their light and terror, that they were growing tame and dull. The charm was dissolving, the numbness passing away, he could move once more. He heard a light breathing close to his ear and, half turning, saw the face of Elsie Venner, looking motionless into the reptile's eyes, which had shrunk and faded under the stronger enchantment of her own.

From that time Mr. Bernard was brought into new relations with Elsie. He was grateful; she had led him out of danger and perhaps saved him from death, but he shuddered at the recollection of the whole scene. He made up his mind that, come what might, he would solve the mystery of Elsie Venner, sooner or later.

II—Cousin Richard Venner

RICHARD VENNER had passed several of his early years with his uncle Dudley Venner at the Dudley mansion, the playmate of Elsie, being her cousin, two or three years older than herself. His mother was a lady of Buenos Aires, of Spanish descent, and had died while he was in his cradle. A self-willed, capricious boy, he was a rough playmate for Elsie.

But Elsie was the wilder of these two motherless children. Old Sophy—said to be the granddaughter of a cannibal chief—who watched them in their play and their quarrels, always seemed to be more afraid for the boy than the girl.

"Massa Dick, don' you be too rough wi' dat girl! She scratch you las' week, 'n' some day she bite you; 'n' if she bite you, Massa Dick——" Old Sophy nodded her head ominously, as if she could say a great deal more.

Elsie's father, whose fault was to indulge her in everything, found that it would never do to let these children grow up together. A sharper quarrel than usual decided this point. Master Dick forgot old Sophy's caution, and vexed the girl into a paroxysm of wrath, in which she sprang at him, and bit his arm. Old Dr. Kettredge was sent for, and came at once when he heard what had happened.

He had a good deal to say about the danger there was from the teeth of animals or of human beings when enraged, and he emphasised his remarks by the application of a pencil of lunar caustic to each of the marks left by the sharp white teeth.

After this Master Dick went off on his travels, which led him into strange places

and stranger company; and so the boy grew up to youth and early manhood.

There came a time when the young gentleman thought he would like to see his cousin again, and wrote inviting himself to the Dudley mansion.

Doctor Kettredge could see no harm in the visit when Dudley Venner consulted him. Her father was never easy about Elsie. He could not tell the old doctor *all* he knew. In God's good time he believed his only daughter would come to her true nature; her eyes would lose that frightful, cold glitter, and that faint birthmark which encircled her neck her mother swooned when she first saw it — would fade wholly out.

"Let her go to the girls' school, by all means," the doctor had said, when that was first talked about. "Anything to interest her. Friendship, love, religion — whatever will set her nature at work."

When Dudley Venner mentioned his nephew's arrival, the doctor only said, "Let him stay a while; it gives her something to think about." He thought there was no danger of any sudden passion springing up between two such young persons.

So Mr. Richard came, and the longer he stayed the more favourably the idea of a permanent residence in the mansion house seemed to impress him. It was evident there was an abundant income, and Cousin Elsie was worth trying for. On the other hand, what was the matter with her eyes, that they sucked your life out of you in that strange way? And what did she always wear a necklace for? Besides, her father might last for ever, or take it into his head to marry again.

He prolonged his visit until his presence became something like a matter of habit. In the meantime he found that Elsie was getting more constant in her attendance at school, and learned, on inquiry, that there was a new master, a handsome young man. The handsome young man would not have liked the look that came over Dick Venner's face when he heard this fact mentioned.

For Mr. Richard had decided that he must have the property, that this was his one great chance in life. The girl might not suit him as a wife. Possibly. Time enough to find out after he had got her. That Elsie now regarded him with indifference, if not aversion, he could not conceal from himself. The young man at the school was probably at the bottom of it. "Cousin Elsie in love with a Yankee schoolmaster!"

His jealousy at last broke out, when he and Elsie were alone, in a questioning reference to Mr. Langdon.

Elsie coloured, and then answered, scornfully, "Mr. Langdon is a gentleman, and would not vex me as you do."

"A gentleman!" Dick answered, with the most insulting accent. "Come, Elsie; you've got the Dudley blood in your veins, and it doesn't do for you to call this poor sneaking schoolmaster a gentleman!"

He stopped short. Elsie's bosom was heaving, the faint flush on her cheek was becoming a vivid glow. There was no longer any doubt in his mind. Elsie Venner loved Bernard Langdon.

Elsie made no answer, but glided out of the room and slid away to her own apartment. She bolted the door and drew her curtains close. Then she threw herself on the floor and fell into a dull, slow ache of passion, without tears.

Dick realized that he had reached a fearful point. He could not give up the great Dudley property. Therefore, the schoolmaster must be got rid of, and by self-destruction.

Mr. Bernard Langdon must be found, suspended to the branch of a tree, somewhat within a mile of the Apollinean Institute.

III—The Perilous Hour

Old Doctor Kettredge had advised Bernard Langdon to go in for pistol-shooting, and had even presented him with a small, beautifully finished revolver. "I want you to carry this," he said, "and more than that, I want you to practise with it often, so that it may be seen and understood that you are apt to have a pistol about you."

That was the conclusion of a conversation between the doctor and Mr. Bernard concerning Elsie Venner.

"Elsie interests me," said the young man, "interests me strangely. I would risk my life for her, but I do not love her. If her hand touches mine, it is not a thrill of passion I feel running through me, but a very different emotion."

"Mr. Langdon," said the doctor, "you have come to this country town without suspicion, and you are moving in the midst of perils. Keep your eyes open and your heart shut. If, through pitying that girl, you ever come to love her, you are lost. If you deal carelessly with her, beware! This is not all. There are other eyes on you besides Elsie Venner's. Go armed in future."

MR. BERNARD thought the advice very odd, but he followed it, and soon became known as an expert at revolver-shooting. On the day when Dick Venner had decided that the schoolmaster must be found hanged, Bernard Langdon went out as usual for his evening walk.

The moon was shining at intervals, for the night was partially clouded. There seemed to be nobody stirring, but presently he detected the sound of hoofs and, looking forward, saw a horseman coming in his direction. When the horseman was within a hundred and fifty yards of him, he paused for a moment, then suddenly put his horse to the full gallop, and dashed towards him, rising at the same instant in his stirrups and swinging something round his head. It was a strange manoeuvre, so strange and threatening that the young man cocked his pistol and waited to see what mischief all this meant. He did not wait long. As the rider came rushing towards him he made a rapid motion, and something leaped five-and-twenty feet through the air in Mr. Bernard's direction. In an instant he felt a ring, as of a rope or thong, settle upon his shoulders. He raised his pistol and fired—not at the rider, but at the horse. His aim was true; the horse gave one bound and fell lifeless, shot through the head. The lasso was fastened to his saddle, and his last bound threw Mr. Bernard violently to the earth.

In the meantime, Dick Venner, who had been dashed down with his horse, was trying to extricate himself; one of his legs was held fast under the animal, the long spur on his boot having caught in the saddle-cloth. He found, however, that he could do nothing with his right arm, his shoulder having been in some way injured in his fall. But his Southern blood was up and, as he saw Mr. Bernard move as if he were coming to his senses, he struggled violently to free himself.

"I'll have the dog yet!" he said; "only let me get at him with the knife!"

He had just succeeded in extricating his imprisoned leg, and was ready to spring to his feet, when he was caught firmly by the throat and, looking up, saw a hay-fork within an inch of his breast.

"Hold on there! What'n thunder 'r' y' abaout, y' darned Portagee?" said a sharp, resolute voice.

Dick looked from the weapon to the person who held it, and saw Abel Stebbins, the doctor's man, standing over him.

"Let me up! Let me up!" he cried in a low, hurried voice. "I'll give you a hundred dollars in gold to let me go. The man a'n't hurt—don't you see him stirring? He'll come to himself in two minutes. Let me up! I'll give you a hundred and fifty dollars in gold, now, here on the spot, and the watch out of my pocket; take it yourself, with your own hands!"

"Ketch me lett'n go!" was Abel's emphatic answer.

Mr. Bernard was now getting first his senses and then some few of his scattered wits together.

THEN he felt something about his neck and, putting his hands up, found the loop of the lasso. Abel quickly slipped the noose over Mr. Bernard's head, and put it round the neck of the miserable Dick Venner, who, with his disabled arm, felt resistance was hopeless.

The party now took up the line of march for old Dr. Kettredge's house, Abel carrying Langdon's pistol and leading Dick Venner, Bernard Langdon holding the hay-fork. He was still half stunned, and felt it was all a dream, when they reached the house.

"My mind is confused," he told the doctor. "I've had a fall."

"Sit down, sit down," the doctor said. "Abel will tell me about it. Slight concussion of the brain. Can't remember

very well for an hour or two—will come right by to-morrow!"

Dick Venner's shoulder was out of joint, the doctor found; he replaced it in a very few minutes. That night the doctor drove Dick forty miles at a stretch, out of the limits of the state.

He had implored them to let him go, and Mr. Bernard was quite willing that no further proceedings should be taken.

IV—The Secret is Whispered

A WEEK after Dick Venner's departure Elsie went off at the accustomed hour to the school. She had none of the hard, wicked light in her eyes that morning, and looked gentle, but dreamy.

At the end of the school hours, when the girls had all gone out, Elsie came up to Mr. Bernard and said:

"Will you walk towards my home with me to-day?"

So they walked along together on their way towards the Dudley mansion.

"I have no friends," Elsie said all at once. "Nobody loves me but one old woman—old Sophy!"

"I am your friend, Elsie. Tell me what I can do to render your life happier."

"*Love me!*" said Elsie Venner.

Mr. Bernard turned pale.

"Elsie," he said presently, "I do love you, as a sister with sorrows of her own—as one whom I would save at the risk of my happiness and life. Give me your hand, dear Elsie, and trust me that I will be as true a friend to you as if we were children of the same mother!"

Elsie gave him her hand mechanically, and he pressed it gently. They walked almost in silence the rest of the way.

It was all over with poor Elsie. She went at once to her own room when they reached the mansion, and never left it.

They sent for the old doctor, and he ordered some remedies, saying he would call the next day, hoping to find her better. But the next day came, and the next, and still Elsie was on her bed—feverish, restless and silent.

"Send me Helen Darley," she said at last, on the fourth day.

And Helen came. Dudley Venner followed her into the room.

"She is your patient," he said, "except while the doctor is here."

Helen Darley often tried in those days and nights, when she sat by Elsie's bed, to enter into the sick girl's confidence and affections, but there was always something that seemed inexplicable in the changes of mood. So Helen determined to ask old Sophy some questions.

"How old is Elsie?"

"Eighteen years this las' September."

"How long ago did her mother die?"

"Eighteen years ago this October."

Helen was silent for a moment. Then she whispered:

"What did her mother die of, Sophy?"

The old woman caught Helen by the hand and clung to it, as if in fear.

"Don' never speak in this house 'bout what Elsie's mother died of!" she said. "God has made Ugly Things wi' death in their mouths, Miss Darlin', an' He knows what they're for. But my poor Elsie! To have her blood changed in her before—It was a July mistress got her death, but she liv' three week after my poor Elsie was born."

She could speak no more; she had said enough. Helen remembered the stories she had heard. Now she knew the secret of the fascination which looked out of the cold, glittering eyes.

A GREAT change came over Elsie in the last few days. It seemed to her father as if the malign influence which had pervaded her being had been driven forth.

"It's her mother's look!" said old Sophy. "She never look' so before—the Lord's hand is on her! His will be done!"

But Elsie's heart was beating more feebly every day. One night, with sudden effort, she threw her arms round her father's neck, kissed him, and said:

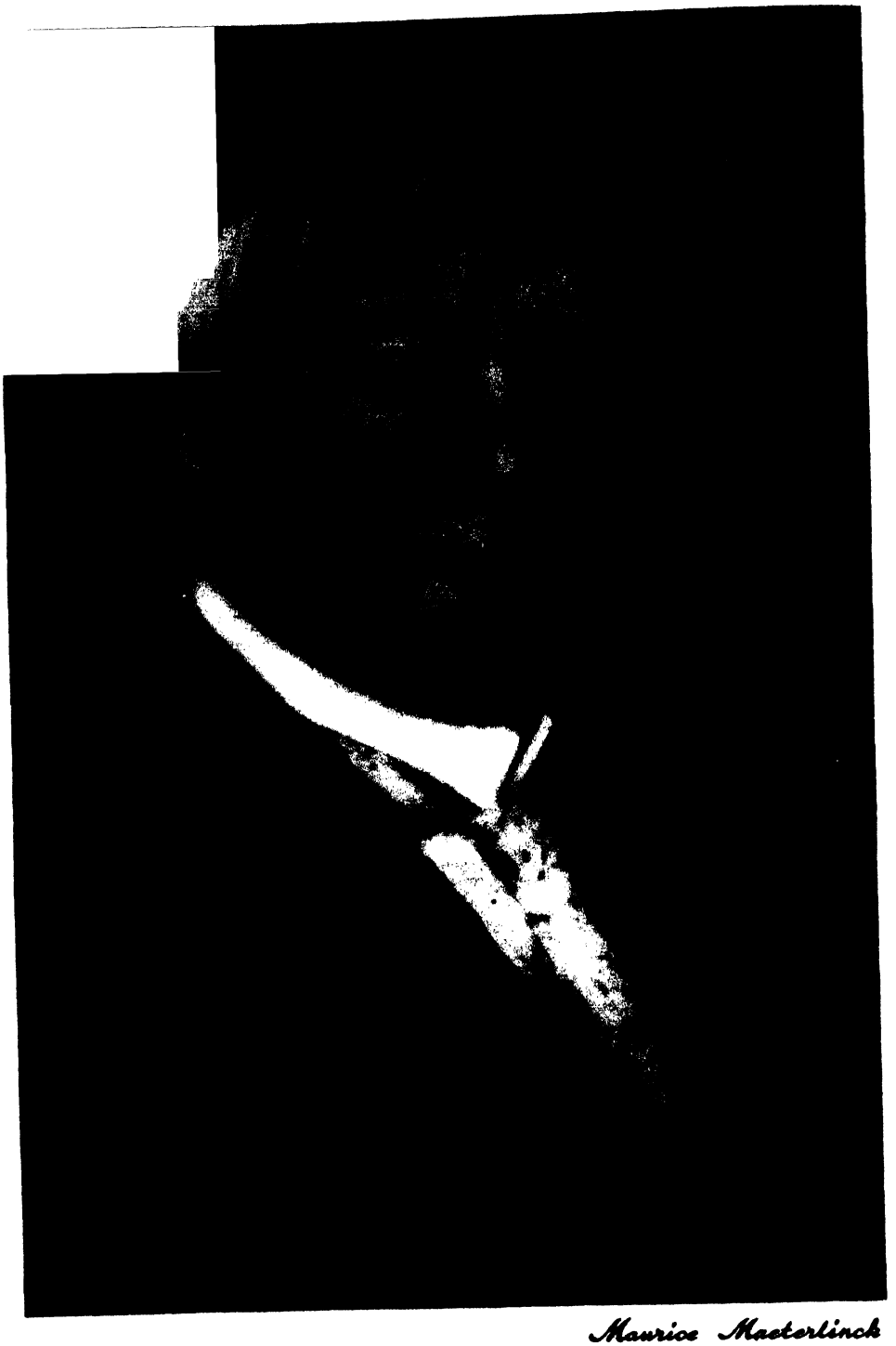
"Good-night, my dear father!"

Then her head fell back upon her pillow, and a long sigh breathed through her lips.

Elsie Venner was dead!

. . . . . .

In the following summer Mr. Dudley Venner married Miss Helen Darley. Mr. Bernard Langdon returned to college, took his degree as Doctor of Medicine, and he now also is married.



Maurice Maeterlinck

To face page 2617

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

MONNA VANNA

And a Critical Appreciation of his Work by Robert Musgrove Scott



THE elaborate mysticism that pervades Maeterlinck's work makes it extremely difficult to arrive at the clear understanding of his thought which is necessary if we wish to criticise it fairly. At one moment we doubt whether we, with our mortal experience, are capable of extracting the essence of immortal truth that seems to be hidden behind his beautiful imagery. At another, we wonder if he has any message to give us worth hearing, or if he is merely embroidering word-tapestries for our delight. Whatever our mood, however, the fact remains that there is something ethereal about Maeterlinck that makes sober appraisal of him seem almost foolish.

We think of Maeterlinck—since we cannot help associating him with the fairies and fantastic dream-countries of The Blue Bird—as living in some strange, walled garden that is decidedly not of this world, and which is inhabited also by numberless shadows; and as having powers denied to the ordinary mortal. He seems able to hold intimate communion with bees and flowers, and he works miracles which are pleasantly reminiscent of pantomimic transformation scenes. For example, by the magic of his essay, In a Motor-car, he changes this very prosaic vehicle into a kind of airy and sentient chariot that disdains earthly roads and speeds, and flits through space at so many miles per aeon. Ordinary rules of criticism seem inapplicable to such a magician.

Nevertheless, when we do succeed in rending Maeterlinck's veil of mysticism and fancy, we find that he is a philosopher of genuine penetration and charm, and that he has much that is serious and very significant to tell us. This he does in essays, poems and plays—most of them distinguished by a delicate, graceful style.

It was in 1880 that Maeterlinck made his début as a writer with a volume of poetry, Hothouses. This was succeeded by a series of mystical dramas; and in a few years the young author had won a great reputation for himself. His more ardent admirers would contend that this was solely due to his natural genius, but considering the nature of his early work we cannot accept in its entirety this too facile explanation of his success. It can at least, be argued that Maeterlinck had the great good fortune to begin his career at an extraordinarily opportune moment.

As a Belgian he wrote in French, and his appearance coincided with a period of intense literary productiveness in France. The public was greedy for new aspects of life, new ideas and new forms of artistic expression, despite the fact that, among men of letters, Verlaine, Anatole France, Rimbaud and Leconte de Lisle—to mention but a few of the greatest names—were creating works of genius to satisfy this intellectual hunger. A reaction against the bland materialism of the nineteenth century—a movement of which the four writers mentioned above were leaders—had set in and captured the imagination of thoughtful people. Maeterlinck's outlook on life, his mysticism and poetic aspirations fitted him to play a foremost part in this reaction. He was a symbolist; his art, that is to say, was the art of suggestion and of evocation. His aim was to create a Beauty that was truly of the spirit. From the beginning of his career, therefore, he succeeded in detaching himself from the ordinary human world.

Maeterlinck was a very melancholy young poet, the blasé wooer of a haggard

Muse, when he first claimed public attention.

> See, old desires are passing by,
> And thoughts of the weary hearted,
> And dreams grown weary of themselves;
> The hopeful days are long departed—

he sang in Wan Days, one of the poems in Hothouses. Most of the others are conceived in a similar spirit. They seem to be the very immature work of a very young man, a conscious poseur, and are only worthy of remark for their distinguished lyrical qualities. In 1897, however, Maeterlinck published a second book of poetry, Twelve Songs. He shows that he is still oppressed by a great sadness:

> For thirty years I have walked, my sisters,
> Without drawing near.
> . . . . . .
> And the evening is dying, my sisters,
> And in my heart is pain.

His profound weariness with life is, therefore, something much deeper than the affected decadentism of youth. It is lightened, moreover, by a faint gleam of hope. In Wan Days, for example, Maeterlinck says:

> I await the passing of sleep.

Again, in another of the earlier poems, occur these lines, typical alike of the author's lassitude and his belief in the possibility of future deliverance:

> My soul is sorrowful at the end;
> It sorrows because of its weariness
> And is weary because it has no aim.
> It is faint and weary at the end,
> And I await your fingers on my face.

Maeterlinck, it may be argued, is not chiefly famous as a poet; his true thought is expressed in his plays and his studies. In his poems, nevertheless, we do find an indication as to the nature of his philosophy. Preoccupied with the mysteries of earthly existence and its seeming futility, he examines with loving care all the beauties by which he is surrounded, only to find that they mean nothing. He expects, however, that a mystical transformation will take place in the soul of man—an 'awakening from sleep.' In his poetry, as we see, Maeterlinck believed that this change would be brought about by some power outside man's own soul—'*your* fingers on *my* face.' The development of his thought is to be traced in the growth of the idea that a human being might control his or her own destiny.

Maeterlinck's earlier and more extravagantly symbolical plays won him much applause, but to-day they seem mechanical, artificial and a little insipid. Their characters are avowedly puppets—Maeterlinck gave epigrammatic expression to the philosophical beliefs that he held in the 'nineties of last century when he said that his plays were intended for marionettes. Unfortunately, however, the characters are occasionally uninteresting even as such. The machinery that sets them in motion is inclined to advertise itself too much, as in The Blind, where Maeterlinck tries to make all the figures of the drama act as though they were physically burdened with the thought of death. The constant mention of symbolical ropes, keys or fountains, the use of such well worn scenic devices for creating atmosphere as romantic old towers and dark forests, become monotonous.

Very wearisome too is the constant repetition of 'significant' (very often merely trifling) phrases, and the interjection of philosophical generalisations by the characters. Even a puppet so nearly human as Arkel, king of Allemonde, in Pelléas and Mélisande, can say, in trying to comfort a weeping husband on his wife's death: 'She was a poor, little, mysterious thing like everybody else.' The remark is not only untrue to life; it means very little and is incongruous, coming from Arkel; so that it is bad art regarded from three separate standpoints.

These early plays, however, are all concerned with the conflict of destinies and therefore illustrate Maeterlinck's condition of mind and explain the profound dejection that he shows in his poetry. He really believed that men and women were mere marionettes, who jerked and mouthed for a little under the direction of mysterious supernatural forces. Some of the greatest thinkers in the world have argued that the life of each human being is constrained by a cast-iron destiny, but such of them as have been dramatists have nevertheless shown us that great tragedies are the result of the interaction of personalities, o

passions and moralities. Had Maeterlinck tried to do the same he might successfully have upheld his ideas of the forces that govern man's conduct and thought and deny him that attribute which theologians call 'free-will.'

He failed, however, because, although he shows us clearly enough that some vast power rules his puppets, he cannot persuade us that these puppets are human beings, and their wooden, little marionette-problems do not interest us. But we cannot take exception to the language of these plays; it has a wonderful, dream-like beauty.

In The Princess Maleine (1890), Alladine and Palomides (1894) and Aglavaine and Selysette (1896) especially, Maeterlinck still shows himself firmly convinced of the impossibility of his characters escaping from the exterior force which controls their lives; they may understand whither they are being driven, but they cannot change their course. Maeterlinck, however, began to rid himself by stages of the obsession of this theory of determinism. In Ariadne and Bluebeard (1901), for example, while five of the wives of the monster cannot escape their tragic fate, Ariadne, the sixth, does. In the later plays, such as Monna Vanna (1902) and Joyzelle (1903), the characters are no longer puppets; they begin to have a deep psychological interest. In other words, Maeterlinck allows himself to be guided by his own genius and not by pessimistic superstition.

OUTSIDE his dramas, it may be noticed at this point, Maeterlinck had earlier given proof of a revolution in spirit. In the collection of essays, The Treasure of the Humble, which was published in 1896, he shows that he is coming to believe in what he calls 'the awakening of the Soul' by the efforts of the individual. In Wisdom and Destiny (1898), he affirms that man, by developing the good that is within him, may bring happiness to himself. Destiny, therefore, ceases to be a nightmare-spectre, and Maeterlinck advances gradually towards the triumphant statement, made in Death (1913), that 'the Infinite cannot will evil for us.'

It is an ironic reflection (considering his earlier philosophy and the unrelieved gloom of all but the best of his dramatic work) that the most popular of Maeterlinck's plays should be The Blue Bird (1909)—a sort of inspired pantomime that especially delights children. Nevertheless, when we come to consider the literary merits of the piece, we find it inferior as a work of art to Monna Vanna, for example. A slightly bewildering mixture of fairy beauty and heavy platitudes, it should be seen as played in the theatre and not read, if we are to overlook its defects. But this criticism is mere captiousness in face of the great excellence of The Blue Bird when regarded simply as a fairy story. We become acutely conscious of Maeterlinck's wizardry when we are content to accompany Tyltyl and Mytyl on their wanderings in a gossamer world without enquiring too deeply into the symbolical meaning of it all.

REGARDED as a stage in the development of Maeterlinck's thought, however, The Blue Bird is exceedingly interesting. Of the greatest significance is his observation that 'there are no dead.' This attitude of mind is in direct contrast to Maeterlinck's earlier preoccupation with tragedy and death. The belief in the immortality of the soul gives a dignity to man that sets him far above nature and the conception of a cruel and relentless destiny. Maeterlinck has now completely developed that hopeful philosophy based on a belief in man that, with his carefully developed literary genius, constitutes his right to be considered as one of the greatest writers of to-day.

Really to appreciate the beauty of Maeterlinck's mature thought and the exquisite lyrical qualities of his prose, we have only to read The Life of the Bee (1901), or the Intelligence of Flowers (1907). There is no hint of despondency or decadentism in either of these two works. In them the results of acute nature study are rarefied into something that approaches very near to great poetry. The ideal underlying them is best suggested by Maeterlinck himself, when he writes in one of his essays, The Disquietude of Our Morality: 'Daily we ought to profit by the most humble circumstances to awaken the sublime in us. It is in this part,

perhaps fairylike but not chimerical, of our consciousness that we should accustom ourselves to the world around us, and be at peace.' So, by remarking all that is significant and beautiful in the lives and habits of bees and plants, Maeterlinck attempts to bring us to a wider perception of life. His philosophy, as expressed in these two studies, is very calm and very idealistic; he arrives at the conclusion that there is a close affinity between man and nature—'The genius of the Earth, which is probably that of the whole world, acts, in the struggle of life, exactly as man acts.'

At the same time, Maeterlinck teaches forgetfulness of self in this struggle, urging that if a man faithfully does his duty with regard to both himself and his fellows, he ennobles that duty. 'The bees do not know whether they will eat of the honey that they harvest,' he writes. 'In the same way we do not know who will profit by the spiritual influence that we introduce into the universe.' As there is something infinitely beautiful in the constant, provident activity of the bees, so there is something sublime in man's unremitting cultivation of the good within him. Maeterlinck has arrived at the highest conception of man both as an individual and as a social being.

HERE we may pause for a moment to consider Maeterlinck's thought as a whole before proceeding to illustrate his dramatic genius by example. We may be struck by the inconclusiveness of his teaching, by his qualifying most of his statements; and we may feel, therefore, that he has never lost that vagueness which was a prominent characteristic of his earliest dramas. It must be remembered, however, that Maeterlinck's attitude to life is that of a mystic, not that of an analyst. He is concerned throughout with the ideal and with the mysteries of life as they appear to the poet, and his theories, therefore, are naturally poetic rather than scientific. But even if a harsh critic should deny that his works can be seriously considered as philosophy, he must admit that they have a genuine and very great beauty.

Monna Vanna is Maeterlinck's best play; and, at the same time, it is typical of him. It shows us the difficulties and perplexities of the three principal characters in face of a series of impossible situations. In the development of his theme, Maeterlinck exercises an admirable restraint and, in spite of its melodramatic nature, succeeds in investing it with great dignity and very real pathos. The characters are drawn firmly and convincingly and with a masterly economy of words.

AT the beginning of the play we are acquainted with the desperate position of Pisa, which, under the leadership of Guido Colonna, is attempting to withstand the besieging armies of Florence. These are commanded by a mercenary, Prinzivalle, who has a sinister reputation for barbarity. The Pisans are starving, and their supplies of ammunition have dwindled to nothing. It seems inevitable that the city will be sacked, unless—and this is a very faint hope—Marco, Guido's father, who has gone to the Florentine camp as legate, has arranged advantageous terms. Marco, a typical Renaissance littérateur rather than a man of affairs, returns from his mission; but seems most unwilling to disclose its results, although he declares himself delighted with his reception in the enemy camp.

Guido becomes extremely impatient while his father eulogises the culture of the Florentine leaders and describes a piece of antique marble that has been found; and he interrupts the old man at several points. 'Do not forget, my father,' he cries, 'that a people is dying of hunger. What have you learnt? Florence or Prinzivalle, what are they going to do to us? Tell us quickly. Do you hear those poor wretches shouting beneath our windows? They are fighting for the grass that springs up between the stones.' This anxious patriotism, however, quickly gives place to generous anger, perplexity, and then an indignant selfishness that comes very near to being a virtue when Guido hears Marco's news.

'Florence has determined to destroy us completely,' the old man says. Pisa is to be given over to Spanish and German mercenaries, expert ravishers, and the Florentine commissaries have been urging Prinzivalle to launch the

final attack without delay. He has, however, intercepted certain letters addressed to the Signory at Florence, and has learnt from them that on the conclusion of the war he is to be put to death as an over-powerful servant. He proposes, therefore, to march into Pisa with a considerable force and a food and ammunition convoy, and help to defend the city against the army that he will have abandoned.

'And what does he demand in exchange?' Guido asks. Marco is unwilling to answer immediately. He tries to come gradually to an announcement which, he knows, will cause Guido much pain. At last, however, he says that Prinzivalle will help Pisa on condition that Monna Vanna, Guido's wife, is delivered to him for one night, since he loves her. He has seen her, it appears, in the past, although Guido was ignorant of the fact.

We understand the terrible struggle that takes place in Guido's mind when he hears these terms—the conflict between the selfish, passionate love for his wife and the larger love for the people. The former conquers; Guido refuses angrily to consider the sacrifice, brushing aside Marco's plea that he should remember the starving townsfolk. He will fight to the death, Guido says, and bitterly denounces his father as cowardly and dishonourable. On Marco threatening to lay the matter before the people, Guido puts him under arrest, only to be told that the Signory is already considering what is to be done. Guido knows what will be decided—'it is, in truth, too easy to save oneself thus at the expense of a single man'—but he, with his faithful bodyguard, will defy the town. Marco, however, declares that the Signory has shown wonderful nobility, and has asked Monna Vanna whether she is prepared to make the sacrifice or not.

Guido is absolutely confident that Monna Vanna, who is as pure as she is beautiful, will refuse Prinzivalle's terms. 'I accept her answer as binding,' he cries, 'here and in advance, blindly, obstinately and irrevocably.' As, earlier, Guido's patriotism was quickly changed to selfishness by the announcement of the enemy general's offer, so now his confidence is changed to jealous suspicion when Monna Vanna appears, fervently cheered by the crowd, to announce that she is prepared to sacrifice herself for the city.

Guido will not accept her decision; he accuses her of loving Prinzivalle. Monna Vanna is very gentle with her husband, but he will not listen to her reasoning. He calls on his guards to arrest her, but nobody, not even his most trusted lieutenants, makes any move to do so. Guido then tries to win Monna Vanna from her purpose by endearments, but all his efforts are in vain. At last, sulky and furiously angry, he tells her roughly to begone.

A dramatist of less genius than Maeterlinck would assuredly have treated Guido with less sympathy, the better to emphasise the contrast between his very human lack of public spirit and Monna Vanna's heroism. Maeterlinck, however, shows us the poignant tragedy of a man whose domestic life is ruined by circumstances in face of which he is powerless. We see clearly that it is Guido who must suffer most by the sacrifice. He is already enduring agonies, imagining the indignities to which his wife will be subjected; Monna Vanna, on the other hand, is carried away by the inspiration of her own heroism.

In Act II we see Prinzivalle in his tent in consultation with a Florentine commissary, Trivulzio. The general is suspected of disloyalty by Florence; if he wins a sweeping victory over the Pisans all will be well; if not—Trivulzio threatens him with the mysterious powers of the Republic. Prinzivalle lets it be known that he is aware of the fate planned for him by his employers, and announces his intention of helping Pisa. Trivulzio attempts to stab him, but only succeeds in wounding him in the cheek. The commissary is led away in charge of a guard; and after Prinzivalle has bandaged his own injury, thus hiding part of his face, Monna Vanna is brought to him.

At first Prinzivalle is formally polite—almost bashful. He asks Monna Vanna if she fully realizes what sacrifice she has been called upon to make, and he shows her the convoy, ready to start for Pisa. Then, suddenly, he throws himself on his

knees before her, crying: 'Oh, Vanna! My Vanna! . . . Each one of these syllables contains my whole life.' He declares passionately that he has long loved her with all his heart; but Monna Vanna does not as yet know him. Prinzivalle recalls to her memory certain occasions on which they had met as children. Vanna remembers, and instantly her attitude towards Prinzivalle changes. She becomes kindly, and helps him to readjust his bandages. They discuss old times.

They soon leave this comparatively innocent subject, however, and Prinzivalle (encouraged by what is suspiciously like coquetry on the part of Vanna) tells her he has never loved anybody but her. She hints that her own love affair has not been all that she had hoped; but on Prinzivalle's suggesting that she does not love Guido she becomes a little indignant, admitting, however, that 'in a love so exclusive as yours there is some element of sacredness that should disturb the coldest, the most virtuous woman.' She blames him severely, however, for having 'thrown into an abyss' his past, his future, his glory and his life all for her sake. Prinzivalle explains that Florence has long intended his ruin, and he wins Vanna to declare openly her love for him. They are talking together as lovers when Prinzivalle's faithful lieutenant appears, and begs his general to flee immediately; the second Florentine commissary has arrived.

PRINZIVALLE does not know where he can take refuge, but Monna Vanna insists that he shall come to Pisa with her. He hesitates, being very naturally doubtful of the reception that would be given him by Guido. 'You have just saved Pisa,' Vanna says; 'it is right that it should save you. Come! . . . It is the best proof of your love that you can give me.' At this Prinzivalle agrees to accompany her, and they leave the tent, clinging to each other. As they go they see the fires that have been lit in Pisa to celebrate the arrival of the convoy.

As we see at the beginning of Act III, Guido's anger has not cooled during the night. Although an enthusiastic crowd cheers Monna Vanna wildly, he coldly rebuffs her until he learns that her mysterious companion is Prinzivalle. Guido then comes to the obvious but erroneous conclusion that his wife has captured her ravisher by some feminine wile. His joy at her supposed stratagem knows no bounds; he announces her great triumph to the people. 'She has done a greater thing than Judith or Lucretia!' Vanna, dismayed, tries to persuade Guido that Prinzivalle has not touched her, has not embraced her. Guido will not believe this seemingly incredible statement, and no amount of argument will move him. In order to ascertain the truth, he says, he will have Prinzivalle tortured to death. In desperation Vanna cries: 'No, no! I lied! He belongs to me only! He has ravished me!'

AFTER whispering to Prinzivalle that she loves him, and will save him that they may be united in love, Monna Vanna gives an imaginary account of the happenings of the night, and how she persuaded her 'enemy' to return to Pisa with her. She declares that she has an inexpressible hatred for him. The guards thereupon make a movement as if to lead Prinzivalle to torture or execution, so she springs forward, and addresses herself frenziedly to Guido, displaying a gift for impromptu theatricals that amounts to genius. 'No, no, leave him to me!' she cries. 'He's my concern! He's my prey! I want him for myself. I have not brought him into the clutches of the executioners to avenge both of us at the same time. I wanted to lead him to a cruel death; but I wished also that the vile memory of that vile night should not weigh on you to the end of our days. I am going to take my revenge alone, in the dark; I am going to kill him—slowly, you understand—little by little, until his blood, dripping drop by drop, has effaced his crime.'

Old Marco understands her ruse, but Guido, believing that she wishes to keep Prinzivalle in prison that she may avenge her wrongs, agrees that his wife shall have the only key to her lover's dungeon. As the curtain falls, Monna Vanna is saying: 'It was an evil dream. . . . The beautiful dream is going to begin'—an immoral but very effective ending.

SIR FRANCIS GALTON

INQUIRIES INTO HUMAN FACULTY AND ITS DEVELOPMENT

THIS famous edition of researches brings together, in the author's own words, 'in logical sequence into a single volume' the greater part of his work done after the publication of Hereditary Genius (see page 2235). The book was first published in 1883 and proved the starting point of the movement in favour of national eugenics, now recognized by the University of London. His complete freedom from verbosity is particularly characteristic of the author and it is quite impossible, in anything less than the space he occupies himself, to indicate the full range of his work. There are few original contributions to psychology in any language which have added more to our knowledge than this book. It stands for the modern study of mind which is concerned with so much more than intellect only and recognizes the importance of many other faculties. The following epitome was prepared by permission of the author. A new edition of the work, revised by Sir Francis Galton, is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Some Physical Qualities



IN this book I confine myself to directing attention to a very few hereditary characteristics of a marked kind, some of which are most desirable, and others greatly the reverse. It is the innate, moral and intellectual faculties with which the book is chiefly concerned, but they are so closely bound up with the physical ones that these must be considered as well.

The innate variety of human nature is shown in our features, many of the facts of which may be studied by the method of composite photographs. The same is, no doubt, true of our bodily qualities, a question of very great importance to-day, owing to the continual draining away to the towns of the rural population.

It cannot be doubted that town life is harmful to the town population. I have myself investigated its effect on fertility, and found that, taking on the one hand a number of rural parishes, and on the other hand the inhabitants of a medium town, the former reared nearly twice as many adult grandchildren as the latter. The vital functions are so closely related that an inferiority in the production of healthy children very probably implies a loss of vigour generally, one sign of which is a diminution of stature.

Though the bulk of the population may deteriorate, there are many signs that the better housed and fed portion of it improves. The athletic achievements at school and college are much superior to what they used to be. Part is, no doubt, due to more skilful methods of execution, but not all. I cannot doubt that the more wholesome and abundant food, the moderation in drink, the better cooking, the warmer wearing apparel, the airier sleeping-rooms, the greater cleanliness, the more complete change in holidays and the healthier lives led by the women in their girlhood, who become mothers afterwards, have a great influence for good on the favoured portion of our race.

The proportion of weakly and misshapen individuals is not to be estimated by those whom we meet in the streets; the worst cases are out of sight. We should parade before our mind's eye the inmates of the lunatic and pauper asylums, the prisoners, the patients in hospitals, the sufferers at home, the crippled, the congenitally blind, and that large class of more or less wealthy persons who flee to the sunnier coasts of England, or expatriate themselves for the chance of life.

Even this does not tell the whole of the story. If there were a conscription in England, we should find, as in other countries, that a large fraction of the men who earn their living by sedentary occupations are unfit for military service. Our human civilized stock is far more weakly through congenital imperfection

than that of any other species of animals, whether wild or domestic.

It is, however, by no means the most shapely, or the biggest personages who endure hardship the best. Some very shabby-looking men have extraordinary stamina. Sickly-looking and puny residents in towns may have a more suitable constitution for the special conditions of their lives, and may in some sense be better knit and do more work and live longer than much haler men imported to the same locality from elsewhere.

I do not propose to enter further into the anthropometric differences of race, for the subject is a very large one and this book does not profess to go into detail. Its intention is to touch on various topics more or less connected with that of the cultivation of race, or, as we might call it, with 'eugenic' questions, and to present the results of several of my own separate investigations.

That is, with questions bearing on what is termed in Greek *eugenes*—namely, good in stock, hereditarily endowed with noble qualities. This, and the allied words *eugeneia*, etc., are equally applicable to men, brutes and plants. We greatly want a brief word to express the science of improving stock, which is by no means confined to questions of judicious mating, but which, especially in the case of men, takes cognisance of all influences that tend to give to the more suitable races, or strains of blood, a better chance of prevailing speedily over the less suitable than they otherwise would have had.

The word *eugenics* would sufficiently express the idea; it is, at least, a neater word and a more generalised one than *viriculture*, which I once ventured to use.

II—Energy and Other Qualities

ENERGY is the capacity for labour. It is consistent with all the robust virtues, and makes a large practice of them possible. It is the measure of fullness of life; the more energy the more abundance of it; no energy at all is death; idiots are feeble and listless. In the inquiries I made on the antecedents of men of science no points came out more strongly than that the leaders of scientific thought were generally gifted with remarkable energy, and that they had inherited the gift of it from their parents and grandparents. I have since found the same to be the case in other careers.

Energy is an attribute of the higher races, being favoured beyond all other qualities by natural selection. We are goaded into activity by the conditions and struggles of life. They afford stimuli that oppress and worry the weakly, who complain and bewail, and, it may be, succumb to them, but which the energetic man welcomes with a good-humoured shrug, and is the better for in the end.

It does not seem to follow that because men are capable of doing hard work they like it. Some, indeed, fidget and fret if they cannot otherwise work off their superfluous steam; but, on the other hand, there are many big, lazy fellows who will not get up their steam to full pressure except under compulsion. Again, the character of the stimulus that induces hard work differs greatly in different persons. It may be wealth, ambition, or other object of passion. The solitary hard workers, under no encouragement or compulsion, except their sense of duty to their generation, are unfortunately still rare among us.

It may be objected that if the race were too healthy and energetic there would be insufficient call for the exercise of the pitying and self-denying virtues, and the character of men would grow harder in consequence. But it does not seem reasonable to preserve sickly breeds for the sole purpose of tending them, as the breed of foxes is preserved solely for sport and its attendant advantages. There is little fear that misery will ever cease from the land, or that the compassionate will fail to find objects for their compassion; but at present the supply vastly exceeds the demand; the land is overstocked and overburdened with the listless and the incapable.

In any scheme of eugenics, energy is the most important quality to favour; it is the basis of living action, and it is eminently transmissible by descent.

The same great fact of innate variety in human faculty, transmissible by de-

scent, meets us as we continue our study. It is the case with the different forms of sensibility, as in the study of the cutaneous senses and the range of hearing. Even when we go into much more difficult matters, such as character, we find the same innate differences; and if we pass from the normal to the insane and the criminal classes, the same remains true. In this respect we are well repaid by studying the native instincts, such as the gregarious and slavish instincts.

Intellectual differences have been discussed by me in former works, but something may here be added regarding certain mental processes. We vary greatly by nature in our mental imagery. I have found that scientific men, as a class, have feeble powers of visual representation. The power of visualising is higher in the female sex than in the male; language and book-learning certainly tend to dull it. A habit of suppressing mental imagery must characterise men who deal much with abstract ideas, but it must be of great value in many professions. Strategists, artists, experimenters, engineers, decorators require it, and the pleasure its use can afford is immense.

The evidence I have obtained shows that nature is more important than nurture in the making of human faculty. This is especially shown by the study of the history of twins, both those of the kind called identical and those which are not. There is no escape from the conclusion that nature prevails enormously over nurture, when the differences of nurture do not exceed what is commonly to be found among persons of the same rank of society and in the same country. We may well study some of the bearings of this conclusion upon human practice and destiny.

III—Endowments and Marriage

ENDOWMENTS and bequests have been freely and largely made for various social purposes and, as a matter of history, they have frequently been made to portion girls in marriage. It is, therefore, far from improbable that if the merits of good race became widely recognized, and its indications were rendered more surely intelligible than they are at present, local endowments, and perhaps adoptions, might be made in favour of those of both sexes who showed evidences of high race and of belonging to prolific and thriving families. One cannot forecast their form, though we may reckon with some assurance that, in one way or another, they would be made, and that the better races would be given a better chance of marrying early.

A curious relic of the custom which was universal three or four centuries ago, of entrusting education to celibate priests, forbids fellows of colleges to marry, under the penalty of losing their fellowships. It is as though the winning horses at races were rendered ineligible to become sires, which I need hardly say is the exact reverse of the practice. Races were established, and endowed by 'Queen's Plates' and otherwise at vast expense, for the purpose of discovering the swiftest horses, which are thenceforward exempted from labour and reserved for the sole purpose of propagating their species. The horses which do not win races, or which are not otherwise specially selected for their natural gifts, are prevented from becoming sires. Similarly, the mares which win races as fillies are not allowed to waste their strength in being ridden or driven, but are tended under sanitary conditions for the sole purpose of bearing offspring. It is better economy, in the long run, to use the best mares as breeders than as workers, the loss through their withdrawal from active service being more than recouped in the next generation through their progeny.

The college statutes to which I referred were very recently relaxed at Oxford, and have just been reformed at Cambridge. I am told that numerous marriages have ensued in consequence, or are ensuing. In Hereditary Genius I showed that scholastic success runs strongly in families; therefore, in all seriousness, I have no doubt that the number of Englishmen naturally endowed with high scholastic faculties will be sensibly increased in future generations by the repeal of these ancient statutes.

The English race has yet to be explored, and their unknown wealth of hereditary

gifts recorded, that those who possess such a patrimony should know of it. The natural impulses of mankind would then be sufficient to ensure that such wealth should no more continue to be neglected than the existence of any other possession suddenly made known to a man. Aristocracies seldom make alliances out of their order except to gain wealth. Is it less to be expected that those who become aware that they are endowed with the power of transmitting valuable hereditary gifts should abstain from squandering their future children's patrimony by marrying persons of lower natural stamp?

The social consideration that would attach itself to high races would, it may be hoped, partly neutralise a social cause that is now very adverse to the early marriages of the most gifted—namely, the cost of living in cultured and refined society. A young man with a career before him commonly feels it would be an act of folly to hamper himself by too early a marriage. The doors of society that are freely open to a bachelor are closed to a married couple with small means, unless they bear patent recommendations such as the public recognition of a natural nobility would give.

The attitude of mind that I should expect to predominate among those who had undeniable claims to rank as members of an exceptionally gifted race would be akin to that of the modern possessors of ancestral property or hereditary rank. Such persons feel it a point of honour not to alienate the old place or make misalliances, and they are respected for their honest family pride. So a man of good race would shrink from spoiling it by a lower marriage, and everyone would sympathise with his sentiments.

IV—Conclusions

It remains to sketch in outline the principal conclusions to which we seem to be driven by the results of the various inquiries contained in this volume, and by what we know on allied topics from the works of others.

We cannot but recognize the vast variety of natural faculty, useful and harmful, in members of the same race, and much more in the human family at large, all of which tend to be transmitted by inheritance. Neither can we fail to observe that the faculties of men generally are unequal to the requirements of a high and growing civilization. This is principally owing to their entire ancestry having lived, up to recent times, under very uncivilized conditions, and to the somewhat capricious distribution of inherited wealth, which affords various degrees of immunity from the usual selective agencies.

In solution of the question whether a continual improvement in education might not compensate for a stationary or even retrograde condition of natural gifts, I made inquiry into the life history of twins, which resulted in proving the vastly preponderating effects of nature over nurture.

The fact that the very foundation and outcome of the human mind are dependent on race, and that the qualities of races vary, and therefore that humanity, taken as a whole, is not fixed, but variable, compels us to consider what may be the true place and function of man in the order of the world. I have examined this question freely from many points of view, because whatever may be the vehemence with which particular opinions are insisted upon, its solution is unquestionably doubtful. There is a wide and growing conviction among truth-seeking, earnest, humble-minded and thoughtful men, both in this country and abroad, that our cosmic relations are by no means so clear and simple as they are popularly supposed to be, while the worthy and intelligent teachers of various creeds, who have strong persuasions on the character of those relations, do not concur in their views.

In our doubt as to the character of our mysterious relations with the unseen ocean of actual and potential life by which we are surrounded, the generally accepted fact of the solidarity of the universe—that is, of the intimate connexions between distant parts that bind it together as a whole—justifies us, I think, in looking upon ourselves as members of a vast system which, in one of its aspects, resembles a cosmic republic.

On the one hand, we know that evolution has proceeded during an enormous time on this earth, under, so far as we can gather, a system of rigorous causation, with no economy of time or of instruments, and with no show of special truth for those who may in pure ignorance have violated the conditions of life.

On the other hand, while recognizing the awful mystery of conscious existence, and the inscrutable background of evolution, we find that as the foremost outcome of many and long birth-throes, intelligent and kindly man finds himself in being. He knows how petty he is, but he also perceives that he stands here on this particular earth, at this particular time, as the heir of untold ages, and in the van of circumstance. He ought, therefore, I think, to be less diffident than he is usually instructed to be, and to rise to the conception that he has a considerable function to perform in the order of events, and that his exertions are needed.

It seems to me that he should look upon himself more as a free man, with power of shaping the course of future humanity; and that he should look upon himself less as the subject of a despotic government, in which case it would be his chief merit to depend wholly upon what had been regulated for him, and to render abject obedience.

THE question then arises as to the way in which man can assist in the order of events. I reply, by furthering the course of evolution. He may use his intelligence to discover and expedite the changes that are necessary to adapt circumstance to race and race to circumstance, and his kindly sympathy will urge him to effect them mercifully.

When we begin to inquire, with some misgivings, perhaps, as to the evidence that man has present power to influence the quality of future humanity, we soon discover that his past influence in that direction has been very large indeed.

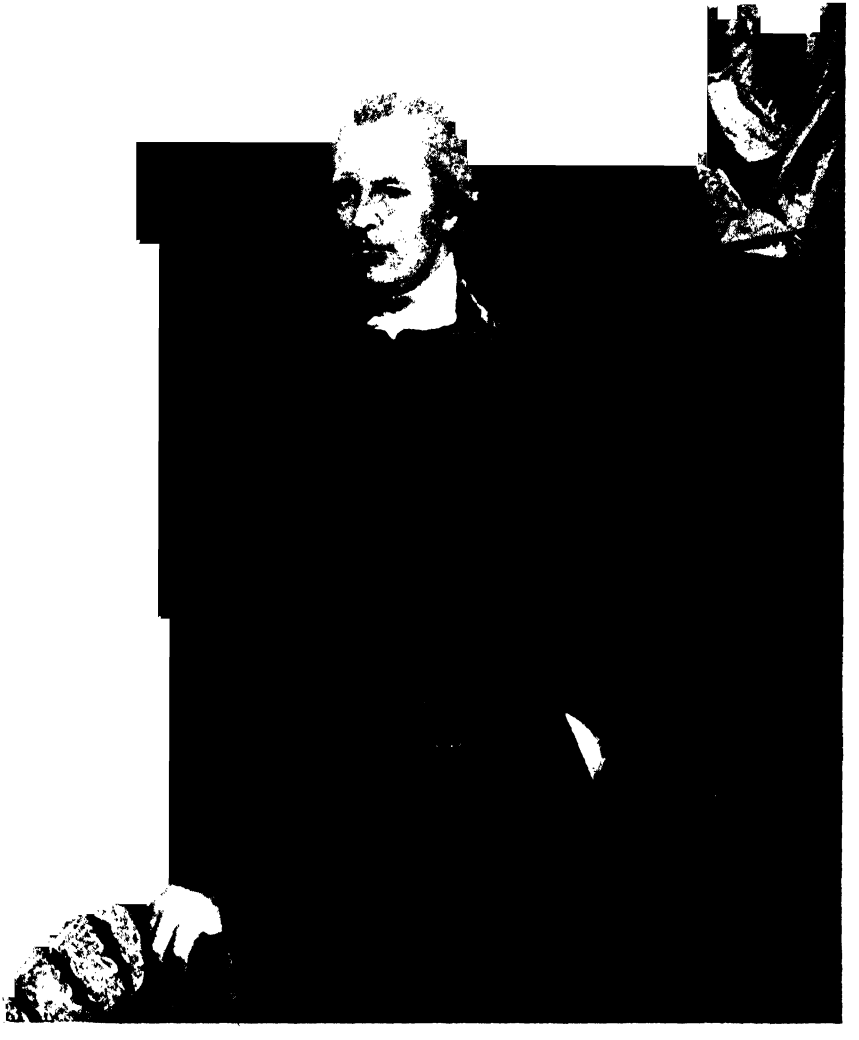
There can be no doubt that the hitherto unused means of his influence are also numerous and great. I have not cared to go much into detail concerning these, but restricted myself to a few broad considerations, as by showing how largely the balance of population becomes affected by the earlier marriages of some of its classes, and by pointing out the great influence that endowments might be expected to have if they were directed, not to thwart but to harmonise with natural inclination, by promoting early marriages in the classes to be favoured.

I ALSO showed that a powerful influence might flow from a public recognition in early life of the true value of the probability of future performance, as based on the past performance of the ancestors of the child. It is an element of forecast which has yet to be appraised and recognized. Its recognition would attract assistance in various ways, impossible now to specify, to the young families of those who were most likely to stock the world with healthy, moral, intelligent and fair-natured citizens.

It is hardly necessary to insist on the certainty that our present imperfect knowledge of the limitations and conditions of hereditary transmission will be steadily added to; but I would call attention again to the serious want of adequate materials for study in the form of life-histories. It is fortunately the case that many of the rising medical practitioners of the foremost rank are becoming strongly impressed with the necessity of possessing them, not only for the better knowledge of the theory of disease, but for the personal advantage of their patients, whom they now have to treat less appropriately than they otherwise would, through ignorance of their hereditary tendencies and of their illnesses in past years, the medical details of which are rarely known by the patient.

The chief result of these inquiries has been to elicit the religious significance of the doctrine of evolution. It suggests an alteration in our mental attitude, and imposes a new moral duty.

The new mental attitude is one of a greater sense of moral freedom, responsibility and opportunity; the new duty which is supposed to be exercised concurrently with, and not in opposition to the old ones, upon which the social fabric depends, is an endeavour to further evolution, especially of the human race.



William Pitt, called 'the Younger' to distinguish him from the earl of Chatham whose second son he was, was born on May 28, 1759. As a child he was very precocious, and was 'taught by his dad on a stool' to fit himself for a political career. In 1781 he entered Parliament, where his success was almost immediate, for he became prime minister in 1783. Until his death on January 23, 1806, he remained, in and out of office, the most prominent public man in England, everywhere respected for his ability and integrity, and had much more influence with both king and people than his father, more influence than even Walpole. For a considerable part of his career he personified the stolid English resistance to Napoleon Bonaparte, and his power in Europe was second only to that of this great contemporary and enemy. A greater orator than statesman, Pitt it was, nevertheless, who saved the world from French domination. This portrait is from the painting by John Hoppner, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

EARL STANHOPE

LIFE OF WILLIAM PITT

LITERATURE and antiquities interested Philip Stanhope more than politics, and his labours in both these directions were considerable and important. Of his numerous historical works the principal were History of the War of Succession in Spain (1832); History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles (1836-53); Life of the Honourable William Pitt (1861) and History of England Comprising the Reign of Queen Anne until the Peace of Utrecht (1870). Stanhope had unique access to manuscript authorities and this fact gives special importance to his histories and to his Life of William Pitt, whose elder sister was the first wife of Philip Stanhope's grandfather. The Life is indeed one of the most authoritative of all political biographies, compiled with a gravity and care characteristic of its author and of permanent value as a standard book of reference for one of the greatest personalities and one of the most stirring periods of English history.

I—The Boy Statesman



WILLIAM PITT, the elder, afterwards earl of Chatham, married in 1754 Lady Hester Grenville. William Pitt, their second son, was born on May 28, 1759, at Hayes, near Bromley, in Kent.

In his boyhood, from the earliest years, William Pitt evinced to all around him many tokens of intellectual promise and ambition; but his parents were frequently distressed by his delicate health. It was no doubt on this account that he was not sent to any public or private school. Lord Chatham was extremely careful of the education of his family, and without any disparagement to young William's tutor, it was certainly from his father that he profited most.

William was at fourteen so forward in his studies that he was sent to Cambridge, commencing his residence at Pembroke Hall in October 1773. His health at this period gave cause for great alarm. A serious illness at Cambridge, however, proved a turning-point; for long afterwards he enjoyed fairly good health. Early hours, daily exercise on horseback and liberal potations of port wine—his elixir of strength at this time, although it helped in later years to undermine his constitution—made him far stronger after his illness than before it.

In 1778, after the death of his father, he was entered at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1780. But he had little opportunity of practising as a barrister, for his parliamentary ambitions were soon fulfilled. In the autumn of 1780 he was an unsuccessful candidate for Cambridge University; but through the influence of Sir James Lowther he was returned in the same year for Appleby, and took his seat in the Commons on January 23, 1781.

Lord North was still at the head of affairs and the Opposition consisted of two parties: the aristocratic Whigs, whose leader was the marquis of Rockingham, but whose true guiding spirit was Charles James Fox; and a smaller band of the old adherents of Lord Chatham, under Lord Shelburne. To this party Pitt, as a matter of course, attached himself. His first speech was made on February 26, in support of Burke's bill for economical reform. He completely fulfilled the high expectations that had been formed of the son of so illustrious a father. Not only did he please, he astonished the House.

Two speeches later in the session confirmed the distinction of the young orator. In 1782, after a long series of Opposition attacks, Lord North resigned; but in the new arrangements Pitt was not included. He had determined that he would serve his sovereign as a cabinet minister, or not at all. For a time he devoted his efforts, without success, to the reform of the representation of the House of Commons. But

in July 1782 Lord Rockingham died; there was a cabinet split, due to a quarrel between Fox and Shelburne; the latter became First Lord of the Treasury, and Pitt, at the age of twenty-three, was offered and accepted the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The newly-formed ministry was soon exposed to hot attacks by the coalition of the parties of Fox and North, and Pitt in attacking this 'baneful alliance,' made one of the greatest speeches of his career. But the ministry was defeated; Lord Shelburne resigned; and the king, advised by Shelburne, invited Pitt to become Prime Minister. After anxious consideration, he refused.

The Fox and North coalition now assumed office. This union of extremes was unpopular in the country, although powerful in parliamentary strength. Pitt tried once more to pass a measure of parliamentary reform; and during the recess he paid a visit to France—the one foreign journey of his life.

When Parliament resumed its sittings, in the autumn of 1783, Fox's India Bill was passed by the Commons, but rejected by the Lords. The king, who was vehemently opposed to the bill, demanded the resignation of Fox and North, and on December 19 invited Pitt, now aged twenty-four, to become Prime Minister. This time the invitation was not refused.

Pitt had great difficulty in forming a cabinet, and was the only cabinet minister in the Commons. His main support in that house was Henry Dundas, treasurer of the navy, his lifelong friend. On facing Parliament at the opening of 1784, Pitt's purpose was to delay a dissolution until the coalition's unpopularity in the country had reached its height, and with this end he patiently endured defeat after defeat. In March he deemed that the right moment had come, and his judgement was rewarded at the General Election by a triumphant majority.

PITT was Chancellor of the Exchequer as well as First Lord of the Treasury, and during the years of peace that followed his successes were largely financial. He established a series of financial reforms that not only increased the favour in which his ministry was held, but undoubtedly enabled the country to bear the terrible strain that was afterwards to be placed upon it. In his attempt to adjust commercial relations with Ireland he was less successful; he was obliged, besides, to abandon his schemes of parliamentary reform, and his exertions, in concert with his friend Wilberforce, to destroy the slave traffic ended in disappointment—even though in this he had the hearty support of his rival, Fox.

Young as he was, and victorious as he had become, he was never tempted to presume upon his genius, or relax in his application. He allowed himself but little holiday. He spent a good deal of such time as he could spare at Holwood, a property he had bought near Bromley; and occasional visits to Brighton and to his mother's residence at Burton Pynsent, in Somersetshire, made up the greater part of his travels.

II—The Regency Problem

NOT only had Pitt's administration rehabilitated English finances; it had gained for England a strong measure of European support. In 1788 there was concluded what was virtually a triple defensive alliance with Prussia and Holland; and with France herself, should she be willing to remain at peace, there was a treaty of commerce to engage her in more friendly relations.

But towards the end of the year Pitt was confronted with what seemed a certainty of loss of office. King George III, after a long period of ill health, was found to be definitely suffering from mental alienation. A regency became necessary, and the person clearly marked out for the office was the Prince of Wales. But the prince was the political associate of Fox, and there was no doubt that his first step on accession to power would be to dismiss Pitt.

Pitt saw the prospect before him and did not attempt to shirk it. But he did propose certain restrictions on the regency in order that the king, should he recover his reason, might without difficulty resume his power.

When parliament assembled in December, Fox declared boldly that the prince

had as much right to assume sovereignty during the king's incapacity as he would have in the event of the king's death. Pitt, exulting in his rival's indiscreet departure from Whig principles, retorted that the assertion of such a right, independent of the decision of the two houses, was little less than treason to the constitution. Fox's attitude was unpopular, and Pitt's resolutions, and the Regency Bill that followed, were passed by the Commons.

Towards the end of February the third reading of the Regency Bill was impending in the Lords. Pitt had proposed that the difficulty about procuring the royal assent to the measure should be overcome by empowering the chancellor by a joint vote of both houses to put the Great Seal to a commission for giving the assent. But this expedient was unnecessary. By February 22 the king was completely recovered. The Regency Bill fell to the ground and all the hopes which the Opposition had reared upon it.

The day of thanksgiving for the king's recovery is regarded by Lord Macaulay as the zenith in Pitt's political life. 'To such a height of power and glory,' he says, 'had this extraordinary man risen at twenty-nine years of age. And now,' he adds, perhaps less justly, 'the tide was on the turn.'

III—The Struggle With France

PITT was able to declare, in the session that preceded the dissolution of 1790, that 'we are adding daily to our strength, wealth and prosperity,' and the elections more than confirmed his parliamentary majority.

But symptoms of the coming stress were already manifest. The minister was anxiously watching the course of the revolution in France; and, while far from sharing the enthusiasm of Fox for the new principles, he did not endorse the fierce hostility of Burke.

"I cannot regard with envious eyes," he said, "any approximation in neighbouring states to those sentiments which are the characteristics of every British subject."

But events soon made it clear that the new France had become a danger to the peace of Europe. As long as possible Pitt avoided war, which was ultimately forced upon him in 1793 by France's attack upon Holland, to which we were bound by treaty obligations.

The heavy cost of the war, increased as it was by the subsidies paid to Austria, and afterwards to Russia, compelled an entire departure from Pitt's old financial methods. Each year brought an increase of taxation and an increase of debt; and at the beginning of 1797 the directors of the Bank of England, in dire perplexity, told Pitt that the state, for all his expedients, was threatened with insolvency. Pitt did not falter. An order in council was issued, suspending cash payments at the bank. Thus was established a gigantic system of paper credit, giving us power to cope with no less gigantic foes. Cash payments were not resumed until 1819.

In the busy and anxious year 1796, there was a report that Pitt was on the point of marriage. During his short intervals of leisure at Holwood, he often visited his neighbour, Lord Auckland, at Beckenham, and was much attracted by Lord Auckland's eldest daughter, the Hon. Eleanor Eden. This strong attachment did not proceed to a proposal and a marriage. Pitt wrote to Lord Auckland avowing his affection, but explaining that in the circumstances of pecuniary difficulty in which he was involved, he would not presume to make the lady an offer. Lord Auckland acknowledged the explanation as adequate, and thus honourably ended the only 'love-passage' in the life of Pitt.

IV—Resignation

IN the year 1800 Pitt was able to achieve a momentous change in the affairs of Ireland. The chronic discontent of that country, largely due to the resentment of the Catholics at their exclusion from the rights of citizenship, had been fanned by the importation of revolutionary ideas; and there were hopes, once or twice on the point of realization, of a French invasion of the island. In 1798 a rebellion broke out, but was suppressed with promptness, and, it must be added, in many

instances with cruelty. But to Pitt the suppression of the insurrection was only the first part of his duty. He thought that to revert to the old system would be a most shallow policy. A new and comprehensive and healing method must be tried—an Act of Union, which should raise the minds of Irishmen from local to imperial aims—which should blend the two legislatures and, if possible, also the two nations, in one.

In 1800 the project was fulfilled—not without fierce resistance in the Irish Parliament, and not without a certain distribution of favours to those for whose support the government were anxious; although the allegations made on this subject seem to be exaggerated. Having accomplished the union, Pitt laid plans for a further reform which led, early in the following year, to his retirement from office.

He proposed the emancipation of the Catholics by the substitution of a political for the religious test of fitness for citizenship. Although the Anglican bishops and clergy and many laymen were strongly opposed to Catholic emancipation, Pitt would probably have been able to carry his scheme had it not been for royal antagonism. The king believed, erroneously but passionately, that by consenting to such a measure he would violate his coronation oath.

His majesty expressed his opinions on the subject so publicly and so vehemently that on January 31, 1801, Pitt felt compelled to ask leave to resign unless he were allowed to pursue his course on the Catholic question. The king required the abandonment of the scheme, and on February 3 Pitt resigned office. Thus abruptly ended his renowned administration of more than seventeen years.

The new Prime Minister was Mr. Addington, formerly Speaker of the Commons. Several of Pitt's colleagues remained in the ministry, although others withdrew from it; and Pitt himself gave general support to the government—support which was offered with especial warmth, and possessed especial value, during the hotly criticised peace negotiations with the First Consul Bonaparte in 1801 and 1802. Although Pitt had been obliged when in office to refuse several inadequate offers of peace, he had always been prepared to end the war under honourable conditions. The distinction of ending the war did not fall to his share; but his services were not forgotten. On May 7, 1802, the House of Commons carried by overwhelming numbers a motion, 'That the Right Hon. William Pitt has rendered great and important services to his country, and especially deserves the gratitude of this house.' And on May 28, 1802, Pitt's birthday, more than 800 persons assembled at a memorable banquet in honour of 'the pilot that weathered the storm.'

Until the renewal of war in 1803 Pitt took little part in public affairs. Most of his time was spent at Walmer Castle, with occasional visits to Bath for the sake of his health, which had been uncertain since an attack of serious illness in 1797.

In May 1803 the uneasy peace came to an end. The constant aggressions of Bonaparte and his dominating tone made friendly relations impossible. There was a widespread feeling in the country that now that the storm had recommenced the old pilot should be called to the helm. Pitt returned to the Commons after the declaration of war, and forcibly criticised some of the financial and defensive measures of the ministry.

In 1804 the ministry showed itself wholly unequal to the strain upon it; and the situation was complicated by a temporary return of the king's malady. Pitt not only renewed his opposition to Addington, but made it plain that he was prepared to take part in a strong and comprehensive administration, including even Fox, that should be formed to rescue the crown and country from the dangers to which they were exposed under the Addington ministry.

A series of combined attacks was directed against the government during the month of April. Although Addington was not defeated in the Commons, he saw his majority steadily diminish; and on April 26 he resolved to resign. On the 30th the Lord Chancellor intimated to Pitt his majesty's desire to receive the plan of a new administration.

V—The Last Ministry

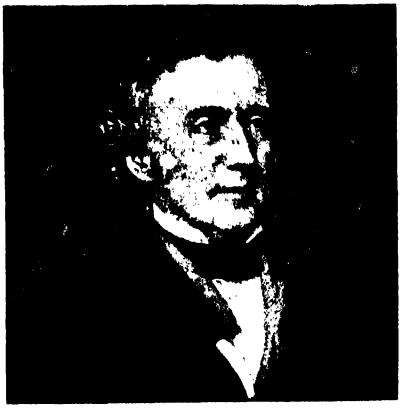
THE king's opposition made the inclusion of Fox in the new ministry impossible. His hostility to Fox, however, was not simply on political grounds; he believed him to be responsible for the excesses of the Prince of Wales. Pitt was in consequence obliged to be content with a restricted choice of ministers and had to face a powerful opposition in parliament.

During the summer of 1804 Bonaparte and his host lay menacingly at Boulogne, awaiting that command of the channel 'for six hours,' which the great warrior recognized as essential to his plans. Meanwhile, Pitt laboured to form another coalition and, at the cost of heavy subsidies, was successful. Russia, Austria and Sweden joined in the league against Napoleon; Prussia still hesitated.

In the summer of 1805 Napoleon was again at Boulogne, but his plan of invasion was wrecked by the failure of the French fleet to reach the Channel. When Napoleon learnt that the fleet had gone south and that the attack upon England had been thwarted, he straightway marched his army to mid-Europe. Pitt had staked everything on the new coalition, and the surrender of the Austrians at Ulm was news of the utmost bitterness to him. But a splendid corrective came soon afterwards in the crowning naval victory of Trafalgar. Pitt's popularity, which had been somewhat uncertain, was enormously enhanced by the event. The Lord Mayor proposed his health as 'the saviour of Europe.'

PITT'S reply was nearly as follows: "I return you many thanks for the honour you have done me, but Europe is not to be saved by any single man. England has saved herself by her exertions and will, I trust, save Europe by her example." With only these two sentences the minister sat down. They were the last words that Pitt ever spoke in public.

He was suffering much at this time from gout and his general health was undermined by anxiety. In December he journeyed to Bath, and at Bath there reached him the news of the destruction of his coalition at Austerlitz. The battle was the cause of his death. He was struck down by a severe internal malady, and he was in a state of extreme debility when, on January 11, 1806, he returned home to the house he had taken on Putney Heath. It is said that as he passed along to his bedroom, he observed a map of Europe hanging on the wall, upon which he turned to his niece and mournfully said: "Roll up that map. It will not be wanted these ten years."



PHILIP HENRY STANHOPE was born at Walmer, January 30, 1805, son of the 4th Earl Stanhope. Entering parliament as Viscount Mahon in 1830 he was under secretary for foreign affairs in 1835 and secretary to the India Board in 1845. In 1842 he took a prominent part in the passing of the Copyright Act. From 1846 onwards he was president of the Society of Antiquaries, in 1856 proposed the foundation of the National Portrait Gallery, which was subsequently created by his executors, and from 1863 to his death was president of the Literary Fund. Stanhope succeeded to the earldom in 1855 and died December 24, 1875.

For a few days the doctors had hopes that he might recover, but on the 22nd it became evident that he could not live for twenty-four hours. Early in the morning of the 23rd he died.

'At about half-past two,' wrote the Hon. James Hamilton Stanhope, who was at his bedside, 'Mr. Pitt ceased moaning, and did not make the slightest sound for some time. Shortly afterwards, in a tone I never shall forget, he exclaimed: "Oh, my country! How I love my country!" From that time he never spoke or moved, and at half-past four expired without a groan or struggle.'

An Ideal Record of Life in the Tropics

HERMAN MELVILLE

TYPEE

ADVENTURES in plenty came in Herman Melville's way while working on Pacific whaling vessels and in the South Seas. During his second voyage, while he was still only about nineteen, he escaped from his ship with a comrade at the Marquesas Islands, only to be captured by cannibals. Melville was kept by these warlike natives for four months before being rescued by an Australian whaler. He afterwards described his experiences among them in Typee, a Peep at Polynesian Life; or Four Months' Residence in a Valley of the Marquesas, published in 1846. The story, a racy and vigorous narrative, made its author famous at the very outset of his literary career. It was followed in 1847 by Omoo, by White Jacket, or The World in a Man of War (1850) and in 1851 by Moby Dick (see page 1745) which definitely established his reputation as America's foremost writer on seafaring life. Typee is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Land Ho!



SIX months at sea! Yes, reader, as I live, six months out of sight of land; cruising after the sperm whale beneath the scorching sun of the Line, and tossed on the billows of the wide-rolling Pacific—the sky above, the sea around, and nothing else! Weeks and weeks ago our fresh provisions were all exhausted. There is not a sweet potato left; not a single yam. Nothing in the ship but salt-horse and sea-biscuit.

. . . . . .

"Hurrah, my lads! It's a settled thing; next week we shape our course to the Marquesas!"

The Marquesas! What strange visions of outlandish things does the very name spirit up! Lovely houris, cannibal banquets, groves of coconuts, coral reefs, tattooed chiefs and bamboo temples; sunny valleys planted with bread-fruit trees, carved canoes dancing on the flashing blue waters, savage woodlands guarded by horrible idols, heathenish rites and human sacrifices!

I can never forget the eighteen or twenty days during which the light trade winds were silently sweeping us towards the islands. True to her work, the *Dolly* headed to her course and, like one of those characters who always do best when let alone, she jogged on her way like a veteran old sea-pacer.

As we drew nearer the land, I hailed with delight the appearance of innumerable sea-fowl. Screaming and whirling in spiral tracks, they would accompany the vessel and at times alight on our yards and stays. Soon other evidences of our vicinity to the land were apparent, and it was not long before the glad announcement was heard from aloft—'Land ho!'

Land ho! Aye, there it was. A hardly perceptible, blue, irregular outline, indicating the bold contour of the lofty heights of Nukuheva. This island of Nukuheva is about twenty miles in length and nearly as many in breadth. Its inhabitants have become somewhat corrupted, owing to their recent commerce with Europeans; but so far as regards their peculiar customs and general mode of life, they retain their original primitive character, remaining very nearly in the same state of nature in which they were first beheld by white men. The hostile clans, residing in the more remote sections of the island, and very seldom holding any communication with foreigners, are in every respect unchanged from their earliest known condition.

It was in the summer of 1842 that we arrived at the islands. Our ship had not been many days in the harbour of Nukuheva before I came to the determination of leaving her, choosing rather to risk my fortunes among the savages of the island than to endure another voyage on board the *Dolly*. I had made up my mind

to run away, and it behoves me, for the sake of my own character, to offer some explanation of my conduct.

When I entered on board the *Dolly* I signed, as a matter of course, the ship's articles, but the conditions of these articles had been violated in numberless instances. The usage on board was tyrannical; the sick had been inhumanly neglected; the provisions had been doled out in scanty allowances; and her cruises were unreasonably protracted. The captain was the author of these abuses, and there was no one to whom we could apply for redress. After all, these things could have been endured had we entertained the hope of being speedily delivered from them. But the longevity of Cape Horn whaling voyages is proverbial, frequently extending over a period of four or five years, and ours had, as it were, just commenced, we being only fifteen months out. Having made up my mind, I proceeded to acquire all the information I could relating to the island and its inhabitants.

Besides the bay of Nukuheva in which we were then lying, the shores of the island are indented by several other extensive inlets, into which descend broad and verdant valleys. These are inhabited by tribes of savages who have, from time immemorial, waged hereditary warfare against each other. The intervening mountains, generally two or three thousand feet above the level of the sea, define the territories of each of these hostile tribes, who never cross them, save on some expedition of war or plunder.

Immediately adjacent to Nukuheva, and only separated from it by the mountains seen from the harbour, lies the lovely valley of Happar, whose inmates cherish the most friendly relations with the inhabitants of Nukuheva. On the other side of Happar is the magnificent valley of the dreaded Typees, the unappeasable enemies of both tribes.

The very name of these warriors is a frightful one; for the word 'Typee' in the Marquesan dialect signifies a lover of human flesh. These same Typees enjoy a prodigious notoriety all over the islands; and although I was convinced that the inhabitants of our bay were as arrant cannibals as any of the other tribes on the island, still I could not but feel a particular and most unqualified repugnance to the aforesaid Typees.

II—My Escape from the Ship

I KNEW that the captain would not willingly consent to the loss of one of his best hands, and the idea of being taken and brought back ignominiously to the ship was inexpressibly repulsive to me. I concluded that if I could effect a passage to the mountains I could support myself there by such fruits as came in my way until the sailing of the ship, an event I could not fail to notice, as from my lofty position I should command a view of the entire harbour.

I had determined not to communicate my design to any of my shipmates, but it happened one night that I perceived one of the ship's company leaning over the bulwarks. He was a young fellow about my own age, for whom I had all along entertained a great regard; and Toby—such was the name by which he went among us—was in every way worthy of it. He was active, ready and obliging, of dauntless courage, and singularly open and fearless in the expression of his feelings.

Toby, like myself, had evidently moved in a different sphere of life. He was one of that class of rovers you sometimes meet at sea, who never reveal their origin, never allude to home, and go rambling over the world as if pursued by some mysterious fate.

Is he not, thought I, the very one of all my shipmates whom I would choose for the partner of my adventure? I found him ripe for the enterprise, and a very few words sufficed for a mutual understanding between us. The leading object we had in view was to seclude ourselves from sight until the departure of the vessel; then to take our chance as to the reception the Nukuheva natives might give us, and after remaining upon the island as long as we found our stay agreeable, to leave it the first favourable opportunity that offered.

The captain having given leave to the men of our watch to go ashore, the word was passed to get into the boat. I took

a double handful of small, broken flinty bits of biscuit, and thrust them into the bosom of my frock, in which same ample receptacle I had previously stowed several pounds of tobacco and a few yards of cotton cloth—articles with which I intended to purchase the good will of the natives.

This happened to be the rainy season in the islands, and by the time we had effected a landing it was pouring in torrents. We fled for shelter under cover of an immense canoe-house, and presently the men, after chatting awhile, all fell asleep.

This was the opportunity we desired, and Toby and I at once stole out of the canoe-house and plunged into an extensive grove in its rear. The heavy rain favoured our enterprise, as it drove the islanders into their houses and prevented any casual meeting with them. Pointing to the lofty heights before us, I took Toby by the arm and said, "Not a word nor a glance backward till we stand on the summit of yonder mountain. Let us shove ahead while we can, and in a few hours' time we may laugh aloud. You are the lightest and the nimblest, so lead on and I will follow."

It was about three hours before sunset when, after an uninterrupted though at times difficult and dangerous ascent, we found ourselves on the top of what seemed to be the highest land on the island. Here we were disappointed. Instead of finding the mountain sweeping down in the opposite directions into broad and capacious valleys it appeared to retain its general elevation, and there were none of those trees upon whose fruit we had relied with such certainty.

What was to be done? The *Dolly* would not sail perhaps for ten days, and to descend to Nukuheva in quest of food would mean capture by the natives, who would convey us back to the ship for the sake of the reward which the skipper would undoubtedly offer. Our supply of bread was of the scantiest.

We wandered for some way and then, pushing aside a branch, I looked down into the bosom of a valley which swept away to the sea. Amidst the foliage might be seen the palmetto-thatched houses of its inhabitants glistening in the sun.

The question now was as to whether it was the abode of the Happars or of the ferocious Typees we were gazing upon. Toby decided it was Happar, and after several days of rock climbing, we concluded that the only thing to be done was to make for this valley and risk the consequences rather than perish with hunger.

It was terrible, the descent of the ravine, but Toby's fearless confidence was contagious. "Happar it is, for nothing else than Happar can it be," he shouted. "So glorious a valley, such forests of bread-fruit trees, such groves of coconut, such wildernesses of guava-bushes! I am dying to be at them! Come on, shipmate; come on!"

At length we both stood with no bones broken, in spite of a dizzy fall into the branches of a palm, in the magnificent vale which had burst upon my sight.

III—The Typees

Our unexpected arrival caused great excitement in the valley, and we were soon completely encircled by a dense throng. Then we were conducted to a large and handsome building of bamboos, the natives opening a lane for us through which to pass; on entering, without ceremony, we threw our exhausted frames upon the mats that covered the floor.

It was now evening, and by the dim light we could just discern the savage countenances around us, gleaming with wild curiosity and wonder; the naked forms and tattooed limbs of brawny warriors, with here and there the slighter figures of young girls, all engaged in a perfect storm of conversation. Nothing can exceed the fierce gesticulation of these people when animated in conversation, and on this occasion they gave loose to all their natural vivacity, shouting and dancing about in a manner that well-nigh intimidated us.

Close to where we sat, squatting upon their haunches, were some eight or ten noble-looking chiefs, and one of these in particular, who appeared to be the highest in rank, having placed himself directly facing me, looked at me with a rigidity of aspect under which I quailed.

To conciliate the good opinion of the warrior, I took some tobacco from the bosom of my frock and offered it to him. He quietly rejected the proffered gift, without speaking.

In my previous intercourse with the natives of the South Seas, I had found that the present of a small piece of tobacco would have rendered any of them devoted to my service. Was this act of the chief a token of his enmity? "Typee or Happar?" I asked within myself. I turned to Toby, and then, I know not by what impulse, it was that I said 'Typee.' The piece of dusky statuary nodded in approval, and murmured "Mortarkee?" This word is equivalent to 'good,' and without further hesitation, "Typee mortarkee," said I.

What a transition! The dark figures around us leapt to their feet, clapped their hands in transport and shouted again and again, "Typee mortarkee!"

Then the principal chief gave me to understand that his name was Mehevi, and that in return he wished to know my appellation. I intimated that I was known as Tom, but the chief could not master it. Tommo, Tomma, Tommee — everything but plain Tom. I compromised the matter, and went by the name of Tommo during the entire period of my stay in the valley. The same proceeding was gone through with Toby, and this exchange of names is equivalent to a ratification of good will and amity among these simple people.

I have no doubt that we were the first white men who ever penetrated thus far into their territories, and what had brought us thither must have appeared a complete mystery to them.

From the first the chief Mehevi took us under his protection, and appointed one of the natives, whom he addressed as Kory-Kory, to attend upon my person. It was in the house of a chief named Marheyo that I stayed while I remained in the valley, and I was necessarily placed upon the most intimate footing with its occupants. We were puzzled by the kindness of the natives. The horrible character imputed to these Typees appeared to be wholly undeserved.

"Why, they are cannibals!" said Toby on one occasion when I eulogised the tribe.

"Granted," I replied, "but a more humane, gentlemanly and amiable set of epicures probably do not exist in the Pacific."

IV—Farewell to Typee

ALL the inhabitants of the valley treated me with great kindness; but nothing could surpass Marheyo's efforts to minister to my comfort.

NOTWITHSTANDING the kind treatment we received, I was too familiar with the fickle disposition of savages not to feel anxious to withdraw from the valley. Unfortunately, a severe lameness contracted in our scramble down the ravine afflicted me and, despite the herbal remedies of the natives, it continued to grow worse and worse. All thought of flight was impossible; when, one morning, it was announced that a boat had arrived, all that could be done was for Toby to go alone to the beach and to see what could be done. The natives had resolutely opposed my being carried down to the beach, but were content to let Toby go on the understanding that he went to procure remedies for my lameness.

It was a long time before I could learn what had happened to Toby. The gentle young maiden Fayaway, Kory-Kory's daughter, with a gesture of pity, would murmur plaintively, "Awha! Awha! Tommo!" and at last gave me to understand that Toby had gone away with the boats which had visited the bay, but had promised to return at the end of three days.

The three days passed. No tidings of Toby ever reached me; he had gone, never to return. The natives, after Toby's departure, multiplied their acts of kindness towards me, and Kory-Kory never for one moment left my side, unless it were to execute my wishes. As for my lost shipmate, they gave me to understand that he was an ungrateful runaway.

Calling to remembrance the numberless proofs of kindness and respect which I received from the natives of the valley, I can scarcely understand how it was that

my mind should still have been consumed by the most dismal forebodings.

Gradually I lost all knowledge of the regular recurrence of the days of the week, and sank insensibly into that kind of apathy which ensues after some violent outbreak of despair. My leg suddenly healed, the swelling went down, the pain subsided, and I was soon enabled to ramble about the valley. Received wherever I went with the most deferential kindness, regaled perpetually with the most delightful fruits, and enjoying all the services of the devoted Kory-Kory, for a sojourn among cannibals, no man could have well made a more agreeable one.

To be sure, there were limits set to my wanderings. Towards the sea, my progress was barred by an express prohibition of the savages; and after having made two or three ineffectual attempts to reach it, as much to gratify my curiosity as anything else, I gave up the idea.

THE opportunities I now enjoyed of observing the manners of the natives tended to increase my favourable impressions of the valley. There seemed to be no cares, griefs, troubles, or vexations in all Typee. There were none of those thousand sources of irritation that the ingenuity of civilized man has created to mar his own felicity, and, to sum up all in one word, there was no money! Sickness was almost unknown; during the whole time of my stay I saw but one invalid among them.

The terrible stories I had heard concerning the cannibalism of the Typee nation I began to regard as fables, though subsequent events proved that I had been a little too premature in coming to this conclusion.

It was after a sanguinary engagement with the Happars that I met a number of the warriors of Typee, with a tumultuous crowd of islanders, returning bearing the bodies of their slain enemies to a place called the Ti, a building in the midst of the groves, a sort of bachelor's club, strictly 'taboo' to women. Kory-Kory would not allow me to remain after the Ti had been reached, and for two days of high festival I was kept away from the groves. Then Kory-Kory told me the taboo was withdrawn, and we set out together. On reaching the Ti, we found Mehevi and a few chiefs reclining on their mats, who gave me as friendly a reception as ever. No allusions of any kind were made by them to the recent events, and after staying a short time I took my leave.

In passing along the piazza I observed a curiously carved vessel of wood, with a cover placed over it, which resembled in shape a small canoe. I concluded this vessel must have some connexion with the recent festival, and in passing it I raised one end of the cover; at the same moment the chief, perceiving my design, loudly ejaculated, "Taboo! Taboo!" But the slight glimpse sufficed; my eyes fell upon the disordered members of the human skeleton, the bones still fresh with moisture!

Kory-Kory, who had been a little in advance of me, turned round in time to witness the expression of horror on my countenance. He now hurried towards me, pointing at the same time to the canoe, and exclaiming rapidly, "Puarkee! Puarkee!" (Pig, pig.) I pretended to yield to the deception, but all that night I lay awake thinking over the situation in which I was placed, and the remote chances of escape. At the same time, although the Typees did practise cannibalism, it was only upon their enemies slain in battle. In other respects they were gentle and humane and, like other Polynesians, invariably denied the existence of the custom, knowing the detestation in which Europeans held it.

OLD Marheyo allowed me to go down to the beach. A small boat had come round from Nukuheva and I had implored my hosts to let me depart. Marheyo placed his arm upon my shoulder and emphatically pronounced one expressive English word I had taught him—'Home.' I at once understood what he meant, and eagerly expressed my thanks to him. But Kory-Kory and Fayaway both wept bitterly.

Some of the warriors opposed my going, but I succeeded in getting into the boat while they were disputing, Marheyo and Kory-Kory following me into the water, and then we pulled off. At Nukuheva I was taken on board an Australian vessel.

BARUCH DE SPINOZA

A MASTERPIECE of powerful and sincere philosophical thought, the Ethics was not published during Spinoza's lifetime owing to the rumours as to its nature and aims circulated by the philosopher's enemies. When the work appeared, in 1677, it was proscribed by the states of Holland and West Friesland; and, although it is impossible to sympathise with it, it is easy to understand the attitude of the censors. Spinoza's system, expressed in a series of axioms, and undoubtedly influenced by both Descartes (see page 2385) and Bruno, was a rather involved form of pantheism. It is quite untrue, however, to say, as many contemporary critics did, that Spinoza was an atheist; the two forms of reality that he recognized are both dependent on God the ultimate substance. His ethical teaching, too, may easily be misunderstood by the careless or malicious. The doctrine that a thing is good because it is desired, not desired because it is good, becomes definitely subversive when superficially interpreted. Inexpensive English translations of Spinoza's Ethics are obtainable.

I—Concerning God



BY God I understand absolutely infinite Being, that is, substance consisting of infinite attributes, each expressing eternal and infinite essence. If this be denied, conceive, if it be possible, that God does not exist. Then it follows that His essence does not involve existence, which is absurd. Therefore God necessarily exists.

God is absolutely the first cause. He acts from the laws of His own nature only and is compelled by no one. For, outside of Himself, there can be nothing by which He may be determined to act. Therefore He acts solely from the laws of His own nature; and therefore, also, God alone is a free cause.

The omnipotence of God has been actual from eternity, and will be actual to eternity. The Divine intellect is the cause of things, both of their essence and of their existence. Thus it is the cause both of the essence and of the existence of the human intellect, but it differs from our intellect both in essence and in existence. The same may be said of the Divine will and the human will.

The will cannot be called a free cause, but can only be termed necessary. The will is only a certain mode of thought, like the intellect. It requires a cause to determine it to action, and, therefore, cannot be called a free cause, but only a necessary cause. Hence it follows that God does not act from freedom of the will. For the will, like all other things, needs a cause to determine it to act in a certain manner.

Things could have been produced by God in no other manner or order than that in which they have been. Things have been created by God in absolute perfection, because they have necessarily followed from His absolutely perfect nature.

Since in eternity there is no *when*, nor *before*, nor *after*, God cannot decree, nor could He ever have decreed anything other than He has decreed in the perfection of His nature. For if He had decreed something else about creation He would necessarily have had an intellect and a will different from those He now has. Could such a supposition be allowed, why cannot He now change his decree about creation yet remain perfect?

All things depend on the Divine power; but God's will, because of His perfection, cannot be other than it is, and, therefore, things cannot be differently constituted. For to suppose otherwise is to subject God to fate, an absurdity which is not worth waste of time to refute.

The sum of the matter is that God necessarily exists; that He is one God; that He acts from the necessity of His nature; that He is the free cause of all things; that all things depend on Him; and that all things have been predestined by Him.

II—Concerning Mind and Body

I PASS on to those things which must necessarily follow from the essence of the eternal and infinite God.

Thought is the attribute of God. Individual thoughts are modes of expressing the nature of God in a certain and determinate manner. The order and connexion of ideas coincides with the order and connexion of things; therefore God's power of thinking is equal to His power of acting. The circle existing in nature and the idea of an existing circle which is also in God are one and the same thing, exhibited through different attributes.



BARUCH DE SPINOZA was born of Jewish parents at Amsterdam on November 24, 1632. He received a thorough education in Hebrew and the Jewish medieval philosophers, and later in Latin and the modern thinkers. He soon won a local reputation as a philosopher, but was considered unorthodox by the Jews, and was excommunicated from the faith. His first book, the Short Treatise On God, On Man And His Well-being, brought him widespread recognition as a philosopher, and his important Theological Political Treatise enhanced his reputation. It was, however, unintelligently banned by lay and ecclesiastical authorities, and because of this Spinoza's other valuable works were published after his death on February 21, 1677.

The first thing which forms the actual Being of the human mind is nothing else than the idea of an individual actually existing. The essence of man is formed by certain modes of the Divine attributes, that is to say, modes of thought. The idea is the first thing which forms the Being of the human mind. It must be an idea of an individual thing actually existing. Hence the human mind is part of the infinite intellect of God.

The knowledge of everything which happens necessarily exists in God, in so far as He forms the nature of the human mind. Man thinks. Modes of thought, such as love, desire, or affections of the mind under whatever designation, do not exist, unless in the same individual exists an idea of a thing loved, desired, etc. But the idea may exist though no other mode of thinking exists. Therefore the essence of man does not necessarily involve existence.

We perceive that a body is affected in certain ways. No individual things are felt or perceived by us except bodies and modes of thought.

The object of the idea constituting the human mind is a body, or a certain mode of actually existing extension, and nothing else. For if the body were not the object of the human mind, the ideas of the affections of the body would not be in God in so far as He has created our mind, but would be in Him so far as He has formed the mind of another thing.

But we have ideas of the affections of the body; therefore the object of the idea constituting the human mind is the body actually existing. It follows that man consists of mind and body and that the human body exists as we perceive it.

Hence we perceive not only that the human mind is united to the body, but also what is to be understood by the union of mind and body. But no one can adequately comprehend it without previously possessing adequate knowledge of the body. In proportion as one body is better adapted than another to act or suffer, the mind will at the same time be better adapted for perception. And the more independent a body may be of other bodies, the stronger will be the understanding of the mind. Thus we can determine the superiority of one mind over another.

The human mind does not know the human body itself, nor does it know that the human body exists except through the ideas and affections by which the body is affected. Indeed, the human mind is the very idea or knowledge of the human body. These ideas are in God. Thought is an attribute of God, and so the thought of the mind originates of necessity in Him

All the ideas which are in God always agree with those things of which they are ideas, and therefore they are all true.

Falsity consists in privation of knowledge, involved in confusion and mutilation of ideas; for instance, because they think themselves to be free; and the sole reason for this opinion is that they are conscious of their own actions, and ignorant of the causes determining those actions. Nobody knows what the will is and how it moves to-day. Those who pretend otherwise, and invent locations of the soul, usually excite derision and disgust.

The more things the body possesses in common with other bodies, the more things will the mind be adapted to perceive. The human mind possesses an adequate knowledge of the eternal and infinite essence of God. But the reason why men have not a knowledge of God as clear as that which they have of common notions is that they cannot imagine God as they can imagine bodies, and because they have attached the name of God to the images of things they are accustomed to see. This they can hardly avoid, because they are constantly affected by external bodies. And, indeed, most errors arise from our application of the wrong names to things.

In the mind there is no absolutely free will. The mind is determined to this or that volition by a cause which is determined by another cause, and so on *ad infinitum*. The will and intellect are one and the same. We are partakers of the divine nature in proportion as we more and more understand God and conform our actions to His will. Our highest happiness consists in this conformity, by which alone the soul finds repose. Those greatly err from the true estimate of virtue who expect to be rewarded for it, as though virtue and the service of God were not our felicity itself and the highest liberty.

III—Concerning Mental Affections

THE actions of the mind arise from adequate ideas alone; but the passions depend on those alone which are inadequate. The essence of the mind is composed of adequate and inadequate ideas.

Accidentally, anything may be the cause of joy, sorrow, or desire. We love or hate certain things not for any known cause, but merely from sympathy or antipathy. If we hate a thing, we seek to affirm concerning it everything that we think can affect it with sorrow, while we deny everything that we think can affect it with joy. From this we see how easily a man may think too much of himself, and of the object which he loves, and, on the other hand, may think too little of what he hates.

When a man thinks too much of himself, this imagination is termed pride and is a species of delirium, because he dreams with his eyes open that he can do all those things to which he attains in imagination alone, regarding them thus as realities and rejoicing in them so long as he cannot imagine anything to exclude their existence and limit his power of action.

Joy is a man's passage from less to a greater perfection; sorrow is a man's passage from a greater to a less perfection. I say passage, for joy is not perfection itself. If a man were born with the perfection to which he passes, he would possess it without the affection of joy—a truth the more vividly apparent from the affection of sorrow, which is the contrary of joy.

For, that sorrow consists in the passage to a less perfection, but not in the less perfection itself, no one can deny, since in so far as a man partakes of any perfection he cannot be sad.

Nor can we say that sorrow consists in the passage to a less perfection, for privation is nothing. But the affection of sorrow is actual, and so can be nothing else than the passage to a lesser perfection—that is, the reality by which the power of acting is limited or diminished. As for the definitions of cheerfulness, pleasurable excitement, melancholy, or grief, I omit these, because they are related rather to the body than to the mind, and are merely different species of joy and sorrow.

Love is joy, with the accompanying idea of an external cause. Hatred is sorrow, with the accompanying idea of an external cause. Devotion is love towards an object which we admire and wonder at. Derision

is joy arising from the imagination that something we despise is present in the object we hate. Hope is a joy not constant, arising from the idea of something future or past, about the issue of which we are doubtful. Fear is sorrow not constant, arising in like manner.

Confidence is joy arising from the idea of a past or future object from which the cause for doubting has been removed. Despair is sorrow arising from a like cause. Confidence springs from hope, despair from fear. Pride is thinking too highly of ourselves from self-love. Despondency is thinking too little of ourselves through sorrow.

IV—Concerning Human Bondage and Human Liberty

Good is that which is useful to us; evil that which impedes the possession of good. But the terms good and evil are not positive, but are only modes of thought by which we compare one thing with another. Thus, music is good to a melancholy mind, bad to a mourning mind, but neither bad nor good to a deaf man. We suffer because we form a part of nature. The power by which we preserve our being is the power of God, that is part of His essence. But man is subject to passions because he follows the order of nature.

An affection can only be overcome by a stronger affection. That which tends to conserve our existence we dominate good; that which hinders this conservation we style evil. Desire springing from the knowledge of good and evil can be restrained by desires originating in the affections by which we are agitated. Thus the effect of external causes on the mind may be far greater than that of the knowledge of good and evil. The desire springing from a knowledge of good and evil may be easily restrained by the desire of present objects. Opinion exercises a more potent influence than reason. Hence the saying of the poet, 'I approve the better, but follow the worse.'

Desire springing from joy preponderates over that springing from sorrow. Man is useful to man because two individuals of the same nature when in sympathy are stronger than one. Nothing could be so good for men as that all should so agree in everything as to form, as it were, a single body and mind, all seeking the good of all. Hence, men acting in accord with the dictates of reason, desire nothing for themselves but what they desire for all. This renders them just, faithful and honourable.

The knowledge of God is the supreme mental good, and to know God is the supreme mental virtue. For God is the supreme subject of the understanding, and therefore to know or understand God is the supreme virtue of the mind. But to us nothing can be either good or evil unless it has something in common with us. An object whose nature is absolutely foreign to our own cannot be either good or evil to us, for this reason, that we only call a thing good or evil when it is the cause of joy or sorrow; that is, when it increases or diminishes our power to act.

Nothing can be reckoned good except that which is in harmony with our nature, and nothing can be reckoned evil except what is contrary to our nature, but men cannot be said to agree in nature when they are subject to passions. We only act in harmony with the dictates of reason when we agree in nature with others. Men are most useful to each other who are mutually ruled by the laws of reason.

Yet men are seldom disposed to solitude, but answer generally to the familiar description of man as a social animal, for they know that the advantages preponderate over the disadvantages of social life. They find by experience that by mutual aid and co-operation they can the more easily secure what they need and the better defend themselves from danger.

A man who seeks after virtue will desire others to do so, and this desire will increase in proportion to the increase of his knowledge of God. This is in accordance with reason, which is the operation of the mind according to the essence of the mind, that essence being knowledge, which involves the knowledge of God. The greater the knowledge of God involved in the essence of the mind, the greater will be the desire that others may seek after the same virtue which the man seeks for himself.

HENRIK IBSEN

THE MASTER BUILDER

IN the opinion of many critics The Master Builder (Bygmester Solness), which was completed in 1892, displays Ibsen's genius at its highest point of development. An unusual and powerful blend of realism and romance, it is a plea for the freedom of the human spirit and the intense drama is wrought out in language of extraordinary symbolism. Hilda Wangel is the 'super woman' who will suffer nothing to stand between her and the realization of herself. Had Solness been as strong a spirit the end might have been different; but he has a 'sickly' conscience unable to bear the heights of freedom. Here again Ibsen is quite unique in his estimate of mankind; but the characters in the play are all actual, vital personalities. English translations of Ibsen's plays by William Archer are published by William Heinemann, by whose permission the following epitome is included here. An outline of Ibsen's Pillars of Society appears at page 2013.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Halvard Solness, the Master Builder	**Knut Brovik**, formerly an architect, now in Solness's employment
Aline Solness, his wife	**Ragnar Brovik**, his son, draughtsman
Dr. Herdal, physician	**Kaia Fosli**, his niece, book keeper
Miss Hilda Wangel	

First Act

SCENE.—*A plainly furnished workroom in the house of* **Halvard Solness.** *At the back, visible through an open door, is the draughtsman's office, where sit* **Knut Brovik** *and his son* **Ragnar,** *occupied with plans and calculations. At the desk in the outer office* **Kaia Fosli** *is writing in the ledger. She is young, slight and delicate-looking. She wears a green shade over her eyes. All three work for some time in silence.*



KNUT BROVIK (*rising as if in distress*): No, I can't bear it much longer!

Kaia: You're feeling very ill, aren't you, uncle?

Brov.: Oh, I seem to get worse every day!

Ragnar (*advancing*): You ought to go home, father.

Brov.: Not till *he* comes! I'm determined to have it out—with the chief!

Kaia (*anxiously*): Oh, no, uncle! Wait awhile. Hush! I hear him on the stairs.

[*They go back to their work.* **Halvard Solness,** *mature, healthy, vigorous, comes in.*]

Solness: Are they gone?

Kaia: No. (*She takes the shade off her eyes.*)

Sol. (*approaching her and whispering*): Kaia! Why do you always take off that shade when I come?

Kaia: I look so ugly with it on.

Sol. (*stroking her hair*): Poor, poor little Kaia——

Kaia: Hush——

[**Brovik** *comes into the front room.*

Brov.: May I have a few words with you?

Sol.: Certainly.

[**Brovik** *sends* **Kaia** *out.*

Brov.: It will soon be all over with me. (**Solness** *places him in an armchair.*) Thanks. Well, you see, it's about Ragnar. That weighs most upon me. What's to become of him?

Sol.: Your son will stay with me as long as ever he likes.

Brov.: But he wants to have a chance. He must do something on his own account

Sol.: Well but he has learnt nothing, except, of course, to draw.

Brov.: You had learnt little enough when you were with me, and yet you cut me out. Now, how can you have the heart to let me go to my grave without having seen what Ragnar is fit for? And I'm anxious to see him and Kaia married—before I go.

Sol.: I can't drag commissions down from the moon for him.

Brov.: He can have the building of that villa at Lövstrand, if you would only approve of his plans, and retire——

Sol. (*angrily*): Retire? I?

Brov.: From the agreement, that is.

Sol.: So that's it, is it? Halvard Solness to make room for younger men! Never in the world!

Brov. (*rising painfully*): Then I'm to die without any certainty, any gleam of happiness or trust in Ragnar?

Sol.: You must pass out of life as best you can.

[**Brovik** *reels.* **Ragnar** *enters and takes his father home.* **Solness** *detains* **Kaia.**]

Sol.: You want to marry Ragnar.

Kaia: I cared for him once—before I met you. I can't be separated from you——

Sol.: Marry him as much as you please. Make him stay here, and then I can keep *you*, too, my dear Kaia.

Kaia (*sinks down before him*): Oh, how unspeakably good you are to me!

Sol.: Get up! For goodness' sake, get up! I think I hear someone.

[**Aline Solness** *enters. She is wasted with grief, but has once been beautiful.*]

Aline (*with a glance at* **Kaia**): Halvard! I'm afraid I'm disturbing you.

Sol. : Not in the least. What is it, Aline ?

Aline : Merely that Dr. Herdal is in the drawing-room.

Sol. : I'll come later on, dear, later on.

[*Exit* **Mrs. Solness.**

Kaia : Oh, dear ! Oh, dear ! I'm sure Mrs. Solness thinks ill of me in some way !

Sol. : Oh, not in the least ! You'd better go now, all the same, Kaia. And mind you get that matter about Ragnar settled for me. Please give me Ragnar's drawings before you go. I might glance over them.

Kaia (*happy*) : Oh, yes, please do !

[**Mrs. Solness** *and* **Dr. Herdal** *enter.*

Aline : Halvard, I cannot keep the doctor any longer.

Sol. : Well, then, come in here.

Kaia : Good-night, Mrs. Solness.

[**Kaia** *goes out.*

Aline : She must be quite an acquisition to you, Halvard, this Miss Fosli.

Sol. : Yes, indeed. She's useful in all sorts of ways.

Aline : So it seems.

[**Mrs. Solness** *goes out.*

SOLNESS : Tell me, doctor, did you notice anything odd about Aline ?

Dr. Herdal (*smiling*) : Well, one couldn't help noticing that your wife —h'm—

Sol. : Well ?

Dr. : That your wife isn't particularly fond of this Miss Fosli. There's nothing of that sort in the case, is there ?

Sol. : Not on *my* side.

Dr. : On hers, then ?

Sol. : Hardly a fair question ! Still, you know she's engaged to Ragnar ; but since she came here she seemed to drift quite away from *him*.

Dr. : She drifted over to you, then ?

Sol. : Yes, entirely. She quivers when she comes near me.

Dr. : Why on earth don't you tell your wife the rights of it ?

Sol. : Because I seem to find a sort of —of salutary self sacrifice in allowing Aline to do me an injustice. It's like paying off a little bit of a huge, immeasurable debt I owe her. Oh, I know she thinks I'm ill—crazy. And, I think, so do you.

Dr. : And what then ?

Sol. : Then I dare say you fancy I'm an extremely happy man—Solness, the master builder !

Dr. : You've certainly had luck on your side. First of all, the home of your wife's family was burnt down for you. A great grief to her—but *you* rose on the ruins. Yes, you've had luck.

Sol. : But luck must turn. The younger generation will come knocking at my door. Then there's an end of Halvard Solness, the master builder. (*A knock at the door.* **Solness** *starts.*) What's that ?

Dr. : Someone is knocking at the door.

Sol. (*loudly*) : Come in !

[**Hilda Wangel** enters. She is dressed in a tourist costume, skirt caught up for walking, and carries a knapsack and an alpenstock.]

Hilda : You don't recognize me ?

Sol. (*doubtfully*) : No. I must admit that—just for the moment.

Dr. : But I recognize you, Miss Wangel.

Sol. : Wangel ? You must be the doctor's daughter up at Lysanger ?

Hilda : Yes. Who else's daughter should I be ?

[Solness calls in his wife, an old friend of **Miss Wangel's. Hilda** asks leave to stay the night. **Mrs. Solness** consents amiably. She and the doctor go out. **Hilda** and **Solness** alone.]

HILDA : Mr. Solness, have you a bad memory ?

Sol. : Not that I'm aware of.

Hilda : Don't you remember what happened up at Lysanger ?

Sol. : It was nothing much, was it ?

Hilda : How can you say that ? Don't you remember how you climbed the new church tower when it was finished, and hung a great wreath on the weather-cock ; and how I stood with the other white-frocked schoolgirls and screamed, 'Hurrah for Mr. Solness' ? And you sang up there —like harps in the air ! And afterwards you kissed me, kissed me and said in ten years I'd be *your* princess, and you'd come back and give me a castle in Spain—a kingdom—

Sol. (*open-mouthed*) : *I* did ?

Hilda : Yes, *you*. Well, the ten years are up to-day. I want my kingdom ! Out with my kingdom, Mr. Solness ! On the table !

Sol. : But, seriously, what do you want to do here ?

Hilda : I don't want that stupid imaginary kingdom —I've set my heart upon quite a different one.

Sol. (*gazing at her*) : I seem—it's strange—to have gone about all these years torturing myself with the effort to recover something—some experience which I seem to have forgotten. What a good thing it is that you have come to me now. I'd begun to be so afraid—so terribly afraid of the younger generation. One day they'll thunder at my door.

Hilda : Then I'd go out and open it. Let them come in to you on friendly terms, as it were.

Sol. : No, no, no ! The younger generation —it means retribution.

Hilda (*with quivering lips*) : Can *I* be of any use to you, Mr. Solness ?

Sol. : Yes, you can. For you, too, come —under a new banner, it seems to me. Youth marshalled against youth ! *You* are the very one I have most needed.

Hilda (*with happy, wondering eyes*) : Oh, heavens, how lovely !

Sol. : What ?

Hilda : Then I *have* my kingdom !

Sol. (*involuntarily*) : Hilda !

Hilda (*with quivering lips*) : *Almost*—I was going to say.

[*She goes out.* **Solness** *follows her.*

Second Act

SCENE.—*A small drawing-room in the house of* **Solness.** **Solness** *is examining* **Ragnar Brovik's** *drawings.* **Aline Solness** *is attending to her flowers.*

SOLNESS: Is she still asleep?

Aline (*looking at him*): Is it Miss Wangel you are sitting here thinking about? She was up long ago.

Sol.: Oh, was she? So we've found a use for one of our three nurseries, after all, Aline, now that Hilda occupies one of them.

Aline: Yes, we have. Their emptiness is dreadful.

Sol: We'll get on far better after this, Aline Things will be easier.

Aline: Because *she* has come?

Sol. (*checking himself*): I mean when once we've moved into our new house. It's for your sake I've built it.

Aline: You do far too much for me.

Sol.: I can't bear to hear you say that. Stick to what I said. Things'll be easier in the new place.

Aline (*lamenting*): Oh heavens, easier! Halvard, you can never build up a real home again for *me*. *This* is no home! It will be just as desolate, as empty there as here.

[**Hilda Wangel** *comes in.*

Hilda: Good-morning, Mr. Solness!

Sol. (*nods*): Slept well?

Hilda: Deliciously! As if in a cradle. Oh, I lay and stretched myself like—like a princess. But I dreamt I was falling over a precipice. It's tremendously thrilling when you fall and fall——

Aline (*ready to go out*): I must go into town now, Halvard. (*To* **Hilda**) And I'll try to get one or two things that may be of use to you.

Hilda: Oh, you dear, sweet Mrs. Solness. You're frightfully kind——

Aline: It's only my duty.

[**Mrs. Solness** *goes out.*

Hilda: What made her say that about her duty? Doesn't it sting you?

Sol.: H'm! Haven't thought much about it.

Hilda: Yes, it does. Why should she talk in that way? She might have said something really warm and cordial, you understand.

Sol.: Is that how you'd like to have it?

Hilda: Yes, precisely. (*She wanders over to the table and looks over* **Ragnar's** *portfolio of drawings*) Are all these drawings yours?

Sol.: No; they're drawn by a young man I employ.

Hilda (*sits down*): Then I suppose he's frightfully clever.

Sol.: Oh, he's not bad, for my purpose.

Hilda: I can't understand why you should be so stupid as to go about teaching people. No one but yourself should be allowed to build.

Sol.: I keep brooding on that very thought. (*Calling her to the window.*) Look over there; that's my new house.

Hilda: It seems to have a tremendously high tower. Are there nurseries in *that* house, too?

Sol.: Three—as there are here. But there will never be any child in them. We have had children, Aline and I, but we didn't keep them long, our two little boys. The fright Aline got when our old house was burnt down affected her health, and she failed to rear them. Yet that fire made me. I built no more churches; but cosy, comfortable homes for human beings. But my position as an artist has been paid for in Aline's happiness. I could have prevented that fire by seeing to a flue. But I didn't. And yet the flue didn't actually cause the fire. Yet it was my fault in a certain sense.

Hilda: I'm afraid you must be ill.

Sol.: I don't think I'll ever be quite of sound mind on that point.

[**Ragnar** enters, and begs a few kind words about his drawings to cheer his father, who is dying. **Solness** dismisses him almost brutally, and bids him never think of building on his own account]

Hilda (*as* **Ragnar** *has gone*): That was horribly ugly—and hard and bad and cruel as well

SOLNESS: Oh, you don't understand my position, which I've paid so dear for. (*Confidentially*) Hilda, don't you agree with me that there exist special chosen people, who have the power of desiring, *craving* a thing, until at last it *has* to happen? And aren't there helpers and servers who must do their part, too? But they never come of themselves. One has to call them very persistently, inwardly. So the fire happened conveniently for me; but the two little boys and Aline were sacrificed. She will never be the woman she longed to be.

Hilda: I believe you have a sickly conscience. I should like your conscience to be thoroughly robust.

Sol.: Is *yours* robust?

Hilda: I think it is.

Sol.: I think the Vikings had robust consciences. And the women they used to carry off had robust consciences, too. They often wouldn't leave their captors on any account.

Hilda: Those women I can understand exceedingly well.

Sol.: Could you come to love a man like that? [love.

Hilda: One can't choose whom one's going to

Sol.: Hilda, there's something of the bird of prey in you!

Hilda: And why not? Why shouldn't I go a-hunting as well as the rest? Tell me, Mr. Solness, have you never called me to you—inwardly, you know?

Sol. (*softly*): I almost think I must have.

Hilda: What did you want with me?

Sol.: You are the younger generation, Hilda.

Hilda: Which you fear so much——

Sol.: Towards which, in my heart, I yearn so deeply.

[In the next scene **Hilda** compels **Solness** to write a few kind words on **Ragnar's** drawings, and send them to **Brovik**. He entrusts the portfolio to **Kaia**, and thereupon dismisses her

and **Ragnar** from his service. **Aline Solness** *re-enters.*]

Aline : Are you really dismissing them, Halvard ?

Sol. : Yes.

Aline : Her as well ?

Sol. : Wasn't that what you wished ?

Aline : But how can you get on without *her* ——? Oh, no doubt you've someone else in reserve, Halvard.

Hilda (*playfully*) : Well, *I* for one am not the person to stand at that desk.

Sol. : Never mind, never mind. It'll be all right, Aline. Now for moving into our new home—as quickly as we can. This evening we'll hang up the wreath—right on the pinnacle of the tower. What do you say to that, Miss Hilda ?

Hilda (*with sparkling eyes*) : It'll be splendid to see you up so high once more.

Aline : For heaven's sake don't, Miss Wangel. My husband !—when he always gets so dizzy.

Hilda : He—dizzy ? I've seen him with my own eyes at the top of a high church tower.

Aline : Impossible !

Sol. : True, all the same.

Aline : You, who can't even go out on the second-floor balcony ? [evening.

Sol. : You will see something different this

Aline : You're ill, you're ill ! I'll write at once to the doctor. Oh, God, Oh, God !

[*She goes out.*

Hilda : Don't tell me *my* master builder daren't, *cannot* climb as high as he builds. You promised me a kingdom, and then you went and —well ! Don't tell me you can ever be dizzy !

Sol. : This evening, then, we'll hang up the wreath, Princess Hilda.

Hilda (*bitterly*) : Over your new home—yes.

Sol. : Over the new house, which will never be a *home* for *me*.

Hilda (*looks straight in front of her with a far away expression, and whispers to herself. The only words audible are*) : Frightfully thrilling ——

Third Act

SCENE.—*A large, broad verandah attached to* **Solness's** *dwelling-house. A flight of steps leads down to the garden below. Far to the right, among the trees, is a glimpse of the new villa, with scaffolding around the tower. Evening sky, with sun lit clouds.*

ALINE SOLNESS : Have you been round the garden, Miss Wangel ?

Hilda : Yes, and I've found heaps of flowers.

Aline : Are there, really ? You see, I seldom go there. I don't feel that it is *mine* any longer. They've parcelled it out and built houses for strangers, who can look in upon me from their windows.

Hilda : Mrs. Solness—may I stay here with you a little ?

Aline : Yes, by all means, if you care to; but I thought you wanted to go in to my husband—to help him ?

Hilda : No, thanks. Besides, he's not in. He's with the men over there. He looked so fierce, I didn't dare to talk to him.

Aline : He's so kind and gentle in reality.

Hilda : *He*——

Aline : You don't really know him yet, Miss Wangel.

Hilda : Are you pleased about the new house ?

Aline : It's what Halvard wants. It's simply my duty to submit myself to *him*.

Hilda : That must be difficult, indeed, when one has gone through so much as you have—the loss of your two little boys——

Aline : One must bow to Providence and be thankful, too.

[**Dr. Herdal** enters and goes out again with **Mrs. Solness.** She wishes to talk to him about her husband's mad scheme. As they go **Solness** enters.]

Solness : Poor Aline ! I suppose she was talking about the two little boys ? (**Hilda** *shudders.*) Poor Aline, she will never get over it.

Hilda : I am going away.

Sol. : I won't allow you to. I wish you simply to *be* here, Hilda.

Hilda : Oh, thank you. You know it wouldn't end there. That's why I'm going. You have duties to *her*. Live for those duties.

Sol. : Too late ! Those powers—devils, if you will !—and the troll within me as well, have drawn the life-blood out of her. I'm chained alive to a dead woman ! —(*in wild anguish*) *I*—*I*, who cannot live without joy in life.

Hilda : What will you build next ?

Sol. (*shaking his head*) : Not much more.

Hilda (*with an outburst*) : Oh, it seems all so foolish—not to be able to grasp your own happiness, merely because someone you know happens to stand in the way——

Sol. : If only one had the Viking spirit in life——

Hilda : And the other thing ? What was that ?

Sol. : A robust conscience.

Hilda (*radiant*) : I know what you're going to build next.

Sol. : What ?

Hilda : The castle—*my* castle. Build it for me this moment. The ten years are up. Out with my castle, Mr. Solness ! It shall stand on a very great height, so that I can see far—far around. We shall build—we two together—the very loveliest thing in the world !

Sol. : Hilda, tell me what it is.

Hilda : Builders are such very, very stupid people——

Sol. : No doubt—but tell me what we two are to build together ?

Hilda : Castles in the air ! So easy to build (*scornfully*), especially for builders who have a—a dizzy conscience.

Sol. : We shall build one—with a firm foundation. (**Ragnar** *enters with a wreath*) Have *you* brought the wreath, Ragnar ? Then I suppose your father's better ? Wasn't he cheered by what I wrote him ?

Ragnar : It came too late—he was unconscious. He had had a stroke.

Sol. : Go home to him. Give *me* the wreath.

Rag. : You don't mean that you yourself—no—I'll stop. [at you.

Hilda : Mr. Solness, I will stand here and look

[**Solness** takes the wreath and goes down through the garden. **Mrs. Solness**, in an agony of apprehension, re-enters and sends **Ragnar** to fetch her husband back from the new building. She returns indoors.]

Sol. (*re-entering*) : Oh, it's *you*, Hilda! I was afraid it was Aline or the doctor that wanted me.

Hilda : You're easily frightened. They say you're afraid to climb about scaffoldings. Is it true you're afraid?

Sol. : Not of death—but—of retribution.

Hilda : I don't understand that.

Sol. : Sit down, and I'll tell you something. You know I began by building churches. I'd been piously brought up. I thought it was the noblest task, pleasing to Him for Whom churches are built. Then up at Lysanger I understood that He meant me to have no love and happiness of my own, but just to be a master builder for Him all my life long. That was why He took my little children! Then, that day I did the impossible. I was able to climb up to a great height. As I stood hanging the wreath on the vane, I cried, "O Mighty One, I will be a free builder—I, too, in my sphere as Thou art in Thine. I will build no more churches for Thee—only homes for human beings." But *that* is not worth sixpence, Hilda. [more?

Hilda : Then you will never build anything

Sol. : On the contrary, I'm just going to begin—the only possible dwelling-place for human happiness——

Hilda : Our castles in the air.

Sol. : Our castles in the air—yes.

Hilda : Then let me see you stand free and high up (*passionately*). I will have you do it—just once more, Mr. Solness. Do the *impossible*, once again.

Sol. : If I do, I will talk to Him once again up there—" Mighty Lord, Henceforth I will build nothing but the loveliest thing in the world."

Hilda (*carried away*) : Yes—yes—yes! My lovely, lovely castle! My castle in the air!

[The others go out upon the verandah. **Ragnar** tells **Solness** that the foreman is ready to go up with the wreath. **Solness** goes out. The others watch eagerly.]

Dr. Herdal : There goes the foreman up the ladder.

Ragnar : Why, but it's—— [himself.

Hilda (*jubilant*) : It's the master builder

Aline : Oh, my God! Halvard, Halvard! I must go to him!

Dr. (*holding her*) : Don't move, any of you. Not a sound.

Rag. : I feel as if I were looking at something utterly impossible.

Hilda (*ecstatically*) : It is the *impossible* that he is doing now. Can you see anyone else up there with him? There is One he is striving with. I hear a song—a mighty song. He is waving to us. Oh, wave back. Hurrah for Master Builder Solness!

[The shout is taken up. Then a shriek of horror. A human body, with planks and pieces of wood, is vaguely seen crashing down behind the trees.]

Hilda : *My* Master Builder.

A Voice : Mr. Solness is dead. He fell right into the quarry.

Rag. : So, after all, he could not do it.

Hilda : But he mounted right up to the top. And I heard harps in the air. (*Waves her shawl, and shrieks with wild intensity*) *My—my* Master Builder!

Local Tittle-Tattle Raised to Fine Art

JANE AUSTEN

EMMA

In 1815 Jane Austen came to London to nurse her brother Henry, who was lying ill in Chelsea. His medical attendant was one of the physicians to the Prince Regent, who seems thus to have learnt the identity of the then anonymous author of Sense and Sensibility, Pride and Prejudice and Mansfield Park. (See pages 559, 1808 and 2479.) Being a great admirer of these books the prince intimated that Miss Austen might dedicate any new book to him and accordingly Emma was so dedicated on its publication in 1815. It was most favourably reviewed with her earlier books in the Quarterly Review by an anonymous reviewer, who proved to be Sir Walter Scott.

I—The Social Amenities of Highbury



Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever and rich, with a comfortable home and happy disposition, was the younger of the two daughters of a most affectionate and indulgent father, and had, in consequence of her sister's marriage, been mistress of his house from a very early period. Her mother had died too long ago for her to have more than an indistinct remembrance of her caresses, and her place had been supplied by Miss Taylor, who for sixteen years had been in Mr. Woodhouse's family, less as governess than friend, very fond of both

daughters, but particularly of Emma. For years the two ladies had been living together, mutually attached, Emma doing just what she liked, highly esteeming Miss Taylor's judgement, but chiefly directed by her own.

The real evils, indeed, of Emma's situation were the power of having rather too much of her own way and a disposition to think a little too well of herself. The danger, however, was at present unperceived and did not by any means rank as a misfortune with her.

SORROW came—a gentle sorrow. Miss Taylor married. It was Miss Taylor's loss which first brought grief. It was on the wedding-day of this beloved friend, with the wedding over and the bride-people gone, that Emma first sat in mournful thought of any continuance. The event had every promise of happiness for her friend. Mr. Weston was a man of unexceptionable character, easy fortune, suitable age and pleasant manners; and there was some satisfaction in considering with what self-denying, generous friendship she had always wished and promoted the match. But it was a black morning's work for her. The want of Miss Taylor would be felt every hour of every day. She had been a friend and companion such as few possessed: intelligent, well-informed, useful, gentle; knowing all the ways of the family, interested in all its concerns, and peculiarly interested in herself, one to whom she could speak every thought and who had such an affection for her as could never find fault.

How was Emma to bear the change? She was now in great danger of suffering from intellectual solitude. She dearly loved her father, but he was no companion for her. He could not meet her in conversation, rational or playful. The evil of the actual disparity in their ages (and Mr. Woodhouse had not married early) was much increased by his constitution and habits; for, having been a valetudinarian all his life, without activity of mind or body, he was a much older man in ways than in years; and though everywhere beloved for the friendliness of his heart and his amiable temper, his talents could not have recommended him at any time.

Emma's sister, though comparatively but little removed by matrimony, being settled in London, only sixteen miles off, was much beyond her daily reach; and it was quite three months before Christmas, that would bring the next visit from Isabella, her husband and children.

Highbury, the large and populous village to which her house, Hartfield, really belonged, afforded her no equals. The Woodhouses were first in consequence there. All looked up to them; but there was not one of her acquaintances among them who could be accepted in lieu of Miss Taylor for even half a day. It was a melancholy change; and Emma could not but sigh over it, and wish for impossible things, till her father awoke from his usual after-dinner sleep and made it necessary to be cheerful. His spirits required support. He was a nervous man, easily depressed; fond of everybody he was used to, and hating to part with them; hating change of every kind. Matrimony, as the origin of change, was always disagreeable to him; and he was not yet reconciled to his own daughter marrying, nor could ever speak of her but with compassion, though it had been entirely a match of affection, when he was now obliged to part with Miss Taylor, too.

HE was pitying 'poor Miss Taylor,' and magnifying the half-mile's distance that separated Hartfield from Mr. Weston's place, Randalls, when a visitor walked in. This was Mr. George Knightley, the elder brother of Isabella's husband, and the owner of Donwell Abbey, the large estate of the district. He was a sensible man, about seven or eight and thirty, a very old and intimate friend of the family and a frequent and always welcome visitor. He had returned to a late dinner after some days' absence in London, and had walked up to Hartfield to say that all was well with their relatives in Brunswick Square. They talked of the wedding. Emma congratulated herself on having made the match. Mr. Knightley demurred to this, remarking: "A straightforward, open-hearted man, like Weston, and a rational, unaffected woman, like Miss Taylor, may be quite safely left to manage their own concerns." And when Emma, in reply to

entreaties from her father to make no more matches, answered, "Only one more, papa; only for Mr. Elton; I must look about for a wife for him"—her old friend gave her the salutary advice: "Invite him to dinner, Emma, and help him to the best of the fish and the chicken; but leave him to choose his own wife. Depend upon it, a man of six or seven and twenty can take care of himself."

II—Emma as a Matchmaker

EMMA lost no time in developing her schemes for the happiness of Mr. Elton. Through Mrs. Goddard, the mistress of the local boarding-school for girls, she struck up an acquaintance, which she contrived rapidly to develop into intimacy, with a Miss Harriet Smith—a plump, fair-haired, blue-eyed little beauty of seventeen, whose prettiness, docility, good-temper and simplicity might be allowed to balance her lack of intelligence and information.

Harriet was the natural daughter of somebody. Somebody had placed her several years back at Mrs. Goddard's school, and somebody had lately raised her from the condition of scholar to that of parlour-boarder. This was all that was generally known of her history. She had no visible friends but what had been acquired at Highbury, and was now just returned from a long visit in the country to some young ladies—the Misses Martin—who had been at school there with her.

The first step which Emma took in the education of Harriet was to cool her interest in the Martins. She pointed out that Mr. Robert Martin, who held a large farm from Mr. Knightley in Donwell parish, was too young to marry at twenty-four, that he had, besides, an awkward look, an abrupt manner and an uncouth voice; whereas Mr. Elton, who was good-humoured, cheerful, obliging and gentle, was a pattern of good manners and good looks, and seemed to be taking quite an interest in Harriet. So indeed it appeared. Mr. Elton seemed delighted with being in the society of Emma and Harriet. He praised Harriet as a beautiful girl, congratulated Emma on the improvement she had wrought in her, contributed a charade to Harriet's riddle-book, and took a most animated interest in a portrait which Emma began to paint of her.

But Mr. Knightley was not so complacent. "I think Harriet," he said to Mrs. Weston, "the very worst sort of companion that Emma could possibly have. She knows nothing herself, and looks upon Emma as knowing everything. Her ignorance is hourly flattery. How can Emma imagine she has anything to learn herself while Harriet is presenting such a delightful inferiority? And as for Harriet, Hartfield will only put her out of conceit with all the other places she belongs to. She will grow just refined enough to be uncomfortable with those among whom birth and circumstances have placed her."

Later in the day, when he learnt that Emma had taken so decided a hand in the affairs of Harriet as to persuade her to decline a formal offer of marriage from Mr. Martin, he told her plainly:

"I have always thought it a very foolish intimacy, though I have kept my thoughts to myself; but now I perceive that it will be a very unfortunate one for Harriet. You will puff her up with such ideas of her own beauty, and of what she has a claim to, that, in a little while, nobody within her reach will be good enough for her. Robert Martin has no great loss if he can but think so. Your views for Harriet are best known to yourself; but, as you make no secret of your love of match-making, I shall just hint to you as a friend that, if Elton is the man, I think it will be all labour in vain."

Emma laughed and disclaimed. "Depend upon it," he continued, "Elton will not do. Elton is a very good sort of man, and a very respectable vicar of Highbury, but not at all likely to make an imprudent match. He is as well acquainted with his own claims as you can be with Harriet's; and I am convinced that he does not mean to throw himself away."

But despite this warning from Mr. George Knightley, despite a hint dropped by Mr. John Knightley, when he and his wife and children came to stop with the

Woodhouses for Christmas—a hint to the effect that his sister-in-law would do well to consider whether Mr. Elton was not in love with *her*—Emma continued as ardent in her new friendship and in her hopes.

As to herself, she told Harriet that she was not going to be married at present, and had very little intention of ever marrying at all; though when Harriet reminded her of Miss Bates, who was the daughter of a former vicar of Highbury and lived in a very small way with her mother, a very old lady almost past everything but tea and quadrille, she confessed that if she thought she would ever be like Miss Bates, "so silly, so satisfied, so smiling, so prosing, so undistinguishing, so unfastidious and so garrulous," she would marry to-morrow.

But Mr. Elton was unaware of Emma having thought of making such a self-denying ordinance; and so one night when the Woodhouses and the Knightleys were returning home from a party at Randalls he took advantage of his being alone in a carriage with her to propose to her. When he learnt, however, for whom his hand had been destined, he became very indignant and contemptuous.

"Never, madam!" cried he. "Never, I assure you! *I* think seriously of Miss Smith! Miss Smith is a very good sort of girl; and I should be happy to see her respectably settled. I wish her extremely well; and, no doubt, there are men who might not object to—— Everybody has their level; but as for myself, I am not, I think, quite so much at a loss. I need not so totally despair of an equal alliance as to be addressing myself to Miss Smith! No, madam; my visits to Hartfield have been for yourself only."

Needless to say, Emma refused him, and they parted on terms of mutually deep mortification. Fortunately, the task of enlightening Harriet as to the state of Mr. Elton's feelings proved less troublesome than Emma had expected it to be. Harriet's tears fell abundantly, but otherwise she bore the intelligence very well.

III—Emma's Schemes in a Tangle

As if to make up for the absence of Mr. Elton, who went to spend a few weeks in Bath, in an endeavour to cure his wounded affections, Highbury society was shortly enlarged by the arrival of two such welcome additions as Miss Jane Fairfax and Mr. Frank Churchill.

Miss Fairfax, who was the orphan daughter of Lieutenant Fairfax and Miss Jane Bates, had for many years been living with her father's brother-officer, Colonel Campbell, and his wife and daughter. A beautiful girl of nineteen, with only a few hundred pounds of her own, she had received such an education as qualified her to become a governess; and though as long as Colonel and Mrs. Campbell lived, their home might always be hers, she had all along resolved to start earning her own living at one-and-twenty. Her friend, Miss Campbell, had recently married a rich and agreeable young man called Dixon; and though the Dixons had urgently invited her to join Colonel and Mrs. Campbell in a visit to them in Ireland, Jane preferred to spend a three months' holiday with her aunt and grandmother at Highbury, with some vague intention of starting her scholastic career at the end of this period.

Emma did not like Jane Fairfax; partly because Jane's aunt was always boring people by talking of her; partly, perhaps, because—as Mr. Knightley once told her—she saw in her the really accomplished young woman which she wanted to be thought herself. At any rate, she still found her as reserved as ever. Jane had been a little acquainted with Mr. Frank Churchill at Weymouth, but she either could not, or would not, tell Emma anything about him.

That gentleman, however, soon presented himself in person. He was the son of Mr. Weston by his first wife. At the age of three he had been adopted by his maternal uncle, Mr. Churchill; and so avowedly had he been brought up as their heir by Mr. and Mrs. Churchill that on his coming of age he had assumed the name of Churchill. For some months he had been promising to pay a visit to his father and stepmother to compliment them on their marriage; but on the pretext of his not being able to leave his uncle's place, it had been repeatedly postponed.

Emma was inclined to make allowances for him as a young man dependent on the caprices of relations. But Mr. Knightley condemned his conduct roundly. "He cannot want money, he cannot want leisure," he said. "We know, on the contrary, that he has so much of both that he is glad to get rid of them at the idlest haunts in the kingdom."

NOTWITHSTANDING, when he did arrive, Frank Churchill carried all before him by reason of his good looks, sprightliness and amiability. Emma and he soon became great friends. He favoured an idea of hers, that Jane's refusal to go to the Dixons in Ireland was due either to Mr. Dixon's attachment to her, or to her attachment to Mr. Dixon. When a Broadwood pianoforte arrived for Jane he agreed with her in thinking that this was another occurrence for which Mr. Dixon's love was responsible; and he was busily engaged in planning out the details of a projected ball at the Crown Inn when a letter from Mr. Churchill compelled him to make a hurried return to Enscombe.

Meantime, while Emma was entertaining no doubt of her being in love with Frank, and only wondering how deep her feeling was, while she was content to think that Frank was very much in love with her, and was concluding every imaginary declaration on his side with a refusal of his proposals, Mr. Elton returned to Highbury with his bride. Miss Augusta Hawkins—to give Mrs. Elton her maiden name—was the younger of the two daughters of a Bristol tradesman, and was credited with having ten thousand pounds of her own. A self-important, presuming, familiar, ignorant and ill-bred woman, with a little beauty and a little accomplishment, she soon excited disgust in Emma, who offended her by the scanty encouragement with which she received her proposals of intimacy, and was herself offended by the great fancy which Mrs. Elton took to Jane Fairfax. Long before Emma had forfeited her confidence, she was not satisfied with expressing a natural and reasonable admiration of Jane, but, without solicitation, or plea, or privilege, she must be wanting to assist and befriend her.

The ill feeling thus aroused found significant expression on the occasion of the long-talked-of ball at the Crown, which Mr. Weston was able to give one evening in May, thanks to the settlement of the Churchills at Richmond and the consequent reappearance of Frank Churchill at Highbury. Indeed, Emma met with two annoyances on that famous evening. Mr. Weston had entreated her to come early, before any other person came, for the purpose of taking her opinion as to the propriety and comfort of the rooms; and when she got there, she found that quite half the company had come, by particular desire, to help Mr. Weston's judgement. She felt that to be the favourite and intimate of a man who had so many intimates was not the first distinction in the scale of vanity.

The other vexing circumstance was due to the conduct of Mr. Elton, who, asked by Mrs. Weston to dance with Harriet Smith, declined on the ground that he was an old married man and that his dancing days were over. Fortunately, Mr. Knightley, who had recently disappointed Mrs. Weston and pleased Emma by disclaiming any idea of being attached to Jane Fairfax, was able in some measure to redeem the situation by leading Harriet to the set himself. Emma had no opportunity of speaking to him till after supper; and then he said to her: "They aimed at wounding more than Harriet, Emma, why is it that they are your enemies?" He looked with smiling penetration, and, on receiving no answer, added: "*She* ought not to be angry with you, I suspect, whatever he may be. To that surmise you say nothing, of course; but confess, Emma, that you did want him to marry Harriet." "I did," replied Emma, "and they cannot forgive me."

A DAY or two afterwards, Harriet figured as the heroine of another little scene. She was rescued by Frank Churchill from an encounter with some gypsies; and after telling Emma, in a very serious tone, a few days later, that she should never marry, confessed that she had come to this resolution because the person she might prefer to marry was one so greatly her superior in situation.

IV—Love Finds its Own Way

His own attentions, his father's hints, his stepmother's guarded silence, all seemed to declare that Emma was Frank Churchill's object. But while so many were devoting him to Emma, and Emma herself was making him over to Harriet, Mr. Knightley began to suspect him of some inclination to trifle with Jane Fairfax. When Mr. Knightley mentioned these suspicions to Emma, she declared them sheer imagination, and said that she could *answer* for there being no attachment on the side of the gentleman; while he himself, as if to ridicule the whole idea, flirted outrageously with Emma on an excursion to Box Hill. The next day Emma, calling on Miss Bates, learnt that Jane, who was at present too unwell to see her, had just accepted a post as governess, obtained for her by Mrs. Elton, and that Frank Churchill had been summoned to return immediately to Richmond in consequence of Mrs. Churchill's state of health. On the following day an express arrived at Randalls to announce the death of Mrs. Churchill.

Emma, seeing in this latter event a circumstance favourable to the union of Frank and Harriet (for Mr. Churchill, independent of his wife, was feared by nobody), now only wished for some proof of the former's attachment to her friend. She could, however, for the moment do nothing for Harriet, whereas she could show some attention to Jane, whose prospects were closing, while Harriet's were opening. But here she proved to be mistaken. The invalid refused everything that was offered, no matter what its character; and Emma had to console herself with the thought that her intentions were good, and would have satisfied even so strict an investigator of motives as Mr. Knightley.

One morning, Emma was called downstairs to Mr. Weston, who asked her to come to Randalls as Mrs. Weston wanted to see her alone. Relieved to find that the matter was not one of illness, Emma resolved to wait patiently till she could see her old friend. But what was her surprise, when Mrs. Weston revealed the fact that Frank and Jane had been secretly engaged since October of the previous year! It was almost greater than Mrs. Weston's relief when she learnt, to her joy, that Emma now cared nothing at all for Frank, and so had been in no wise injured by this clandestine understanding, the divulgence of which was due, it seemed, to the fact that, immediately on hearing of Jane's agreement to take up the post of governess, Frank had gone to his uncle, told him of the engagement, and with little difficulty obtained his consent to it.

It was with a heavy heart that Emma went home to give Harriet the news that must blast her hopes of happiness once more. But Harriet had already been told by Mr. Weston, and bore her misfortune quite stoically, the reason being that the person of 'superior situation' whom she despaired of securing was not Mr. Frank Churchill, but Mr. George Knightley

Emma was not prepared for this development. It darted through her, with the speed of an arrow, that Mr. Knightley must marry no one but herself! Which desirable consummation was brought about at their next interview; for, after trying to console her for the abominable conduct of Frank Churchill, under the mistaken impression that that young gentleman had succeeded in engaging her affections, Mr. Knightley proposed marriage to her and was accepted. As for Harriet, she was invited, at Emma's suggestion, to spend a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. John Knightley in London, and there, meeting Mr. Robert Martin, was easily persuaded to become his wife.

About this same time, too, Mrs. Weston's husband and friends were all made happy by knowing her to be the mother of a little girl; while Emma and Mrs. Weston were enabled to take a more lenient view of Frank Churchill's conduct, thanks to a long letter which he wrote to the latter lady in which he apologised for his equivocal conduct to Emma, and expressed his regret that those attentions should have caused such poignant distress to the lady whom he was shortly to make his wife. The much discussed pianoforte had been his gift.

HENRY HART MILMAN

THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS

IN 1815 Milman made a public reputation with Fazio: a Tragedy, which was produced at Covent Garden theatre in 1818, with Charles Kemble and Miss O'Neil in the principal characters. This was followed by several dramatic poems, Samor (1818); The Fall of Jerusalem (1820); The Martyr of Antioch, and Balshazzar (1822); but his literary fame rests on his historical works. The first in point of time was The History of the Jews, published in 1829; this was written from the secular point of view and provoked considerable condemnation from the orthodox: it was exceptionally well received by Jews themselves. It is included in Everyman's Library. In 1840 he published The History of Christianity from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire—a luminous work characterised by profound learning and eminent impartiality. But perhaps his most important historical work was the History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V, which appeared between 1854 and 1855. Milman also edited Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire and wrote a Life of Gibbon.

I—Dissolution of the Jewish States



BY the destruction of Jerusalem and of the fortified cities of Machaerus and Masada, which had held out after it, the political existence of the Jewish nation was annihilated; it was never again recognized as one of the states or kingdoms of the world. We have now to trace a despised and obscure race in almost every region of the world.

We are called back, indeed, for a short time to Palestine, to relate new scenes of revolt, ruin and persecution. Not long after the dissolution of the Jewish state it revived again in appearance, under the form of two separate communities—one under a sovereignty purely spiritual, the other partly spiritual and partly temporal, but each comprehending all the Jewish families in the two great divisions of the world. At the head of the Jews on this side of the Euphrates appeared the Patriarch of the West; the chief of the Mesopotamian communities assumed the striking but more temporal title of Resch-Glutha, or Prince of the Captivity.

That Judaism should have thus survived is one of the most marvellous of historic phenomena. But, for the most part, the populous cities beyond the Jordan, the dominions of Agrippa and Samaria escaped the devastation; and, according to tradition, the sanhedrin was spared in the general wreck.

After a brief interval of peace for the Jews scattered through the world during the reign of Nerva, their settlements in Babylonia, Egypt, Cyrene and Judea broke out in rebellion against the intolerant religious policy of the otherwise sagacious and upright Trajan. Great atrocities were committed by revolting Jews in Egypt, and the retaliation was terrible. It is said that 220,000 Jews fell before the remorseless vengeance of their enemies. The flame spread to Cyprus, where it was quenched by Hadrian, afterwards emperor. He expelled the Jews from the island. When Hadrian ascended the throne, in A.D. 117, he issued an edict which was tantamount to the total suppression of Judaism, for it interdicted circumcision, the reading of the law and the observance of the Sabbath.

At this momentous juncture, when universal dismay prevailed, it was announced that the Messiah had appeared. He had come in power and glory. His name fulfilled the prophecy of Balaam. Barcochab, the Son of the Star, was that star which was to 'arise out of Jacob.' Wonders attended on his person; he breathed flames from his mouth which, no doubt, would burn up the strength of the proud oppressor and wither the armies of the tyrannical Hadrian. Above

all, Akiba, the greatest of the rabbins, the living oracle of divine truth, espoused the claims of the new Messiah; he was called the standard-bearer of the Son of the Star.

The first expedition of Barcochab was to the ruins of Jerusalem, where a rude town had sprung up. Here he openly assumed the title of king. But he and his followers avoided a battle in the open field. On the arrival of the famous Julius Severus to take command of the Roman forces, the rebel Jews were in possession of fifty of the strongest castles and nearly a thousand villages. Severus attacked the strongholds in detail, reducing them by famine, and gradually brought the war to a close.

Over half a million Jews perished during the struggle, and the whole of Judea was a desert in which wolves and hyenas howled through the streets of the desolate cities. Hadrian established a new city on the site of Jerusalem, which he called Aelia Capitolina, and peopled with a colony of foreigners. An edict was issued prohibiting any Jew from entering the new city on pain of death, and the more effectually to enforce the edict, the image of a swine was placed over the gate leading to Bethlehem.

II—Judaism and Christianity

For the fourth time the Jewish people seemed on the brink of extermination. Nebuchadnezzar, Antiochus, Titus and Hadrian had successively exerted their utmost power to extinguish their existence as a separate people. Yet in less than sixty years after the war under Hadrian, before the close of the second century A.D., the Jews present the extraordinary spectacle of two separate and regularly organized communities - one under the Patriarch of Tiberias, comprehending all of Israelitish descent who inhabited the Roman Empire; the other under the Prince of the Captivity, to whom all the eastern Jews paid allegiance.

By the mild temper of Antoninus Pius, the Jews were restored to their ancient privileges. Though still forbidden to enter Jerusalem, they were permitted to acquire the freedom of Rome, to establish many settlements in Italy and to enjoy municipal honours.

This gentle treatment assuaged the stern temper of the race. Awakened from their dream of prophecy and conquest, they assumed the behaviour of peaceable and industrious subjects. The worship of the synagogue became the great bond of racial union, and through centuries held the scattered nation in the closest uniformity.

The middle of the third century beheld all Israel incorporated into their two communities, under their patriarch and their caliphate. The Resch-Glutha, or Prince of the Captivity, lived in all the state and splendour of an oriental potentate, far outshining in his pomp his rival sovereign in Tiberias.

The most celebrated of the rabbinical sovereigns was Jehuda, sometimes called the nasi or patriarch. His life was of such spotless purity that he was named the Holy. He was the author of a new constitution of the Jewish people, for he embodied in the celebrated Mischna all the authorised traditions of the schools and courts, and all the authorised interpretations of the Mosaic law.

Both in the East and the West the Jews maintained their seclusion from the rest of the world. The great work called the Talmud, formed of the Mischna and the Gemara (or compilation of comments), was composed during a period of thirty years of profound peace for the masters of the Babylonian schools, under Persian rule. This remains a monumental token of learning and industry of the eastern Jewish rabbins of the third and fourth centuries.

The formal establishment of Christianity by Constantine the Great, in the early part of the fourth century, might have led to Jewish apprehension lest the Synagogue should be eclipsed by the splendour of its triumphant rival, the Christian Church; but the Rabbinical authority had raised an insurmountable barrier around the Synagogue. And, unhappily, the Church had lost its most effective means of conversion—its miraculous powers, its simple doctrine and the blameless lives of its believers.

Constantine enacted severe laws against the Jews, which seem in great part to have been occasioned by their own fiery zeal. But, still earlier than these enactments, Spain had given the signal for hostility towards the Jews. A decree was passed at the Council of Elvira prohibiting Jewish and Christian farmers and peasants from mingling together at harvest home and other festivals.

In Egypt, during the reign of Constantius, who succeeded his father Constantine, the hot-headed Jews of Alexandria provoked the enactment by that emperor of yet severer laws, by mingling themselves in the factions of Arians and Athanasians, which distracted that restless city. They joined with the pagans on the side of the Arian bishop, and committed frightful excesses. An insurrection in Judea, which terminated in the destruction of Dio Caesarea, gave further pretext for exaction and oppression.

But the apostasy of the emperor for a time revived the hopes of the race, especially when he issued his memorable edict decreeing the rebuilding of the Temple on Mount Moriah and the restoration of the Jewish worship in its original splendour.

The whole Jewish world was now in commotion. Julian entrusted the execution of the project to his favourite, Alypius, while he advanced with his ill-fated army to the East. The Jews crowded from the most distant quarters to assist in the work. But terrible disappointment ensued. Fire destroyed the work, and various catastrophes frustrated the enterprise, and the death of Julian rendered it hopeless.

The irruption of the northern barbarians during the latter half of the fourth to about the end of the fifth century so completely disorganized the whole frame of society that the condition of its humblest members could not but be powerfully influenced thereby. The Jews were widely dispersed in all those countries on which the storm fell—in Belgium, the Rhine districts, Germany, where it was civilized, Gaul, Italy and Spain. Not only did the Jews in their scattered colonies engage actively in mercantile pursuits, but one great branch of commerce fell chiefly into their hands—the internal slave trade of Europe.

THE Church beheld this evil with grief and indignation, and popes issued rescripts and interdicts. Fierce hostility grew up between Church and Synagogue. The Church had not then the power to persecute. It was fully occupied with the task of seeking to impart to the fierce conquerors—the Vandals, Goths and other barbarians—the humanising and civilizing knowledge of Christianity.

A great enemy arose in the person of the Emperor Justinian, who was provoked by savage conflicts between the Jews and the Samaritans to issue severe enactments against both, which led to the fall of the patriarchate. In the East, under the rule during the same period of the Persian king, Chosroes the Just, the position was not more favourable for the Jews of Babylonia.

III—The Golden Age of Judaism

DURING the conflict between Persian and Roman emperors a power was rapidly growing up in the secret deserts of Arabia which was to erect its throne on the ruins of both. The Jews were the first opponents and the first victims of Mahomet. At least a hundred and twenty years before Christ, Jewish settlers had built castles in Sabaea and established an independent kingdom, known as Homeritis, which was subdued by an Arab cheftain and came to an end. But the Jews were still powerful in the Arabian peninsula. Mahomet designed to range all the tribes under his banner; but his overtures were scorned, and he ordered a massacre of all who refused to accept the Koran.

On one day 700 Jews were slain in Medina while the Prophet looked on without emotion. But the persecution of the Jews by the Mahomedans was confined to Arabia, for under the empire of the caliphs they suffered no further oppression than the payment of tribute. Spain had maintained its odious distinction in the West, and it is not surprising that the suffering Jews by active intrigue materially assisted the triumphant invasion of the country by the Saracens. And in France

the Jews became numerous and wealthy, and traded with great success.

We enter on a period which may be described as the Golden Age of the modern Jews. The religious persecutions of this race by the Mahomedans were confined within the borders of Arabia. The Prophet was content with enforcing uniformity of worship within the sacred peninsula which gave him birth. The holy cities of Medina and Mecca were not to be profaned by the unclean footstep of the unbeliever. His immediate successors rose from stern fanatics to ambitious conquerors. Whoever would submit to the dominion of the caliph might easily evade the recognition of the Prophet's title.

The Jews had reason to rejoice in the change of masters. An Islamite sovereign would not be more oppressive than a Byzantine on the throne of Constantinople or a Persian on the throne of Ctesiphon. In every respect the Jew rose in the social scale under his Mahomedan rulers. Provided he demeaned himself peaceably and paid his tribute, he might go to the synagogue rather than to the mosque.

In the time of Omar, the second caliph, the coinage had been committed to the care of a Jew. And the Jews acted as intermediate agents in the interworking of European civilization, its knowledge, arts and sciences, into the oriental mind, and in raising the barbarian conquerors from the cheftains of wild, marauding tribes into magnificent and enlightened sovereigns. The caliph readily acknowledged as his vassal the Prince of the Captivity, who maintained his state as representative of the Jewish community.

And in the West, during the reigns of Pepin and Charlemagne, the treatment of Jews became much more liberal than before. Their superior intelligence and education, in a period when nobles and kings, and even the clergy, could not always write their names, pointed them out for offices of trust. They were the physicians, the ministers of finance, to monarchs. They even became ambassadors.

The Golden Age of the Jews endured in increasing prosperity during the reign of Louis the Débonnaire, or the Pious, at whose court they were so powerful that their interest was solicited by the presents of kings. In the reign of Charles the Bald, the Jews maintained their high estate, but dark signs of the approaching Age of Iron began to lower around.

IV—The Iron Age of Judaism

Our Iron Age commences in the East, where it witnessed the extinction of the Princes of the Captivity by the ignominious death of the last sovereign, the downfall of the schools and the dispersion of the community, which from that period remained an abject and degraded part of the population. During the ninth and tenth centuries the caliphate fell into weakness and confusion, and split up into several kingdoms under conflicting sovereigns, and at the same time Judaism in the East was distracted by continual disputes between the Princes of the Captivity and the masters of the schools. The tribunals of the civil and temporal powers of the Eastern Jewish community were in perpetual collision, so that this singular state was weakened internally by its own dissensions.

When the violent and rapacious caliph Ahmed Kader, ascended the throne, he cast a jealous look on the powers of his vassal sovereign and, without pretext, he seized Scherira, the prince of the community, now a hundred years old, imprisoned him and his son Hai, and confiscated their wealth.

Hai escaped to resume his office and to transmit its honours and its dangers to Hezekiah, who was elected chief of the community, but after a reign of two years was arrested with all his family by order of the caliph Abdallah Kaim ben Marillah (A.D. 1036). The schools were closed. Many of the learned fled to Spain, where the revulsion under the Almohades had not yet taken place; all were dispersed. Among the rest two of the sons of the unfortunate Prince of the Captivity effected their escape to Spain, while the last of the House of David who reigned over the Jews of the Dispersion in Babylonia perished on the scaffold.

The Jewish communities in Palestine suffered a slower but more complete dis-

solution. Benjamin of Tudela in the compilation of his travels in the twelfth century gives a humiliating account of the few brethren who still clung, in dire poverty and meanness, to their native land. In Tyre he found 400 Jews, mostly glass-blowers. There were in Jerusalem only 200, almost all dyers of wool. Ascalon contained 153 Jews; Tiberias, the seat of learning, and of the kingly patriarchate, but fifty. In the Byzantine Empire the number of Jews had greatly diminished.

We pursue our dark progress to the West, where we find all orders gradually arrayed in fierce and implacable animosity against the race of Israel. Every passion was in arms against them. In that singular structure, the feudal system, which rose like a pyramid from the villeins, or slaves attached to the soil, to the monarch who crowned the edifice, the Jews alone found no proper place. In France and England they were the actual property of the king, and there was nowhere any tribunal to which they could appeal.

The Jew, often acquiring wealth in commerce, might become valuable property of some feudatory lord. He was granted away, he was named in a marriage settlement, he was pawned, he was sold, he was stolen. Even churchmen of the highest rank did not disdain such lucrative property. Louis, king of Provence, granted to the archbishop of Arles all the possessions which his predecessors had held of former kings, including the Jews. Philip the Fair bought of his brother, Charles of Valois, all the Jews of his dominions and lordships.

The Jew, making money as he knew how to do by trade and industry, was a valuable source of revenue, and was tolerated only as such, but he was a valuable possession. Chivalry, the parent of so much good and evil, was a source of unmitigated wretchedness to the Jew—for religious fanaticism and chivalry were inseparable, the knight of the Middle Ages being bound with his good sword to extirpate all the enemies of Christ and His Virgin Mother.

THE power of the clergy tended greatly to increase this general detestation against the unhappy Jew. And when undisciplined fanatics of the lowest order, under the guidance of Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless, were fired with the spirit of the Crusades, fearful massacres of Jews were perpetrated in Trèves, Metz, Spiers, Worms and Cologne. Everywhere the tracks of the Crusaders were deeply marked with Jewish blood.

Half a century after the shocking massacres of Jews during the First Crusade, another storm gathered as the monk Rodolph passed through Germany preaching the duty of wreaking vengeance on all the enemies of God. The terrible cry of 'Hep!' the signal for the massacre of Israelites, ran through the cities of the Rhine. Countless atrocities took place as the Crusaders passed on, as the Jews record with triumph, to perish by plague, famine and the sword.

V—*The Jews in England*

IN the Dark Ages England was not advanced beyond the other nations of Europe in the civil or religious wisdom of toleration. There were Jews in England under the Saxons. And during the days of the Norman kings they were established in Oxford and in London. They taught Hebrew to Christian as well as to Jewish students. But they increased in both wealth and unpopularity, false tales about atrocities committed by them being bruited abroad. In many towns furious rabbles at different times attacked the Jewish quarters, burnt the dwellings and put the inmates cruelly to death, as at York, where hundreds perished during a riot in the reign of Richard I. King John by cruel measures extorted large sums from wealthy Jews.

The Church was also their implacable enemy, securing many repressive enactments against them. Jewish history has a melancholy sameness—perpetual exactions, the means of enforcing them differing only in their cruelty. When parliament refused to maintain the extravagant royal expenditure, nothing remained but still further to drain Hebrew veins. In the reign of Henry III a tale was spread of the crucifixion of a Christian child, called Hugh of Lincoln. The story refutes itself, but it created horror throughout the



HENRY HART MILMAN was born in London, February 10, 1791, youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, Bart., physician to George II, and was educated at Eton and Brasenose College, Oxford, of which foundation he was elected a fellow. He was ordained in 1816, and for a short time was vicar of Reading. From 1821 to 1830 he was professor of poetry at Oxford. In 1835 he was appointed canon of Westminster and rector of St. Margaret's, and in 1849 he became dean of St. Paul's, a position which he held until his death, near Ascot, September 24, 1868. Dean Milman is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

country. For this crime eighteen of the richest Jews of Lincoln were hanged, and many more flung into dungeons.

The death of Henry brought no respite, for Edward acted with equal harshness. At length he issued the famous irrevocable edict of total expulsion from the realm. Their departure was fixed for October 10, 1290. All who delayed were to be hanged without mercy. The Jews were pursued from the kingdom with every mark of popular triumph in their sufferings. In one day 16,511 were exiled; all their property, debts, obligations, mortgages were escheated to the king. A like expulsion had been effected in France; and Spain, where the Jews were of a far nobler rank, was not to be outdone in bigotry.

During the reign of John I, in A.D. 1388, a fierce popular preacher of Seville, Ferdinand Martinez, archdeacon of Ecija, excited the populace to excesses against the Jews. The streets of the noble city ran with blood, and 4,000 victims perished. The cruel spirit spread through the kingdom, and appalling massacres followed.

A series of intermittent persecutions followed both in Spain and Portugal, in reign after reign. Jews and Protestants together went through awful ordeals at the hands of the Inquisition. When her glory had declined, Spain, even in her lowest decrepitude, indulged in what might seem the luxury of persecution.

It was in the reign of Charles II that the Jews found opportunity to steal insensibly back into England. Cromwell had felt very favourably disposed towards them, but had not dared to permit the re-establishment which they had openly sought. But the necessities of Charles and his courtiers quietly accomplished the change, and the race has ever since maintained its footing, and contributed a fair share to the national wealth.

Russia throughout her history adhered to her hostility to the Jews, but expulsion became impossible with such vast numbers. It is estimated that Russia contains half the Jewish population of the world, notwithstanding that Russia proper from ancient times has been sternly inhospitable to the Jewish race.

THE most important measures of amelioration in the lot of the Jews in England were passed in 1723, when they acquired the right to possess land; in 1753, when parliament enacted the Naturalisation Bill; in 1830, when they were admitted to civic corporations; in 1833, when they were admitted to the profession of advocates; in 1845, when they were rendered eligible for the office of alderman and lord mayor; and in 1858, when the crowning triumph of the principle was achieved by the admission of Jews into parliament.

In Asia, the Jews are still found in considerable numbers on the verge of the continent; in China, they are now found in one city alone, and possess only one synagogue. In Mesopotamia and Assyria the ancient seats of the Babylonian Jews are still occupied by 5,270 families. But England and Anglo-Saxon countries generally have been the most favourable to the race. Perhaps the most remarkable fact in the history of modern Judaism is the extension of the Jews in the United States. Writing in 1829, I stated, on the best authority then attainable, their numbers at approximately 6,000. They are now [in 1863] reckoned at 75,000.

MOLIERE
THE MISER

VICTIM of the humorist and the satirist alike, the miser has long been a popular object of ridicule in the literature of the world. The most celebrated of ancient times is Euclio in Plautus's Aulularia (see page 2275), and it was from this play that Molière derived the idea of The Miser. But there is a great difference between the Roman dramatist's treatment of his character and Molière's treatment of his. In the Aulularia we are shown miserliness as a flamboyantly absurd monomania that makes Euclio suspect poultry of wanting to uncover his treasure when they scratch the soil in his garden. In The Miser, Harpagon does not only excite our laughter, but our pity also. This altered treatment of a stock subject for jest is a testimony at once to the wonderful humanity of Molière's humour and the greatness of his art. Several English translations of Molière's plays including The Miser are published.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Harpagon, Cléante and Elise's father, in love with Mariane
Cléante, Harpagon's son, Mariane's lover
Valère, Anselme's son, Elise's lover
Anselme, father of Valère and of Mariane
Elise, Harpagon's daughter, Valère's lover
Mariane, Cléante's lover, loved by Harpagon
Frosine, an intriguing woman

The scene is laid in Paris, at Harpagon's house



CLEANTE and **Elise**, the son and daughter of **Harpagon**, the miser, are both in love—he with **Mariane**, the daughter of a neighbour, a poor widow; she with **Valère**, a young man of good family, who, having rescued her from drowning, remains in the house of **Harpagon**, disguised as his steward, and feigning to agree with his avaricious actions and maxims in order to be near her. **Cléante** is greatly worried because his father's cheeseparing economies compel him to run into debt to get food and decent clothes. In one unsuccessful attempt to raise money, he even finds that it is his father who is the ultimate lender in a transaction from which he expected to have obtained a sum of 15,000 francs. His horror may therefore be imagined when **Harpagon** suddenly announces that he has resolved to bring about three marriages—that of his son to a widow, that of his daughter to **Seigneur Anselme** (a middle-aged man), and that of himself to **Mariane**. **Frosine**, the person whom the miser is employing to negotiate the business of his wedding, but whom he has no intention of rewarding in terms of cash, happens to be a wellwisher to **Cléante** and to **Elise**.]

[*Enter* **Harpagon** *and* **Frosine**.

Frosine : Upon my word, you do look well! You are a perfect picture of health!

Harpagon : Who—I?

Fros. : I never saw you with a colour so fresh and blooming.

Harp. : Truly?

Fros. : How is it? Never in your life were you so young as you are now. I see men of twenty-five who are older than you.

Harp. : Still, Frosine, I am well over sixty.

Fros. : Ah, well, what is sixty? It is the flower of one's time, and you are now entering on the finest season of a man's age.

Harp. : That is true; but twenty years younger would do me no harm, I am thinking.

Fros. : Are you jesting? You don't want them; you are the sort of man who lives to a hundred.

Harp. : You think so?

Fros. : Certainly. You have all the marks of it. Hold your head up a little. Oh, yes, there it is! You have the sign of long life right enough, between your eyes!

Harp. : You know that is so?

Fros. : Undoubtedly. Show me your hand. My word, what a line of life!

Harp. : Where?

Fros. : Don't you see how far that line goes?

Harp. : Well, what is the meaning of that?

Fros. : Upon my word! I said a hundred, but you will manage six score. I tell you, they will have to kill you. You will put your children and your children's children under ground.

Harp. : So much the better. How is our affair going on?

Fros. : Need you ask? Has anyone ever seen me take part in a business which I did not carry through? I have such a wonderful talent for matchmaking that I believe, if I took it in my head, I could marry the Grand Turk to the Republic of Venice.

Harp. : What answer did Mariane's mother make? [pleasure.

Fros. : She received the proposition with

Harp. : But, Frosine, have you had any conversation with her touching the property she can give her daughter? Have you told her that she must get to work a little—that she must make some effort, that she must bleed herself on such an occasion as this? For, after all, one does not marry a girl unless she brings something

Fros. : What do you mean ? Here is a girl who will bring you twelve thousand francs a year.

Harp. : Twelve thousand francs a year ?

Fros. : Yes. Firstly, she has been brought up on and used to spare diet. These are no slight matters, year in and year out. They mount up to at least three thousand francs. Besides this, she only wishes to be very simple and neat in the matter of dress ; and this saving is worth more than four thousand francs a year. Furthermore, she has a fearful aversion from gambling, which is a trait not common in woman nowadays. Let us put down the saving on that account at five thousand francs. Five thousand francs a year at play, and four thousand francs in clothes and jewels, that makes nine thousand francs ; and a thousand crowns, which we put on one side on account of victuals, doesn't that make your solid twelve thousand francs a year ?

Harp. : Yes, it is not so bad. But it is ridiculous to ask me to accept as her dowry all the expenses she does not incur. I shall give no receipt for what I don't receive. I must handle something.

Fros. : Good heavens ! You will handle enough, and they have told me of a certain country where they have property of which you will be master.

Harp. : I must see it. But, Frosine, there is one other thing that troubles me. The girl is young, as you see, and generally young people like only their equals in age. I am afraid that a man of my years may not be to her taste, and that might produce certain slight domestic troubles which would not be at all pleasant.

Fros. : Ah ! What a wrong idea you have got of her ! One curious point I had got to tell you. She has a frightful aversion from all young people, and only likes old ones.

Harp. : She has ?

Fros. : That is so. She cannot bear the sight of a young man ; but she is never more pleased, she says, than when she can see a fine old man with a stately beard. The older they are, the more charms they have for her ; and I warn you not to go and make yourself younger than you are. With her one must be a sexagenarian. Not four months ago, when she was ready to be married, she broke off the match abruptly because she discovered that her lover was only fifty-six, and would not have to take spectacles to sign the marriage contract.

Harp. : Really, that is something quite new.

Fros. : It goes much further. In her room there are a few pictures and prints ; but what do you think they are ? Adonis ? Paris ? Apollo ? No ; fine portraits of Saturn, of King Priam, of old Nestor and of good Father Anchises on his son's shoulders.

Harp. : That is admirable. I should never have thought of it ; I feel my mind at ease when I learn that that is her humour. As a matter of fact, if I had been a woman, I should never have loved young men.

Fros. : I quite believe it. Fancy liking such rubbish as young men. I should like to know what sort of attraction there is in them.

Harp. : That is what I say every day : with their shrill voices, their three little hairs of a beard, and their showy waistcoats.

Fros. : Now, you are a man. There is something in you to satisfy the eye. To get love a man must be made and dressed like you.

Harp. : You think I am all right ?

Fros. : Good heavens, yes ! You are charming.

Harp. : Thank God, I am pretty fit ! There is only my cough, which comes on now and then.

Fros. : That is nothing. You cough with quite an air.

Harp. : Has Mariane seen me yet ?

Fros. : No, but we have often talked of you. I have never failed to boast of your worth.

Harp. : That is right. I thank you.

Fros. : I have a slight favour to ask of you, monsieur. (**Harpagon** *assumes a grave air.*) I am engaged in a lawsuit which I am on the point of losing for the want of a little ready money, and you could easily enable me to win the case if you would be so kind as to help me. You would not believe how pleased she will be to see you. (*He resumes his pleasant look.*) Your old-fashioned ruff will produce a fine effect on her and she will be simply delighted with your tagged breeches.

Harp. : Really, I am delighted to hear you say so.

Fros. : Truly, monsieur, this lawsuit is of very serious importance to me. (*He resumes his grave appearance.*) I am ruined if I lose it, and some slight assistance would set me going again. I wish you could have seen her delight when I spoke to her of you. (*He resumes his pleasant look.*) Joy shone in her eyes as I recited your good qualities.

Harp. : You have given me great pleasure, Frosine ; and I assure you I am under the deepest obligations to you.

Fros. : I beg of you, monsieur, to give me the slight assistance I ask of you. (**Harpagon** *resumes his serious air.*) It will set me on my feet again and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Harp. : Good-bye ! I am going to finish my letters.

Fros. : I assure you, monsieur, that you could never assist me at a more awkward pinch.

Harp. : I will give orders that my carriage shall be quite ready to take you to the fair.

Fros. : I would not bother you in this way if I were not absolutely compelled——

Harp. : And I will take care that we have supper early, so as not to upset you in any way.

Fros. : Don't refuse me the favour I am asking of you. You would not believe, monsieur, the pleasure that ——

Harp. : I must go ; there is someone calling me. I shall see you later. [*Exit.*

Fros. : May the plague take you, you rascally dog, and send you to perdition ! The wretch has been proof against all my attacks ; but I must not give up the business. In any case, I have the other side, and I am certain to find a good opening there. [*Exit.*

[At the formal call which **Mariane** makes on **Harpagon** and on **Elise**, the former, noticing that

Cléante seems to be more attentive to **Mariane** than a dutiful stepson ought to be, asks him what he candidly thinks of the lady. **Cléante** having declared that he has no particular admiration for her, his father remarks that he is sorry to hear it, as he (**Harpagon**) is beginning to think he himself is too old for her, and would have been willing to hand her over to **Cléante** had he thought he could get to care for her. Taken in by this device, **Cléante** confesses his love for **Mariane**, and when **Harpagon**, having learnt his secret, tells him he must abandon all idea of marrying the girl, father and son nearly come to blows.

But when affairs are at this seemingly hopeless pass, **La Flèche, Cléante's** valet, brings them to a happy issue by appropriating a casket of **Harpagon's** containing ten thousand crowns and handing it over to his young master. This action, as is happens, paves the way for an accommodation between the miser and his children. For, when **Seigneur Anselme** presents himself to **Harpagon** and a general explanation takes place, it turns out that the former is a noble and wealthy Neapolitan gentleman, and that **Valère** and **Mariane** who now discover that they are brother and sister—are his long-lost son and daughter. Thereupon, **Anselme** at once abandons all idea of figuring as a rival to his own son in the affections of **Elise**, and **Harpagon** consents to make a similar renunciation in the case of **Cléante** and **Mariane** on condition of having his casket and its contents restored to him. The miser, however, only consents to both unions on the stipulation that he shall not have to settle money on either of his children, that **Anselme** shall pay all the expenses of the marriages, and shall, in addition, provide him with a new coat in which to attend them.]

A Great French Novelist's Finest Achievement

HONORE DE BALZAC
EUGENIE GRANDET

A WORTHY part of The Human Comedy, in which it was included in 1843, Eugénie Grandet was first published in 1834. In it Balzac is seen at his best; it is a novel that ranks with his Old Goriot and The Magic Skin, outlines of which also appear in *The World's Great Books*. We find in it none of that slight straining after effect that we notice in others of his works. The provincial society of Saumur is sketched with extraordinary skill, and the figures of Eugénie, her mother, Nanon, old Grandet and Charles are vivid, most sympathetically treated and very much alive. The portrait of old Grandet, indeed, is rightly considered one of the finest pictures of a miser in all literature, comparable with that of Molière's Harpagon (see page 2659) and Plautus's Euclio (see page 2275). Balzac's insight into psychology and great imaginative power are perhaps most clearly shown in his treatment of the unhappy love affair of Eugénie and Charles. Many good English translations of Eugénie Grandet are published.

I—The Rich Miser of Saumur



THE town of Saumur is old-fashioned and in every way 'provincial.' Its houses are dark within, its shops, undecorated, recall the workshops of the Middle Ages. Its inhabitants gossip freely, according to the fashion of country towns, and the arrival of a stranger in the town is an important item of news. The trade of Saumur depends upon the vineyards of the district. The prosperity of landowners, vinegrowers, coopers and innkeepers rises or falls according to whether the season is good or bad for the grapes.

A certain house in Saumur, larger and more sombre than most, and once the residence of nobility, belonged to M. Grandet.

This M. Grandet was a master cooper in 1789, a good man of business with a remarkable head for accounts. He prospered in the Revolution, bought the confiscated Church lands at a low price, married the daughter of a wealthy timber merchant, was made mayor under the consulate, became Monsieur Grandet when the empire was established, and every year grew wealthier and more miserly.

In 1817 M. Grandet was 68, his wife 47 and their only child, Eugénie, was 21.

A careful, cunning, silent man was M. Grandet, who loved his gold and to get the better in a bargain beyond all else. He cultivated 100 acres of vineyard, had thirteen little farms, an old abbey, and 127 acres of grazing land, and owned the house he lived in. The town estimated old Grandet's income to be five or six million francs, but only two people were in a position to guess with any chance of probability, and these were M. Cruchot the notary and M. des

Grassins the banker, and they disclosed no secrets.

Both M. Cruchot and M. des Grassins were men of considerable importance in Saumur and enjoyed the right of entry to M. Grandet's house—a privilege extended to only a very few of their neighbours.

There was rivalry between these two families of the Cruchots and des Grassins, rivalry for the hand of Grandet's daughter, Eugénie. Cruchot's nephew was a rising lawyer, already, at the age of thirty-three, a president of the court of first instance, and Cruchot's brother was an abbé of Tours. The hopes of the Cruchots were centred on the successful marriage of the nephew (who called himself Cruchot de Bonfons, after an estate he had bought) with Grandet's heiress.

Mme. des Grassins was equally hopeful and indefatigable on behalf of her son Adolphe.

The whole town knew of the struggle between these two families and watched it with interest. Would Mlle. Grandet marry M. Adolphe des Grassins or M. le Président? There were others who declared the old cooper was rich enough to marry his daughter to a peer of France.

With all his wealth and the fortune his wife brought him, M. Grandet lived as meanly and cheaply as he could. His house was cold and dreary, and his table was supplied with poultry, eggs, butter and corn by his tenants. M. Grandet never paid visits or invited people to dinner; hospitality was foolish extravagance.

One servant, Nanon, a big, strong woman of five feet eight inches, did all the work of the house, the cooking and washing, the baking and cleaning, and watched over her master's interests with an absolute fidelity.

The strength of Nanon had appealed to M. Grandet when he was on the look-out for a housekeeper before his marriage, and the girl, out of work and wretched, had never lost her gratitude for having been taken into his service. For twenty-eight years Nanon had worked early and late for the Grandets, and on a yearly wage of seventy livres had accumulated more money than any other servant in Saumur. She was one of the family, spending her evenings in the sitting-room of her employers, where a single candle was all that was allowed for illumination. M. Grandet also decided that no fire must be lit in the sitting-room from April 1 to October 31, and it was his practice to go every morning into the kitchen and dole out the bread, sugar and other provisions for the day to Nanon, and candles to his daughter.

As for Mme. Grandet, her gentleness and meekness could not stand up against her husband's force of character. She had brought more than 300,000 francs to her husband, and yet had no money save an occasional six francs for pocket-money, and the only certain source of income was four or five louis which Grandet made the Belgian merchants, who bought his wine, pay over and above the stipulated price. Often enough he would borrow some of this money even.

Mme. Grandet was too gentle a soul to revolt, but her pride forbade her ever asking a sou from her husband. With her daughter she attended to the household linen, and found compensation for the unhappiness of her lot in the consolations of religion, and also in the company of Eugénie.

It never occurred to M. Grandet that his wife suffered, or had reason to suffer. He was making money; every year his riches increased. He paid for sittings in church, and gave his daughter five francs a month for a dress allowance. That his wife hardly ever left the house except occasionally to go to church, that her dress was invariably the same, and that she never asked him for anything, never troubled M. Grandet. Avarice was his consuming passion, and it was satisfactory to him that no one attempted to cross him.

Twice a year, on her birthday, and on the day of her patron saint, Eugénie received some rare gold coin from her father, and then he would take pleasure in looking at her store—for these coins were not to be spent. Old M. Grandet liked to think that his daughter was learning to appreciate gold, and that in giving her these precious coins he was not parting with his money, but only putting it in another box.

II—Eugenie's Springtime of Love

On Eugénie's twenty-third birthday, November 1819, the three Cruchots—the notary, the abbé and the magistrate—and the three des Grassins—M. des Grassins, Mme. des Grassins and their son Adolphe—hastened to pay their respects to the heiress as soon as dinner was over. M. Grandet, in honour of the occasion, lit a second candle in the sitting-room. "It is Eugénie's birthday, and we must have an illumination," he remarked.

The Cruchots all brought handsome bouquets of flowers for Eugénie, but their gifts were eclipsed by a showy workbox fitted with trumpery gilded silver fittings, which Mme. des Grassins presented, and which filled Eugénie with delight. "Adolphe brought it from Paris," whispered Mme. des Grassins in the girl's ear. Old Grandet quite understood that both families were in pursuit of his daughter for the sake of her fortune, and made up his mind that neither of them should have her.

They all sat down to play lotto at half-past eight, except old Grandet, who never played any game. Just as Mme. Grandet had won a pool of sixteen sous, a heavy knock at the front door startled everybody in the room. Nanon took up one of the candles and went to the door, followed by Grandet. Presently they returned with a young man, good-looking and fashionably dressed. This was Charles Grandet, the son of the old cooper's brother, a merchant in Paris. The young man brought a good many trunks, and while Nanon saw to the bestowal of his luggage, all the lotto players looked at the visitor. Old Grandet took the only remaining candle from the table to read a long letter which his nephew had brought.

Charles had set off from Paris at his father's bidding to pay a visit to his uncle at Saumur. He was a dandy, and his appearance was in striking contrast to the attire of the Cruchots and the des Grassins. Moreover, he already had had a love affair with a great lady whom he called Annette, and he was a good shot. Altogether, Charles Grandet was a vain and selfish youth, conscious of his superiority over the unfashionable provincials of Saumur, but determined at all costs to enjoy himself as best he could.

As for Eugénie, it seemed to her that she had never seen such a perfect gentleman as this cousin from Paris and, at the risk of incurring her father's wrath, succeeded in persuading Nanon to do what she could to make things comfortable for their guest in the cold and dreary house.

Nanon was milking the cow when Eugénie preferred her kindly and considerate request, and the faithful serving-maid at once obligingly promised to save a little cream from her master's supply of milk. The Cruchots and des Grassins retired discomfited before the presence of Charles Grandet. The young Parisian, brought up in luxury by his father, could not understand why he should have been sent to this outlandish place, and he was the more mystified by his uncle telling him they would talk over 'important business' on the morrow.

Then, indeed, in plain and brutal words he learnt the contents of the fatal letter he had brought from his father. It was twenty-three years since old Grandet had seen his brother in Paris, but this brother had become a rich man, too; of that old Grandet was aware.

And now Victor-Ange-Guillaume Grandet wrote to him from Paris, saying: 'By the time that this letter is in your hand I shall cease to exist. The failure of my stockbroker and my notary has ruined me, and while I owe nearly four million francs, my assets are only a quarter of my debts. I cannot survive the disgrace of bankruptcy. I know you cannot satisfy my creditors, but you can be a father to my unhappy child, Charles, who is now alone in the world. Lay everything before him, and tell him that in work he can restore the fortune he has lost. My failure is due neither to dishonesty nor to carelessness, but to causes beyond my control.'

Old Grandet told his nephew plainly that his father was dead, and even showed him a paragraph already in the papers referring to the ruin and suicide of the unhappy man—so quickly is such news spread abroad.

For the moment, his penniless state was nothing to the young man; the loss of his father was the only grief.

Old Grandet let him alone, and in a day or two Charles gathered up his strength to face the situation.

Mme. Grandet and Eugénie were full of tender sympathy for the unhappy young man, and this sympathy in Eugénie's case ripened into love. One day, when Eugénie passed her cousin's chamber, the door stood ajar; she thrust it open and saw that Charles had fallen asleep in his chair. She entered and found out from a letter her cousin had written to Annette, which she read as it lay on the table, that he was in want of money for old Grandet was resolved to do nothing for his nephew beyond paying his passage to Nantes. The next night she brought him all her store of gold coins, worth six thousand francs. Her confidence and devoted affection touched Charles deeply. He accepted the money, and in return gave into her keeping a small leather box containing portraits of his father and mother, richly set in gold. Eugénie promised to guard this box until he returned.

For it was decided that Charles Grandet must go to the Indies to seek his fortune. He sold his jewels and paid his personal debts in Paris, and waited on at Saumur till the ship should be ready to sail.

And in those few weeks came the springtime of love for Eugénie.

Old Grandet was too busy to trouble about his nephew, who was so shortly to be got rid of, and both Nanon and Mme. Grandet liked and pitied the young man.

Charles Grandet, on his side, was conscious that his Parisian friends would not have shown him a like kindness, and the purity and truth of Eugénie's love were something he had not hitherto experienced.

THE cousins would snatch a few moments together in the early morning, and once, only a few days before his departure, they met in the long, dark passage at the foot of the staircase. "Dear cousin, I cannot expect to return for many years," Charles said sadly. "We must not consider ourselves bound in any way."

"You love me?" was all Eugénie asked. And on his reply, she added: "Then I will wait for you, Charles."

Presently his arms were round her waist. Eugénie made no resistance and, pressed to his heart, received her lover's kiss.

"Dear Eugénie, a cousin is better than a brother; he can marry you," said Charles.

Thus the lovers vowed themselves to each other. Then came the terrible hour of parting, and Charles Grandet sailed from Nantes for the Indies; and the old house at Saumur suddenly seemed to Eugénie to have become very empty and bare indeed.

III—M. Grandet's Discovery

GRANDET, on the advice of M. Cruchot, the notary, saved the honour of his dead brother. There was no act of bankruptcy. M. Cruchot, to gain favour with old Grandet, proposed to go to Paris to look after the dead man's affairs, but suggested the payment of expenses. It was M. des Grassins, however, who went to Paris, for he undertook to make no charge; and the banker not only attended to Guillaume Grandet's creditors, but stayed on in Paris having been made a deputy and fell in love with an actress. Adolphe joined his father, and achieved an equally unpleasant reputation.

The property of Guillaume Grandet realized enough money to pay the creditors a dividend of 47 per cent. They agreed that they would deposit, on certain conditions, their bills with an accredited notary, and each one said to himself that Grandet of Saumur would pay.

Grandet of Saumur, however, did not pay. Endless delays were forthcoming, and des Grassins was always holding out promises that were not fulfilled. Some of the creditors gave up all hope of payment, others died; till at the end of five years the deficit stood at 1,200,000 francs.

In the meantime, a terrible blow had fallen on Mme. Grandet. On January 1, 1820, old Grandet, according to his wont, presented his daughter with a gold coin, and asked to see her store of gold pieces.

All Eugénie would tell him was that her money was gone. In vain the old man

stormed. Eugénie kept on saying: "I am of age; the money was mine."

Grandet raved at his wife, who, weary and ill, gave him no satisfaction. In fact, Mme. Grandet's character had become stronger through her daughter's trouble, and she refused to support her husband's angry demands.

Then old Grandet ordered Eugénie to retire to her own apartment. "Do you hear what I say? Go!" he shouted.

Soon all the town knew that Eugénie was a prisoner in her own room, seeing no one but her mother and old Nanon; and public opinion, knowing nothing of the cause of the quarrel, blamed the old cooper. For six months this state of things lasted, and Mme. Grandet's illness became steadily worse. M. Cruchot, the notary, warned old Grandet that, in the event of his wife's death, he would have to give an account to Eugénie of her mother's share in the joint estate; and that Eugénie could then, if she chose, demand her mother's fortune, to which she would be entitled.

THIS seriously alarmed the avaricious old cooper, and he made up his mind to a reconciliation, for his wife assured him that she would never get better while Eugénie was treated so badly. Eugénie and her mother were talking of Charles, from whom no letter had come, and getting what pleasure they could from looking at the portraits of his parents, when old Grandet burst into the room. Catching sight of the gold fittings, he snatched up the dressing-case, and would have wrenched off the precious metal.

"Father, father," Eugénie called out, "this case is not yours, it is not mine, it is a sacred trust! It belongs to my unhappy cousin. Do not pull it to pieces!"

Old Grandet took no notice.

"Oh, have pity; you are killing me!" said the mother.

Eugénie caught up a knife, and her cry brought Nanon on the scene.

"Father, if you cut away a single piece of gold, I shall stab myself. You are killing my mother, and you will kill me, too."

Old Grandet for once was frightened. He tried to make it up with his wife, he kissed Eugénie, and even promised that Eugénie should marry her cousin if she wanted to.

Mme. Grandet lingered till October, and then died. "There is no happiness to be had except in heaven; some day you will understand that," she said to her daughter just before she passed away.

M. Cruchot was called in after Mme. Grandet's death, and in his presence Eugénie agreed to sign a deed renouncing her claim to her mother's fortune while her father lived. She signed it without making any objection, to old Grandet's great relief, and he promised to allow her 100 francs a month.

But now the old man himself was failing. Bit by bit he relinquished his many activities, but lived on till seven years had passed. Then he died, his eyes kindling at the end at the sight of the priest's sacred vessels of silver. His brother's creditors were still unpaid. Eugénie was informed by M. Cruchot that her property amounted to 17,000,000 francs.

"WHERE can my cousin be?" she asked herself.

"If only we knew where the young gentleman was, I would set off myself and find him," Nanon said to her.

The poor heiress was very lonely. The faithful Nanon, now fifty-nine, married Antoine Cornoiller, the bailiff of the estates, and these two, who had known one another for years, lived in the house.

The Cruchots still hoped to marry M. le Président to Eugénie, and every birthday the magistrate brought a handsome bouquet. But the heart of Eugénie remained steadfast to her cousin.

"Ah, Nanon," she would say, "why has he never written to me once all these years?"

Mme. des Grassins, unwilling to see the triumph of her old rivals, the Cruchots, went about saying that the heiress of the Grandet millions would marry a peer of France rather than a magistrate. Eugénie, however, thought neither of the peer nor of the magistrate. She gave away enormous sums in charity, and lived on quietly in the dreary old house. Her wealth brought her no comfort, her only treasures were the two portraits left in her charge. Yet she went on loving, and believed herself loved in return.

IV—The Honour of the Grandets

CHARLES GRANDET, in the course of eight years, met with considerable success in his trading ventures. He saw very quickly that the way to make money in the tropics, as in Europe, was to go in for buying and selling men, and so he plunged into the slave trade of Africa, and under the name of Carl Shepherd was known in the East Indies, in the United States and on the African coasts. His plan was to get rich as speedily as possible, and then return to Paris and live respected. For a time the thought of Eugénie gave him infinite pleasure; but soon all recollection of Saumur was blotted out and his cousin became merely a person to whom he owed 6,000 francs.

In 1827, Charles returned to Bordeaux with 1,900,000 francs in gold dust. On board the ship he became very intimate with the d'Aubrions, an old aristocratic but impoverished family. Mme. d'Aubrion was anxious to secure Charles Grandet for her only daughter, and they all travelled to Paris together. Mme. d'Aubrion pointed out to Grandet that her influence would get him a court appointment and the title of Comte d'Aubrion; and Annette, whom Grandet consulted, approved the idea.

Des Grassins, hearing of the wanderer's return, called, and, anxious to get some remuneration for all the trouble he had taken, explained that 300,000 francs were still owing to his father's creditors. But Charles Grandet answered coolly that he had nothing to do with his father's debts.

Des Grassins, however, wrote to his wife that he would yet make the dead Guillaume Grandet a bankrupt, and that would stop the marriage, and Mme. des Grassins showed the letter to Eugénie.

Eugénie had already heard from her cousin. Charles Grandet sent a cheque for 8,000 francs, asked for the return of his dressing case, and casually mentioned that he was going to make a brilliant marriage with Mlle. d'Aubrion, for whom he admitted he had not the slightest attection.

This was the shipwreck of all Eugénie's hopes the utter and complete ruin.

"My mother was right," she said, weeping. "To suffer, and then die—that is our lot!"

That same evening when M. Cruchot de Bonfons, the magistrate, called on Eugénie, she promised to marry him on condition that he claimed none of the rights of marriage over her, and that he would immediately go and settle all her uncle's creditors in full.

M. de Bonfons, only too thankful to win the heiress of the Grandet millions on any terms, agreed, and set off at once for Paris with a cheque for 1,500,000 francs. He carried a letter from Eugénie to Charles Grandet, a letter that contained no word of reproach, but announced the full discharge of his father's debts.

Charles was astonished to hear from M. de Bonfons of his forthcoming marriage with Eugénie, and he was dumbfounded when the president told him that Mlle. Grandet possessed 17,000,000 francs.

Mme. d'Aubrion interrupted the interview; her husband's objection to Grandet's marriage with his daughter was removed with the payment of the long-standing creditors, and the restoration of the family honour of the Grandets.

M. de Bonfons, who now dropped the name of Cruchot, married Eugénie and shortly afterwards was made Councillor to the Court Royal at Angers. His loyalty to the government was rewarded with further office. He always respected his wife's request that they should live apart; with remarkable cunning he had drafted the marriage contract, in which, 'In case there was no issue of the marriage, husband and wife bequeathed to each other all their property, without exception or reservation.' Death disappointed his schemes. Mme. de Bonfons was left a widow three years after marriage, with an income of 800,000 livres.

SHE is a beautiful woman still, but pale and sorrowful. In spite of her income she lives on in the old house, and cold and sunless it bears a likeness to her own life. Spending little on herself, Mme. de Bonfons gives away large sums in succouring the unfortunate; but she is very lonely—without a husband, children, or kindred.

Rumour in Saumur, however, is now busy coupling the name of a Marquis de Froidfond with that of Mme. de Bonfons.

THOMAS PAINE

THE RIGHTS OF MAN

ALTHOUGH he was long considered a violent revolutionary, Tom Paine may more accurately be described as an idealistic radical. When he was a member of the French convention his support and sympathy were given to the Girondins, and his two treatises on the Rights of Man (published in 1790 and 1792) contain vigorous assertions of democratic principles rather than blatantly proletarian doctrines. They were written to answer the florid Whig rhetoric of Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France (see page 2504). These works of Paine are not remarkable for depth of thought nor for great learning, but they do express and attempt to justify, earnestly, sincerely and with a demagogic vigour that is momentarily convincing, the ideals that inspired the French Revolution. The clearness and strength of the language—in spite of its occasional Biblical tone—are reminiscent of that of Rousseau's Social Contract, and made Paine's treatises the gospel of the English radicals, whose indifferent education did not allow them to appreciate the ingenuity of the flowery sophistries of Burke's more intellectual work. An edition of the work, with an introduction by George Jacob Holyoake, is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Natural and Civil Rights



AMONG the incivilities by which nations or individuals provoke or irritate each other, Mr. Burke's pamphlet on the French Revolution is an extraordinary instance. There is scarcely an epithet of abuse to be found in the English language with which he has not loaded the French nation and the National Assembly. Considered as an attempt at political argument, his work is a pathless wilderness of rhapsodies, in which he asserts whatever he pleases, without offering evidence or reasons for so doing.

With his usual outrage, he abuses the Declaration of the Rights of Man published by the National Assembly as the basis of the French Constitution. But does he mean to deny that *man* has any rights? If he does, then he must mean that there are no such things as rights anywhere; for who is there in the world but man? But if Mr. Burke means to admit that man has rights, the question then will be: What are those rights, and how came man by them originally?

The error of those who reason by precedents drawn from antiquity respecting the rights of man is that they do not go far enough into antiquity; they stop in some of the intermediate stages and produce what was then done as a rule for the present day.

Mr. Burke, for example, would have the English nation submit themselves to their monarchs for ever, because an English parliament did make such a submission to William and Mary, not only on behalf of the people then living, but on behalf of their heirs and posterities—as if any parliament had the right of binding and controlling posterity, or of commanding for ever how the world should be governed.

If antiquity is to be authority, a thousand such authorities may be produced successively contradicting each other; but if we proceed on, we shall at last come out right; we shall come to the time when man came from the hand of his Maker. What was he then? Man! Man was his high and only title, and a higher cannot be given him.

All histories of creation agree in establishing one point, the unity of man, by which I mean that men are all of one degree, and that all men are born equal, and with equal natural rights. Those natural rights are the foundation of all their civil rights.

A few words will explain this. Natural rights are those which appertain to man in right of his existence. Of this kind are the rights of the mind, and also those rights of acting as an individual for his own happiness which are not injurious to the natural rights of others. Civil rights are those which appertain to man in

right of his being a member of society. Every civil right has for its foundation some natural right pre-existing in the individual, but to the enjoyment of which his individual power is not, in all cases, competent. Of this kind are all those which relate to security and protection.

It follows, then, that the power produced from the aggregate of natural rights, imperfect in power in the individual, cannot be applied to invade the natural rights which are retained in the individual, and in which the power to execute is as perfect as the right itself.

Let us now apply these principles to governments. These may all be comprehended under three heads. First, superstition; secondly, power; thirdly, the common interests of society and the common rights of man.

When a set of artful men pretended to hold intercourse with the Deity, as familiarly as they now march up the back stairs in European courts, the world was completely under the government of superstition. This sort of government lasted as long as this sort of superstition lasted.

After these, a race of conquerors arose whose government, like that of William the Conqueror, was founded in power. Governments thus established last as long as the power to support them lasts; but, that they might avail themselves of every engine in their favour, they united fraud to force, and set up an idol which they called 'Divine Right,' and which twisted itself afterwards into an idol of another shape, called 'Church and State.' The key of St. Peter and the key of the treasury became quartered on one another, and the wondering cheated multitude worshipped the invention.

We have now to review the governments which arise out of society. If we trace government to its origin, we discover that governments must have arisen either *out* of the people or *over* the people. In those which have arisen out of the people, the individuals themselves, each in his own personal and sovereign right, have entered into a compact with each other to produce a government; and this is the only mode in which governments have a right to arise.

This compact is the constitution, and a constitution is not a thing in name only, but in fact. Wherever it cannot be produced in a visible form, there is none. A constitution is a thing antecedent to government, and a government is only its creature. The constitution of a country is not the act of its government, but of the people constituting its government.

Can, then, Mr. Burke produce the English constitution? He cannot, for no such thing exists, nor ever did exist. The English government is one of those which arose out of a conquest, and not out of society, and consequently it arose over the people; and though it has been much modified since the time of William the Conqueror, the country has never yet regenerated itself, and is therefore without a constitution.

II—France and England Compared

I now proceed to draw some comparisons between the French constitution and the governmental usages in England.

The French constitution says that every man who pays a tax of sixty sous per annum (2s. 6d. English) is an elector. What will Mr. Burke place against this? Can anything be more limited, and at the same time more capricious, than the qualifications of electors are in England?

The French constitution says that the National Assembly shall be elected every two years. What will Mr. Burke place against this? Why, that the nation has no right at all in the case, and that the government is perfectly arbitrary with respect to this point.

The French constitution says that the right of war and peace is in the nation. Where else should it reside but in those who are to pay the expense? In England this right is said to reside in a metaphor shown at the Tower for sixpence or a shilling a head.

It may with reason be said that in the manner the English nation is represented it signifies not where the right resides, whether in the crown or in the parliament. War is the common harvest of all those who participate in the division and expen-

diture of public money in all countries. In reviewing the history of the English government, an impartial bystander would declare that taxes were not raised to carry on wars, but that wars were raised to carry on taxes.

The French constitution says, 'There shall be no titles'; and, of consequence, 'nobility' is done away, and the peer is exalted unto man.

Titles are but nicknames, and every nickname is a title. The thing is perfectly harmless in itself, but it marks a sort of foppery in the human character which degrades it. If no mischief had annexed itself to the folly of titles, they would not have been worth a serious and formal destruction. Let us examine the grounds upon which the French constitution has resolved against having a house of peers.

Because, in the first place, aristocracy is kept up by family tyranny and injustice, due to the unnatural and iniquitous law of primogeniture.

Secondly, because the idea of hereditary legislators is as inconsistent as that of hereditary judges or hereditary juries; and as absurd as an hereditary mathematician, or an hereditary wise man; and as ridiculous as an hereditary poet-laureate.

Thirdly, because a body of men, holding themselves accountable to nobody, ought not to be trusted by anybody.

Fourthly, because it is continuing the uncivilized principle of government founded on conquest, and the base idea of man having property in man and governing him by personal right.

The French constitution hath abolished or renounced toleration and intolerance also, and hath established universal right of conscience. Toleration is not the opposite of intolerance, but is the counterfeit of it. Both are despotisms. The one assumes to itself the right of withholding liberty of conscience; and the other of granting it. Who art thou, vain dust and ashes! by whatever name thou art called, whether king, a bishop, a church, a state, or a parliament, or anything else, that obtrudest thine insignificance between the soul of man and its Maker? Mind thine own concerns. If he believes not as thou believest, it is a proof that thou believest not as he believes and there is no earthly power can determine between you.

THE opinions of men with respect to government are changing fast in all countries. The revolutions of America and France have thrown a beam of light over the world, which reaches into men. Ignorance is of a peculiar nature; once dispelled, it is impossible to re-establish it. It is not originally a thing of itself, but is only the absence of knowledge; and though man may be kept ignorant, he cannot be made ignorant.

When we survey the wretched condition of man under the monarchical and hereditary systems of government, dragged from his home by one power, or driven by another, and impoverished by taxes more than by enemies, it becomes evident that these systems are bad and that a general revolution in the principle and construction of governments is necessary.

And it is not difficult to perceive, from the enlightened state of mankind, that hereditary governments are verging to their decline, and that revolutions on the broad basis of national sovereignty and government by representation are making their way in Europe; it would be wisdom to anticipate their approach and produce revolutions by reason and accommodation rather than commit them to the issue of convulsions.

III—The Old and New Systems

THE danger to which the success of revolutions is most exposed is in attempting them before the principles on which they proceed, and the advantages to result from them, are sufficiently understood. Almost everything appertaining to the circumstances of a nation has been absorbed and confounded under the general and mysterious word 'government.' It may, therefore, be of use in this day of revolutions to discriminate between those things which are the effect of government and those which are not.

A great part of that order which reigns among mankind is not the effect of government. It has its origin in the principles of society and the natural

constitution of man. The mutual dependence and reciprocal interest which man has upon man, and all parts of civilized community upon each other, create that chain of connexion which holds it together.

The more perfect civilization is, the less occasion has it for government, because the more does it regulate its own affairs and govern itself. All the great laws of society are laws of nature. They are followed and obeyed because it is the interest of the parties to do so, and not on account of any formal laws their governments may impose. But how often is the natural propensity to society disturbed or destroyed by the operations of government!

It is impossible that such governments as have hitherto existed in the world would have commenced by any other means than a total violation of every principle, sacred and moral. The obscurity in which the origin of all the present old governments is buried implies the iniquity and disgrace with which they began.

Government on the old system is an assumption of power for the aggrandisement of itself; on the new, a delegation of power for the common benefit of society. The one now called the old is hereditary, either in whole or in part, and the new is entirely representative. It rejects all hereditary government: first as being an imposition on mankind; secondly, as inadequate to the purposes for which government is necessary.

All hereditary government is in its nature tyranny. To inherit a government is to inherit the people, as if they were flocks and herds. Kings succeed each other, not as rationals, but as animals. It signifies not what their mental or moral characters are. Monarchical government appears under all the various characters of childhood, decrepitude, dotage; a thing at nurse, in leading-strings, or on crutches. In short, we cannot conceive a more ridiculous figure of government than hereditary succession.

The representative system takes society and civilization for its basis; nature, reason and experience for its guide. The original simple democracy was society governing itself without the aid of secondary means. By ingrafting representation upon democracy we arrive at a system of government capable of embracing and confederating all the various interests and every extent of territory and population; and with advantages as much superior to hereditary government as the republic of letters is to hereditary literature.

CONSIDERING government in the only light in which it should be considered, that of a National Association, it ought to be so constructed as not to be disordered by any accident happening among the parts, and, therefore, no extraordinary power should be lodged in the hands of any individual. Monarchy would not have continued so many ages in the world had it not been for the abuses it protects. It is the master-fraud, which shelters all others. By admitting a participation of the spoil, it makes itself friends; and when it ceases to do this it will cease to be the idol of courtiers.

One of the greatest improvements that have been made for the perpetual security and progress of constitutional liberty is the provision which the new constitutions make for occasionally revising, altering and amending them. The best constitutions that could now be devised may be far short of that excellence which a few years may afford. There is a morning of reason rising upon man on the subject of governments that has not appeared before.

IV. The Reform of England

As it is necessary to include England in the prospect of general reformation, it is proper to inquire into the defects of its government. It is only by each nation reforming its own that the whole can be improved and the full benefit of reformation enjoyed.

When in countries that are called civilized we see age going to the workhouse and youth to th gallows something must be wrong in the system of government. Why it that scarcely any are executed but the poor? The fact is a proof, among other things, of a wretchedness in their condition. Bred up without morals, and cast upon the world without a prospect, they are the exposed sacrifice of vice and legal barbarity.

The first defect of English government I shall mention is the evil of those Gothic institutions, the corporation towns. As one of the houses of the English parliament is, in a great measure, made up of elections from these corporations, its vices are but a continuation of the vices of its origin.

I proceed in the next place to the aristocracy. The house of peers is simply a combination of persons in one common interest. No better reason can be given why a house of legislation should be composed entirely of men whose occupation consists in letting landed property than why it should be composed of brewers, of bakers, or any other separate class of men. What right has the landed interest to a distinct representation from the general interest of the nation?

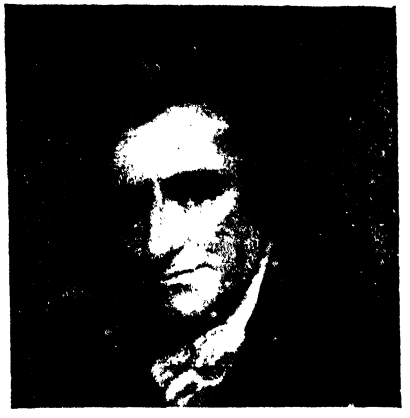
I proceed to what is called the crown. It signifies a nominal office of a million sterling a year, the business of which consists in receiving the money. Whether the person be wise or foolish, sane or insane, a native or a foreigner, matters not.

I shall now turn to the matter of lessening the burden of taxes. The amount of taxation now levied may be taken in round numbers at £17,000,000, nine millions of which are appropriated to the payment of interest on the national debt, and eight to the current annual expenses.

All circumstances taken together, arising from the French Revolution, from the approaching harmony of the two nations, the abolition of court intrigue on both sides, and the progress of knowledge in the science of governing, the annual expenditure might be put back to one million and a half for navy, army and expenses of government.

Taking one million and a half as a sufficient peace establishment for all the honest purposes of government, there will remain a surplus of upwards of six millions out of the present current expenses. How is this surplus to be disposed of?

The first step would be to abolish the poor rates entirely, and in lieu thereof to make a remission of taxes to the poor of double the amount of the present poor rates —*viz.*, four millions annually out of the surplus taxes. This money could be distributed so as to provide £4 annually per head for the support of children of poor families, and to provide also for the cost of education of over a million children; to give annuities of £10 each for the aged poor over sixty, and of £6 each for the poor over fifty; to give donations of £1 each on occasions of births in poor families and marriages of the poor; to make allowances for funeral expenses of persons travelling for work and dying at a distance from their friends; and to furnish employment for the casual poor of the metropolis where modes of relief are necessary that are not required in the country.



THOMAS PAINE was born at Thetford, Norfolk, January 29, 1737. He gave himself a good education, and became an exciseman, but after being dismissed from this service he went to America in 1774, where he began to write. His pamphlet, Common Sense, issued in 1776, favoured the independence of the colonies, and won him great popularity. During the subsequent war he fought in the colonial army and received a government appointment, from which he was later dismissed. He came to England in 1787, but the publication of The Rights of Man led to his fleeing from this country. In 1792 he was elected a member of the French Convention. He died on June 8, 1809.

NEVER did so great an opportunity offer itself to England, and to all Europe, as is produced by the two revolutions of America and France. By the former freedom has a national champion in the western world, and by the latter in Europe. When another nation shall join France, despotism and bad government will scarcely dare to appear. The present age will hereafter merit to be called the Age of Reason, and the present generation will appear to the future as the Adam of a new world.

A Lyrical Gem from Troubadour Times

OLD FRENCH

THE RO ANCE OF THE ROSE

ONE of the most beautiful poems of the Middle Ages, The Romance of the Rose is the work of two men, Guillaume of Lorris and Jean of Meun, both of whom wrote in the thirteenth century. The romance was begun by Guillaume, and he had completed about one-fifth of the existing whole when he died. In an allegory, in the troubadour manner, of a lover in search of the Rose (a dream lady who represents, according to some critics, abstract Beauty), he describes what were probably his own love adventures, with great freshness, vividness and beauty of style and thought. His part of the Romance is, therefore, very much more spiritual, and reflects much more clearly the ideals of the troubadours, than that of Jean of Meun, who continued and finished the poem. Jean is gaily satirical; he is possessed of a vigorous, facetious scepticism, and mocks at conventions, chivalry and romance, but his work shows true and original genius. An English translation of The Romance of the Rose is included in the Temple Classics.

I—Of the Rose and Love's Cruel Arrows



'TWAS in the Maytime of delight—
So dreamt I—that I rose aright
From off my bed, flung on my gown,
And went my way without the town.
I dreamt I scarce had wandered far
Where streams and meads and blossoms are,
When, straight, a garden wall I spied
On which were pictures, rich and pied.
Thereon was drawn the form of Hate
With frowning face, and desolate;
And Villainy, the fearful-eyed,
Her sister, Felony, beside;
And Covetise, with fingers crooked;
And Avarice, who sallow looked;
And cheerless Envy. Sorrow, worn;
And wrinkled Age, with form forlorn.
There stood Hypocrisy, in guise
Of one who went with prayerful eyes;
And Poverty was also there
In foulest rags, her body bare.

Before these forms I pensive stood;
And also saw that garden good
Reach tree-tops high above that wall,
In which were birds a-singing all.
I longed to enter that sweet place;
Toward a gateway did I pace,
A little gate; thereon I smote.
Came one and oped, whom I would note.

A dame was she of beauty rare,
With tender flesh and flaming hair,
Bright eyes, and breath as sweet as thyme,
No goodlier known in any clime.
A chaplet on her brow was set.
She never griet nor labour met.
I ween; but all, from morn to night,
To deck herself was her delight.

She let me in. With gracious phrase,
"My name is Idleness," she says.
"In glee I live. My friend is Mirth,
The master of this plot of earth.
He built the walls; those paintings grim
Were painted there to pleasure him.
And here within he tarries oft,
With song of birds and solace soft."

She spoke; and I, with ravished eyes,
Went onward through the paradise
To find Sir Mirth, and see his face.
Now I will tell you what took place.
I came where maidens, dancing, sung;
And one named Gladness them among,
Where one named Courtesy came near
And bade me welcome without fear.
I glanced around. Sir Mirth I spied,
Whose beauty with Apollo vied.
With noble limbs; in samite clad;
A crown of roses eke he had.
With Gladness he was mated well
In whatsoe'er of bliss befel.

Hard by them stood the god of Love,
Whose yoke is man's bent neck above.
He wore a garment gaily made
Of every floweret in the glade.
And stood another near him who
Was Sweet-Looks, bearing weapons true,
Two bows—one gracious and one grim;
With arrows ten he burdened him—
Five evil, and five kindly. So
Back to the god of Love I go,
And her whom he did choose of all,
Whom they the Lady Beauty call.

As doth the moon make tapers pale
Of starlight, so by her did fail
The loveliness of others, though
Richesse was one you well would know
So rich her gems, so proud her mien.
And Largesse, too, by her was seen,
Whose hand was ope for all alike;
And did my sight another strike,
Named Franchise, and her tender heart
In bliss or sorrow took a part.

Of Courtesy, that worthy dame,
Cause have I had before to name
Her greeting; but of Youth I now
Will tell you. Twelve brief years, I vow,
Were hers; in innocence and joy
She loved a comely loving boy.
They kissed and cooed as turtles do;
And arms around each other threw.

Now happed it that I went my way
About that garden, glad and gay,
By alleys green, and blossomed fruit,
And spicy shade, and what to boot
Of noble trees, or light or dark,
Wandering awhile; but failed to mark
How that the god of Love had snatched
Those arrows five, in make unmatched,
From Sweet-Looks—arrows that were kind;
And came he me with stealth behind.

I wandered on, unwitting quite,
Through all that Garden of Delight,
Until I came to where was seen
A fountain, girt with verdure green,
As fair as that wherein did gaze
Narcissus in the olden days.

Ah, me! therein I, mirrored, saw
A Rosebush. O could any law
Withhold me, then, ere I should seize
That loveliest Blossom borne to please?

Dread held me only; for I found
A hedge of thorns that Rose around.
Yet would I take. And slowly, so
I reached my hand; when, to my woe,
The god of Love sent forth his shaft.
My heart was hurt with cruel craft.
I fell. But, oh! that Rose the more
I longed for! Though were arrows four
Shot at me, each one made me yearn,
And with desire yet deeper burn.

All wounded, crawled I nearer yet,
Glad with small comforting to get
Of nearness. Then the god afresh
Drove arrows in my suffering flesh.
And then he cried, "Surrender, thou
That art my kneeling liegeman now!"

I yielded, and my wounds he healed;
And then with Counsel healing sealed,
And taught me all the way of Love,
And what sin should it be above;
And in what manner might its joy
Be conquered without one alloy.

"'Fore all, of Villainy beware,
To whom I hatred ever bare."
Said he; "and keep guard of thy tongue
Lest it do trip foul speech among.
And courteous unto women all
Be thou in street, be thou in hall.
Also salute all men that thee
Salute with sweet civility.
Have fear of Pride; for Pride is that
Which never yet good love begat.

"Yet let thy habit richly be
What fits with thine economy.
In goodly cloth and brave attire
Is fuel oft for lover's fire.
In shoes and gloves be spruce and true,
With satin sash; a chaplet new
Of roses blown at Pentecost
Is not on Love's discerning lost.

"And well remember that, above
All else, bright spirit serveth love,
Love that will be so oft forborn,
By hope and fear, and sorrow torn.
What cheerful pastime comes thy way,
Such kindly solace ne'er gainsay.
And with fair dames will well advance
Thy suit be'imes to break a lance
For who with arms is strong and brav
For love shall he not have to crave.

"If thou canst sing a ditty kind
So do, with ever ready mind.
And if with viol or with flute
Thou trillest, that will serve thy suit.

"Take heed to be not miser named.
Of that be rightful lover shamed
Before all others, for to the man
Who cannot give, Love never can.
But, as thou g'vest of thy gold
So give thy heart, and open-souled
To that one centre of thy mind,
Unlooking forward or behind.

"And when hast thou thus vowed thy soul
To thy devotion, one and whole,
Then should the suffering that shall spring
Therefrom, for thee be secret thing.
Screened from the vulgar gaze of those
Who would perceive thy worthy woes.
Such throes and fevers shouldst thou feel
As would from thee remembrance steal
Of thine own self: hand, foot and eye
Shall thy poor will-power then defy.

"But thou, when parted from thy love,
Wilt cry thy grief to heaven above,
Yearning as lover alway will,
For that he would be seeing still—
For her who doth his spirit fill!
Though when thou meetest her, perchance,
Thy troubled speech shall not advance
Thy suit, so foolish wilt thou show
To one whose beauty moves thee so.

"Such blundering 'haviour then shall fret
Thy soul that no sleep shalt thou get,
But toss thee night-long on thy bed,
A cloud of anguish o'er thy head.
Thou'lt cry for dawn to chase the night,
To find thee in no better plight,
To don thy garb and seek her door,
Though winds do whistle, torrents pour,
Perchance to gain her ear, or not,
As luck will have it. Thus thy lot
Shall be. Be not my words forgot!"

When thus had spoke the god of Love
I raised my eyes to heaven above
And cried against his grievous tale.
But, "Sooth," said he, "he may not fail
To pay the price who would attain
To Love's delight with might and main.
Yet gladly will I give thee three
Fair helpers, who shall faithful be,
Sweet-Looks is one; Sweet-Speech and Thought
The other twain. By them be taught."
He spoke, and vanished. To despair
Was I not then deserted there!

II—Of the Winning of the Rose in the Garden of Delight

Now, then as there I brooding stood,
Came near me one with gesture goo
Of gracious face. "In me you see,"
Said he "the son of Courtesy.
Fair-Welcome am I called. I come
To render you assistance, some
Whereby may you the odour sweet
Of that fair Rose-tree get and greet."
"Kind sir, with welcome will I take,"
Cried I, "your help." So did I make
My way with him that hedge above,
And would have plucked the Bud I love.

But lo! there lurked a Felon foul,
With other three to threat and scowl
Danger, his name; another, Fear,
With Shame and Evil-Tongue anear
Fair Welcome led me to the Rose,
Unheeding those three grudging foes
He plucked a leaf, and of the best,
And with it decked I well my breast.
And, sure, my soul, then did it glow
With love, above all things below.

"O friend," said I, "that Rose I need
Also, or else my heart must bleed!
Give that as well!" Alarmed was he
At prayer for what could never be
"O brother, ask no thing so bold!"
He gently said; but he could scold
No more, for then did Danger roar,
And raised his club, and all was o'er!

"Begone," cried he, "intruders twain!
Nor render words, for they be vain.
Begone! thou fool, Fair-Welcome, go!
Nor hither bring that stranger so!
Begone, or bear this savage blow!"

Fair-Welcome fled. I scrambled back
Athwart that hedge. There was no lack
Of oaths to make me hasten till
I got beyond that villain's will.

But woe was mine. No soul can know
The full weight of a lover's woe,
Who has not suffered as did I.
Alack! 'twere worthier I should die!

Yet lapped at, then, in that sad hour,
Dame Reason sped me from her tower;
And down she stepped. Not young, nor old
Not beg, nor slight was she. Of gold
A crown she wore. Her eyes were bright
As are the stars of morn and night.
All angel-souled, she saw my grief,
And spake these words for my relief.

"Fair friend, give Idleness the blame,
Who oped that gate whereby you came
Into this garden, where you knew
Sir Mirth, and all his foolish crew
But now forget the wanton wile
Of Love, that must to care beguile,
With naught of profit, knowledge none:
Its slender pleasure soon undone."

Much more than this she soothly said.
But, stubborn, I but shook my head.
I turned away; when hailed me two,
Franchise and Pity, servers true.
For me they spake with Danger word
Of plea so earnest it was heard;
And, with Fair-Welcome, once more they
Did lead me where that Rose-tree lay.

Now passed I from the pit of Hell
To Heaven so high! I mind me well
How nobler seemed that lovely Flower
Than e'er before: its perfumed power,
Its beauteous hue, seemed all too sweet
For one on this dull earth to greet!
"Fair-Welcome, friend, permit me now,"
I begged, "my head thereto to bow,
And kiss that Rose. O then that kiss
Would thrill my frame with perfect bliss!"

"Dear friend," said he, "ask no such thing
Lest wrong to Chastity you bring!
With kiss was never heart content."
And to his wish I then had bent
Straightway, had one not come anigh.
In jewelled robe of dainty dye,
Queen Venus; and her gracious hand
Upheld aloft a burning brand.
Said she, "Fair-Welcome, wherefore treat
This youth so harshly? Wherefore cheat
Him of a kiss, whose own lips red
Breathe as from some soft-petalled bed;
Whose teeth are white as *fleurs-de-lis*,
Which doth with kissing well agree?"

Then, thus adjured, Fair-Welcome gave
Allowance. O then what a wave
Of heavenly joy possessed my soul!
That kiss was mine! My heart was whole!
And gone was all my cloud of dole!

But now, alas! did that ensue
Which was to such sweet kissing due;
When Shame arose, my soul to scourge:
And Evil-Tongue, to hurt, and urge
Sour Jealousy to wake, and rise,
And greet Fair-Welcome in this wise.

"Now tell me, prithee, what you mean
To let a stranger here be seen?
I'll have you straight in prison set
Who know not whom to stay or let!

Stands Shame away ? What succour, she,
To her poor sister, Chastity ?
That man within this sacred place
Brings on you all a deep disgrace ! "

Thus spake she. And though well I tried
To soothe a creature so green-eyed
And cruel, she would but abuse
Us all, and argument refuse.
She worked on Shame and Fear, till they
Roused Danger once more to obey
Her evil hest. Again I found
Myself an outcast from that ground.
She sought for masons, far and wide,
To build around it, and to hide
With walls and towers from my sad sight
That scented dwelling of delight.
And in one tower did she immure
Fair-Welcome. She could not endure
One of so gracious face as he ;
A grief to her he could but be.
. . . .
And thus had I been sorrowing still
Had not Queen Venus, with the will
Which none may hinder, snatched the key
Of that high tower and set him free,
Fair-Welcome, and those others whom
Had Jealousy there put in gloom -
'Mongst many Beauty, whom before
I have had reason to adore.

To me she came : to me she gave
That Rose I did so dearly crave.
At last ! At last ! The prize was mine !
On bed of turf did I incline
With that fair Flower. Our red lips met,
Whilst rose-leaves were our coverlet
From May to June. Said Beauty then,
" Should savage Jealousy yet pen
Our pleasure in with wall and tower,
O'er perfect Love not ever lower
Is hers to work. Too late I deem
Shall all her spite and passion seem ! "
But here I woke me from my dream.

A Dispassionate Study of Christ's Humanity

SIR J. R. SEELEY

ECCE HOMO

PUBLISHED anonymously in 1865, Ecce Homo : a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ, excited keen and prolonged controversy. It presented Jesus Christ as a man of astonishing influence but not a divine Being, and by its insistence on recognition of the thorough humanity of Christ was regarded by the orthodox as too free while it was regarded as too orthodox by the unorthodox. Whatever view may be taken of its position now, admiration will always remain for its graceful, if expansive, style. Numerous cheap editions are available. Seeley belonged to the class of historians who regard history as the science of the state, as a study of the inception and development of its policies and tendencies rather than of the deeds of individuals. His Expansion of England (1883) and Growth of British Policy (1895) are written on these lines and show him as a deep and accurate thinker rather than as a student of records. Perhaps his most important historical work is The Life and Times of Stein (1879).

I—Preparing the Way



THE Christian Church sprang from a movement which was not begun by Christ. The drama of ancient society had been played out. There was a clear stage for a Universal Church. It was the glory of John the Baptist to have successfully revived the function of the prophet. Armed with the prophetic authority, he undertook a singular enterprise which we can see to have been the foundation of the Universal Church.

The Baptist addressed all who came to him in the same stern tone of authority. Young and old gathered round him, and all alike he exhorted to repentance ; all alike he found courage to baptise. In a single case, however, his confidence failed him. There appeared among the candidates a young man of nearly his own age, whom he addressed with reverence and declared himself unfit to baptise, and he pointed out Christ as the hope of the nation.

Now, what did this contemporary and sagacious observer exactly expect Christ to do ? He said that Christ bore a fan in His hand, with which He would winnow the nation, gathering the good around Him, separating and rejecting the bad. He believed that a sifting was necessary in view of the approaching downfall of the Jewish nationality. This anticipation precisely describes Christ's work, which consisted in collecting all the better spirits of the nation and bringing them under that revised covenant which we call Christianity.

Further, Christ was to baptise with a holy spirit and with fire. John felt his own baptism to have something cold and negative about it. It was a renouncing of definite bad practices. But more than this was wanting. It was necessary that an enthusiasm should be kindled. The phrase 'baptise with fire' seems at first sight to contain a mixture of metaphors. Baptism means cleansing, and fire means warmth. But moral warmth does cleanse. No heart is pure that is not passionate; no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic. And such an enthusiastic virtue Christ was to introduce.

The story of Christ's temptation is as unique as Christ's character, and just such a temptation as He might be expected to experience. From the time of His temptation, Christ appeared as a worker of miracles. We are to conceive Him, therefore, as becoming now for the first time conscious of miraculous powers. What is called Christ's temptation is the excitement of His mind which was caused by the nascent consciousness of supernatural power. This power He declines to use for His own convenience.

And it was because Christ refused to use His supernatural power in this way that His countrymen rejected Him. He deliberately determined to found His empire upon the consent and not the fears of mankind, and so raised Himself to a throne on which He has been seated for nigh two thousand years, and gained an authority over men greater far than they have allowed to any legislator, greater than prophecy had ever attributed to the Messiah Himself.

II—The Founding of the Kingdom

CHRIST formed a plan, and executed it. What was His plan? John's message to the nation had been, 'The Kingdom of God is at hand.' Now this proclamation Christ took up from his lips, and carried everywhere. What was it which they anticipated under the name of the Kingdom of God? To the Jews it meant that the theocracy was to be restored. Under what form did Christ propose to revive the theocracy? He conceived the theocracy restored as it had been in the time of David, with a visible monarch at its head. A hero-king was to represent to the nation their Jehovah. Their national divinity had been their king. The Jews of Christ's time conceived the Messiah as occupied with administration or conquest. On the other hand, Christ fixed His thoughts solely on the greater and more fundamental works of a heroic royalty. He declined to command armies, or preside in law courts, but higher works, the very works for which the nation chiefly hymned their Jehovah, He undertook in His name to do.

Since the time of the Mosaic legislation, man had come to consider or suspect himself to be immortal, and Christ, in describing Himself as a king, of the Kingdom of God, claimed the character first of Founder, next of Legislator, thirdly, in a certain high and peculiar sense, of Judge, of a new divine society.

Observe the prodigious originality of this scheme and the calm confidence with which the scheme was carried out. Christ presented Himself to men as the founder, legislator and judge of a divine society, and men have accepted Him in these characters; that divine society has been founded, has lasted nearly two thousand years, has extended over a large and the most highly civilized portion of the earth's surface, and continues full of vigour at the present day.

Between the design and its success there intervenes an astonishing instrumentality —that of miracles. Christ professed to work miracles. He was believed by His followers to work miracles. The accounts may be exaggerated; it is possible that in some special cases stories have been related which have no foundation; but any theory which would represent them as due entirely to the imagination of His followers leaves Christ a personage as mythical as Hercules.

BUT Christ imposed upon Himself a strict restraint in the use of His supernatural powers, and this temperance in the use of supernatural power is His masterpiece. This repose in greatness makes Him surely the most sublime image ever offered to the human imagination.

III—Christ's Call

CHRIST'S plan was to renew in a form adapted to the new time that divine society of which the Old Testament contains the history. Accordingly we find Him undertaking to issue a call to men such as was given to Abraham, to deliver a legislation such as Israel had received from Moses, and to occupy a personal relation of judge and master to every man such as in the earlier theocracy had been occupied by Jehovah Himself.

The call which the first Christians received differed from that received by Abraham in this respect, that it did not separate them from civil society. In summoning men to enrol themselves as members of the Kingdom of God, He did not command them to abandon the national societies in which they were already enrolled. What the Jew did on becoming a Christian was to enter into a new relation which was additional to those relations in which he stood already. The law of Christ became binding upon him, as well as the law of his country.

The call of Abraham was rigidly exclusive; Christ's infinitely comprehensive. The society which He formed was recruited from all classes; no one was repelled on account of his past life; no one was excluded who did but choose to enter. Yet those who became members of the society formed on the whole the sounder part of the nation. Christ did not go out of His way to choose His followers; the call itself sifted them; the call itself was the fan He bore in His hand. Christ demanded followers. His call imposed upon men the necessity of making a great resolution, of sacrificing a good deal.

And all those who found it attractive were such as were worthy to receive it. Christ rejected the test of correct conduct which society uses, and substituted the test of faith. He who, when goodness is impressively put before him, exhibits an instinctive loyalty to it, starts forward to take its side, trusts himself to it, such a man has faith, and the root of the matter is in him. The most neglected and ungifted of men may make a beginning with faith.

What was involved in obeying Christ's summons? So long as their Master was with them the creed of the first Christians was of the most unformed and elementary character. It is clear that those who consider an elaborate creed essential to the Christian character must pronounce Christ's first disciples utterly unworthy to bear the name of Christians. The first of all requirements made from the earliest Christians was faith, a loyal and free confidence in Christ, a certain personal attachment to Him. This virtue was taken by Christ and trained by His legislation and theology into something far riper and higher.

The object of Christ's divine society was that God's will may be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Compare Christ's methods of curing human nature with that of the philosophers. With Socrates argument is everything and personal authority nothing. With Christ personal authority is all in all and argument altogether unemployed. Socrates holds his place in history by his thoughts, and not by his life; Christ by His life and not by His thoughts. Philosophy hopes to cure the vices of human nature by working upon the head, and Christianity by educating the heart. Both endeavour to lead men to do what is right; but philosophy undertakes to explain what it is right to do, while Christianity undertakes to make men disposed to do it. One uses reason, the other uses living example. Christ gathered all men into a common relation to Himself. In Him should the loyalty of all hearts centre.

EXAMINING the legislation which Christ gave to His society, we find that, whereas the Mosaic system only revealed Jehovah in prohibition and penalty, the new Jehovah made His character known by 'going in and out' among the people.

'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.' This exhortation Christ was devoted to proclaiming. That Kingdom of God He elevates into the *summum bonum* of human life. Christ's follower sacrifices himself to the body of which he has become a member. Christ's kingdom is a brotherhood founded in devotion and self-sacrifice. Nothing less, indeed, would

have satisfied those disciples who had begun to feel the spell of His character. They had not gathered themselves round Him to be told how they might avoid the evils of life, but to know what they might do for Him, how they might serve.

It was no novelty when Christ described those who entered the Kingdom of God as standing in the relation of brothers to one another. The novelty lies here, that He does not ground the mutual obligations of men upon a common descent from Abraham. By substituting the Father in heaven for father Abraham, Christ made morality universal.

The first law of the Kingdom of God is that all men, however divided from each other by blood or language, have certain mutual duties arising out of their common relation to God. And in order that those who worshipped His person might not forget His fundamental law, Christ assumed a title expressing the universality of His dominion, as kings have often borne titles taken from the nations they have added to the empire, and called Himself the Son of Man.

By this edict of comprehension the City of God was set up before the eyes of men, a visible corporation whose members met together to eat bread and drink wine, and into which they were initiated by bodily immersion in water. Here the Gentile met the Jew whom he had been accustomed to regard as an enemy of the human race; the Roman met the lying Greek sophist, the Syrian slave, the gladiator born beside the Danube. In brotherhood they met, the natural birth and kindred of each forgotten, the baptism alone remembered in which they had been born again to God and to each other.

IV—Christ's Rule of Love

A UNIVERSAL society, then, being founded, by what rule is its social life to be guided? How are Christians to behave to each other? Instead of giving laws to His society, He would give to every member of it a power of making laws for himself. This law-making power He found an unerring tact or instinct of right action in an elevated and enthusiastic state of mind. All other faults and deficiencies He could tolerate, but He could have neither part nor lot with men destitute of enthusiasm. This enthusiastic or elevated condition of mind was the distinctive and essential mark of a Christian. He required that natural appetite, when unlawful, should not be merely left ungratified, but altogether destroyed, and a feeling of aversion substituted for it by the enthusiasm of virtue within the soul.

But now, of what nature is the enthusiasm Christ requires? What is the passion which can lift a man clean out of all sin? He who loves everybody will, of course, willingly injure nobody, that is, will not commit sin. And if we turn to Christ's discourses, we find Him mentioning this very passion as the essence of all legislation, or above the law-making power in man. The great commandment of the law, He says, is to love God with all your heart and your neighbour as yourself.

Here, then, it appears, is our panacea for all diseases of the soul; here is that passion which is to make laws superfluous. We are to love the *man*, or the ideal of man, in every man.

That Christ's method, when rightly applied, is really of mighty force may be shown by a comparison. Among all the men of the ancient heathen world there were scarcely one or two to whom we might venture to apply the epithet 'holy.' In other words, there were not more than one or two, if any, who besides being virtuous in their actions were possessed with an unaffected enthusiasm of goodness, and besides abstaining from vice, regarded even a vicious thought with horror.

PROBABLY no one will deny that in Christian countries this higher-toned goodness, which we call holiness, has existed. Few will maintain that it has been exceedingly rare. Perhaps the truth is that there has scarcely been a town in any Christian country since the time of Christ where a century has passed without exhibiting a character of such elevation that his mere presence has shamed the bad and made the good better, and has been felt at times like the presence of God Himself. And if this be so has Christ failed? Or can Christianity die?

Every Christian, we learn, then, has a divine inspiration which dictates to him in all circumstances the right course of action, which inspiration is the passion of humanity raised to a high energy by contemplation of Christ's character, and by the society of those in whom the same enthusiasm exists. It was this inspiration, this law-making power, that gave Christ and His disciples courage to shake themselves free from the Jewish law.

The Christian moral reformation may be summed up in this—humanity changed from a restraint to a motive. Condemnation was passed under the Mosaic law upon him who had sinned—'the soul that sinneth it shall die.' Christ's condemnation is pronounced upon those who had not done good. 'I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat.' Christ reduced to practice His own principle. He set the example of a life wholly governed by the passion of humanity. He had no personal prospects, no fortune to push, no ambitions. A new continent in the moral globe was discovered. Active morality took its place by the side of passive. To the duty of not doing harm, which may be called justice, was added the duty of doing good, which may properly receive the distinctively Christian name of charity.

We may go further, and say that the Christian view of morality has become universal, so that now no man is considered good, whether he bear the Christian name or not, who does not in some form or other exhibit an active love for his kind and go out of his way to do good.

V—Christ's Special Injunctions

But besides the great and one law of love, Christ delivered three special injunctions.

First, He enjoined His followers to apply themselves to relieving the physical needs and distresses of their fellow-creatures. Next, He commanded them to add new members to the Christian Church, and especially to seek the amendment of the neglected, outcast and depraved part of society. Thirdly, He enjoined them to forgive all personal injuries.

The particular modes of philanthropy which Christ prescribed to His followers were suggested by the special conditions of that age. The same spirit of love which dictated them, working in this age upon the same problems, would find them utterly insufficient. Prevention is better than cure, and it is now clear to all that a large part of human suffering is preventible by improved social arrangements. Charity will now, if it be genuine, fix upon this enterprise as greater, more widely and permanently beneficial, and therefore more Christian than the other.

The principal reason why the philanthropy prescribed by the Gospel is so rudimentary was probably because the first Christians were unripe for the conception of social reform. The enthusiasm of humanity, if it move us in this age, will not be contented with the rules and methods which satisfied those who first felt its power. The New Testament is not the Christian law; the precepts of apostles, the special commands of Christ, are not the Christian law. The Christian law is the spirit of Christ. What it dictates, and that alone, is law for the Christian.

And if the progress of science and civilization has put into our hands the means of benefiting our kind more and more comprehensively than the first Christians could hope to do, we are not to inquire whether the New Testament commands us to use these means, but whether the spirit of humanity commands it.

Philanthropy is the first and easiest lesson in positive morality. The second Christian obligation—the obligation to 'provoke others to love' is as much greater than the obligation of philanthropy as it is a better thing for a man to be good than to be prosperous. This Christ expresses not only through His law of edification for those who belong to the kingdom, but through a new law of mercy in dealing with those who are degraded and apparently lost.

He laid it as a duty upon the Church to reclaim the lost, because He did not think it Utopian to suppose that the Church might be, not in its best members only, but through its whole body, inspired by that ardour of humanity that can charm away the bad passions of the wildest



JOHN ROBERT SEELEY was born in London, September 10, 1834, and educated at the City of London School and Christ's College, Cambridge, where he had a distinguished academic career, becoming fellow and lecturer. In 1863 he became Professor of Latin at University College, London, and in 1869 he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge and held that post until his death. He was created K.C.M.G. in 1894 and died January 13, 1895.

heart, and open to the savage and the outlaw lurking in moral wilderness an entrancing view of the holy and tranquil order that broods over the streets and palaces of the city of God.

But it must not be supposed that in His love of mercy Christ was insensible to the law of resentment. When He contemplated the united phalanx of the legalists of His day He was carried out of Himself with pain and anger. The enthusiasm of humanity destroys a great deal of hatred, but it creates as much more. Selfish hatred is charmed away, but an unselfish anger begins to live.

It was in the treatment of injuries that Christ made His most striking innovation in morality. He prohibited all mortal feuds; irreconcilable enmities were henceforth forbidden. When the Christian spirit is spoken of now it is a forgiving spirit that is usually meant. The forgiveness of injuries, which was regarded in the ancient world as a virtue indeed but an almost impossible one, appears to the moderns in ordinary cases a plain duty; and whereas the ancients regarded with admiration the man who practised it, the moderns regard with dislike the man who does not. Where the injury forgiven is extreme the moderns regard the man who forgives as the ancients regarded the man who forgave an ordinary injury, that is, with extreme admiration, provided they are convinced of the genuineness of the forgiveness. On the whole, therefore, it appears that a new virtue has been introduced into human life. To the other great changes wrought in men's minds by Christ this is now to be added, the most signal and beneficent, if not the greatest, of all.

The achievement of Christ, in founding by his single will and power a structure so durable and so universal as the Christian Church, is like no other achievement which history records. The masterpieces of the men of action are coarse and common in comparison with it, and the masterpieces of speculation flimsy and insubstantial. When we speak of it the commonplaces of admiration fail us altogether. Shall we speak of the originality of the design, of the skill displayed in the execution? All such terms are inadequate. Originality and contriving skill operated indeed, but, as it were, implicitly. The creative effort which produced that against which, it is said, the gates of hell shall not prevail, cannot be analysed. No architects' designs were furnished for the New Jerusalem, no committee drew up rules for the Universal Commonwealth. If in the works of Nature we can trace the indications of calculation, of a struggle with difficulties, of precaution, of ingenuity, then in Christ's work it may be that the same indications occur. But these inferior and secondary powers were not consciously exercised; they were implicitly present in the manifold yet single creative act. The inconceivable work was done in calmness; before the eyes of men it was noiselessly accomplished, attracting little attention.

WHO can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech which is the symbol of their union? Who can describe exhaustively the origin of civil society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian Church. For others it must be enough to say, 'the Holy Ghost fell on those that believed.' No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe; it descended *out of heaven from God.*

MAXWELL GRAY

THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND

Outlined by the Author

MISS TUTTIETT had done much ephemeral work and had at least one novel, The Broken Tryst (1879) to her credit when in 1886 she made her pseudonym, Maxwell Gray, almost universally known by her novel The Silence of Dean Maitland. The essentially dramatic nature of the plot and the unaffected straightforward literary art with which it is developed fascinated the large reading public, while the ethical problems raised by the story provoked much discussion. Maxwell Gray wrote many other novels, the latest, The Diamond Pendant, appearing in 1918, but none of these attained the great popularity or showed the enduring quality of The Silence of Dean Maitland. The following epitome was prepared for these pages by Miss Tuttiett herself.

I—Impending Tragedy



THE story opens on a grey October afternoon in the Isle of Wight, in the 'sixties. Alma Lee, the coachman's handsome young daughter, is toiling up a steep hill overlooking Chalkburne, tired and laden with parcels from the town. As she leans on a gate, Judkins, a fellow-servant of her father's, drives up in a smart dog-cart, and offers her a lift home. She refuses scornfully, to the young groom's mortification; he drives off, hurt by her coquetry and prophesying that pride goes before a fall.

Then a sound of bells is heard—a waggon drawn by a fine bell-team climbs the hill, and stops by Alma. She accepts the waggoner's offer of a lift and, on reaching the gate of her home in the dusk, is distressed by his insistence on a kiss in payment, when out of the tree-shadows steps Cyril Maitland, the graceful and gifted son of the rector of Malbourne, newly ordained deacon.

He rebukes the waggoner, rescues Alma and escorts her across a field to her father's cottage. There he is welcomed with respectful affection as the rector's son and Alma's former playmate. Afterwards she lights him to the gate, where a chance word of his evokes from her an innocent and unconscious betrayal of her secret love, kindling such strong response in him as he cannot conquer except by touching a letter in his breast-pocket. This letter is from Marion Everard, to whom he has been a year engaged.

He walks through the dark to Malbourne Rectory, where, by the fire, he finds his invalid mother, his twin sister, Lilian, and two younger children. Here he appears the idol of the hearth—genial, graceful, gifted, beautiful and warm-hearted. But he betrays ambition, sudden and great haste to be married, and some selfishness. He walks to his lodgings in a neighbouring village, where trifling circumstances point to a refined sensuousness, self-indulgence and sophistry in his character, leading to the neglect of serious duty. The shadow of impending tragedy is hinted at from the first line of the book.

December in the following year. Cyril, now an East End curate, and Henry Everard, M.D., going by rail to Malbourne. Everard asleep; manly, cheerful, intellectual, healthy in body and mind. Cyril awake; consumed by unspeakable sorrow. Everard wakes; Cyril suddenly becomes gay in response to his friend's high spirits. They chaff each other. Cyril preaches to Everard, when Henry scolds him for fasting, on his laxity of faith and practice. They pass Belminster, when Cyril betrays unconscious ambition at Everard's jesting prophecy that he would preach as bishop in the cathedral. Asceticism is defended by Cyril and condemned by Everard. Cyril speaks of the discipline of sorrow, and presses a spiked cross under his clothes into his side. Everard exalts the discipline of joy. The friends have been privately educated together, and were together at Cambridge. Henry admires Cyril's character and mental brilliance; Cyril

regards Henry with condescending affection. Everard is in love with Lilian.

Cyril and Everard in the meantime have arrived at Malbourne Rectory. Cyril and Marion, who have not met since a quarrel, are alone together. She wonders that he makes so much of the little tiff. He talks of his unworthiness, and makes her promise to cleave to him through good and *evil* report. At dinner, Everard asks for all the villagers, and gathers that Alma Lee is disgraced.

"Alma, little Alma, the child we used to play with!" he cries afterwards to the men Maitlands. "Who is the scoundrel?"

Cyril grows impatient under the discussion that follows. "After all, *she is not the first!*" he says at last, to Everard's indignation.

Sunday. All classes meeting on the way to church, when Cyril preaches for the first time to his friends and neighbours, who throng to hear him. He preaches with passionate earnestness upon the beauty of innocence and the agony of losing it. "That once lost," he says, "the old careless joy of youth never returns."

THE village parliament in the moonlit churchyard after service comment with humour on the sermon and on Cyril's eloquence, learning and good heart. Granfer, the village oracle, prophesies that the queen will make a bishop of him. Ben Lee, talking with Judkins by the harness-room fire, supposes that Cyril was thinking of Alma in his sermon. "He always had a kind heart." Judkins speaks of his suspicions of Everard as Alma's betrayer, and alludes to his frequent visits to Mrs. Lee during her illnesss some months ago, and his constant meeting with Alma. Lee is convinced of Everard's guilt. "I'll kill him!" he cries furiously.

II—Sin-Engendered Sin

IT is a lovely winter's day, and Cyril, Lilian and Everard are walking through the woods at the back of Lee's cottage. Cyril puts something into a hollow tree and imitates a chaffinch's call. Another bird replies. Cyril walks on to Oldport, leaving Everard and Lilian.

During this episode, Mrs. Lee, Alma's stepmother, tells her husband that Alma is gone to meet her unknown lover in the wood at the signal of a chaffinch's call. Lee follows, and finds Alma there *alone*. He picks up a paper she had torn and dropped; it contains an assignation for that evening at dusk.

Before luncheon Everard changes the grey suit he was wearing, and had stained in a muddy ditch. He goes to a lonely cottage on the downs in the afternoon; returning in the evening, he gets a black eye while romping with little Winnie Maitland. After bathing the eye, he sponges the stained suit, and is surprised to find blood on it.

Cyril has been absent in Oldport all day, and on his return goes to bed with a headache, speaking to nobody. A man in Henry's grey suit passes through the hall at dusk, followed by the cat, who never runs after anyone but Lilian and Cyril.

That evening, New Year's eve, there is a gay party of rusties at the wheelwright's house. In the midst of Granfer's best story in rushes Grove, the waggoner, crying that Ben Lee has just been found murdered in the wood. The same night Alma gives birth to a son.

Next day, Cyril, in great mental anguish, goes to Admiral Everard's house, and incidentally puts to a brother clergyman there a case of conscience: Should a man who has acted unwisely, and is guilty of unintentional homicide, imperil a useful and brilliant career by confession? Not if he had such great gifts and opportunities of doing good as Cyril has, he is told. By this pronouncement and a love scene with Marion, Cyril is much comforted.

In the meantime, Ben Lee's death is by many being imputed to Everard, who is quite unconscious of these suspicions. He is much surprised at the appearance of policemen at the rectory that afternoon, and still more so at being arrested on the charge of murdering Lee.

After due examination, Everard is committed for trial on the charge of murder. His best witness, Granfer, who had seen and spoken with him in the village at the moment of the alleged murder, greatly discredited his evidence by his

circumlocution and stupidity, purposely affected to set the court in a roar. He admitted that Everard gave him money and tobacco. Judkins swore that at three o'clock Lee told him Everard had asked Alma to meet him at dusk that evening in the wood, and that he—Lee—meant to follow Everard there and exact reparation from him; that Alma and Everard were known to be together in the wood on the morning of Lee's death (when Everard was with Lilian), and that he himself had often seen them meet clandestinely in the spring during Mrs. Lee's illness. On the day of Lee's death he had seen Everard go into the copse at dusk carrying a heavy stick.

INGRAM SWAYNESTONE, Grove the waggoner and Stevens the sexton, all saw Everard going on the upland path to Swaynestone. But the blacksmith swore to seeing him in the village street at the same hour. A keeper saw him going to the copse at the same time that a shepherd met him on the down going in another direction. At five o'clock two rectory maids saw Everard run in by the back door and upstairs, followed by the cat; he made no reply when Miss Maitland spoke to him. An hour later, Everard asked the cook for raw meat for a black eye, which he said he got by running against a tree in the dark. Blood was found in a basin in his room, and on the grey suit, which was much stained and torn. A handkerchief of Everard's was found in the wood, also a stick he had been seen with in the morning.

Everard's evidence at the inquest was that he left Malbourne Rectory about four, wearing a black coat, met the blacksmith in the village and the shepherd on the down, and finding the cottage on the down empty, returned, seeing no one till he met Granfer at Malbourne Cross, and reached the rectory at six, where a romp with Winnie Maitland gave him the black eye, which he promised her not to speak about. He could not account for the blood found on his clothes.

Cyril is much shocked by the verdict and committal of Everard, but is sure that he will be cleared. "He must be cleared," he says, "*at any cost.*" Pending the assize trial, he baptises three unknown babes in Malbourne Church. When asking the name of one of the children in his arms, he is told 'Benjamin Lee.' His evident deep emotion at this evokes sympathy from all present.

During the trial at Belminster he has a great spiritual conflict in the cathedral while a fugue of Bach's is played on the organ, suggesting a combat between the powers of evil and good. But he feels that he *cannot* renounce his brilliant prospects. Coming out, he hears that Alma has declared Everard is the man who was with her father when he met his death in the struggle she heard while outside the copse.

Cyril at once rushes to the court, which he had only left for an hour, just in time to hear the verdict, "Manslaughter."

"Stop!" he cries. "I have evidence—the prisoner is innocent!"

The judge, not understanding what he says, orders his removal; his friends, thinking him distracted, persuade him to be quiet while the utmost sentence—twenty years—is given. On hearing this, Cyril, with a loud cry, falls senseless. He remains in delirium many weeks. A pathetic farewell between Henry and Lilian, who is the only believer in his innocence, and who renews her promise to him, closes the first part.

THE tragedy, faintly foreshadowed from the first line, and gradually developed from Cyril's self-righteousness and irrepressible joy in Alma's unguarded betrayal of unconscious passion, has darkened the whole story. Sin has engendered sin. Cyril's noble purpose to devote himself entirely to his high calling, and be worthy of it, has become pitiless ambition.

His weak and belated attempt to right Alma's wrong has killed her father. Alma's desecrated love has turned to fierce idolatry, laying waste Lilian's happiness and working Henry's complete ruin. Cyril's cowardice has delayed clearing his friend till it is too late to save him.

> Not Poppy, not mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world

will ever medicine again to him that sweet sleep he had before his guilt.

III—The Darkness of a Prison

A SUMMER Sunday two years later. Alma and her child in a cornfield, listening to bells ringing for Cyril's home-coming with his bride. All the softness and youth gone from Alma's tragic face, and the last gleams of penitence from her heart, since her perjury. Jealousy is prompting her to go and tell Marion all. But Judkins comes and interrupts these wild thoughts. He offers marriage, rehabilitation and a home in America. She hesitates. She is shunned by all and can get no work in Malbourne, but has not been destitute; money has found its way mysteriously to her cottage. So for the child's sake she accepts.

Tea on the rectory lawn. Lilian is thinking of the prisoner, Lennie wondering aloud:

"How does Alma *like* having to go to hell for lying about Henry?"

Cyril is terribly agitated at this. He has scarcely yet recovered from his long mental illness after Henry's sentence. Marion is *not happy* she may never allude to Henry. The slightest reference to him makes Cyril ill. Later, in the moonlight, Ingram Swaynestone asks Lilian, whom he has always loved, to marry him. He cannot believe that she is secretly engaged to Henry. She points towards Henry's prison.

"I am all that man has on earth, and I love him!" she says.

Nine years later. Convicts pulling down the old walls of Portsmouth. An officer's funeral passes by. No. 62—Henry—overhears people speaking of the manner of the officer's death and his name, Major Everard. Tears fall on the convict's hands as he works. Alma's perjury in court had revealed all to Henry, and reduced him to apathetic despair.

"There is no God—no good anywhere!" he cried.

But in time Lilian's periodic letters gave him heart and hope, and he had accepted his fate bravely, trying to lift up and cheer his fellow-prisoners.

In the darkness and uproar of a thunderstorm he escapes from the guarded works. In the course of his adventures he comes, accidentally and unrecognized, in contact with his brother's widow, his sister, and her children, who prattle of family matters in his hearing and, after a few weeks' wandering, he is recaptured while lying on the roadside unconscious from hunger and exhaustion. This part of the story concludes with the reception of this news by Lilian and Cyril, whose unintentional neglect has caused the miscarriage of a letter that would have enabled Henry to escape.

IV—'I Will Confess My Wickedness'

EVERARD is free and, wearing the grey suit of a discharged prisoner, is travelling from Dartmoor to London by train. Marion, his brother, Leslie, Mrs. Maitland and the admiral are all dead. Everything is strange and changed to him. Liberty is sweet and bitter. He is prematurely aged and broken down; the great future that had been before him is now for ever impossible. His still undeveloped scientific theories and discoveries have been anticipated by others. He feels the prison taint upon him; he will not see Lilian until it is removed and he has become accustomed to the bewilderment of freedom.

After a few days' pause he starts from London for Malbourne, stopping at Belminster, through which he had made his last free journey with Cyril, when he told him that 'an ascetic is a rake turned monk.' Passing the gaol in which he had suffered so much, he goes to the cathedral. He asks who is now Dean of Belminster.

The verger is surprised.

"Where have you been, sir, not to have heard of the celebrated Dean Maitland?"

The great dean! The books he has written, the things he has done! All the world knows Dean Maitland, the greatest preacher in the Church of England.

The deanery interior. Cyril, charming and adored as ever, is considering whether he shall accept the historic bishopric of Warham. A strange youth from America is announced, and asks the dean to give him a university education—"because I am your son."

"Since when," returns the dean tranquilly, "have you been suffering from this distressing delusion?"

The youth bears a letter from Alma. She is dying in Belminster and implores him to come to her. She cannot die, she writes, till she has cleared Everard. After this terrible scene Cyril is in agony, and nearly commits suicide.

"But one sin in a life so spotless!" he moans.

The same evening Everard, overwhelmed with accounts of Cyril's good deeds and spiritual counsels, and examining with mingled awe and pity the numerous books he has written, goes to hear one of the Anglican Chrysostom's lectures to working men in the cathedral.

The music heard by Cyril during his mental conflict there years before is being played. Cyril think's Lee's death and Henry's sufferings the work of Fate, since in wearing Everard's clothes he had no thought of impersonating him, but only of avoiding the publicity of clerical dress; nor had he dreamt of meeting or of struggling with Ben Lee. Meaning to go to Alma, who is already dead, later on that night, Cyril preaches upon the sin of Judas, with great power and passion. "I charge you, my brothers, beware of *self-deception!*" Everard pities him; he feels that his own eighteen years' sufferings were nothing in comparison with Cyril's secret tortures. Suddenly the preacher stops with a low cry of agony. He has caught Everard's eye. He wishes the cathedral would fall and crush him. "I am not well," he says, leaving the pulpit. Everard writes him a letter that night, saying he has long known and forgiven all; he asks Cyril to use his own secret repentance and agony for the spiritual help of others.

THE dean receives and reads the letter at breakfast next morning. He then shuts himself alone in his study for several hours. Then he takes leave of his blind son and only surviving daughter and sends them away to a relative. Everard, after waiting vainly for Cyril's answer, goes to Malbourne.

Nobody recognizes him there. He hears his case discussed at the village inn, where he stops an hour, too much agitated to go to the rectory. "He never done it," is the general verdict.



MARY GLEED TUTTIETT, who wrote under the pseudonym of Maxwell Gray, was born at Newport, Isle of Wight, in 1847, the daughter of Mr. F. B. T. Tuttiett, M.R.C.S. She began her literary career by contributing essays, poems, articles and short stories to various periodicals, and in 1886 established her place among notable contemporary novelists with The Silence of Dean Maitland. An industrious writer of retiring disposition, Miss Tuttiett died in September 1923.

Then follows the pathetic meeting of Henry and Lilian. Mr. Maitland had gradually ceased to believe in his guilt. "But I could never forgive the man who let you suffer in his stead," he says. Lilian shudders at this. Cyril is discussed. "Our Chrysostom; our golden-mouth!"

Next day, Sunday, old friends welcome Everard. He has a great reception from the villagers. Lilian presses him to say who is the guilty man. Mark Antony, the cat, is still alive. "Only once did Mark make a mistake," she says, "when he ran after *that grey figure in the dusk*. Else he never ran after any but myself and Cyril. Henry, you *know* who killed Ben Lee. Tell me," she sobs; "oh, tell me it was not *he!*"

Henry cannot tell her. Lilian is deeply distressed. "His burden was heavier than mine," Henry says.

The same day, at morning prayer, Cyril enters the cathedral. The organ is playing Mendelssohn's 'O Lord, have mercy upon me!' The cathedral is packed with people of all degrees, known and unknown, friends and strangers. The thought that all these will soon know his shame turns Cyril sick.

The faces of all those he has injured rise and reproach him. He goes through another great spiritual conflict, but his soul emerges at last, stripped of all pretence, in the awful presence of his Maker, shuddering with the shame of its uncovered sin, and alone. He nerves himself to an effort beyond his strength, as he stands in the pulpit before the innumerable gaze of the vast congregation, by holding Henry's letter as a talisman in his hand.

Thus he preaches his last and greatest sermon. 'I will confess my wickedness, and be sorry for my sin.' This he does literally. He tells the whole story in detail but without names, sometimes unable to go on for agony and shame. He tells it there that all may take warning from him. He intends to give himself up to justice as soon as possible. He does not spare himself. Since his first sin, he says, "I have not had one happy hour." He never repented, though always consumed with remorse, until his friend forgave him. "That broke my stony heart," he says. The congregation are deeply moved and horrified. Many think he is under a delusion caused by sorrow for his friend and mental strain. Having finished in the usual way, he sat down in the pulpit, and neither spoke nor moved again. There he was found later, dead.

Next day Henry, who, deeply moved, has watched by the dead body of the dean in his library, has to break the news of Cyril's death to Mr. Maitland, in the very room in which Mr. Maitland had accused him of Cyril's crime. The father's mind gives way under the blow, and he lives tranquilly on for some years in the belief that Cyril has only gone away for a few days.

The story ends with a family scene by Lake Leman, where Henry and Lilian, happily married, are living for a time with Mr. Maitland and Cyril's children, from whom Henry has concealed their father's guilt.

A Thrilling Record of Marvellous Discoveries

PAUL DU CHAILLU

EQUATORIAL AFRICA

PUBLISHED in 1861 under the lengthy title, Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa, with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, Crocodile and Other Animals, the work of which an epitome follows provoked much discussion on the score of its veracity, du Chaillu's accounts of pygmies and gorillas being widely discredited, though he was supported by Professor Owen and Sir Roderick Murchison. Subsequent investigation has proved the correctness of his statements of facts of natural history. In 1867 du Chaillu published A Journey to Ashangoland, and Further Penetration into Equatorial Africa, containing the record of his second journey. His later books include The Land of the Midnight Sun, 1881, The Viking Age, 1889, and The Land of the Long Night, 1900. Equatorial Africa is published by John Murray, by whose permission this outline is included.

I—Through Swamp and Hill-Land



I LEFT America for the western coast of Africa in the month of October 1855. My purpose was to spend some years in the exploration of the region lying between latitude 2° north and 2° south, and stretching back from the coast to the mountain range called the Sierra del Crystal, and as far beyond as I could penetrate. I took up my residence for some months with the American Presbyterian missionaries at Baraka, near the mouth of the Gaboon river, in order to be thoroughly acclimatised before setting out on my interior explorations, and to study closely the habits, customs and languages of the native tribes.

My first journey was the exploration of the Muni river, and I proceeded from the Gaboon to Corisco, an island in the bay of that name into which the Muni discharges its waters. There I engaged a chief named Mbango and a crew of blackfellows to convey me to my first stage inland, and we set sail from Corisco on July 27, 1856. Crossing the bay, our canoe entered the mouth of the Muni.

Some days later, we came to the village of a chief named Dayoko, who detained me till August 18, when I was permitted to depart, accompanied by his two sons.

We canoed up the Ntambounay after leaving the Muni river, and the scenery in some parts was beautiful. Two days after, we turned into the Noonday river, which narrowed so much that advance was a battle with the jungle and a passage through a swamp rather than fair navigation. Finally, we reached King Mbene's town, after a tramp of some miles through the jungle from the river bank, and were received in grand African style. On August 24 I started for the mountains. My party consisted of Mbene's two sons, Miengai and Maginda, another youth, and half a dozen stout women, who are the beasts of burden in this part of Africa.

The direction we took carried us over a series of granite hills and tablelands. The country was densely wooded, and strewn along the higher ground with immense boulders, which gave an additional wildness to the scene. Up, and up, and up we struggled through a forest more silent than I recollect to have noticed in Africa before or since.

At last I heard a subdued roar as of falling water, and turning a sharp corner one of the grandest views I ever saw burst upon our sight. It was not a waterfall, but an immense mountain torrent dashing down hill at an angle of 25 or 30 degrees, for not less than a mile right before us, like a vast, seething, billowy sea. These were the head-waters of the Ntambounay, and in another hour we reached the summit, 5,000 feet above the ocean level.

For days thereafter we pushed on over the third range of the Sierra under great difficulties. Our food was exhausted, my men and women continued to gather a few nuts, and I was at the end of my biscuits. The forest seemed to be deserted, not even a bird to kill. One morning my fellows killed a monkey, which, roughly roasted on the coals, tasted delicious.

That evening we came upon a settlement of Mbicho, who gave us some plantains, but I could not get what I needed most—a fowl. The Urbichos were in great amazement. None had ever seen a white man before, and they thought me singular. We spent the evening in our houses in drying ourselves. It was better than the forest, even though it was a deserted town.

II—Cannibals and Gorillas

We were now in the Fan country, and suddenly came upon a Fan warrior with his two wives. Immediately they saw me all three quaked with deadly terror. It afterwards appeared that they thought I was a spirit who had just come down from the sky. I gave the women some strings of white beads, which did more than anything else to ease their fears. Great crowds from the neighbouring villages came to see me. They were the most remarkable people I had seen in Africa; much lighter in shade than any of the coast tribes; strong, tall, well made. The men have their teeth filed, which gives the face a ghastly and ferocious look. The women are smaller than the men and, with the exception of the inhabitants of Fernando Po, I never saw such ugly females.

During the next few days we observed gorilla tracks, and followed them up. Suddenly, as we were creeping along, the woods were filled with the tremendous roar of the gorilla. Then the underbrush swayed rapidly, and before us stood an immense male gorilla, which looked us boldly in the face. He was nearly six feet high, and presented a sight I shall never forget. With immense body, huge chest, great muscular arms, fiercely glaring, large, deep-grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face, it seemed to me some nightmare vision. He was not afraid of us, but beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass drum, which is their mode of offering defiance, meantime giving vent to roar after roar. This roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. In other hunts I have heard the roar three miles distant, and the beat of the breast quite a mile away.

This one's eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down,

while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. He reminded me of nothing but of some hellish dream-creature, half-man, half-beast, which old artists pictured in representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps, then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped at about six yards from us. Just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired, and with a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively, and then death had done its work!

I was invited to visit the principal Fan village, where my appearance created great excitement. The king, a ferocious-looking fellow, received me with his queen in the palaver house. All the Fan villages are strongly fenced, and by night a careful watch is kept. They openly practise cannibalism, and piles of human bones, mixed with other offal, are thrown at the sides of the houses. Dead bodies are bought in neighbouring towns, or from neighbouring tribes, and are openly cut up in the streets. The bodies of a great many slaves from the Mbichos and Mbondemos are purchased, for which they readily give ivory at the rate of a small tusk for each.

The Fans are the finest, bravest-looking set of negroes I have seen in the interior, and eating human flesh seems to agree with them. They are very superstitious. Accusation of witchcraft is very common, and the death penalty is sternly executed. They set little value on life, and as the dead body has its commercial value this consideration has its weight in passing sentence of death. The chief village of each family of the Fans had a huge idol, to whose temple all that family gather at certain periods to worship.

THE Oshebas, an adjoining tribe, are also cannibals. I had intended penetrating farther into the interior, but could find no followers. It was said that the tribes beyond were warlike, and used poisoned arrows, so on September 18 we left the Fan country and returned to Mbene's town on the last day of the month. Early in October Mbene and I broke together the plantain of friendship for the last time. I started for Corisco Bay, and it was with no slight feeling of gratitude to God, that I looked once more on the ocean.

III—Slavers and Hunters

HAVING dispatched to Corisco all my natural history specimens collected during my previous journeys, I sailed down the coast on October 30 by canoe to the mouth of the Moondah river, where I stayed at a Shekiani village till November 5, when I started on a voyage up stream. In the high lands on either side of the river, the banks of which are one vast unhealthy swamp, there are abundant india rubber vines; and amongst the woods on the prairies I shot wild buffaloes, wild boars and a large number of birds, many of which were new to science.

From the Moondah I returned to Baraka on the Gaboon. Here my stay was only long enough to prepare for a trip to Cape Lopez, where I was anxious to see for myself the barracoons of the slave-traders. From the Gaboon south to the delta of the Nazareth river, the interior is hilly, rolling land, with immense prairie tracts. These clearings are lined with evergreen forests, which shelter the elephant, leopard and other varied fauna.

The whole of this district is given to the slave trade. The slave factory at Cape Lopez and other points on the coast is the chief commercial establishment, and the buying, selling and transporting of slaves for the barracoons is the most profitable business. During my stay at Cape Lopez a slaving schooner of about 170 tons burden hove to a few miles from shore. Immediately I saw issue from one of the factories gangs of slaves to a point on the shore nearest the vessel—the men chained in groups of six. A more pitiable sight I never saw; the slaves seemed terrified almost out of their senses. Six hundred of them were stowed in the narrow hold of the schooner, which, hoisting a white flag, sailed away for the South American coast.

When I asked King Bango permission to go into the interior beyond the delta

of the Nazareth river on a hunt, he immediately gave me twenty-five men, including three of his own slaves, reputed the greatest hunters in the country.

In the dense forest, or on the beautiful prairies, I shot what the natives called a *ngivo*, a singular animal of the size of a donkey, with shorter legs, no horns, and black, with a yellow spot on the back—probably a new animal—gazelles, elephants, hippopotami, antelopes, wild buffalo, etc. But my greatest joy was the bagging of the crested guinea-fowl, the handsomest of all that genus yet discovered, and another new bird, a black wild fowl, with a bare, bright, scarlet head.

The Shekiani tribe, amongst whom I now found myself, is divided into clans, and marriage between members of the same clan is prohibited. The negroes have a particular delight in lying round a comfortable fire and telling wild stories of hunting adventures, witchcraft and evil spirits. After a successful hunt I would distribute among the men a good portion of Kentucky tobacco, and in a few minutes all were lying about the fire smoking, with that peculiar air of utter content into which the African falls so readily, with a pipe going and weird stories being told.

Returning towards the coast I came across a grove which had been the burial place of one of the great slave markets. The mouldering bones were piled high, monuments of the nefarious traffic. At Fetich Point is the burying ground of the chiefs of the Oroungou, which the natives hold in great reverence, conceiving that here the spirits of their ancestors wander about. The coffin of a King Pass-All was surrounded on every side with great chests which contained the property of his deceased majesty. Amongst these, and on the top of them, were piled huge earthenware jugs and other precious things which this old Pass-All had determined to carry at last to the grave with him. And there also lay around the skeletons of the hundred slaves who had been killed when the king died, that he might not pass into the other world without due attendance.

IV—Up the Ogobay River

My next tour was to the Camma country and the region watered by the great Ogobay river. On February 18, 1858, on a beautiful spot in the high prairie above Biagano, King Ranpano's town, facing the Fernand Vaz, one of the mouths of the Ogobay, I erected my headquarters, consisting of my own house of five rooms, stores, out-houses, etc., forming quite a village, which I called Washington. It was April 13 before I was able to take possession of my quarters.

For some time I explored the rivers of the delta and hunted the wild buffalo on the prairies. On one occasion one of my followers wounded a bull, and in a moment the infuriated animal had him on his horns and tossed him high into the air thrice ere I could draw his fury to myself. My guns do not hesitate and, as I had a fair shot, I killed it without trouble.

On May 4 I had one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life. Some hunters who had been out on my account brought in a young gorilla alive. All the hardships I had endured in Africa were rewarded when I saw the struggling little brute dragged into the village. He was between two and three years old, two feet six inches in length, and stubborn as a grown animal could have been. A cage was made for Joe, as I had named him, but he rushed savagely at anyone who stood even for a moment near it, and seemed ready to tear us all to pieces. Twice the furious little beast escaped by breaking the bamboo bars of his cage, and it required 150 men to surround and capture him. Then he was chained, but ten days afterwards he died suddenly.

On May 27 I called King Ranpano and his people together, and gave them charge of my property, declaring that if anything were stolen during my absence I would surely shoot the thief. Then I started on my trip up the Npoulounay, a branch of the Ogobay. I had twelve stout paddlers in my canoe, which was laden with provisions for myself and trade goods for the people I was to meet. The stream had scarcely any current, and narrowed till it became not more than a crooked

ditch two yards wide, and then suddenly we emerged into the lake of Anengue, a vast body of water dotted with beautiful wooded isles. On one side the lake was bounded by hills, but on the other there was a dreary extent of low marsh. June, July and the first half of August were spent in exploring the lake and its islands and the coastal districts. In the dry season the water of the lake shrinks, disclosing numberless mud banks, on which swarm incredible numbers of crocodiles, many of them twenty feet long.

During an excursion in the hills I shot a curious nest-building ape. The natives call it *Nshiego Mbouvé*, and I named it *Troglodytes calvus*. The nest is generally built on a high tree about twenty feet from the ground. The material consists of leafy branches with which to make the roof, and vines to tie those branches to the tree. The tying is done so neatly, and the roof is so well constructed that until I saw the ape actually occupying his habitation, I could scarcely persuade myself that human hands had not built it. The male and female do not occupy the same tree, but have nests not far apart. They build only in the loneliest parts of the forest, are very shy, and are seldom seen even by the negroes. I returned to Biagano on August 16, where I was laid up till September 9 with dysentery and malignant fever contracted in the Anengue marshes.

Ishungui, who had taken care of my house in my absence, died of a lung fever. After six days' mourning it became necessary to discover the person who had bewitched the good man. A great doctor was sent for from the lake district, and when all was ready for the trial I went down to look at him. Never was there a more ghastly object; he was literally like the devil! Near by stood a fellow beating a board with two sticks. After continuing their incantations for a time, the doctor declared that he could not find any 'witch man,' but that an evil spirit dwelt in the village, and many of the people would die if they continued there. The people were scared, and the next day they removed all their property, tore down their houses, and by nightfall I was actually left alone in my house with my two native boys. I induced some of the men by bribes to come and build themselves houses near my place and by October 8 the village was complete. To my surprise, I was made king of it.

V—Into Unknown Central Africa

TOWARDS the end of January 1858 King Quengueza, the potentate of a large territory some ninety miles up the River Rembo, invited me to visit his country, and promised safe conduct towards the unknown centre of Africa, which no white man had ever visited before. Preparations for the expedition took time, but on February 26, 1858, I set out with a complete African explorer's outfit in two large canoes; and on the 29th arrived at Goumbi, where King Quengueza received me in a most triumphant manner.

Goumbi is the capital of the Abouya tribe, of which Quengueza is the chief, and it is singular that among these people descent and heritance are taken from the mother. In this country there is an intoxicating poison made from a leaf of a plant called *mboundou*, which is believed to confer on the drinker, if it does not kill, the power of divination. It is much used in the trial of persons accused of witchcraft. If the man dies after drinking the decoction he is declared a witch; if he survives he is innocent. Many witch doctors are able somehow to drink this poisonous draft with comparative impunity, although others expire almost immediately.

On March 22 I continued my voyage up the Rembo, Quengueza and other chiefs accompanying me with quite a fleet of canoes, and established my headquarters at a town named after the chief, Obindji. In one of my excursions my ears were saluted by the singular cry of an ape. 'Koola-kooloo, koola-kooloo,' it said several times. Looking up to a high branch of a tree I saw a large ape, fired, and the poor beast fell with a heavy crash to the ground. I saw at once that it was not a *nshiego* or a chimpanzee, or a gorilla. Again I had a happy day, marked for ever with red in my calendar. It was a

full-grown male, four feet three inches high, with a round head, whiskers on face and below the chin, prominent cheek-bones, and black hair. I also secured several new birds, and a remarkable animal of the squirrel kind which hunts in the woods the carcases of elephants and gnaws the ivory, often destroying the finest tusks.

I made an excursion up the Ofoubou river, a tributary of the Rembo, and stayed for some time at the village of a chief named Mdango, where the inhabitants of all the towns for many miles round came to worship at regular periods the tribal idol—a female figure of wood, life size, but with cloven feet like those of a deer. The women have a peculiar worship of a spirit which they call Njambai, which spirit is indeed venerated by the women of all the Gakalai clans from the far interior to the sea-coast. Their worship is a mystery, and no men are admitted to the ceremonies.

During one of the hunts, one of my men, in shooting at an immense gorilla, missed fire, and the monster sprang at him, gave him a tremendous blow with his open paw, frightfully lacerating the whole body, seized his gun and, in his rage, flattened the barrel between his strong jaws. The man died, and next day the monster gorilla was tracked and shot.

This country has an abundance of snakes. Only a few are harmless. The largest python I saw killed on the Rembo was over thirty-three feet in length. I secured many new varieties of tiger-cats, iguanas, rats, the chief of which was fifteen inches long, and a dozen new varieties of monkeys. I also shot and preserved the hitherto unknown Bongo antelope, by far the handsomest of its species yet discovered in Africa.

DURING all these expeditions I frequently suffered from what the natives call *gouamba*, the inordinate longing and craving of exhausted nature for meat. Vegetable diet in these countries is not of a satisfying nature at best, and my followers and myself were for days and weeks frequently on the verge of starvation.

At last I began to feel the want of a long and thorough repose. So in the beginning of August 1859 I started from Obindji's town and, after a canoe voyage down the river, reached Biagano on the 13th.

VI—The Horrors of Witchcraft

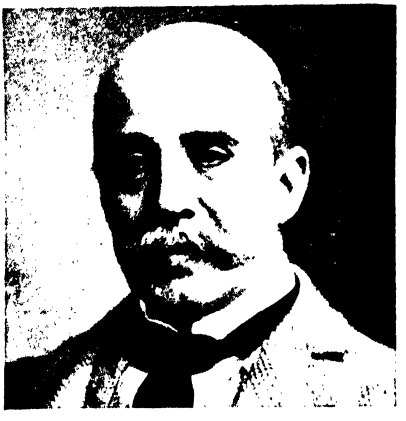
MY health restored, my spirits in some measure recovered, and eager for further travel in the region beyond Obindji's town towards the head waters of the great Rembo river, I organized a new expedition and on October 10, 1859, started from Biagano and reached Goumbi three days later.

Next morning an old friend of mine, a chief named Mpomo, died, and on the day of his burial proceedings were begun to discover the person who had bewitched the poor fellow. The relatives and the population generally could not be persuaded that a young man, hale and hearty, could die by natural causes; it must, they said, have been caused by sorcerers. A great doctor was brought from up the river to discover them.

In the centre of the town the fetish doctor began his incantation. At a motion from him the people at once became quite still. The silence lasted a minute; then the loud, harsh voice of the doctor was heard, "There is a very black woman who lives in a house"—which he described—"she bewitched Mpomo." The crowd, roaring and screaming like so many hideous beasts, rushed frantically to the houses indicated, and seized a poor girl named Okandaga, the sister of my own guide, bound her with cords and brought her forward.

Again silence fell upon the crowd, and the devilish doctor shouted, "There is an old woman in such a house, she also bewitched Mpomo." Again the crowd rushed off, and seized a niece of King Quengueza, who was then ill of a fever a hundred miles away. She was a noble-hearted and majestic old woman. She submitted without tear or murmur for mercy.

A third time dreadful silence fell upon the town, and the doctor's voice was heard, "There is a woman with six children. She lives on a plantation towards the rising sun. She, too, be-



PAUL BELLONI DU CHAILLU was born July 31, 1835. Driven by he went to a French settlement at the mouth of the Gaboon on the west coast of Africa, where his father held a consular appointment, and there he was educated by Jesuit missionaries and acquired a knowledge of the native languages and races. From 1855–59 he conducted a systematic exploration of the principal rivers of Equatorial Africa under the auspices of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia, and undertook another similar journey from 1863–65. After some years' residence in America he explored Northern Europe in 1872 and in 1878 began to travel in Russia. He died in St. Petersburg, April 29, 1903.

witched Mpomo." Again there was a furious shout, and in a few minutes they brought to the river one of Quengueza's slave women, a good and much-respected person, whom I also knew.

The victims were then put into a large canoe, with the executioners, the doctor and a number of other people, all armed. Three other canoes, crowded with armed men, surrounded it. The tam-tams were beaten, the poisoned cup, *mboundou*, was prepared and administered to the victims.

It was the most exciting scene of my life. A dead silence now occurred. Suddenly the slave fell down. She had not touched the boat's bottom ere her head was knocked off by a dozen rude swords. Next came the king's niece. Meantime, poor Okandaga staggered and struggled, vainly resisting the working of the poison in her system. Last of all she too fell, and in an instant her head was hewed off.

From Goumbi I voyaged by canoe up the Rembo into Ashiraland—a great plain, the finest and most delightful I have seen in all Africa. It is surrounded on all sides by high mountains, covered with dense masses of forests, which lend a solemn majesty to the scene. From Ashira I penetrated after many adventures into the land of the Apingi, where I shot many gorillas in the mountains, ascended the Apingi branch of the Rembo river, a stream 350 yards wide, was received everywhere as a spirit from some other world, and was offered slaves to kill and eat in order to make my heart glad!

After this I explored the mountain ranges inhabited by the Isogo tribes. The gloom of the woods was quite appalling. Our food was exhausted, and all that I had been able to shoot on the last day of the year 1858 were two little birds. I had attained my *ultima thule*, and on New Year's Day, 1859, determined to retrace my steps.

Weak from want, and footsore, I could scarcely crawl. I gave my men a gun to shoot anything alive they might see. They returned with a small monkey and a serpent twelve feet long. The snake made them a meal, and the monkey they gave me. I have but a dim and feverish recollection of our journey back to an Isogo town, where I lay half unconscious for many days. The people brought me food, the kind women bathed and oiled my feet. And now, in this long sickness, I began to wish for home. I longed to get back to the sea. Each day I became less patient with my inactive condition, more eager for a sight of the ocean.

We set out finally on January 16, being ferried across the river in the little canoes. It was the rainy season still, and the forest was in many places muddy.

On January 22 my party reached the Ashira plain, and floating down the river by easy stages we arrived at my house on the coast at Biagano. There four long months were spent waiting before a vessel came in sight, and it was not until June 1, 1859, that I was so happy as to spy a sail. To my great joy a little brig stood in shore. By night I knew that my friends in the Gaboon had not forgotten me. After tedious delays in taking on board my cargo of beasts and other things, at last we were off; and with a thankful heart I welcomed the cool breeze which bore me back to civilization.

SIR THOMAS MORE

UTOPIA

WRITTEN in Latin, Sir Thomas More's political romance Utopia was published at Louvain in 1516, under the title De Optimo Reipublicae Statu deque Nova Insula Utopia, the first English edition, translated by Ralph Robinson, appearing in 1551. The work is typical of the Renaissance spirit of adventure and discovery, both of strange lands and of lost scholarship, being inspired in part by More's study of Plato's Republic (see page 2473), Vespucci's Voyages, and Augustine's City of God (see page 2117). But although the theme of an ideal commonwealth was not original, More's romance gave a generic name to visionary schemes of social reform and set a new fashion in literature. To him are largely indebted the many later works on the same subject, from Bacon's New Atlantis and Campanella's City of the Sun (see page 1913) to the idealisations of William Morris and H. G. Wells. Sir Thomas More also wrote a History of Richard III and a biography of Pico della Mirandola. Utopia is published in Everyman's Library.

I—How Master More Met Master Raphael Hythloday



THE most victorious and triumphant king of England, Henry VIII of that time, for the debatement of certain weighty matters sent me ambassador into Flanders, joined in commission with Cuthbert Tunstall, whose virtue and learning be of more excellency than that I am able to praise them. And whiles I was abiding at Antwerp, oftentimes among other did visit me one Peter Gyles, a citizen thereof, whom one day I chanced to espy talking with a stranger, with whom he brought me to speech. Which Raphael Hythloday had voyaged with Master Amerigo Vespucci, but parting from him had returned home by way of Taprobane and Calicut.

Now, as he told us, he had found great and wide deserts and wildernesses inhabited with wild beasts and serpents, but also towns and cities and weal-publiques full of people governed by good and wholesome laws, beside many other that were fond and foolish. Then I urging him that, both by learning and experience, he might be any king's counsellor for the weal-publique—

"You be deceived," quoth he. "For the most part all princes have more delights in warlike matters and feats of chivalry than in the good feats of peace."

Then he speaking of England, "Have you been in our country, sir?" quoth I.

"Yea, forsooth," quoth he, "and there was I much bound and beholden to John Norton, at that time cardinal, archbishop and lord chancellor, in whose counsel the king put much trust.

"Now," quoth he, "one day as I sat at his table, there was a layman cunning in the law who began to praise the rigorous justice that was done upon felons, and to marvel how thieves were nevertheless so rife.

"'Nay, sir,' said I; 'but the punishment passeth the limits of justice. For simple theft is not so great an offence that it ought to be punished with death, nor doth that refrain them, since they cannot live but by thieving. There be many servitors of idle gentlemen who, when their master is dead, and they be thrust forth, have no craft whereby to earn their bread, nor can find other service, who must either starve for hunger or manfully play the thieves.'

"'Moreover, look how your sheep do consume and devour whole fields, houses and cities. For noblemen and gentlemen, yea, and certain abbots, holy men, God wot, where groweth the finest wool, do enclose all in pastures, pluck down towns, and leave naught standing but only the church, to make it a sheep-house. Whereby the husbandmen are thrust out of their own; and then what can they do else but steal, and then justly, God wot, be hanged? Furthermore, victuals and other matters

are dearer, seeing rich men buy up all, and with their monopoly keep the market as it please them. Unless you find a remedy for these enormities, you shall in vain vaunt yourselves of executing justice upon felons.

"'Beside, it is a pernicious thing that a thief and a murderer should suffer the like punishment, seeing that thereby the thief is rather provoked to kill. But among the polyleryte; in Persia there is a custom that they which be convict of felony are condemned to be common labourers, yet not harshly entreated, but condemned to death if they seek to run away. For they are also apparelled all alike, and to aid them is servitude for a free man.'

"Now the cardinal pronounced that this were a good order to take with vagabonds. But a certain parasite sayeth in jest that this were then an excellent order to take with the friars, seeing that they were the veriest vagabonds that be; a friar thereupon took the jest in very ill part, and could not refrain himself from calling the fellow ribald, villain and the son of perdition; whereat the jester became a scotter indeed, for he could play a part in that play, no man better, making the friar more foolishly wroth than before.

"Now, none of them would have harkened to my counsel until the cardinal did approve it. So that if I were sitting in counsel with the French king, whose counsellors were all urging him to war; and should I counsel him not to meddle with Italy, but rather to tarry still at home; and should propose to him the decrees of the Achoriens which dwell over against the Island of Utopia, who, having by war conquered a new kingdom for their prince, constrained him to be content with his old kingdom and give over the new one to one of his friends; this, mine advice, Master More, how think you it would be heard and taken?"

"So God help me, not very thankfully," quoth I.

"HOWBEIT, Master More," quoth he, "doubtless wheresoever possessions be private, where money beareth all the stroke, it is almost impossible that the weal-publique may be justly governed and prosperously flourish. And when I consider the wise and goodly ordinances of the Utopians, among whom, all things being in common, every man hath abundance of everything, yet are there very few laws; I do fully persuade myself that until this property be exiled and banished, perfect wealth shall never be among men. Which, if you had lived with me in Utopia, you would doubtless grant."

"Therefore, Master Raphael," quoth I, "pray you describe unto us this land."

II—Of the Island of Utopia and the Customs of Its People

THE island of Utopia is shaped like a new moon, in breadth at the middle 200 miles, narrowing to the tips, which fetch about a compass of 500 miles, and are sundered by eleven miles, having in the space between them a high rock; so that that whole coast is a great haven, but the way into it is securely guarded by hidden rocks. It hath fifty-four large and fair cities, all built in one fashion and having like manners, institutions and laws. The chief and head is Amaurote, being the midmost. Every city hath an equal shire, with farms thereon; and of the husbandmen, half return each year to the city, their place being taken by a like number.

The city of Amaurote standeth four square, upon the River Anyder, and another lesser river floweth through it. The houses be fair and gorgeous, and the streets twenty foot broad; and at the back of each house a garden, whereby they set great store.

Each thirty families choose an officer, called a Siphogrant, and over every tenth siphogrant is a Tranibore. The prince is chosen for life by the siphogrants. All other offices are yearly, but the tranibores are not lightly changed. The prince and the tranibores hold council every third day, each day with two different siphogrants. They discuss no matter on the day that it is first brought forward. All the people are expert in husbandry, but each hath thereto his own proper craft of masonry or cloth-working, or some other; and, for the most part, that of his father.

They work only six hours, which is enough —yea, and more for the store and abundance of things requisite, because all do work. There be none that are idle or busied about unprofitable occupations. In all that city and shire there be scarce 500 persons that be licensed from labour, that be neither too old nor too weak to work. Such be they that have license to learning in place of work. Out of which learned order be chosen ambassadors, priests, tranibores and the prince.

For their clothing, they wear garments of skins for work, and woollen cloaks of one fashion and of the natural colour; and for the linen, they care only for the whiteness, and not the fineness; wherefore their apparel is of small cost.

The city consisteth of families; and for each family the law is there be not fewer than ten children, nor more than sixteen of about thirteen years. Which numbers they maintain by taking from one family and adding to another, or one city and another, or by their foreign cities which they have in the waste places of neighbour lands. The eldest citizen ruleth the family. In each quarter of the city is a market-place, whither is brought the work of each family, and each taketh away that he needeth, without money or exchange.

To every thirty families there is a hall, whither cometh the whole siphogranty at the set hour of dinner or supper; and a nursery thereto. But in the country they dine and sup in their own houses. If any desire to visit another city, the prince giveth letters of licence. But wherever he goeth he must work the allotted task. All be partners, so that none may be poor or needy; and all the cities do send to the common council at Amaurote, so that what one lacketh another maketh good out of its abundance.

Their superfluities they exchange with other lands for what they themselves lack, which is little but iron; or for money, which they use but seldom, and that for the hiring of soldiers. Of gold and silver they make not rich vessels, but mean utensils, fetters and gyves; and jewels and precious stones they make toys for children.

Although there be not many that are appointed only to learning, yet all in childhood be instructed therein; and the more part do bestow in learning their spare hours. In the course of the stars and movings of the heavenly sphere they be expert, but for the deceitful divination thereof they never dreamed of it.

They dispute of the qualities of the soul and reason of virtue, and of pleasure, wherein they think the felicity of man to rest; they believe that the soul is immortal, and by the goodness of God ordained to felicity, and that to our virtues and good deeds rewards be appointed hereafter, and to evil deeds punishments. Which principles, if they were disannulled, there is no man but would diligently pursue pleasure by right or wrong. But now felicity resteth only in that pleasure that is good and honest. Virtue they define to be life according to nature, which prescribeth us a joyful life.

But of what they call counterfeit pleasures they make naught; as of pride in apparel and gems, or in vain honours; or of dicing; or hunting, which they deem the most abject kind of butchery. But of true pleasures they give to the soul intelligence and that pleasure that cometh of contemplation of the truth, and the pleasant remembrance of the good life past. Of pleasures of the body they count first those that be sensibly felt and perceived, and thereto the body's health, which lacking, there is no place for any pleasure. But chiefest they hold the pleasures of the mind, the consciousness of virtue and the good life. Making little of the pleasures of appetite, they yet count it madness to reject the same for a vain shadow of virtue.

For bondmen, they have malefactors of their own people, criminals condemned to death in other lands, or poor labourers of other lands who, of their own free will, choose rather to be in bondage with them. The sick they tend with great affection; but, if the disease be not only incurable but full of anguish, the priests exhort them that they should willingly die, but cause him not to die against his will.

The women marry not before eighteen years, the men four years later. But if



Sir Thomas More, English statesman and scholar, was born in London, February 7, 1478. From 1492-94 he studied at Oxford, where he laid the foundations of the scholarship which made him an admirable representative of the Renaissance learning. In 1501 he was called to the bar, but kept up his enthusiasm for the new learning and his friendship with Colet and Erasmus. Entering Parliament in 1504, he was made under-sheriff of London on the accession of Henry VIII and engaged in many important commercial missions. In 1517 he was admitted to the king's council, being knighted in 1521 and elected Speaker of the House of Commons in 1523. More's wit and learning brought him into high favour with the king, and he succeeded Wolsey as Lord Chancellor in 1529, but, being opposed to the course which the Reformation was taking, he resigned from this office in 1532. In 1534, on refusing to take any oath impugning the spiritual authority of the Pope, he was committed to the Tower. After a close imprisonment of over a year, More was tried and convicted of treason, and was beheaded on Tower Hill, July 6, 1535. This portrait is reproduced from the painting after Holbein in the National Portrait Gallery.

one have offended before marriage, he or she whether it be, is sharply punished. And before marriage the man and the woman are showed each to the other by discreet persons. To mock a man for his deformity is counted great reproach.

They do not only fear their people from doing evil by punishments, but also allure them to virtue with rewards of honour. They have but few laws, reproving other nations that innumerable books of law and expositions upon the same be not sufficient. Furthermore, they banish all such as do craftily handle the laws, but think it meet that every man should plead his own matter.

III—Of the Wars and the Religion of the Utopians

As touching leagues they never make one with any nation, putting no trust therein; seeing the more and holier ceremonies the league is knit up with, the sooner it is broken. Who perchance would change their minds if they lived here? But they be of opinion that no man should be counted an enemy who hath done no injury, and that the fellowship of nature is a strong league.

They count nothing so much against glory as glory gotten in war. And though they do daily practise themselves in the discipline of war, they go not to battle but in defence of their own country or their friends, or to right some assured wrong. They be ashamed to win the victory with much bloodshed, but rejoice if they vanquish their enemies by craft. They set a great price upon the life or person of the enemy's prince and of other chief adversaries, counting that they thereby save the lives of many of both parts that had otherwise been slain; and stir up neighbour peoples against them.

They lure soldiers out of all countries to do battle with them, and especially a savage and fierce people called the Zapoletes, giving them greater wages than any other nation will. But of their own people they thrust not forth to battle any against his will; yet if women be willing, they do in set field stand every one by her husband's side, and each man is compassed about by his own kinsfolk; and they be themselves stout and hardy and disdainful to be conquered. It is hard to say whether they be craftier in laying ambush or wittier in avoiding the same. Their weapons be arrows, and at hand-strokes not swords but pole-axes; and engines for war they devise and invent wondrous wittily.

There be divers kinds of religion. Some worship for God the sun, some the moon; there be that give worship to a man that was once of the most excellent virtue; some believe that there is a certain godly power unknown, everlasting, incomprehensible; but all believe that there is one God, Maker and Ruler of the whole world. But after they heard us speak of Christ, with glad minds they agreed unto the same.

And this is one of their ancientest laws, that no man shall be blamed for reasoning in the maintenance of his own religion, giving to every man free liberty to believe what he would. Saving that none should conceive so base and vile an opinion as to think that souls do perish with the body, or that the world runneth at all adventures, governed by no divine providence.

They have priests of exceeding holiness, and therefore very few. Both childhood and youth are instructed of them, not more in learning than in good manners.

"This," quoth he, "is that order of the commonwealth which, in my judgement, is not only the best, but also that which alone of good right may claim and take upon it the name of a commonwealth or weal-publique."

Thus when Raphael had made an end of his tale, though many things came to my mind, which in the manners and laws of that people seemed to be instituted and founded of no good reason; yet because I knew he was weary of talking, I said that we would choose another time to weigh and examine the same matters. But, in the meantime, I, Thomas More, as I cannot agree and consent to all things that he said, so must I needs confess and grant that many things be in the Utopian weal-publique which in our cities I may rather wish for than hope after.

Comprehensive Synopsis of a Vast Subject

HENRY HALLAM

INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE

LAST of the three works on which Hallam's fame rests, the Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the XV, XVI and XVII Centuries was published in 1837-39. Like his Constitutional History of England (see page 297) The Literature of Europe continues one of the branches of research which had been opened in Europe in the Middle Ages (see page 1657) and the first chapter, tracing the history of literature in Europe to the end of the XIV century, is largely supplementary to the last chapter of the Middle Ages. The vast range of Hallam's subject is the source of weaknesses which can be detected by the specialist, but also displays to advantage his mastery over many varied forms of intellectual activity. His criticism is sound and competent in science and theology as well as in philosophy and poetry, and he never gives disproportionate space to subjects which were his own special study. The Introduction to the Literature of Europe is published by John Murray.

I—Before the Fifteenth Century



THE establishment of the barbarian nations on the ruins of the Roman Empire in the West was followed by an almost universal loss of classical learning. The last of the ancients, and one who forms a link with the Middle Ages, is Boëthius, whose Consolation of Philosophy mingles a Christian sanctity with the lessons of Greek and Roman sages. But after his death, in 524, the downfall of learning and eloquence was inconceivably rapid, and a state of general ignorance, except here and there within the ecclesiastical hierarchy, lasted for five centuries.

The British islands led the way in the slow restoration of knowledge. The Irish monasteries, in the seventh century, were the first to send out men of comparative eminence, and the Venerable Bede, in the eighth century, was probably superior to any other man whom the world at that time possessed. Then came the days when Charlemagne laid in his vast dominions the foundations of learning.

In the tenth century, when England and Italy alike were in the most deplorable darkness, France enjoyed an age of illumination, and a generation or two later we find many learned and virtuous churchmen in Germany. But it is not until the twelfth century that we enter on a new epoch in European literary history, when universities were founded, modern languages were cultivated, the study of Roman law was systematically taken up and a return was made to a purer Latinity.

Next, we observe the rise of the scholastic theology and philosophy, with their strenuous attempt at an alliance between faith and reason. The dry and technical style of these enquiries, their minute subdivisions of questions and their imposing parade of accuracy served indeed to stimulate subtlety of mind, but also hindered the revival of polite literature and the free expansion of the intellect.

Dante and Petrarch are the morning stars of the modern age. They lie outside our period, and we must pass them over with a word. It is sufficient to notice that, largely by their influence, we find, in the year 1400, a national literature existing in no less than seven European languages —three in the Spanish peninsula, the French, the Italian, the German and the English. Of these the Italian was the most polished, and had to boast of the greatest writers; the French excelled in their number and variety. Our own tongue, though it had latterly acquired much copiousness in the hands of Chaucer and Wycliffe, both of whom lavishly supplied it with words of French and Latin derivation, was but just growing into a literary existence. The Latin writers of the middle ages were chiefly ecclesiastics. But of these in the living tongues a large proportion were laymen.

II—The Fifteenth Century

We now come to a very important event—the resuscitation of the study of Greek in Italy. In 1423, Giovanni Aurispa, of Sicily, brought over two hundred manuscripts from Greece, including Plato, Plotinus, Diodorus, Pindar and many other classics. Manuel Chrysoloras, teacher of Greek in Florence, had trained a school of Hellenists; and copyists, translators and commentators set to work upon the masterpieces of the ancient world. We have good reason to doubt whether, without the Italians of those times, the revival of classical learning would ever have occurred. The movement was powerfully aided by Nicolas V, pope in 1447, who founded the Vatican library, supported scholars and encouraged authors.

Soon after 1450 the art of printing began to be applied to the purposes of useful learning, and Bibles, classical texts, collections of fables and other works were rapidly given to the world. The accession to power of Lorenzo dei Medici in 1464 marks the revival of native Italian genius in poetry, and under his influence the Platonic academy, founded by his grandfather Cosimo, promoted a variety of studies. But we still look in vain to England for either learning or native genius. The reign of Edward IV is one of the lowest points in our literary annals.

In France, the Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles, 1486, and the poems of Villon, 1489, show a marked advance in style. Many French 'mysteries,' or religious dramas, belong to this period, and this early form of the dramatic art had also much popularity in Germany and in Italy. Literary activity in France and in Germany had become regularly progressive by the end of the century.

Two men, Erasmus and Budaeus, were now devoting incessant labour, in Paris, to the study of Greek; and a gleam of light broke out even in England, where William Grocyn began, in 1491, to teach that language in Oxford. On his visit to England, in 1497, Erasmus was delighted with everything and gave unbounded praise to the scholarship of Grocyn, Colet, Linacre and the young Thomas More.

The fifteenth century was a period of awakening and of strenuous effort. But if we ask what monuments of its genius and erudition still receive homage, we can give no very triumphant answer. Of the books then written, how few are read now!

III—The Sixteenth Century (1500—1550)

In the early years of this century the press of Aldus Manutius, who had settled in Venice in 1489, was publishing many texts of the classics, Greek as well as Latin.

It was at this time that the regular drama was first introduced into Europe. Calandra, the earliest modern comedy, was presented at Venice in 1508, and about the same time the Spanish tragi-comedy of Calisto and Meliboea was printed. The pastoral romance, also, made its appearance in Portugal; and the Arcadia, 1502, by the Italian Sannazaro, did much to restore the correctness of Italian prose. Peter Bembo's Asolani, 1505, a dialogue on love, has also been thought to mark an epoch in Italian literature. At the same time, William Dunbar, with his Thistle and Rose, 1503, and his allegorical Golden Targe, was leading the van of British poetry.

The records of voyages of discovery begin to take a prominent place. The old travels of Marco Polo, as well as those of Sir John Mandeville, and the Cosmography of Ptolemy, had been printed in the previous century; but the stupendous discoveries of the close of that age now fell to be told. The voyages of Cadamosto, a Venetian, in Western Africa, appeared in 1507; and those of Amerigo Vespucci, entitled Mondo Nuovo, in the same year. An epistle of Columbus himself had been printed in Germany about 1493.

Leo X, who became pope in 1513, placed men of letters in the most honourable stations of his court, and was the munificent patron of poets, scholars and printers. Rucellai's Rosmunda, a tragedy played before Leo in 1515, was the earliest known trial of blank verse. The Sophonisba of Trissino, published in 1524, had

been acted some years before. Two comedies by Ariosto were presented about 1512.

Meanwhile, the printing press became very active in Paris, Basel and Germany, chiefly in preparing works for the use of students in universities. But in respect of learning, we have the testimony of Erasmus that neither France nor Germany stood so high as England. In Scotland boys were being taught Latin in school; and the translation of the Aeneid by Gawin Douglas, completed about 1513, shows, by its spirit and fidelity, the degree of scholarship in the north. The only work of real genius which England can claim in this age is the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, first printed in 1516.

Erasmus diffuses a lustre over his age which no other name among the learned supplies. About 1517 he published an enlarged edition of his Adages, which displays a surprising intimacy with Greek and Roman literature. The most remarkable of them, in every sense, are those which reflect with excessive bitterness on kings and priests. Erasmus knew that the regular clergy were not to be conciliated, and resolved to throw away the scabbard; and his invectives against kings proceeded from a just sense of the oppression of Europe in that age by ambitious and selfish rulers.

We are now brought by necessary steps to the great religious revolution known as the Reformation, with which we are only concerned in so far as it modified the history of literature. In all this dispute Luther was sustained by a prodigious force of popular opinion; and the German nation was so fully awakened to the abuses of the Church that, if neither Luther nor Zwingli had ever been born, a great religious schism was still at hand. Erasmus, who had now so manifestly prepared the way for the new reformers, continued, beyond the year 1520, favourable to their cause. But some of Luther's tenets he did not and could not approve; and he was already disgusted by that intemperance of language which soon led him to secede entirely from the Protestant side.

The laws of synchronism bring strange partners together, and we may pass at once from Luther to Ariosto, whose Orlando Furioso was printed at Ferrara in 1516. Ariosto has been, after Homer, the favourite poet of Europe. His grace and facility, his clear and rapid stream of language, his variety of invention, left him no rival.

No edition of Amadis de Gaul has been proved to exist before that printed at Seville in 1519. This famous romance was translated into French between 1540 and 1557, and into English by Munday in 1619.

A curious dramatic performance was represented in Paris in 1511, and published in 1516. It is entitled Le Prince des Sots et la Mère Sotte, by Peter Gringore; its chief aim was to ridicule the Pope and the court of Rome. Hans Sachs, a shoemaker of Nuremberg, produced his first carnival play in 1517. The English poets Hawes and Skelton fall within this period.

From 1520 to 1550, Italy, where the literature of antiquity had been first cultivated, still retained her superiority in the fine perception of its beauties, but the study was proceeding also elsewhere in Europe. Few books of that age give us more insight into its literary history and the public taste than the Ciceronianus of Erasmus, against which Scaliger wrote with unmannerly invective. The same period of thirty years is rich with poets, among whom are the Spanish Mendoza, the Portuguese Ribero, Marot in France, many hymn-writers in Germany, and in England, Wyatt and Surrey. At this time also, Spain was forming its national theatre, chiefly under the influence of Lope de Rueda and of Torres Naharro, the inventor of Spanish comedy. The most celebrated writer of fiction in this age is Rabelais, than whom few have greater fertility of language and imagination.

IV—The Sixteenth Century (1550—1600)

Montaigne's Essays, which first appeared at Bordeaux in 1580, make an epoch in literature, being the first appeal from the academy to the haunts of busy and idle men; and this delightful writer had a vast influence on English and French literature in the succeeding age.

Turning now to the Italian poets of our period, we find that most of them are

feeble copyists of Petrarch, whose style Bembo had rendered so popular. Casa, Costanzo, Baldi, Celio Magno, Bernardino Rota, Gaspara Stampa, Bernardo Tasso, father of the great Tasso, Peter Aretin and Firenzuola flourished at this time. The Jerusalem of Torquato Tasso is the great epic of modern times; it is read with pleasure in almost every canto, though the native melancholy of Tasso tinges all his poem. It was no sooner published than it was weighed against Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, and Europe has not yet agreed which scale inclines.

Spanish poetry is adorned by Luis Ponce de Leon, born in 1527, a religious and mystical lyric poet. The odes of Herrera have a lyric elevation and richness of phrase derived from the study of Pindar and of the Old Testament. Castillejo, playful and witty, attempted to revive the popular poetry, and ridiculed the imitators of Petrarch.

The great Camoens had now arisen in Portugal; his Lusiad, written in praise of the Lusitanian people, is the mirror of his loving, courageous and patriotic heart. Camoens is the chief Portuguese poet in this age, and possibly in every other.

This was an age of verse in France. Pierre Ronsard, Amadis Jamyn his pupil, du Bartas, Pibrac, Desportes and many others were gradually establishing the rules of metre, and the Alexandrine was displacing the old verse of ten syllables.

Of German poetry there is little to say; but England had Lord Vaux's short pieces in The Paradise of Dainty Devices; Sackville, with his Induction to the Mirrour of Magistrates, 1559; George Gascoyne, whose Steel Glass, 1576, is the earliest English satire; and above all, Spenser, whose Shepherd's Kalendar appeared in 1579. Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, and his Rape of Lucrece, were published in 1593-94. Sir Philip Sidney, Raleigh, Lodge, Breton, Marlowe, Greene, Watson, Davison, Daniel and Michael Drayton were now writing poems.

The great work of the period is, however, the Faery Queen, the first three books of which were published in 1590, and the last three in 1596. Spenser excels Ariosto in originality, force and variety of character, and in depth of reflection, but especially in the poetical cast of feeling.

Of dramatic literature, between 1550 and 1600, we have many Italian plays by Groto, Decio da Orto and Tasso. The pastoral drama, originating with Agostino Beccari in 1554, reached its highest perfection in Tasso's Aminta, which was followed by Guarini's Pastor Fido.

LOPE DE VEGA is the great Spanish dramatist of this time. His astonishing facility produced over two thousand original dramas, of which three hundred have been preserved. Jodelle, the father of the French theatre, presented his Cléopatre in 1552. In 1598 the foundations were laid of the Comédie Française.

In England, Sackville led the way with his tragedy of Gorboduc, played at Whitehall before Elizabeth in 1562. In 1576, the first public theatre was erected in Blackfriars. Several young men of talent appeared, Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Kyd and Nash, as the precursors of Shakespeare; and in 1587 the greatest of dramatists settled in London, and several of his plays had been acted before the close of the century.

Among English prose writings of this time may be mentioned Ascham's Schoolmaster, 1570, Puttenham's Art of English Poesie, 1586, and, as a curiosity of affectation, Lyly's Euphues. But the first good prose-writer is Sir Philip Sidney, whose Arcadia appeared in 1590; and the finest master of prose in the Elizabethan period is Hooker. The first book of the Ecclesiastical Polity is one of the masterpieces of English eloquence.

V—The Seventeenth Century (1600—1650)

THE two great figures in philosophy of this period are Bacon and Descartes. At its beginning, the higher philosophy had been little benefited by the labours of any modern enquirer. It was become, indeed, no strange thing to question the authority of Aristotle, but his disciples could point with scorn at the endeavours made to supplant it.

In the great field of natural jurisprudence, the most eminent name in this period is that of Hugo Grotius, whose

famous work De Jure Belli et Pacis, was published in Paris in 1625. This treatise made an epoch in the philosophical and, we might almost say, in the political history of Europe.

In the history of poetry, between 1600 and 1650, we have the Italians, Marini, Tassoni and Chiabrera, the last being the founder of a school of lyric poetry known as 'Pindaric.'. Among Spanish poets are Villegas and Gongora; in France, Malherbe, Regnier, Racan, Maynard, Voiture and Sarrazin; Opitz, in Germany, was the founder of German poetic literature; and this, the golden age of Dutch literature, included the poets Spiegel, Hooft, Cats and Vondel.

The English poets of these fifty years are very numerous, but for the most part not well known. Spenser was imitated by Phineas and Giles Fletcher. Sir John Denham, Donne, Crashaw, Cowley, Daniel, Michael Drayton, William Browne and Sir William Davenant wrote at this time, to which also belong the sonnets of Shakespeare. Drummond of Hawthornden, Carew, Ben Jonson, Wither, Habington, Suckling and Herrick were all in the first half of the seventeenth century. John Milton was born in 1609, and in 1634 wrote Comus, which was published in 1637; Lycidas, the Allegro and Penseroso, the Ode on the Nativity, and Milton's sonnets followed.

The Italian drama was weak at this period, but in Spain Lope de Vega and Calderon were at the height of their glory. In France, Corneille's Mélite, his first play, was produced in 1629, and was followed by Clitandre, La Veuve, Medea, Le Cid and others. The English drama was exceedingly popular, and the reigns of James and Charles were the glory of our theatre. Shakespeare—the greatest name in all literature—Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, Heywood, Webster and many other dramatists contributed to its fame.

In prose writings, Italian and Spanish works of this time show a great decline in taste; but in France, the letters of the moralist Balzac and of Voiture, from 1625, have ingenuity and sprightliness. English prose writings of the period include the works of Knolles, Raleigh, Daniel, Bacon, Milton, Clarendon; Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Earle's Microcosmographia and Overbury's Characters.

Fiction was represented by Don Quixote, of which the first part was published in 1605 almost the only Spanish book which is popularly read in every country; by the French heroic romance, and by the English Godwin's Man in the Moon.

VI—The Seventeenth Century (1650—1700)

Among the greatest writers of this period are Bossuet and Pascal, in theology; Gassendi, Malebranche, Spinoza and Locke, in philosophy; and Cumberland, Puffendorf, La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère in morals. Leibnitz wrote on jurisprudence before he passed on to philosophy, and the same subject was treated also by Godefroy, Domat and Noodt.

Italian poetry had now improved in tone. Filicaja, a man of serious and noble spirit, wrote odes of deep patriotic and religious feeling. Guidi, a native of Pavia, raised himself to the highest point that any lyric poet of Italy has attained. Spain and Portugal were destitute of poets; but in France La Fontaine, Boileau, Benserade, Chaulieu, Segrais, Deshoulières and Fontenelle were famous. In England at this time were Waller, Milton, Butler and Dryden, as well as Marvell and other minor poets.

Neither Italy nor Spain was now producing dramatic works of any importance, but it was very different in France. Corneille continued to write for the stage, and Racine's first play, the Andromaque, was presented in 1667. This was followed by Britannicus, Bérénice, Mithridate, Iphigénie and others. Racine's style is exquisite; he is second only to Virgil among all poets. Molière, the French writer whom his country has most uniformly admired, began with L'Etourdi in 1653, and his pieces followed rapidly until his death, in 1673. The English Restoration stage was held by Dryden, Otway, Southern, Lee, Congreve, Wycherley, Farquhar and Vanbrugh.

In prose literature Italy is deficient; but this period includes the most distinguished

portion of the great age in France, the reign of Louis XIV. Bossuet, Malebranche, Arnauld and Pascal are among the greatest of French writers.

English writing now became easier and more idiomatic, sometimes even to the point of vulgarity. The best masters of prose were Cowley, Evelyn, Dryden and Walton in The Complete Angler.

Among novels of the period may be named those of Quevedo in Spain: of Scarron, Bergerac, Perrault and Hamilton in France; and the Pilgrim's Progress—for John Bunyan may pass for the father of our novelists—in England. Swift's Tale of a Tub was indeed not published till 1704, but was written within the seventeenth century.

A Great Historian's Finest Achievement

EDWARD FREEMAN
HISTORY OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST

IN 1846, while at Oxford, Freeman wrote an essay on the effects of the Norman Conquest, and its failure to win a prize led him to take up the study of the period more seriously. The results of his study were given to the world in the six volumes of the History of the Norman Conquest of England: its Causes and its Results, which were published between 1867 and 1879. It is on this work that Freeman's reputation as a historian chiefly rests, and it remains the chief authority for the period. Freeman was almost exclusively a political historian, but his thoroughness of treatment and research, his accuracy and critical ability are unsurpassed, and his power of entering into the past enabled him to produce some passages of remarkable life and vigour. The work is published by the Oxford University Press, by whose permission this outline appears.

I—The Men and Causes of the Conquest



THE Norman Conquest is important, not as the beginning of English history but as its chief turning point. Its whole importance is that which belongs to a turning point. This conquest is an event which stands by itself in the history of Europe. It took place at a transitional period in the world's development. A kingdom which had hitherto been only Teutonic was brought within the sphere of the laws, manners and speech of the Romance nations.

At the very moment when Pope and Caesar held each other in the death-grasp a church which had hitherto maintained a sort of insular and barbaric independence was brought into a far more intimate connexion with the Roman See. The conquest of England by William wrought less immediate change than when the first English conquerors slew, expelled, or enslaved the whole nation of the vanquished Britons, or when Africa was subdued by Genseric. But it wrought a greater immediate change than the conquest of Sicily by Charles of Anjou. It brought with it not only a new dynasty, but a new nobility. It did not expel or transplant the English nation or any part of it; but it gradually deprived the leading men and families of England of their land and offices, and thrust them down into a secondary position under the alien intruders.

It must not be forgotten that the old English constitution survived the Norman Conquest. What the constitution had been under the Saxon Edgar, that it remained under William. The laws, with a few changes in detail, and also the language of the public documents, remained the same. The powers vested in King William and his Witan remained constitutionally the same as those which had been vested in King Edgar and his Witan a hundred years before.

I cannot too often repeat, for the saying is the very summing up of the whole history, that the Norman Conquest was not the wiping out of the constitution, the laws, the language, the national life of Englishmen. The English kingship

gradually changed from the old Teutonic to the later medieval type; but the change began before the Norman Conquest.

Certain events indicate the remoter causes of the Norman Conquest. The accession of Edward at once brings us among the events that led immediately to that conquest; or, rather, we may look on the accession of this Saxon king as the first stage of the conquest itself. Sweyn and Canute, the Danes, had shown that it was possible for a foreign power to overcome England by force of arms.

The misgovernment of the sons of Canute hindered the formation of a lasting Danish dynasty in England. The throne of Cerdic was again filled by a son of Woden; but there can be no doubt that the shock given to the country by the Danish conquest, especially the way in which the ancient nobility was cut off in the long struggle with Sweyn and Canute, directly opened the way for the coming of the Norman. Edward did his best, wittingly or unwittingly, to make his path still easier. This he did by accustoming Englishmen to the sight of strangers – not national kinsmen like Canute's Danes, but Frenchmen, men of utterly alien speech and manners enjoying every available place of honour or profit in the country.

The great national reaction under Godwin and Harold made England once more England for a few years. But this change, happy as it was, could not altogether do away with the effects of the French predilections of Edward. With Edward, then, the Norman Conquest really begins.

EDWARD is on the throne of England; Godwin, Leofric and Siward divide among them the administration of the realm. The next generation, the warriors of Stamford Bridge and Senlac, of York and Ely, are fast growing into maturity. Harold Haardraade is already pursuing his wild career of knight-errantry in distant lands, and is astonishing the world by his exploits in Russia and Sicily, at Constantinople and at Jerusalem.

The younger warriors of the Conquest, Edwin and Morcerf and Waltheof and Hereward, were probably born, but they must still have been in their cradles or in their mothers' arms. But, among the leaders of Church and state, Eldred, who lived to place the crown on the head both of Harold and of William, is already a great prelate, abbot of Tewkesbury, soon to succeed Lyfing in the chair of Worcester.

Tostig must have been on the verge of manhood; Sweyn and Harold were already men, bold and vigorous, ready to march at their father's bidding, and before long to affect the destiny of their country for evil and for good. Beyond the sea, William, still a boy in years but a man in conduct and counsel, is holding his own among the storms of a troubled minority, and learning those arts of the statesman and the warrior which fitted him to become the wisest ruler of Normandy, the last and greatest conqueror of England.

THE struggle between Normans and Englishmen began with the accession of Edward in 1042, although the actual subjugation of England by force of arms was still twenty-four years distant. The thought of another Danish king was now hateful. 'All folk chose Edward to King.' As the son of Ethelred and Emma, the brother of the murdered and half-canonised Alfred, he had long been familiar to English imaginations. Edward, and Edward alone, stood forth as the heir of English royalty, the representative of English nationality. In his behalf the popular voice spoke out at once, and unmistakably. His popular election took place in June, immediately on the death of Hardicanute, and even before his burial. Edward, then, was king, and he reigned as every English king before him had reigned, by that union of popular election and royal descent which formed the essence of all ancient Teutonic kingship.

He was crowned at Winchester, April 3, 1043. But by virtue of his peculiar character, his natural place was not on the throne of England, but at the head of a Norman abbey, for all his best qualities were those of a monk. Like his father, he was constantly under the dominion of favourites.

It was to the evil choice of his favourites during the early part of his reign that most

of the misfortunes of his time were owing, and that a still more direct path was opened for the ambition of his Norman kinsman. In the latter part of his reign, either happy accident or returning good sense led him to a better choice. Without a guide he could reign but could not rule, but the good fortune of his later years gave him, in Harold, the wisest and noblest of all guides.

II—The Great Protagonists

We have now reached the first appearance of the illustrious man round whom the main interest of this history will henceforth centre. The second son of Godwin lived to be the last of our kings, the hero and martyr of our native freedom. The few recorded actions of Harold, Earl of the East Angles, could hardly have enabled men to look forward to the glorious career of Harold, Earl of the West Saxons, King of the English.

Tall in stature, beautiful in countenance, of a bodily strength whose memory still lives in the rude pictorial art of his time, he was foremost alike, in a warrior's age, in the active courage and in the passive endurance of the warrior.

Great as Harold was in war, his character as a civil ruler is still more remarkable, still more worthy of admiration. The most prominent feature in his character is his singular gentleness and mercy. Never, either in warfare or in civil strife, do we find Harold bearing hardly upon an enemy. From the time of his advancement to the practical government of the kingdom there is not a harsh or cruel action with which he can be charged

Such was the man who, seemingly in the fourth year of Edward, in the twenty-fourth of his own age, was invested with the rule of one of the great divisions of England; who, seven years later, became the virtual ruler of the kingdom; who, at last, twenty-one years from his first elevation, received, alone among English kings, the crown of England as the free gift of her people and, alone among English kings, died axe in hand on her soil in the defence of England against foreign invaders.

William of Normandy bears a name which must for ever stand forth among the foremost of mankind No man that ever trod this earth was endowed with greater natural gifts; to no man was it ever granted to accomplish greater things. No man ever did his work more effectually at the moment; no man ever left his work behind him as more truly an abiding possession for all time. In his character one feature stands out pre-eminently above all others. Throughout the whole of his career we admire in him the embodiment in the highest degree that human nature will allow of the fixed purpose and the unbending will.



HAROLD, KING OF THE ENGLISH, AND ARCHBISHOP STIGAND

We are too apt to look upon William as simply the conqueror of England. But so to do is to look at him only in his most splendid, but at the same time his least honourable, aspect. William learnt to become the conqueror of England only by first becoming the conqueror of Normandy and the conqueror of France. He found means to conquer Normandy by the help of France, and to conquer France by the help of Normandy.

In 1052, William paid his memorable visit to England. At that time both Normandy and England were at rest, enjoying peace. Visits of mere friendship and courtesy among sovereign princes were rare in those days. Such visits as those which William and Eustace of Boulogne paid at this time to this country were altogether novelties, and unlikely to be acceptable to the English mind. We may be sure that every patriotic Englishman looked with an evil eye on any French-speaking prince who made his way to the English court.

William came with a great following; he tarried awhile in his cousin's company; he went away loaded with gifts and honours. And we can hardly doubt that he went away encouraged by some kind of promise of succeeding to the kingdom which he now visited as a stranger. Direct heirs were lacking to the royal house, and William was Edward's kinsman. The moment was in every way favourable for suggesting to William on the one hand, to Edward on the other, the idea of an arrangement by which William should succeed to the English crown on Edward's death. The Norman writers are full of Edward's promise to William, and also of some kind of oath that Harold swore to him. Had either the promise or the oath been a pure Norman invention William could never have paraded both in the way that he did in the eyes of Europe.

I admit, then, some promise of Edward, some oath of Harold. But when the time came for Edward the Confessor to make his final recommendation of a successor, he certainly changed his purpose; for his last will, so far as such an expression can be used, was undoubtedly in favour of Harold.

III—The Growth of Norman Influence

It was in the year 1051 that the influence of strangers reached its height. During the first nine years of Edward's reign we find no signs of any open warfare between the national and the Normanising parties. The course of events shows that Godwin's power was being practically undermined, but the great earl was still outwardly in the enjoyment of royal favour, and his vast possessions were still being added to by royal grants. But soon England began to feel how great is the evil when a king and those immediately around him are estranged from the mass of his people in feeling.

To the French favourites who gradually crowded the court of Edward the name, the speech and the laws of England were things on which their ignorant pride looked with utter contempt.

Count Eustace of Boulogne, now brother-in-law of the King of the English, presently came, like the rest of the world, to the English court. The king was spending the autumn at Gloucester. Thither came Count Eustace, and after his satisfactory interview with the king he turned his face homewards. When a few miles from Dover he felt himself, in a region specially devoted to Godwin, to be still more thoroughly in an enemy's country than in other parts of England, and he and all his company took the precaution of putting on their coats of mail.

The proud Frenchmen expected to find free quarters at Dover, and they attempted to lodge themselves at their pleasure in the houses of the burghers. One Englishman resisted, and was struck dead on the spot. The count's party then rode through the town, cutting and slaying at pleasure. In a skirmish which quickly ensued twenty Englishmen and nineteen Frenchmen were slain.

Count Eustace and the remnant of the party hastened back to Gloucester, and told the story after their own fashion. On the mere accusation of a stranger, the English King condemned his own subjects without a hearing. He sent for Godwin, as earl of the district in which lay the offending town, and commanded him to inflict

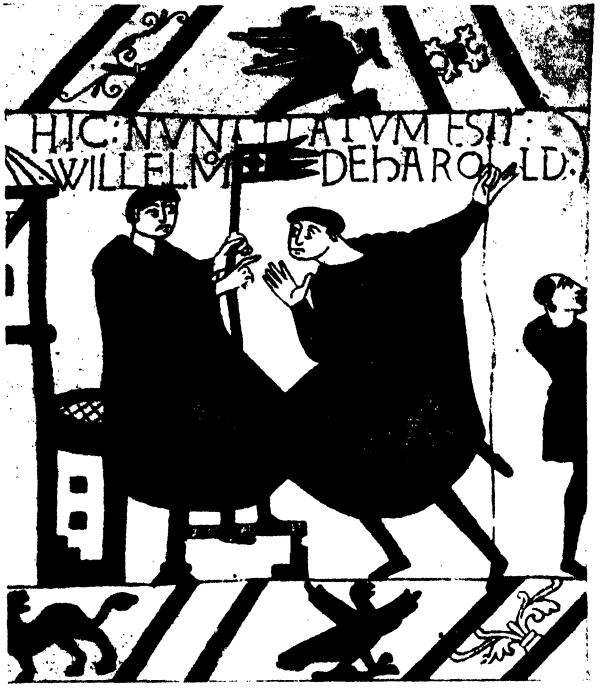
chastisement on Dover. The English champion was then in the midst of a domestic rejoicing. He, like the king, had been strengthening himself by a foreign alliance, and had just connected his house with that of a foreign prince. Tostig, his third son, had married Judith, the daughter of Baldwin of Flanders.

Godwin bidden, without the least legal proof of offence, to visit Dover with all the horrors of fire and sword, was not long in choosing his course.

But there were influences about Edward which cut off all hope of a peaceful settlement of the matter. Eustace probably still lingered about the king, and there was another voice ever at the royal ear, ever ready to poison the royal mind against the people of England and their leader. It was the voice of a foreign monk, Archbishop Robert. Godwin and three other earls summoned their followers and demanded the surrender of Eustace, but the frightened king sent for the northern earls Siward, Leofric and Ralph, bidding them bring a force strong enough to keep Godwin in check. Thus the northern and southern sections were arrayed against each other.

There were, however, on the king's side men who were not willing to see the country involved in civil war. Leofric, the good Earl of Mercia, stood forth as the champion of compromise and peace, and it was agreed that hostilities should be avoided and that the Witanagemot should assemble at Michaelmas in London.

Of this truce King Edward and his foreign advisers took advantage to collect an army, at the head of which they appeared in London. Godwin and his son Harold were summoned to the gemot, but refused to appear without a security for a safe-conduct. The hostages and safe-conduct were refused.

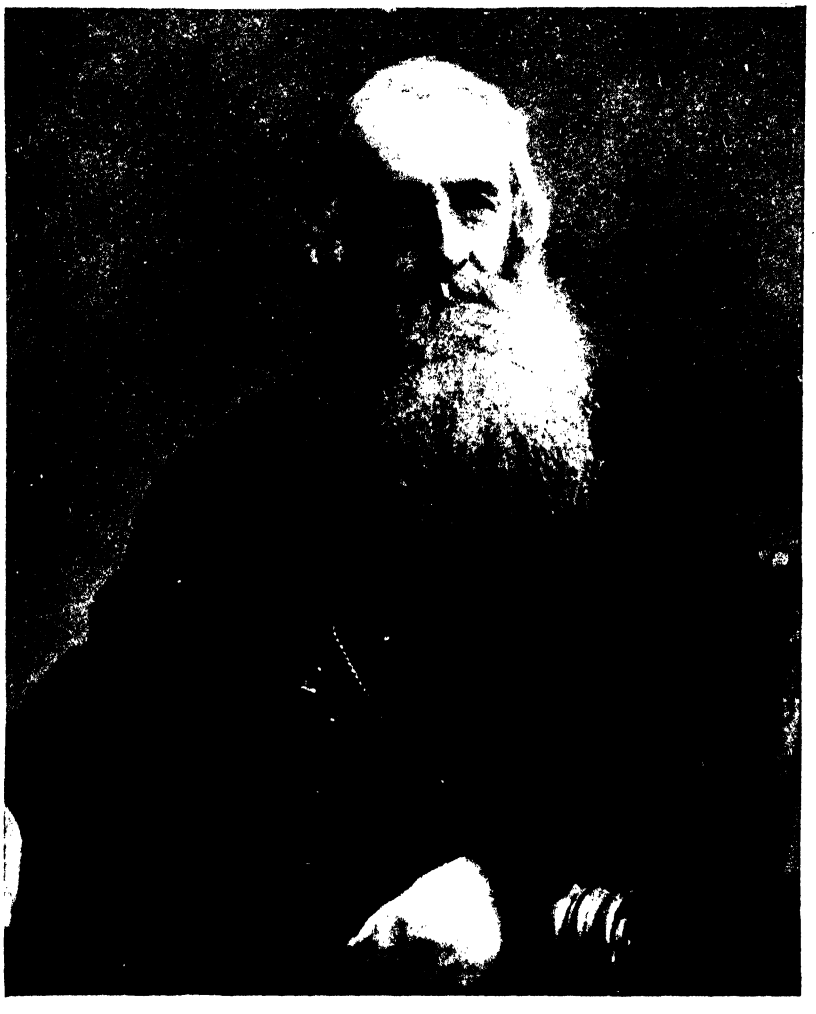


DUKE WILLIAM TOLD OF HAROLD'S ARRIVAL AT SENLAC

The refusal was announced by Bishop Stigand to the earl as he sat at his evening meal. The bishop wept; the earl sprang to his feet, overthrew the table, leaped on his horse and, with his sons, rode for his life all that night. In the morning the king held his Witanagemot, and Godwin and his sons were declared outlaws, but five days were allowed them to get out of the land. Godwin, Sweyn, Tostig and Gyrth, together with Gytha and Judith, the newly-married wife of Tostig, set sail for Bruges in a ship laden with as much treasure as it would hold.

Two of Godwin's sons, however, sought another refuge. Harold and his younger brother Leofwine determined on resistance, and resolved to seek shelter among the Danish settlers in Ireland, where they were cordially received by King Diarmid. For a moment the overthrow of the patriotic leaders in England was complete, and the dominion of foreigners over the feeble mind of the king was complete.

Stirring events followed in quick succession. General regret was felt among all



Elliott and Fry

Edward Augustus Freeman was born at Harborne, Staffordshire, August 2, 1823, and educated at private schools and at Trinity College, Oxford, of which foundation he was elected a fellow in 1845. After his marriage in 1847 he settled down in the country to a life of literary work, making his home from 1860 onwards at Somerleaze, near Wells. In 1884 he was appointed Regius Professor of modern history at Oxford and delivered the statutory lectures; but his health was bad and compelled him to spend much of his time abroad. He died at Alicante, Spain, March 16, 1892. Freeman stands in the front rank of British historians. His work, always based on an exhaustive study of original authorities, is careful and accurate, but extended by his passion for detail to portentous dimensions, which has hindered its usefulness to the public at large for whom it was professedly written. But his History of the Norman Conquest, nevertheless, contains some fine passages of English prose, fully worthy of the subject, and remains one of the finest contributions to world history that English literature has made.

patriotic Englishmen at the absence of Godwin. The common voice of England soon began to call for the return of the banished earl, who was looked to by all men as the father of his country. England now knew that in his fall a fatal blow had been dealt to her own welfare and freedom. And Godwin, after sending many petitions to the king, vainly petitioning for a reconciliation, determined to return by force, satisfied that the great majority of Englishmen would be less likely to resist him than to join his banners.

Harold sailed from Ireland to meet his father by way of the English Channel. Godwin sailed up the Thames, and London declared for him. Panic reigned among the favourites of King Edward. The foreigners took to flight, among the fugitives being Archbishop Robert and Bishop Ulf. The gemot decreed the restoration of the earl and the outlawry of many Normans. The king yielded, and accorded to Godwin the kiss of peace, and a revolution was accomplished of which England may well be proud.

But a tragedy soon followed, in the death of the most renowned Englishman of that generation. During a meal at the Easter festival Godwin fell from his seat, and died after lying insensible for three days. Great was the grief of the nation.

IV—The Moment of the Struggle

HAROLD, in the years that followed the death of Godwin, became so increasingly popular that he was virtually chief ruler of England, even before the death of Edward, which happened on January 5, 1066. His burial was followed by the coronation of Harold. But the moment of struggle was now come. The English throne had become vacant, and the Norman duke knew how to represent himself as its lawful heir and to brand the king of the nation's choice as a usurper.

William found one Englishman willing to help him in all his schemes, in the person of Tostig, Harold's brother, who had been outlawed at the demand of the nation, owing to his unfitness to rule his province as earl of Northumberland. He had sunk from bad to worse, Harold had done all he could for his fallen brother, but to restore him was impossible. Tostig was at the Norman court, urging William to the invasion of England. At his own risk, he was allowed to make an incursion on the English coast. Entering the Humber, he burnt several towns and slew many men. But after these ravages Tostig repaired to ask help of Harold Haardraade, whom he induced to prepare a great expedition.

Harold Haardraade and Tostig landed and marched towards York. A battle was fought between the Mercians and Norwegians at Fulford, in which the former were worsted, but Harold was marching northward. In the fearful battle of Stamford Bridge both Harold Haardraade and Tostig were slain, and the Viking host was shattered. The victorious English king was banqueting in celebration of the great victory, when a messenger appeared who had come from the distant coast of Sussex.

One blow had been warded off, but another still more terrible had fallen. Three days after the fight at Stamford Bridge, William, duke of the Normans, once the peaceful guest of Edward, had again, but in quite another guise, made good his landing on the shores of England. It was in August 1066 that the Norman fleet had set sail on its great enterprise. For several weeks a south wind had been waited for at the mouth of the River Dive, prayers and sacred rites of every kind being employed to move Heaven to send the propitious breeze. On September 28 the landing was effected at Pevensey, the ancient Anderida. There were neither ships nor men to resist the landing.

The first armed man who set foot on English ground was Duke William himself, whose foot slipped, so that he fell with both hands on the ground. A loud cry of grief was raised at the evil omen. But the ready wit of William failed him not. "By the splendour of God," he cried, "I have taken seizin of my kingdom; the earth of England is in my hands." The whole army landed in order, but only one day was spent at Pevensey. On the next day the army marched on eastward to Hastings, which was fixed on as the centre of the operations of the whole campaign

It was a hard lot for the English king to be compelled to hasten southward to dislodge the new enemy, after scarcely a moment's rest from the toils and glories of Stamford Bridge. But the heart of Harold failed him not, and the heart of England beat in unison with the heart of her king. As soon as the news came, King Harold held a council of the leaders of Stamford Bridge, or perhaps an armed gemot. He told them of the landing of the enemy; he set before them the horrors which would come upon the land if the invader succeeded in his enterprise. A loud shout of assent rose from the whole assembly. Every man pledged his faith rather to die in arms than to acknowledge any king but Harold.

The king thanked his loyal followers, and at once ordered an immediate march to the south, and an immediate muster of the forces of his kingdom. London was the trysting-place. He himself pressed on at once with his immediate following. And throughout the land awoke a spirit in every English heart which has never died out to this day. The men from various shires flocked eagerly to the standard of their glorious king. Harold seems to have reached London on October 5, about ten days after the fight at Stamford Bridge, and a week after the Norman landing at Pevensey. Though his royal home was now at Westminster, he went, in order to seek divine help and succour, to pray at Waltham, the home of his earlier days, devoting one day to a pilgrimage to the Holy Cross which gave England her war-cry.

HAROLD and William were now both eager for the battle. The king set out from London on October 12. His consummate generalship is nowhere more plainly shown than in this memorable campaign.

William constrained Harold to fight, but Harold, in his turn, constrained William to fight on ground of Harold's own choosing. The latter halted at a point distant about seven miles from the headquarters of the invaders, and pitched his camp upon the ever-memorable heights of Senlac. It was his policy not to attack. He occupied and fortified a post of great natural strength, which he speedily made into what is distinctly spoken of as a castle.

The hill of Senlac, now occupied by the town of Battle, commemorates in its later name the great event of which it was the scene.

V—October 14, 1066

THE morning of the decisive day, Saturday, October 14, at last had come. The duke of the Normans heard mass, and drew forth his troops for their march against the English post. Then in full armour, and seated on his Spanish war-horse, William led his host forth in three divisions. The Normans from the hill of Telham first caught sight of the English encamped on the opposite height of Senlac.

First in each of the three Norman divisions marched the archers, slingers and cross-bow men, then the more heavily armed infantry, lastly the horsemen. The reason of this arrangement is clear. The light-armed were to do what they could with their missiles to annoy the English; the heavy infantry were to strive to break down the palisades of the English camp, and so to make ready the way for the charge of the horse.

Like the Normans, the English had risen early. The king, after exhorting his troops to stand firm, rode to the royal post; he there dismounted, took his place on foot, and prayed to God for help. The battle began at nine in the morning. The trumpet sounded, and a flight of arrows from all three Norman divisions was the prelude to the onslaught of the heavy-armed foot. The French infantry had to toil up the hill, and to break down the palisade, while a shower of stones and javelins disordered their approach, and while club, sword and axe greeted all who came within the reach of hand-strokes.

Both sides fought with unyielding valour. The war-cries rose on either side. The Normans shouted 'God help us!' The English called on the 'Holy Cross.' The Norman infantry had soon done its best, but that best had been in vain. The choicest chivalry of Europe now pressed

on to the attack. The knights of Normandy and of all lands from which men had flocked to William's standard now pressed on, striving to make what impression they could with the whole strength of themselves and their horses on the impenetrable fortress of timber-shields and living warriors.

But all was in vain. The English had thus far stood their ground well and wisely, and the tactics of Harold had so far completely answered. Not only had every attack failed, but the great mass of the French army altogether lost heart. The Bretons and the other auxiliaries on the left were the first to give way. The whole of William's left wing was thrown into utter confusion.

The strong heart of William, however, failed him not, and by his single prowess and presence of mind he recalled the fleeing troops. Order was soon restored, and the Norman host pressed on to a second and more terrible attack. The duke himself, his relics round his neck, sought out Harold. A few moments more, and the two might have come face to face, but Gyrth, the noble brother of the English king, hurled a spear at William. The missile narrowly missed the duke, but slew the Spanish steed. But William could fight on foot as well as on horseback. He rose to his feet, pressed straight to seek the man who had so nearly slain him, and the earl fell, crushed beneath the blow of William's mace.

The second attack, however, failed, for the English lines were as unyielding as ever. Direct attack was unavailing. In the Norman character fox and lion were equally blended, as William now showed. He ventured on the daring stratagem of ordering a pretended flight, and the unwary English rushed down the slope, pursuing the fugitives with shouts of delight.

The error was fatal to England. The tide was turned: the duke's object was now gained. The English were no longer entrenched and the battle fell into a series of single combats. As twilight was coming on an arrow, falling like a bolt from heaven, pierced Harold's right eye, and he sank in agony at the foot of the standard. Round that standard the fight still raged, till the highest nobility, the most valiant soldiery of England were slaughtered to a man.

Had Harold lived, had another like him been ready to take his place, we may well doubt whether, even after Senlac, England would have been conquered at all. As it was, from this moment her complete conquest was only a matter of time. From that day forward the Normans began to work the will of God upon the folk of England, till there were left in England no chiefs of the land of English blood, till all were brought down to bondage and sorrow, till it was a shame to be called an Englishman, and the men of England were no more a people.



HAROLD KILLED BY AN ARROW AT THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS
The pictures in this and in pages 2705 and 2707 are reproduced from the Bayeux Tapestry

DANIEL DEFOE

CAPTAIN SINGLETON

IN 1720, the year after that which witnessed the publication of Robinson Crusoe (see page 81), Daniel Defoe published no fewer than three works of fiction: The Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell, Memoirs of a Cavalier, and Captain Singleton. This remarkable productiveness on the part of an author sixty years of age is partly to be explained by Defoe's habit of keeping his work in manuscript for long periods. In Captain Singleton, Defoe displays to the full his exceptional power of imparting apparent veracity to the purely fictitious incidents and characters of his imaginative creations, and in the record of the journey across Central Africa he also makes some surprising anticipations of subsequent discoveries. William the Quaker, who accompanies Singleton in his buccaneering expeditions, is the first Quaker presented in English fiction and remains an immortal creation, and the whole book is distinguished by shrewdness and wit, vivid imagination and a pure literary style which place it in the very highest class of English fiction. The book is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Sailing with the Devil



IF I may believe the woman whom I was taught to call mother, I was a little boy about two years old, very well dressed, and had a nursemaid to attend me, who took me out on a fine summer's evening into the fields towards Islington to give the child some air; a little girl being with her, of twelve or fourteen years old, that lived in the neighbourhood.

The maid meets with a fellow, her sweetheart; he carries her into a public-house, and while they are toying in there the girl plays about with me in her hand, sometimes in sight, sometimes out of sight.

Then comes by one of that sort of people who make it their business to spirit away little children, a trade chiefly practised where they found little children well dressed, and for bigger children, to sell them to the plantations.

The woman, pretending to take me up in her arms and play with me, draws the girl a good way from the house, and then bids her go back to the maid and tell her that a gentlewoman has taken a fancy to the child. And so, while the girl went, she carries me quite away.

From that time, it seems, I was disposed of to a beggar woman, and after that to a gypsy, till I was about six years old.

And this gypsy, though I was continually dragged about with her from one part of the country to the other, never let me want for anything. I called her mother, but she told me at last she was not my mother, but that she bought me for twelve shillings, and that my name was Bob Singleton, not Robert, but plain Bob.

Who my father and mother really were I have never learnt.

When my gypsy mother happened in process of time to be hanged, I was sent to a parish school; and then I was moved from one parish to another, and at Bussleton, near Southampton, the master of a ship took a fancy to me and, though I was not above twelve years old, he carried me to sea with him on a voyage to Newfoundland.

I went several voyages with him, when, coming home from Newfoundland about the year 1695, we were taken by an Algerine rover, which was in its turn taken by two great Portuguese men-of-war.

We were carried into Lisbon and there my master, the only friend I had in the world, dying of his wounds, I was left starving in a foreign country where I knew nobody and could not speak a word of the language.

However, an old pilot found me and, speaking in broken English, asked me if I would go with him.

"Yes," said I, "with all my heart."

For two years I lived with him, and then he got to be master under Don Garcia de Carravallas, captain of a Portuguese

galleon, which was bound to Goa in the East Indies. On this voyage I began to get a smattering of the Portuguese tongue and a superficial knowledge of navigation. I also learnt to be an arrant thief and a bad sailor.

I was reputed as mighty diligent and faithful to my master, but I was very far from honest.

Indeed, I had no sense of virtue or religion in me, never having heard much of either, and was growing up apace to be as wicked as anybody could be.

Thieving, lying, swearing, forswearing, joined to the most abominable lewdness, was the stated practice of the ship's crew; adding to it that, with the most insufferable boasts of their own courage, they were, generally speaking, the most complete cowards that I have ever met with.

According to the English proverb, he that is shipped with the devil must sail with the devil; I was among them, and I managed myself as well as I cou'd.

When we came to an anchor on the coast of Madagascar to repair some damage to the ship, there happened a most desperate mutiny among the men upon account of a deficiency in their allowance, and I, being full of mischief in my head, readily joined.

Though I was but a boy, as they called me, yet I prompted the mischief all I could, and embarked in it so openly that I escaped very little being hanged in the first and most early part of my life.

For the captain, getting wind of the plot, brought two fellows to confess the particulars, and presently no less than sixteen men were seized and put into irons, whereof I was one.

The captain who was made desperate by his danger, tried us all, and we were all condemned to die. The gunner and purser were hanged immediately, and I expected it with the rest. I do not remember any great concern I was under about it, only that I cried very much; for I knew little then of this world, and nothing at all of the next.

However, the captain contented himself with executing these two, and some of the rest upon their humble submission, were pardoned; but five were ordered to be set on shore on the island and left there, of which I was one.

At our first coming into the island we were terrified exceedingly with the sight of the barbarous people; but when we came to converse with them awhile, we found that they were not cannibals, as was reported, but they came and sat down by us, and wondered much at our clothes and arms. Nor did we suffer any harm from them during our whole stay on the island.

Before the ship sailed twenty-three of the crew decided to join us, and the captain, not unwilling to lose them, sent us two barrels of powder, and shot and lead as well as a great bag of bread.

Being now a considerable number, and in condition to defend ourselves, the first thing we did was to give everyone his hand that we would not separate from one another, but that we would live and die together, that we would be in all things guided by the majority, that we would appoint a captain among us to be our leader, and that we would obey him on pain of death.

II—A Mad Venture

For two years we remained on the island of Madagascar, for at the beginning we had no vessel large enough to pass the ocean.

I never proposed to speak in the general consultations, but one day I told the company that our best plan was to cruise along the coast in canoes, and seize upon the first vessel we could get that was better than our own, and so from that to another, till perhaps we might at last get a good ship.

"Excellent advice," says one of them. "Admirable advice," says another. "Yes, yes," says the third (which was a gunner), "the English dog has given excellent advice, but it is just the way to bring us all to the gallows. To go a-thieving, till from a little vessel we come to a great ship, and so shall we turn downright pirates, the end of which is to be hanged."

"You may call us pirates," says another, "if you will, and if we fall into bad hands we may be used like pirates; but I care not

for that. I'll be a pirate or anything, rather than starve here!"

And so they cried all, "Let us have a canoe!"

The gunner, overruled by the rest, submitted; but as we broke up the council, he came to me and very gravely, "My lad," says he, "thou art born to do a world of mischief; thou hast commenced pirate very young; but have a care of the gallows, young man; have a care, I say, for thou wilt be an eminent thief!"

I laughed at him, and told him I did not know what I might come to hereafter; but as our case was now, I should make no scruple to take the first ship I came at to get our liberty. I only wished we could see one, and come at her.

When we had made three canoes of some size, we set out on as odd a voyage as ever man went. We were a little fleet of three ships, and an army of between twenty and thirty as dangerous fellows as ever lived. We were bound somewhere and nowhere, for though we knew what we intended to do, we really did not know what we were doing.

We cruised up and down the coast, but no ship came in sight, and at last, with more courage than discretion, more resolution than judgement, we launched for the main coast of Africa.

The voyage was much longer than we expected, and when we were landed upon the continent it seemed the most desolate, desert and inhospitable country in the world.

It was here that we took one of the rashest and wildest and most desperate resolutions that ever was taken by man; this was to travel overland through the heart of the country, from the coast of Mozambique to the coast of Angola or Guinea, a continent of land of at least 1,800 miles, in which journey we had excessive heats to support, impassable deserts to go over, no carriages, camels, or beasts of any kind to carry our baggage, innumerable wild and ravenous beasts to encounter, such as lions, leopards, tigers, lizards and elephants; we had nations of savages to encounter, barbarous and brutish to the last degree; hunger and thirst to struggle with and, in one word, terrors enough to have daunted the stoutest hearts that ever were placed in cases of flesh and blood.

Yet, fearless of all these, we resolved to adventure and not only did we accomplish our journey, but we came to a river where there were vast quantities of gold.

The hardships and difficulties of our march were much mitigated by a method which I proposed and was found very convenient. This was to quarrel with some of the negro natives, take them as prisoners and, binding them as slaves, cause them to travel with us and carry our baggage.

ACCORDINGLY we secured about sixty lusty young fellows as prisoners, for the natives stood in great awe of us because of our firearms, and they not only served us faithfully the more so as we treated them without harshness but were of great help in showing us the way and in conversing with the savages we met.

When we reached the country where the gold was, we at once agreed, in order that the good harmony and friendship of our company might be maintained, that however much gold was gotten, it should be brought into one common stock and equally divided at last, the negroes sharing with the rest.

This was done, and at the end of our long journey we found each man's share amounted to many pounds of gold. We also got a cargo of elephants' teeth.

We parted at the Gold Coast from our black companions on the best of terms. Then most of my comrades went off to the Portuguese factories near Gambia, and I went to Cape Coast Castle, and got passage for England, where I arrived in September.

III—Quaker and Pirate

I HAD neither friend nor relation in England, though it was my native country; I had not a person to trust with what I had, or to counsel me to secure or save it; but falling into ill company, and trusting the keeper of a public-house in Rotherhithe with a great part of my money, all that great sum, which I got with so much pains and hazard, was gone in little more than two

years' time—spent in all kinds of folly and wickedness.

Then I began to see it was time to think of further adventures, and I next shipped myself, in an evil hour to be sure, on a voyage to Cadiz.

On the coast of Spain I fell in with some masters of mischief and, among them, one, forwarder than the rest, named Harris, who began an intimate confidence with me, so that we called one another brothers.

This Harris was afterwards captured by an English man-of-war and, being laid in irons, died of grief and anger.

WHEN we were together, he asked me if I had a mind for an adventure that might make amends for all past misfortunes. I told him, yes, with all my heart; for I did not care where I went, having nothing to lose and no one to leave behind me.

He told me, then, there was a brave fellow, whose name was Wilmot, in another English ship which rode in the harbour, who had resolved to mutiny the next morning and run away with the ship; and that if we could get strength enough among our ship's company, we might do the same.

I liked the proposal very well, but we could not bring our part to perfection. For there were but eleven in our ship who were in the conspiracy, nor could we get any more that we could trust. So that when Wilmot began his work, and secured the ship and gave the signal to us, we all took a boat and went off to join him.

Being well prepared for all manner of roguery, without the least checks of conscience, I thus embarked with this crew, which at last brought me to consort with the most famous pirates of the age.

I, that was an original thief, and a pirate even by inclination before, was now in my element, and never undertook anything in my life with more satisfaction.

Captain Wilmot—for so we now called him—at once stood out for sea, steering for the Canaries, and thence onward to the West Indies. Our ship had twenty-two guns, and we obtained plenty of ammunition from the Spaniards in exchange for bales of English cloth.

We cruised near two years in those seas of the West Indies, chiefly upon the Spaniards—not that we made any difficulty of taking English ships, or Dutch, or French, if they came in our way. But the reason why we meddled as little with English vessels as we could was, first, because if they were ships of any force, we were sure of more resistance from them; and, secondly, because we found the English ships had less booty when taken, for the Spaniards generally had money on board, and that was what we best knew what to do with.

We increased our stock considerably in these two years, having taken 60,000 pieces of gold in one vessel, and 100,000 in another; and being thus first grown rich, we resolved to be strong, too, for we had taken a brigantine, an excellent sea-boat able to carry twelve guns, and a large Spanish frigate-built ship, which afterwards, by the help of good carpenters, we fitted up to carry twenty-eight guns.

We had also taken two or three sloops from New England and New York, laden with flour, peas, and barrelled beef and pork, going for Jamaica and Barbados; and for more beef we went on shore on the island of Cuba, where we killed as many black cattle as we pleased, though we had very little salt to cure them.

OUT of all the prizes we took here we took their powder and bullets, their small-arms and cutlasses; and as for their men, we always took the surgeon and the carpenter, as persons of particular use to us upon many occasions; nor were they always unwilling to go with us.

We had one very merry fellow here, a Quaker, whose name was William Walters, whom we took out of a sloop bound from Pennsylvania to Barbados. He was a surgeon and they called him doctor, and we made him go with us and take all his implements with him. He was a comic fellow indeed, a man of very good solid sense and an excellent surgeon; but, what was worth all, very good-humoured and pleasant in his conversation, and a bold, stout, brave fellow too, as any we had among us.

I found William not very averse to go along with us, and yet resolved to do it so that it might be apparent he was taken away by force.

"Friend," he says, "thou sayest I must go with thee, and it is not in my power to resist thee if I would; but I desire thou wilt oblige the master of the sloop to certify under his hand that I was taken away by force, and against my will."

So I drew up a certificate myself, wherein I wrote that he was taken away as a prisoner, by a pirate ship; and this was signed by the master and all his men.

"Thou hast dealt friendly by me," says he, when we had brought him aboard, "and I will be plain with thee, whether I came willingly to thee or not. But thou knowest it is not my business to meddle when thou art to fight."

"No, no," says the captain, "but you may meddle a little when we share the money."

"Those things are useful to furnish a surgeon's chest," says William, and smiled, "but I shall be moderate."

In short, William was a most agreeable companion; but he had the better of us in this part, that if we were taken we were sure to be hanged, and he was sure to escape. But he was a sprightly fellow, and fitter to be captain than any of us.

IV—A Respectable Merchant

WE cruised the seas for many years, and William and I had a ship to ourselves with 400 men in authority under us. As for Captain Wilmot, we left him with a large company at Madagascar, while we went on to the East Indies.

At last we had gotten so rich, for we traded in cloves and spices to the merchants, that William one day proposed to me that we should give up the kind of life we had been leading.

"Most people," said William, "leave off trading when they are satisfied of getting, and are rich enough. It is natural for men that are abroad to desire to come home again at last, especially when they are grown rich."

"Well, William," said I, "but you have not explained what you mean by home. Why, man, I am at home; here is my habitation; I never had any other in my lifetime; I was a kind of charity schoolboy; so that I can have no desire of going anywhere for being rich or poor, for I have nowhere to go."

"Why," says William, looking a little confused, "hast thou no relatives or friends in England? No acquaintance; none that thou hast any kindness or any remains of respect for?"

"Not I, William," said I, "no more than I have in the court of the Great Mogul. Yet I do not say I like this roving, cruising life so well as never to give it over. Say anything to me, I will take it kindly."

"There is something to be thought of beyond this way of life," says William.

He spoke this very affectionately, with an appearance of concern for me.

"My proposal," William went on, "is for thy good as well as my own. We may put an end to this kind of life, and repent."

"Look you, William," says I, "let me have your proposal for putting an end to our present way of living first, and you and I will talk of the other afterwards."

"Nay," says William, "thou art in the right there; we must never talk of repenting while we continue pirates."

"Well," says I, "William, that's what I meant; for if we must not reform, as well as be sorry for what is done, I have no notion what repentance means; the nature of the thing seems to tell me that the first step we have to take is to break off this wretched course. Dost thou think it practicable for us to put an end to our unhappy way of living, and get off?"

"Yes," says he; "very practicable."

WE were then anchored off the city of Bassorah, and one night William and I went ashore, and sent a note to the boatswain telling him we were betrayed and bidding him make off with the ship.

By this means we frighted the rogues our comrades; and we had nothing to do then but to consider how to convert our treasure into things proper to make us look like merchants, as we were now to be.

Then we clothed ourselves like Armenian merchants, and after many days reached Venice; and at last we agreed to go to London. For William had a sister whom he was anxious to see once more.

So we came to England, and some time later I married William's sister, with whom I am much more happy than I deserve.



John Masefield.

To face page 2717

JOHN MASEFIELD

COLLECTED POEMS

A Critical Appreciation by R. Musgrove Scott



ONE approaches the study of John Masefield's work with natural diffidence, since, in Biography, one of his finest poems, he outlines with distressing clarity and bitterness the pathetic weakness of critics.

They mark the height achieved, the main result,
The power of freedom in the perished cult,
The power of boredom in the dead man's deeds,
Not the bright moments of the sprinkled seeds.

Mr. Masefield is afraid, indeed, that when 'scribes' of the years to come comment on his poetry, his dramas and his novels they will examine them in too scientific a spirit. They will, he is sure, so anxiously seek to analyse and to date his writings, and to attach him to some school, that they will fail to notice the murmur of the sea, the faint, exotic whisper of old Spanish music or the sounds of the English countryside that are audible in his every rhythm.

In expressing these doubts, however, Mr. Masefield modestly underestimates his own genius. None of his 'deeds' has the power of boredom. We cannot read Dauber, or Salt Water Ballads, or Poems and Ballads, without hearing the thunder and ripple of ocean or the echoes of chanties and shore songs of the Spanish waters, and sighing (for a day) because our fate has not taken us among tall ships or the many-coloured surprises of strange ports. Similarly, the pastoral charm of The Daffodil Fields or Reynard the Fox lifts a curtain in our minds to let us see an April world. Mr. Masefield has the power thus to intensify our daydreams, so that, even though we realize one of his fears in doing so, we must place him in the School of the Romantics. But, since he not only allows us a very vivid glimpse of the foam of seas as perilous, and lands as faery as those of Keats, but also clarifies and spiritualises these imaginings of ours, we must further label him a 'great Romantic.' We are the more inclined to bestow this title upon him when we remember his place in modern English literary history.

Mr. Masefield has played a very notable part in revolutionising poetic diction. He began to write at the beginning of the present century, when there were two main languages for poetry, and both were largely compound of conceits. Some men, as Stephen Phillips and Yeats, were still culling yellow blossoms from the hot-house vocabularies of the 'nineties; others, with Kipling, thought it rather fun to drop h's and write in dialect generally, even if they did feel a little self-conscious. John Masefield, however, uses a simple, direct phraseology whether he be writing with dignity or colloquially. We are almost amazed to find that noble thought can be expressed in the language of everyday speech. Just as Wordsworth, however, in effecting a great reformation in the poetic diction of his day, occasionally exaggerates simplicity until it becomes imbecility, so Mr. Masefield occasionally lapses from plain speaking into luridness.

There are those, indeed, who, remembering such strident utterances from The Everlasting Mercy as 'O damn the gin,' and 'The room stank like a fox's gut,' would deny him the title of a great Romantic. The crude realism of many of his works seems to tarnish the brightness of his imaginative world of romance. But this sensation is only momentary. We find that the inclusion of much that is coarse and tawdry and cheap serves to show in bolder and more clearly-limned relief all that is fine and brilliant and beautiful. In juxtaposition to the remarks quoted above are such lines as, for example:

O Christ, the plough, O Christ, the laughter
Of holy white birds flying after,
Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
And thou wilt bring the young green corn,
The young green corn divinely springing,
The young green corn for ever singing. . .

In fact, Mr. Masefield's numerous and not always appropriate oaths, and his almost photographic descriptions of bestial men and blowsy girls, are Romantic decorations of stock pattern. They vilify life in a refreshingly Victorian manner so that the climax of purification may be all the more effective. The blacker the sinner the whiter the saint.

This calculated infusion of the sordid, however, is only used by Mr. Masefield in his longer narrative poems. His lyrics and ballads are free from coarseness or drabness or, at least, when these qualities are present they do not interrupt the romantic flow of the piece in which they are incorporated. The fact that

There's sand bagging and throat-slitting,
And quiet graves in the sea slime,
Stabbing, of course, and rum-hitting,
Dirt, and drink, and stink, and crime,
In Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter

are only a few of the drawbacks of this unpleasant port does not keep us from visualising it in a pleasant light. It is one of the faults of our civilization that it has made it impossible for us freely to indulge in 'sand-bagging' and 'rum-hitting' without altogether destroying our inherent taste for such diversions. This enables romantics to give us some vicarious experience of them, but, in doing so, while they certainly intensify our day-dreams they neither spiritualise nor clarify them. In his pirate and tropical port ballads even in the vigorous Captain Stratton's Fancy or the haunting Spanish Waters we cannot, therefore, expect to find John Masefield writing in his best manner. Nevertheless, the world in which we live seems greyer and chillier for some time after we have read them.

It is in such calm songs as Beauty, Cargoes, The Gentle Lady, and in some of the unnamed poems in Lollingdon Downs that we appreciate Mr. Masefield's exquisite lyrical touch. He has a gift of accumulating images, each of which becomes impressed upon our imagination in such a way that when we come to the critical words of the poem in which they occur the truth expressed comes to our minds with all the vividness of spontaneous inspiration. We find an example of this method of construction in Beauty.

I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain:
I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,
Bringing the springing grass and the soft, warm April rain

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of the sea,
And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships;
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips.

We know nothing of 'her,' nothing, that is to say, that would satisfy a photographer; we have the conventional statement by a lover that his lady is 'the loveliest thing of beauty'; and yet, in the song, we have the whole experience of love of 'her.' By the force of concrete images, by suggesting to us those other 'things of beauty' that might possibly be compared with 'her,' Mr. Masefield invests all women whom we have known or can possibly know with a new and very delicate charm. He has indeed the magic touch of the great Romantics.

The dignity, the simplicity and sincerity of Beauty are qualities remarkable not only in the finest of John Masefield's love-songs, but in his lyrics as a whole.

No rose but fades: no glory but must pass:
No hue but dims: no precious silk but frets.
Her beauty must go underneath the grass,
Under the long roots of the violets.

Maids that were redly-lipped and comely-skinned,
Friends that deserved a sweeter bed than clay,
All are as blossoms blowing down the wind,
Things the old envious villain sweeps away.

And though the mutterer laughs and church bells toll,
Death brings another April to the soul.

There is a directness and sweetness about this that raises it far above the mass of

contemporary Romantic poetry. Its inspiration is plainly in personal experience, and the language and form have an unaffected and classical grace. 'Friends that deserved a sweeter bed than clay' is an epitaph the sense of which must at some time have been appreciated by all men. It has the quietness and the intensity of retrospective grief. It expresses the purely materialistic view of death as adequately and as beautifully as 'Death brings another April to the soul' expresses the idealistic.

It throws interesting light on Mr. Masefield's technique to scrutinise Waste, the lyric that we have last quoted, even more closely. He is a master of words; each one that he uses is not only exactly appropriate to the idea that it helps to express, but has a very definite musical importance. In the first verse of Waste, for example, the first three lines are devoted to the elaboration of the theme that decay is inevitable. The language is of the simplest; and the only word that we might change or omit without destroying the precision of the thought is 'precious.' But even if we were to tamper with this one word without altering the sense of the verse we should introduce something discordant into its melody; the musical symmetry of the second line depends upon the fact that one of the vowel sounds in 'precious' is the same as the vowel sound in 'frets.' We notice, too, that the most important vowel sounds in the last line of this first verse are all long, giving it the slow melancholy of a dirge, and so by its sound increasing the poignancy of the meaning.

THE same nice choice of words is evident in what we might describe as Mr. Masefield's decorative poems. In Cargoes, for example, we have the whole glamour of old-time Eastern trade, the variety, the richness, the fragrance of the merchandise, suggested in a few lines.

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood and sweet white wine.

Even place-names like Nineveh and Ophir have a powerful fascination in this connexion. Lest anybody should imagine that the compilation of such a romantic catalogue does not demand the same inspiration, the same genius for selection and the same appreciation of the musical quality of words, we might compare these lines from Cargoes with a stanza of Mr. Kipling's The Merchantmen.

King Solomon drew merchantmen.
Because of his desire
For peacocks, apes, and ivory,
From Tarshish unto Tyre:
With cedars out of Lebanon
Which Hiram rafted down.
But we be only sailormen
That use in London town.

The two poets have intended the same effect. Mr. Masefield has, however, succeeded in painting a more vivid, a more exotic picture than Mr. Kipling; he has included in it very little more detail than is contained in the lines from The Merchantmen, but it glows with rich colour and is forcibly alive, while the other has an air of artificiality and pompousness. His success is to some extent due to the fact that his rhythm is vigorous and adapted to the words, whereas Mr. Kipling's verse has a cloying facility and the words seem to have been adapted to the preconceived rhythm.

THE directness and simplicity of Mr. Masefield's thought as expressed in his lyrics are made effective by his extremely artistic and well-disciplined style. As we have seen, it can be plain to the point of harshness, or very decorative, but it is never slovenly, never unsuited to the subject upon which Mr. Masefield is writing. This judgement applies not only to his lyrics, but also to the great sonnet sequences in Lollingdon Downs. In these he examines man's place in the universe, his aesthetic life and the purpose of his being. The sonnets, which have to the full the peculiar charm that is born of technical perfection, declare the paradox of the twin majesty of the Cosmos and of man, an infinitely little particle of it. It may be that

. . . when the hour has struck, comes death or change,
Which, whether good or ill we cannot tell,
But the blind planet will wander through her range
Bearing men like us who will serve as well.
The suns will rise, the winds that ever move
Will blow our dust that once were men in love.

Yet there is a converse side to the picture :

Wherever beauty has been quick in clay
Some effluence of it lives, a spirit dwells,
Beauty that death can never take away

. . . . . .

But the still grass, the leaves, the trembling flower
Keep, through dead time, that everlasting hour.

So, with dignity and power, John Masefield develops his idealistic philosophy. There is no element of strain, no flaw of incongruity throughout the whole series of sonnets. It moves to its close with a suggestion of great forces magnificently restrained that is not a little reminiscent of Shelley's Adonais.

If John Masefield's lyrics, ballads and sonnets remind us of the great Romantics of the nineteenth century, his narrative poems, without being in the least archaic, connect him with the romance of a still earlier day, of the springtime of English letters. They are in the authentic tradition of The Canterbury Tales brisk and filled with vigour, yet marvellously dignified at times ; descriptive of many aspects of life and of the world of nature ; and, though the writing has always a very attractive freshness, glowing with a mellow and deliberate beauty.

Witty, merry, heroic, coarse, exquisitely pastoral by turns, they are always pleasing. We might, perhaps, arrive at the clearest understanding of their excellence by continuing to trace the likeness that exists between them and the work of Chaucer. Before doing this, however, we must state the most obvious difference : that Mr. Masefield's narrative poems are not connected the one with the other as are The Canterbury Tales.

Both Chaucer and Mr. Masefield tell a tale very well. It may be that in the one case it is only a pot house anecdote or much garbled echo of the classics, and in the other the account of a reprobate's conversion to good, as in The Everlasting Mercy, or of a boy who is corrupted by evil company, as in The Widow in the Bye Street, but our interest is always held ; the manner of telling the story is invariably masterly. Thus, The Everlasting Mercy could well have been dull in the extreme, and grossly sentimental. It shares its subject with most temperance tracts, but we overlook this in the fire and energy of the earlier parts of the narrative, and the calm beauty of the later.

The steps by which Saul Kane, ' the drunken, poaching, boozing brute,' the haunter of low bars and even less desirable places, attained to grace of mind and the wish that he might ' flower to men ' are traced with wonderful perception and imagination, But even more interesting than the adventures of Saul's spirit are the folk with whom he comes into contact. The woman who boxed her son's ears for talking to Saul, the worldly old clergyman with his witty advice—

Meanwhile, my friend, 'twould be no sin
To mix more water in your gin.
We're neither saints nor Philip Sidneys
But mortal men with mortal kidneys—

the young social worker who cured Saul of his frenzy of evil living—all are sketched with a detailed precision that makes them live for us. This quality of intense animation arising from the vivid crowds that populate Mr. Masefield's narrative poems more than compensates for defective dramatisation and the unconvincing characterisation of his heroes and heroines.

In fact, the principal characters in these story-poems lose something by being treated at length. Saul Kane is a less precise, less surely drawn figure than the old, snuff-taking, ' purple parson,' who only makes an appearance to listen to Saul's picturesque (but unedifying) denunciation of the church, and to answer it no less emphatically. The old mother in The Widow in the Bye Street is decidedly less vivid than Anne or Shepherd Ernie, while Jimmy seems the least human of all. In Dauber we are similarly tempted to forget the importance of the chief character, but in this case by the wonder and glory of Mr. Masefield's seascapes.

The reason for this uncertainty of focus is that Mr. Masefield, like Chaucer, is naturally a brilliant impressionist in his writings, and at best he is only a competent analyst. Hence those subjects that he treats impressionistically—the ' purple parson,' Anne, Shepherd Ernie and a ship at sea—are brilliant pictures, whereas, when he attempts to give a complicated psychological reality to certain of his

creatures, he loses his sureness of touch. His descriptive genius makes his narrative poems glitter like richly-coloured tapestries; but it goes far to spoil the dramatic interest in his dramas, such as Pompey the Great or A King's Daughter. It is responsible, however, for Dauber, in which are some of the best verses in adoration of the sea in the English language, and for a very gay masterpiece—Reynard the Fox.

WE shall examine Reynard first, for in it, to a greater degree than in Dauber, Mr. Masefield shows himself possessed of two qualities that further link him with Chaucer. Both poets, in the first place, have a genius for making a quick sketch of some character—a sketch that has all the brilliance, the completeness, the pointedness and insight of a really clever epigram. A whole gallery of such impressionist portraits is included in Reynard the Fox, and constitutes a detailed and extremely interesting representation of the crowd that attends the meet of a very ordinary hunt. All the little world of the countryside and the quiet provincial town is here pictured.

There is the jolly parson.

> He did not talk of churchyard worms,
> But of our privilege as dust
> To box a lively bout with lust
> Ere going to heaven to rejoice.

In sharp contrast to him is 'old Bennet,' whose mouth seemed as hard as that of his horse.

> His cold eye reached the women through
> With comment and the men with scorn.
> He hated women gently born,
> He hated all beyond his grasp,
> For he was minded like the asp,
> That strikes whatever is not dust.

Prominent also is

> A fierce, hot, hard, old, stupid squire,
> With all his liver made of fire,
> Small brain, great courage, mulish will.
> . . . . . .
> Two things he failed to understand,
> The foreigner and what was new.

The youngest of his three daughters rides at his side.

> She had a wit for mockery
> And sang mild, pretty, senseless songs
> Of sunsets, Heaven and lovers' wrongs,
> Sweet to the Squire when he had dined.
> A rosebud need not have a mind.
> A lily is not sweet from learning.

Pete Gurney, 'a lusty cock turned sixty-three' rides up with his nephew. Pete, a dairy-farmer and a 'manly English person,' is

> Much like a robin in the face,
> Much character in little space,
> With little eyes like burning coal;
> . . . . . .
> He had the russet-apple mind
> That betters as the weather worsens.

Another type of man is Bill Ridden, 'that big-mouthed smiler' (who, incidentally, makes a rather apoplectic appearance in Mr. Masefield's novel Odtaa).

> . . . Billy lived too much with horses.
> In coper's yards and sharper's courses,
> To lack the sharper coper streak.
> He did not turn the other cheek
> When struck (as English Christians do);
> He boxed like a Whitechapel Jew. . .

So we might continue, multiplying the number of types of men and women that Mr Masefield has painted in verse. None of them are merely pleasant, or unpleasant, or odd. With very great artistry Mr. Masefield succeeds in arousing our interest in each one by a different appeal to it; that is to say, he contrives to give each one a separate and striking personality.

TAKEN as a crowd, however, these people, with all their faults and all their great virtues, are representative of English rural society of to-day. Mr. Masefield (and here is the last link that connects him, in our minds, with Chaucer) also draws in Reynard the Fox a very clear, calm picture of the English countryside an Old Crome in words. If he is not so sedately pastoral in tone as Mr. Blunden nor so gaily enthusiastic as Rupert Brooke, his descriptions have an air of truth and of loving perception that makes them individual as well as very beautiful.

> Catkins were out; the day seemed tense,
> It was so still. At every fence
> Cow-parsley pushed its thin green fern.
> White violet leaves showed at the burn.

In this there is a complete lack of that affectedly bucolic enthusiasm that is devastating in its effects on pastoral poetry; the fragment quoted is obviously written by one who relishes nature in all her variety. The language is wonderfully simple, as it is throughout Reynard the Fox, and yet it conveys all the fascination of the wild-wood.

Wind-bitten beech with badger barrows,
Where brocks eat wasp-grubs with their marrows,
And foxes lie on short-grassed turf,
Nose between paws, to hear the surf
Of wind in the beeches drowsily.

The verse itself almost seems 'wind-bitten,' so sharp and clean and vigorous it is.

Reynard the Fox is essentially a country tale, and in his poetry of the countryside John Masefield plays very sweetly on the reed pipes, as is the custom. But in his great poem of the sea, in Dauber, he turns to a more elaborate instrument. The music of Dauber is like that of a great organ, rising to heights of stormy majesty, and dropping again to whispers of an infinite sweetness. In the grandeur of his descriptions of the sea itself, in his pictures of sailors on board a sailing-ship, Mr. Masefield reminds us very much of the most inspired of American novelists, Herman Melville. But whereas the latter was deeply impressed with the sternness, the savagery, the mystery of the sea, Mr. Masefield contrives to present it to us in all its phases. Dauber is undoubtedly the highest achievement of modern Romanticism.

The motif of the poem is simple and comparatively unimportant. A lad who craves to be an artist joins a ship as painter; he meets with many vicissitudes, and eventually falls from a mast and is killed. The greatness of the poem consists rather in the details of the voyage than in the picture of this unfortunate youth. Mr. Masefield carries us from calm to tempest, from sunlit seas to fogbound, terror-filled nights, sketching each aspect with wonderful skill.

They lost the Trades soon after, then came
calm,
Light little gusts and rain, which soon increased
To glorious northers shouting out a psalm
At seeing the bright blue water silver fleeced,
Homwards she rushed, trampling the seas to
yeast
. . . . . .
Out of the air a time of quiet came.
Calm fell upon the heaven like a drowth;
The brass sky watched the brassy water flame.
Drowsed as a snail the clipper loitered south
Slowly, with no white bone across her mouth;
No rushing glory, like a queen made bold,
The Dauber strove to draw her as she rolled.
. . . . . .
Mournful and then again mournful, and still
Out of the night that mighty voice arose;
The Dauber at his foghorn felt the thrill.
Who rode that desolate sea? What forms were
those?
Mournful, from things defeated, in the throes
Of memory of some conquered hunting-ground,
Out of the night of death arose the sound.

The sailing-ship pursues its graceful way, and we go with it in spirit, thrilling at each danger encountered, rejoicing at each danger surmounted. The Dauber dies, and his death is quickly forgotten by the crew, and by ourselves. Soon we are brought languidly to anchor in a port of Spanish South America.

And then the night fell dark, and all night long
The pointed mountain pointed at the stars
. . . . . .
Then the sun's coming turned the peak to blood,
And in the rest-house the muleteers arose.
And all day long, where only the eagle goes,
Stones, loosened by the sun, fall; the stones
falling
Fill empty gorge on gorge with echoes calling

This quiet ending, symbolising the peace that comes to sailors after a long and extremely eventful voyage, is one of the finest sections of a great poem. Apart from its beauty, however, it has a purely technical function. Like the last chorus of a Greek tragedy such as the Agamemnon, it soothes the mind after the catastrophe (in this case the death of the Dauber) that brings the essential dramatic action to an end.

So finished is Mr. Masefield's art throughout this poem that we do not perceive it; we are carried before the wind of his imagination with such smoothness that we forget the genius that enables us to make this voyage. But throughout the poem there is that careful choice of words, that precision of thought and clarity of vision that characterises John Masefield's writings. As we read, 'beauty in the heart breaks like a flower' (to use Mr. Masefield's own phrase), and we leave Dauber with that high exultation, that new appreciation of life that is the gift of the purest and most noble Romantic poetry. Even if he had not written another line, John Masefield, judged by this one poem, would be entitled to rank with Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, as a singer of that world of the spirit that is outside the world.

Called by Gibbon 'A Golden Volume'

BOETHIUS

THE CONSOLATION OF

ANICIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS BOETHIUS, statesman, scholar and philosopher, was born at Rome about A.D. 474. He belonged to a distinguished Roman family, and rapidly won the favour of Theodoric, being elected sole consul in 510. Through false accusations, however, he was deprived of his offices, imprisoned at Pavia, and finally executed in 525. Boethius is distinguished as the last Latin writer of real ability who thoroughly understood the Greek language and literature. His chief aim was to transplant Greek learning into the Roman dominion, and to this end he published translations of and commentaries on the works of Aristotle, Pythagoras, Ptolemy, Euclid and Archimedes. The most important of his own works, De Consolatione Philosophiae, was produced in captivity, and on the strength of it Boethius ranked high as a philosopher until the end of the Middle Ages. King Alfred and Chaucer translated parts of the Consolation of Philosophy, and many later translations have been made, notably that by H. R. James in prose and verse. Cheap editions are published by George Bell and by Routledge.

I—The Sorrows of Boethius



I WHO knew happy days, sat brooding over the sorrows which have come on me in my old age, and I had written in sad verses some complainings over my misfortunes, when it seemed to me that there appeared above my head a woman of a countenance exceeding venerable. Her eyes were of fiery glow, her complexion was lively, her aspect was vigorous and she seemed plainly not of my time or age.

Her stature was difficult to judge, for at one moment it exceeded not the common height, at another her forehead seemed to strike the sky; and when she raised her head higher, she began to pierce the very heavens, and to baffle the eyes of those who looked upon her. Her garments were of an imperishable fabric. On the lowermost edge was interwoven the Greek letter Π, which stands for political life, the life of action. On the topmost edge was the letter Θ, standing for the theoretical life, the life of thought; and between the two were to be seen steps, like a staircase, from the lower to the upper letter. The robe, moreover, had been torn by the hands of violent persons, who had each snatched away what he could clutch. [The Stoic, Epicurean and other philosophical sects which Boethius regards as heterodox.]

When she saw the muses of poesie standing by my bed, dictating the words of my lamentations, she was moved to wrath, her eyes flashed sternly and she addressed to them such words of upbraiding that the whole band dolefully left the chamber. I, dumbfounded, silently awaited what she might do next. Then, drawing near my couch, she bewailed the disorder of my mind, but presently declared that the occasion called rather for healing than for lamentation; that the symptoms were of lethargy, the usual sickness of deluded souls. Then, with a fold of her robe, she dried my eyes all swimming with tears.

Even so the clouds of my melancholy were broken up. I saw the clear sky and regained the power to recognize the face of my physician. Lifting up my eyes I beheld my nurse, Philosophy, whose halls I had frequented from my youth up.

"Ah, why," I cried, "mistress of all excellence, hast thou come down from on high and entered the solitude of this my exile? Is it that thou, even as I, mayst be persecuted with false accusations?"

"Could I desert thee, child," said she, "and not lighten the burden which thou hast taken upon thee through the hatred of my name, by sharing this trouble? Thinkest thou that now, for the first time in an evil age, Wisdom hath been assailed by peril? The stories of the fate of Socrates, of Anaxagoras, of Zeno, of Arrius, of Seneca, of Soranus are not unknown to thee. These men were brought to de-

struction for no other reason than that, settled as they were in my principles, their lives were a manifest contrast to the ways of the wicked. Dost thou understand, or art thou dull as an ass to the sound of my lyre? Why dost thou weep?"

Then I, gathering what strength I could, began, "Is there any need of telling? Is not the cruelty of fortune against me plain enough, and all because I have faithfully followed thy precepts? Thou hast enjoined by Plato's mouth the maxim that states would be happy, either if philosophers ruled them, or if it should so befall that their rulers should turn philosophers. I have tried to apply in the business of public administration the principles I learnt from thee. For this cause I have become involved in bitter and irreconcilable feuds. By baulking Conigastus in his assaults on the weak, and by thwarting the vile schemes of Trigguilla, and by rescuing the consul Paulinus from the gaping jaws of the court bloodhounds, and by saving Albinus from the penalties of a prejudged charge, I have laid up for myself a great store of enmities. And now that by lying informers I have been struck down, what is thy counsel, O, my mistress?"

II—The Vanity of Fortune's Gifts

PHILOSOPHY, after an interval of silence, thus began.

"If I have thoroughly ascertained the character and causes of thy sickness, thou art pining with regretful longing for thy former fortune. But thou thinkest that the siren called Fortune hath changed her ways towards thee. But rather in her very mutability hath she preserved towards thee her true constancy. Thou hast found out how changeful is the face of the blind goddess. If thou likest her, take her as she is and do not complain. If thou abhorrest her perfidy, turn from her in disdain and renounce her!"

"Thine admonishings are true," said I. "But in adverse fortune the worst sting of misery assuredly is to have been happy."

"Well," said she, "if thou art paying the penalty of a mistaken belief, thou canst not rightly impute the fault to circumstances. Come, reckon up how rich thou art in thy blessings! Thy wife yet lives with her gentleness and virtue. Think of thy sons and their consular dignity. Think how many other men are lacking in such blessings as are preserved to thee. As for riches, what are they but mere gold and heaps of money? Money is only precious when it is given away, and it can only fall to one man's lot by the impoverishment of others. And as for rank and power, these have often fallen to the worst of men, and then did ever an Etna work such mischief?"

"Thou knowest," I answered, "that ambition for worldly success hath but little swayed me. Yet I have desired opportunity for action, lest virtue, in default of exercise, should languish away."

Then said she: "This is that last infirmity which is able to allure noble minds. But how poor and unsubstantial a thing is glory. The whole of this earth's globe is as compared with the expanse of heaven no bigger than a point, and of this insignificant world only a fourth part is inhabited by living creatures, and vast portions of that part are usurped by sea, marsh and desert, so that little space is left for human beings. And of this how narrow is the area for human fame! Why, in Cicero's days, the fame of the Roman Republic had not yet crossed the Caucasus. Can the fame of a single Roman penetrate where the glory of the Roman name fails to pass? Moreover, what concern have choice spirits—for it is of such men we speak, men who seek glory by virtue—what concern have these with fame after the dissolution of the body in death?"

III—True Happiness and False

FOR a little space Philosophy was silent, and then she thus began again.

"I would now lead thee to felicity. The supreme good which men seek is *happiness*; at this they aim in various ways. Some seek it through wealth. Now, wealth cannot make its possessor independent and free from all want; yet this is what it seems to promise. Every day the stronger wrest it

from the weaker without his consent. So the wealth which a man thought would make him independent, actually puts him in need of further protection.

"Other men imagine that they can secure felicity by means of rank, for official dignity clothes him to whom it comes with honour and reverence. Have, then, offices of state such power as to plant virtue in the minds of their possessors and to drive out vice? Nay, they are rather wont to signalise iniquity than to chase it away. Thus, Catullus calls Nonius 'an ulcer-spot,' though 'sitting in the curule chair.' And even where high office brings dignity, does their repute last? Why, the prefecture, which was once a great power, is now but an empty name—a burden merely on the senator's fortune. The commissioner of the public corn was once a personage—now what is more contemptible than this office?

"But you may ask, Boethius, if the happiness of kings does not last? Well, antiquity is full of examples, as are these days also, of kings whose happiness has turned to calamity. There must needs be a balance of wretchedness in the lot of a king. The tyrant Damocles, who had made trial of the perils of his condition, figured the fears that haunt a throne under the image of a sword hanging over a man's head."

"Indeed," said I, "I see clearly enough that neither is independence to be found in wealth, nor power in sovereignty, nor reverence in dignities, nor true joy in pleasures."

"Having set forth the form of false happiness, the next step is to show what true happiness is," said she. "That which is simple and indivisible by nature human error separates, and transforms from the true and perfect to the false and imperfect. Happiness must not be sought in these things which severally are believed to afford only some of the blessings most to be desired. That is the true and perfect happiness which crowns one with the union of independence, power, reverence, and remain that thou shouldst learn from what source this true happiness is to be sought. Since, as Plato maintains in the Timaeus, we ought, even in the most trivial matters, to implore the divine protection, what thinkest thou should we now do in order to deserve to find the seat of that highest good?"

"We must invoke the Father of all," said I, "for without this no enterprise sets out from a right beginning."

"THOU sayest well," said she. "Next, to consider where the dwelling-place of this happiness may be. The common belief of all mankind agrees that God, the supreme of all things, is good. Wherefore, lest we fall into an infinite regression, we must acknowledge the supreme God to be full of supreme and perfect good. But we have determined that true happiness is the perfect good; therefore, true happiness must dwell in the supreme Deity. Remember this, that the good is the sum and source of all desirable things, and that the essence of absolute good and of happiness is one and the same. But we have seen that God and true happiness are one and the same. Then we can safely conclude that God's essence is seated in absolute good, and nowhere else."

IV—Good and Ill Fortune

I this point I mentioned to Philosophy that herein lay the chiefest cause of my grief, that, while there exists a good ruler of the universe, it is possible that there should be evil at all, still more that it should go unpunished, that wickedness should reign and flourish, and that virtue not only lacks its reward, but is even thrust down and trampled under the feet of the wicked and suffers punishment in place of crime.

Then said she, "It would indeed be infinitely astounding and of all monstrous things most horrible if, as thou esteemest, in the well-ordered home of so great a householder, the base vessels should be held in honour and the precious left to neglect. But it is not so. Thou shalt learn that by the will of God the good are always strong, the bad always weak and impotent; that vices never go unpunished, nor virtues unrewarded; that good fortune ever befalls the good and ill fortune the bad. For since, as I have

already insisted, the absolute good is happiness, the good must be happy, for the very reason that they are good.

"In like manner, wickedness itself is the reward of the unrighteous. Unrighteousness degrades the wicked below man's level. Thou canst not consider him human whom thou seest transformed by vice. The covetous man surely resembles a wolf. A restless, wrangling spirit is like some yelping cur. The secret fraudulent schemer is own brother to the fox. The passionate man, frenzied with rage, we might believe to be animated with the soul of a lion. The coward may be likened to the timid deer. He who is sunk in ignorance and stupidity lives like a dull ass. He who wallows in foul lusts is sunk in the pleasures of a hog."

Then said I, "This is very true. But inasmuch as the vicious vent their rage in the destruction of the good, I would this licence were not permitted them."

"Nor is it," said she. "Yet if that licence which thou believest to be permitted them were taken away, the punishment of the wicked would in great part be remitted. For verily, incredible as it may seem to some, it needs must be that the bad are more unfortunate when they have accomplished their desires than if they are unable to get them fulfilled."

"Yet," said I, "I earnestly wish they might speedily be quit of this misfortune by losing the ability to accomplish crime."

"They will lose it," said she, "sooner than perchance thou wishest or they themselves think likely. Their great expectation, the lofty fabric of their crimes, is oft overthrown by a sudden and unlooked for ending, and this but sets a limit to their misery. And here is a further consideration. If baseness of its own nature makes men wretched, as it does, it is plain that a wrong involves the misery of the doer, not of the sufferer."

On this I said, "I see how there is a happiness and misery founded on the actual deserts of the righteous and wicked. Nevertheless, I wonder in myself whether there is not some good and evil in fortune as the vulgar understand it. Surely no sensible man would rather be exiled, poor and disgraced, than dwell prosperously in his own country, powerful, wealthy and held in high honour. But now my belief in God's governance doth add amazement to amazement—for, seeing that He sometimes assigns fair fortune to the good and harsh fortune to the bad, and then again deals harshly with the good, and grants to the bad their hearts' desire, how does this differ from chance, unless some reason is discovered for it all?"

She answered, "This is what that extraordinary mystery of the order of destiny comes to—that something is done by One who knows, whereat the ignorant are astonished. It is the divine power alone to which things evil are also good, in that, by putting them to suitable use, it bringeth them to the end to some good issue; for order in some way or other embraces all things, so that even that which has departed from the appointed laws of order, nevertheless falleth within an order, though another order, that nothing in the realm of Providence may be left to haphazard.

"Let us be content to apprehend this only, that God, the Creator of universal nature, likewise disposeth all things and guides them to good; and while He studies to preserve in likeness to Himself all that He has created, He banishes all evil from the borders of His commonweal through the links of fatal necessity. Whereby it comes to pass that, if thou look to disposing Providence, thou wilt nowhere find the evils which are supposed so to abound on earth."

V—Free Will and God's Foreknowledge

She was about to pass on to other matters, when I broke in, saying, "I am even now experiencing one of the many difficulties which beset the question of Providence. I want to know whether thou deemest that there is any such thing as chance, and, if so, what it is?"

She made answer, "If chance be defined as a result produced by random movement without any link of causal connexion, I roundly affirm that there is no such thing as chance at all. What place can be left for random action when God constraineth all things to order?

For *ex nihilo nihil* is sound doctrine which none of the ancients gainsaid. Now, if a thing arise without causes, it will appear to have arisen from nothing. With our good Aristotle, we may define what men commonly call chance as being an unexpected result flowing from a concurrence of causes where several factors had a definite end. But the meeting and concurrence of these causes arise from that inevitable chain of order which disposes all things in their due time and place."

"I agree that it is as thou sayest. But in this series of linked causes is there any freedom left to our will, or does the chain of Fate bind also the very motions of our souls?"

"There is freedom," said she; "nor, indeed, can any creature be rational unless he be endowed with free will. For that which has the natural use of reason, of itself distinguishes what is to be shunned or desired. Now, everyone seeks what he judges desirable and avoids what he thinks should be shunned. Wherefore, beings endowed with reason possess also the faculty of free choice and refusal."

Then I said, "But now I am perplexed by a problem yet more difficult. If God foresees everything and can in no wise be deceived, that which He foresees to be about to happen must come to pass."

She answered, "Without doubt all things will come to pass which God foreknows as about to happen, but of these certain proceed of free will. The freedom of men's will stands unbroken, and laws are not unrighteous, since their rewards and punishments are held forth to wills unbound by any necessity. God, Who foreknoweth all things, still looks down from above, and the ever-present eternity of His vision concurs with the future character of all our acts, and dispenses to the good, rewards, to the bad, punishments. Our hopes and prayers also are not fixed on God in vain. Therefore, withstand vice, practise virtue, lift up your souls to right hopes, offer humble prayers to Heaven. Great is the necessity of righteousness laid upon you if ye will not hide it from yourselves, seeing that all your actions are done before the eyes of a Judge who seeth all."

A Pioneer of the Evolutionary Theory

J. B. DE LAMARCK

ZOOLOGICAL PHILOSOPHY

AFTER a course of botanical study lasting ten years, Lamarck published in 1778 his Flore Française, containing an easy method of determining species. France was then at the height of her philosophic career, scientific subjects being discussed even in fashionable society, and the appearance of Lamarck's book won him immediate fame. From the date of his appointment to the Natural History Museum in 1793, he practically abandoned botany for the study of invertebrate zoology, the results of his researches being published in his great work, Histoire Naturelle des Animaux sans Vertèbres, 1815-22. Lamarck's other great book, published in 1809, is the Philosophie Zoologique. This remarkable work in the history of evolution appeared at a time when Cuvier's ideas were dominant and was therefore discredited. Lamarck's doctrines on evolution represented an immense advance on previous thought, and though they were superseded by the Origin of Species (see page 205) it is of interest to note that the Zoological Philosophy appeared exactly half a century before Darwin's great work. An English translation is published by Macmillan.

I—The Ladder of Life



IF we look backwards down the ladder of animal forms we find a progressive degradation in the organization of the creatures comprised; the organization of their bodies becomes simpler, the number of their faculties less. This well-recognized fact throws a light upon the order in which nature has produced the animals; but it leaves unexplained the fact that this gradation, though sustained, is irregular. The reason will become clear if we consider the effects produced by conditions in different parts of the globe upon the general form, the limbs, and the very organization of the animals in question.

It will, in fact, be evident that the state in which we find all animals is the product, on the one hand, of the growing composition of the organization which tends to form a regular gradation; and that, for the rest, it results from a multitude of circumstances which tend continually to destroy the regularity of the gradation in the increasingly composite nature of the organism.

Not that circumstances can effect any modification directly. But changed circumstances produce changed wants, changed wants changed actions. If the new wants become constant the animals acquire new habits, which are no less constant than the wants which gave rise to them. And such new habits will necessitate the use of one member rather than another, or even the cessation of the use of a member which has lost its utility.

We will look at some familiar examples of either case. Among vegetables, which have no actions, and therefore no habits properly so called, great differences in the development of the parts do none the less arise as a consequence of changed circumstances; and these differences cause the development of certain of them, while they attenuate others and cause them to disappear.

But all this is caused by changes in the nutrition of the plant, in its absorptions and transpirations, in the quantity of heat and light, or air and moisture, which it habitually receives; and, lastly, by the superiority which certain of its vital movements may assert over the others. There may arise between individuals of the same species, of which some are placed in favourable, others amid unfavourable, conditions, a difference which by degrees becomes very notable.

Suppose that circumstances keep certain individuals in an ill-nourished or languid state. Their internal organization will at length be modified and these individuals will engender offspring which will perpetuate the modifications thus acquired, and thus will in the end give place to a race quite distinct from that of which the individual members come together always under circumstances favourable to their development.

For instance, if a seed of some meadow flower is carried to dry and stony ground, where it is exposed to the winds and there germinates, the consequence will be that the plant and its immediate offspring, being always ill-nourished, will give rise to a race really different from that which lives in the field; yet this, none the less, will be its progenitor. The individuals of this race will be dwarfed, and their organs, some being increased at the expense of the rest, will show distinctive proportions.

What nature does in a long time we do every day ourselves. Every botanist knows that the vegetables transplanted to our gardens out of their native soil undergo such changes as render them at last unrecognizable.

Consider, again, the varieties among our domestic fowls and pigeons, all of them brought into existence by being raised in diverse circumstances and different countries, and such as might be sought in vain in a state of nature. It is matter of common knowledge that if we raise a bird in a cage, and keep it there for five or six years, it will be unable to fly if restored to liberty. There has, indeed, been no change as yet in the form of its members; but if for a long series of generations individuals of the same race had been kept caged for a considerable time, there is no room for doubt that the very form of their limbs would little by little have undergone notable alteration. Much more would this be the case if their captivity had been accompanied by a marked change of climate, and if these individuals had by degrees accustomed themselves to other sorts of food and to other measures for acquiring it. Such circumstances, taken constantly together, would have formed insensibly a new and clearly defined race.

The following example shows, in regard to plants, how the change of some important circumstance may tend to change the various parts of these living bodies.

So long as the *ranunculus aquatilis*, the water buttercup, is under water its leaves are all finely indented, and the divisions are furnished with capillaries; but as soon as the stalk of the plant reaches the surface the leaves which develop in the air are

broadened out, rounded and simply lobed. If the plant manages to spring up in a soil that is merely moist, and not covered with water, the stems will be short and none of the leaves will show these indentations and capillaries. You have then the *ranunculus hederaceus*, which botanists regard as a distinct species.

Among animals changes take place more slowly, and it is therefore more difficult to determine their cause. The strongest influence, no doubt, is that of environment. Places far apart are different, and—which is too commonly ignored—a given place changes its climate and quality with time, though so slowly in respect of human life that we attribute to it perfect stability. Hence it arises that we have not only extreme changes, but also shadowy ones between the extremes.

Everywhere the order of things changes so gradually that man cannot observe the change directly, and the animal tribes in every place preserve their habits for a long time; whence arises the apparent constancy of what we call species—a constancy which has given birth in us to the idea that these races are as old as nature.

But the surface of the habitable globe varies in nature, situation and climate in every variety of degrees. The naturalist will perceive that just in proportion as the environment is notably changed will the species change their characters.

It must always be recognized:

(1) That every considerable and constant change in the environment of a race of animals works a real change in their wants.

(2) That every change in their wants necessitates new actions to supply them, and consequently new habits.

(3) That every new want calling for new actions for its satisfaction affects the animal in one of two ways. Either it has to make more frequent use of some particular member, and this will develop the part and cause it to increase in size; or it must employ new members which will grow in the animal insensibly in response to the inward yearning to satisfy these wants. And this I will presently prove from known facts.

How the new wants have been able to attain satisfaction, and how the new habits have been acquired, it will be easy to see if regard be had to the two following laws, which observation has always confirmed.

First Law.—In every animal which has not arrived at the term of its developments, the more frequent and sustained use of any organ strengthens, develops and enlarges that organ, and gives it a power commensurate with the duration of this employment of it. On the other hand, constant disuse of such organ weakens it by degrees, causes it to deteriorate and progressively diminishes its faculties, so that in the end it disappears.

Second Law.—All qualities naturally acquired by individuals as the result of circumstances to which their race is exposed for a considerable time, or as a consequence of a predominant employment or the disuse of a certain organ, nature preserves to individual offspring; provided that the acquired modifications are common to the two sexes, or, at least, to both parents of the individual offspring.

Naturalists have observed that the members of animals are adapted to their use, and thence have concluded hitherto that the formation of the members has led to their appropriate employment. Now, this is an error. For observation plainly shows that, on the contrary, the development of the members has been caused by their need and use; that these have caused them to come into existence where they were wanting. If this were not so, we should not have race-horses shaped like those in England; we should not have big draught-horses so heavy and so different from the former, for none such are produced in nature; we should not have basset-hounds with crooked legs, nor greyhounds so fleet of foot; we should not have fan tail pigeons, etc.; we should be able to cultivate wild plants as long as we liked in the rich and fertile soil of our gardens, without the fear of seeing them change under long cultivation.

But let us examine the facts which bear upon the effects of employment or disuse of organs resulting from the habits which a race has been compelled to form.

II—The Penalties of Disuse

PERMANENT disuse of an organ as a consequence of acquired habits gradually impoverishes it, and in the end causes it to disappear, or even annihilates it altogether.

Thus vertebrates, which, in spite of innumerable particular distinctions, are alike in the plan of their organization, are generally armed with teeth. Yet those of them which by circumstances have acquired the habit of swallowing their prey without mastication have been liable to leave their teeth undeveloped. Consequently, the teeth have either remained hidden between the bony plates of the jaws, or have even been, in the course of time, annihilated.

The whale was supposed to have no teeth at all till M. Geoffrey found them hidden in the jaws of the foetus. He has also found in birds the groove in which teeth might be placed, but without any trace of the teeth themselves. A similar case to that of the whale is the ant eater (*myomecophaga*), which has long given up the practice of mastication.

Eyes in the head are an essential part of the organization of vertebrates. Yet the mole, which habitually makes no use of the sense of sight, has eyes so small that they can hardly be seen; and the aspalax, whose habits resemble a mole's, has totally lost its sight, and shows but vestiges of eyes. So also the proteus, which inhabits dark caves under water.

In such cases, since the animals in question belong to a type of which eyes are an essential part, it is clear that the impoverishment, and even the total disappearance, of these organs are the results of long continued disuse.

With hearing the case is otherwise. Sound traverses everything. Therefore, wherever an animal dwells it may exercise this faculty. And so no vertebrate lacks it, and we never find it re-appearing in any of the lower ranges. Sight disappears, re-appears, and disappears again, according as circumstances deny or permit its exercise.

Four legs attached to its skeleton are part of the reptile type; and serpents, particularly as between them and the fishes come the batrachians—frogs, etc.—ought to have four legs.

But serpents having acquired the habit of gliding along the ground and concealing themselves amid the grass, their bodies, as a consequence of constantly repeated efforts to lengthen themselves out in order to pass through narrow passages, have acquired considerable length out of all proportion to their breadth.

Now, feet would have been useless to the animals, and consequently would have remained unemployed; for long legs would have interfered with their desire to go on their bellies; and short legs, being limited in number to four, would have been incapable of moving their bodies. Thus total disuse among these races of animals has caused the parts which have fallen into disuse totally to disappear.

Many insects, which by their order and genus should have wings, lack them more or less completely for similar reasons.

III—The Advantages of Use

THE frequent use of an organ, if constant and habitual increases its powers, develops it and makes it acquire dimensions and potency such as are not found among animals which use it less.

Of this principle, the web-feet of some birds, the long legs and neck of the stork, are examples: similarly, the elongated tongue of the ant-eater, and those of lizards and serpents.

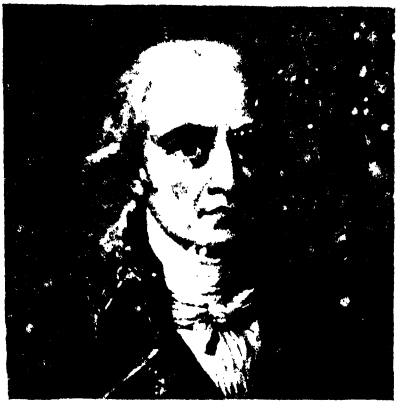
Such wants, and the sustained efforts to satisfy them, have also resulted in the displacement of organs. Fishes which swim habitually in great masses of water, since they need to see right and left of them, have the eyes one upon either side of the head. Their bodies, more or less flat, according to species, have their edges perpendicular to the plane of the water; and their eyes are so placed as to be one on either side of the flattened body. But those whose habits bring them constantly to the banks, especially sloping banks, have been obliged to lie over upon the flattened surface in order to approach

more nearly. In this position, in which more light falls on the upper than on the under surface, and their attention is more particularly fixed upon what is going on above than on what is going on below them, this want has forced one of the eyes to undergo a kind of displacement, and to keep the strange position which it occupies in the head of a sole or a turbot. The situation is not symmetrical because the mutation is not complete. In the case of the skate, however, it is complete; for in these fish the transverse flattening of the body is quite horizontal, no less than that of the head. And so the eyes of a skate are not only placed both of them on the upper surface, but have become symmetrical.

Serpents need principally to see things above them and, in response to this need, the eyes are placed so high up at the sides of the head that they can see easily what is above them on either side, while they can see in front of them but a very little distance. To compensate for this, the tongue, with which they test bodies in their line of march, has been rendered by this habit thin, long, and very contractile, and even, in most species, has been split so as to be able to test more than one object at a time. The same custom has resulted similarly in the formation of an opening at the end of the muzzle by which the tongue may be protruded without any necessity for the opening of the jaws.

THE effect of use is curiously illustrated in the form and figure of the giraffe. This animal, the largest of mammals, is found in the interior of Africa, where the ground is scorched and destitute of grass, and has to browse on the foliage of trees. From the continual stretching thus necessitated over a great space of time in all the individuals of the race, it has resulted that the fore legs have become longer than the hind legs, and that the neck has become so elongated that the giraffe, without standing on its hind legs, can raise its head to a height of nearly twenty feet. Observation of all animals will furnish similar examples.

None, perhaps, is more striking than that of the kangaroo. This animal, which



JEAN BAPTISTE DE MONET, CHEVALIER DE LAMARCK, was born at Bazentin in Picardy, August 1, 1744. On his father's death he enlisted at the age of sixteen, and served with distinction in the Seven Years' War. An accident stopped his military career and he took up the study of medicine and botany. In 1778 he received a botanical appointment at the Jardin du Roi, which he held until 1793, when, on the reorganization of the Natural History Museum of Paris, he was presented to the chair of invertebrate zoology. In his later years he suffered from impaired sight, which resulted in total blindness, but he continued his zoological work almost until his death on December 18, 1829.

carries its young in an abdominal pouch, has acquired the habit of carrying itself upright upon its hind legs and tail, and of moving from place to place in a series of leaps, during which, in order not to hurt its little ones, it preserves its upright posture. Observe the result.

(1) Its front limbs, which it uses very little, resting on them only in the instant during which it quits its erect posture, have never acquired a development in proportion to the other parts; they have remained thin, little and weak.

(2) The hind legs, almost continually in action, whether to bear the weight of the whole body or to execute its leaps, have, on the contrary, obtained a considerable development; they are very big and very strong.

(3) Finally, the tail, which we observe to be actively employed, both to support the animal's weight and to execute its principal movements, has acquired at its base a thickness and a strength that are extremely remarkable.

When the will determines an animal to a certain action, the organs concerned are forthwith stimulated by a flow of subtle

fluids, which are the determining cause of organic changes and developments. And multiplied repetitions of such acts strengthen, extend and even call into being the organs necessary to them. Now, every change in an organ which has been acquired by habitual use sufficient to originate it is reproduced in the offspring if it is common to both the individuals which have come together for the reproduction of their species. In the end, this change passes to all the descendants which are submitted to the same conditions, without its being necessary that they should acquire it in the original manner.

For the rest, in the union of disparate couples, the disparity is necessarily opposed to the constant propagation of such qualities and outward forms. This is why man, who is exposed to such diversity of conditions, does not preserve and propagate the qualities or the accidental defects which he has been in the way of acquiring. Such peculiarities will be produced only in case two individuals who share them unite; these will produce offspring bearing similar characteristics, and, if successive generations restrict themselves to similar unions, a distinct race will then be formed. But perpetual intermixture will cause all characters acquired through particular circumstances to disappear. If it were not for the distances which separate the races of men, such intermixture would quickly obliterate all national distinctions.

IV—The Conclusion

HERE, then, is the conclusion to which we have come. It is a fact that every genus and species of animal has its characteristic habits combined with an organization perfectly in harmony with them. From the consideration of this fact one of two conclusions must follow, and that though neither of them can be proved.

(1) The conclusion admitted hitherto — that nature (or its Author) in creating the animals has foreseen all the possible sets of circumstances in which they would have to live, has given to each species a constant organization, and has shaped its parts in a determined and invariable way so that every species is compelled to live in the districts and the climates where it is actually formed, and to keep the habits by which it is actually known.

(2) My own conclusion that nature has produced in succession all the animal species, beginning with the more imperfect, or the simpler, and ending with the more perfect; that in so doing it has gradually complicated their organization; and that of these animals, dispersed over the habitable globe, every species has acquired, under the influence of the circumstances amid which it is found, the habits and modifications of form which we associate with it.

To prove that the second of these hypotheses is unfounded, it will be necessary, first, to prove that the surface of the globe never varies in character, in exposure, situation, whether elevated or sheltered, climate, etc.; and, secondly, to prove that no part of the animal world undergoes, even in the course of long periods of time, any modification through change of circumstances, or as a consequence of a changed manner of life and action.

Now, a single fact which establishes that an animal, after a long period of domestication, differs from the wild stock from which it derives, and that among the various domesticated members of a species may be found differences no less marked between individuals which have been subjected to one use and those which have been subjected to another, makes it certain that the former conclusion is not consistent with the laws of nature, and that the second is.

Everything, therefore, concurs to prove my assertion, to wit—that it is not form, whether of the body or of the parts, which gives rise to the habits of animals and their manner of life; but that, on the contrary, in the habits, the manner of living, and all the other circumstances of environment we have those things which in the course of time have built up animal bodies with all their members. With new forms new faculties have been acquired, and little by little nature has come to shape animals and all living things in their present forms.

FRANK NORRIS

THE PIT

ONE of the most noteworthy of modern American novelists, Benjamin Franklin Norris (Frank Norris) was born at Chicago in 1870, and educated at California University and at Harvard. After spending three years in Paris studying art he adopted the profession of journalism and served as war correspondent on various newspapers. His first novel, McTeague, published in 1899, brought him instant recognition. This was followed in 1900 by Moran of the Lady Letty, a romantic narrative of adventures on the Californian coast. In 1901 Norris conceived the idea of a trilogy of novels dealing with wheat, the object being an arraignment of wheat operations at Chicago, and the consequent gambling with the world's food supply. The first of the series, The Octopus, deals with wheat raising and transportation; the second, The Pit, a vigorous, human story, covers wheat-exchange gambling, and appeared in 1903; the third, which was to have been entitled The Wolf, and to have dealt with the struggle for wheat in a famine-stricken district of Europe, was cut short by the author's death, which occurred in 1902. This epitome of The Pit is included by permission of Alexander Moung, the publishers of the work.

I—Curtis Jadwin and His Wife



LAURA DEARBORN'S native town was Barrington, in Massachusetts. Both she and her younger sister Page had lived there until the death of their father. The mother had died long before, and of all their relations, Aunt Wess', who lived at Chicago, alone remained. It was at the entreaties of Aunt Wess' and of their dearest friends, the Cresslers, that the two girls decided to live with their aunt in Chicago. Both Laura and Page had inherited money, and when they faced the world they had the assurance that, at least, they were independent.

Chicago, the great grey city, interested Laura at every instant and under every condition. The life was tremendous. All around, on every side, in every direction, the vast machinery of commonwealth clashed and thundered from dawn to dark, and from dark to dawn. For thousands of miles beyond its confines the influence of the city was felt. At times Laura felt frightened at the city's life, and of the men for whom the crash of conflict and commerce had no terrors. Those who could subdue this life to their purposes, must they not be themselves terrible, pitiless, brutal? What could women ever know of the life of men, after all?

Her friend, Mr. Cressler, who had been almost a second father to her, was a wheat trader, and had once lost a fortune by a gamble in wheat; and there was Mr. Curtis Jadwin, whom she had met at the opera with the Cresslers.

Mrs. Cressler had told Laura, very soon after her arrival in Chicago, that Mr. Jadwin wanted to marry her.

"I've known Curtis Jadwin now for fifteen years—nobody better," said Mrs. Cressler. "He's as old a family friend as Charlie and I have. And I tell you the man is in love with you. He told me you had more sense and intelligence than any girl he had ever known, and that he never remembered to have seen a more beautiful woman. What do you think of him, Laura of Mr. Jadwin?"

"I don't know," Laura answered. "I thought he was a *strong* man—mentally, and that he would be kindly and generous. But I saw very little of him."

"Jadwin struck you as being a kindly man, a generous man? He's just that, and charitable. You know, he has a Sunday-school over on the West Side—a Sunday-school for mission children—and I do believe he's more interested in that than in his business. He wants to make it the biggest Sunday-school in Chicago. It's an ambition of his. Laura," she exclaimed, "he's a *fine man*. No one knows Curtis Jadwin better than Charlie and I, and we just *love* him. The kindliest, biggest-hearted fellow. Oh, well, you'll know him for yourself, and then you'll see!"

"I don't know anything about him," Laura had remarked in answer to this. "I never heard of him before the theatre party."

But Mrs. Cressler promptly supplied the information. Curtis Jadwin was a man about thirty-five, who had begun life without a *sou* in his pockets. His people were farmers in Michigan, hardy, honest fellows, who ploughed and sowed for a living. Curtis had only a rudimentary schooling, and had gone into business with a livery-stable keeper. Someone in Chicago owed him money, and in default of payment, had offered him a couple of lots of ground on Wabash Avenue. That was how he happened to come to Chicago.

Naturally enough, as the city grew the Wabash Avenue property increased in value. He sold the lots, and bought other real estate; sold that, and bought somewhere else, and so on till he owned some of the best business sites in the city, and was now one of the largest real estate owners in Chicago. But he no longer bought and sold. His property had grown so large that just the management of it alone took up most of his time. As a rule, he deplored speculation. He had no fixed principles about it, and occasionally he hazarded small operations.

After a while Laura's first aversion to the great grey city fast disappeared, and she saw it in a kindlier aspect.

Soon it was impossible to deny that Curtis Jadwin 'J.' as he was called in business was in love with her. The business man, accustomed to deal with situations with unswerving directness, was not in the least afraid of Laura. He was aggressive, assertive, and his addresses had all the persistence and vehemence of veritable attack. He contrived to meet her everywhere, and even had the Cresslers and Laura over to his mission Sunday-school for the Easter festival, an occasion of which Laura carried away a confused recollection of enormous canvas mottoes, sheaves of lilies, imitation bells of tinfoil, revival hymns vociferated from seven hundred distended mouths, and through it all the smell of poverty, an odour of uncleanliness, that mingled strangely with the perfume of the lilies.

Somehow Laura found that with Jadwin all the serious, all the sincere, earnest side of her character was apt to come to the front.

YET for a long time Laura could not make up her mind that she loved him, but 'J.' refused to be dismissed.

"I told him I did not love him. Only last week I told him so," Laura explained to Mrs. Cressler.

"Well, then, why did you promise to marry him?"

"My goodness! You don't realize what it's been. Do you suppose you can say 'no' to that man?"

"Of course not—of course not!" declared Mrs. Cressler joyfully. "That's J. all over. I might have known he'd have you if he set out to do it."

They were married on the last day of June of that summer in the Episcopalian church. Immediately after the wedding the couple took the train for Geneva Lake, where Jadwin had built a house for his bride.

II—A Corner in Wheat

THE months passed. Soon three years had gone by since the ceremony in St. James's Church, and all that time the price of wheat had been steadily going down. Heavy crops the world over had helped the decline.

Jadwin had been drawn into the troubled waters of the Pit, and was by now 'blooded to the game.' It was in April that he decided that better times and higher prices were coming for wheat, and announced his intentions to Sam Gretry, his broker.

"Sam," he said, "the time is come for a great big chance. We've been hammering wheat down and down till we've got it below the cost of production, and now she won't go any further with all the hammering in the world. The other fellows, the rest of the bear crowd, don't seem to see it; but I see it. Before fall we're going to have higher prices. Wheat is going up, and when it does I mean to be right there. I'm going to *buy*. I'm going to buy September wheat and I'm going to buy it to-morrow — 500,000

bushels of it; and if the market goes as I think it will later on, I'm going to buy more. I'm going to boost this market right through till the last bell rings, and from now on Curtis Jadwin spells b-u-double l—bull."

"They'll slaughter you," said Gretry; "slaughter you in cold blood. You're just one man against a gang—a gang of cutthroats. Those bears have got millions and millions back of them. J., you are either Napoleonic, or—or a colossal idiot!"

All through the three years that had passed Jadwin had grown continually richer. His real estate appreciated in value; rents went up. Every time he speculated in wheat it was upon a larger scale, and every time he won. Hitherto he had been a bear; now, after the talk with Gretry, he had secretly 'turned bull' with the suddenness of a strategist.

A marvellous golden luck followed Jadwin all that summer. The crops were poor, the yield moderate.

Jadwin sold out in September, having made a fortune, and then, in a single vast clutch, bought 3,000,000 bushels of the December option.

Never before had he ventured so deeply into the Pit.

ONE morning in November, at breakfast, Laura said to her husband, "Curtis, dear, when is it all going to end—your speculating? You never used to be this way. It seems as though nowadays I never had you to myself. Even when you are not going over papers and reports, or talking by the hour to Mr. Gretry in the library, your mind seems to be away from me. I—I am lonesome, dearest, sometimes. And, Curtis, what is the use? We're so rich now we can't spend our money."

"Oh, it's not the money!" he answered. "It's the fun of the thing—the excitement."

That very week Jadwin made 500,000 dollars.

"I don't own a grain of wheat now," he assured his wife. "I've got to be out of it."

But try as he would, the echoes of the rumbling of the Pit reached Jadwin at every hour of the day and night. He stayed at home over Christmas. Inactive he sat there idle, while the clamour of the Pit swelled daily louder, while other men blindly neglected the chances which he would know how to use with such vast results. Jadwin chafed and fretted at his inaction, and his impatience harried him like a gadfly. Would no one step into the place of high command?

Very soon the papers began to speak of an unknown 'bull' clique who were rapidly coming into control of the market, and it was no longer a secret to Laura that her husband had gone back to the market, and that, too, with such an impetuosity that his rush had carried him to the very heart of the turmoil.

He was now deeply involved. His influence began to be felt. There was not an important move on the part of the 'unknown bull,' the mysterious stranger, that was not noted and discussed.

IT was very late in the afternoon of a lugubrious March day when Jadwin and Gretry in the broker's private room, sat studying the latest government reports as to the supply of wheat, and Jadwin observed, "Why, Sam, there's less than 100,000,000 bushels in the farmers' hands. That's awfully small."

"It ain't, as you might say, colossal," admitted Gretry.

"Sam," said Jadwin again, "the shipments have been about 5,000,000 a week; 20,000,000 a month, and it's four months before a new crop. Europe will take 80,000,000 out of the country. I own 10,000,000 now. Why, there ain't going to be any wheat left in Chicago by May! If I get in now, and buy a long line of cash wheat, where are all these fellows going to get it to deliver to me? Say, where are they going to get it? Come on, now, tell me, where are they going to get it?"

Gretry laid down his pencil, and stared at Jadwin.

"J.," he faltered, "J., I'm blest if I know."

And then, all in the same moment, the two men were on their feet.

Jadwin sprang forward, gripping the broker by the shoulder.

"Sam," he shouted, "do you know—— Great God! Do you know what this means? Sam, we can corner the market!"

III—The Corner Breaks

THE high prices meant a great increase of wheat acreage. In June the preliminary returns showed 4,000,000 more acres under wheat in the two states of Dakota alone and, in spite of all Gretry's remonstrances, Jadwin still held on, determined to keep up prices to July.

But now it had become vitally necessary for Jadwin to sell out his holdings. His 'long line' was a fearful expense; insurance and storage charges were eating rapidly into the profits. He *must* get rid of the load he was carrying little by little.

A month ago, and the foreign demand was a thing almost insensate. There was no question as to the price. It was, 'Give us the wheat, at whatever figure, at whatever expense.'

At home in Chicago, Jadwin was completely master of the market. His wealth increased with such rapidity that at no time was he able even to approximate the gains that accrued to him because of his corner. It was more than twenty million, and less than fifty million. That was all he knew.

It was then that he told Gretry he was going to buy in the July crops.

"J., listen to me," said Gretry. "Wheat is worth a dollar and a half to-day, and not one cent more. If you run it up to two dollars — "

"It will go there of itself, I tell you."

"If you run it up to two dollars it will be that top heavy that the littlest kick in the world will knock it over. Be satisfied now with what you've got. Suppose the price does break a little, you'd still make your pile. But swing this deal over into July, and it's ruin. The farmers all over the country are planting wheat as they've never planted it before. Great Scott, J., you're fighting against the earth itself."

"Well, we'll fight it, then."

"Here's another point," went on Gretry. "You ought to be in bed this very minute. You haven't got any nerves left at all. You acknowledge you don't sleep. You ought to see a doctor."

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Jadwin. "I'm all right. Haven't time to see a doctor."

So the month of May drew to its close, and as Jadwin beheld more and more the broken speculators, with their abject humility, a vast contempt for human nature grew within him. The business hardened his heart, and he took his profits as if by right of birth.

His wife he saw but seldom. Occasionally they breakfasted together; more often they met at dinner. But that was all.

And now by June 11 the position was critical.

"The price broke to a dollar and twenty yesterday," said Gretry. "Just think, we were at a dollar and a half a little while ago."

"And we'll be at two dollars in another ten days, I tell you."

"DO you know how we stand, J.?" said the broker gravely. "Do you know how we stand financially? It's taken pretty nearly every cent of our ready money to support this July market. Oh, we can figure out our paper profits into the millions. We've got thirty, forty, fifty million bushels of wheat that's worth over a dollar a bushel; but if we can't sell it we're none the better off—and that wheat is costing us six thousand dollars a day. Where's the money going to come from, old man? You don't seem to realize that we are in a precarious condition. The moment we can't give our boys buying orders, the moment we admit that we can't buy all the wheat that's offered, there's the moment we bust."

"Well, we'll buy it," cried Jadwin. "I'll show those brutes. I'll mortgage all my real estate, and I'll run up wheat so high before the next two days that the Bank of England can't pull it down; then I'll sell our long line, and with the profits of that I'll run it up again. Two dollars! Why, it will be two-fifty before you know how it's happened."

That day Jadwin placed as heavy a mortgage as the place would stand upon every piece of real estate that he owned. He floated a number of promissory notes, and taxed his credit to its farthest stretch. But sure as he was of winning, Jadwin

could not bring himself to involve his wife's money in the hazard, though his entire personal fortune swung in the balance.

Jadwin knew the danger. The new harvest was coming in—the new harvest of wheat—huge beyond all possibility of control; so vast that no money could buy it. And from Liverpool and Paris cables had come in to Gretry declining to buy wheat, though he had offered it cheaper than he had ever done before.

ON the morning of June 13, Gretry gave his orders to young Landry Court and his other agents in the Pit to do their best to keep the market up.

Despite his long experience on the Board of Trade, Landry could see anxiety in every change of his expression, in every motion of his hands. Things must, indeed, be at a desperate pass when Gretry, the calm, the clear-headed, the placid, was thus upset.

"Keep the market up," said the broker. "It must not go below a dollar fifteen. But act on the defensive. Don't be aggressive unless I send word. There will probably be very heavy selling during the first few moments.

"You can buy each of you up to half a million bushels apiece. If that don't keep the price up—well, I'll let you know what to do. Look here, keep your heads cool. I guess to-day will decide things."

In the Pit roar succeeded roar. It seemed that a support long thought to be secure was giving way. Not a man knew what he or his neighbour was doing. The bids leaped to and fro, and the price of July wheat could not so much as be approximated.

Landry caught one of the Gretry traders by the arm.

"What shall we do?" he shouted. "I've bought up to my limit. No more orders have come in. What's to be done?"

"I don't know," the other shouted back. "I don't know! Looks like a smash; something's gone wrong."

In Gretry's office, Jadwin stood hatless and pale. Around him were one of the heads of a great banking house and a couple of other men, confidential agents, who had helped to manipulate the great corner.

"It's the end of the game," Gretry exclaimed, "you've got no more money. Not another order goes up to that floor."

"It's a lie!" Jadwin cried. "Keep on buying, I tell you! Take all they'll offer. I tell you we'll touch the two-dollar mark before noon."

"It's useless, Mr. Jadwin," said the banker quietly. "You were practically beaten two days ago."

But Jadwin was beyond all appeal. He threw off Gretry's hand.

"Get out of my way!" he shouted. "Get out of my way! Do you hear? I'll play my hand alone from now on."

"J., old man—why, see here!" Gretry implored, still holding him by the arm. "Here, where are you going?"

Jadwin's voice rang like a trumpet call: "*Into the Pit!* If you won't execute my orders I'll act myself. I'm going into the Pit, I tell you!"

"J., you're mad, old fellow! You're ruined—don't you understand? you're ruined!"

"Then God curse you, Sam Gretry, for the man who failed me in a crisis!" And, as he spoke, Curtis Jadwin struck the broker full in the face.

Gretry staggered back from the blow. His pale face flushed to crimson for an instant, his fists clenched; then his hands fell to his sides.

"No," he said; "let him go—let him go. The man is merely mad!"

Jadwin thrust the men who tried to hold him to one side, and rushed from the room.

"It's the end," Gretry said simply. He wrote a couple of lines, and handed the note to the senior clerk. "Take that to the secretary of the board at once."

STRAIGHT into the turmoil and confusion of the Pit, into the scene of so many of his victories, came the 'Great Bull.' The news went flashing and flying from lip to lip. The Wheat Pit, torn and tossed and rent asunder, stood dismayed, so great had been his power. What was about to happen? Jadwin himself, the great man, in the Pit! Had his enemies been too premature in their hope of his defeat? For a second they hesitated, then, moved by a common impulse, feeling the push of the wonderful new harvest behind them,

gathered themselves together for the final assault, and again offered the wheat for sale—offered it by thousands upon thousands of bushels.

Jadwin was in the thick of the confusion by now, and the avalanche, the undiked Ocean of the Wheat, leaping to the lash of the hurricane, struck him fairly in the face.

He heard it now; he heard nothing else. The Wheat had broken from his control. For months he had, by the *might* of his single arm, held it back; but now it rose like the upbuilding of a colossal billow. It towered, towered, hung poised for an instant, and then, with a thunder as of the grind and crash of chaotic worlds, broke upon him, burst through the Pit and raced past him, to the eastward and to the hungry nations.

Blind and insensate, Jadwin strove against the torrent of the wheat. Under the stress and violence of the hour, something snapped in his brain; but he stood erect there in the middle of the Pit, iron to the end, proclaiming over the din of his enemies, like a bugle sounding to the charge of a forlorn hope.

"Give a dollar for July—give a dollar for July!"

Then little by little the tumult of the Pit subsided. There were sudden lapses in the shouting, and again the clamour would break out.

All at once the Pit, the entire floor of the Board of Trade, was struck dumb. In the midst of the profound silence the secretary announced, "All trades with Gretry & Co. must be closed at once!"

The words were greeted with a wild yell of exultation. Beaten—beaten at last, the Great Bull! Smashed! The great corner smashed! Jadwin busted! Cheer followed cheer, hats went into the air. Men danced and leaped in a frenzy of delight.

Young Landry Court, who had stood by Jadwin in the Pit, led his defeated captain out. Jadwin was in a daze—he saw nothing, heard nothing.

From the Pit came the sound of dying cheers.

"They can cheer now all they want. *They* didn't do it," said a man at the door. "It was the wheat itself that beat him; no combination of men could have done it."

IV—A Fresh Start

THE evening had closed in wet and misty, and when Laura Jadwin came down to the dismantled library a heavy rain was falling.

"There, dear," Laura said, "now sit down on the packing-box there. You had better put your hat on. It is full of draughts now that the furniture and curtains are out. You've had a pretty bad seize of it, you know, and this is only the first week you've been up."

"No, no, I'm all right, old girl. I've had too good a nurse," he answered, stroking her hand, "not to be as fit as a fiddle by now. You must be tired yourself, Laura. Why, for whole days there—and nights, too, they tell me—you never left the room."

Laura shook her head, and said, "I wonder what the West will be like. Do you know, I think I am going to like it, Curtis."

"It will be starting in all over again, old girl. Pretty hard at first, I'm afraid."

"Hard—now?" She took his hand and laid it to her cheek.

By all the rules you ought to hate me," he began. "What have I done for you but hurt you, and at last bring you to—"

But she laid her hand over his mouth.

"The world is all before us where to choose, now, isn't it?" she answered. "And this big house and all the life we have led in it was just an incident in our lives—an incident that is closed."

"We're starting all over again, honey. . . . Well, there's the carriage."

They rose, gathering up their valises.

"Ho!" said Jadwin. "No servants now, Laura, to carry our things down for us and open the door; and it's a hack, old girl, instead of the victoria."

"What if it is?" she cried. "What do servants, money and all amount to now?"

As Jadwin laid his hand upon the knob of the front door, he all at once put down his valise and put his arm about his wife. She caught him about the neck, and looked deep into his eyes and then, without speaking, they kissed each other.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DR FAUSTUS

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE was born at Canterbury, February 20, 1564, and educated at the King's School there and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1583. For the next ten years he lived in London, and was killed in a brawl at Greenwich, June 1, 1593, and buried in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, Deptford. His first tragedy, Tamburlaine the Great, produced by Alleyn about 1588, introduced a pliant, rhetorical, passionate form of blank verse which gave a permanent stamp and lasting impetus to English romantic drama. The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus, his greatest play, containing some of the finest poetry in the language, was produced a year later. His later plays were The Jew of Malta, Edward II, The Massacre of Paris, and the unfinished Tragedy of Dido completed by Nash.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Doctor Faustus	Mephistophilis	Bruno
Wagner, his servant	Lucifer	Three Scholars, Cardinals, Lords
Benvolio, Martino and Frederick, gentlemen of the emperor's court	The Pope	Good and Evil Angels,
	The Emperor	Devils, Phantoms, etc., Chorus

First Act

SCENE I.—Faustus *in his study, reading a volume on necromancy.*



FAUSTUS: All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyéd in their several provinces;
But his dominion that exceeds in this
Stretches as far as does the mind of man.
A sound magician is a demi-god.
[*Enter* Good *and* Evil Angels.

Good Angel: O Faustus, lay that damnéd book aside
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!

Evil Angel: Go forward Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all nature's treasure is contained;
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements
[*Exeunt* Angels

Faustus: How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest.
[*Thunder.* Faustus *pronounces the incantation.* *Enter* Mephistophilis.]

Mephistophilis: Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do? [hive,

Faustus: I charge thee, wait upon me while I
To do whatever Faustus shall command.

Meph.: I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave.

Faustus: Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy lord? [spirits.

Meph.: Arch-regent and commander of all

Faustus: Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph.: Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God

Faustus: How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

Meph.: Oh, by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him out from the face of heaven. [Lucifer?

Faustus: And what are you that live with

Meph.: Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damned with Lucifer.

Faustus: How comes it, then, that you are out of hell?

Meph.: Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.
Think'st thou that I, that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?

Faustus: Go, bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death
By desperate thoughts against God's deity
Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four-and-twenty years
Having thee ever to attend on me.
Then meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Midnight.* Faustus. *Enter* Mephistophilis.

FAUSTUS: Now tell me what saith Lucifer, thy lord?

Mephistophilis: That I shall wait on Faustus while he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul,
And write a deed of gift with his own blood.

[Faustus stabs his own arm, and writes. At the summons of Mephistophilis *enter* Devils, who present Faustus with crowns and rich apparel. *Exeunt* Devils. Faustus reads the deed, by which Mephistophilis is to be at his service for twenty-four years, at the end of which Lucifer may claim his soul.]

Meph. : Now, Faustus, ask me what thou wilt.
Faustus : Tell me where is the place that men call hell ?
Meph. : Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place ; but where we are is hell,
And where hell is, there must we ever be ;
And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.
Faustus : I think hell's a fable.
Meph. : Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind. [*Exit.*
Faustus : If heaven was made for man, 'twas made for me.
I will renounce this magic and repent.
[*Enter the* **Good** *and* **Evil Angels.**
Good Angel : Faustus, repent ! Yet God will pity thee.
Evil Angel : Thou art a spirit ; God cannot pity thee.
Faustus : My heart is hardened ; I cannot repent.
Evil Angel : Too late.
Good Angel : Never too late, if Faustus will repent. [*Exeunt* **Angels.**
Faustus : O Christ, my Saviour, my Saviour,
Help to save distressèd Faustus' soul
[*Enter* **Lucifer.**
Lucifer : Christ cannot save thy soul, for He is just ;
Thou call'st on Christ, contrary to thy promise ;
Thou shouldst not think on God ; think on the Devil.
Faustus : Nor will Faustus henceforth ; pardon him for this,
And Faustus vows never to look to Heaven.

Second Act

SCENE I. *Rome. Enter* **Chorus.**

CHORUS : Learnèd Faustus,
To find the secrets of astronomy
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount him up to scale Olympus' top ;
Where, sitting in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons' necks,
He views the clouds, the planets and the stars.
From east to west his dragons swiftly glide,
And in eight days did bring him home again.
Now, mounted now upon a dragon's back,
He, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which this day is highly solemnised.
[*Exit. Enter* **Faustus** *and* **Mephistophilis.**
Faustus : Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome ?
Mephistophilis : This is the goodly palace of the Pope. [me.
Faustus : Sweet Mephistophilis, thou pleasest
Whilst I am here on earth, let me be cloy'd
With all things that delight the heart of man.
My four-and-twenty years of liberty
I'll spend in pleasure and in dalliance.
Now in this show let me an actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus' cunning see.

[*Enter* **Pope** and others in procession ; **Bruno,** nominated pope in opposition by the **Emperor,** in chains. **Faustus** and **Mephistophilis,** impersonating two cardinals, are given charge of the condemned **Bruno,** whom they liberate and dispatch magically to the **Emperor.** Subsequently, both being rendered invisible, they amuse themselves at the expense of the **Pope** and his guests at a banquet ; and then depart to the **Emperor's** court.]

SCENE II.—*Before the* **Emperor's** *palace.* **Benvolio** *at a window. Enter the* **Emperor** *with his train,* **Faustus, Mephistophilis, Bruno.**

EMPEROR : Wonder of men, renowned magician
Thrice-learned Faustus, welcome to our court.
Now, Faustus, as thou late didst promise us,
We would behold that famous conqueror,
Great Alexander, and his paramour,
In their true shapes and state majestical.
Faustus : Your majesty shall see them presently.
Benvolio : Aye, aye, an thou bring Alexander and his paramour before the emperor, I'll be Actæon and turn myself to a stag.
Faustus : And I'll be Diana and send you the horns presently.
[*Enter a pageant of Darius, Alexander, etc., being phantoms. Exeunt.*]
Faustus : See, see, my gracious lord !
Emp. : Oh, wondrous sight !
Two spreading horns, most strangely fastened
Upon the head of young Benvolio !
Benv. : Zounds, doctor, this is your villainy.
Faustus : Oh, say not so, sir ; the doctor has no skill
To bring before the royal emperor
The mighty monarch, war-like Alexander.
If Faustus do it you are straight resolved
In bold Actæon's shape to turn a stag.
And therefore, my lord, so please your majesty,
I'll raise a kennel of hounds shall hunt him so—
Ho, Belmoth, Argiron, Asteroth !
Benv. : Hold, hold ! Good my lord, entreat for me ! 'Sblood, I am never able to endure these torments.
Emp. : Let me entreat you to remove his horns ;
He hath done penance now sufficiently.
Faustus : Being that to delight your majesty with mirth is all that I desire, I am content to remove his horns (**Mephistophilis** *removes them*), and hereafter, sir, look you speak well of scholars.

SCENE III. *A wood.* **Benvolio, Martino** *and* **Frederick.**

MARTINO : Nay, sweet Benvolio, let us sway thy thoughts
From this attempt against the conjurer.
Benv. : Away ! You love me not, to urge me thus :
Shall I let slip so great an injury,
When every servile groom jests at my wrongs,
And in their rustic gambols proudly say,
'Benvolio's head was graced with horns today ?'
If you will aid me in this enterprise,

Then draw your weapons and be resolute.
If not, depart; here will Benvolio die,
But Faustus' death shall quit my infamy.
Frederick: Nay, we will stay with thee, betide what may,
And kill that doctor, if he comes this way.
Close, close! The conjurer is at hand,
And all alone comes walking in his gown.
Be ready, then, and strike the peasant down.
Benv.: Mine be that honour, then. Now, sword, strike home!
For horns he gave, I have his head anon!
[*Enter* Faustus.
No words; this blow ends all.
Hell take his soul! His body must thus fall.
[**Benvolio** *stabs* Faustus, *who falls;* Benvolio *cuts off his head.*]
Fred.: Was this that stern aspect, that awful frown
Made the grim monarchs of infernal spirits
Tremble and quake at his commanding charms?
Mart.: Was this that damnéd head, whose art conspired
Benvolio's shame before the emperor?
Benv.: Ay, that's the head, and there the body lies,
Justly rewarded for his villainies. [**Faustus** *rises.*
Zounds, the devil's alive again!
Fred.: Give him his head, for God's sake!
Faustus: Nay, keep it; Faustus will have heads and hands,
Aye, all your hearts, to recompense this deed.
Then, wherefore do I dally my revenge?
Asteroth! Belimoth! Mephistophilis!
[*Enter* **Mephistophilis** *and other* **Devils.**
Go, horse these traitors on your fiery backs,
And mount aloft with them as high as Heaven;
Thence pitch them headlong to the lowest hell.
Yet stay; the world shall see their misery,
And hell shall after plague their treachery.
Go, Belimoth, and take this caitiff hence,
And hurl him in some lake of mud and dirt;
Take thou this other, drag him through the woods,
Amongst the pricking thorns and sharpest briars;
Whilst with my gentle Mephistophilis
This traitor flies unto some steepy rock
That rolling down may break the villain's bones,
Fly hence! Dispatch my charge immediately!
Fred.: He must needs go, that the devil drives.
[*Exeunt* **Devils** *with their victims.*

Third Act

SCENE I.—**Faustus'** *study.* *Enter* **Wagner.**

WAGNER: I think my master means to die shortly. He has made his will, and given me his wealth, his house, his goods and store of golden plate, besides two thousand ducats ready coined. I wonder what he means? If death were nigh, he would not frolic thus. He's now at supper with the scholars, where there's such cheer as Wagner in his life ne'er saw the like. Here he comes; belike the feast is ended.
[*Exit.* *Enter* **Faustus; Mephistophilis** *follows.*
Faustus: Accursed Faustus! Wretch, what hast thou done?
I do repent, and yet I do despair
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast;
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?
Mephistophilis: Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord;
Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh!
Faustus: I do repent I e'er offended him!
Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption;
And with my blood again I will confirm
The former vow I made to Lucifer.
Meph.: Do it, then, Faustus, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater dangers do attend thy drift.
Faustus: One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee:
Bring that fair Helen, whose admirèd worth
Made Greece with ten years' war afflict poor Troy;
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish clean
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep my oath I made to Lucifer.
Meph.: This, or what else my Faustus may desire,
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.
[*Enter Helen, passing over the stage between two cupids.*]
Faustus: Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
[*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies!
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again!
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars:
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele:
More lovely than the monarch of the sky,
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms!
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips
And all is dross that is not Helena.

SCENE II.—*The same.* **Faustus.** *Enter* **Scholars.**

FIRST SCHOLAR: Worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are changed!
Faustus: Oh, gentlemen!
Second Scholar: What ails Faustus?
Faustus: Ah, my sweet chamber fellow, had I lived with thee, then I had lived still; but now must die eternally! Look, sirs; comes he not? Comes he not?
First Scholar: O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?
Third Scholar: 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.
Faustus: A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.
Second Scholar: Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.
Faustus: But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned, the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. He must remain in hell for ever; hell, Oh, hell for ever. Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

Second Scholar : Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faustus : On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! O, my God, I would weep! But the Devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! Yea, life, and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see they hold 'em, they hold 'em!

Scholars : Who, Faustus?

Faustus : Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis. O gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

Second Scholar : Oh, what may we do to save Faustus?

Faustus : Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart

Third Scholar : God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus

First Scholar : Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room and pray for him.

Faustus : Aye, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Second Scholar : Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy on thee.

Faustus : Gentlemen, farewell. If I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell

Scholars : Faustus, farewell!

Exeunt **Scholars.** *Enter the* **Good** *and* **Evil Angels.**

Good Angel : Oh, thou hast lost celestial happiness,
Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end!
Hadst thou affected sweet Divinity,
Hell or the Devil had had no power on thee:
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus, behold
(Music, while a throne descends)
In what resplendent glory thou hadst sat
In yonder throne, like those bright shining saints
And triumphed over hell; that hast thou lost.
And now, poor soul! must thy good angel leave thee;
The jaws of hell are open to receive thee.
[Exit. Throne ascends. Hell is discovered.

Evil Angel : Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare
Into that vast perpetual torture-house:
There are the furies tossing damned souls
On burning forks: their bodies boil in lead:
There are live quarters broiling on the coals,
That ne'er can die; this ever burning chair
Is for o'er tortured souls to rest them in;
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire
Were gluttons, and loved only delicates,
And laughed to see the poor starve at their gates;
But yet all these are nothing; thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faust : Oh! I have seen enough to torture me.

Evil Angel : Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all;
He that loves pleasure, must for pleasure fall:
And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon;
Then wilt thou tremble in confusion.
[Exit. The clock strikes eleven.

Faustus : Oh, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still, you ever moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair nature's eyes, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent, and save his soul!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike, [damn'd.
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be
Oh, I'll leap up to heaven: who pulls me down?
See, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop of blood will save me: O my Christ!
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ;
Yet will I call on Him. Oh, spare me, Lucifer!
Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of Heaven!
No?
Then will I headlong run into the earth;
Gape, earth! Oh, no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
But let my soul mount and ascend to Heaven.
[The clock strikes the half-hour.

Oh, half the hour is past; 'twill all be past anon.
Oh, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pains;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved!
No end is limited to damnèd souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul,
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
Into some brutish beast! All beasts are happy,
For when they die
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live still, and be plagued in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.
[The clock strikes twelve
It strikes! It strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
O soul, be changed into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!
[Thunder. Enter **Devils.**
Oh, mercy, Heaven! Look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! Come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books. O Mephistophilis!
[Exeunt **Devils** *with* **Faustus.** *Enter* **Chorus.**

Chorus : Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone. Regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

LINNAEUS

A TOUR IN LAPLAND

IN 1732 the Academy of Sciences of Upsala invited Linnaeus to make an exploration of Lapland at their expense, and his account of the journey was published under the title Laches. Lapponica, the scientific results being issued separately under the title Flora Lapponica. The former book was published in English in 1811 by Sir J. E. Smith, first president of the Linnaean Society of London, under the title A Tour in Lapland. Linnaeus's first botanical work of prin. importance was the Systema Naturae, an artificial system which nevertheless substituted order for confusion and created a profound impression. It was followed by Fundamenta Botanica, which exercised immense influence. But it was his Genera Plantarum published in 1737, which must be considered the starting point of modern systematic botany. It was followed by Classes Plantarum, 1738, and Species Plantarum, 1753. To Linnaeus belongs the honour of having first defined the principles for defining genera and species and his uniform use of specific names is enduring. He published altogether more than 180 works, most of which, with his collections and books, became the possession of the Linnaean Society of London.

I—A Wandering Scientist



HAVING been appointed by the Royal Academy of Sciences to travel through Lapland for the purpose of investigating the three kingdoms of nature in that country, I prepared my wearing apparel and other necessaries for the journey.

I carried a small leather bag, half an ell in length, but somewhat less in breadth, furnished on one side with hooks and eyes, so that it could be opened and shut at pleasure. This bag contained one shirt, two pairs of false sleeves, two half shirts, an inkstand, pen case, microscope and spying glass, a gauze cap to protect me occasionally from the gnats, a comb, my journal and a parcel of paper stitched together for drying plants, both in folio; my manuscript ornithology, *Flora Upplandica*, and *Characteres generici*. I wore a hanger at my side, and carried a small fowling-piece, as well as a stick, graduated for the purpose of measuring.

I set out alone from the city of Upsal on Friday, May 22, 1732, at eleven o'clock, being at that time within half a day of twenty-five years of age.

At this season nature wore her most cheerful and delightful aspect, and Flora celebrated her nuptials with Phoebus. The winter corn was half a foot in height and the barley had just shot out its blade. The birch, the elm and the aspen tree began to put forth their leaves.

A number of mares with their colts were grazing everywhere near the road. I remarked the great length of the colts' legs, which, according to common opinion, are as long at their birth as they will ever be. I noticed young kids, under whose chin, at the beginning of the throat, was a pair of tubercles, like those seen in pigs, about an inch long, and clothed with a few scattered hairs. Of their use I am ignorant.

The forest abounded with the yellow anemone (*Anemone ranunculoides*), which many people consider as differing from that genus. One would suppose they had never seen an anemone at all. Here, also, grew hepatica and wood sorrel. Their blossoms were all closed. Who has endowed plants with intelligence to shut themselves up at the approach of rain? Even when the weather changes in a moment from sunshine to rain they immediately close.

Near the great river Linsman I found blood-red stones. On rubbing them I found the red colour external and distinct from the stone; in fact, it was a red byssus.

At Enänger the people seemed somewhat larger in stature than in other places, especially the men. I inquired whether the children are kept longer at the breast than is usual with us, and was answered in the affirmative. They are allowed that nourishment more than twice as long as in other places. I have a notion that Adam and Eve were giants, and that mankind from one generation to another,

owing to poverty and other causes, has diminished in size. Hence, perhaps, the diminutive stature of the Laplanders.

The old tradition that the inhabitants of Helsingland never have the ague is untrue, since I heard of many cases.

Between the post-house of Iggsund and Hudwiksvall a violet-coloured clay is found in abundance, forming a regular stratum. I observed it likewise in a hill, the strata of which consisted of two or three fingers' breadths of common vegetable mould, then from four to six inches of barren sand, next about a span of the violet clay and, lastly, barren sand.

The clay contained small and delicately smooth white bivalve shells, quite entire, as well as some larger brown ones, of which great quantities are to be found near the waterside. I am, therefore, convinced that all these valleys and marshes have formerly been under water and that the highest hills only then rose above it.

At this spot grows the *Anemone hepatica* with a purple flower ; a variety so very rare in other places that I should almost be of the opinion of the gardeners, who believe the colours of particular earths may be communicated to flowers.

On May 21 I found at Natra some fields cultivated in an extraordinary manner. After the field has lain fallow three or four years, it is sown with one part rye and two parts barley, mixed together. The barley ripens, and is reaped. The rye, meantime, goes into leaf, but shoots up no stem, since it is smothered by the barley. After the barley has been reaped, however, the rye grows and ripens the following year, producing an abundant crop.

II—Lapland Customs

The Laplanders of Lyeksele prepare a kind of curd or cheese from the milk of the reindeer and the leaves of sorrel. They boil these leaves in a copper vessel, adding one-third part water, stirring it continually with a ladle that it may not burn, and adding fresh leaves from time to time till the whole acquires the consistence of a syrup. This takes six or seven hours, after which it is set by to cool, and is then mixed with the milk and preserved for use from autumn till the ensuing summer in wooden vessels, or in the first stomach of the reindeer. It is stored either in the caves of the mountains or in holes dug in the ground, lest it should be attacked by the mountain mice.

In Angermanland the people eat sour milk prepared in the following manner. After the milk is turned, and the curd taken out, the whey is put into a vessel, where it remains till it becomes sour. Immediately after the making of cheese, fresh whey is poured luke warm on the former sour whey. This is repeated several times, care being always taken that the fresh whey be lukewarm. This prepared milk is esteemed a great dainty by the country people. They consider it as very cooling and refreshing. Sometimes it is eaten along with fresh milk. Intermittent fevers would not be so rare here as they are if they could be produced by acid diet, for then this food must infallibly occasion them.

In Westbothland one of the peasants had shot a young beaver, which fell under my examination. It was a foot and a half long, exclusive of the tail, which was a palm in length and two inches and a half in breadth. The hairs on the back were longer than the rest ; the external ones brownish black, the inner pale brown ; the belly clothed with short, dark-brown fur ; body depressed ; ears obtuse, clothed with fine short hairs and destitute of any accessory lobe ; snout blunt, with round nostrils ; upper lip cloven as far as the nostrils ; lower very short ; the whiskers black, long and stout ; eyebrow of three bristles like the whiskers over each eye ; neck, none. The fur of the belly was distinguished from that of the sides by a line on each side, in which the skin was visible. Feet clothed with very short hairs, quite different from those of the body. A fleshy integument invested the whole body. There were two cutting teeth in each jaw, of which the upper pair were the shortest, and notched at the summit like steps ; the lower and larger pair were sloped off obliquely—grinders very far remote from the fore teeth, which is characteristic of the animal, four on each side ; hind feet webbed, but fore feet with separate claws ; tail flat, oblong, obtuse, with a reticulated naked surface

At Lycksele was a woman supposed to have a brood of frogs in her stomach, owing to drinking water containing frogs' spawn. She thought she could feel three of them, and that she and those beside her could hear them croak. Her uneasiness was alleviated by drinking brandy. Salt had no effect in killing the frogs, and even *nux vomica*, which had cured another case of the same kind, was useless. I advised her to try tar, but she had already tried it in vain.

The Lycksele Laplanders are subject, when they are compelled to drink the warm sea water, to *allem*, or colic, for which they use soot, snuff, salt and other remedies. They also suffer from asthma, epilepsy, pleurisy and rheumatism. Fever and small pox are rare. They cure coughs by sulphur laid on burning fungus.

On June 3, being lost amid marshes, I sent a man to obtain a guide. About two in the afternoon he returned, accompanied by an extraordinary creature. I can scarce believe that any practical description of a fury could come up to the idea which this Lapland fair one excited. It might well be imagined she was really of Stygian origin. Her stature was very diminutive; her face of the darkest brown, from the effects of smoke; her eyes dark and sparkling; her eyebrows black. Her patchy-coloured hair hung loose about her head, and she wore a flat, red cap.

Though a fury in appearance, she addressed me with pity and reserve.

I inquired how far it was to Sorsele

"That we do not know," replied she; "but in the present state of the roads it is at least seven days' journey, as my husband has told me."

I was exhausted and famishing. How I longed to meet once more people who feed on spoon-meat! I inquired of the woman if she could give me food. She replied that she could give me only fish, but finding the fish full of maggots, I could not touch it. On arriving at her hut, however, I perceived three cheeses, and succeeded in buying the smallest. Then I returned through the marshes the way I came.

I REMARKED that all the women hereabouts feed their infants by means of a horn; nor do they take the trouble of boiling the milk, so that no wonder the children have worms. I could not help being astonished that these peasants did not suckle their children.

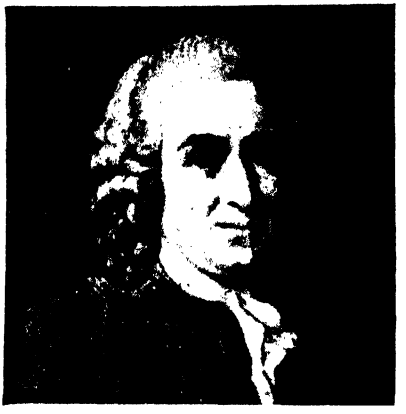
Near the road I saw the under-jaw of a horse having six fore teeth, much worn and blunted; two canine teeth; and at a distance from the latter twelve grinders, six on each side. If I knew how many teeth, and of what peculiar form, as well as how many udders and where situated, each animal has, I should perhaps be able to contrive a most natural methodical arrangement of quadrupeds. [This observation seems to record the first idea of the Linnaean system of the order of the mammalia.]

III—Ignorance Incorrigible

ON June 18 the people brought me a peasant's child, supposed to have cataract. I concluded that it was not cataract; but noticing that the eyeballs rolled upwards when the child was spoken to, I asked the mother whether, when she was with child, she had seen anybody turn their eyes in that manner. She replied that she had attended her mother, or mother-in-law, who was supposed to be dying, whose eyes rolled in a similar fashion. This was the cause of the infant's misfortune.

At Lulea I was informed of a disease of cattle so pestilential that though the animals were flayed even before they were cold, whenever their blood had come in contact with the human body it had caused gangrenous spots and sores. Some persons had both their hands swelled, and one his face, in consequence of the blood coming upon it. Many people had lost their lives by the disease, insomuch that nobody would now venture to flay any more of the cattle, but contrived to bury them whole.

On June 30 I arrived at Jockmock, where the curate and schoolmaster tormented me with their consummate and most incorrigible ignorance. I could not but wonder that so much pride and ambition, such scandalous want of information, with such incorrigible stupidity, could exist in persons of their profession,



CAROL VON LINNÉ, commonly known as Linnaeus, was born at Rashult, Sweden, May 23, 1707. His youthful interest centred in botany and in 1727 he entered Upsala University and studied under Professor Rudeck, who trusted him with much of his botanical work. Between 1732 and 1738 he travelled in Lapland, Sweden and the Netherlands, where he took his M.D. degree at Leiden, and also visited France and England. In 1738 he returned to Sweden and practised as a doctor at Stockholm, but in 1741 he removed to Upsala, where he was appointed professor of botany and held that office until his death, January 10, 1778.

who are commonly expected to be men of knowledge. No man will deny the propriety of such people as these being placed as far as possible from civilized society.

The learned curate began his conversation by remarking how the clouds as they strike the mountains carry away stones, trees and cattle. I ventured to suggest that such accidents were rather to be attributed to the force of the wind, since the clouds could not of themselves carry away anything. He laughed at me, saying surely I had never seen any clouds. It seemed to me that he could never have been anywhere but in the clouds.

I explained that when the weather is foggy I walk in clouds, and that when the cloud is condensed it rains. At all such reasoning, being above his comprehension, he only laughed with a sardonic smile. Still less was he satisfied with my explanation how watery bubbles may be lifted into the air. He insisted that the clouds were solid bodies, reinforced his assertion with a text of Scripture, and laughed at my ignorance.

He next condescended to inform me that a phlegm is always to be found on the mountains where the clouds have touched them. I told him that the phlegm was a vegetable called nostoc, and he thereupon concluded that too much learning had turned my brain and, fully persuaded of his own complete knowledge of nature, was pleased to be very facetious at my expense. Finally, he graciously advised me to pay some regard to the opinions of people skilled in these abstruse matters, and not to expose myself on my return by publishing such preposterous opinions.

[EANTIME, the pedagogue lamented that people should bestow so much attention upon temporal vanities and consequently, alas, neglect their spiritual good; and he remarked that many a man had been ruined by too great application to study. Both these wise men concurred in one thing: they could not conceal their wonder that the Royal Academy should have appointed a mere student for the purposes for which I was sent when there were men like themselves in the country.

The common method of the Laplanders for joining broken earthenware is to tie the fragments together with a thread and boil the whole in fresh milk, which acts as a cement.

The Laplanders are particularly swift-footed because: they wear no heels to their half-boots: they are accustomed to run from their infancy, and habitually exercise their muscles; their muscles are not stiffened by labour; they eat animal food, and do not overeat; they are of small stature. They are healthy because they breathe pure air and drink pure water, eat their food cold and thoroughly cooked, never overload their stomachs, and have a tranquil mind.

IV—A Lapland Marriage

1. the Laplanders are blear-eyed, owing to the sharp wind, the glare on the snow, fogs and smoke. Yet I never met any people who lead such easy, happy lives as the Laplanders. In summer they have two meals of milk a day, and when they have milked their reindeer or made cheese, they resign themselves to indolent tranquillity, not knowing what to do next.

When a Laplander wishes to marry he goes with all his nearest relatives to the hut of the young woman. He himself remains outside; but the others, laden with provisions and presents, enter and begin negotiations. When they are all seated the young man's father presents some brandy to the young woman's father, and being asked the reason of the gift, replies: "I am come hither with a good intention, and I pray God it may prosper." He then declares his errand, and if his suit is favourably received, the friends of the lover place the presents—usually utensils and silver coins—on a reindeer skin before the father and the mother of the prospective bride, and the father, or the mother, of the lover apportions the money to the young woman and her parents. If the presents are considered satisfactory, the daughter is sent for.

When the bride enters the hut her father asks her whether she is satisfied with what he has done. To which she replies that she submits herself to the disposal of her father. The mother then lays in the bride's lap the sum apportioned for her. If it proves less than she expected, she shows her dissatisfaction by various gestures and signs of refusal.

When such pecuniary matters are finally arranged the father and mother of the bridegroom present him and his bride with a cup of brandy, of which they partake together, and then all the company shake hands. Afterwards they take off their hats, and one of the company makes an oration, praying for God's blessing upon the couple.

Then the provisions, which generally consist of several cheeses and a piece of meat dried and salted, are brought forward, and the company sit down to feast. The bride and bridegroom are placed together and are given the best of the provisions.

The dinner being over, the whole company shake hands, return thanks for the entertainment and retire to bed. Next morning they all feed on the remainder of the feast. The marriage ceremony is performed after the company has departed.

About one o'clock on the afternoon of October 10, I returned safe to Upsal.

The Originator of Detective Fiction

EMILE GABORIAU

FILE . II

IT was with the publication of L'Affaire Lerouge which appeared serially in Le Pays in 1866 that Emile Gaboriau suddenly sprang into fame. In the following year he published Le Dossier No. 113, and this was the first of a really remarkable series of detective stories introducing the world-famous figure of Lecoq. It is perhaps the most characteristic specimen of his work, exhibiting as it does a careful study of the Paris police system and a thorough acquaintance with all phases of criminal life. The literary value of Gaboriau's stories is inconsiderable, but he had a genius for weaving skilful plots and astonishing facility in the invention of sensational incident, and he must be regarded as the originator of the type of crime story which has had an immense vogue ever since. Among the better known of his later books are Le Crime d'Orcival, 1867; M. Lecoq, and Les Esclaves de Paris, 1869; La Vie Infernale, 1870; and the posthumously published L'Argent des Autres, which appeared in 1874. English translations of most of Gaboriau's novels are procurable in inexpensive editions.

I—The Robbery and a Clue



THE first mention of the celebrated robbery which took place at M. Fauvel's bank in Paris—the *dossier* of the case is numbered 113 in the police files—appeared in the evening papers, February 28, 1866.

On the previous day a certain Count Louis de Clameran sent word to M. Fauvel that he wished to withdraw the following morning at ten o'clock the sum of £12,000 which had been deposited at the bank by his brother, an ironmaster from the south of France who had recently died.

M. Fauvel made it a rule never to keep any large sums of money on the premises, but to deposit all such amounts in the keeping of the Bank of France. As this sum, however, had to be paid the first thing in the morning, the chief cashier, M. Prosper Bertomy, thought he was justified in obtaining the amount from the Bank of France on the evening of the 27th, and in locking it up in the bank safe against the morning.

The safe was a formidable-looking affair constructed entirely of wrought iron of treble thickness. An ingenious device regulated its opening. On the massive door were five movable steel buttons engraved with the letters of the alphabet. Before the key could be inserted in the lock, these buttons had to be manipulated in the same order in which they had been used when the safe was last shut. The buttons were arranged so that the letters on them formed some word, which was changed from time to time. This word was known only to M. Fauvel and his cashier, each of whom possessed a key to the safe.

As soon as the bank opened on the morning of February 28, the count put in an appearance, and Prosper Bertomy went to the safe to obtain the money. When, a second later, he reappeared, his face was ashy pale, and his steps tottered as he walked. The £12,000 had disappeared from within the safe. What made the affair all the more mysterious was that the safe was locked just as the cashier had left it the night before.

The room in which the safe was situated communicated with the bank by another room in which every night a tried servant of the establishment slept. By a second door admittance was obtained to the private apartments of M. and Madame Fauvel and their niece Madeline.

As soon as M. Fauvel had heard the startling news, he first obtained the necessary money from the Bank of France, settled the business with the count, and then turned his attention to the elucidation of the robbery. He summoned the cashier to his presence.

Bertomy was a young man of thirty to whom M. Fauvel had shown great kindness, advancing his interests wherever possible until, though very young for the position, he was his most important and most confidential employee. Besides the paternal affection with which the bank manager regarded his cashier, another tie tended to make their relations all the stronger and more personal. Bertomy loved M. Fauvel's niece Madeline, and though a curious estrangement had sprung up between them during the previous nine or ten months, the banker always regarded their marriage as practically arranged.

The interview between the two men was a curious one. To each it appeared that the other must be the thief. They alone had the keys of the safe; they alone knew the magic word which could open the massive door. The banker urged Bertomy to confess, promising him forgiveness; the other haughtily rejected the suggestion, and hinted that his employer had converted the £12,000 to his own use. In the end M. Fauvel lost his temper, sent for the police, and before twenty-four hours were up, Prosper Bertomy, who but the day before had held one of the most important and envied positions in the financial world of Paris, was charged before a magistrate as being a common thief.

Investigation of the case was at first entrusted to a detective named Fanferlot, nicknamed by his comrades the 'Squirrel.' Fanferlot's examination of the premises resulted in little. All he discovered was a scratch upon the door of the safe, but certain words that passed between M. Fauvel and his niece, which seemed to indicate that the former was secretly opposed to the marriage of Madeline with Bertomy, caused him to jump to the conclusion that the banker had robbed his own safe in order to bring disgrace upon his cashier. He connived, however, at the arrest of Bertomy, hoping that later on he might obtain great kudos for himself by unmasking the banker.

What might have been the result of his improper and unofficial methods will never be known, but in all probability great inconvenience would have been caused to a number of innocent persons and the whole course of justice thwarted had it not been for the intervention of the great and famous M. Lecoq.

M. Lecoq's interest in the bank robbery case was largely a personal one. Even detectives have hearts, and M. Lecoq had loved with heart and soul a charming young girl named Nina Gipsy. Under the name of Gildas, in one of his innumerable disguises, he had wooed her for many months. When he thought at last that he had won her affections, she had fled to the protection of no less a person than Prosper Bertomy himself. The cashier cared nothing for her, but, embittered by an estrangement that had sprung up between Madeline and himself, he had sought forgetfulness in her society. Bertomy's arrest gave Lecoq an opportunity for a noble revenge. He determined to prove to the woman he loved his superiority over his rival by saving the cashier from disgrace.

Though the case looked black against Bertomy, for it was shown that he was heavily in debt and living far beyond his means, Lecoq was satisfied that he had not committed the crime. When Fanferlot, hopelessly befogged, called for his advice at his house in the Rue Montmartre, the great detective deigned to explain the preliminary data and the deductions from that data he had made.

The scratch on the safe door, slight and minute as it was, was his starting-point. How had it been made? He had found by experiment that it was impossible to make such a scratch upon the varnish without the exercise of considerable force. It was clear, therefore, that the scratch by the keyhole could not have been made by the thief in his trembling anxiety to get the business he had undertaken accomplished. But why was such force used?

For a long time Lecoq puzzled over this problem. Then, with Fanferlot, he tried an experiment. In his room was an iron box varnished like the safe. Taking the key of this box from his pocket, he ordered Fanferlot to seize his arm just as he put it near the lock. The key slipped, pulled away from the lock and, sliding along the surface of the door, left upon it a diagonal scratch, like the one on the safe.

FROM this simple experiment Lecoq deduced that two people were present when the safe was robbed; one wanted to take the money, the other wanted to prevent it being taken. This was the basis of the case which he set out to draw up against some person or persons unknown. He argued, with his usual clear logic, that neither Fauvel nor Bertomy could have robbed the safe. Both of them had keys; both of them knew the secret word and could have robbed the safe whenever they pleased. Therefore, neither of them would have committed the theft in the presence of somebody else.

II—A Mysterious Journey

LECOQ'S first steps after establishing these preliminary deductions was to secure the release of Bertomy on the grounds of insufficient evidence.

On the very morning of his release, Bertomy had received a mysterious letter composed of printed words cut out letter by letter from a book and pasted on paper.

"My dear Prosper," so the epistle ran, "a friend who knows the horror of your situation sends you this help. There is one heart at least which feels for you. Leave France; you are yourself. The future is before you. Go, and may this money be of use."

Enclosed with this note were banknotes for £400. Lecoq, disguised as a M. Verduret, a country merchant, a friend of Bertomy's father, secured this epistle and studied it carefully. His knowledge of the various types used by the printers in Paris showed him that the letters had been taken from a book printed by a well-known firm, who published volumes of devotion. The correctness of this conclusion was established by the discovery on the back of one of the small cuttings the word 'Deus.' The words had been cut from a Catholic prayer-book. To find that prayer-book was his next business.

In another disguise he sought out Nina Gipsy and, by asking her assistance to clear Prosper, induced her to take up the position of lady's-maid in the Fauvel family, for it was there, he conceived, the mutilated book of devotion would be found. Again his wonderful instinct proved right. In a few days Nina brought him the very book—a prayer-book, be-

longing to Madeline, which had been given her by Bertomy.

Why had Madeline sent the cashier this elaborately disguised letter? Why had she wished him to leave France, confident as she was, so she told him, of his innocence?

To find an answer to these important queries, Lecoq closely questioned Bertomy. He learnt that the night before the robbery the cashier had dined with his friend Raoul de Lagors, the wealthy, dissolute young nephew of M. Fauvel's wife. This Lagors was the friend of Count Louis de Clameran, whose demand for the £12,000 left him by his dead brother had resulted in the discovery of the mysterious robbery.

Bertomy had nothing but the highest praise for Lagors, but, on the other hand, spoke most disparagingly of the count. The count, it appeared, had proposed for the hand of Madeline and had pressed his suit with great determination. And Madeline—and this was what provided a new problem for Lecoq's consideration—had tacitly accepted his attention.

THROUGH Nina, Lecoq arranged a meeting between Bertomy and Madeline, and satisfied himself that the girl was wholeheartedly and devotedly attached to her uncle's cashier. Then why was she favouring the suit of the count? Lecoq at once made it his business to inquire into the count's past.

He was the second son of an old and noble family. His elder brother, Gaston, having to fly the country in consequence of causing the death of several men, he had inherited the property. A life of dissolute pleasures had soon exhausted his patrimony and he was reduced to living by his wits. Some weeks before the robbery, he had discovered that his brother Gaston was alive and residing on a large estate in the south of France, which he had purchased with the wealth he had accumulated in business. Six weeks after the two brothers met again, the elder died and the younger inherited his vast fortune.

Raoul de Lagors was the next character in the drama whose past the detective made it his business to expose. Lagors, it has been said, was the nephew of Madame Fauvel. To his surprise, Lecoq discovered, by inquiries in his native place, that the banker's wife had never had any brothers or sisters. Lagors, therefore, was not her nephew.

Fanferlot, acting on instructions, had kept a strict watch on the movements of Madeline, and by this means Lecoq received timely warning of a mysterious excursion which the girl made one night. He followed her to a lonely house on the outskirts of the city. When she had gained admittance, the appearance of a light in one of the windows on the first floor seemed to indicate the room to which she had been taken. By the aid of a ladder, Lecoq was able to watch through the shutters what was going on within.

HE saw Madeline standing opposite Lagors, evidently, from her attitude, pleading with him. For some time he listened to her, with a cynical smile upon his face, but after an hour he seemed to decide, with evident reluctance, to comply with her request. Going to a cabinet, he took out a bundle of pawntickets and flung them on the table. Hastily going through the collection, she selected three and, concealing them in her dress, left the house.

By following her to a pawnshop, Lecoq discovered that she had redeemed certain valuable articles of jewellery belonging to Madame Fauvel. Lecoq knew, through Nina Gipsy, who still filled the part of lady's-maid in the Fauvel family, that M. Fauvel had insisted on his wife accompanying him on the following evening to a great fancy-dress ball which was to be given by one of the wealthiest families in the capital. Obviously, then, the jewellery that Madeline had redeemed was required by Madame Fauvel for the occasion. Why had she pawned it for Lagors?

A theory had half formed itself in Lecoq's brain. He determined to prove its truth. Disguised as a clown, he attended the fancy-dress ball and in the character of a mountebank collected a group of ladies and gentlemen around him while he related with the inimitable skill of a buffoon a romantic narrative. To most of the people present it was simply an amusing story, but to the count and Lagors and Madame Fauvel, who were among the group of

listeners, it seemed something much more, for Lecoq dressed out his theory of the robbery in the trappings of romance. Just as he reached the climax of the story there was a cry, and Madame Fauvel almost fell fainting on the floor. The count and Lagors rushed up furiously to Lecoq.

"Master Clown," said Lagors, "your tongue is too long."

"Perhaps, my lad," retorted Lecoq, "perhaps it is. But it is, I can assure you, not so long as my arm."

"Who are you, M. le Clown?" the count exclaimed angrily.

"I am," replied Lecoq, "the best friend your brother Gaston had. I was his counsellor. I am the confidant of his last wishes."

Though the solution of the problem seemed so tantalisingly near, there were still some threads in the tangle which still required sorting out before Lecoq could say that the case was complete. Among other matters he inquired of Bertomy the word which had been used to lock the safe on the night of the robbery. That word had been 'gipsy.' Bertomy was confident that he had not mentioned it to anybody but Nina Gipsy was able to throw light on this part of the problem. She recollected a chance remark of Bertomy's while sitting at dinner with herself and Lagors on the night of the robbery. She had reproached Bertomy with neglecting her.

"It's too bad for you to reproach me," cried the cashier, "for it is your name which at this very moment guards the safe of M. Fauvel."

Lagors therefore, had known the password. What did this new discovery imply? How did it fit in with the rest of the data which Lecoq had so brilliantly collected?

After his custom, he marshalled once more in his mind all the facts at his disposal, but they were like so many loose links in a chain. They required the connecting link to make the chain complete. To find that link Lecoq spent a month in visiting the old home of the de Clamerans, the estate formerly occupied by Gaston de Clameran, who had died a few days before the robbery, and also in a trip to England. When he returned to Paris, File No. 113 was complete.

III—The Dossier

In her extreme youth, Madame Fauvel had been secretly loved by Gaston de Clameran. It was as a result of certain contemptuous words spoken of the girl he loved that Gaston had committed those deeds which had compelled him to fly the country. Shortly after his flight, the girl, finding that she was about to give birth to a child, imparted the secret to her mother. Fearing a scandal, the mother, accompanied by a faithful nurse, took her daughter over to England. There, near London, a child was born, who was immediately handed over to some simple country people to adopt. The unhappy girl returned to France, and shortly after married M. Fauvel, the banker.

Years after, the Count Louis de Clameran, who had inherited and ruined the estates of which his brother Gaston had been deprived, discovered this secret from the nurse and, finding on inquiries in London that the child had died, persuaded a young ne'er-do-well Englishman to play the *rôle* of his brother's son. He secretly introduced him to Madame Fauvel, and through this means obtained what money he required from the unhappy woman, who feared the discovery of her past secret by her husband. The situation was complicated by the count falling in love with Madeline and the sudden appearance of Gaston de Clameran, who was thought to be dead.

The count poisoned his brother, and then, finding that Madeline refused to give up Bertomy, determined to accomplish the cashier's ruin and at the same time obtain an amount of money large enough to buy off his fellow-conspirator Lagors. Lagors, having learnt by chance the password that guarded the safe, was sent to Madame Fauvel late at night with a request for money.

At this time Madame Fauvel was at the end of her resources. Lagors suggested taking the money from the safe. Torn between a desire to help her supposed son and the risk of discovery, she at last consented. Taking M. Fauvel's key, they descended silently to the safe-room. At

the last moment, just as the key was in the lock, Madame Fauvel attempted to deter Lagors from his purpose. In the struggle that scratch was made on the door which formed the basis of Lecoq's inquiries and enabled the great detective to unravel the mystery.

Madeline, who all the while half guessed at the truth, and perceived without being told that Madame Fauvel was at the mercy of the count, had been prepared to sacrifice her future happiness in order to prevent the scandal being made public.

M. Lecoq, armed with these facts, sought out Lagors. He arrived only in time to prevent a tragedy. Warned by an anonymous letter that his wife had pawned her diamonds for the benefit of Lagors, the banker came upon them when they were together in Lagors' rooms. Imagining the young man was his wife's lover, the banker drew a revolver and fired four times. Fortunately, none of the shots took effect, and before he could fire again Lecoq had rushed into the room and torn the weapon from his grasp. It was the moment of the great detective's triumph. With the dramatic skill of which he was a master, he laid bare the whole story and disclosed the true identity of Raoul Lagors. Before he left he compelled Lagors to refund the £12,000 he had stolen, and in order to avoid a scandal allowed the young man to go free. Then, that nothing should be wanting to his triumph, he obtained the consent of the banker to Bertomy's marriage with Madeline.

Hurrying from the banker's house, Lecoq hastened to effect the arrest of the count. He arrived too late. Realizing that he was hopelessly in the toils, the count was bereft of his senses and became a hopeless maniac.

Four days later M. Lecoq, the official M. Lecoq, awaited the arrival of Nina Gipsy and Prosper Bertomy. They declared that they had come to meet M. Verduret, who had saved Prosper Bertomy. The detective retired, promising to summon the man they had come to see. A quarter of an hour later M. Verduret entered the room.

Nina and Prosper eagerly started towards him; but he checked them by one of those peculiar looks which no one ever dared resist.

"You have come," he said severely, "to hear the secret of my conduct. I have promised and will keep my word, however painful it may be to my feelings. Listen, then. My best friend is a loyal, honest man, named Caldas. Eighteen months ago this friend was the happiest of men. Infatuated by a woman, he lived for her alone and, fool that he was, imagined that she felt the same love for him."

"She did!" cried Nina, "yes, she always loved him."

"She showed her love in a peculiar way. She loved him so much that one fine day she left him, and ran off with another man. In his first moments of despair, Caldas wished to kill himself. Then he reflected that it would be wiser to live, and avenge himself in his own way. He made the woman who deserted him recognize his immense superiority over his rival. Weak, timid and helpless, the rival was disgraced and falling over the verge of a precipice, when the powerful hand of Caldas reached forth and saved him. You understand all now, do you not? The woman is Nina; the rival is yourself; and Caldas is——"

With a quick gesture he removed his wig and whiskers, and the true Lecoq appeared

"Caldas!" cried Nina.

"No, not Caldas, not Verduret, but Lecoq, the detective."

M. Lecoq broke the stupefied silence of his listeners by saying to Prosper:

"It is not to me alone that you owe your salvation. A noble girl confided to me the difficult task of clearing your reputation. I promised her that M. Fauvel should never know the shameful secrets concerning his domestic happiness. Your anonymous letter thwarted all my plans, and made it impossible for me to keep my promise. I have nothing more to say."

After the moments of amazement had passed, Lecoq turned to leave the room, but Nina barred the way.

"Caldas," she cried, "have you not punished me enough? Caldas . . ."

Prosper went from the office alone.

SALLUST

THE JUGURTHINE WAR

Outlined by A. D. Innes

IN his Catiline (see page 2361) Gaius Sallustius Crispus, the Roman historian universally known as Sallust, recorded contemporary events, he having been three-and-twenty at the time of the conspiracy. He was born at Amiternum in Central Italy in 86 B.C. and had a distinguished public career ending with the governorship of Numidia. Probably it was his sojourn in Numidia that turned his attention to the subject of the Jugurthine War as one on which he would write with a sort of personal authority, when on his return to Rome a wealthy man he devoted himself to literature in his luxurious retirement. He made a careful study of all the original documents available for this work and it remains a picturesque and valuable historical chapter, with the strongest interest attaching to the last division, in which the two leading figures are Marius and Sulla. Sallust died in 34 B.C.

I—The Rise of Jugurtha



IN the second Punic war, Masinissa, king of the Numidians, had proved a loyal ally of the Romans, and when Carthage fell he received from them a large extension of territory. On his death, he was succeeded by his surviving son Micipsa, whose brothers had already died, one of them leaving a natural son, Jugurtha. This boy was brought up by Micipsa along with his own two sons, Adherbal and Hiempsal, Jugurtha being the eldest of the three.

Besides showing exceptional ability, Jugurtha was very early distinguished for strength and skill in athletic pursuits, in the hunting field and as a horseman. As time passed, Micipsa's pride in his nephew's prowess gave way to anxiety as to the rôle the young man might adopt; yet he was afraid to put so popular a youth to death. So, on sending a Numidian contingent to Spain to help the Romans in the Numantine war, Micipsa gave the command to Jugurtha in the hope that he would get himself killed in battle. Jugurtha, however, proved himself no less wary than bold, and soon won the confidence of the Roman commander Publius Scipio, the devotion of the soldiers and the friendship of many Romans.

Some of the Romans not only encouraged his ambitions, but imbued him with a conviction that anything might be accomplished at Rome by means of judicious bribery. When the war was ended, he was sent back to Numidia with highly commendatory letters. Micipsa, feeling it hopeless to fight against fate, took the course of practically adopting him, treating him with the highest favour and the utmost confidence, and finally leaving the kingdom to him jointly with Adherbal and Hiempsal.

Then befell what Micipsa had feared. The younger prince, Hiempsal, resented the authority of his cousin, who was soon plotting his destruction and found an early opportunity to compass his assassination. That the turn of the mild Adherbal would follow ere long was sufficiently obvious, Jugurtha having all the advantages of ability, energy and absence of scruples. Adherbal sent messengers to Rome with accounts of what had happened, but the two kings were soon at open war—a war decided in favour of Jugurtha by a single pitched battle; whence Adherbal escaped into Roman territory, and then betook himself to Rome to appeal to the senate.

Jugurtha was now king of Numidia—if Rome permitted. An embassy was promptly dispatched to counteract Adherbal, with instructions to secure the goodwill of Jugurtha's old friends by handsome presents, and of new friends by lavish bribes. The policy was successful. Adherbal's public appeal to the Roman sense of

justice, the services of his father and grandfather, the monstrous doings of Jugurtha, did not prevail against Jugurtha's private appeal to the cupidity of the Roman nobles. Even the opposition of Aemilius Scaurus, which was actuated chiefly by the feeling that Jugurtha's bribery was too manifest for him to take advantage of it with safety, did not prevent the senate from appointing a commission to divide Numidia between Jugurtha and Adherbal. The majority of the commissioners proved amenable to Jugurtha's methods, and the richer half of the country was allotted to him.

Jugurtha, confirmed in his belief that bribery could effect anything at Rome, was very soon attacking Adherbal again, and shut him up in the town of Cista. Meantime, Adherbal had again appealed to Rome. So a weak commission was dispatched, which reached Jugurtha, with instructions to insist on peace; but he replied that he would send his explanations to the senate, and continued to press the siege of Cista.

Adherbal succeeded in sending one more despairing appeal to Rome. There, the efforts of Jugurtha's friends prevented an immediate declaration of war; but a stronger commission was sent out, Scaurus being one of the members. They also failed to bring Jugurtha to obedience; Adherbal found himself compelled to surrender, and was at once put to a cruel death, which was followed by an indiscriminate massacre.

Even now, Jugurtha's friends in Rome would have succeeded in getting the affair shelved, but for the energy of Gaius Memmius, a vigorous opponent of the senatorial plutocracy. The senate was thus forced by public opinion to raise an army for Africa and to refuse audience to the embassy that now came from Jugurtha. One of the consuls, Lucius Calpurnius Bestia, was sent in command, with Scaurus as one of his colleagues. The Numidian, however, now found both of them amenable to his favourite argument; in effect, they were satisfied to accept from him a nominal fine and a nominal submission.

THE return of Bestia to Rome, and the popular indignation, gave Memmius the opportunity for a vigorous attack on the government. 'The liberties which past generations had won for the people were endangered by the greedy and unscrupulous successors of the old aristocracy. To check them, there was no need of revolution or violence; the people need only assert their constitutional powers and demand the trial of Jugurtha, which could not be refused. Such a trial would produce convincing proof of the treasonable venality of their enemies.'

To the alarm of the nobles, Memmius carried his proposal that Cassius should be dispatched to bring back Jugurtha, who returned with him, not daring to offer open defiance, but still relying on his old methods. Thus he successfully procured a tribune, Baebius, to intervene with his veto when the trial reached a critical point. The audacious Numidian even went so far as to have Massiva, a cousin of his own who began to push his claim to supersede Jugurtha, assassinated in Rome itself by Bomilcar, a man in whom Jugurtha placed confidence, and to assist Bomilcar's own escape to Africa, whither he himself returned.

II—Jugurtha Defiant

THE war, suspended by Bestia's convention, was renewed under the consul Marius Albinus, at first energetically; but Jugurtha was a master in the art of temporising. Nothing decisive occurred; and Albinus returned for the elections at Rome, leaving his incompetent brother Aulus in command. Aulus, with most of his forces, was enticed into the interior, to find himself suddenly surrounded by overwhelming numbers and his communications completely severed. The unlucky commander was forced to a capitulation, under which he engaged to evacuate Numidia in ten days, his troops being first compelled to pass under the yoke.

The command in Numidia now passed to the consul Quintus Metellus, a thorough aristocrat, but a man of integrity and ability, who inflicted a severe defeat on Jugurtha at the river Muthul.

The defeat only determined Jugurtha to assemble new armies, but it also convinced Metellus that nothing was to be gained by forcing engagements on the enemy, and he adopted instead a general policy of spoliation and devastation. Jugurtha was reduced to swooping upon isolated detachments, and then merely to harassing the larger columns.

This process, however, was in fact less exhausting to Jugurtha than to Metellus, who could accomplish nothing decisive. He encamped before the important town of Zama, which he attempted to carry by assault, but suddenly found his own camp being stormed by Jugurtha, and was obliged to detach a force under Marius to rescue it. The assault was renewed the next day, and was again repulsed, though Marius all but succeeded in effecting an entry; and Jugurtha again conducted a very effective attack on the largely increased force left in charge of the camp. Metellus abandoned the siege.

The Romans now fell back on intrigue instead of fighting, and won over Bomilcar to induce Jugurtha to submit. The Numidian went so far as to pay a heavy indemnity, and surrender his elephants and a quantity of war material; but on being required to surrender his own person, he broke off negotiations and renewed hostilities.

In the redistribution of provincial commands, that of Numidia was again bestowed on Metellus. But his lieutenant Marius was now resolved to offer himself for the consulship, an office for which he was legally eligible, but which was confined by custom to the senatorial families. Metellus, with aristocratic arrogance, delayed in granting the necessary leave of absence to his subordinate, who was bitterly indignant, and used every means in his power to undermine the commander's popularity and to enhance his own—the sentiments of the troops being carefully conveyed to the populace of Rome.

An insurrection in the town of Vaga, where first the officers of the Roman garrison were treacherously murdered and then the soldiers were cut to pieces was sharply punished. On the other hand, a plot of Bomilcar's against Jugurtha was betrayed and Bomilcar, with others, was put to death; but thereforward the king became a prey to the fear of conspiracy and assassination. These events determined Metellus to prosecute the war with fresh energy; but leave was at last granted to Marius, who in effect had become a thorn in the side of his superior officer.

IN Africa, Jugurtha now found himself grievously hampered by the terrors which forbade him to trust anyone. Thus Metellus was once more able to bring him to battle and defeat him; but this only drove him to the comparatively remote but rich town of Thala. Thither Metellus pursued him, accomplishing a remarkable march across fifty miles of waterless desert. Jugurtha fled, but the town held out for forty days, and then the defenders made a holocaust of themselves and the booty which the Romans had expected.

Jugurtha now retired into the interior, and proceeded to master and train fresh forces among the Gaetulians; but at the same time he stirred up King Bocchus of Mauritania against the Romans who, unwisely enough, had refused alliance with him at an earlier date. The two African monarchs were soon on the march against Cirta, which Metellus had established as a depôt for spoils, captives and baggage. While awaiting their approach, he was overwhelmed with chagrin at hearing of the election of Marius, which caused him to open temporising negotiations with Bocchus 'in preference to doing another man's work for him at his own risk.'

III—The Fall of Jugurtha

[EANWHILE Marius, at Rome, had been posing as the upright representative of laborious merit, not to be crushed by the machinations of an effete and selfish aristocracy—the tried veteran over whose head the nobles would set incompetent scions of their own families—and he embarked for Africa on the high tide of popular favour.

On taking up the command, Marius set himself to the systematic subjection of the country by the occupation of all the strong places. Jugurtha still held aloof, while Bocchus continued the diplomatic

intercourse which had been opened with Metellus. At last Marius resolved to move on a strong desert fortress named Capsa, an object involving difficulties of much the same kind as the capture of Thala, but in an exaggerated degree. Giving out that his army was on a foraging expedition and would presently arrive at a town called Laris, where pay and provisions were stored, he reached the river Tanais without any suspicion of his real objective leaking out.

HERE, all impedimenta were discarded, except water-skins, for the manufacture of which the hides of all the animals killed for food during the march had been utilised. Carrying only water, the army advanced by night marches and, before the third dawn, was encamped not a couple of miles from Capsa. At dawn numbers of unsuspecting Numidians passed out of the gates; a Roman troop made a dash for the gates, seized them, and held them while the main force followed. The surprise was complete, resistance hopeless. Capsa was looted and burnt, and its inhabitants massacred or carried off into slavery.

Not long after, there arrived at the camp a large cavalry reinforcement under the command of Lucius Sulla. This remarkable man was a scion of an old patrician family, which had become insignificant from persistent indolence. To the widest literary culture was joined in him a passion for pleasure, but a still stronger passion for glory. Now, without previous military experience, Sulla became in an astonishingly short time the most brilliant of all the officers.

Jugurtha now called upon Bocchus for active co-operation, making large promises. Bocchus responded to the call. Marius was already moving to winter quarters when one day, as evening was falling, the huge Mauritanian and Gaetulian host was suddenly upon him. There was no time to form a line of battle; individuals and groups fought desperately as best they could, the men forming circles; the confusion among the undisciplined foe was no less. Night stopped the combat; the Romans held the field, but the enemy camped near, and their jubilations could be heard through the night. Silence reigned in the Roman camp, but before dawn broke Marius had fallen upon the foe, who were cut to pieces or scattered in rout.

The march to winter quarters at Cirta was continued, the whole force being kept constantly ready to meet attack, and the general continually in evidence on active work, as was his wont. On the fourth day the two kings again swept down on him. At one moment the Roman rear was shaken when Jugurtha appeared among the enemy, crying that he had slain Marius, but a charge by Sulla checked the panic, and the arrival of Marius himself with troops from the front was followed by the total rout of the Africans. Jugurtha only escaped by cleaving his way to freedom single-handed.

BOCCHUS now begged to treat with the Romans. Sulla and Manlius were sent to negotiate and, though there was no immediate result, Sulla won golden opinions from the Africans; and after despatches of a favourable tone had arrived from Rome, Bocchus requested that the young officer might be sent to conclude arrangements with him.

Sulla was sent with an armed escort, and was met by Volux, the son of Bocchus, to convey him to the Mauritanian king. Intercepted on the way by an army under Jugurtha, Sulla, with characteristic coolness, marched straight on, the Numidian making no attempt to attack. On arriving before Bocchus, he demanded something more definite than promises as the condition of being received into favour at Rome; Jugurtha's person must be captured, and handed over.

Bocchus accordingly induced Jugurtha to come to a conference with himself and Sulla. Probably it was not till the last moment that he decided between seizing Sulla and delivering him a prisoner to Jugurtha, and seizing Jugurtha and delivering him to Sulla. Finally, however, he chose the latter alternative. Jugurtha's escort was surprised and cut down, and Jugurtha himself was carried in bonds to Marius by Sulla. The general's triumph was followed by his second election to the consulship.

ARISTOPHANES

THE FROGS

THIS amusing comedy was produced in 405 B.C., about the time when Athens was making her last efforts in the Peloponnesian War, and was probably intended primarily to amuse the people in this period of great anxiety. It had no political intention; it is, indeed, rather a literary criticism rendered topical by the recent death of Aeschylus and Euripides. Bacchus, the effeminate wine-god, who was also the patron of the drama, is so distressed at the decadence of the tragic stage since the death of these two great dramatists that he resolves to visit Hades and try to procure the release of his favourite, Euripides. The play is concerned with his adventures, culminating in a literary contest between Aeschylus and Euripides. Outlines of The Knights, The Clouds, and The Birds of Aristophanes appear at pages 1477, 1800 and 2164 respectively.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Bacchus	Xanthias (his slave)	Hercules
Charon	Pluto	Aeschylus
Aeacus	Euripides	Corpse
Hostesses	Serving-wench	Frog Chorus
	Chorus of Initiates	



First Act

BACCHUS is discovered—with the lion's skin and club, which are the attributes of Hercules—along with his slave Xanthias, who is seated on a donkey but carries his master's belongings over his shoulder, outside Hercules' door.

Bacchus means to simplify his task by personating that hero, who once paid a visit to the nether regions. He has come to call on Hercules for directions. After a colloquy with the slave for the benefit of the 'gallery,' he hammers at the door. Hercules cannot contain his laughter at the figure in the lion's skin. But Bacchus means to be taken seriously. He explains his purpose. He wants to get Euripides back, because there is no one left who can say such fine startling things in the way of moral paradoxes. So he wishes to be told all about the roads and inns, and the proper people to call on in Hade—and, to begin with, the shortest way there. Hercules suggests hanging, or hemlock, or tumbling off a tower.

None of these appeals to Bacchus, who wishes to know the route Hercules took himself. Hercules tells him that you come to a Bottomless Lake; you pay twopence to be ferried over; then you come to a region of the most terrifying monsters; and a disgusting slough where the worst evil-doers wallow. Then comes the paradise of the Initiated, 'and they'll tell you all about it, so good bye.'

A funeral procession passes; Xanthias hails the corpse to carry the luggage, for which he offers sixpence; the corpse demands a shilling and refuses to split the difference. So Xanthias has to go on. Arriving at the Styx, they hail Charon, who is calling 'All aboard for Tartarus, Cerberus and Lethe! All aboard for Taenarus and Blazes!'

They are rowed over, to the accompaniment of the Frog-song:

Brekekekex ko-ax ko-ax, Brekekekex ko-ax ko-ax!
Marshy children of the Spring,
Let us sing,
Raise my most melodious strain,
Sweet, sweet refrain,
Ko-ax ko-ax ko-ax.
We
Of the Muses chosen be
Brekekekex ko-ax ko-ax.
On sunny days we leap and sing
(Where marsh plants grow)
Our diving song like anything;
If it rains we plunge below,
Down we go,
Tuneful melodies redoubling,
Bubble, bubble, bubble, bubbling.
Brekekekex ko-ax ko-ax.

Neither the rowing nor the music is to the god's taste. On landing he hands



BACCHUS IMPERSONATING HERCULES

Charon his twopence. Inspecting the country, he discovers among the audience, by the help of Xanthias, the perjurers, parricides, etc., as described by Hercules. He begins to talk big about the monsters; till Xanthias frightens him by seeing and hearing loathly worms, phantom hounds and other horrors, but presently comforts him with the news that they have all gone.

At this point the chorus of devotees of the god himself enter, chanting his praises, while Bacchus rigidly maintains his incognito. They wash off as 'profane' all 'traitors to the state and the stage'; this is followed up by topical allusions and personal lampoons, and the scene changes to the gates of Pluto's palace.

Second Act

BACCHUS is very anxious about the correct way of knocking; but, encouraged by Xanthias, he assumes what Bottom calls 'Ercles' vein':

What ho! 'Tis I! the mighty Hercules!

Aeacus, as porter, opens the door, and rails upon the supposed Hercules—for having stolen the watch-dog Cerberus—in approved melodramatic style. Bacchus collapses in abject terror, which he tries to make light of when Aeacus has retired; but he offers to exchange rôles with Xanthias, a proposal which the slave promptly accepts. He dons the lion's skin; but it is now a serving-wench who appears, and invites him—as Hercules—to step in and enjoy himself. Whereupon Bacchus insists on resuming his own part and not carrying the little joke any further.

The chorus applaud dexterous versatility, as exemplified by Theramenes and Bacchus. But Bacchus-Hercules is now assailed by two dames, who keep eating-houses, with charges of Herculean gluttony. Nineteen loaves, and a score of chops, fish, pickles, cheese, he had swallowed, frightening them into fits when they demanded payment, and now they'll have the law of him. They'll get Cleon and Hyperbolus dead demagogues to take up their cause. As they go out, Bacchus hints that perhaps Xanthias had better stick to the rôle of Hercules after all.



CHARON BY THE RIVER STYX

and he will promise not to change again. Xanthias, nothing loth, assumes the lion's hide and truculent air of Hercules, while Bacchus picks up the luggage.

Aeacus enters with myrmidons of the law and bids them seize Xanthias. 'Someone will have a bad time now,' says Bacchus; but Xanthias acts up to his part and disperses the assailants. Aeacus is disgusted, but Xanthias generously offers to let them put his slave to the torture, and see if they can prove anything against him; suggesting a series of ingenious methods of torment. But Bacchus protests; he is a god, and they had better be careful before they start beating him; the other fellow is only a slave. Xanthias proposes a test: let them both be beaten, and the one who doesn't flinch must be accounted the immortal. They are struck in turn, but for each exclamation they utter they produce plausible explanations, till Aeacus decides that there is no way of settling which is which but by taking them before Pluto and Persephone, who will recognize the god. Then the chorus take up a political strain.



AESCHYLUS AND EURIPIDES WEIGHING THEIR LINES OF POETRY

The pictures in this and the opposite page illustrate characters in The Frogs as played by the Oxford University Dramatic Society

AFTER a jibe at the demagogue Cleophon, the singers recommend an amnesty for the supporters of the oligarchy which had held and lost a brief supremacy at Athens. Another demogogue, Cleigenes, then has his turn, and they go on to recommend the restitution of Alcibiades.

Now, the thought has often struck me that our conduct is the same
In the matter of our citizens who bear an honoured name
As in dealing with the coins of olden mintage, and the new.
These, which no alloy debases—none so pure and none so true,
None so perfect in the cutting, none at all that ring so sound,
Though you search the lands of Hellas and barbarian realms around—
These we never touch, but wretched brazen coins we choose, 'tis so,
That were minted—very vilely scarce a day or two ago.
So whene'er we find a man of level head and noble birth,
Honourable, truthful, trained in sports and arts, of patent worth,
We insult him; but your red-haired alien knaves with brazen face,
Blackguards born of blackguard stock, we pitchfork into every place.
Come, e'en now you'd best reform, my foolish friends, and change your ways:
Use again the useful folk; if you succeed, 'twill be but just;
While if still you fail and come to grief, yet every wise man says -
Choose at least a gallows worth the hanging from, if hang you must.

Aeacus and Xanthias now enter, on excellent and sympathetic terms. They are interrupted by a clamour, which Aeacus explains. Aeschylus has hitherto occupied the presidential chair as master-tragedian; now Euripides has arrived

and has been working up a faction to have Aeschylus turned out and himself put in. Aeschylus has refused to submit to the arbitration of the empty-headed Athenians, so Bacchus has been appointed to sit in judgement. Now, says the chorus, we shall hearken to sonorous Aeschylean thunders majestically rumbling, and then to the subtle hair-splitting trickeries of Euripides.

Third Act

THE rivals enter, with Bacchus; Aeschylus stalking in solemn silence with gathered brows; Euripides goading him with taunts, till he explodes with volcanic indignation. Bacchus endeavours to calm the storm. The chorus invoke the Muses to inspire the efforts of the rivals in the approaching contest. After characteristic preliminary sacrifices, the disputation begins with an attack by Euripides on the portentous silences, whereon he accuses Aeschylus of relying for stage effects, and the Aeschylean language, which is sound and fury, signifying nothing; with this he contrasts his own naturalism, and his own eloquence with his rival's ruggedness.

Aeschylus, incited by the chorus to 'open the floodgates of figure and phrase,' charges Euripides with having set at naught the primary function of the poet, which is to elevate and purify his auditors. Aeschylus had taught them heroic and martial ideals, for instance, in the Seven against Thebes, and the Persae—under the instructions of Euripides the people had become base and degraded. Aeschylus had followed the ancient mighty poets—Orpheus, Hesiod, Homer; Euripides had devoted himself to indecent sex-problems, whereby he had influenced all womankind to their own demoralisation, and to sophistical dialectics which were emasculating the other sex.

Next they turn to verbal criticisms—the tautologies of the one, the quibbles of the other—till Aeschylus produces a burlesque sample of the Euripidean lyric monologue, mixing sham sublimity with catchpenny pathos. From this they come to weighing individual lines against each other, for which purpose a huge pair of scales is set on the stage. Each poet rolls out a line at a time, and each time the Aeschylean line is the heavier. 'Argo with her woven wings' is overwhelmed by 'Spercheius' streams, and ye, herd-pasturing plains.' Euripides tries to save himself with 'He grasped a mighty mace of heavy weight,' but is crushed by 'Chariots on chariots, corpses heaped pell-mell.'

Still, Bacchus is reluctant to deny the palm to either. Pluto encourages him with the promise that he shall take back to earth the one on whom his choice falls. So he fixes on a crucial test: Which can give the best advice about Athens and Alcibiades?

Euripides: I hate the man that in his country's service
Is slow, but ready and quick to work her harm;
Unserviceable except to serve himself.
Aeschylus: 'Tis rash and idle policy to foster
A lion's whelp within the city walls;
But when he's reared and grown, you must indulge him.
Euripides: If we mistrust where present trust is placed,
Trusting in what was heretofore mistrusted—
Aeschylus: Their seamen and their fleet their only safeguard,
Their sole resource, hardship and poverty,
And resolute endurance in distress—

Bacchus decides, after hesitation, in favour of Aeschylus, to the pathetic distress of Euripides, who feels himself betrayed since Bacchus had promised him the award. The god answers him with a line of his own:

Only my tongue hath sworn; my heart is free.

The chorus comment:

Mark the moral—that you should
Still be wise and still be good.
Thus the noble worthy Bard
Meets with a deserved reward;
But to quibble and to prate
In metaphysical debate
While the practice and the rules
Of the true poetic schools
Are renounced or slighted wholly
Is a madness and a folly.

Pluto gives Aeschylus some parting messages with special notices to sundry still-surviving demagogues to make haste and descend to the other world. Aeschylus desires that in his absence the presidential chair may be occupied by Sophocles, but in no case be profaned by Euripides, and departs to a choric farewell.

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

TANCRED

PUBLISHED in 1847, Tancred completes the trilogy which began with Coningsby (see page 1718) and had its second volume in Sybil (see page 2425). In these three novels Beaconsfield gave to the world his political, social and religious philosophy. Coningsby was mainly political, Sybil mainly social, and in Tancred the author dealt with the origin of the Christian Church of England and its relation to the Hebrew race whence Christianity sprang. Public opinion recognized the truth and sincerity of these views, although their general spirit ran counter to current Liberal utilitarianism. Although Tancred lacks the vigour of Sybil and the wit of Coningsby, it contains admirable descriptions of Jerusalem and Lebanon, and of manners and men in the East, and the satire and irony in the parts dealing with Tancred's life in England are very entertaining. As in others of Beaconsfield's novels, many of the characters are portraits of real personages. Cheap editions of Tancred are published by John Lane and by Longmans.

I—Tancred Goes Forth on His Quest



TANCRED, the Marquis of Montacute, was certainly strangely distracted on his twenty-first birthday. He stood beside his father, the Duke of Bellamont, in the famous Crusaders' gallery in the Castle of Montacute, listening to the congratulations which the mayor and corporation of Montacute town were addressing to him; but all the time he kept his eyes fixed on the magnificent tapestries from which the name of the gallery was derived. His namesake, Tancred of Montacute, had distinguished himself in the Third Crusade by saving the life of King Richard at the siege of Ascalon, and his exploits were depicted in the fine Gobelins work hanging on the walls of the great hall. Oblivious of the gorgeous ceremony in which he was playing the principal part, the young Marquis of Montacute stared at the pictures of the Crusader, and a wild, fantastical idea took hold of him.

He was the only child of the Duke of Bellamont, and all the high nobility of England were assembled to celebrate his coming of age. Everything that fortune could bestow seemed to have been given to him. He was the heir of the greatest and richest of English dukes, and his life was made smooth and easy. His father had got a seat in parliament waiting for him, and his mother had already selected a noble and beautiful young lady for his wife. Neither of them had yet consulted their son, but Tancred was so sweet and gentle a boy that they did not dream he would oppose their wishes. They had planned out his life for him ever since he was born, with the view to educating him for the position which he was to occupy in the English aristocracy, and he had always taken the path which they had chosen for him.

In the evening, the duke summoned his son into his library.

"My dear Tancred," he said, "I have a piece of good news for you on your birthday. Hungerford feels that he cannot represent our constituency now that you have come of age and, with great kindness, he is resigning his seat in your favour. He says that the Marquis of Montacute ought to stand for the town of Montacute, so you will be able to enter parliament at once."

"But I do not wish to enter parliament," said Tancred.

The duke leant back from his desk with a look of painful surprise on his face.

"Not enter parliament?" he exclaimed. "Every Lord Montacute has gone into the House of Commons before taking his seat in the House of Lords. It is an excellent training."

"I am not anxious to enter the House of Lords either," said Tancred. "And I hope, my dear father," he added, with a smile that lit up his young, grave, beautiful

face, "that it will be very, very long before I succeed to your place there."

"What, then, do you intend to do, my boy?" said Bellamont, in intense perplexity. "You are the heir to one of the greatest positions in the state, and you have duties to perform. How are you going to fit yourself for them?"

"That is what I have been thinking of for years," said Tancred. "Oh, my dear father, if you knew how long and earnestly I have prayed for guidance! Yes, I have duties to perform! But in this wild, confused and aimless age of ours, what man can see what his duties are? For my part, I cannot find that it is my duty to maintain the present order of things. In nothing in our religion, our government, our manners, do I find faith. And if there is no faith, how can there be any duty? We have ceased to be a nation. We are a mere crowd, kept from utter anarchy by the remains of an old system which we are daily destroying."

"But what would you do, my dear boy?" said the duke, pale with anxiety. "Have you found any remedy?"

"No," said Tancred mournfully. "There is no remedy to be found in England. Oh, let me save myself, father! Let me save our people from the corruption and ruin that threatens us!"

"But what do you want to do? Where do you want to go?" said the duke.

"I want to go to God!" cried the young nobleman, his blue eyes flaming with a strange light. "How is it that the Almighty Power does not send down His angels to enlighten us in our perplexities? Where is the Paraclete, the Comforter Who was promised us? I must go and seek Him."

"You are a visionary, my boy," said the duke, gazing at him in astonishment.

"Was the Montacute that fought by the side of King Richard in the Holy Land a visionary?" said Tancred. "All I ask is to be allowed to follow in his footsteps. For three days and three nights he knelt in prayer at the tomb of his Redeemer. Six centuries and more have gone by since then. It is high time that we renewed our intercourse with the Most High in the country of His chosen people. I, too, would kneel at that tomb. I, too, surrounded by the holy hills and groves of Jerusalem, would lift my voice to Heaven and ask for inspiration."

"BUT surely God will hear your prayers in England as well as in Palestine?" the duke protested.

"No," said his son. "He has never raised up a prophet or a great saint in this country. If we want Him to speak to us as He spoke to the men of old, we must go, like the Crusaders, to the Holy Land."

Finding that he could not turn his son from the strange course on which he was bent, the duke got a great prelate to try to persuade him that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

"We live in an age of progress," reasoned the philosophic bishop. "Religion is spreading with the spread of civilization. How all our towns are growing! We shall soon see a bishop in Manchester."

"I want to see an angel in Manchester," replied Tancred.

It was no use arguing with a man who talked in this way, and the duke gave Tancred permission to set out on his new crusade.

II—The Vigil by the Tomb

THE moon sank behind the Mount of Olives, leaving the towers, minarets and domes of Jerusalem in deep shadow; the lamps in the city went out, and every outline was lost in gloom; but the Church of the Holy Sepulchre still shone in the darkness like a beacon light. There, while every soul in Jerusalem slumbered, Tancred knelt in prayer by the tomb of Christ, waiting for the fire from heaven to strike into his soul.

His strange vigil was the talk of Syria. It is remarkable how quickly news travels in the East.

"Do you know," said Besso, Rothschild's agent, to his foster-son Fakredeen, an emir of Lebanon, "the young Englishman has brought me such a letter that if he were to tell me to rebuild Solomon's temple, I must do it!"

"He must be fabulously rich!" said Fakredeen, with a sigh. "What has he

come here for? The English do not come on pilgrimages. They are all infidels."

"Well, he has come on a pilgrimage," said Besso, "and he is the greatest of English princes. He kneels all night and day in the church over there."

Yes, after a week of solitude, fasting and prayer, Tancred was keeping vigil before the empty Sepulchre, where Tancred of Montacute had knelt six hundred years before. Day after day, night after night, he prayed for inspiration, but no divine voice broke in upon his impassioned reveries. It was for him that Alonzo Lara, the prior of Terra Santa, kept the light burning all night long at the Holy Sepulchre. And one day he said to him: "Sinai led to Calvary. I think it would be wise for you to trace the path backward from Calvary to Sinai."

It was extremely perilous at that time to adventure into the great desert, for the wild Bedouin tribes were encamped there. But, in spite of this, Tancred made arrangements with an Arabian chief, Sheikh Hassan, and set out for Sinai at the head of a well-armed band of Arabs.

"Ah!" said the sheikh, as they entered the mountainous country, after a three days' march across the wilderness. "Look at these tracks of horses and camels in the defile. The marks are fresh. See that your guns are primed!" he cried to his men.

As he spoke a troop of wild horsemen galloped down the ravine.

"Hassan," one of them shouted, "is that the brother of the Queen of the English with you? Let him ride with us, and you may return in peace."

"He is my brother, too," said Hassan. "Stand aside, you sons of Eblis, or you shall bite the earth."

A wild shout from every height of the defile was the answer. Tancred looked up. The crest on either side was lined with Bedouins, each with his musket levelled.

"There is only one thing for us to do," said Tancred to Hassan. "Let us charge through the defile, and die like men!"

Seizing his pistols, he shot the first horseman through the head, and disabled another. Then he charged down the ravine, and Hassan and his men followed and scattered the horsemen before them. The Bedouins fired down on them from the crests and, in a few moments, the place was filled with smoke and Tancred could not see a yard around him.

"Die fighting! Die fighting!" he shouted. Then his horse stumbled, stabbed from beneath by a Bedouin dagger, and fell in the sand. Before he could get his feet out of the stirrups, he was overpowered and bound.

LATE that night, as Amalek, the great Rechabite Bedouin sheikh, was sitting before his tent, a horseman rode up to him.

"Salaam," he cried. "Sheikh of sheikhs, it is done! The brother of the Queen of England is your slave!"

"Good!" said Amalek. "Camels shall be given to all the widows of the men he has killed, and I will find them new husbands. Go and tell Fakredeen the good news!"

Amalek and Fakredeen would not have cared had they lost a hundred men in the affair. The Bedouin chief and the emir of Lebanon could bring into the field more than twenty thousand lances, and the capture of Tancred was part of a political scheme which they were engineering for the conquest of Syria. They knew from Besso that the young English prince was fabulously rich and, as they wanted arms, they meant to hold him to the extraordinary ransom of two million piastres.

"My foster father will pay it," said Fakredeen. "He told me that he would have to rebuild Solomon's temple if the English prince asked him to. We will get him to help us rebuild Solomon's empire."

III—The Vision on the Mount

ON the wild granite scarp of Mount Sinai, about seven thousand feet above the blue seas that lave its base, is a small plain hemmed in by pinnacles of rock. In the centre of the plain are a cypress tree and a fountain. This is the traditional scene of the greatest event in the history of mankind. It was here that Moses received the divine laws on which civilization is based.

Tancred of Montacute knelt down on the sacred soil and bowed his head in prayer. Far below him, in one of the green valleys sloping down to the sea, Fakredeen and a band of Bedouins pitched their tents for the night, and talked in awed tones of their strange companion. Wonderful is the power of soul with which a great idea endues a man. The young emir of Lebanon and his men were no longer the captors of Tancred, but his followers; and they now asked of him, not a ransom, but a revelation. They wanted him to bring down from Sinai the new word of power, which would bind their scattered tribes into a mighty nation, with a divine mission for all the world.

What was this word to be? Tancred did not know any more than his followers, and he knelt all day long under the Arabian sun, waiting for the divine revelation. The sunlight faded, and the shadows fell around him, and he still remained bowed in a strange, quiet ecstasy of expectation. But at last, lifting up his eyes to the clear, starry sky of Arabia, he prayed:

"O Lord God of Israel, I come to Thine ancient dwelling-place to pour forth the heart of tortured Europe. Why does no impulse from Thy renovating will strike again into the soul of man? Faith fades and duty dies, and a profound melancholy falls upon the world. Our kings cannot rule, our priests doubt, and our multitudes toil and moan, and call in their madness upon unknown gods. If this transfigured mount may not again behold Thee, if Thou wilt not again descend to teach and console us, send, oh send, one of the starry messengers that guard Thy throne, to save Thy creatures from their despair!"

As he prayed all the stars of Arabia grew strangely dim, and he fell upon the earth senseless and in a trance.

It seemed to Tancred that a mighty form was bending over him with a countenance like an oriental night, dark yet lustrous, mystical yet clear.

"I am the Angel of Arabia," said the spectral figure, waving a sceptre fashioned like a palm tree, "the guardian spirit of the land which governs the world; for its power lies neither in the sword nor in the shield, for these pass away, but in ideas which are divine. All the thoughts of every nation come from a higher power than man, but the thoughts of Arabia come directly from the Most High. You want a new revelation to Christendom? Listen to the ancient message of Arabia!

"YOUR people now hanker after other gods than the God of Sinai and Calvary. But the eternal principles of that Arabian faith, which moulded them from savages into civilized men when they descended from their northern forests fifteen hundred years ago, and spread all over the world, can alone breathe new vigour into them, now that they are decaying in the dust and fever of their great cities. Tell them that they must cease from seeking in their vain philosophies for the solution of their social problems. Their longing for the brotherhood of mankind can only be satisfied when they acknowledge the sway of a common father. Tell them that they are the children of God. Fear not, falter not. Obey the impulse of thine own spirit, and find a ready instrument in every human being."

A sound as of thunder roused Tancred from his trance. He went down the mountain; at its base he found his followers sleeping amid their camels. He aroused Fakredeen, and told him that he had received the word which would bind together the warring nations of Arabia and Palestine and reshape the earth.

IV—The Mystic Queen

"IT has been a great day," said Tancred to Fakredeen, as they were sitting some months afterwards in the castle of the young emir of Lebanon, where all the princes of Syria had assembled to discuss the foundation of the new empire. "If your friends will work together as they promise, Syria is ours."

"Even Lebanon," said Fakredeen, "can send forth more than fifty thousand well-armed footmen, and Amalek is gathering all the horsemen of the desert, from Petraea to Yemen, under our banner. If we can only win over the Ansarey," he continued, "we shall have all Syria and Arabia as a base for our operations."

"The Ansarey?" exclaimed Tancred. "They hold the mountains around Antioch which are the key of Palestine, don't they? What is their religion? Do you think that the doctrine of theocratic equality would appeal to them as it did to the Arabians?"

"I don't know," said the emir. "They never allow strangers to enter their country. They are a very ancient people, and they fight so well in their mountains that even the Turks have not been able to conquer them."

"But can't we make overtures?" said Tancred.

"That is what I have done," said Fakredeen. "The Queen of the Ansarey has heard about you, and I have arranged that we should go and see her as soon as the Syrian assembly was over."

IT was a difficult expedition, as the Queen of the Ansarey was then waging war on the Turkish pasha of Aleppo. Happily, the travellers came upon a band of Ansareys and were led by them through their black ravines to the fortress palace of the queen.

She received them, sitting on her divan, clothed in a purple robe and shrouded in a long veil. This she took off when Tancred came towards her, and he marvelled at the strangeness of her beauty. She was a Greek girl of the ancient type, with violet eyes, fair cheeks and dark hair.

"Prince," she said, "we are a people who wish neither to see nor to be seen. We do not care what goes on in the world around. Our mountains are wild and barren, but while Apollo dwells among us, we do not care for gold or jewels."

"Apollo!" cried Tancred. "Are the gods of Olympus still worshipped?"

"Yes, Apollo still lives among us, and another greater than Apollo," said the young queen, looking at Tancred long and earnestly. "Follow me, and you shall now behold the secret of the Ansarey."

Her maidens adorned her with a garland of roses, and put a garland on the head of Tancred, and she led him through a portal of bronze, down an underground passage, into an Ionic temple filled with the white and lovely forms of the gods of ancient Greece.

"Do you know this?" said the queen to Tancred, looking at a statue in golden ivory, and then at the young Englishman, whose clear-cut features and hyacinthine locks curiously resembled those of the carver image.

"It is Phœbus Apollo," said Tancred and, moved by the beauty of the figure, he murmured some lines of Homer.

"Ah, you know all!" cried the queen. "You know our secret language. Yes, this is Phœbus Apollo. He used to stand in Antioch in the ancient days before the Christians drove us into the mountains. Now look," she said, pointing to the statue beside Apollo, "here is the Syrian goddess before whom the pilgrims of the world once knelt. She is named Astarte, and I am called after her."

"Oh, angels watch over me!" said Tancred to himself as Queen Astarte fixed her eyes upon him with a glance of love and led him back into the hall of audience.

There he saw Fakredeen bending over a maiden with a flower-like face, and large, dark, lustrous eyes.

"She is my foster-sister, Eva," said Fakredeen. "The Ansareys captured her on the plain of Aleppo."

TANCRED had met Eva at the house of Besso in Jerusalem, but she did not then exercise over him the strange charm which now drew him to her side. It seemed to him that the beautiful Jewish girl had been sent to help him in his struggle against the heathen spells of Astarte. As he was meditating how he could rescue her, a messenger came in and announced that the pasha of Aleppo had invaded the mountains at the head of 5,000 troops.

"Ah!" cried Astarte. "Few of them will ever see Aleppo again. I have 25,000 men under arms, and you, my prince," she said, turning to Tancred, "shall command them."

Tancred allowed the Turkish troops to penetrate into the heart of the wild hills and then, as they were marching down a long defile, he attacked them from the crests above, shooting them down like sheep and burying them in avalanches of rolling rock. Instead of returning to the fortress palace, he went alone through the Syrian wilderness back to Jerusalem.

Riding up to the door of Besso's house *by Sion gate, he asked if there were any news of Eva. A negro led him into* a garden, and there, sitting by the side of a fountain, was the lovely Jewish maiden.

"So Fakredeen brought you safely away, Eva," he said tenderly. "I was afraid that Astarte meant to harm you."

"She would have killed me," said Eva, "if she could. I am afraid that your faith in your idea of theocratic equality has been destroyed by the Ansareys. How can you build up an empire in a land divided by so many jarring creeds? Do you still believe in Arabia?"

"I believe in Arabia," cried Tancred, kneeling down at her feet, "because I believe in you. You are the angel of Arabia, and the angel of my life. You cannot guess what influence you have had on my fate. You came into my life like another messenger from God. Thanks to you, my faith has never faltered. Will you not share it, dearest?"

He clasped her hand, and gazed with passionate adoration into her face. As her head fell upon his shoulder, the negro came running to the fountain.

"The Duke of Bellamont!" he said to Tancred.

Tancred looked up, and saw the Duke of Bellamont coming through the pomegranate trees of the garden.

"Father," he said, advancing towards the duke, "I have found my mission in life, and I am going to marry this lady."

Pagan Philosophy that Influenced Christianity

PLOTINUS
THE ENNEADS

ONE of the chief representatives of neo-Platonism, Plotinus was born in A.D. 205 at Lycopolis, of a Roman family settled in Egypt. After studying at Alexandria he went to Rome, where his lectures attracted much attention. At the age of sixty Plotinus contemplated founding a communistic commonwealth on the lines of Plato's republic, but he died in Campania four years later. He left fifty four books of his lectures to his pupil Porphyry, who arranged them in six principal divisions, each sub divided into nine books or Enneads. The philosophy of Plotinus is a development of the Platonic theory of ideas, combined with neo-Pythagoreanism, Stoicism and Oriental mysticism. Although neo-Platonism failed as a popular religion, Plotinus had considerable influence on early Christian philosophy and on various modern idealistic systems. The most important passages of the Enneads are included in Thomas Taylor's translation published by George Bell in Bohn's Library.

I—The Immortality of the Soul



If any man should say that an assemblage of atoms or impartibles produce soul by their union, he will be refuted by the following facts: Soul is compassive with itself, and that which is compassive cannot be produced from bodies which are without passion. A simple body cannot have life from itself so far as it is material, for matter is void of quality. Matter will not give form to itself nor insert soul in itself. Nothing can exist if there is no spiritual power. For matter is in a perpetual flux, and the universe would rapidly perish if only material forms existed. Indeed, no material forms would exist in the absence of soul, and it is doubtful if matter itself would have any subsistence whatever.

There must, therefore, be something of another nature which possesses existence from itself. Without this all things would vanish into non-entity, and if this perished they would not afterwards be generated. From it is safety imparted to all other things, and through it the universe is preserved and adorned. For soul is the principle of motion, with which it supplies other things, itself moving itself, and imparting life to the animated body. But the life which it possesses it will never lose, because it is derived from itself. All things have not life, or there would be a progression of life to infinity. But it is necessary that there should be a primarily vital nature, which is also necessarily indestructible and immortal.

Here, likewise, it is requisite that every divine thing should have life for itself,

being in essence unchangeable, and neither generated nor destroyed. For whence could it be generated, or into what could it perish? Only that part of it which is mingled with the material universe is an impediment to its possession of the best of things; yet through this it does not lose its nature, but resumes its ancient state when it returns to those things which are truly its own.

It is not by running after the objects of sense that the soul obtains her knowledge of goodness, temperance and justice. She perceives these divine virtues in herself and by herself. By her power of intellection she beholds them established in herself like statues, which through time have become covered with rust. It is as though gold were animated and, in consequence of being encrusted with earth and not perceiving itself to be gold, should be ignorant of itself; but, afterwards shaking off the earth which adheres to it, it should be filled with admiration on finding itself pure and alone.

If the soul would only purify herself, she would perceive that she has no need of adventitious beauty and that she was in the best state when she was wholly by herself. Let a man take everything that is extraneous away from himself, and behold himself as a pure intellect living in the pure world of ideas, and he will then believe himself to be immortal. He will see the eternal power of the intellect turned away from mortal objects and things of the senses, and fixed on the contemplation of that which is eternal. The soul, and everything that she sees in the world of ideas, will then be luminous, through being irradiated by the truth proceeding from God, who illuminates all ideas with a divine reality.

Who, therefore, endued with intellect, will doubt that a thing of this kind is immortal, which has from itself an indestructible principle of life? It is evident that the soul gave being to itself prior to the body, from its power of apprehending those eternal ideas which are not to be derived from the objects of sense. But how does the soul descend into body?

PURE intellect is impassive and, having an intellectual life alone, it abides eternally in the heavenly world of ideas. For it has not any impulse or appetite. But the soul is made up of desire as well as intellect; and instead of resting in the contemplation of things, she becomes desirous of imitating them. She wishes to share the providential as well as the intellectual energy of God.

But in order to govern a part of the world, she must govern this part alone; so she becomes separated from the soul of the universe, and merged in a finite body; yet even then she is not wholly absorbed by her material form, but she still possesses something external to her body. Neither does her intellectual power become passive; sometimes the soul completely remains in the body, and at other times is external to it. Being impelled to descend from her heavenly state, the soul proceeds by the energy of her intellect as low as natures of the third degree. At the same time the descent of the soul contributes to the perfection of the universe.

II—The Three Divinities

CHILDREN who are taken at birth from their parents and brought up at a great distance from them become ignorant both of themselves and of those from whom they sprang; so our souls, seeing neither their father nor themselves, admire and pursue the objects of sense about them and become ignorant of their own divine origin. By admiring and pursuing inferior things, the soul acknowledges herself to be still lower than that which she admires and pursues; then, perceiving herself to be the most ignoble and corruptible of existences she comes to believe in neither the nature nor the power of God. Hence it is necessary that there should be a two-fold discourse.

We must show why the soul honours the objects of sense and, on the other hand, we must remind her of the greatness of her origin. Every soul, therefore, ought to consider in the first place that it was soul that produced and inspired with life all the animals nourished by the earth and sea and air. It was soul that made the sun and adorned the mighty

heaven. It is soul that moves the stars and keeps them in their courses. Everything decays when soul deserts it, and comes to birth when soul supplies it with life. But soul always exists, because it never deserts itself.

The manner in which life is supplied to the universe and all its parts may be considered to be as follows. Let a certain soul whose dignity in contemplating is not small, being liberated from deception and the allurements which fascinate other souls, be established in a quiet condition and survey the soul of all things. And let not only the surrounding body and the storms of body be at rest with respect to it, but the whole of that by which it is surrounded. Let the earth, therefore, be still; let the sea be still, the air and the heavens themselves, which are more excellent than the elements.

Afterwards, let this quiet soul behold that other mighty soul, externally, as it were, on all sides flowing and infused into, and penetrating and illuminating, the quiescent mass. For, just as the rays of the sun darting on a dark cloud cause it to become splendid and golden to the view, thus also soul entering into the body of heaven gave it life, gave it immortality, and excited it from its torpid state.

Now, as the soul is so divine a thing, ascend with her to divinity. You are not very distant from the divine source, nor are the intermediate natures many. There are only three hypostases: the Soul, the Divine Intelligence and the God that is beyond intelligence.

Since the soul reasons about things good and true and beautiful, and inquires by a reasoning process whether this thing is good, and that true, and that beautiful, it is necessary that there should be something stably good, true and beautiful, from which the reasoning of the soul originates, or how could it reason? And since the soul at one time reasons about these things, and at another time does not do so, it is necessary that there should be a divine intelligence in us which does not reason about the good and the true and the beautiful, but possesses all these eternal ideas.

This will also be evident to the man who admires the world of sense, and surveys its magnitude and beauty and the order of its perpetual motion, and then ascends to the truer world of ideas of which the world of sense is only the image. A divine and undecaying intelligence presides over the higher worlds. This divinity comprehends in himself all immortal natures, every intellect, every spirit and every soul, all of which subsist in him with invariable stability.

But this divine intelligence is not the ground of all things. There is a supreme God who is beyond intelligence. Not by speech can we approach Him, nor by thought; but only by ecstasy. By invoking God himself, not with external speech, but with the soul itself, we can extend ourselves in prayer to Him. For we shall be able to pray to Him rightly when we approach by ourselves: Alone to the Alone.

As it is necessary, in order that our soul should be able to reason about eternal ideas, that the divine intelligence which possesses these ideas should be in us, so it is necessary that we should contain God, who is the principle and cause of the divine intelligence.

Yet God is not divisible, but abiding; He is not in any place, but only in Himself. Nevertheless, He is visible in each of the multitude of things that are able to receive Him. They receive Him, however, as something different from themselves. The centre of a circle is in itself, but each of the lines in the circle has its end terminating in the centre, and it is a property of all the lines to tend to it. There is in us a similar property and by it we touch, associate with and are suspended from God.

III—Alone to the Alone

God is not external to anyone, but is present with all things, though they are ignorant that He is so. The principle of all things is always present; we perpetually revolve about it, but we do not always behold it. A band of singers moving about its leader may be diverted to the survey of something foreign to the choir, and so become discordant; but when it turns itself to

him it sings well and truly subsists about him; thus also we perpetually revolve about the principle of all things, even when we are loosened from it and have no longer a knowledge of it, but when we behold it we are no longer discordant, but form a divine dance about it. In this dance the soul beholds the fountain of life, the fountain of intellect, the principle of existence and the source of goodness.

Since the soul is different from God and yet derived from Him, she necessarily loves Him. The love which she possesses here is common and vulgar, but in the spiritual life she is filled with celestial love.

Men who are ignorant of this divine love may form some conjecture of it by considering how great a felicity is the possession of a most beloved object, and also by considering that the objects of earthly love are mortal and noxious, and that the love of them is nothing more than the love of images, and that they lose their power of attraction because they are not truly desirable, and are not the real good for which the soul is seeking.

In ordinary vision there are two things, the perceiver and the thing perceived; in the divine vision the soul neither sees, nor distinguishes by seeing, nor imagines that there are two things, but becomes, as it were, another thing, and not herself. Being wholly absorbed in the divinity, she is one, conjoining, as it were, centre with centre.

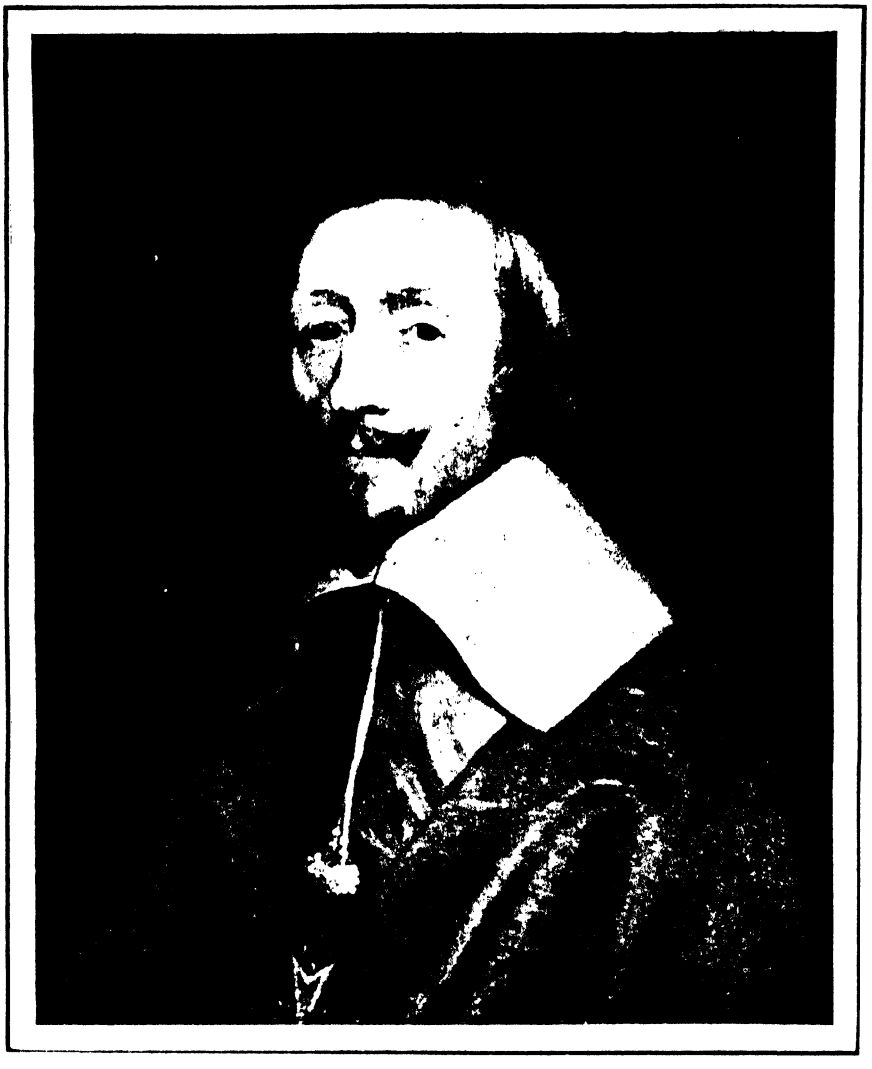
SINCE, therefore, in this conjunction there are not two things, but the perceiver is one with the thing perceived, it is not, properly speaking, vision, but union. Only he who has had the experience, and can remember it, will have within himself an image of it. He will remember that he was also himself one, having no difference with respect to himself. For then there was not anything excited in him, neither anger nor the desire of anything else, nor reason, nor a certain intellectual perception, nor, in short, was even he himself moved, but being, as it were, in an ecstasy, he became established in quiet and solitary union, not at all deviating from his own essence, nor revolving about himself, but being entirely stable and becoming, as it were, stability itself.

Neither was he then excited by anything beautiful, but running above the beautiful he passed beyond even the choir of the virtues; just as if someone having entered into the interior of the adytum should leave behind all the statues in the temple, which on his departure from the adytum will first present themselves to his view, after the inward spectacle and the association that was there, which was not with a statue or an image, but with the thing itself which the images represent, and which necessarily become the second objects of his perception.

THE wise prophets obscurely signified by these invitations how this highest God is seen. But the wise priest understanding the enigma, and having entered into the adytum, obtains a true vision of what is there. If, however, he has not entered, he will conceive this adytum to be a certain invisible thing, and will have a knowledge of the fountain and principle, as the principle of things. Prior to the vision also it requires that which remains from the vision. But that which remains to him who passes beyond all things is that which is prior to all things. For the nature of the soul will never accede to that which is entirely non-being. But proceeding indeed downwards it will fall into evil, and thus into non-being, yet not into that which is perfect nonentity.

Running, however, in a contrary direction, it will arrive not at another thing, but at itself. And thus not being in another thing it is not on that account in nothing, but is in itself. To be in itself alone, however, and not in being, is to be in God. For God also is something which is not essence, but beyond essence. Hence the soul when in this condition associates with Him. He, therefore, who perceives himself to associate with God will have himself the similitude of Him.

This, therefore, is the life of the spirits, and of divine and happy men, a liberation from all terrene concerns, a life unaccompanied with human pleasure, and a flight of the Alone to the Alone.



Richelieu. Armand Jean du Plessis, Cardinal, Duc de Richelieu, was born at Paris, September 5, 1585, of a noble family. He entered the church, and became bishop of Lucon in 1606. Coming to Paris he was appointed almoner to the young queen, Anne of Austria, and then obtaining political employment, rose in 1616 to be secretary of state for war and for foreign affairs. He received the cardinal's hat in 1622, and for a period of eighteen years, from 1624-1642, he was the real director of French policy. A bold, unscrupulous, remorseless and inscrutable, yet noble-minded man, he concentrated the whole of his immense abilities and unrestricted power on the aggrandisement of France, the concentration of power in the hands of the monarch, and religious toleration. And when he died, on December 4, 1643, all France enjoyed complete liberty of conscience, the crown was supreme, and France had established her position as the first military power in Europe. This portrait is from the painting by Paul Champaigne in the National Gallery.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU

POLITICAL TESTAMENT

NOT satisfied with exercising supreme political power and gratifying his personal ambition by assuming a position not even second to the princes of the blood, Cardinal Richelieu had aspirations to win laurels in literature, and became the reputed author of many works, though the authenticity of some of these is difficult to establish owing to his employment of assistants. He wrote several plays, Les Thuileries, La Grande Pastorale, Mirame and others, all of which have passed into oblivion, but his memoirs and correspondence have permanent interest. These include an autobiographical memoir written by him while Bishop of Luçon in 1607 when he was contemplating migration to Paris and the Court, a History of the Regency of Queen Mary dei Medici, and Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XIII. The Testament Politique d'Armand du Plessis, Cardinal de Richelieu, published at Amsterdam in 1687, of which an outline is here presented, survives as an important legacy to posterity, and is made interesting by its revelation of the character of the author.

Foreword to the King



AT the time when your majesty admitted me to your counsels and confided to me the direction of public affairs, I may say with truth that the Huguenots divided the state with your majesty, the great families behaved as though they had no sovereign, and the governors of provinces as if they had been sovereigns themselves. Every man took his own audacity to be the measure of his merit, so that the most presumptuous were considered the wisest, and proved often the most fortunate.

Abroad the friendship of France was despised. At home private interests were preferred to the general advantage. The dignity of the throne had so far declined, through the fault of my predecessors in office, that it was almost unrecognizable. To have continued to entrust to their hands the helm of the state would have led to irremediable disaster; yet, on the other hand, too swift and too great a change would have been fraught with dangers of its own. In that emergency the wisest considered that it was hardly possible to pass without shipwreck through the reefs and shoals, and there were many who had foretold my fall even before your majesty had raised me to power.

Yet, knowing what kings may do when they make good use of their power, I was able to promise your majesty that your prudence and firmness, with the blessing of God, would give new health to this kingdom.

For my own part, I promised to devote all my labours, and all the authority with which I might be clothed, to procuring the ruin of the Huguenot party, to humbling the overweening pride of the great, to reducing all your subjects to their duty, and to elevating your majesty's glorious name to its rightful reputation among foreign nations.

I asked, to that end, your majesty's entire confidence, and assured you that my policy would be the direct contrary of that of my predecessors, inasmuch as, instead of removing the queen, your mother, from your majesty's counsels, I would leave nothing undone to promote the closest union between you, to the great advantage and honour of the kingdom.

The success which has followed the good intentions which it has pleased God to give me for the administration of this state will justify, to the ages to come, the constancy with which I have pursued this design—that the union which exists between your majesties in nature may be completed also between you in grace. And if, after many years, this purpose, by the malice of your enemies, has been defeated, it is my consolation to remember how often your majesty has been heard to say that when I was working most for the honour of the queen, your mother, she was conspiring for my ruin.

Of Education

LETTERS are one of the greatest ornaments of states, and their cultivation is necessary to the commonwealth. Yet it is certain that they should not be taught indiscriminately to everyone. A nation whose every subject should be educated would be as monstrous as a body having eyes in every part; pride and presumption would be general, and obedience almost disappear.

Unrestrained trade in knowledge must banish that trade in merchandise to which states owe their wealth; ruin husbandry, the true mother and nurse of peoples; and destroy our source of soldiery, which springs up in rustic ignorance rather than from the forcing ground of culture and the sciences. It would fill France with half-taught fellows, minds formed only to *chicane*, men who might ruin families and trouble public peace, but could not be of any service to the state. There would be more people capable of doubts than capable of resolving them; more intelligences fitted to oppose than defend the truth.

Indeed, when I consider the great number who make a profession of teaching, and the crowds of children who are taught, I seem to see an infinite multitude of weaklings and diseased, who, having no other desire than to drink pure water for their healing, are urged by an inordinate thirst to drink all that is offered them, though it is mostly impure and often poisoned, whereby their thirst and their malady are equally aggravated.

Two principal evils arise from the great number of colleges established in every district: there are not sufficient worthy teachers to supply them; and many children of little aptitude are compelled by their parents to study. In the result, almost all the pupils leave with but a smattering of learning, some because they have been badly taught, others because through intellectual deficiency they have been incapable of more.

The remedy I propose is this. Let the colleges in all towns which are not of metropolitan rank be reduced to two or three classes, sufficient to raise the young out of gross ignorance, such as is harmful even to those who are destined for military service, or for trade. Then, before the children are determined to any special line of life, two or three years will reveal their dispositions and their capacities; and the more promising children, who will then be sent on to the metropolitan colleges, will succeed far better; for they will have mind suited for education and will be placed in the hands of the best teachers.

Finally, let care be taken that the colleges shall not all come under the same hands. The universities, on the one hand, the Jesuits on the other, tend towards a monopoly of education. Let their emulation increase their virtues and efficiency; but let neither party be deprived of the instruction of youth; let neither secure a monopoly.

Of the Nobility

THE nobility, which is one of the principal nerves of the state, may contribute much to its consolidation and power, but it has been for some time past greatly depreciated by the large number of officials whom the misfortunes of our age have raised up to its prejudice. It must be supported against the enterprises of people of that kind, whose wealth and pride overwhelm the nobles who are rich only in courage.

But as the nobility must be defended from their oppressors, so also must they be strictly prevented from oppressing those who are below them, whom God has armed to labour but not to self-defence. Uncompromising justice must ensure security, under shelter of your laws, to the least and feeblest of your subjects.

Those nobles who do not serve the state are a charge upon it; and, like a paralysed limb, are a burden where they should be a defence and a comfort. As men of gentle birth should be well treated so long as they deserve it, so they should be checked severely when they are found wanting to the obligations of their birth; and I have no hesitation in declaring that those who have so degenerated from the virtues of their fathers as to avoid the service of the crown, with their swords and with their lives, deserve to be degraded from their hereditary honours and advantages, and that they ought to be reduced to take part in bearing the burdens of the people.

Of the Disorders of Justice

It is much easier to recognize the defects of justice than to prescribe the remedy. Certain it is that they have arrived at such a point that they could hardly be graver, yet I know that it is your majesty's desire that the administration of justice should be as pure as the imperfections and corruptions of mankind will permit.

In the opinion of the great majority of the people, the sovereign remedy consists in suppressing venality, in doing away with the hereditary principle in judicial offices, and in giving their positions gratuitously to men of such well-known probity and capacity that not even envy itself can contest their merit. But as it would be difficult to follow this counsel at any time, and is quite impossible to follow it here and now, it is useless to propose means calculated to secure that end.

Although it is always dangerous to hold a view which others do not share, I must boldly say that in my opinion, in the present state of affairs and in any that one can foresee, it is better to suffer venality and hereditary offices to continue than to change, from top to bottom, your majesty's judicial establishment. The present abuses are great; but I believe that a system under which the officers of justice should be appointed by nomination by the king would lead to even greater abuses. The distribution of these important charges would, in effect, depend on the favour and intrigue of the courtiers who might at the time have most power with the king, or on whose reports he must base his nominations.

Certainly venality and heredity in this matter are evils, but they are evils of long standing. We have only to look back to the reigns of St. Louis, when offices were already paid for, and of the great Francis, who erected the principle into a regular traffic, to see that so inveterate a custom is not easily to be eradicated. Our aim should be to turn the minds of men gently and continuously to better ways, and not to pass suddenly from one extreme to the other. The architect whose skill is able to correct the weaknesses of an ancient building, and to bring it into some degree of symmetry without first pulling it down, deserves far greater praise than the man who must throw it into ruins in order to construct something entirely new. It difficult to change the established order without changing the hearts of those who possess it, and it is often prudent to weaken one's remedies in order that they may have the greater effect.

Of the Officers of Finance

These form a class of men who are prejudicial to the state, yet are necessary to it, and we can only hope to reduce their power within tolerable limits. At present, their excesses and irregularities are intolerable; and it is impossible that they should further increase their wealth and their power without ruining the state, and themselves with it.

I do not advise one general confiscation of their gains, although the excessive wealth which they amass in a short time, easily proved by the differences between their possessions on entering office and what they own at present, must often be the result of thefts and extortions. Confiscation may be made, in its turn, the greatest of injustice and violence. Yet I think that no one could complain if the more flagrant offenders were chastised.

The gold with which they have gorged themselves has opened to them alliances with the most ancient families, whose blood and character are thereby so far debased that their present representatives resemble their ancestors no more in the generosity of their motives than they do in the purity of their features.

I can advise nothing but a great reduction in the number of these officials, a reform which might be easily accomplished; and the appointment, in times to come, only of substantial men of character and position suitable to this responsibility. As for the plan of squeezing these financiers like a sponge, or of making treaties and compositions with them, it is a remedy worse than the disorder; it is as much as to teach them that peculation is their business and their right.

Of the People

All statesmen agree that if the people were in too easy a condition it would be impossible to restrain them within

the limits of their duty. Having less knowledge and cultivation than those in other ranks of the state, they would not easily follow the rules prescribed by reason and by law, unless bound thereto by a certain degree of necessity.

Reason does not permit us to exempt them from all taxation, lest, having lost the symbol of their subjection, they should forget their legitimate condition; and being free from tribute, should think themselves free from obedience also.

Mules accustomed to a load suffer more from a long rest than they do from work; but, on the other hand, their work must be moderate and the load proportionate to their strength. So it is with the taxation of the people, which becomes unjust if it be not moderated at the point at which it is useful to the public.

There is a sense in which the tribute which kings draw from the people returns to the people again, in the enjoyment of peace and in the security of their life and possessions; for these cannot be safeguarded unless contribution be made to the state. I know of several princes who have lost their kingdoms and their subjects by letting their strength decay through fear of taxing them; and subjects have before now fallen into servitude to their enemies, through wishing too much liberty under their natural sovereign.

The proportion between the burden and the strength of those who have to support it ought to be even religiously observed; a prince cannot be considered good if he draws more than he ought from his subjects; yet the best princes are not always those who never levy more than is necessary.

Reason and Government

MAN, having been made a rational creature, ought to do nothing except by reason; for, otherwise, he acts against nature, and so against the Author of nature. Again, the greater a man is, and the higher his position, the more strictly is he bound to follow reason. It follows that if he is sovereignly rational, he is bound to make reason reign; that is to say, it is his duty to make all those who are under his authority revere and obey reason religiously. Love is the most potent motive for obedience; and it is impossible that subjects should not love their prince if they know that reason is the guide of all his actions.

Since reason should be the guide of princes, passion, which is of all things the most incompatible with reason, should be allowed no influence on their actions. Passion can only blind them, make them take the shadow for the substance, and win for them odium in the place of affection.

Government requires a masculine virtue and an immovable firmness; for softness exposes those in whom it is found to the machinations of their enemies. Though there have been notable exceptions, their softness and their passions have generally made women unfit for rule.

Public Interests First

THE public advantage should be the single object of the king and his counsellors, or should at least be preferred to every private interest. It is impossible to estimate the good which a prince and his ministers may do if they religiously follow this principle, or to estimate the disasters which must fall upon the state whose public interests are ruled by private considerations. True philosophy, the Christian law and the art of statesmanship unite to teach this truth.

The prosperity which Spain has enjoyed for several centuries has been due to no other cause than that her council has consistently preferred the interests of the state to all others, and most of the calamities which have visited France have been due to the preference of private advantage.

It is easy for princes to consent to the general regulations of their state, because in making them they have only reason and justice before their eyes, and men willingly embrace reason and justice when there are no obstacles to turn them from the right path. But when occasions arise for putting these regulations into practice, we do not find that princes always show the same firmness, for then the interests of factions and of minorities are pressed upon them; pity, sympathy, favour and importunities solicit them and oppose their just designs; and they have not always strength enough to conquer themselves and to despise these

partial considerations, which ought to have no weight at all in the affairs of the commonwealth.

It is on these occasions that they must gather up all their strength against their weakness, and remember that God *has placed them there to safeguard the public interest.*

The Power of Kingship

POWER is one of the most necessary conditions of the greatness of kings and of the happiness of their government, and those who have to do with the conduct of a state should omit nothing which may enhance the authority of their master and his dignity in the eyes all the world.

As goodness is the object of love, power is the cause of fear ; and fear, founded in esteem and reverence, makes dutiful conduct the interest of every subject, and warns all foreigners not to offend a prince who can harm them if he will.

I have said that the power of which I speak must be founded on esteem, and I will add that if it be otherwise founded it is dangerous in the extreme. Princes are never in a more perilous position than when they are the objects of hatred or aversion rather than of a reasonable fear.

The kingly power which causes princes to be feared with esteem and love includes within it different elements of power ; it is a tree with several branches which draw their nourishment from a common stock. Thus, the prince must be powerful by his reputation. Secondly, by a reasonable number of soldiers, continually maintained. Thirdly, by a notable reserve, in gold, in his coffers, ready for the unforeseen occasions which arise when least expected. And, lastly, by the possession of the hearts of his people. If the finances be adjusted on the principles which I have advised the people will find entire relief, and the king will base his power on the possession ot the hearts of his subjects. They will know that they are his care, and their own interests will lead them to love him.

The kings of old thought so highly of this foundation of kingship that some of them held it worthier to be King of the French than King of France. Indeed, this nation was in old time illustrious for passionate attachment to its princes ; and under the earlier kings, until Philip the Fair, the treasure of hearts was the sole public treasure maintained in this kingdom.

I know that we cannot judge of the present altogether by the past, and that what was good in one century is not *always possible in another.* Yet, *though the treasure of hearts may not suffice* to-day, it is quite certain that without it the treasure of gold is almost worthless ; without that treasure of hearts we shall be bankrupt in the midst of abundance.

The Whole Duty of Princes

IN conclusion, as kings are obliged to do many more things as sovereigns than they do in their private capacity, they are liable to be guilty of far more faults by omission than those of which a private person could be guilty by commission. Considered as men, they are subject to the same faults as all other men ; but as charged with the welfare of the public, they are subject also to many duties which they cannot omit without sin.

If princes neglect to do all that they can to rule the various orders of their state ; if they are careless in the choice of good advisers, or despise their salutary counsels ; if they fail to make their own example a speaking voice ; if they are idle in the establishment of justice ; if they fail to protect the innocent, to reward public services, and to chastise the guilty and disobedient ; if they are not solicitous to foresee and to provide for the troubles which may arise, or to turn aside, by careful diplomacy, the storms which darken the horizon ; if favour rather than merit dictates their choice of ministers for the high offices of the kingdom ; if they do not immovably establish the state in its rightful power ; if they do not on all occasions prefer public interests to private interests ; then, however upright their life may otherwise be, they will be found far more guilty than those who actively transgress the commandments and the laws of God.

And if kings or magistrates make use of their power to commit any injustice or violence which they cannot commit as private persons, they commit a king's or a magistrate's sin, which has its source in their authority, and one for which the King of Kings will doubtless demand a searching account on the Day of Judgement.

A Riot of Irish Humour

SAMUEL LOVER

HANDY ANDY

ALTHOUGH he first achieved fame as a miniature painter, Lover early showed also his literary bent by contributing a paper on Ballads and Singers to the Dublin Literary Gazette. In 1826 he produced the best known of his many ballads, Rory O'More, from which he afterwards evolved a novel and a play, and in 1831 his volume of Legends and Stories of Ireland, illustrated by himself, had an immediate success. After his removal from Dublin to London he became associated with Dickens in the founding of Bentley's Miscellany, and in a period of ten years produced three novels and several plays. A typical Irishman of the old school, high-spirited, witty and jovially humorous, Lover displays his characteristics to the full in his best known novel, Handy Andy, a Tale of Irish Life, which appeared in 1842. In his later years Lover devoted himself mainly to song-writing, producing many popular ballads, such as Molly Bawn, The Low-backed Car and The Angels' Whisper. Handy Andy is published in Everyman's Library.

I—The Squire Gets a Surprise



ANDY ROONEY was a fellow with a most ingenious knack of doing everything the wrong way. 'Handy Andy' was the nickname the neighbours stuck on him, and the poor simple minded lad liked the jeering jingle. Even Mrs. Rooney, who thought that her boy was 'the sweetest craythur the sun shined on,' preferred to hear him called 'Handy Andy' rather than 'Suds.'

For sad memories attached to the latter nickname. Knowing what a hard life Mrs. Rooney had had she had married a stranger, who disappeared a month after marriage, so Andy came into the world with no father to beat a little sense into him. Squire Egan of Merryvale engaged the boy as a servant. One of the first things that Andy was called upon to do was to wait at table during an important political dinner given by the squire. Andy was told to ice the champagne, and the wine and a tub of ice were given to him.

"Well, this is the quarest thing I ever heered of," said Andy. "Musha! What outlandish inventions the quality has among them! They're not content with wine, but they must have ice along with it and in a tub, too, like pigs! Troth, it's a dirty thrick, I think. But here goes!" said he; and opening a bottle of champagne he poured it into the tub with the ice.

Andy distinguished himself right at the beginning of the dinner. One of the guests asked him for soda-water.

"Would you like it hot or cold, sir?" he said.

"Never mind," replied the guest, with a laugh. But Andy was anxious to please, and the squire's butler met him hurrying to the kitchen, bewildered but still resolute.

"One of the gintlemen wants some soap and water with his wine," exclaimed Andy. "Shall I give it hot or cold?"

The distracted and irate butler took Andy to the sideboard and pushed a small soda into his hand, saying, "Cut the cord, you fool!" Andy took it gingerly and, holding it over the table, carried out the order. Bang! went the bottle, and the cork struck the squire in the eye, while the hostess had a cold bath down her back. Andy, frightened by the soda-water jumping out of the bottle, kept holding it out at arm's-length, exclaiming at every fizz, "Ow, ow, ow!"

"Send that fellow out of the room," said the squire to the butler, "and bring in the champagne!"

In staggered Andy with the tub.

"Here it is," said Andy, pulling the tub up to the squire's chair.

"What do you mean, you stupid rascal?" exclaimed the squire, staring at the strange stuff before him. "There's not a single bottle there!"

"To be sure there's no bottle there, sir," said Andy. "I've poured every dhrop of wine in the ice as you towld me, sir. If you put your hand down into it, you'll feel it."

A wild roar of laughter uprose from the listening guests. Happily they were now too merry to be upset by the mishap, and it was generally voted that the joke was worth twice as much as the wine. Handy Andy was, however, expelled from the dining-room in disgrace, and the servants for months would call him by no other name but 'Suds.

II—O'Grady Gets a Blister

MR. EGAN was a kind-hearted man and, instead of dismissing Andy, he kept him on for out-door work. Our hero at once distinguished himself in his new walk of life.

"Ride into the town and see if there is a letter for me," said the squire.

"I want a letther, if you plaze!" shouted Andy, rushing into the post office.

"Who do you want it for?" asked the postmaster.

"What consarn is that o' yours?" exclaimed Andy.

Happily, a man who knew Andy looked in for a letter, paid the postage of fourpence on it, and then settled the dispute between Andy and the postmaster by mentioning Mr. Egan's name.

"Why didn't you tell me you came from the squire?" said the postmaster. "Here's a letter for him. Elevenpence postage."

"Elevenpence postage!" Andy cried. "Didn't I see you give that man a letther for fourpence, and a bigger letther than this? Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No," said the postmaster; "I'm sure of it."

He walked off to serve another customer, and Andy meditated. His master wanted the letter badly, so he would have to pay the exorbitant price. He snatched two other letters from the heap on the counter while the postmaster's back was turned, paid the elevenpence, received the epistle to which he was entitled and rode home triumphant.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed, slapping the three letters down under his broad fist on the table before the astonished squire. "He made me pay elevenpence, by gor! But I've brought your honour the worth of your money, anyhow."

"Well, by the powers!" said the squire, as Andy stalked out of the room with an air of triumph. "That's the most extraordinary genius I ever came across."

He read the letter for which he had been anxiously waiting. It was from his lawyer about the forthcoming election. In it he was warned to beware of his friend O'Grady, who was selling his interest to the government candidate.

"So that's the work O'Grady's at!" exclaimed the squire angrily. "Fool! And after all the money I lent him, too!"

He threw down the letter, and his eye caught the other two that Andy had stolen.

"More of that mad fool's work! Robbing the mail now. That's a hanging job. I'd better send them to the parties to whom they're addressed."

Picking up one of the epistles, he found it was a government letter directed to his new enemy, O'Grady. "All's fair in war," thought the squire and, pinching the letter until it gaped, he peeped in and read: 'As you very properly remark, poor Egan is a spoon—a mere spoon.' "Am I a spoon, you villain!" roared the squire, tearing the letter and throwing it into the fire. "I'm a spoon you'll sup sorrow with yet!"

"Get out a writ on O'Grady for all the money he owes me," he wrote to his lawyer. "Send me the blister, and I'll slap it on him."

UNFORTUNATELY, he sent Andy with this letter; still more unfortunately, Mrs. Egan also gave the simple fellow a prescription to be made up at the chemist's. Andy surpassed himself on this occasion. He called at the chemist's on his way back from the lawyer's and carefully laid the sealed envelope containing the writ on the counter, while he was getting the medicine. On leaving, he took up a different envelope.

"My dear Squire," ran the letter Andy brought back, "I send you the blister for O'Grady, as you insist on it; but I

don't think you will find it easy to serve him with it.—Your obedient, MURTOUGH MURPHY."

When the squire opened the accompanying envelope, and found within a real instead of a figurative blister, he grew crimson with rage. But he was consoled when he went to horsewhip his attorney, and met the chemist pelting down the street with O'Grady tearing after him with a cudgel. For some years O'Grady had successfully kept out of his door every process-server sent by his innumerable creditors; but now, having got a cold, he had dispatched his man to the chemist for a blister, and owing to Handy Andy, he obtained Squire Egan's writ against him.

"You've made a mistake this time, you rascal," said the squire to Andy, "for which I'll forgive you."

And this was only fair, for through it he was able to carry the election and become Edward Egan, Esq., M.P.

III—Andy Gets Married

ANDY was among the guests invited to the wedding feast of pretty Matty Dwyer and handsome young James Casey; like everybody else he came to the marriage full of curiosity. Matty's father, John Dwyer, was a hard, close-fisted fellow and, as all the neighbours knew, there had been many fierce disputes between him and Casey over the question of a farm belonging to Dwyer going into the marriage settlement.

A grand dinner was laid in the large barn, but it was kept waiting owing to the absence of the bridegroom. Father Phil, the kindly, jovial parish priest, who had come to help James and Matty 'tie with their tongues the knot they couldn't undo with their teeth,' had not broken his fast that day, and wanted the feast to go on. To the great surprise of the company, Matty backed him and, full of life and spirits, began to lay the dinner. For some time the hungry guests were busy with the good cheer provided for them, but the women at last asked in loud whispers, "Where in the world is James Casey?" Still the bride kept up her smiles, but old Jack Dwyer's face grew blacker and blacker. Unable to bear the strain any longer, he stood up and addressed the expectant crowd.

"You see the disgrace that's put on me!"

"He'll come yet, sir," said Andy.

"No, he won't!" cried Dwyer. "I see he won't. He wanted to get everything his own way, and he thinks to disgrace me in doing what he likes, but he shan't;" and he struck the table fiercely. "He goes back of his bargain now, thinkin' I'll give in to him; but I won't. Friends and neighbours, here's the lease of the three-cornered field below there, and a snug little cottage, and it's ready for my girl to walk into with the man that will have her! If there's a man among you here that's willing, let him say the word, and I'll give her to him!" No guest dared to speak.

"Are yiz all dumb?" shouted Dwyer. "It's not every day a farm and a fine girl falls in a man's way."

Still no one spoke, and Andy thought they were using Dwyer and his daughter badly.

"Would I do, sir?" he timidly said.

Andy was just the last man Dwyer would have chosen, but he was determined that someone should marry the girl, and show Casey 'the disgrace should not be put on him.' He called up Andy and Matty, and asked the priest to marry them.

So the rites and blessings of the Church were dispensed between two persons who an hour before had never given a thought to each other. Yet it was wonderful with what lightness of heart Matty went through the honours consequent on a peasant bridal in Ireland. She gaily led off the dance with Andy, and the night was far spent before the bride and bridegroom were escorted to their home.

Matty sat quiet, looking at the fire, while Andy bolted the door; but when he tried to kiss her she leaped up furiously.

"I'll crack your silly head it you don't behave yourself!" she cried, seizing a stool and brandishing it above him.

"Oh, wirra, wirra!" said Andy. "Aren't you my wife? Why did you marry me?"

"Did I want owld Jack Dwyer to murther me as soon as the people's backs was turned?" said Matty. "But though I'm afraid of him, I'm not afraid of you!"

"Och!" cried poor Andy, "what'll be the end of it?"

There was a tap at the door as he spoke, and Matty ran and opened it.

In came James Casey and half a dozen strong young fellows. Behind them crept a reprobate, degraded priest who got his living and his name of 'Couple-Beggar' by performing irregular marriages. The end of it was that Matty was married over again to Casey, whom she had sent for while the dancing was going on. Poor Andy, bound hand and foot, was carried out of the cottage to a lonely by-way, and there he passed his wedding-night roped to the stump of an old tree.

IV—Andy Gets Married Again

MISFORTUNES now accumulated on Andy's head. At break of day he was released from the tree-stump by Squire Egan, who was riding by with some bad news for the man he thought was now a happy bridegroom. Owing to an indiscreet word dropped by our simple-minded hero, a gang of smugglers, who ran an illicit still on the moors, had gathered something about Andy stealing the letters from the post-office and Squire Egan burning them. They had already begun to blackmail the squire, and in order to defeat them it was necessary to get Andy out of the country for some time. So nothing could be done against Casey.

Going home to prepare for a journey to England Andy found his mother in a sad state of anxiety. His pretty cousin, Oonah, was crying in a corner of the room, and Ragged Nance, an unkempt beggar-woman, to whom the Rooneys had done many a good turn, was screaming, "I tell you Shan More means to carry off Oonah to-night. I heard them laying the plan for it."

"We'll go to the squire," sobbed Mrs. Rooney. "The villain durst not!"

"He's got the squire under his thumb," replied Ragged Nance. "You must look after yourselves. I've got it," she said, turning to Andy. "We'll dress him as a girl, and let the smugglers take him."

It was difficult to give his angular form the necessary roundness of outline; but Ragged Nance at last padded him out with straw, and tied a bonnet on his head to shade his face, saying, "That'll deceive them. Shan More won't come himself. He'll send some of his men, and they're all dhrunk already."

"But they'll murdher my boy when they find out the chate," said Mrs. Rooney.

"Suppose they did," exclaimed Andy stoutly; "I'd rather die, sure, than the disgrace should fall upon Oonah there."

"God bless you, Andy dear!" said Oonah.

The tramp of approaching horses rang through the stillness of the night, and Oonah and Nance ran out and crouched in the potato tops in the garden. Four drunken vagabonds broke into the cottage and seeing Andy in the dim light clinging to his mother, they dragged him away and galloped off with him.

AS it happened, luck favoured Andy. When he came to the smugglers' den, Shan More was lying on the ground stunned, and his sister, Red Bridget, was tending him; in going up the ladder from the underground whisky still, he had fallen backward. The upshot was that Andy was left in charge of Red Bridget. But, alas! just as he was hoping to escape, she penetrated through his disguise.

More unfortunately still, Andy was, with all his faults, a rather good-looking young fellow, and Red Bridget took a fancy to him, and the 'Couple-Beggar' was waiting for a job.

Smugglers' whisky is very strong, and Bridget artfully plied him with it. Andy was still rather dazed when he reached home next morning.

"I've married again," he said to his mother.

"Married?" interrupted Oonah, growing pale. "Who to?"

"Shan More's sister," said Andy.

"Wirasthru!" screamed Mrs. Rooney, tearing her cap off her head. "You got the worst woman in Ireland."

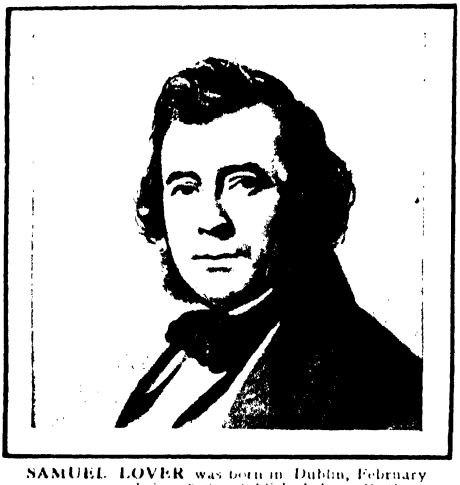
"Then I'll go and 'list for a sojer," said he.

V—Andy Gets Married a Third Time

It was Father Phil that brought the extraordinary news to Squire Egan.

"Do you remember those two letters that Andy stole from the post-office, and that someone burnt?" he asked, with a smile.

"I've been meaning to tell you, father, that one was for you," said the squire, looking very uncomfortable.



SAMUEL LOVER was born in Dublin, February 24, 1797, and in 1818 established himself there as a miniature painter. In 1835 he settled in London, where he wrote for periodicals as well as painting miniatures until 1844, when he was compelled by failing eyesight to abandon art. He then started an entertainment called Irish Evenings, which was very successful in England and in America, writing in addition many songs and libretti. Lover died in Jersey, July 6, 1868.

"Oh, Andy let it out long ago," said the kindly old priest. "But the joke is that by stealing my letter Andy nearly lost a title and a great fortune. Ever heard of Lord Scatterbrain? He died a little time ago, confessing in his will that it was he that married Mrs. Rooney, and deserted her."

"So Handy Andy is now a lord!" exclaimed the squire, rocking with laughter.

The squire was perplexed what to do with a great nobleman of this sort, and at last he got a kinsman, Dick Dawson, who loved fun, to take Andy under his especial care to London. When they arrived there it was wonderful how many persons were eager to show civility to his new lordship, and he who as Handy Andy had been cried down all his life as a 'stupid rascal,' 'a blundering thief,' 'a thick-headed brute,' suddenly acquired under the title of Lord Scatterbrain a reputation for being 'vastly amusing, a little eccentric, perhaps, but so droll.'

All this was very delightful for Andy—so delightful that he quite forgot Red Bridget. But Red Bridget did not forget him.

"Lady Scatterbrain!" announced the servant one day; and in came Bridget and Shan More and an attorney.

The attorney brought out a settlement in which an exorbitant sum was to be settled on Bridget, and Shan More, with a threatening air, ordered Andy to sign the deed.

"I can't, I tell you!" yelled Andy, seizing the poker. "I've never larned to write."

"Your lordship can make your mark," said the attorney.

"I'll make my mark with this poker," cried Andy, "if you don't all clear out!"

The noise of a frightful row brought Dick Dawson into the room, and he managed to get rid of the intruders by inducing the attorney to conduct the negotiations through Lord Scatterbrain's solicitors.

But while the negotiations were going on, a fact came to light that altered the whole complexion of the matter, and Andy went post-haste over to Ireland to the fine house in which his mother and his cousin were living.

Bursting into the drawing-room, he made a rush upon Oonah, whom he hugged and kissed most outrageously.

When Oonah freed herself from his embraces and asked him what he was about, Andy turned over the chairs, threw the mantelpiece ornaments into the fire and banged the poker and tongs together, shouting: "Hurroo! I'm not married at all!"

It had been discovered that Red Bridget had a husband living when she forced Andy to marry her, and as soon as it was legally proved that Lord Scatterbrain was a free man, Father Phil was called in, and Oonah, who had all along loved her wild cousin, was made Lady Scatterbrain.

RUDOLF VIRCHOW

CELLULAR PATHOLOGY

FEW scientific men have had a wider range of interests than Rudolf Virchow, or have achieved more conspicuous success in so many departments of science. He was an eminent anthropologist, founder and president of the German Anthropological Society, an eminent ethnologist, and as an archaeologist an equal companion of Schliemann, whom he accompanied on his expeditions to Troy, the Peloponnese and elsewhere. But it is on his achievements in pathological investigation that his highest fame is securely based. His celebrated work Cellular Pathology as Based on History, published in 1850, marked a distinct epoch in medical science. He proved that the biological doctrine *omnis cellula e cellula* applies to pathological processes as well as to normal growth, and established what Lord Lister describes as 'the true and fertile doctrine that every morbid structure consists of cells which have been derived from pre-existing cells as a progeny.' Virchow's many other publications include Tumors, Fever (1868); Freedom of Science and Post-mortem Examinations (1878), and treatises on Trichiniasis, Hygiene and Sociology, Barracks, etc.

I—Cell and Tissue



THE chief point in the application of histology to pathology is to obtain recognition of the fact that the cell is really the ultimate morphological element in which there is any manifestation of life.

In certain respects animal cells differ from vegetable cells, but in essentials they are the same. Both consist of matter of a nitrogenous nature.

When we examine a simple cell, we find we can distinguish morphological parts. In the first place, we find in the cell a round or oval body known as the *nucleus*. Occasionally the nucleus is stellate, or angular; but, as a rule, so long as cells have vital power, the nucleus maintains a nearly constant round or oval shape. The nucleus, in its turn, in completely developed cells very constantly encloses another structure within itself—the so-called *nucleolus*.

With regard to the question of vital form, it cannot be said of the nucleolus that it appears to be an absolute essential, and in a considerable number of young cells it has as yet escaped detection. On the other hand, we regularly meet with it in fully developed, older forms, and it therefore seems to mark a higher degree of development in the cell.

According to the view which was put forward in the first instance by Schleiden, the relation between the three co-existent cell constituents was long thought to be of this nature—that the nucleolus was the first to show itself in the development of tissues by separating out of a formative fluid (blastema, cytoblastema), that it quickly attained a certain size, that then fine granules were precipitated out of the blastema and settled around it, and that about these there condensed a membrane. In this way a nucleus was formed about which new matter gradually gathered and in due time produced a little membrane. This theory of the formation of the cell is designated the theory of *free* cell formation—a theory which has been now almost entirely abandoned.

It is highly probable that the nucleus plays an extremely important part within the cell—a part less connected with the function and specific office of the cell than with its maintenance and multiplication as a living part. The specific (animal) function is most distinctly manifested in muscles, nerves and gland cells, the peculiar actions of which contraction, sensation and secretion appear to be connected in no direct manner with the nuclei. But the permanency of the cell as an element seems to depend on the nucleus, for all cells which lose their nuclei quickly die, and break up and disappear.

Every organism, whether vegetable or animal, must be regarded as a progressive

total, made up of a larger or smaller number of similar or dissimilar cells. Just as a tree constitutes a mass arranged in a definite manner, in which, in every single part, in the leaves as in the root, in the trunk as in the blossom, cells are discovered to be the ultimate elements, so it is with the forms of animal life.

Every animal presents itself as a sum of vital unities, every one of which manifests all the characteristics of life. The characteristics and unity of life cannot be limited to any one particular spot in an organism for instance, to the brain of a man but are to be found only in the definite, constantly recurring structure which every individual element displays. A so called individual always represents an arrangement of a social kind, in which a number of individual existences are mutually dependent, but in such a way that every element has its own special action; and even though it derive its stimulus to activity from other parts, yet it alone effects the actual performance of its duties.

Between cells there is a greater or less amount of a homogeneous substance, the *intercellular substance*. According to Schwann, the intercellular substance was cytoblastema, destined for the development of new cells. I believe this is not so. I believe that the intercellular substance is dependent in a certain definite manner upon the cells, and that certain parts of it belong to one cell, and parts to another.

At various times fibres, globules and elementary granules have been regarded as histological starting points. Now, however, we have established the general principle that no development of any kind begins *de novo*, and that as spontaneous generation is impossible in the case of entire organisms, so also it is impossible in the case of individual parts. No cell can build itself up out of non-cellular material. Where a cell arises there a cell must have previously existed (*omnis cellula e cellula*), just as an animal can spring only from an animal, and a plant only from a plant. No developed tissues can be traced back to anything but a cell.

If we wish to classify tissues, a very simple division offers itself. We have (*a*) tissues which consist exclusively of cells, where cell lies close to cell; (*b*) tissues in which the cells are separated by a certain amount of intercellular substance; (*c*) tissues of a high or peculiar type, such as the nervous and muscular systems and vessels.

Pathological tissues arise from normal tissues, and there is no form of morbid growth which cannot in its elements be traced back to some model which had previously maintained an independent existence in the economy.

II—The Vital Processes and Their Relation to Disease

When we talk of life we mean vital activity. Now, every vital action supposes an excitation or irritation. The irritability of a part is the criterion by which we judge whether it be alive or not. Our notion of the death of a part is based upon nothing more or less than this, that we can no longer detect any irritability in it.

If we now proceed with our analysis of what is to be included in the notion of excitability, we at once discover that the different actions which can be provoked by the influence of any external agency are essentially of three kinds. The result of an excitation or irritation may, according to circumstances, be either a merely functional process, or a more or less increased nutrition of the part, or a formative process giving rise to a greater or less number of new elements.

These differences manifest themselves more or less distinctly according as the particular tissues of the organism are more or less capable of responding to the one or other kind of excitation. It certainly cannot be denied that the processes may not be distinctly defined, and that between the nutritive and formative processes, and also between the functional or nutritive ones, there are transitional stages; still, when they are typically performed there is a very marked difference between them, and considerable differences in the internal changes undergone by the excited parts.

In inflammation all three irritative processes occur side by side. Indeed, we may

frequently see that when the organ itself is made up of different parts, one part of the tissue undergoes functional or nutritive, another formative changes. If we consider what happens in a muscle, we see that a chemical or traumatic stimulus produces a functional irritation of the primitive fasciculi with contraction of the muscle followed by nutritive changes. On the other hand, in the interstitial connective tissue which binds the individual fasciculi of the muscle together, real new formations are readily produced, commonly pus. In this manner the three forms of irritation may be distinguished in one part.

Besides these active processes of function, nutrition and new formation, there occur passive processes. Passive processes I call those changes in cells whereby they either lose a portion of their substance, or are so completely destroyed that a loss of substance, a diminution in the sum total of the constituents of the body, is produced. To this class belong fatty degeneration of cells, atheromatous affection of arteries, calcification, or ossification of arteries, amyloid degeneration, etc.

It will now be necessary to consider inflammation at more length. The theory of inflammation has passed through various stages. At first heat was considered its essential and dominant feature, then redness, then exudative swelling, while the speculative neuro-pathologists consider pain the *fons et origo* of the condition.

Personally, I believe that irritation must be taken as the starting point in the consideration of inflammation. We cannot conceive of inflammation without an irritating stimulus, and the first question is: What conception are we to form of such a stimulus?

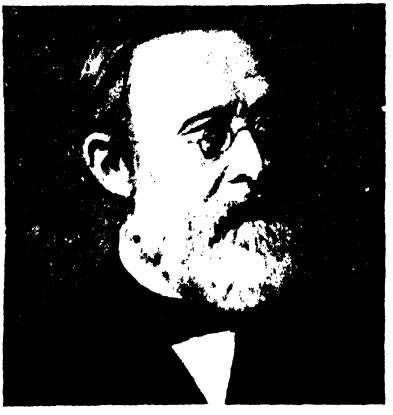
An inflammatory stimulus is a stimulus which acts, either directly or through the medium of the blood, upon the composition and constitution of a part in such a way as to enable it to attract to itself a larger quantity of matter than usual, and to transform it according to circumstances. Every form of inflammation with which we are acquainted may be explained in this way. It may be assumed that inflammation begins from the moment that this increased absorption of matters into the tissue takes place, and the further transformation of these matters commences.

It must be noticed that inflammatory exudation is not the essential feature of inflammation. I am of the opinion that there is no specific inflammatory exudation at all, but that the exudation we meet with is composed essentially of the material which has been generated in the inflamed part itself through the change in its condition, and of the transuded fluid derived from the vessels. If, therefore, a part possess a great number of vessels, and particularly if they are superficial, it will be able to furnish an exudation, since the fluid which transudes from the blood conveys the special products of the tissue along with it to the surface. If this is not the case there would be no exudation, but the whole process will be limited to the occurrence in the real substance of the tissue of the special changes which have been introduced by the inflammatory stimulus.

III—New Formations

I at present entirely reject the blastema doctrine in its original form, and in its place I put the *doctrine of the continuous development of tissues out of one another*. My first doubts of the blastema doctrine date from my researches on tubercle. I found, then, tubercles never exhibited a discernible exudation, but always organized elements unpreceded by amorphous matter. I also found that the discharge from inflamed lymphatic glands is not an exudation capable of organization, but merely debris of the hypertrophied and broken-down (developed from the ordinary) cells of the glands.

Until, however, the cellular nature of the body had been demonstrated, it seemed necessary in some instances to postulate a blastema or exudation to account for certain new formations. But the moment I could show the universality of cells—the moment I could show that bone corpuscles were real cells and that connective tissues contained cells—from that moment blastema became unnecessary. In fact, the



RUDOLF VIRCHOW was born at Schivelbein in Pomerania, October 13, 1821. He graduated in medicine at Berlin and in 1847 was appointed lecturer at the university; but political enthusiasms brought him into disfavour and in 1849 he was removed to Würzburg, where he was appointed professor of pathology. In 1850 he returned to Berlin as professor and director of the Pathological Institute which, under his control became a world famous centre for research into the nature and processes of disease. During the wars of 1866 and 1870 Virchow took a prominent part in the administration of the Army Medical Service. Later he was a prominent politician and an enthusiastic sanitary reformer, to whom is largely due the fact that Berlin is one of the healthiest cities in the world. Virchow died September 5, 1902.

more observers increased, the more distinctly was it shown that by far the greater number of new formations arise from the connective tissue. In almost all cases, new formations may be seen to be formed by a process of ordinary cell division from previously existing cells.

All new formations built of cells which continue true to the parent type we may call *homologous* new formations; while those which depart from the parent type, or undergo degenerative changes we may designate *heterologous*. In a narrower sense of the word, heterologous new formations are alone destructive.

The homologous ones may accidentally become very injurious; but still they do not possess what can properly be called a destructive or malignant character. On the other hand, every kind of heterologous formation, whenever it has not its seat in entirely superficial parts, has a certain degree of malignity. And even superficial affections, though entirely confined to the most external layers of epidermis, may gradually exercise a very detrimental effect.

Indeed, suppuration is of this nature; for suppuration is simply a process of proliferation by means of which cells are produced which do not acquire that degree of consolidation or permanent connexion with each other which is necessary for the existence of the body.

Pus is not the solvent of cells, but is itself dissolved tissues. A part becomes soft and liquefies whilst suppurating, but it is not the pus which causes this softening; on the contrary, it is the pus which is produced as the result of the proliferation of tissues.

The form of ulceration which is presented by cancer in its latest stages bears so great a resemblance to suppurative ulceration that the two things have long since been compared. The essential difference between suppuration and ulceration lies in the differing duration of the life of the different cells.

A CANCER cell is capable of existing longer than a pus corpuscle; and a cancerous tumour may last for months, yet still contain the whole of its elements intact. But among all pathological new formations with fluid intercellular substance there is not a single one which is able to preserve its existence for any length of time, not a single one whose elements can become permanent constituents of the body or exist as long as the individual. The tumour, as a whole, may last; but its individual elements perish.

If we examine a tumour after it has existed for perhaps a year, we usually find that the elements first formed no longer exist in the centre; but that in the centre they are disintegrating, dissolved by fatty changes.

If a tumour be seated on a surface it often presents in the centre of its most prominent part a navel-like depression, and the parts under this display a dense cicatrix which no longer bears the original character of the new formation.

Heterologous new formations must be considered parasitical in their nature, since every one of their elements will withdraw matters from the body which might be used for better purposes, and since even its first development implies the destruction of its parent structures.

HERBERT SPENCER

PRINCIPLES OF ETHICS

As early as 1842, when he was still but twenty-two years of age, Herbert Spencer contributed to The Nonconformist letters on The Proper Sphere of Government which vaguely indicated what he conceived to be certain general principles of right and wrong in political conduct; from that time onwards, he has told us, his ultimate purpose was to find a scientific basis for the principles of right and wrong in conduct at large. He felt this to be an undertaking of pressing urgency, for 'few things can happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulated system, no longer fit, before another and better regulated system has grown up to replace it.' This purpose was carried into effect with the Principles of Ethics, the first part of which was published in 1879 under the title of The Data of Ethics, and the concluding parts in 1893, the entire work having thus occupied Spencer's attention for a period of fifty years. Outlines of Herbert Spencer's other most important philosophical works and of his Autobiography appear elsewhere in *The World's Great Books*.

I—The Evolution of Conduct



What constitutes advance in the evolution of conduct as we trace it up from the lowest types of living creatures to the highest? It is the more numerous and better adjustment of acts to ends; for this not only furthers prolongation of life, but it also furthers increased amount of life. We must also recognize those adjustments which have for their final purpose the life of the species. It is an error to suppose, however, that either of these kinds of conduct can assume its highest form without its highest form being assumed by a third kind of conduct yet to be named. For beyond so behaving that each achieves his end without preventing others from achieving their ends, the members of a society may give mutual help in the achievement of ends, and thus their conduct may assume a yet higher phase of evolution.

The conduct to which we apply the name 'good' is the relatively more evolved conduct, and 'bad' is the name we apply to conduct which is relatively less evolved. We regard as good the conduct furthering self-preservation, and as bad the conduct tending to self-destruction. Parental conduct is called good or bad as it increases or decreases the power of perpetuating the species by fostering progeny. And the form of conduct is most emphatically termed good which is such that life may be completed in each and in his offspring, not only without preventing completion of it in others, but with furtherance of it in others. Conduct called good rises to the conduct conceived as best when it simultaneously achieves the greatest totality of life in self, in offspring and in fellow-men.

Analysis of the standards of the different moral schools shows that every one of them, whether perfection of nature is the assigned proper end of life, or virtuousness of action, or rectitude of motive, derives its authority from this postulate as its ultimate standard, that life is good or bad according as it does or does not bring a surplus of agreeable feeling. The implication common to their antagonist views is that conduct should conduce to preservation of the individual, of the family and of the society, only supposing that life brings more happiness than misery.

Let us consider them separately.

Perfection is synonymous with goodness in its highest degree, and hence to define good conduct in terms of perfection is to define good conduct in terms of itself.

Pass we now to the views of those moralists who make virtuousness of action the standard. If virtue is primordial and independent, no reason can be given why there should be any correspondence be-

tween virtuous conduct and conduct that is pleasure-giving in its total effects on self, on others, or on both; and if there is not a necessary correspondence, it is conceivable that the conduct classed as virtuous should be pain-giving in its total effects. Which is impossible; for examination will show that the conception of virtue cannot be separated from the conception of happiness-producing conduct.

II—Happiness and Blessedness

It is curious to see how views of life and conduct which originated with those who propitiated deified ancestors by self-tortures enter even still into the ethical theories of many persons who have years since cast away the theology of the past, and suppose themselves to be no longer influenced by it.

In the writings of one who rejects dogmatic Christianity together with the Hebrew cult which preceded it, a career of conquest costing tens of thousands of lives is narrated with a sympathy comparable to the rejoicing which the Hebrew traditions show us over destruction of enemies in the name of God. Along with the worship of the strong man, along with this yearning for a form of society in which the supremacy of the few is unrestrained, and the virtue of the many consists in obedience to them, we naturally find repudiation of the ethical theory which takes the greatest happiness as the end of conduct.

We not unnaturally find this utilitarian philosophy designated by the contemptuous title of 'pig-philosophy.' And then, serving to show what comprehension there has been of the philosophy so nicknamed, we are told that not happiness but blessedness must be the end. Obviously, the implication is that blessedness is not a kind of happiness. And this implication at once suggests the question—What mode of feeling is it? If it is a state of consciousness at all, it is necessarily one of three states—painful, indifferent, or pleasurable. Does it leave the possessor at the zero point of sentiency? Then it leaves him just as he would be if he had not got it. Does it not leave him at zero point? Then it must leave him above zero or below zero.

Each of these possibilities may be conceived under two forms. That to which the term 'blessedness' is applied may be a particular state of consciousness—one among the many states that occur, and on this supposition we have to recognize it as a pleasurable state, an indifferent state, or a painful state. Otherwise blessedness is a word not applicable to a particular state of consciousness, but characterises the aggregate of its states; and in this case the average of the aggregate is to be conceived as one in which the pleasurable predominates, or one in which the painful predominates, or one in which pleasures and pains exactly cancel one another.

What, now, shall we say of one who is for the time being blessed in performing a work of mercy? Is his mental state pleasurable? If so, blessedness is a particular form of happiness. Is the state indifferent or painful? In that case the blessed man is so devoid of sympathy that relieving another from pain either leaves him wholly unmoved, or gives him an unpleasant emotion. So that if blessedness is a particular mode of consciousness temporarily existing as a concomitant of each kind of beneficent action, those who deny that it is a pleasure, or constituent of happiness, confess themselves either not pleased by the welfare of others, or displeased by it.

Otherwise understood, blessedness must refer to the totality of feelings experienced during the life of one who occupies himself with the actions the word connotes. This also presents the three possibilities—surplus of pleasure, surplus of pains, equality of the two. If the pleasurable states are in excess, then the blessed life can be distinguished from any other pleasurable life only by the relative amount or the quality of its pleasures; it is a life which makes happiness of a certain kind and degree its end; and the assumption that blessedness is not a form of happiness lapses. If the blessed life is one in which the pleasures and pains received balance one another, or if it is one in which the pleasures are outbalanced by the pains, then the blessed life has the character which the pessimist alleges of

life at large. Annihilation is best, he will argue; since if an average that is indifferent is the outcome of the blessed life, annihilation at once achieves it. And if a surplus of suffering is the outcome of this highest kind of life called blessed, still more should life in general be ended.

In conclusion, we may say that no school can avoid taking for the ultimate moral aim a desirable state of feeling called by whatever name—gratification, enjoyment, happiness. Pleasure somewhere, at some time, to some being or beings, is an inexpugnable element of the conception.

III—Egoism versus Altruism

THAT egoism precedes altruism in order of imperativeness is evident. For the acts which make continued life possible must, on the average, be more peremptory than all those other acts which life makes possible, including the acts which benefit others.

Turning from life as existing to life as evolving, we are equally shown this. Sentient beings have progressed from low to high types, under the law that the superior shall profit by their superiority, and the inferior shall suffer from their inferiority. Which is to say that egoistic claims must take precedence of altruistic claims. Conformity to this law has been, and is still, needful, not only for the continuance of life, but for the increase of happiness; since the superior are those having faculties better adjusted to the requirements—faculties, therefore, which bring in their exercise greater pleasure and less pain.

If we define altruism as being all action which, in the normal course of things, benefits others instead of benefiting self, then from the dawn of life altruism has been no less essential than egoism; for such defect of altruistic acts as causes death of offspring, or inadequate development of them, involves disappearance from future generations of the nature that is not altruistic enough, so decreasing the average egoism. In short, every species is continually purifying itself from the unduly egoistic individuals; while there are being lost to it the unduly altruistic individuals. Let us consider the several ways in which, under social conditions, personal welfare depends on the regard for the welfare of others.

Fullness of egoistic satisfaction in the associated state, depending primarily on maintenance of the normal relations between efforts expended and benefits obtained, which underlies all life, implies an altruism which prompts equitable conduct and prompts the enforcing of equity. The egoistic satisfaction of each depends in large measure on such altruistic actions as are implied, first, in being just; secondly, in seeing justice come to others; and thirdly, in improving the agencies by which justice is administered.

But the identification of personal advantage with the advantage of fellow-citizens is much wider than this. Whatever conduces to their vigour concerns him: for it diminishes the cost of everything he buys. Whatever conduces to their freedom from disease concerns him; for it diminishes his own liability to disease. Whatever raises their intelligence concerns him; for inconveniences are daily entailed upon him by others' ignorance or folly. Whatever raises their moral characters concerns him; for at every turn he suffers from the average unconscientiousness.

MUCH more directly do his egoistic satisfactions depend on those altruistic activities which enlist the sympathies of others. By alienating those around, selfishness loses the unbought aid they can render, shuts out a wide range of social enjoyments, and fails to receive those exaltations of pleasure and mitigations of pain which come from men's fellow-feeling with those they like. Undue egoism defeats itself by bringing on an incapacity for happiness. Purely egoistic gratifications are rendered less keen by satiety even in the earlier part of life, and almost disappear in the later; the less satiating gratifications of altruism are missed throughout life, and especially in the latter part, when they largely replace egoistic gratifications; and there is a lack of susceptibility to aesthetic pleasures of the higher orders.

This dependence of egoism upon altruism ranges beyond the limits of each society

and tends ever towards universality. That within each society it becomes greater as social evolution—implying increase of mutual evolution—implying increase of mutual dependence—progresses, needs not be shown; and it is a corollary that as fast as the dependence of societies on one another is increased by commercial intercourse, the internal welfare of each becomes a matter of concern to the others.

Though altruism of a social kind, lacking certain elements of parental altruism, can never attain the same level, yet it may be expected to attain a level at which it would be like altruism in spontaneity—a level such that ministration to others' happiness would become a daily need. General altruism, in its developed form, must inevitably resist individual excesses of altruism. Three spheres would ultimately remain for altruism. The first, which must, to the last, continue large in extent, is that which family life affords. The other two are pursuit of social welfare, and the opportunities afforded by accidents, diseases and misfortunes.

IV—Absolute and Relative Ethics

A GREAT part of the perplexities in ethical speculation arises from neglect of the distinction between the absolutely right and the relatively right. And many further perplexities are due to the assumption that it can in some way be decided in every case which of two courses is morally obligatory.

Consider the relation of a healthy mother to a healthy infant. Between the two there exists a mutual dependence which is a source of pleasure to both. Consequently, the act of yielding to the child its natural food is of the kind we call absolutely right. In contrast, the wearisomeness of productive labour as ordinarily pursued renders it so far wrong; but then far greater suffering would result both to the labourer and his family, and therefore far greater wrong would be done, were this wearisomeness not borne. The act is relatively right. Further, in many cases, there is no absolutely right course, but only courses of which it is not possible to say which is the least wrong.

To make the ideal man serve as a standard of normal conduct, he has to be defined in terms of the conditions which his nature fulfils. We must consider the ideal man as existing in the ideal social state. On the evolution hypothesis the two presuppose one another; and only when they coexist can there exist that ideal conduct which absolute ethics have to formulate, and which relative ethics have to take, as the standard by which to estimate divergences from right or degrees of wrong.

The formula of justice is 'Every man is free to do what he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man.'

Admitting that the establishment of an ethically complete right of property is beset with difficulties like those which beset the establishment of an ethically complete right to the use of the earth, we are, nevertheless, shown by a survey of the facts which existing primitive societies present, and the facts traceable in the early histories of civilized societies, that the right of property is originally deducible from the law of equal freedom; and it ceases to be so deducible only when the other corollaries from the law have been disregarded. Many in our days are seeking to over-ride this right. They do not see the suspension of the natural discipline by which every kind of creature is kept fit for the activities demanded by the conditions of life, which inevitably bring about unfitness for life, and either prompt or slow disappearance.

A product of mental labour may as truly be considered property as a product of manual labour.

COMPLETE ownership of anything implies power to make over the ownership to another; since a partial or entire interdict implies partial or entire ownership by the authority issuing the interdict, and therefore limits or over-rides the ownership.

Government is instrumental to the maintenance of rights—here in great measure, there in small measure; but in whatever measure, it is merely instrumental, and whatever it has in it which may be called 'right, must be so called only in virtue of its efficiency in

maintaining rights. Recognizing the truth that societies evolve, we cannot rationally assume the unity of their nature. A body politic which has to operate on other such bodies is fundamentally unlike one which has to operate only on component units.

When a society is endangered bodily by other societies, its required coercive constitution is one which, far though it may be from the absolutely right, is yet relatively right. The required constitution of the fully developed industrial type is quite different. At first sight it seems that it should be one in which each citizen has an equal share of power with his fellows. But this is not a legitimate corollary, because men will, on the average, be swayed by their interests, or apparent interests. Hence the industrial type of society in which equity is fully realized must be one in which there is not a representation of individuals, but of interests.

The truth we have to recognize is that, with humanity as it now exists, the possession of what are called equal political rights will not ensure the maintenance of equal rights properly so called.

The immediate enfranchisement of women is urged on the ground that women must have the suffrage because otherwise they cannot get from men their just claims. This is practically to contend that men will concede the suffrage knowing that with it they concede these claims, but will not concede the claims by themselves.

THE love of the helpless, which may serve as a general description of the parental instinct, stronger in women than in men, and swaying their conduct outside the family as well as inside more than it sways the conduct of men, must in a still greater degree than in man prompt public acts which are unduly regardful of the inferior as compared with the superior. The present tendency of both sexes is to contemplate citizens as having claims in proportion to their needs—their needs being habitually proportional to their merits; and this tendency, stronger in women than in men, must, if it operates politically, cause a more general fostering of the worse at the expense of the better. Instead of the maintenance of the rights, which is but a systematic enforcement of the principle that each should receive the good and evil results of his own conduct, there would come greater and more numerous breaches of them than at present.

V—State Duties and the Future

FATHERHOOD implies ownership of the means by which children and dependents are supported. In developed nations the governing agent does not now support those over whom it exercises authority; but, contrariwise, they support the agent. Hence, that theory of the functions of the state which is based on the assumed parallelism between parent and child and government and people is false. The conception of state duties that was fit for Greek societies is supposed by many to be fit for modern societies.

It is thought that a political ethics belonging to a system of compulsory co-operation applies also to a system of voluntary co-operation. If we now ask what is the theory appropriate to societies organized on the principle of voluntary co-operation, it is that, beyond maintaining justice, the state can do nothing without transgressing justice.

Doubtless, most persons will read with astonishment this denial of unrestricted state power, and this assertion that it commits an offence when it exceeds the prescribed limits.

Just as among those who uphold the 'sacred duty of blood revenge' the injunction to forgive injuries is unlikely to meet with ready acceptance, so it is not to be expected that among party politicians, eagerly competing with one another to gain votes by promising state aids of countless kinds, any attention will be paid to a doctrine of state duties which excludes the great mass of their favourite schemes. It must be asserted, however, that their schemes are at variance with the fundamental principle of a harmonious social life.

When the pressure of population has been rendered small—proximately by prudential restraints, and ultimately by de-

creases of fertility—and when long-range rifles, big guns, dynamite shells and other implements for wholesale slaughter are to be found only in museums, sympathy will probably increase to a degree which we can now hardly conceive. For the process of evolution must inevitably favour all changes of nature which increase life and augment happiness, especially such changes as do this at small cost.

Natures which by the help of a more developed language of emotion, vocal and facial, are enabled to enter so fully into others' pleasurable feelings that they can add these to their own, must be natures capable of a beatitude far greater than is now possible. In such natures a large part of the mental life must result from participation in the mental life of others.

Thus, along with increasing re-adaptation, altruism will become less and less the assuager of suffering, and more and more the exalter of happiness.

As time goes on, there will be more and more of those whose unselfish aim will be the further evolution of humanity. The highest ambition of the beneficent will be to have a share in 'the making of man.'

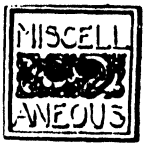
Literary History Viewed as Psychology

GEORG BRANDES

MAIN CURRENTS IN XIX CENTURY LITERATURE

With the publication of his first book, Aesthetic Studies, in 1868, Georg Brandes established his reputation among men of letters of all lands. His criticism received a philosophic bent from his study of John Stuart Mill, Comte and Renan. Complaint is often made of the bias exhibited by Brandes in his works, and it cannot be denied that the breadth of his judgement is impaired thereby. It finds its chief expression in his almost violent anti-clericalism. His publications include works of history, literature and criticism, among the most important being Aesthetic Studies, 1868, French Aesthetics and Criticisms and Portraits, 1870, and studies of Lord Beaconsfield, Shakespeare, Ibsen and Ferdinand Lassalle. His greatest work is Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature, an English translation of which is published by William Heinemann. Only its scope and Brandes' general conclusions are indicated here.

The Man and the Book



This remarkable essay in literary criticism is limited to the first half of the nineteenth century; it concludes with the historical turning-point of 1848. Within this period the author discovers, first, a reaction against the literature of the eighteenth century; and then, the vanquishment of that reaction. Or, in other words, there is first a fading away and disappearance of the ideas and feelings of the preceding century, and then a return of the ideas of progress in new and higher waves.

'Literary history is, in its profoundest significance, psychology, the study, the history of the soul'; and literary criticism is, with our author, nothing less than the interior history of peoples. Whether we happen to agree or to disagree with his personal sympathies, which lie altogether with liberalism; and whether his interpretation of these complex movements be accepted or rejected by future criticism, it is at least unquestionable that his estimate of his science is the right one, and that his method is the right one, and that no one stands beside Brandes as an exponent of that method or master of that science.

The historical movement of the years 1800 to 1848 is here likened to a drama, of which six different literary groups represent the six acts. The first three acts incorporate the reaction against progress and liberty. They are, first, the French Emigrant Literature, inspired by Rousseau; secondly, the semi-Catholic Romantic school of Germany, wherein the reaction has separated itself more thoroughly from the contemporary struggle for liberty, and has gained considerably in depth and vigour; and, thirdly, the militant and triumphant

reaction as shown in Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais, Lamartine and Victor Hugo, standing out for pope and monarch. The drama of reaction has here come to its climax; and the last three acts are to witness its fall, and the revival, in its place, of the ideas of liberty and of progress.

'It is one man, Byron, who produces the revulsion in the great drama.' And Byron and his English contemporaries, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Keats and Shelley, hold the stage in the fourth act, 'Naturalism in England.' The fifth act belongs to the Liberal movement in France, the 'French Romantic School,' including the names of Lamennais, Lamartine and Hugo in their second phase, and also those of de Musset and George Sand. The movement passes from France into 'Young Germany,' where the sixth act is played by Heine, Ruge, Feuerbach and others; and the ardent revolutionary writers of France and of Germany together prepare for the great political transformation of 1848.

I—The Emigrant Literature

At the beginning of our period, France was subjected to two successive tyrannies: those, namely, of the Convention and of the Empire, both of which suppressed all independent thought and literature. Writers were, perforce, emigrants beyond the frontiers of French power and were, one and all, in opposition to the Reign of Terror, or to the Napoleonic tyranny, or to both; one and all they were looking forward to the new age which should come.

There was, therefore, a note of expectancy in this emigrant literature, which had also the advantage of real knowledge, gained in long exile, of foreign lands and peoples. Although it reacts against the dry and narrow rationalism of the eighteenth century, it is not as yet a complete reaction against the Liberalism of that period; the writers of the emigrant group are still ardent in the cause of Liberty. They are contrary to the spirit of Voltaire; but they are all profoundly influenced by Rousseau.

Chateaubriand's romances, Atala and René, Rousseau's The New Héloïse and Goethe's Werther are the subjects of studies which lead our critic to a consideration of that new spiritual condition of which they are the indications. 'All the spiritual maladies,' he says, 'which make their appearance at this time may be regarded as the products of two great events—the emancipation of the individual and the emancipation of thought.'

Every career now lies open, potentially, to the individual. His opportunities and, therefore, his desires, but not his powers, have become boundless; and 'inordinate desire is always accompanied by inordinate melancholy.' His release from the old order, which limited his importance, has set him free for self-idolatry; the old laws have broken down and everything now seems permissible. He no longer feels himself part of a whole; he feels himself to be a little world which reflects the great world.

The belief in the saving power of enlightenment had been rudely shaken and the minds of men were confused like an army which receives contradictory orders in the midst of a battle. Sénancour, Nodier and Benjamin Constant have left us striking romances picturing the human spirit in this dilemma; they show also a new feeling for nature, new revelations of subjectivity and new ideas of womanhood and of passion.

But of the emigrant literature Madame de Staël is the chief and central figure. Innate warmth of heart and intelligence were her original gifts; her warm-heartedness developed into broad-minded philanthropy, and her intelligence into a power of receptivity and reproduction which was akin to genius. The lawless savagery of the Revolution did not weaken her fidelity to personal and political freedom. 'She wages war with absolutism in the state and hypocrisy in society. She teaches her countrymen to appreciate the characteristics and literature of the neighbouring nations; she breaks down with her own hands the wall of self-sufficiency with which victorious France had surrounded itself. Barante, with his perspective view of eighteenth-century France, only continues and completes her work.'

II—The Romantic School in Germany

GERMAN Romanticism continues the growing reaction against the eighteenth century; yet, though it is essentially reaction, it is not mere reaction, but contains the seeds of a new development. It is intellectual, poetical, philosophical and full of real life.

This literary period, marked by the names of Hölderlin, A. W. Schlegel, Tieck, Jean Paul Richter, Schleiermacher, Wackenroder, Novalis, Arnim, Brentano, resulted in little that has endured. It produced no typical forms; the character of its literature is musical rather than plastic; its impulse is not a clear perception or creation, but an infinite and ineffable aspiration.

An intenser spiritual life was at once the impulse and the goal of the Romanticists, in whom wonder and infinite desire are born again. A sympathetic interest in the fairy tale and the legend, in the face of nature and in her creatures, in history, institutions and law, and a keener emotional sensitiveness in poetry, were the result of this refreshed interior life. In religion, the movement was towards the richly coloured mystery and child-like faith of Catholicism; and in respect of human love it was towards freedom, spontaneity, intensity, and against the hard bonds of social conventions.

But its emotions became increasingly morbid, abnormal and ineffectual. Romanticism tended really, not to the spiritual emancipation that was its avowed aim, but to a refinement of sensuality. Retrogression, the going back to a fancied Golden Age, is the central idea of Romanticism, and is the secret of the practical ineffectiveness of the movement.

Friedrich Schlegel's romance Lucinde, is a very typical work of this period. It is based on the Romantic idea that life and poetry are identical, and its aim is to counsel the transformation of our actual life into a poem or work of art. It is a manifesto of self-absorption and of subjectivity; the reasoned defence of idleness, of enjoyment, of lawlessness, of the arbitrary expression of the Self, supreme above all.

The mysticism of Novalis, who preferred sickness to health, night to day, and invested death itself with sensual delights, is described by himself as voluptuousness. It is full of a feverish, morbid desire, which becomes at last the desire for nothingness. The 'blue flower' in his story Heinrich von Ofterdingen is the ideal, personal happiness, sought for in all Romanticism, but by its very nature never attainable.

III—The Reaction in France

HEREIN we have the culmination of the reactionary movement. Certain authors are grouped together as labouring for the re-establishment of the fallen power of authority; and by the principle of authority is to be understood 'the principle which assumes the life of the individual and of the nation to be based upon reverence for inherited tradition.' Further, 'the principle of authority in general stood or fell with the authority of the Church. When that was undermined, it drew all other authorities with it in its fall.'

After a study of the Revolution in its quality as a religious movement, and the story of the Concordat, our author traces the genesis of this extreme phase of the reaction. Its promoters were all of noble birth and bound by close ties to the old royal families; their aim was political rather than religious; they craved for religion as a panacea for lawlessness. Their ruling idea was the principle of externality, as opposed to that of inward, personal feeling and private investigation; it was the principle of theocracy, as opposed to the sovereignty of the people; it was the principle of power, as opposed to the principles of human rights and liberties.

Chateaubriand's famous book, Le Génie du Christianisme, devoid of real feeling, attempts to vindicate authority by means of an appeal to sentiment, as if taking for granted that a reasoned faith was now impossible. His point of view is romantic, and therefore, religiously, false; his reasoning is of the "how beautiful!" style.

But the principle was enthroned by Count Joseph de Maistre, a very different man. The minister of the king of Sardinia at the court of Russia, he gained the emperor's confidence by his strong and pure character, his royalist principles and his talents. His more important works, Du Pape, De l'Eglise Gallicane, and Soirées de St. Pétersbourg, are the most uncompromising defence of political and religious autocracy. The fundamental idea of his works is that 'there is no human society without government, no government without sovereignty, and no sovereignty without infallibility.'

Beside de Maistre stands Bonald, a man of the same views, but without the other's daring and versatile wit. Chateaubriand's prose epic, Les Martyrs, the mystically sensual writings of Madame Krudener, and the lyric poetry of Lamartine and Victor Hugo further popularised the reaction, which reached its breaking point in Lamennais.

In April 1824, the news came of Byron's death in Greece. The illusion dissolved; the reaction came to an end. The principle of authority fell, never to rise again; and the Immanuelistic school was succeeded by the Satanic

IV—Naturalism in England

THE distinguishing character which our author discovers in the English poets is a love of nature, of the country and the sea, of domestic animals and vegetation. This naturalism, common to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Keats, Moore, Shelley and Byron, becomes, when transferred to social interests, revolutionary; the English poet is a Radical. Literary questions interest him not; he is at heart a politician.

The political background of English intellectual life at this period is painted forcibly. It was 'dark with terror produced in the middle classes by the excesses of the liberty movement in France, dark with the tyrannic lusts of proud Tories and the Church's oppressions, dark with the spilt blood of Irish Catholics and English artisans.'

In the midst of all this misery, Wordsworth and Coleridge recalled the English mind to the love of real nature and to the love of liberty. Wordsworth's conviction was that in town life and its distractions men had forgotten nature, and had been punished for it; constant social intercourse had dissipated their talents and impaired their susceptibility to simple and pure impressions. His naturalism is antagonistic to all official creeds; it is akin to the old Greek conception of nature, and is impregnated with pantheism.

The separate studies which follow, dealing with the natural romanticism of Coleridge, Southey's oriental romanticism, the Lake school's conception of liberty, the historic naturalism of Scott, the sensuous poetry of Keats, the poetry of Irish opposition and revolt, Thomas Campbell's poetry of freedom, the Republican humanism of Landor, Shelley's radical naturalism, and like subjects, are of the highest importance to every English reader who would understand the time in which he lives.

But Byron's is the heroic figure in this act. 'Byron's genius takes possession of him, and makes him great and victorious in his argument, directing his aim with absolute certainty to the vital points.' Byron's whole being burned with the profoundest compassion for the immeasurable sufferings of humanity. It was liberty that he worshipped, and he died for liberty.

V—The Romantic School in France

DURING the Revolution the national property had been divided into twenty times as many hands as before, and with the fall of Napoleon the industrial period begins. All restrictions had been removed from industry and commerce, and capital became the moving power of society and the object of individual desires. The pursuit of money helps to give to the literature of the day its romantic, idealistic stamp. Balzac alone, however, made money the hero of his epic. Other great writers of the period, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, George Sand, Mérimée, Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, kept as far as possible from the new reality.



GEORG MORRIS COHEN BRANDES was born in Copenhagen, of Jewish parentage, February 4, 1842. He studied jurisprudence, philosophy and æsthetics at Copenhagen University from 1859 to 1864 and then spent some years abroad, chiefly in France and Italy, publishing volumes on æsthetics and criticism during that period. In 1872 he returned to Copenhagen, where he taught at the university and in 1877 he settled in Berlin, still pursuing his literary occupations. He returned to Copenhagen in 1883 and was installed as a public lecturer on æsthetics, literature and allied subjects by an association of his friends and admirers.

The young Romanticists of 1830 burned with a passion for art and a detestation of drab bourgeoisie. A break with tradition was demanded in all the arts; the original, the unconscious, the popular, were what they aimed at. It was now, as in Hugo's dramas, that the passionate plebeian appeared on the scene as hero; Mérimée, as in Carmen, painted savage emotions; Nodier's children spoke like real children; George Sand depicted in woman, not conscious virtue and vice, but the innate nobility and natural goodness of a noble woman's heart. The poet was no longer looked on as a courtier, but as the despised high-priest of humanity.

THE French Romantic school is the greatest literary school of the nineteenth century. It displayed three main tendencies—the endeavour to reproduce faithfully some real piece of past history or some phase of modern life; the endeavour after perfection of form; and enthusiasm for great religious or social reformatory ideas.

These three tendencies are traced out in the ideals and work of the brilliant authors of the period; in George Sand, for instance, who proclaimed that the mission of art is a mission of sentiment and love; and in Balzac, who views society as the scientist investigates nature—'he never moralises or condemns; he never allows himself to be led by disgust or enthusiasm to describe otherwise than truthfully; nothing is too small, nothing too great to be examined or explained.'

The impressions given of Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, George Sand, Balzac and Mérimée are vivid and concrete; they are high achievements in literary portraiture, set in a real historic background.

VI—Young Germany

THE personality, writings and actions of Byron had an extraordinary influence upon 'Young Germany,' a movement initiated by Heine and Börne, and characterised by a strong craving for liberty. 'Byron seemed to men of that day to be an embodiment of all that they understood by the modern spirit, modern poetry.'

The literary group known as Young Germany has no creative minds of the highest, and only one of very high rank, namely, Heine. 'It denied, it emancipated, it cleared up, it let in fresh air. It is strong through its doubt, its hatred of thraldom, its individualism.'

The Germany of those days has been succeeded by a quite new Germany, organized to build up and to put forth material strength, and the writers of the first half of the nineteenth century, who were always praising France and condemning the sluggishness of their own country, are but little read.

The literary figures of this period who are painted by our author, are Börne, Heine, Immermann, Menzel, Gutzkow, Laube, Mundt, Rahel Varnhagen von Ense, Bettina von Arnim, Charlotte Stieglitz and many others, to whose writings, in conjunction with those of the French Romanticists, Brandes ascribes the general revolt of the oppressed peoples of Europe in 1848.

Of the men of that date he says: 'They had a faith that could remove mountains, and a hope that could shake the earth.'

BLAISE PASCAL

THOUGHTS

AFTER the publication of the last of his Provincial Letters (see page 1450) Pascal projected an elaborately reasoned Apology or Defence of Christianity. His Pensées sur la Religion et sur Quelques Autres Sujets, first published posthumously in 1670, are a collection of fragmentary notes, jotted down at odd moments, for the purpose of this great undertaking. It is probable that Pascal's arguments would have shown how the earlier and partial interpretations of human life and destiny, such as the Stoic and the Epicurean, are united and transcended in the mystery of the Christian religion, but the most complete outline of an argument found in his papers is the astonishing chain of reasoning contained in the third section of the following epitome, entitled The Road to Faith. With that exception, the Thoughts are for the most part mere memoranda, often confused and incoherent, but they have exercised a wide influence upon theology. Many editions are available in French and English.

I—Reason and Folly



M. DE ROANNEZ used to say, 'Reasons occur to me later; but at first the matter is agreeable or repellent to me without my knowing the reason; nevertheless, it is repellent for the reason which I only discover afterwards.' For my part, I do not believe that the matter was repellent for the reasons which one discovers later; I believe that one finds those reasons only because it has been repellent.

When we are led by passion into any one course of action, we forget our duty, as when we prefer to read a book or stay in bed though we ought to be doing something else. In order to remember duty, we have only to propose to ourselves some irksome occupation; for then we excuse ourselves from it on the ground that there is something else which we ought to do, and thus remember our duty.

The most unreasonable institutions of the world become the most reasonable, because of the unruliness of mankind. What could be less reasonable than to choose the eldest son of a queen to govern the state? No one would think of choosing the passenger of noblest birth to command a ship; to do so would be both absurd and unjust. But because men are, and always will be, unreasonable, this law of primogeniture becomes reasonable and just. For whom, otherwise, should they choose? The most virtuous and able? Everyone, in that case, would choose himself. Let the distinction, therefore, fall to one who has some unquestionable mark. The king's eldest son is such a one. The matter is clear and admits of no dispute. Reason can do no better, since civil war is the greatest of evils.

The power of kings is founded on the reason and on the folly of their peoples, but chiefly on the folly. The greatest and most important thing in the world is based on weakness; and this is an admirably reliable foundation, for nothing is more certain than that the people will be weak. Whatever is founded on healthy reason is ill founded, as is the esteem for wisdom.

Men are so necessarily mad that not to be mad would show some new kind of madness.

The world judges well of things, because the true wisdom of man lies in his natural ignorance. Human knowledge has two extremities, which touch one another. The first is that pure natural ignorance in which all men are born. The other extremity is that at which those great souls arrive who have traversed through all that men may know, and have discovered that they know nothing, and find themselves where they were when they first set out. This is a learned ignorance, conscious of itself. Those, however, who stand between these two extremities, having left the

natural, without having achieved the learned ignorance, possess some tincture of knowledge, and are those who trouble the world and judge wrongly of everything.

Man is neither angel nor beast; unfortunately, he who wishes to be an angel, becomes a beast.

We do well to distinguish men by their external rather than their internal qualities. Of any two of us, which shall give place to the other? The less able? But I am as able as he. But he has four footmen and I have but one. The position is simple; we have only to count; and it is my place to give way to him, and should I not do so I am a fool. Thus we arrive at a peaceful solution.

The higher mentality we possess, the more originality we find in mankind. It is the ordinary people to whom all men are alike.

The high and the low alike are subject to the same accidents of fortune, the same trials of daily life, the same passions. The one is at the top of the wheel; the other near the centre, and therefore less agitated by the same changes of fortune.

Time heals sorrows and conflicts. We ourselves change; neither the offender nor the offended remain themselves. They are as a troubled people seen after two generations.

A science of external things is no remedy in times of affliction for an ignorance of moral truths; but an ignorance of these external things is compensated for by a full acquaintance of moral truths.

By imagination the smallest objects of our life become affairs of magnitude; and the greatest are ignominiously brought to a low level; as is the case when we discuss the Creator.

As our mind naturally embraces some belief, so our will by nature tends towards love. In the absence of worthy objects of belief and love, we attach ourselves to false ones.

VANITY is deeply rooted in the heart of man; as the soldier, the cook, the street-porter boast of themselves to bring forth admiration, the philosopher also is similarly influenced; those who write against vanity desire the glory of having written well, and those who read, desire the glory of having read it.

We are so presumptuous we desire to be known by the whole world, and by those who are to come after us; but our vanity is such that the approbation and esteem of five or six people will oftentimes amuse and satisfy us.

Whoever would fully realize the vanity of man need only consider the causes and effects of love. Its cause is I know not what, and its effects are fearful. This little I-know-not-what, so trifling a thing it cannot be distinguished, moves princes' armies the whole world over. If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed.

II—The Greatness and Misery of Man

THE grandeur of man is to be seen even in his misery. What to the animals is a life of nature would be to man a life of misery. Whence we recognize that the human life of to-day, so nearly approaching that of the animals, has fallen from a former higher state.

It is dangerous to show a man how near he is to the beasts without, at the same time, showing him his greatness. It is dangerous also to evince to him his greatness without showing him his baseness.

It is still more dangerous to leave him ignorant of both. He should not consider himself equal to the beasts, nor on a level with the angels; neither should he be ignorant of his dual nature.

Pride is a counterpoise to all distresses. What a monstrous self-deception that is, and what man is there that does not give way to it, finding thereby a remedy for many evils? But this is no true remedy, rather a means of hiding the wound for a time, which prevents the quicker healing of the evil. Man is unable to locate his true position. He goes astray, and wanders through impenetrable darkness seeking in vain to find himself.

We desire truth, and find only uncertainty; we seek happiness and find only misery and death. It is inevitable that we should wish for truth and happiness; yet are we incapable of experiencing either the one or the other. This we must con-

sider as a punishment, and a warning to show us from whence we have fallen.

All human thoughts are directed towards the realization of good; but neither have we any claim to the good, nor the power to possess it. The same may be applied to all sciences and all pleasures. We possess neither the truth nor the good.

Man should arrive at a just estimate of himself. As his nature is capable of good, so he should love himself, but not his lower inclinations. Let him despise himself because his capacity is unfilled, but let him not on that account despise his natural capacity. Let him both hate and love himself, for he has the faculty of knowing the principle of being happy; but he achieves neither truth, nor constancy, nor satisfaction.

If man is not made for God, why is he unhappy, except in God? But if man is made for God, why is he so contrary to God?

All the principles of philosophers are true: the sceptics, the stoics, the atheists and so on; but their conclusions are false because the principles opposed to theirs are true also.

The stoics say: 'Enter into yourselves, for it is there that you will find repose.' This is not true. Others say: 'Go out of yourselves, and seek happiness in diversions.' This also is untrue. Happiness is neither without us nor within. It is in God, both without and within us.

Undoubtedly the question whether the soul is mortal or immortal must have a profound influence on morals, yet philosophers have discussed morals quite independently of its immortality.

We have such a high ideal of the soul of man that we cannot tolerate being despised by it; all human felicity consists of the esteem of other souls.

To seek after glory is the lowest aim of man; yet it is this which is the clearest mark of his excellence. Whatever may be his dispositions, his health and his comforts, he is still unsatisfied if he does not receive human esteem and appreciation. That is the only thing in the world; nothing can turn him from this desire, which is the most ineradicable quality in the heart of man.

Even those who most despise men and liken them to the lower animals desire to be admired and believed, and so contradict themselves. Their nature, which is stronger than their reason, convinces them of human grandeur more completely than their reason convinces them of human degradation.

III—The Road to Faith

SPEAKING according to our natural understanding, we may say that if there be a God, He is infinitely incomprehensible; because, having neither parts nor limits, He has no relation to us. We are, therefore, incapable of knowing what He is, or whether He exists. That being so, who shall dare to solve this question? Not we, who have no relation to Him.

How, therefore, shall Christians be blamed for not being able to give reason for their belief, since they profess a religion for which reason cannot be given? They declare, when they show it to the world, that it is a folly; are you, then, to complain that they do not prove it? If they proved it, they would be contradicting themselves; their good sense lies in their having no proof.

Yes; but although this consideration is a sufficient defence of those who offer this religion without proof, it is not sufficient excuse for those who accept it unproved. Let us therefore examine the point, and say, 'God exists, or does not exist.' To which of these alternatives should we lean? On which alternative will you stake yourself? By reason, you cannot stake on either alternative, or defend either of them. Do not, therefore, accuse those who have made a choice of falsity, since you know nothing.

'No,' is the reply; 'but I blame them for having made, not this choice, but any choice in the matter; he who backs heads and he who backs tails are equally in error; the proper course would be not to stake anything in the matter at all.'

Ah, but you *must* wager; there's no help for it; you are in the game. Which, then, will you choose? Consider. Since a choice is inevitable, let us see which choice interests you the least.

You have two things to lose—the true and the good; you have two things to pledge—your reason and your will, your knowledge and felicity; and you have two things to escape from—error and misery. Now, since a choice is inevitable, you do no greater injury to your reason by choosing the one alternative than by choosing the other.

But what about your felicity? Weigh the gain and the loss, in wagering that God exists; you will see that if you gain, you gain all; if you lose, you lose nothing. Wager, therefore, without hesitation, that He exists.

'That is very well,' I shall be told. 'Yes, we must wager; but perhaps we stake too much.'

Let us see. Since there is an equal chance of gain and loss, if you had only two lives to gain for one to lose, you might make the venture. If there were three lives to be gained you would be imprudent not to play for them. But there is an eternity of life and felicity at stake. The matter is clear beyond all question. In every case where there is infinity to be gained, and where there is not an infinite number of chances of loss to one chance of gain, there can be no hesitation; all must be staked. Therefore, since we are forced to play, if we keep our life rather than hazard it for an infinite gain—when that gain is as likely to be realized as, on the other hand, the loss of nothingness is likely—we should be altogether taking leave of reason.

The objection that it is uncertain whether we shall gain, but it is certain that we risk a loss, is groundless. Every player runs an indubitable risk for a doubtful gain, yet he does not act unreasonably in risking a certain finite loss for an uncertain finite gain. But in the matter that we are discussing, while the chances of gain and of loss are equal, the finite only is risked and we stand to gain the infinite.

'Admitted,' is the reply. 'But is there no means of seeing what lies behind the game?'

'Certainly there is. The Scriptures and so on——'

'Ah, but my hands are tied and my lips closed; I am not free, I am forced to play; I am not let alone for a moment; and yet I am so made that I cannot believe.'

My reply is this. What you say is quite true. But you may learn from it at least your impotence to believe, since reason holds you to belief and yet you cannot do it. Labour, then, to convince yourself, not by accumulating proofs of God, but by weakening your passions. You wish to arrive at the faith, and you do not know the road; you wish to cure yourself of infidelity, and you are asking for remedies; learn, then, from those who have been bound as you are, but now stake all their welfare; they are the people who know the road which you would follow and are healed of the ills of which you would be healed. They began by acting in every way as if they believed, by taking holy water, having masses said, and so on. This will naturally make you believe and will stultify you.

'But that is just what I fear!'

And why? What have you to lose? But to show you how this way leads to faith, let me tell you that it will weaken the passions which are your chief hindrance.

Objection. He who hopes for salvation finds happiness in that, but the hope is counterbalanced by the fear of hell.

Reply. Who has the greater cause to fear hell—he who is ignorant if there be a hell, and certain of perdition if there is; or he who has a certain conviction that there is a hell, and is hopeful of being saved?

After all, what disadvantages will come upon you from taking this side? You will become faithful, honest, humble, grateful, beneficent, a sincere friend, truthful. It is true you will have no part in tainted pleasures, such as the joy of glory or the delights of sense. But will you not have many others?

I tell you that your gain will be in this life also. At every step which you make along this road you will see more clearly the certitude of gain and the nothingness of what you have risked for it. And before the end comes you will know that you have wagered upon a certainty of infinite value, for which you will have given up nothing at all.

GEORGE ELIOT

SILAS MARNER

ONE of the shorter novels of George Eliot, Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe, was published in 1861, the year following the appearance of The Mill on the Floss (see page 905) and two years after Adam Bede (see page 454). In this, as in her earlier novels, the author drew upon her recollections of life in the Midlands, and in the weaver and his circle presented rustic character with remarkable fidelity and true humour. In reply to her publisher's objection that the story was sombre, George Eliot said, 'I hope you will not find it at all a sad story as a whole, since it sets—or is intended to set—in strong light the remedial influences of pure, natural, human relations.' No novel of George Eliot's has received more praise for the art of its construction. Silas Marner is obtainable in many inexpensive editions.

I—Why Silas Came to Raveloe



IN the early years of the nineteenth century a linen-weaver named Silas Marner worked at his vocation in a stone cottage that stood among the nutty hedgerows near the village of Raveloe, and not far from the edge of a deserted stone-pit.

It was fifteen years since Silas Marner had first come to Raveloe; he was then simply a pallid young man with prominent, short-sighted brown eyes. To the villagers among whom he had come to settle he seemed to have mysterious peculiarities, chiefly owing to his advent from an unknown region called 'North'ard.' He invited no comer to step across his door-sill, and he never strolled into the village to drink a pint at the Rainbow, or to gossip at the wheelwright's; he sought no man or woman, save for the purposes of his calling, or to supply himself with necessaries.

At the end of fifteen years the Raveloe men said just the same things about Silas Marner as at the beginning. There was only one important addition which the years had brought; it was that Master Marner had laid by a fine sight of money somewhere, and that he could buy up 'bigger men than himself.'

But while his daily habits presented scarcely any visible change, Marner's inward life had been a history and a metamorphosis as that of every fervid nature must be when it has been condemned to solitude. His life, before he came to Raveloe, had been filled with the close fellowship of a narrow religious sect, where the poorest layman had the chance of distinguishing himself by gifts of speech; and Marner was highly thought of in that little hidden world, known to itself as the church assembling in Lantern Yard. He was believed to be a young man of exemplary life and ardent faith, and a peculiar interest had been centred in him ever since he had fallen at a prayer-meeting into a trance or cataleptic fit, which lasted for an hour.

Among the members of his church there was one young man, named William Dane, with whom he lived in close friendship; and it seemed to the unsuspecting Silas that the friendship suffered no chill, even after he had formed a closer attachment, and had become engaged to a young servant-woman.

At this time the senior deacon was taken dangerously ill, and Silas and William, with others of the brethren, took turns at night-watching. On the night the old man died, Silas fell into one of his trances, and when he awoke at four o'clock in the morning death had come, and, further, a little bag of money had been stolen from the deacon's bureau, and Silas's pocket-knife was found inside the bureau.

For some time Silas was mute with astonishment; then he said, "God will clear me; I know nothing about the knife being there, or the money being gone. Search me and my dwelling."

The search was made, and it ended in William Dane finding the deacon's bag,

empty, tucked behind the chest of drawers in Silas's chamber.

According to the principles of the church in Lantern Yard prosecution was forbidden to Christians. But the members were bound to take other measures for finding out the truth, and they resolved on praying and drawing lots; there was nothing unusual about such proceedings a hundred years ago. Silas knelt with his brethren, relying on his own innocence being certified by immediate Divine interference. *The lots declared that Silas Marner was guilty.* He was solemnly suspended from church-membership, and called upon to render up the stolen money; only on confession and repentance could he be received once more within the fold of the church.

Marner listened in silence. At last, when everyone rose to depart, he went towards William Dane and said, in a voice shaken by agitation, "The last time I remember using my knife was when I took it out to cut a strap for you. I don't remember putting it in my pocket again. *You* stole the money, and you have woven a plot to lay the sin at my door. But you may prosper for all that; there is no just God, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent!"

There was a general shudder at this blasphemy. Poor Marner went out with that despair in his soul—that shaken trust in God and man which is little short of madness to a loving nature. In the bitterness of his wounded spirit, he said to himself, "*She* will cast me off, too!" and for a whole day he sat alone, stunned by despair.

The second day he took refuge from benumbing unbelief by getting into his loom and working away as usual, and, before many hours were past, the minister and one of the deacons came to him with a message from Sarah, the young woman to whom he had been engaged, that she held her engagement at an end. In little more than a month from that time Sarah was married to William Dane, and not long afterward it was known to the brethren in Lantern Yard that Silas Marner had departed from the town.

II—The Second Blow

WHEN Silas Marner first came to Raveloe he seemed to weave like a spider, from pure impulse, without reflection. Then there were the calls of hunger, and Silas, in his solitude, had to provide his own breakfast, dinner and supper, to fetch his own water from the well, and put his own kettle on the fire; and all these immediate promptings helped to reduce his life to the unquestioning activity of a spinning insect. He hated the thought of the past; there was nothing that called out his love and fellowship toward the strangers he had come amongst, and the future was all dark, for there was no Unseen Love that cared for him.

It was then, when all purpose of life was gone, that Silas got into the habit of looking towards the money he received for his weaving, and grasping it with a sense of fulfilled effort. Gradually, the guineas, the crowns and the half-crowns grew to a heap, and Marner drew less and less for his own wants, trying to solve the problem of keeping himself strong enough to work sixteen hours a day on as small an outlay as possible. He handled his coins, he counted them, till their form and colour were like the satisfaction of a thirst to him; but it was only in the night, when his work was done, that he drew them out, to enjoy their companionship. He had taken up some bricks in his floor underneath his loom, and here he had made a hole in which he set the iron pot that contained his guineas and silver coins, covering the bricks with sand whenever he replaced them.

So, year after year, Silas Marner lived in this solitude, his guineas rising in the iron pot, and his life narrowing and hardening itself more and more as it became reduced to the functions of weaving and hoarding.

This is the history of Silas Marner until the fifteenth year after he came to Raveloe. Then, about the Christmas of that year, a second great change came over his life.

It was a raw, foggy night, with rain, and Silas was returning from the village, plodding along, with a sack thrown round his shoulders and with a horn lantern in his hand. His legs were weary, but his mind was at ease with the sense of security that springs from habit. Supper was his favourite meal, because it was his time

of revelry, when his heart warmed over his gold.

He reached his door in much satisfaction that his errand was done; he opened it, and to his short-sighted eyes everything remained as he had left it, except that the fire sent out a welcome increase of heat.

As soon as he was warm he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper before he drew out his guineas, and it would be pleasant to see them on the table before him as he ate his food.

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand, without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once—only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, then he held the candle and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven; and when there was no other place to be searched he felt once more all round the hole.

He could see every object in his cottage, and his gold was not there. He put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild, ringing scream—the cry of desolation. Then the idea of a thief began to present itself, and he entertained it eagerly, because a thief might be caught and made to restore the gold. The robber must be laid hold of. Marner's ideas of legal authority were confused, but he felt that he must go and proclaim his loss; and the great people in the village—the clergyman, the constable and Squire Cass—would make the thief deliver up the stolen money.

It was to the village inn Silas Marner went, where the parish clerk and a select company were assembled, and told the story of his loss—£272 12s. 6d. in all. The machinery of the law was set in motion, but no thief was ever captured, nor could grounds be found for suspicion against any persons.

WHAT had really happened was that Dunsey Cass, Squire Cass's second son—a mean, boastful rascal—on his way home on foot from hunting, saw the light in the weaver's cottage, and knocked, hoping to borrow a lantern, for the lane was unpleasantly slippery and the night dark. But all was silence in the cottage for the weaver at that moment had not yet reached home. For a minute Dunsey thought that old Marner might be dead, fallen over into the stone pits. And from that came the decision that he must be dead. If so, the question arose, what would become of the money that everybody said the old miser had put by?

Dunstan Cass was in difficulties for want of money, and he had killed his brother's horse that day on the hunting-field. Who would know, if Marner was dead, that anyone had come to take his hoard of money?

There were only three hiding places where he had heard of cottagers' hoards being found: the thatch, the bed, and a hole in the floor. His eyes travelling eagerly over the floor noted a spot where the sand had been more carefully spread.

Dunstan found the hole and the money, now hidden in two leathern bags. From their weight he judged they must be filled with guineas. Quickly he hastened out into the darkness with the bags, and Dunstan Cass was seen no more alive.

At the very moment when he turned his back on the cottage Silas Marner was not more than a hundred yards away.

III—Silas Marner's Visitor

IT was New Year's Eve, and Squire Cass was giving a dance to the neighbouring gentry of Raveloe. There had been snow in the afternoon, but at seven o'clock it had ceased, and a freezing wind had sprung up.

A woman, shabbily dressed, with a child in her arms, was making her way towards Raveloe, seeking the Red House, where Squire Cass lived. It was not the squire she wanted, but his eldest son, Godfrey, to whom she was secretly married. The marriage—the result of rash impulse—had been an unhappy one from the first, for Godfrey's wife was the slave of opium. The squire had long desired that his son

should marry Miss Nancy Lammeter, and would have turned him out of house and home had he known of the unfortunate marriage already contracted.

Cold and weariness drove the woman, even while she walked, to the only comfort she knew. She raised the black remnant to her lips, and then flung the empty phial away. Now she walked always more and more drowsily, and clutched more and more automatically the sleeping child at her bosom. Soon she felt nothing but a supreme longing to lie down and sleep; and so sank down against a straggling furze-bush, an easy pillow enough; and the bed of snow, too, was soft. The cold was no longer felt, but her arms did not at once relax their instinctive clutch, and the little one slumbered on.

THE complete torpor came at last: the fingers lost their tension, the arms unbent; then the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes of the child opened wide on the cold starlight. At first there was a little peevish cry of 'Mammy,' as the child rolled downward; and then, suddenly, its eyes were caught by a bright gleaming light on the white ground, and with the ready transition of infancy it decided the light must be caught.

In an instant the child had slipped on all fours and, after making out that the cunning gleam came from a very bright place, the little one, rising on its legs, toddled through the snow toddled on to the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, and right up to the bright fire.

The little one, accustomed to be left to itself for long hours without notice, squatted down on the old sack spread out before the fire, in perfect contentment. Presently the little golden head sank down, and the blue eyes were veiled by their delicate, half transparent lids.

But where was Silas Marner while this strange visitor had come to his hearth? He was in the cottage, but he did not see the child. Since he had lost his money he had contracted the habit of opening his door, and looking out from time to time, as if he thought that his money might, somehow, be coming back to him.

That morning he had been told by some of his neighbours that it was New Year's Eve, and that he must sit up and hear the old year rung out and the new rung in, because that was good luck and might bring his money back again. Perhaps this friendly Raveloe way of jesting had helped to throw Silas into a more than usually excited state. Certainly he opened his door again and again that night, and the last time, just as he put out his hands to close it, the invisible wand of catalepsy arrested him, and there he stood like a graven image, powerless to resist either the good or evil that might enter.

When Marner's sensibility returned he was unaware of the break in his consciousness, and only noticed that he was chilled and faint.

Turning towards the hearth it seemed to his blurred vision as if there was a heap of gold on the floor; but instead of hard coin his fingers encountered soft, warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child, a round, fair thing, with soft, yellow rings all over its head. Could this be the little sister come back to him in a dream his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died? That was the first thought. *Was* it a dream? It was very much like his little sister. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge?

BUT there was a cry on the hearth; the child had awakened, and Marner stooped to lift it on to his knee. He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar, stopped the cries of the little one for 'mammy.' Then it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the child wanted its wet boots off and, this having been done, the wet boots suggested that the child had been walking in the snow.

He made out the marks of the little feet in the snow and, holding the child in his arms, followed their track to the furze-bush. Then he became aware that there was something more than the bush before him—that there was a human body, half covered with the shifting snow.

With the child in his arms, Silas at once went for the doctor, who was spending the evening at the Red House. And

Godfrey Cass recognized that it was his own child he saw in Marner's arms.

The woman was dead—had been dead for some hours, the doctor said; and Godfrey, who had accompanied him to Marner's cottage, understood that he was free to marry Nancy Lammeter.

"You'll take the child to the parish to-morrow?" Godfrey asked, speaking as indifferently as he could.

"Who says so?" said Marner sharply. "Will they make me take her? I shall keep her till anybody shows they've a right to take her away from me. The mother's dead, and I reckon it's got no father. It's a lone thing, and I'm a lone thing. My money's gone—I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where."

Godfrey returned to the Red House with a sense of relief and gladness, and Silas kept the child. There had been a softening of feeling to him in the village since the day of his robbery, and now an active sympathy was aroused amongst the women. The child was christened Hephzibah, after Marner's mother, and was called Eppie for short.

IV—Eppie's Decision

EPPIE had come to link Silas Marner once more with the whole world. The disposition to hoard had utterly gone, and there was no longer any repulsion around to him.

As the child grew up, one person watched with keener, though more hidden, interest than any other the prosperous growth of Eppie under the weaver's care. The squire was dead, and Godfrey Cass was married to Nancy Lammeter. He had no child of his own save the one that knew him not. No Dunsey had ever turned up, and people had ceased to think of him.

Sixteen years had passed, and now Aaron Winthrop, a well-behaved young gardener, wants to marry Eppie, and Eppie is willing to have him 'some time.'

"'Everybody's married some time,' Aaron says," said Eppie. "But I told him that wasn't true, for I said look at father—he's never been married."

"No, child," said Silas, "your father was a lone man till you was sent to him."

"But you'll never be lone again, father," said Eppie tenderly. "That was what Aaron said—'I could never think o' taking you away from Master Marner, Eppie.' And I said, 'It 'ud be no use if you did, Aaron.' And he wants us all to live together, so as you needn't work a bit, father, only what's for your own pleasure, and he'd be as good as a son to you—that was what he said."

The proposal to separate Eppie from her foster-father came from Godfrey Cass.

When the old stone-pit by Marner's cottage went dry, owing to drainage operations, the skeleton of Dunstan Cass was found, wedged between two great stones. The watch and seals were recognized, and all the weaver's money was at the bottom of the pit. The shock of this discovery moved Godfrey to tell Nancy the secret of his earlier marriage.

"Everything comes to light, Nancy, sooner or later," he said. "That woman Marner found dead in the snow—Eppie's mother—was my wife. Eppie is my child. I oughtn't to have left the child unowned. I oughtn't to have kept it from you."

"It's but little wrong to me, Godfrey," Nancy answered sadly. "You've made it up to me—you've been good to me for fifteen years. It'll be a different coming to us, now she's grown up."

They were childless, and it hadn't occurred to them as they approached Silas Marner's cottage that Godfrey's offer might be declined. At first Godfrey explained that he and his wife wanted to adopt Eppie in place of a daughter.

"Eppie, my child, speak," said old Marner faintly. "I won't stand in your way. Thank Mr. and Mrs. Cass."

"Thank you, ma'am—thank you, sir," said Eppie, dropping a curtsy; "but I can't leave my father, nor own anybody nearer than him."

Godfrey Cass was irritated at this obstacle.

"But I've a claim on you, Eppie," he returned. "It's my duty, Marner, to own Eppie as my child, and provide for her. She's my own child. Her mother was my wife. I've a natural claim on her."

"Then, sir, why didn't you say so sixteen years ago, and claim her before I'd come

to love her, i'stead o' coming to take her from me now, when you might as well take the heart out o' my body? When a man turns a blessing from his door, it falls to them as take it in. But let it be as you will. Speak to the child. I'll hinder nothing."

"Eppie, my dear," said Godfrey, looking at his daughter not without some embarrassment, "it'll always be our wish that you should show your love and gratitude to one who's been a father to you so many years; but we hope you'll come to love us as well, and though I haven't been what a father should ha' been to you all these years, I wish to do the utmost in my power for you now, and provide for you as my only child. And you'll have the best of mothers in my wife."

Eppie did not come forward and curtsy as she had done before, but she held Silas's hand in hers and grasped it firmly.

"Thank you, ma'am — thank you, sir, for your offers—they're very great and far above my wish. For I should have no delight in life any more if I was forced to go away from my father."

In vain Nancy expostulated mildly.

"I can't feel as I've got any father but one," said Eppie. "I've always thought of a little home where he'd sit i' the corner, and I should fend and do everything for him. I can't think o' no other home. I wasn't brought up to be a lady, and," she ended passionately, "I'm promised to marry a working man, as'll live with father and help me to take care of him."

Godfrey Cass and his wife went out.

A year later Eppie was married, and Mrs. Godfrey Cass provided the wedding dress, and Mr. Cass made some necessary alterations to suit Silas's larger family.

"Oh, father," said Eppie, when the bridal party returned from the church, "what a pretty home ours is! I think nobody could be happier than we are!"

Blazing the Trail in an Unknown Land

MUNGO PARK

TRAVELS IN THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA

FEW works of travel have secured so enduring a popularity as Travels in the Interior of Africa, the book in which Mungo Park records his adventures while endeavouring to discover the source of the Nile in his first journey to Africa. The interest, amounting to excitement, with which it was received at the time was largely due to the fact that for eighteen months Mungo Park had disappeared in the wilds of the Dark Continent and had been given up for lost. The book was published in 1799, and owing to its abundance of incident and unaffected style it retains its place as an acknowledged classic in its department of literature. The work is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Up the Gambia



SOON after my return from the East Indies in 1793, having learnt that noblemen and gentlemen associated for the purpose of prosecuting discoveries in the interior of Africa were desirous of engaging a person to explore that continent by way of the Gambia River, I took occasion through means of the president of the Royal Society of offering myself for that service.

The committee accepted me for the service, and their kindness supplied me with all that was necessary. I took my passage in the brig *Endeavour*, a small brig trading to the Gambia for beeswax and honey, commanded by Captain Richard Wyatt. My instructions were very plain and concise. I was directed, on my arrival in Africa, to pass on to the River Niger, either by way of Bambouk, or by such other route as should be found most convenient; that I should ascertain the course and, if possible, the rise and termination of that river; and that I should use my utmost exertions to visit the principal towns or cities in its neighbourhood, particularly Timbuctoo and Houssa.

We sailed from Portsmouth on May 22, 1795; on June 4 saw the mountains over Mogadore on the coast of Africa; and on June 22 anchored at Jillifree, a town on the northern bank of the River Gambia, opposite to James's Island, where the English formerly had a small port. The kingdom of Barra, in which the town of Jillifree is situated, produces great plenty of the necessaries of life; but the chief trade is in salt, which they carry up the river in canoes as high as Barraconda, and bring down in return Indian corn, cotton cloths, elephants' teeth, small quantities of gold dust, etc.

On June 23 we proceeded to Vintain, two miles up a creek on the southern side of the river, much resorted to by Europeans on account of the great quantities of beeswax brought hither for sale. The wax is collected in the woods by the Feloops, a wild and unsociable race of people, who in their trade with Europeans generally employ a factor or agent of the Mandingo nation. This broker, who speaks a little English, and is acquainted with the trade of the river, receives certain part only of the payment, which he gives to his employer as the whole. The remainder — which is very truly called the 'cheating money' — he receives when the Feloop is gone, and appropriates to himself.

On June 26 we left Vintain and continued our course up the deep and muddy river. The banks are covered with impenetrable thickets of mangrove, and the whole of the adjacent country appears to be flat and swampy. At the entrance of the Gambia from the sea sharks abound, and higher up alligators and hippopotami.

In six days after leaving Vintain we reached Jonkakonda, a place of considerable trade, where our vessel was to take in part of her lading. Dr. Laidley, a gentleman who had resided many years at an English factory on the Gambia, came to invite me to his house, to remain there till an opportunity should offer of prosecuting my journey. I set out for Pisania, a small village in the dominions of the King of Yany, and arrived there on July 5, and was accommodated in the doctor's house.

On this occasion I was referred to certain traders called slatees. These are free black merchants, of great consideration in this region, who come down from the interior chiefly with enslaved negroes for sale. But I soon found that very little dependence could be placed on their descriptions. They contradicted each other in the most important particulars, and all of them seemed more unwilling that I should prosecute my journey.

THE country is a uniform and monotonous level, but is of marvellous fertility. Grain and rice are raised in great abundance, besides which the inhabitants in the vicinity of the towns and villages have gardens which produce onions, calavances, yams, cassava, ground nuts, pompions, gourds, water melons and other esculent plants. I observed also near the towns small patches of cotton and indigo.

The chief wild animals are the antelope, hyena, panther and the elephant. When I told some of the inhabitants how the natives of India tame and use the elephant, they laughed me to scorn and exclaimed, 'Tobaubo fonnio!' (white man's lie). The negroes hunt the elephant chiefly for the sake of the teeth. The flesh they eat, and consider it a great delicacy. The ass is the usual beast of burden in all the negro territories. Animal labour is nowhere applied to purposes of agriculture; the plough, therefore, is wholly unknown.

As the slatees and others composing the caravans seemed unwilling to further my purpose, I resolved to avail myself of the dry season and proceed without them. Dr. Laidley approved my determination, and with his help I made preparations.

II—Penetrating the Wild Interior

THE kingdom of Kajaaga, in which I now commenced to travel, is bounded on the south-east and south by Bambouk, on the west by Bondou and on the north by the River Senegal. The people, who are jet black, are called Serawoollies. They are habitually a trading tribe.

Arriving in December at Joag, the frontier town, we took up our residence at

the house of the chief man, who is called the dooty. My fellow-travellers were ten dealers, forming a little caravan, bound for the Gambia. Their asses were loaded with ivory, the large teeth being conveyed in nets, two on each side of the ass; the small ones were wrapped up in skins and secured with ropes.

Journeying by easy stages from place to place, I at length arrived at the important town of Jarra, which is situated in the Moorish kingdom of Ludamar. The greater part of the inhabitants are negroes, who prefer a precarious protection from the Moors, which they purchase by a tribute, rather than continued exposure to their predatory hostilities.

Of the origin of these Moorish tribes nothing further seems to be known than that before the Arabian conquest, about the middle of the seventh century, all the inhabitants of Africa, whether they were descended from Numidians, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, or Goths, were comprehended under the general name of *Mauri*, or Moors. All these nations were converted to Islam during the Arabian empire under the caliphs.

The Moors, who are widely spread over the African continent, are a subtle and treacherous race. They take every opportunity of cheating and plundering the credulous and unsuspecting negroes.

On my arrival at Jarra, I obtained a lodging at the house of Daman Jumma, a Gambia slatee, who owed money to Dr. Laidley, from whom I had an order on him for the money, to the amount of six slaves. But he said he was afraid he could not in his present situation pay more than the value of two slaves. However, he gave me his aid in exchanging my beads and amber for gold, which was a portable article and more easily concealed from the Moors.

Difficulties speedily arose. The unsettled state of the country from recent wars, and, above all, the overbearing deportment of the Moors, so completely frightened my attendants that they declared they would relinquish every claim to reward rather than proceed a step farther eastward. Indeed, the danger they incurred of being seized by the Moors and sold into slavery became more apparent every day.

In this situation, deserted by my attendants, with a Moorish country of ten days' journey before me, I applied to Daman to obtain permission from Ali, the chief or sovereign of Ludamar, that I might pass unmolested through his territory, and I hired one of Daman's slaves to accompany me as soon as the permit should arrive. I sent Ali a present of five garments of cotton cloth, which I purchased of Daman for one of my fowling-pieces. Fourteen days elapsed, and then one of Ali's slaves arrived with directions, as he pretended, to conduct me in safety as far as Goomba.

THINGS being adjusted, we set out from Jarra and, after a toilsome journey of three days, came to Deena, a large town, where the Moors are in greater proportion to the negroes than at Jarra. Assembling round the hut of the negro where I lodged, the Moors treated me with the greatest insolence. They hissed, shouted and abused me; they even spat in my face, with a view to irritate me and afford a pretext for seizing my baggage. Finding such insults had not the desired effect, they had recourse to the final argument that I was a Christian and that, of course, my property was lawful plunder to the followers of Mahomet.

Accordingly they opened my bundles and robbed me of everything they fancied. My attendants refused to go farther, and I resolved to proceed alone rather than to pause longer amongst these insolent Moors. At two the next morning I departed from Deena. Two negroes, altering their minds, followed me and overtook me, in order to attend me. On the road we observed immense quantities of locusts, the trees being quite black with them.

III—Romantic Savage Life

ARRIVING at Dalli, we found a dance proceeding in front of the dooty's house. It was a feast day. Informed that a white man was in the place, the performers stopped their dance and came to the pot where I was, walking in order, two by two, following the musician, who played on a curious sort of flute. Then they danced and sang till midnight, crowds surrounding me where I sat.

The next day, our landlord, proud of the honour of entertaining a white man, insisted on my staying with him and his friends till the cool of the evening, when he said he would conduct me to the next village. I was now within two days of Goomba, had no apprehensions from the Moors, accepted the invitation, and spent the forenoon very pleasantly with these poor negroes. Their company was the more acceptable as the gentleness of their manners presented a striking contrast to the rudeness and barbarity of the Moors. They enlivened their conversation by drinking a fermented liquor made from corn. Better beer I never tasted in England.

In the midst of this harmless festivity I flattered myself that all danger from the Moors was over, and fancy had already placed me on the banks of the Niger, when a party of Moors entered the hut and dispelled the golden dream. They said that they came by Ali's orders to convey me to his camp at Benown. If I went peaceably, they told me, I had nothing to fear; but if I refused, they had orders to bring me by force.

I was struck dumb by surprise and terror, which the Moors observing, repeated that I had nothing to fear. They added that the visit was occasioned by the curiosity of Ali's wife, Fatima, who had heard so much about Christians that she was very anxious to see one. We reached Benown after a journey in great heat of four days, during which I suffered much from thirst. Ali's camp consisted of a great number of dirty-looking tents, amongst which roamed large herds of camels, sheep and goats.

My arrival was no sooner observed than the people who drew water at the wells threw down their buckets, those in the tents mounted their horses, and men, women and children came running or galloping towards me. At length we reached the king's tent. Ali was an old Arab, with a long, white beard, of sullen and indignant aspect. He surveyed me with attention, and seemed much surprised when informed that I could not speak Arabic. He continued silent, but the surrounding attendants, especially the ladies, were abundantly inquisitive. They searched my pockets, inspected every part of my apparel, and even counted my fingers and toes, as if doubtful whether I was in truth a human being.

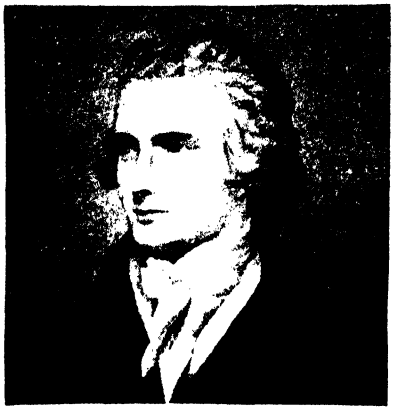
I was submitted to much irritation and insult by the Moors in the camp, and never did any period of my life pass away so heavily as my sojourn there. The Moors are themselves very indolent, but are rigid taskmasters over those who are under them.

Ali sent to inform me that there were many thieves in the neighbourhood, and that to prevent my things from being stolen it was necessary to convey them all to his tent. So my clothes, instruments and everything belonging to me were carried away. To make sure of everything, he sent people the next morning to examine whether I had anything concealed on my person. They stripped me with the utmost rudeness of all my gold, amber, my watch and pocket-compass. The gold and amber were gratifying to Moorish avarice, but the compass was an object of superstitious curiosity.

IV—The Long-Sought-For Niger

It is impossible to describe my joy when, after being three months in captivity, I succeeded in effecting my escape. Arduous days of travelling lay before me, and after many weeks of endurance and fatigue, I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission—the long-sought-for, majestic Niger, glittering in the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly *to the eastward*. I hastened to the brink, drank of the water, and lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success.

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river, during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me till he knew what had



MUNGO PARK was born at Foulshiels, Selkirkshire, September 20, 1771, and trained at Edinburgh as a surgeon. In that capacity he went to India in the service of the East India Company in 1792. In 1795 the African Association appointed him successor to Major Daniel Houston, who had lost his life during an attempt to discover the course of the Niger, and until 1797 Park was engaged on this adventurous task. In 1801 he settled in practice as a surgeon at Peebles, and in 1805 left for Africa at the head of a government expedition to the Niger. The expedition ended in disaster, Park himself being drowned near Yuri, probably in December 1805.

brought me to his country, and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission.

He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions.

The next day a messenger arrived from Mansong with a bag in his hand. He told me it was the king's pleasure that I should depart forthwith from the district, but that Mansong, wishing to relieve a white man in distress, had sent me 5,000 cowries, to enable me to purchase provisions in the course of my journey. The messenger added that, if my intentions were really to proceed to Jenné, he had orders to accompany me as a guide to Sansanding.

I was at first puzzled to account for this behaviour of the king, but from the conversation I had with the guide, I had afterwards reason to believe that Mansong would willingly have admitted me to his presence at Sego, but was apprehensive he would not be able to protect me against the blind and inveterate malice of the Moorish inhabitants.

His conduct was, therefore, at once prudent and liberal. The circumstances under which I made my appearance were undoubtedly such as might create in the mind of the king a well-warranted suspicion that I wished to conceal the true object of my journey.

In the countries that I visited the population is not very great, considering the extent and fertility of the soil and the ease with which the lands are obtained. I found many extensive and beautiful districts entirely destitute of inhabitants. Many places are unfavourable to population, from being unhealthful. The swampy banks of the Gambia, the Senegal, and other rivers towards the coast, are of this description.

The negro nations possess a wonderful similarity of disposition. The Mandingoes, in particular, are a very gentle race; cheerful in their dispositions, inquisitive, credulous, simple and fond of flattery. Perhaps the most prominent defect in their character is the propensity to theft, which in their estimation is no crime. On the other hand, it is impossible for me to forget the disinterested charity and tender solicitude with which many of these poor heathens, from the sovereign of Sego to the poor women who received me at different times into their cottages when I was perishing of hunger, sympathised with me in my sufferings, relieved my distresses, and contributed to my safety by every means in their power.

On my return to Pisania, Dr. Laidley received me with great joy and satisfaction, as one risen from the dead. No European vessel had arrived at Gambia for many months previous to my return from the interior. But on June 15 the ship *Charlestown*, an American vessel, commanded by Mr. Charles Harris, entered the river. She came for slaves, intending to touch at Goree to fill up, and to proceed from thence to South Carolina. This afforded me an opportunity of returning, though by a circuitous route, to my native country. I therefore immediately engaged my passage in his vessel for America. I disembarked at St. John's, and there took passage to Antigua, where, catching the mail-packet for Falmouth, I reached that port on December 22, having been absent from England two years and seven months.

MAXIM GORKY

THREE MEN

And a Critical Study of His Works by R. Musgrove Scott



To the western mind Russian literature is a source of constant perplexity and disquiet. Gogol is boisterous and jovial; we laugh with him, and yet have an uneasy suspicion that we do not fully understand the point of his jokes. Dostoievsky whirls us to that chaos whither he consigns the Brothers Karamazoff, and we can only partially determine the reasons for this confusing journey. We dimly perceive Turgenev's insight and Chekhov's irony, but cannot be certain that our approval of them is based on the right reasons. So, when we read the tales of Maxim Gorky, a more modern writer—he was born in 1868—we occasionally wonder whether he is not describing the macabre antics of cripples and half-wits rather than the actions of whole men.

If we persist in accounting the Russians a Western people, we cannot but find inexplicable the strangeness of their literature—the fact that we find great difficulty in approaching it with sympathy. We may, however, remind ourselves of the wise remark of Prince Peter Kropotkin to the effect that 'what is exceptional and accidental in Western Europe is organic in Russia.' If, then, we seek to judge Russian writers in the light of their own mushroom civilization, with its pronounced Eastern characteristics and extraordinary social conditions, we come justly to appreciate the strength and beauty of their works. This attitude is especially necessary in the case of Gorky, whose early life and training implanted in his mind the thought processes peculiar to the lower and more segregated classes of his countrymen.

Both Gorky's parents—his father was an artisan of Nijni Novgorod and his mother a peasant woman who possessed many remarkable qualities of mind—died when he was a child, and he was brought up by a paternal relative. This man was a benefactor in name only, and although his treatment of his ward cannot be stigmatised as having been cruel it was at least unfeeling. Gorky (whose real name was Pyeshkov) had very little schooling but an extremely eventful career. While still very young he became a hand on a Volga boat, and was apprenticed to two masters in succession; for both of them he quickly acquired a fervent dislike that ended in his leaving their service. Before he won a reputation as a writer, he supported himself by working at many different trades, consorting with all manner of men and suffering all the hardships of the Russian casual labourer.

Two points may be emphasised in connexion with Gorky's life at this time. He was not gently born and driven to uncongenial toil by adverse fortune, nor was he, apparently, one of those men who, conscious of a definite mission in life and of their own unusual powers, live as best they can until their genius has profitably developed. He was a typical member of the Russian proletariat so far as his position in society was concerned. Economic necessity was the sharpest spur to endeavour that he knew; and, although he possessed a truly extraordinary mind, it might never have been fertilised had not the cook of the Volga boat on which Gorky acted as turn-spit, encouraged in every way the lad's natural taste for reading. Thus, oppressed by all the petty tyrannies in a country where petty tyrants were respectfully recognized institutions, and uncertain as to whether the morrow would bring starvation or merely dull routine, Gorky acquired his theories of life.

We have given considerable attention to these few biographical details, since they

go far to make his books understandable to western people. Remembering them we are the less inclined to consider Gorky's novels hysterical and neurotic, and to suspect that he dims the lights to darken the shadows. We arrive at some comprehension of the actual values in his novels.

In his stories, Gorky deals conscientiously with the lower elements in society, and somehow contrives to make their life appear fantastic and chimeric. His careful dissection of minds and souls would convince anybody of the foolishness of the popular heresy that psycho-analysis was the wanton invention of Dr. Freud and the more irresponsible dramatists, but the results of his dissection seem monstrous. It may, therefore, be thought paradoxical to assert that Gorky is not only confessedly but actually a realist. This, nevertheless, is the case and is proved in all his works.

It is not our world, nor the men and women whom we know, that Gorky describes. This we must realize if we are not to consider his figures grotesques, and their lives the fantastic dream of a morbid genius. 'Larion,' we are told in A Confession, 'considered man as a futile creature who has gone astray on the roads of the world. He was sorry for this inheritor who was incapable of enjoying the immense riches that God had bequeathed to him on this earth.' This is Gorky's own attitude towards the people of the lower classes of his own country, and it is justified by the actualities.

His characters are usually peasants, or of the artisan class; they have little education, but are commonly sufficiently sophisticated to be acutely introspective. Otherwise, they have the minds of serfs; they are simple and docile and timid. To discover some master or rule of life that they can blindly obey seems to be their invariable ambition, when, indeed, they have any at all. They are almost without individuality or strength of character. If, like Ilya Lunev in Three Men, they have enough intelligence and determination to try to better their condition by their own efforts, they have so little self-discipline that they come to grief. Yet Gorky has extraordinary faith in them. 'God is the people immortal,' he writes; and 'the people of Russia is great and life indescribably beautiful.'

He neither debases the peasants in order to paint a more dreary picture, nor consistently idealises them in the mystical fashion of Tolstoy, or in the naïve fashion of some of the nineteenth century folk-novelists. Everything that he writes of them is characterised by a cold, almost harsh realism. At the risk of being tedious, we must again draw attention to the fact that he himself sprang from the class which he constantly describes, and that the years during which his mind was being formed were spent among peasants and artisans, since all his tales show that he is afflicted with class-patriotism or, as his countrymen now prefer to style it, 'class-consciousness.' He was aware that the common folk of Russia were incomprehensible even to people with a veneer of culture so obviously thin as that which was the pride of the Russian provincial middle-classes. Tatiana Avtonomov's normal treatment of the clever peasant, Ilya Lunev, in Three Men, illustrates the very complacent, slightly contemptuous attitude that the petty bourgeoisie adopted when dealing with 'inferiors' whom it was desirable to treat with consideration. This study, incidentally, is of an extremely subtle nature, and proclaims Gorky at once a master of psychology and of language. But although he may think his fellows 'futile creatures . . . gone astray on the roads of the world,' he is also 'sorry for these inheritors.'

This pity for the oppressed, the perplexed multitudes Gorky shows in two ways. In such tales as The Spy, Three Men, and Twenty-Six Men and a Girl, he depicts, with unfailing sympathy and very great power, the pathetic, half-hearted struggles of wretched beings who have vague aspirations towards something that they crave yet do not perceive; something that is essential to their souls' good. The fact that their endeavours end in tragedy as often as not is due to the circumstances of Russian life, not to the unworthiness of those who have wrought. Gorky was concerned only with what happened around him. If he describes

failure, it is only because to fail was the usual fate of the men and women whom he studied during his wanderings.

In Twenty-Six Men and a Girl, undoubtedly the finest of his short tales, Gorky shows his sympathy with suffering humanity by describing the miserable life of the employees at a bakery. (He himself, it is interesting to notice, worked as a baker for some time, and found the conditions that existed in the factory so terrible that he tried to obtain release in suicide.) 'These men, all of them filthy, several of them slowly dying of disease, are united by one thing—their sentimental adoration, from a distance, of a girl who visits the bakehouse daily. Gorky gives us a very clear idea of how much she meant to these men, collectively and severally. She is an angel, a saint; her (imagined) purity and nobility are not only regular topics of conversation—they give a new meaning to the existence of each one of the men. For the first time they know what it is to have an ideal.

VIVIDLY, remorselessly and with a true sense of the dramatic, Gorky develops his theme. Anxious that everybody shall perceive the halo that they see about their saint's head, the worshippers put her purity and nobility to the test, with steadfast faith in her. A bitter disappointment is theirs, since the girl proves to be immoral and cheaply vulgar. It is not a pleasant story, but as Gorky tells it, circumstantially and with remarkable impartiality, it rings horribly true. In spite of its sordidness, however, it shows the author's confidence even in the lowest, the most brute-like of men. Soulless as they may seem, they do respond to the ideal. Poor, dirty and utterly ignorant, they are yet capable of being inspired by what they conceive to be true beauty. In coming to this conclusion, Gorky condemns society, not the beings whose wretchedness he exposes. They may themselves be responsible for their poverty and filth, but it is not their fault that they have neither religion nor ideals, hope nor even will to live. 'The cause of the existing unsteadiness of opinion in Russian society,' Gorky says elsewhere, 'is the neglect of idealism.'

The ragged heroes of Gorky's earlier works may be futile wanderers, they may be almost without individuality and character, but they have one virtue that is not common in Russian literature. Unlike Dostoievsky's tediously confidential poseurs or Turgenev's doleful invertebrates, they never bewail their hard fate. 'The Russian hero is always silly and stupid,' Gorky makes the sturdy Varenka Olesova say; 'he is always sick of something; always thinking of something that he cannot understand, and is himself so miserable!' The thieving idler here of Tchelkash, Konovaloff the ragged failure, and the timid young husband in On a Raft are not like this: they have a certain robustness of fibre that wins our sympathy. They do not deafen us with incessant and amazingly vague philosophical excuses for their condition, as is the habit of their social betters, the Brothers Karamazoff. The best of them have a really deep love for nature, which they express extremely well. On the whole, therefore, Gorky succeeds in communicating to us his confidence in the peasants and artisans, the vagabonds and outcasts of his country.

THE second way in which he shows his pity for the oppressed multitude is by attacking their oppressors. Here again he shows his peculiar genius for realistic writing. He loves the man who indulges in whole-hearted conflict with society—probably because society had not been kind to him in the days of his adversity. He creates very convincing characters of this kind. Like their fellow-rebels in the criminal world, they have a very natural desire to avoid the police when they break the law—as opposed to those 'martyrs' of Russian fiction who enliven their departure for Siberia with a few apposite (if slightly unintelligible) expressions of heroic resignation and a verbal firework display. Nor are Gorky's rebels of the type that annoys municipal authorities and unoffending citizens by tearing up the pavements to construct barricades from which to snipe the defenders of law and order. They choose less picturesque means of expressing their personalities, and should they fail to make headway

against the forces of society, they at least give Gorky ample opportunity to show his extraordinary powers of observation.

Matvei in A Confession is a cleverly drawn example of the spiritual rebel. He is an orphan (it is a noteworthy fact, remembering Gorky's own biography, that very many of his heroes are orphans, and this is perhaps the one flaw in his realism, since we are inclined to gather from his tales that Imperial Russia was a sort of gigantic Dr. Barnardo's Home), and is reared by a godly old man. The villagers regard Matvei as a saint, but he is smitten with doubt as to his own beliefs. Anxious to have a true conception of God, he sets about consulting every kind of religious authority on his spiritual difficulties.

With much elaboration and considerable humour, Gorky exposes the fatuity or hypocrisy of each one of these authorities in dealing with a man genuinely troubled at heart. The village priest considers that salvation depends on the liberality that a man shows in contributing to the church funds; the arch priest is arrogant and consequential, believing that the police are the steady pillars of organized Christianity and its most efficient missionaries. A saintly nun thinks of God as a fairy godfather, and a sickly pilgrim considers Him a consulting physician. Monks and nuns Matvei discovers to be gluttonous and worldly on the whole, and not uncommonly loose-livers. Father Antoni, a much admired ornament of his monastery, is a decadent aesthete; the monk Mikha is an unwashed, foul mouthed, bestial drill sergeant; the revered holy ascetic has food smuggled to him. Quite naturally Matvei finds no comfort in any of these, and eventually attains to peace of mind in the company of men of the lowest classes.

The minor characters in A Confession are perhaps presented more artistically than Matvei, who, like Grishka Orlott in The Orlotts and Ilya Lunev in Three Men, differs in several important respects from Gorky's typical figures. He is, however, depicted as a consistently self-reliant man with a sense of proportion and a love of nature that redeem his occasional priggishness and even make him very attractive. It is true that he wishes to 'find God' that he may subject himself wholly to His will, but he is not in the least deceived by the shams of life, and exhibits great courage in dealing with those whose hypocrisies he discovers.

A more usual type of Gorky hero is Yevsey Klimkov, the principal character in The Spy. He, too, is an orphan, but his guardians proved neither godly nor ordinarily pleasant. He grows into a miserable being, cowardly and yet pathetically kind-hearted. His one really spirited gesture, when he thrashes a blatant cad, is accompanied by so little joy in his action that it seems hysterical a petulant, school-girlish outbreak. Yevsey, however, joins the Secret Police Force – it is characteristic of him that he does not seem to know why – and serves Gorky well in exposing the cruelty, the stupidity and corruption of this great enemy of the Russian working people.

We are shown how skilfully the police used intimidation as an instrument of government, how despicable were many of their agents and methods of acquiring information. At times we may be inclined to laugh at their false moustaches and mysterious airs, as when Yevsey, uncomfortably disguised as a pedlar, solemnly tries to gain the confidence of servant girls, but we cannot but be impressed by the hatred and nightmare terror that they inspired. Gorky is, however, very much more successful in this case in creating atmosphere than in portraying his hero. Never has the mean tyranny of mean little men been given so repulsive and sinister an appearance as in The Spy, yet in describing it Gorky never seems to be straining after effect. His implied censure, indeed, is made extraordinarily forceful by the restraint of the narrative. One could have wished, however, that desire for realism had led him to re-write the account of Yevsey's death. It is carrying even Russian dismalness too far to make a man who has just failed to hang himself stumble in front of a train and so be killed.

The two novels that we have discussed are attacks on specific organizations, and

sometimes almost appear to be satires rather than studies. Yet their realism is on the whole unquestionable. The fact, however, that they have a specialised critical purpose, which in both cases takes the mind of the reader from the central figure, renders them inferior as works of art to Three Men. In this novel we have a masterpiece of realism that is distinguished throughout by Gorky's meticulous endeavours to represent the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The only fault in Three Men is, indeed, due to the fact that his fear of being theatrical has led to an intentional dulling of dramatic effects that might otherwise have been extremely great.

In spite of its title, Three Men has only one real hero—Ilya Lunev—with whose short struggle against forces too strong for him it is primarily concerned. The other two men, his friends Pavel Savelitch Gratschev and Jakov, are minor characters in the tale, although their biographies are very cunningly interwoven with that of Ilya. Their importance, however, consists in the manner in which their characters and careers contrast with Ilya's determined attempts at self-development, and their tragic result. In analysing Three Men, therefore, it seems desirable first briefly to outline Ilya's life, and then to show how very differently Pavel and Jakov fared, although they were members of the same social class as their friend, and had many qualities in common with him.

A peasant and, if not an orphan, at least early separated from his parents, Ilya is strong-minded and very attractive as a child. His earliest friend is old Jeremy, a rag-picker, whose assistant he becomes in order to pay for his own schooling. In his capacity as deputy-scavenger, Ilya first comes into contact with social prejudice in the shape of jeers at his occupation on the part of his richer schoolfellows, and the obvious partiality of the master for boys whose parents are wealthy shopkeepers. Undaunted by these small worries, he pursues his studies courageously, devouring greedily every book that he can obtain. A position is found for him at a fish-shop, but his aggressive honesty brings him into collision with the other employees. He discloses the fact that they sell their master's stock to their own private customers—a secret commerce that brings no small income to themselves. The master, Strogany, considers that Ilya's uncompromising and even insolent habit of telling the truth is not a quality to be commended in trade. 'Don't force your righteousness on people, but find out first if they want it,' he says, not unkindly, when he dismisses Ilya.

The lad wishes, in spite of the frank lecture on business ethics that Strogany has delivered, to live 'the clean life of a merchant.' He accordingly persuades his uncle to buy him sufficient goods to allow of his becoming a pedlar. Through his own lack of self-control, however, he is mastered by jealousy, and his downfall begins. He has fallen in love with a girl, Olympiada, who, unfortunately, has a rich lover, a money changer. Yielding to a sudden mad impulse, Ilya murders this man, subsequently robbing his till. Only Olympiada knows that he is guilty of this crime, and although she does not inform the police, her manner towards him undergoes a subtle change. Eventually she passes out of his life for ever. This double tragedy (for the two events have almost equal significance to Ilya) naturally interrupts the tranquil if rather arid course of his life, and has a profound effect on his mind.

He is now the active rebel, the foe of society, but throughout he remains loyal to his few friends and scornful of the petty dishonesties of social life—in short, he is a character in whose creation Gorky must have found infinite delight. Although he makes nervous attempts to be a blasé, sententious villain of the type often described as Machiavellian by people whose imaginations are more remarkable than their acquaintance with Italian literature, he still wishes to become a merchant. He goes to lodge at the house of a police-officer, Avtonomov, and his wife, Tatiana, who belong to the prosperous middle-class. Despite Ilya's hysterical fear that they may discover the money that he has stolen from the money-changer and certain morbid references on his part to the murder, which still remains a mystery,

they accept their guest as a good fellow. He becomes 'a member of the family,' and Tatiana unbecomingly falls in love with him.

In describing her more intimate conversations with Ilya, Gorky gives us some excellent realism that is incidentally excellent comedy—analytic, ironic and extremely refined. This result is achieved by the careful comparison of the minds of the two characters. Tatiana is selfish, and as immoral as the traditions of her class allow. As a person of narrow outlook who has always enjoyed comfortable circumstances, she has a profound and ingenuous contempt for the 'uncultured' lower classes. Ilya, on the other hand, is altruistic on the whole, and although he has committed a great crime respects morality even if he is inclined to regard it as an impracticable ideal. He has (until Tatiana disillusions him) a profound belief in bourgeois virtue.

With the financial help of the Avtonomovs, Ilya achieves his ambition, and becomes the proprietor of a small shop. For a time all goes well, but he is constantly tortured by thoughts of his crime, and of the miserable condition in which most of his friends are. The trial for theft of a girl whom he has known inflames him with fierce anger against the hypocrisy of the self-styled 'respectable classes,' in which he vaguely includes himself—anger that is the more intense as one of the judges is a notorious evil liver, the father of Jakov. Still enraged, Ilya goes to a party given by the Avtonomovs and behaves at first with silly vulgarity. On being rebuked he retails some pertinent facts concerning Tatiana's frequent immoralities, and ultimately proclaims himself the murderer of the money changer, more with the intention of 'shocking the bourgeois' than of relieving his mind of its burden. Although he is arrested, Ilya dies by accident—almost irrelevantly. It is typical of Gorky's ironic style that his hero's final downfall should thus be due to his good qualities of honesty and sympathy rather than to his weaknesses.

Pavel Savelitch Gratschev is the son of a blacksmith, and he also loses both parents at an early age. Unlike Ilya, he is a most objectionable, bullying boy, but grows into a self-confident and vigorous-minded man, becoming Ilya's greatest friend. Although he writes poetry that is well received, he shows no signs of that 'divine madness' that is supposed to accompany this form of mental activity, but in the course of a violent love-affair he appears to develop a slight attack of the profane type. He is cured, however, by the influence of Sofia Medvedeva, a strange, intellectual girl. She despises Ilya, however, and he is at once impressed and enraged by her. Because of Sofia, Pavel breaks with Ilya, and, happy and prospering, leaves the pages of Three Men shortly before Ilya's death.

Jakov is the son of a publican, who prides himself on being a man of means. Like Ilya and Pavel, Jakov is enamoured of books, but unlike them he has not sufficient strength of character to prevent himself being bullied by anybody, and has pathetic faith throughout all his troubles in Ilya's superior strength and wisdom. He is forced to serve drinks at his father's inn, and accepts this yoke with resignation, although it is plainly abhorrent to him. One day, however, he is beaten by his father so cruelly that he is taken to hospital, unlikely to recover. 'That was a man,' Ilya says of him, 'and he was martyred because he lived peaceably. But the tormentors live on as their hearts desire, and will live long.' Besides being very typical of Ilya, this judgement is a fitting epitaph for one who was too much of a dreamer for Gorky's Russia.

Pavel, therefore, is the only one of the Three Men who is not a failure in life, but this, we are made to feel, is of little account in comparison with Ilya's fruitless endeavours to live according to his ambition. The purpose of the novel—if indeed it can be said to have any other than that of awakening in us a lively sympathy for those men and women who have known defeat—is to show that even a man of much strength of character cannot hope to fight against society and win. Knowing how great was Gorky's detestation of society, we appreciate the strength of the desire for realism that made him maintain this axiom rather than idealise Ilya.

MOLIERE

THE IMAGINARY INVALID

THE last and one of the greatest of Molière's comedies, Le Malade Imaginaire was produced at the Palais-Royal on February 10, 1673. In this play Molière uttered a last gibe at the medical profession, which he had previously held up to ridicule in L'Amour Medecin and Le Médicin Malgré Lui (see page 2065), and his satire was based on bitter personal experience of quackery. In the performance of the play on February 17, the author himself took the part of the hypochondriac Argan, though suffering from severe cold and inflammation and, breaking a blood vessel in a fit of coughing, died the same evening. As in all his finest work, Molière here rises above farce and low comedy to scenes of genuine tenderness and grace.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Argan, an imaginary invalid
Angélique, his daughter by his first wife
Béline, Argan's second wife
Béralde, brother of Argan
Cléante, the lover of Angélique
Diafoirus, doctor
Thomas Diafoirus, his son
Bonnefoi, a notary
Toinette, a servant

First Act

SCENE.—*A room in* **Argan's** *house in Paris. The table is covered with bottles of medicine.*



ARGAN (*counting the bottles*): Only twenty bottles of medicine this month! Last month I took thirty-two. No wonder I don't feel so well as I did then. I must see Purgon at once. Toinette, take these empty bottles away. (*He looks round the room angrily.*) As usual, nobody here to wait upon me. (*He rings the bell violently; no one appears.*) Isn't it shameful to leave a poor invalid like me all alone? (*Opening the door and shouting.*) Toinette! Toinette! You jade, you hussy! They'll let me die here for all they care. Hi, hi, hi! [**Toinette** *enters.*

Toinette: You are always in such a hurry. You can't wait a minute.

Arg.: I have shouted myself hoarse for you. You lump of carrion!

Toin.: I knocked my head against a door, through you making me hurry so! (*Pretending to cry.*)

Arg. (*relenting*): Well, never mind. Take these empty bottles away. I must go at once to Purgon. He hasn't been sending me enough medicine.

Toin.: He is making a fortune out of you. I should like to ask him what disease you really have.

Arg.: You silly ignoramus! What do you know about medicine? I am so bad that if I had not the best doctor in Paris I should have been dead long ago. Where is Angélique? I have something important to say to her.

Toin.: Here she comes. You have disturbed the whole house. [**Angélique** *enters.*

Arg.: I have something very important, Angélique, to discuss with you. But no, I must put it off. Where is my walking-stick? I must see my doctor. Wait here; I shall be back in a few minutes. [*He rushes out.*

Angélique: Have you seen him, Toinette? Isn't he handsome?

Toin. (*laughing*): Who, your father?

Angél.: Oh, Toinette! You know I mean Cléante. Have you seen him? Do you think he really loves me?

Toin.: Well, yes, I have seen him. He assures me that he is going to ask for your hand in marriage. Hush, here comes your father.

[**Angélique** *is radiant with joy as her father enters.*

Arg.: Now, Angélique, I have some unexpected news for you. You have been asked in marriage. Do you consent?

Angél.: I shall do whatever you wish, my dear father. Now that you have given your consent to our marriage, I can tell you a secret. We met by chance a week ago, and the offer of marriage that he has made is the result of the love which we felt for each other at first sight.

Arg.: Purgon did not tell me that. But if you have already fallen in love with his nephew ——

Angél.: Is Cléante his nephew?

Arg.: Cléante? I don't know him. The man I am talking about is Thomas Diafoirus, a young doctor, the son of the famous Doctor Diafoirus, and the nephew of Doctor Purgon. What is the matter?

Angél.: Oh! Oh! There is some mistake!

[*She runs out of the room.*

Toin. (*angrily*): Why do you want her to marry a doctor?

Arg.: I shall then get three physicians into my family, to look after me and help me to fight against my disease.

Toin.: You have no disease.

Arg.: You impudent wretch! I am very bad!

Toin.: Yes, in one way, you are worse than you think! But Angélique can't marry a doctor so that you can get your medicine cheap; and, what's more, she shan't!

Arg: Then I will put her into a convent.

Toin. : No, you won't. In spite of your silly fancies, you are a good man at heart.

Arg. : I am not good, I am wicked! And you, you impudent hussy, how dare you talk to me like this! You need a lesson, and you shall have one!

[*Seizing his stick, he runs after her.* **Béline** *enters.*

Béline : What is the matter, my poor little darling? What ails you, my poor husband?

Arg. : They have made me angry. Toinette shall leave my house at once!

Toin. : He wants to give Angélique in marriage to the nephew of Dr. Purgon. I say he would do better to put her into a convent.

Arg. : Out of my sight, you impudent wretch!

Bél. : I think she is right in what she says. But oh, my poor suffering little pet, how they have neglected you! Sit down in the chair, darling, and I will make you comfortable. Would you like another pillow under your head?

Arg. : How they have upset me! If it wasn't for your constant loving care, I should be a dead man. I must make a will in your favour to recompense you for all you have done for me.

Bél. : Oh, do not speak of making your will. I cannot bear the thought of your ever dying.

Arg. : If only your notary were here!

Bél. : I have brought him with me. Here he is.

[*She goes to the door and returns with* **Bonnefoi.**

Arg. : Will you come into my study, sir? We shall be quiet there.

Bél. : Come, my poor little pet! How weak you are! Let me help you.

[*She leads him out of the room, and the lawyer follows.* **Toinette** *and* **Angélique** *enter.*

Toin. : Did you see the lawyer? Your stepmother means to get hold of all your fortune.

Angél. : That does not trouble me. But you will tell Cléante at once what has happened, won't you?

Toin. : Yes, this evening. Only trust in me, and everything will come right.

Second Act

SCENE. *The same room in* **Argan's** *house.* **Cléante,** *a handsome young gentleman, is talking to* **Toinette.** **Argan** *enters.*

CLEANTE (*to* **Argan**) : Miss Argan's singing-master has been compelled to leave Paris for some days. In order that her lessons might not be interrupted, he asked me, as a friend, to come in his place.

Argan : Very well. Call my daughter, Toinette.

Toinette : Hadn't he better go to her room? In the sad state in which you are, you must keep as quiet as possible.

Arg. : No, no; I like music, and it will soothe me to — Ha, here she is! [**Angélique** *enters.*

Angélique (*recognising* **Cléante**) : Oh, heavens!

Arg. : What is the matter? Your music-master has sent this person in his place.

Toin. : Here are Dr. Diafoirus and his son.

[**Dr. Diafoirus** *and* **Thomas** *enter with* **Béline.** *The doctor introduces his son to* **Argan,** *and then points out* **Angélique** *to him.*]

Diafoirus : Now, make your compliments to the lady.

Thomas (*to* **Angélique**) : Madam, it is with justice that heaven has conceded to you the name of stepmother, for your grace and beauty are, so to speak, a step-——

Arg. : This is my daughter, not my wife.

Thomas (*to his father*) : What shall I do?

Diaf. : Why, make your speech to Miss Argan.

Arg. : Come, Angélique, take the hand of this gentleman, and betroth yourself to him.

Angél. : Give me a little time to think over the matter. I am afraid that this gentleman's merit has not yet made much impression on my heart.

Arg. : That doesn't matter. It will have ample time to do so when you are married.

Angél. : Marriage is a chain to which no heart should be bound by force.

Arg. : You put me in a very pleasant position!

Béline : If I were you, darling, I should not force her into this marriage, but shut her up in a convent.

Angél. : Some persons, madame, require as a husband a man whom they can truly love all their life; some merely seek to enrich themselves by marrying sick men who will quickly die and leave them all their money.

Bél. : What do you mean by that, you insolent girl?

Arg. : Gentlemen, I ask your pardon for all this. Now listen, Angélique: either you marry Mr. Thomas within four days, or you go to a convent. (*To* **Béline,** *as* **Angélique** *and* **Cléante** *depart*) : Do not follow her, my dear. I will bring her to her senses.

Bél. : I am sorry to leave you, my pet, but I must see the lawyer again. I will be back soon. [*She goes out.*

Arg. : Before you go, gentlemen, would you mind examining me, and seeing what the state of my health now is?

Diaf. (*feeling his pulse*) : Come, Thomas, take the other wrist of your father-in-law, and let me see how you diagnose his very difficult case.

Thomas (*feeling his pulse*) : It is the pulse of a man who is not at all well.

Diaf. (*solemnly*) : It is very irregular. You are in the hands of Dr. Purgon?

Arg. : Yes.

Diaf. : He knows exactly how to treat you. You could not have gone to a better man. Farewell, sir, for the present.

[*The doctors depart, and* **Béline** *enters.*

Bél. : As I was going out, my pet, I saw something that will amaze you. The new singing-master was in the passage with Angélique, and he was kissing her.

Arg. : Kissing my daughter?

Bél. : Yes; but he ran out of the house as soon as he saw me. Now that I have warned you, darling, I must hasten to the notary.

[*She departs.*

Arg. : Oh, what a life of anxiety and trouble! I haven't even time to think of my illness.

Third Act

SCENE.—*The same room in* **Argan's** *house.* **Argan** *is lying in a chair.* **Toinette** *enters with* **Argan's** *brother* **Béralde.**

BERALDE : Ah, my brother, how well you are looking!

Argan (*in a faint, low voice*) : I am so ill that I haven't enough strength to speak.

Bér. : I came to see you with an idea to arranging a very advantageous marriage between Angélique and Cléante.

Arg. (*jumping out of his chair, and shouting in fury*) : Don't speak to me of my wretched daughter! I'll have her locked up in a convent.

Bér. : That will please your wife. Foolish as your imaginary illness is, it is not so harmful as your blind attachment to that woman. You jump into every snare that she lays for you.

Toinette : Sir, you must not speak in this way of Madame Béline. She is a good, honest, loving wife.

Arg. : If you only saw, Béralde, the way she nurses me!

Toin. : It is wonderful! (*To* **Béralde**) I will prove to you at once how truly she loves her husband. (*To* **Argan**) Stretch yourself at full length in the chair, and pretend to be dead. Hark, madame has just come in! You will see how she takes the news of your death. Her sorrow will utterly confound your brother. That's it. (*To* **Béralde**) Now hide behind the curtain.

[**Béline** *enters.*

Béline : What is the matter, Toinette?

Toin. : Your poor husband — I just came up in time to see him die. Oh, oh, oh!

Bél. : Don't be a fool, Toinette. Is he really dead? Yes. Heaven be thanked! I thought the wretch was going to live for ever. Does anyone else know the news?

Toin. : No.

Bél. : That's good. Come and help me search his papers. To think of the years I have spent looking after this nasty, disgusting, bad-tempered creature. I shall now be rewarded for my pains. He has left everything to me, and Angélique will not get a penny! Where did the brute keep his keys?

Arg. (*jumping up as she begins to feel in his pockets*) : So, this is how you love me?

Bél : Oh! [*She runs out.*

Toin. (*to* **Argan**) : No, don't run after her; I can hear Angélique. Get back on the chair, and see how your daughter receives your death.

[**Argan** *and* **Béralde** *resume their former positions.* **Angélique** *and* **Cléante** *enter.*

Angélique : Why are you crying, Toinette? What is the matter with my father?

Toin. : He has just died in my arms.

Angél. : Oh, my father, my father! He was all I had in the world!

Cléante : What an overwhelming misfortune! It was only this morning that I got your uncle to try to win his consent to our marriage.

Angél. : We must give up all thoughts of marriage, Cleante. I am resolved to follow his wishes now, and go into a convent. Maybe, I was the cause of his death, through my disobedience. [*She kneels down by the Chair.*

Arg. : Do not be afraid, my darling. I am not dead. Ah, you feel for me like a true daughter. (*To* **Cléante**) You can have her, my boy, if you will only become a doctor.

Bér. : Why don't you become a doctor yourself? That would be still more convenient than having a son-in-law as a physician.

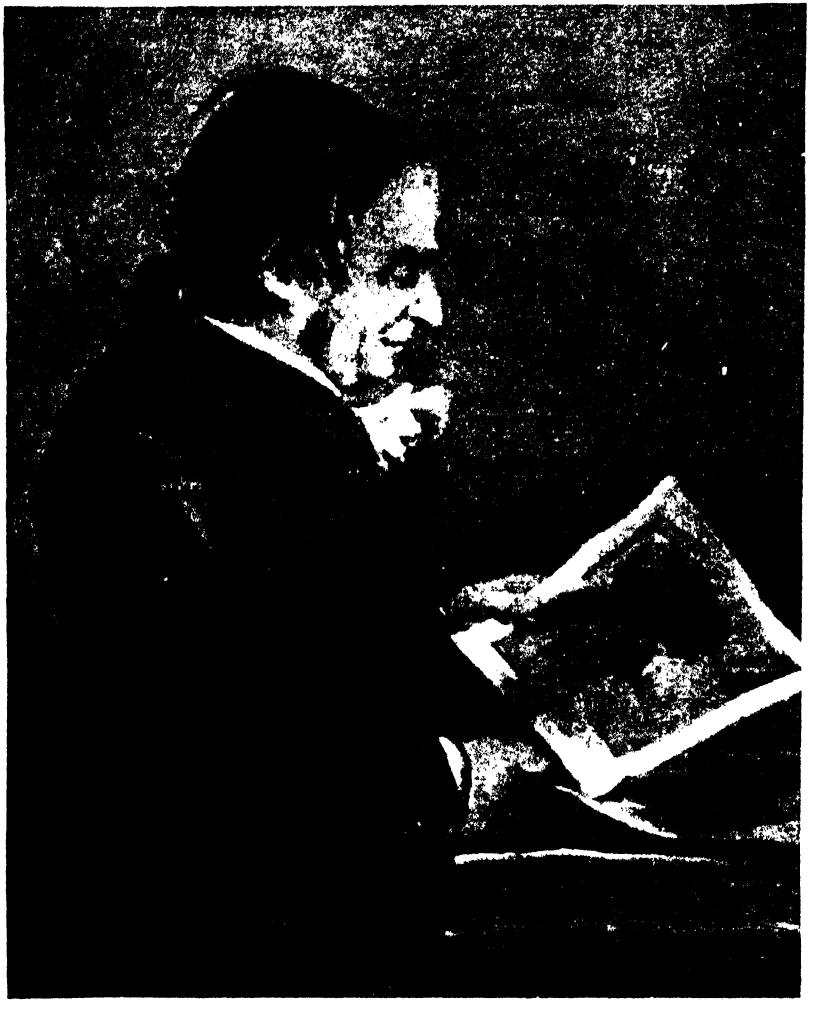
Arg. : How can I begin studying at my age?

Bér. : My dear brother, you know a great deal more than most doctors already. They are all charlatans. Getting admitted into the faculty is merely a question of paying fees.

Arg. : I have a good mind to try



COME, THOMAS, TAKE THE OTHER WRIST OF YOUR FATHER-IN-LAW'
From the painting by A. Solomon



Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775–1851) stands supreme above all English painters by virtue of his sense of the poetic value of landscape and his command of blended colour. As water-colour painter he is pre-eminent, the greatest master in that branch of art who ever lived. Further, he rendered inestimable service to the art of England in the education of a whole school of engravers, the art of steel engraving reaching its highest development in England as a result of his teaching. Turner's reputation suffered from the vagaries of his later period when he began to indulge in somewhat reckless experiments in colour; it suffered also from the undiscriminating praise stimulated by the rhetorical eulogies bestowed upon his work by John Ruskin; but time has shown him in right perspective as a giant figure. His prodigious activity was maintained to the end of his life; he bequeathed his pictures and drawings to the nation, and most of his greatest works are preserved in the Turner Galleries at the Tate Gallery. This portrait is from the water-colour by J. T. Smith in the British Museum.

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY

THE LIFE OF J. M. W. TURNER

INDUSTRY and versatility were the distinguishing characteristics of G. W. Thornbury, who as journalist and 'literary man' achieved some contemporary reputation as a versifier, biographer and author of popular historical and topographical sketches. He contributed freely to the monthly magazines, and was the author of some half-dozen novels, none however of any distinction. His most important publication was certainly his *Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*, which was published in two volumes in 1861. This was based upon original letters and papers and was written under the close supervision of John Ruskin, and Thornbury remarked that it was 'very much like working bare-headed under a tropical sun.' The biography remains a reliable record of the life of the great painter, whose career may also be advantageously studied in the life written by P. G. Hamerton. Of Thornbury's numerous other publications the only one that retains any considerable popularity at the present day is his Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, published in 1857.

I—'Impenetrably Dull'



JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER was born on April 23, 1775. His father was a humble hairdresser who lived in Maiden Lane, near Covent Garden, and it was here that Turner was born, his own assertion that he was born at Barnstaple notwithstanding. At the age of five he accompanied his father one day to the house of a Mr. Tomkinson, one of his customers, and on his return the boy sat down and drew from memory a not unintelligible copy of a heraldic lion which had attracted his attention on a salver. This settled his father's mind on the subject of the boy's career; the boy was to be a painter. This same Mr. Tomkinson in after years bought many of Turner's pictures, and it was perhaps through him that he got an introduction to Reynolds, who allowed him to copy portraits in his studio.

Before he was thirteen his father sent him to study perspective under Thomas Malton, in Long Acre; but Malton could not teach him even the elementary lines of geometrical drawing. One sad day he took him back to Maiden Lane in sheer desperation.

"'Mr. Turner," he exclaimed, "the boy will never do anything; he is impenetrably dull, sir. Better make him a tinker or a cobbler than a perspective artist."

It is curious to think that in after years Turner was Professor of Perspective at the Royal Academy.

Mr. Trimmer, an old friend of Turner's, records that he heard that old Turner was left a small legacy, with which he placed his son with Hardwick, an architectural draughtsman; this was when Turner was probably about fourteen. In 1789, under Hardwick's advice, the boy was sent as a student to the Royal Academy. By this time he had begun to earn a little money by embellishing architectural drawings, for which he got two or three shillings apiece. "I knew him when a boy," said an old architect once, "and have often paid him for putting backgrounds to my drawings. He would never suffer me to see him draw, but would conceal all that he did in his bedroom."

After leaving the Royal Academy schools, Turner began to teach water-colour drawing at schools, at first for five shillings a lesson, later for ten shillings and a guinea. He was also employed to make drawings for a publisher, and made views for the Oxford Almanac; thus he acquired a reputation that caused his drawings to be sought after and procured for him an introduction to several noblemen and gentlemen.

To this period, perhaps, it is that we must assign an event that undoubtedly affected his mind for ever. He had

become deeply attached to the sister of one of his schoolfellows, who lived at Margate. His affection was returned, and tradition has it that the courtship proceeded until Turner, at the age of nineteen, went abroad to study his art, and, before leaving, vows of fidelity were exchanged between the two lovers. Now, Turner did not make his first tour till he was twenty-seven, so there is some discrepancy here. Possibly the date was not that of his first Continental tour, but that of his setting out on one of his home tours in Wales or Yorkshire.

Be that as it may, they separated. Month followed month, and no letter came from him; the forsaken girl found home life miserable, for a stepmother ruled there, who treated her as stepmothers do at times treat their adopted children. Unhappy at home, and fully persuaded that the young artist must either have forgotten her or transferred his affections to someone else, the poor girl, with no one to confide in, anxious to escape from her stepmother, and feeling forsaken by the one she really loved, began to listen to another lover. After two years, unable any longer to resist the chance of disengaging herself from her stepmother's persecution, she yielded to her suitor's importunities.

Within a week of the wedding-day Turner suddenly arrived, frantic. He had written constantly and, notwithstanding that he had received no replies, his faith had remained unshaken. He urged her in the most passionate terms to break off the alliance she was about to form, but, reckoning her honour involved, she felt that she could not withdraw. Turner left her in bitter grief, declaring that his life henceforth was hopeless and blighted. The marriage turned out to be most unhappy, and not till after it had taken place was it discovered that the stepmother had intercepted all his letters and ruined two lives.

TURNER began to change—not into a misanthrope, for that he never was, but into the self-concentrated, reserved money-maker. It is possible that it contributed towards souring the natural generosity of his character, yet it had the effect of intensifying his passionate devotion to art, for his love of it for its own sake was stimulated by his love of it for the money's sake. Let us not forget that habits of thrift were early instilled into his mind by the scraping old barber. "Dad never praised me for anything but saving a halfpenny," he would sometimes say to his old friends.

II—A Homely and Retired Life

WHEN Turner was about twenty-one years old he taught drawing in London and the neighbourhood. He was too reserved and tongue-tied to be able to teach what he knew, even if he had cared to disclose his hard-earned secrets. His ambition would render him impatient of amateurs; he would be silent and rough, and leave the puzzled pupils pretty well alone while he thought over some sketch of his own. He was too rough and odd for fashionable people. As he was not disposed to reveal guinea secrets for five shillings, he let his pupils paint on as they liked, and it is probable that they soon abandoned him.

After five years as an Academy student, in 1796 Turner took a house in Hand Court. During that period he exhibited no fewer than fifty-nine pictures. In 1800 he removed to Harley Street, a step which may be regarded as indicating improved resources; in the same year he was elected an A.R.A., having been an exhibitor for ten years. In 1802 he attained the distinction of R.A. This dignity seems to have aroused his ambition to the full, for in this year he exhibited his first oil pictures.

According to Mr. Wornum, a great authority, he made his first Continental tour in 1801. Mr. Lowson accompanied him, and it is said that Turner did not show him a single sketch. He was always very averse from being watched while painting or sketching and, with the exception of one or two of his most intimate friends, it is probable that no one ever saw him at work. He generally painted with the door locked, if he was at a stranger's house, and if anyone approached him, or tried to overlook him, he covered his drawing.

In 1808, the year in which Turner was appointed Professor of Perspective at the Royal Academy, he removed to the Upper Mall, Hammersmith, though still keeping his house in Harley Street. In 1812 he went to live at Twickenham, where he was joined by his old father. It was at about this period, too, that he moved from Harley Street to the house in Queen Anne Street that he kept till his death.

His father had given up his shop at some time between 1795 and 1800, and lived with his son. 'The old man,' says Mr. Trimmer, 'was his son's willing slave, and had to strain his pictures, and varnish them when finished; which made Turner say that his father began and finished his pictures for him. He was much attached to his father and at his death stayed with us a few days at Heston. He was fearfully out of spirits, and felt his loss like that of an only child. He never appeared the same man after his father's death.'

Tales of Turner's meanness must have reached Mr. Trimmer, for he is careful to tell us any little anecdote to the contrary. 'When, as a child, I have been out fly-fishing with him on the Thames, he insisted on my having the fish; he seemed to take more pleasure in giving them to me than in taking them himself. These little incidents mark character. He threw a fly in first-rate style, and it speaks the sportsman whenever the rod is introduced into his pictures. Having on more than one occasion forgotten to take the bait when we went out fishing, we had to send back for them. Turner would give the messenger a shilling; he would not let me give it.'

However, speaking of two sketches which his mother had from Turner, and of one given to his uncle, Mr. Trimmer adds, 'I never heard of another instance of his giving away his drawings.'

Turner's recollection of places that he had seen was marvellous, although he never scrupled to alter a landscape to suit his own ideas. Mr. Cyrus Redding, who met him in 1812 on one of his Devonshire tours, in his autobiography records most characteristic traits of Turner in his home tours. They reveal him as a vigorous pedestrian joyously roughing it at a homely Devonshire inn, and as much at his ease there as amid the princely splendour of an English noble man's house.

'His glance commanded in an instant all that was novel in the scenery, and a few outlines on a sheet of millboard, not larger than a sheet of letter paper, quite a confused mass, recorded it quite unintelligibly to others. How he worked out the details from such sketches seemed to me wonderful.

He was called niggardly, but he had no desire to live and enjoy beyond the style to which he was habituated. His wealth he had long determined to devote to a better purpose than giving *dilettanti* dinners, or assembling in a drawing-room the levy of visitors that come and go to no good purpose. Concealed beneath his homely exterior there was much that was good and aspiring; if he satisfied his personal wants, who had a right to call him niggardly, when he preserved his wealth for a noble purpose? When I was out with him in Devonshire he paid his quota at the inns with cheerfulness, and some of our bills were higher than mere bread-and-cheese would have incurred.'

III—Unchanged by Success

We have already seen that Turner was a bitterly disappointed man. Cruelly frustrated in love, his nature was one that could not forget. In art, too, he had hard struggles. His oil pictures did not sell at first; the engravings from his works were unlucky. The Liber Studiorum was stopped because at first it was partially a failure; and his plates to the History of Richmondshire were a great loss to the publishers. Was it any wonder, then, that he learnt to despise a public who could not understand his genius and would have let him starve had he been less fertile in resources?

It was not until 1824 that his Rivers of England appeared, including the Norham Castle, which he always considered the turning-point of his career. When he was making sketches for the Provincial Antiquities, in company with Cadell, the Edinburgh bookseller, as they passed Norham Turner took off his hat and made a low bow to the ruins.

Observing this strange act of homage, Cadell exclaimed, "What are you about now?"

"Oh," was the reply, "I made a drawing of Norham many years since; it took, and from that day to this I have had as much to do as my hands could execute."

In 1827 he began his England and Wales. The series lasted eleven years, and the alphabetical plan indicated the desire for comprehensive unity that distinguished his mind. When his later Venetian pictures were bought, he was always saying, "What do people want with such scraps?" If he had painted two pictures as a pair, he would rarely agree to part with them separately.

We are told that Mr. Gillott, a well-known Birmingham manufacturer, determined to obtain admission to Turner's house in Queen Anne Street. Refused admission by the housekeeper, he nevertheless forced his way in and hurried upstairs. In a moment Turner was out upon him, like a spider from its web. Mr. Gillott bowed, introduced himself, and stated that he had come to buy.

"Don't want to sell," was the artist's gruff reply.

"Have you ever seen any of our Birmingham pictures, Mr. Turner?" was his unruffled response, producing a bundle of about £5,000 Birmingham banknotes.

"Mere paper!" said Turner with grim humour, a little softened, however, and evidently enjoying the joke.

"To be bartered for *mere* canvas!" said Gillott, waving his hand at the pictures around him.

This tone of cool depreciation had a happy effect. "You're a rum fellow!" said the painter. After which he was gradually led to enter into negotiations, which finally resulted in the deportation to Gillott's cab of some £5,000 worth of pictures.

'He never broke a promise or failed in an undertaken trust' is the emphatic testimony of Mr. Ruskin. His sense of justice, indeed, was strangely acute. A friend had long desired to possess a picture which Turner resolutely declined to sell. Originally it had been painted as a companion to another, but while its fellow was sold, for some reason this was reserved. After the lapse of several years, however, he consented to part with it. The question of price arose; in the interval its value had at least doubled. "Well," said Turner, "Mr ——— had the companion for so much; you must be on the same footing."

MR. HEATH was wont to declare that, in spite of his exactions and the difficulty of bringing him to any reasonable terms, he had greater satisfaction in dealing with him than with any other artist. When he had pledged his word to a time and quality, he might be implicitly relied on. At the same time, a more inflexible man when he thought he had been defrauded or tricked it would be difficult to imagine.

As a critic, he was too reserved to be often praising, but he never uttered a word of disparagement or detraction. He was never envious of another's fame.

Speaking of him as a worker, Mr. Lupton, the engraver says: 'He was a man who not only considered that time was money, but he acted upon it. Indeed, it would be correct to say that he laboured from sunrise to sunset. These industrious habits account for the great number of works he left behind him.'

He had a tender, affectionate heart, such as few possess. Like all great men, his faults were largely published to the world and greatly exaggerated, while, from his very reserved disposition, his many virtues were known only to a very few, though they clearly show the noble mind of the man who devoted the whole of a long life to one end and aim, the generous wish to provide an asylum in old age for the decayed members of his own profession.

IV—Characteristic Anecdotes

OF Turner's kindness of heart many stories are told. When Bird, the son of a Wolverhampton clothier, first sent a picture to the Royal Academy, about 1811, Turner was one of the 'hanging committee,' as it was appropriately called. Everyone pronounced the picture to have great merit, but no suitable place for it could be found. Turner growled out his displeasure, and insisted that the

young man's picture must have a place. "Quite impossible," said the other members emphatically. After one or two more unsuccessful efforts to persuade them, Turner quietly removed one of his own pictures and hung up Bird's in its place.

When his picture of Cologne was exhibited in 1826, it was hung between two of Lawrence's portraits. The sky of Turner's picture being exceedingly bright, it had a most injurious effect on the portraits, and Lawrence naturally felt mortified and openly complained of the position. On the opening day of the Academy one of Turner's friends, who had seen the picture in the studio, hastened up to him: "Turner, Turner!" he cried, "what have you been doing to your picture?"

"Oh," said Turner, "poor Lawrence was so unhappy; it's only lamp-black. It'll all wash off afterwards." He had actually put a wash of lamp-black all over the sky, and utterly spoiled his picture for the time.

Turner was, in truth, no sour-blooded recluse. According to Leslie, who knew him well, 'in careless conversation he often expressed himself happily, and was very playful; at a dinner-table no one was more gay and joyous.'

On varnishing days Turner would arrive at a very early hour, with his dirty chest of colours and worn-out brushes, and a palette of which the uncleanliness was sufficient to shock a Dutch painter. His facility was astounding. He would often send a canvas with nothing on it but a grey groundwork of vague, indistinguishable forms, and finish it on varnishing day into a work of great splendour. The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons was almost entirely painted on the walls of the exhibition.

A SELFISH, brooding, solitary life and naturally strong passions could only lead to a selfish and vicious old age. In early life he was very abstemious, but latterly he resorted to wine while he painted, to rouse his imagination. Towards the end of his career he would often paint hard all the week; on Saturday night he would slip a five-pound note into his pocket, and set off to some low sailors' house in Wapping or Rotherhithe, to wallow till Monday morning summoned him to mope through another week.



GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY was born in London, November 23, 1828, son of a solicitor. His early intention was to become an artist, but by the age of seventeen he settled down to the journalist's career. In 1851 he joined the staff of The Athenæum, and soon afterwards became associated with Charles Dickens as a contributor to Household Words and All the Year Round, travelling widely and writing a good deal in the service of the two periodicals. In later life he engaged heavily in art criticism. Thornbury died at overwork, June 11, 1876.

Some while before his death Turner disappeared from all his old haunts and secreted himself in Chelsea. There was no apparent reason for doing so, and it is possible that it was merely a desire for change of air, coupled with his inveterate habit of wishing to mystify his friends. His housekeeper was much troubled at his disappearance, and made every effort to find him. It was only accident that led her to Chelsea and, having found him, she at once communicated with Mr. Harpur, one of his executors. He hastened to his old friend, but was only in time to find him fast sinking. On the next day he was no more.

His estate was sworn at under £140,000. The legal proceedings in Chancery extended over four years, and the documents in the case weigh several tons. Finally a compromise was arrived at, by which all the pictures, and drawings, the latter numbering nearly 20,000, went to the National Gallery, £20,000 to the Royal Academy and the residue to the next of kin.

The Oldest Religious Book in the World

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD

THE COMING OUT OF THE DAY

Abridgement by Professor T. Witton Davies

PROPERLY speaking, this is not a book, but rather a collection of hymns and litanies which have no more connexion with each other than the Psalms. Like the Psalter, too, this so-called book has grown by degrees to the magnitude which it now usually assumes in European and other libraries—175 chapters of varying sizes. Its Egyptian name is The Book of the Coming Forth by Day (Renouf), or The Coming Out of the Day (Naville); the latter being probably more correct, 'day' in this connexion denoting man's life with its morning and evening. The hymns in this collection are supposed to be recited by the deceased person with whose body they were commonly buried, and by the recital of these and other sacred texts the departed was believed to be protected against injury in his journey to the underworld, and also to have secured for him a safe return in the form of a resurrection. It was Lepsius, the great German Egyptologist, who gave this compilation the name 'Book of the Dead.' Even this name, however, though more correct than any other, gives by no means an adequate account of that for which it stands.

General Introduction



THE Book of the Dead may be described as the soul's *vade mecum* in the journey from this world. It prescribes the forms the soul must have at command in order to ward off the dangers on the way to the underworld, during residence in the world, and on the journey back.

The ancient Egyptians considered this book as inspired by the gods, who caused their scribe, Thoth, to write it down. Every chapter is supposed to exist for the sake of persons who have died. Sometimes chapters had to be recited before the body was put down out of sight. Often a chapter or more than one, was inscribed on the coffin, or sarcophagus, or mummy wrappings, this being thought a sure protection against foes of every kind.

This collection has been chiefly found written on papyrus in hieroglyphic or hieratic characters on coffins, mummies, sepulchral wrappings, statues and on the walls of tombs. Complete copies have been found written on tombs of the time of the 26th Dynasty (about 800 B.C.).

There are many recensions, or editions, in the various libraries of Europe and also in the East, and no two of them are identical in the text. Lepsius translated from the Turin papyrus; Budge bases his translations on what is called the Theban Recension. But the text in all is exceedingly corrupt, and translation is often no more than a guess. Owing to the number of proper names and technical terms which we have no means of understanding, it is often quite impossible to know the drift of large paragraphs, and even of whole chapters. Since many of the chapters were treated merely as having a magical efficacy either when recited or when inscribed on something buried with the body, it was of small consequence whether or not the words were understood. The bare recital or writing of names of gods, etc., had a magical efficacy according to the people who counted the Book of the Dead their sacred scriptures.

As regards date, the greater number of the hymns and prayers were recited by the people of Egypt on behalf of their deceased friends before the first dynasty had begun to reign: Birch says before 3000 B.C. The hymns and prayers were first of all preserved in the memory only, and their number was at an early time but small. They were written down when the priest had doubts with regard to the meaning of certain terms, and wished to hand them on unimpaired to posterity, being influenced by the belief that the words of this sacred book were, as such, magically potent.

The oldest extant papyrus containing The Book of the Dead belongs to the 18th Dynasty, *i.e.* about 1500 B.C.; but we

do not come across a complete copy, with the chapters collected and set in order much as they are to-day, until the 26th Dynasty (about the 7th century B.C.). Previous to this the chapters seem to have been put together with no regard to order; probably they existed on different papyri, which were used as occasion required. Commonly they would be sold, and for that purpose stored up.

The translations which can be recommended to students are those by Renouf, with text and notes (Society of Biblical Archaeology); Budge, with text and notes; the English translation by Budge, in three volumes (Kegan Paul, French & Co.)—an improvement upon that accompanying the text—and that by C. H. S. Davis, U.S.A. All these editions include the vignettes, which are very helpful in understanding the text.

I—Ani Pleads With Osiris

The Scribe Ani pleads with Osiris through Thoth for admission to the underworld and for a safe exit (resurrection).

(Osiris)[1] Ani the Scribe says: Praise be to thee, Osiris Bull [so he was often represented]. O Amentet [the lower world], the eternal king is here to put words into my mouth. I am Thoth, the great god in the sacred book, who fought for thee. I am one of the great gods that fought on behalf of Osiris. Ra, the sun god, commanded me Thoth to do battle on the earth for the wronged Osiris, and I obeyed. I am among them moreover who wait over Osiris, now king of the underworld.

I am with Horus, son of Osiris, on the day when the great feast of Osiris is kept. I am the priest pouring forth libations at Tattu, I am the prophet in Abydos. I am here. O ye that bring perfected souls into the abode of Osiris, bring ye the perfected soul of (Osiris) the Scribe Ani, into the blissful home of Osiris. Let him see, hear, stand and sit as ye do in the home of Osiris.

O ye who give cakes and ale to perfected souls, give ye at morn and at eve cakes and ale to the soul of Ani the Scribe.

O ye who open the way and prepare the paths to the abode of Osiris, open the way and prepare the paths that the soul of (Osiris) Ani the Scribe may enter in confidence and come forth [on the resurrection] victoriously. May he not be turned back, may he enter and come forth; for he has been weighed in the scale and is 'not lacking.'[2]

II—Prayer of Ani

The chapter about coming forth by day and living after death.

Says (Osiris) Ani: O thou, only shining one of the moon; let me, departing from the crowd on earth, find entrance into the abode of shades. Open then for me the door to the underworld, and at length let me come back to earth and perform my part among men.

A chapter whereby the funeral statuettes (Shabti) may be made to work for a man in the underworld.[3]

O thou statuette there! If in the underworld I shall be called upon to perform any tasks, be thou my representative and act for me—planting and sowing fields, watering the soil and carrying the sands of East and West.

A chapter concerning the piercing of the back of Apepi.[4]

Tur, the overseer of the houses, says through his god Tmu: O thou wax one[5] who takest thy victims captive and destroyest them, who preyest upon the weak and helpless, may I never be thy victim; may I never suffer collapse before thee. May the venom never enter my limbs, which are as those of the god Tmu. O let not the pains of death, which have reached thee, come upon me. I am the god Tmu, living in the foremost part of Tur [the sky]. I am the only one in the primordial water. I have many mysterious names, and provide myself a dwelling to endure millions of years. I was born of Tmu, and I am safe and sound.

[1] The deceased speaks constantly as if he were Osiris or some other god. This is supposed to give him the privileges and power of the god whose name he bears.

[2] The Egyptians thought that in the lower world the heart or conscience was weighed, i.e. judged.

[3] This chapter and the like are found on stone, wood, porcelain, etc. figures, and attached to the mummy. It was supposed to act magically in transferring the tasks of the underworld from the person.

[4] The storm god, the arch-fiend of Ra, the sun god.

[5] The suppliant has made a wax figure of Apepi and, by sympathetic magic, imagines that by burning it he is destroying the power of the original. Such wax figures of the gods made for magical purposes were generally illegal.

About contending against fever with the shield of truth and good conduct.

Says (Osiris) Ani: I go forth against my foes endowed with the defence of truth and good conduct. I cross the heavens and traverse the earth. Though a denizen of the underworld, I tread the earth like one alive, following in the footsteps of the blessed spirits. I have the gift of living a million years. I eat with my mouth and chew with my jaw, because I worship him who is master of the lower world.

III—Nu Addresses Ra

Nu praises Ra (the Sun God) for his ability to go down into the grave and return to earth through the magic use of the sacred texts.

About entering the underworld and coming forth therefrom.

Nu says: I cry aloud to thee, O Ra, thou guardian of the secret portals of Seb [the grave], which lead to where Ra in the underworld holds the balance which weighs every man's righteousness every day. I have burst the earth [returned to earth]; grant that I may remain on to a good old age.

IV—Prayer of Mesemneter

The spirit of the scribe Mesemneter prays that some offended god may be conciliated.

About removing the anger of the god towards the departed one.

The scribe Mesemneter, chief deputy of Amon, says: Praise be to thee, O god, who makest the moments to glide by, who guardest the secrets of the life beyond that of the earth, and guidest me when I utter words. The god is angered against me. But let my faults be wasted away, and let the god of Right and Truth bear them for me. Remove them wholly from me, O god of Right and Truth. Let the offended one be at peace with me. Remove the wall of separation from before us.

A hymn to Ra at his rising and setting.

(Osiris) the scribe says: Praise to thee, O Ra, when thou risest. Shine thou upon my face. Let me arise with thee into the heavens, and travel with thee in the boat wherein thou sailest on the clouds.

Thou passest in peace across the heavens, and art victorious over all thy foes.

Praise to thee who art Ra when thou risest, and Tmu when in beauty thou settest. The dwellers in the land of night come forth to see thee ascend the sky. I, too, would join the throng; O let me not be held back.

Hymn of praise to Osiris.

Praise be unto thee, Osiris, lord of eternity, who appearest in many guises, and whose attributes are glorious.

Thou lookest towards the underworld and causest the earth to shine as with gold.

The dead rise up to gaze on thy face: their hearts are at peace if they but look on thee.

V—Litany to Osiris

Prayer. Praise to thee, O lord of the starry gods of Annu, more glorious than the gods hidden in Annu.

Answer (repeated after each prayer). Grant thou me a peaceful life, for I am truthful and just. I have uttered no falsehoods nor acted deceitfully.

Prayer. Praise to thee, O Ani: with thy long strides movest thou across the heavens.

Prayer. Praise to thee, O thou who art mighty in thy hour, great and mighty prince, lord and creator of eternity.

Prayer. Praise to thee whose throne is Right and Truth, who hatest fraud and deceit.

Prayer. Praise to thee who bringest Hapi [the Nile] in thy boat from his source.

Prayer. Praise to thee, O creator of the gods, thou king of the North and the South. O Osiris, the all-conquering one, ruler of the world, lord of the heavens.

VI—Hymn to the Setting Sun

About the mystery of the underworld and about travelling through the underworld.

When he sets on the underworld the gods adore him. The great god Ra rises with two eyes [sun and moon]; all the seven gods (Kuas) welcome him in the evening into the underworld. They sing his praises, calling him Tmu. The deceased one says, 'Praise be to thee, O Ra, praise be to thee, O Tmu. Thou hast risen and put on strength, and thou settest in glorious splendour into the underworld. Thou sailest in thy boat

across the heavens, and thou establishest the earth. East and West adore thee, bowing and doing homage to thee day and night.'

VII—Of the Resurrection

[This is one of the oldest (circa 2700 B.C.) and most remarkable chapters, though also one of the hardest to follow in its details. The vignettes reproduced in the editions of Davis, Renouf and Budge help considerably in following the line of thought. An exact copy of this chapter has been found on the tomb of Horhotep.

The soul of the deceased encounters all manner of obstacles and opponents in the attempt to pass to the upper air, and he seeks constantly the help of Ra, etc., that he may be victorious.]

Of the praises of entering the lower world and of coming out.

(Osiris) the Scribe Ani says it is a good and profitable thing on earth for a man to recite this text, since all the words written herein shall come to pass.

I am Ra, who at my rising rule all things. I am the great self-made god.

I am yesterday and to-morrow. I gave the command, and a scene of strife among the gods arose [*i.e.* the sun awakened all the forces of nature into action]. What is this? It is Amentet, the underworld.

What is this? The horizon of my father Tmu [the setting sun]. All of my failings are now supplied, my sins cleansed as I pass through the two lakes which purify the offences which men offer the gods.

I advance on the path, descending to the realm of Osiris, passing through the gate Teser. O all ye who have passed this way in safety, let me grasp your hands and be brought to your abode.

O ye divine powers of Maert, the sworn foes of falsehood, may I come to you?

I am the great Cat [*i.e.* Ra] himself, and therefore in his name which I bear, and in whose character I stand, I can tread on all my enemies. O great Ra, who climbest the heavenly vaults and who sailest in thy boat across the firmament with undisputed authority, do thou save me from that austere god whose eyebrows are as menacing as the balance that weighs the deeds of men. Save me, I pray thee, from these guardians of the passages who will, if they may, impede my progress. O Tmu, who livest in the august abode, god of gods, who thrivest upon damned souls, thou dog-faced, human-skinned one, devourer of shades, digester of human hearts. O fearful one, save me from the great soul-foe who gnaws and destroys shades of men.

O Chepera in thy bark, save me from the testing guardians into whose charge the glorious inviolate god has committed his foes; deliver thou me. May these never undo me; may I never fall helpless into the chambers of torture. O ye gods, in the presence of Osiris, reach forth your arms, for I am one of the gods in your midst.

The (Osiris) Ani flies away like a hawk, he clucks like a goose, he is safe from destruction as the serpent Nehebkau. Avaunt, ye lions that obstruct my path. O Ra thou ascending one, let me rise with thee and have a triumphant arrival to my old earthly abode.

VIII—Litany to Thoth

The speech of Ammautef the priest:

I have come to you, ye gods of heaven, earth and the underworld, bringing with me Ani the Scribe, who has done no wrong against any gods, so that ye may protect him and give him good-speed to the underworld.

The speech of Ani himself:

Praise be to thee, O thou ruler of Amenta, Unneferu, who presides in Abydos. I have come to thee with a pure heart, free from sin. I have told no falsehoods nor acted deceitfully. Give thou me in the tomb the food I need for the journey, so let me have a safe entrance to the underworld and a sure exit.

The speech of the priest Samerif:

I come to the gods residing at Restau. I have brought you (Osiris) Ani; grant him bread, water and air, and also an abode in the Sechithotepu [Field of Peace].

The speech of Ani himself:

Praise be to Osiris, everlasting lord, and to the gods of Restau. I come to thee knowing thy good will and having learnt those rites which thou requirest for entrance into the lower world. May I

have a safe arrival, and find food in thy presence.

Litany to Thoth:

O thou who makest Osiris triumphant over his foes, make thou this scribe Nebenseri victorious over his foes.

O Thoth, make Ani triumphant over his enemies, etc., etc.

[If this chapter is recited over the deceased he shall come forth into the day and pass through the transformations which the departed one desires.]

IX—A Magical Chapter

Chapter of the Crown of Triumph.

Thy father Tmu has made thee this beautiful crown as a magical charm so that thou mayest live for ever. Thy father Seb gives thee his inheritance. Osiris, the prince of Amenta, makes thee victorious over thy foes. Go thou as Horus, son of Isis and Osiris, and triumph ever on thy way to the underworld.

Yea (Osiris) Aufankh shall, through this recited text, live and triumph for ever and ever. Horus repeated these words four times, and his enemies fell headlong. And (Osiris) Aufankh has repeated these words four times, so let him be victorious.

This chapter is to be recited over a consecrated crown placed over the face of the deceased, and thou shalt cast incense into the flame on behalf of (Osiris) Aufankh, so securing triumph over all his foes. And food and drink shall in the underworld be reached him in the presence of Osiris its king.

Chapter about making the deceased remember his name in the underworld.

Nu triumphant, son of Amen-hotep, says: Let me remember my name in the great House below on the night when years are counted and months are reckoned up. If any god come to me, let me at once be able to utter his name[1] and thus disarm him.

A chapter about not letting the heart of the deceased act against him in the underworld.

My heart, received from my mother, my heart, without which life on earth was not possible, rise then not up against me in the presence of the gods in the great day of judgement when human thoughts, words and acts shall all be weighed in a balance.

These words are to be inscribed on a hard, green, gold-coated scarab, which is to be inserted through the mouth into the bosom of the deceased.

Chapter about repelling the ass-eater.[1]

Avaunt! serpent Hai, impure one, hater of Osiris. Get thee back, for Thoth has cut off thy head. Let alone the ass, that I may have clear skies when I cross to the underworld in the Neshmet boat. I am guiltless before the gods, and have wronged none. So avaunt! thou sun-beclouding one, and let me have a prosperous voyage.

Chapter about reserving for the deceased his seat in the underworld.

Nu says: My seat, my throne, come ye to me, surround me, divine ones. I am a mummy-shaped person. O grant that I may become like the great god, successful, having seat and throne.

A chapter about coming forth by day from the underworld (i.e. the resurrection).

[One of the very oldest chapters in the Book of the Dead, as old at least as the first dynasty, say 4500 B.C. No chapter was regarded with greater reverence, or recited or copied with more confidence in its efficacy, probably because it is a summing up of the important chapters on the coming forth by day from the underworld. He who knows this chapter by heart is safe against danger in this world and in all other abodes.]

Nebseni, lord of reverence, says: I am yesterday and know to-morrow. I am able to be born again. Here is the invisible force which creates gods and gives food to denizens of the underworld. I go as a messenger to Osiris.

O goddess Aucherit, grant that I may come forth from the underworld to see Ra's blazing orb. O thou conductor of shades, let me have a fair path to the underworld and a sure arrival. May I be defended against all opposing powers. May the cycle of gods listen to me and grant my request.

[1] There are many examples in the Book of the Dead of the magical potency attached to names. To invoke a god by his name was to control him.

[1] The ass stands for Ra, the sun god, and the eater of the ass is darkness or some eclipse, represented as one of the foes of Ra, in the vignette figured as a serpent on the back of an ass. Compare the Babylonian myth of Marduk and Tiamat.

HONORE DE BALZAC

THE QUEST OF THE ABSOLUTE

THE year 1834 saw the production of some of Balzac's most remarkable works. Père Goriot (see page 2495), La Femme de Trente Ans, and La Recherche de l'Absolu. The Quest of the Absolute, which was included in The Human Comedy in 1845 is generally acknowledged one of Balzac's masterpieces, both in vigour of portraiture and in minuteness of detail. The theme is Balzac's favourite one of monomania and its devastating results. In Goriot it is paternal love; in Eugénie Grandet (see page 2661) avarice, which is the mainspring of the action; in The Quest of the Absolute it is the tyranny of invention which ruins Claes and embitters the life of all his family. As in Goriot and Eugénie Grandet, too, the worthlessness of life and the moral passion for the unattainable are admirably relieved by a certain nobility and purity of motive. Perhaps no one was ever better fitted to depict the ruin wrought by a fixed idea than Balzac himself, who wasted much of his laborious life in struggling to discover a short cut to wealth. A translation of the novel is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Claes, the Alchemist



IN Douai, situated in the Rue de Paris, there is a house which stands out from all the rest in the city by reason of its purely Flemish character. In all its details this tall and handsome house expresses the manners of the domesticated people of the Low Countries. The name of the house for some two centuries has been Maison Claes, after the great family of craftsmen who occupied it. These van Claes had amassed fortunes, played a part in politics, and had suffered many vicissitudes in the course of history without losing their place in the mighty bourgeois world of commerce. They were substantial people, princes of trade.

At the end of the eighteenth century the representative of this ancient and affluent family was Balthazar Claes, a tall and handsome young man, who after some years' residence in Paris, where he saw the fashionable world and made acquaintance with many of the great savants, including Lavoisier the chemist, returned to his home in Douai and set himself to find a wife.

It was on a visit to a relation in Ghent that he heard gossip concerning a young lady living in Brussels, which made him curious to see so interesting a person. Rumour had two tales to tell of this Mlle. Josephine Temninck. She was beautiful, but she was deformed. Could deformity be triumphed over by beauty of face? A relative of Claes thought that it could, and maintained this opinion against the opposite camp. This relative spoke of Mlle. Temninck's character, telling how the sweet girl had surrendered her share of the family estate that her younger brother might make a great marriage, and how she had quite resigned herself, even on the threshold of her life, to the idea of spinsterhood and narrow means.

Claes sought out this noble soul. He found her inexpressibly beautiful, and the malformation of one of her shoulders appeared as nothing in his eyes. He lost his heart to Josephine, and made passionate love to her. Distracted by such adoration, the beautiful cripple was now lifted to dizzy heights of joy and now plunged into abysmal depths of despair. She had deemed herself irreparably plain; in the eyes of a charming young man, she found herself beautiful. But, could such love endure through life? To be loved was delicious, but to be deceived after so surprising a release from solitude would be terrible.

Conscious of her deformity, intimidated by the future, she became in the purity of her soul a coquette. She dissimulated her feelings; became exacting, and hid from her lover the passion of joy which was consuming her; indeed, she only revealed her true self after marriage had shown her the steadfast nobility of her

husband's character, when she could no longer doubt of his affection. He loved her with fidelity and ardour. She realized all his ideals, and no consideration of duty entered into their passionate affection. She was Spanish, and had the secret of charm in her variety of attraction; ill educated though she was, like most daughters of Spanish noblemen, she was engaging and bewildering in the force of her own nature and the religion of her absorbing love. In society she was dull; for her husband alone she was enchanting. No couple could have been happier.

They had four children, two boys and two girls; the eldest a girl named Marguerite.

Fourteen years after their marriage, in the year 1809, a change appeared in Balthazar, but so gradually that Mme. Claes did not at first question it. He became thoughtful, reflective, silent, preoccupied. When Josephine Claes noticed this change, it was too late for her to ask questions; she waited for Balthazar to speak. She began to fear. Balthazar, whose whole heaven had lain in the happiness of the family life, who had loved to play with his children, to attend to his tulips, to sun himself in the dark eyes of Josephine, seemed now to forget the existence of them all. He was indifferent to everything.

People who questioned her were put off with the brave story that Balthazar had a great work in hand, which would bring fame one day to his native town. Josephine's hazard was founded on truth. Workmen had been engaged for some time in the garret of the house, and there Claes spent the greater part of his time. But the poor lady was to learn the full truth from the neighbours she had attempted to hoodwink. They asked her if she meant to see herself and her children ruined, adding that her husband was spending a fortune on scientific instruments, machinery, books and materials in a search for the Philosopher's Stone.

HUMILIATED that the neighbours should know more than she did and terrified by the prospect in front of her, Josephine at last spoke to her husband.

"My dear," he said, "you would not understand what I am about. I am studying chemistry and I am perfectly happy."

Things went from bad to worse. Claes became more taciturn and more invisible to his family. He was slovenly in dress and untidy in his habits. Only his servant Lemulquinier, or Mulquinier, as he was often called, was allowed to enter the attic and share his master's secrets. Mme. Claes had a rival. It was science.

One day she went to the garret, but Claes repulsed her with wrath.

"My experiment is absolutely spoilt!" he cried vehemently. "In another minute I might have resolved nitrogen."

II—The Riddle of Existence

JOSEPHINE consulted Claes' notary, M. Pierquin, a young man and a relative of the family. He looked into matters, and found that Claes owed a hundred thousand francs to a firm of chemists in Paris. He warned Josephine that ruin was certain if this state of things continued. Hitherto she had loved husband more than children; now the mother was roused in her and for her children's sake she determined to act. She had sold her diamonds to provide for the housekeeping, since for six months Claes had given her nothing; she had sent away the governess; she had economised in a hundred directions. Now she must act against her husband. But her children came between her and her true life, since her true life was Balthazar's. She loved him with a sublime passion which could sacrifice everything except her children.

One Sunday, after vespers, in 1812, she sent for her husband and awaited him at a window of one of the lower rooms, which looked on the garden. Tears were in her eyes. As she sat there, suddenly over her head sounded the footsteps of Claes, making her start. No one could have heard that slow and dragging step unmoved. One wondered if it were a living thing.

He entered the apartment, thin, round-shouldered, with disordered long hair, his cravat awry, his clothes stained and torn.

"Are you so absorbed in your work, Balthazar?" said Josephine. "It is

thirty-three Sundays since you have been either to vespers or mass."

"Vespers?" he questioned vaguely. Then added: "Ah, the children have been to church," and walked to the window and looked at the tulips. As he stood there, he said to himself: "But yes, why shouldn't they combine in a given time?"

His poor wife asked herself in despair, "Is he going mad?" Then, rousing herself, she called him by his name. Without paying heed to her he coughed and went to one of the spittoons beside the wainscot.

"Monsieur, I am speaking to you!"

"What of that?" he demanded, turning swiftly. She became deadly white.

"Forgive me, dear," she whispered, and cried: "Ah, this is killing me!"

Tears in her eyes roused Claes out of his reverie. He took her into his arms, pushed open a door and sprang lightly up the staircase. Finding the door of her apartment locked, he laid her gently in an armchair.

"Thank you, dear," she murmured. "I have not been so near your heart for a long time."

HER loveliness postponed disaster. Enamoured by her beauty, rescued to humanity, Claes returned for a brief interval to the family life, and was adorable to his wife, charming to his children. When they were alone together, Josephine questioned him as to his secret work, telling him that she had begun to study chemistry in order that she might share his life.

Touched by this devotion, Claes declared his secret. A Polish officer had come to their house in 1809, and had discussed chemistry with Claes. The result of the conversations had set Claes to search for the single element out of which all things are perhaps composed. The Polish officer had confided certain secrets to him, saying: "You are a disciple of Lavoisier; you are wealthy, you are free; I will give you my idea. The Primitive Element must be common to oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon. Force must be the common principle of positive and negative electricity. Demonstrate these two hypotheses, and you will hold in your hands the First Cause, the solution of the great riddle of existence."

As Claes rattled away, Josephine suddenly exclaimed, against her will: "So it was this man, who spent but one night with us, that stole your love from me and your children! Did he make the Sign of the Cross? Did you observe him closely? He was Satan! Only the devil could have stolen you from me. Ever since his visit you have ceased to be father and husband."

"Do you rebuke me" Balthazar asked, "for being superior to common men?"

And he poured out a tale of his achievements. In the height of his passion for her Josephine had never seen his face so shining with enthusiasm as it was now. Tears came into her eyes.

"I have combined chlorine and nitrogen" he rhapsodised; "I have analysed endless substances. I have analysed tears! Tears are nothing more than phosphate of lime, chloride of sodium, mucus and water."

He ran on till she cried upon him to stop.

"You horrify me," she said, "with your blasphemies. What my love is - -"

"Spiritualised matter, given off," replied Claes; "the secret, no doubt, of the Absolute. If I am the first to find it out! Think of it! I will make metals and diamonds. What nature does I will do."

"You trespass on God!" Josephine exclaimed impatiently. "You deny God! Ah, God has a force which you will never exercise!"

"What is that?" he demanded.

"Motion. Analysis is one thing, creation is another," she said.

Her pleadings were successful. Balthazar abandoned his researches, and the family removed to the country. He was awakened by his wife's love to the knowledge that he had brought his fortune to the verge of ruin. He promised to abandon his experiments. As some amends, he threw himself into preparations for a great ball at the Maison Claes in honour of his wedding day. The festivity was saddened by the news of disaster to the Grand Army at Beresina. One of the letters that arrived that day was from the Polish

officer, dying of his wounds, who sent Claes, as a legacy, some of his ideas for discovering the Absolute. No one danced; the fête was gloomy; only Marguerite shone like a flower on the anxious company.

When the guests departed, Balthazar showed Josephine the letter from the Pole. She did everything a woman could do to distract his thoughts. She made the home life enchanting. She introduced the movement of the world into the great house. In vain. Her husband's *ennui* was terrible to behold. "I release you from your promise," she said to him one day.

Balthazar returned with Lemulquinier to the attic, and the experiments began anew. He was quite happy again.

A year passed; the Absolute was undiscovered. Once more ruin haunted the state room of the Maison Claes. Josephine's confessor, the Abbé de Solis, who had sold her jewels, now suggested selling some of the Flemish pictures. Josephine explained the situation to her husband.

"What do you think?" he cried. "I am within an ace of finding the Absolute. I have only to discover——"

Josephine broke down. She left her husband, and retired downstairs to her children. The servants were summoned. Madame Claes looked like death. Lemulquinier was told to go for the priest. He said he had monsieur's orders to see to in the laboratory.

III—The Passing of Josephine

It was the beginning of the end for Josephine. As she lay dying, she saw judgement in the eyes of Marguerite judgement on Balthazar. Her last days were saddened by the thought that the children would condemn their father. Balthazar came sometimes to sit with her, but he appeared to be unaware of her situation. He was charming to the younger children, but he was dead to the true condition of his wife.

One thing gave her peace. The Abbé de Solis brought his nephew to the house, and this young man, Emmanuel, who was good and noble, evidently created a favourable impression on Marguerite. The dying mother watched the progress of this love story with affectionate satisfaction. It was all she had to light her way to the grave. Pierquin told her that Balthazar had ordered him to raise three hundred thousand francs on his estate. She saw that ruin could not be averted; she lay at death's door, deserted by the husband she still worshipped, thinking of the children she had sacrificed. The noble character of Marguerite cheered her last hours. In that child, she would live on.

One day she wrote a letter, addressed and sealed it, and showed it to Marguerite. It was addressed: 'To my daughter, Marguerite.' She placed it under her pillow, said she would rest, and presently fell into a deep slumber. When she awoke, all her children were kneeling round her in prayer, and with them was Emmanuel.

"The hour has come, dear children," she said gently, "when we must say farewell. You are all here"—she looked about her—"and he . . ." Marguerite sent Emmanuel for her father, and Balthazar's answer to the summons was, "I am coming."

When Emmanuel returned, Madame Claes sent him for his uncle the priest; then she turned to her daughters.

"God is taking me," she said. "What will become of you? When I am gone, Marguerite, if you are ever in need of food, read this letter which I have addressed to you. Love your father, but shield your sister and your brothers. It may be your duty to withstand him. He will want money; he will ask you for it. Do not forget your duty to your father, but remember your duty to your sister and brothers. Your father would not injure his children of set purpose. He is noble, he is good. He is full of love for you. He is a great man working at a great task. Fill my place. Do not cause him grief by reproaches; never judge him; be, between him and those in your charge, a gentle mediator."

One of the servants had to go and bang on the laboratory door for Claes. "Madame is dying!" cried the indignant old body. "They are waiting for you to administer the last sacrament."

"I'll be there in a minute," answered Claes. When he entered the room, the

Abbé de Solis and the children were kneeling round the mother's bed. His wife's face flushed at his entrance. With a loving smile she asked: "Were you on the point of resolving nitrogen?"

"I have done it!" he answered, with triumph; "nitrogen is made up of oxygen and——" He stopped, checked by a murmur, which roused him from his dream. "What did they say?" he asked. "Are you really worse? What has happened?"

"This has happened," said the Abbé; "your wife is dying, and you have killed her."

Priest and children withdrew.

"What does he mean?" asked Claes.

"Dearest," she answered, "your love was my life; I could not live without it."

He took her hand and kissed it.

"When have I not loved you?" he asked.

She refused to utter a reproach. For her children's sake she told the narrative of his six years' search for the Absolute, which had destroyed her life and swallowed up two million francs, making him see the horror of their desolation. "Have pity, have pity," she cried, "on our children!"

Claes shouted for Lemulquinier, and bade him go instantly to the laboratory and smash everything. "I abandon science for ever!" he cried.

"Too late!" sighed the dying woman; then she cried, "Marguerite!"

The child came from the doorway, horrified by the stricken face of her mother. Once again the loved name was repeated, "Marguerite!" loudly, as though to fix in her mind the charge laid upon her soul. It was the last word uttered by Josephine. As the soul passed, Balthazar, from the foot of the bed, looked up to the pillows where Marguerite was sitting, and their eyes met. The father trembled.

In the sorrow of bereavement Marguerite discovered that she possessed two friends Pierquin the notary, and Emmanuel de Solis. Pierquin thought it would be a suitable thing to save the wreckage of the estate and marry the beautiful Marguerite. Emmanuel offered to prepare Marguerite's brothers for college, with a tact and a charm which declared a fine nature. Pierquin was a man of business turned lover. Emmanuel was a lover turned by misfortune into a man of action.

IV—The Hour of Darkness

For some considerable time Balthazar avoided experimental chemistry and confined himself to theoretical speculations. He took long walks on the ramparts; was gloomy, restless and preoccupied at home. Marguerite endeavoured to distract his thoughts. One day the old servant, Martha, said to her: "All is over with us; master is on the road to hell again!" And she pointed to clouds of smoke issuing from the laboratory chimney.

Marguerite lived as carefully as a nun; all expenses were cut down. She denied herself ordinary comforts to prepare for the crash. Thanks to Emmanuel, the boys were now advancing in their studies, and their future was at least unclouded. But Balthazar had developed the gambler's recklessness. He sold a forest; he mortgaged his house and silver; he had no more food than a nigger who sells his wife for a glass of brandy in the morning, and weeps over his loss at night.

Once Marguerite spoke to her father. She acknowledged that he was master, that his children would obey him at all costs; but he must know that they scarcely had bread in the house.

"Bread!" he cried: "no bread in the house of a Claes! Where is all our property, then?"

She told him he had sold everything.

"Then, how do we live?"

She held up her needle.

Time went on, and fresh debts hammered at the door of the Maison Claes. At last Marguerite was obliged to face her father, and charge him with madness.

"Madness!" he cried, firing up and springing to his feet. There was something so majestic and commanding in his attitude that it made Marguerite tremble at his feet. "Your mother would never have used that word; she always attached due importance to my scientific researches."

She could not bear his reproaches, and fled from him. She felt that the time had

come, for they were now on the verge of beggary, to break the seal of her mother's letter. That letter expressed the most divine love, praying that God would permit her spirit to be with Marguerite while she read the words of this last message; and it told her that the Abbé de Solis held for her a sum of a hundred and seventy thousand francs, and on this sum she must live, and leave her father if he refused to abandon his researches.

'I could never have said these words,' Josephine had written; 'not even on the brink of the grave.' And she entreated her child to be reverent in withstanding her father, and if resistance was inevitable to resist him on her knees.

The abbé was dead, but Emmanuel held the money. In their discussions about the management of this sum, the two young people drew closer together. The poor father, brought to ruin, confessed his madness, and uttered the terrible despair of a beaten scientist. To comfort him, Marguerite said that his debts should be paid with her money. His face lit up. "You have money! Give it to me; I will make you rich." Once more the madness returned.

Emmanuel came with three thousand ducats in his pockets. They were hiding them in the hollow column of a pedestal, when, looking up, Marguerite saw her father observing them. "I heard gold," he said, advancing. To save her, Emmanuel lied. He sinned against his conscience for her sake. The money, he said, belonged to him, and he had lent it to Marguerite. When he was gone, Claes said: "I must have that money."

"If you take it," answered Marguerite, "you will be a thief."

He knelt to her; she would not relent. He caressed her; she called God to look down upon them if he stole the money. He rose, bade her a sorrowful farewell, and left the room. Something warned her; she hurried after him, to find him with a pistol at his head. "Take all I possess," she cried. Embracing her, he promised that if he failed this time he would deliver himself into her hands.

Time passed, and the Absolute was not discovered. A wealthy cousin of Claes, M. Conyncks, came to Douai in his travelling carriage, and soon after he and Marguerite journeyed to Paris. When she returned, it was to announce that, through M. Conyncks' influence, Balthazar had been appointed receiver of taxes in Brittany, and must set out at once to take up the appointment.

"You drive me out of my own house!" he exclaimed, with anger. At first he refused to go, furious and indignant; but she persisted, and he had to surrender. He went with Lemulquinier to his laboratory for the last time. The two old men were very sad as they released the gases and evaporated acids.

"Ah, look," said Claes, pausing before a capsule connected with the wires of a battery; "if only we could watch out the end of this experiment! Carbon and sulphur. Crystallisation should take place; the carbon might certainly result in a crystal. . . ."

While Claes was in exile, fortune came to the family. The son Gabriel, assisted by M. Conyncks, had made a large sum of money as the engineer of a canal. Emmanuel de Solis had given Marguerite the fortune he inherited from ancestors in Spain. Pierquin, who had turned his attentions to Marguerite's younger sister, had proved himself kind to the family. Once again the Maison Claes was in prosperity, with pictures on its walls and with handsome furniture in its state apartments

When Conyncks and Marguerite went to fetch the father, they found him old and broken. The child was greatly touched by his appearance, and questioned him alone. She discovered that instead of saving money, he was heavily in debt and that he had been seeking the Absolute as industriously in Brittany as in the attic of the Maison Claes.

On his return, the old man brightened and became glad. The ancient home gave him joy. He embraced his children, looked around the happy house of his fathers, and exclaimed: "Ah, Josephine, if only you were here to admire our Marguerite!" The marriages of Marguerite and Félicie, the younger sister, were hurried forward. During the reading of the contracts Lemulquinier sud-

denly burst into the room, crying: "Monsieur! Monsieur!"

Claes whispered to his daughter that the servant had lent him all his savings—20,000 francs—and had doubtless come to claim them on learning that the master was once more a rich man. But Lemulquinier cried: "Monsieur! Monsieur!"

"Well?" demanded Claes.

In the trembling hand of the old servant lay a diamond. Claes rushed towards him.

"I went to the laboratory," began the servant—Claes looked up at him quickly, as though to say: "You were the first to go there!"—"and I found in the capsule we left behind us this diamond! The battery has done it without our help!"

"Forgive me!" cried Claes, turning to his children and his guests. "This will drive me mad! Cursed exile! God has worked in my laboratory and I was not there to see! A miracle has taken place! I might have seen it—I have missed it for ever!" Suddenly he checked, and advancing to Marguerite, presented her with the diamond. "My angel," he said gently, "this belongs to you." Then, to the notary: "Let us proceed."

V—Discovery of the Absolute

HAPPINESS reigned in the Maison Claes. Balthazar conducted a few but inexpensive experiments, and surrendered himself more and more to the happiness of home life. It was as if the devil had been exorcised. The death of relatives presently carried Emmanuel and Marguerite to Spain, and their return was delayed by the birth of a child. When they did arrive in Flanders, one morning towards the end of September, they found the house in the Rue de Paris shut up, and a ring at the bell brought no one to open the door. A shopkeeper near at hand said that M. Claes had left the house with Lemulquinier about an hour ago. Emmanuel went in search of them, while a locksmith opened the door of the Maison Claes.

The house was as if the Absolute in the form of fire had passed through all its rooms. Pictures, furniture, carpets, hangings, carvings—all were swept clean away. Marguerite wept as she looked about her, and forgave her father. She went downstairs to await his coming. How he must have suffered in this bare house! Fear filled her heart. Had his reason failed him? Should she see him enter—a tottering and enfeebled old man, broken by the sufferings which he had borne so proudly for science? As she waited the past rose before her eyes—the long past of struggle against their enemy, the Absolute; the long past, when she was a child, and her mother had been now so joyous and now so sorrowful.

But she did not realize the calamity of her father's tragedy—a tragedy at once sublime and miserable. To the people of Douai he was not a scientific genius wrestling with nature for her hidden mysteries, but a wicked old spendthrift, greedy like a miser for the Philosopher's Stone. Everybody in Douai, from the aristocracy to the bourgeoisie, from the bourgeoisie to the people, knew all about old Claes, 'the alchemist.' His home was called the 'Devil's House.' People pointed at him, shouted after him in the street. Lemulquinier said that these were murmurs of applause for genius.

It happened that on this morning of Marguerite's return, Balthazar and Lemulquinier sat down on a bench in the Place Saint Jacques to rest in the sun. Some children passing to school saw the two old men, talked about them, laughed together and presently approached. One of them, who carried a basket, said to Lemulquinier: "Is it true you make diamonds and pearls?"

LEMULQUINIER patted the urchin's cheek. "Yes, little fellow, it is said. "Stick to your books, get knowledge, and perhaps we will give you some."

They began to crowd round, and became more daring.

"You should show respect to a great man," said Lemulquinier. At this the children laughed aloud, and began to shout: "Sorcerers! Old Sorcerers!" Lemulquinier sprang up with his stick raised and the children, beating a retreat, gathered up mud and stones. A workman, seeing Lemulquinier making for the children with a stick, came to their

rescue with the dangerous cry: "Down with sorcerers!"

Thus emboldened, the children made a savage attack upon the two old men with a shower of stones. At this moment Emmanuel came upon the scene. He was too late. Claes had been suddenly jerked from the ideal world in which he theorised and toiled into the real world of men. The shock was too much for him; he sank into the arms of Lenfulquinier, paralysed.

He lived in this condition for some time, expressing all his affection and gratitude to Marguerite by pressing her hand with his cold fingers. She refurnished the house and surrounded him with comforts.

One night he became very much worse, and the doctor was summoned in haste. The stricken man made violent efforts to speak. His lips trembled, but no sound issued. His eyes were on fire with the thoughts he could not utter. His face was haggard with agony. Drops of perspiration oozed out of his forehead. His hands twitched convulsively in the despair of his mind.

On the following morning his children saluted him with deepest and most lingering love, knowing that the last hour was at hand. His face did not light; he made none of his usual responses to their tender affection. Pierquin signalled to Emmanuel, and he broke the wrapper of the newspaper, and was about to read aloud in order to distract Claes, when his eyes were arrested by the heading:

DISCOVERY OF THE ABSOLUTE

In a low voice he read the intelligence to his wife. It narrated that a famous mathematician in Poland had made terms for selling the secret of the Absolute, which he had discovered. As Emmanuel ceased to read, Marguerite asked for the paper; but Claes had heard the whispered words.

Of a sudden the dying man lifted himself up on his elbows. To his frightened family his glance was like the flash of lightning. The fringe of hair above his forehead stood up; every line in his countenance quivered with excitement, a thrill of passion moved across his face and made it sublime.

He lifted a hand which was clenched with excitement, and uttering the cry of Archimedes—'Eureka!'—fell back with the heaviness of a dead body, and expired with an agonised groan. His eyes, till the doctor closed them, expressed a frenzied despair. It was his agony that he could not bequeath to science the solution of the great riddle which was only revealed to him as the veil was rent asunder by the hand of Death.

African Impressions of a Journalist-Explorer

FELIX DUBOIS

TIMBUCTOO THE MYSTERIOUS

IN 1893, at the suggestion of Lucien Marc, director of the French periodical, L'Illustration, Félix Dubois, accompanied by the artist, Adrien Marie, went on the expedition through the Upper Niger and French Guinea, which is described in Life in the Dark Continent (1894). The object of this work was to present African exploration in a more popular manner than had been hitherto attempted. In 1897 Dubois published another book of African experiences, Timbuctoo the Mysterious. He gives a truthful portrayal of the impressions of the unprofessional explorer, and his style is vivacious and picturesque, with a vein of poetic feeling in some passages. An English translation of Timbuctoo the Mysterious is published by Heinemann, by whose permission the following epitome is here included.

I—From Paris to the Niger



HAVING fallen asleep in a railway carriage on your departure from Paris, you awake six weeks later on a canoe-barge upon the Niger. The steamer lands you at the entrance to the Senegal, in a country which has belonged to France for centuries. The port of Senegal is Dakar, the finest harbour on the west coast of Africa, and from thence there is a railway to St. Louis. For eight days you travel up the Senegal river in a steamer to Kayes, the port and actual capital of the Sudan; and a narrow-gauge railway carries you from the Senegal to the Niger at Dioubaba.

This town is situated in the heart of lovely mountain and river scenery. The Bakoy river here breaks into a rocky waterfall, some hundreds of yards in length, full of rapids and foaming currents. The horizon is bordered by mountain-tops, and the river banks are covered by gigantic trees festooned with garlands of long creepers. The road from Dioubaba to Bammaku cuts, from east to west, the massive Foota Jallon range that separates the basin of the Senegal from that of the Niger, and is so abundantly watered that you fall asleep every night to the sound of some gurgling cascade.

It was not without a certain amount of emotion that I approached the great Niger. After days and days of travel a narrow path widens suddenly, and its rocky sides fall right and left, like the leaves of a door. A vast horizon lies at my feet, bathed in the splendours of a tropical sunset; and down there, in a plain of gold and green and red, shines a silver trail bordered by a line of darkness.

The Niger, with its vast and misty horizons, is more like an inland ocean than a river. I engaged for my voyage up-stream a boat which was a whimsical mixture of a European barge and an aboriginal canoe, in which a thatched hollow served me amidships as bed-room, dining-room, study and dressing-room. A small folding bedstead was my only piece of furniture. The crew consisted of Bosos, the true sailors of the Niger, of whose skill, patient endurance and loyalty I had full experience. Alone among these, travelling through an imperfectly conquered, sometimes openly hostile country, never once did I feel that my safety was in any way threatened.

Coming to Lake Debo, a fief of the Niger, we enter a sea of grass. Paddling being no longer possible, my Bosos crew, leaning heavily upon bamboo poles, push the boat vigorously through the grass which, parting in front, closes together behind us with loud rustling and crackling. We are no longer upon the water, but seem to be sliding under a tropical sun over grassy steppes streaked with watery paths.

These Bosos, living at a distance of nearly 900 miles from the coast, possess no idea of the sea, and the question of what becomes of the mighty Niger beyond the regions they know troubles them very little. One unusually intelligent Bosos, when asked what became of the river beyond the towns which he knew, or had heard of, down the Niger, said, 'Beyond them? Oh, beyond them the fishes swallow it.'

II—The Valley of the Niger

THE country lying to the south of Timbuctoo, which is on the threshold of the great Sahara desert, is the Sudan, otherwise called the Valley and the Buckler of the Niger. It is a vast region traversed to an extent of nearly 2,500 miles by one of the largest rivers in the world. This river rises in the Kouranko chain of mountains, and is really formed by two streams, the Paliko and the Tembi, which unite at a place called Laya.

The more important of these is the Tembi, and the wood from which it springs is reputed sacred and is the subject of innumerable legends and superstitions. Access to it is denied to the profane by the high priests and lesser priests, who represent the deity to mortals. The neighbouring kinglets refer to them before undertaking a war, or other act of importance, and the common herd consult them on all occasions of weight. The spirit of the spring, being eminently practical, will only condescend to attend to them through the medium of sacrifice, but merely oxen are offered, and not human victims, as in the neighbouring Dahomey.

The region of the source of the Niger is the land of heavy rainfall, and the slopes of the mountain ranges are channelled by innumerable cascades, rivulets, brooks and rivers that carry off the heavenly overflow. These countries of the Upper Niger are radiant. Tropical vegetation spreads over them with the utmost prodigality. The river flings itself headlong over the entire low-lying region between Biafaraba and Timbuctoo, covering it and swamping it, until a steppe of barren sands becomes one of the most fertile spots in the universe.

The Niger is to the Sudan what the Nile is to Egypt; but we find there not one delta, as in Egypt, but three. Thus a most complete system of irrigation is formed, and fertility is spread over thousands of square miles. The rise and fall of the waters is as regular as that of the Nile, and an infinitely greater distance is covered.

Bammaku is an important strategic centre, from which it is easy to send reinforcements to any part of the Sudan that may be momentarily threatened. This precaution is wise, for we do not really know how far we are masters of this splendid country, which is many times larger than France and contains from ten to fifteen millions of people. There are only 600 Europeans, including officers and other officials, and 4,000 negroes are enrolled as foot soldiers, cavalry and transport bearers, while it requires an army of 40,000 men to maintain order in Algeria, about a fourth of the size of the Sudan.

Apart from the fertility of the soil for cereal crops, there are three kinds of trees which grow abundantly everywhere. The most interesting is the karita, or butter-tree, from the nuts of which a vegetable butter is extracted with all the delectable flavour of chocolate. Throughout the whole of the Sudan no other fatty substance is used. The second tree is the flour tree. The flour is enclosed in large pods, is of a yellow colour, rich in sugar, and is used in the manufacture of pastry and confectionery. The third is the cheese-tree, called *baga* by the natives, from the capsules of which a fine and brilliant vegetable silk is yielded. The principal articles of commerce sent by Bammaku to Timbuctoo are the products of these trees, gold and kola nuts.

In the voyage up the river beyond Bammaku we passed the districts in which the principal towns are Nyamina, Sansanding and Segu, in which are the large cotton fields, from the produce of which the beautiful fabrics known as *pagnes de Segu* are made, which are in great request in Senegal and the markets of Timbuctoo.

Near Segu is an establishment known as the School of Hostages, instituted by the explorer Faidherbe for the education of the sons of chiefs of Senegambia, to enable them to take part in home government, or to enter the civil and military services of Senegal and Sudan.

III—The Jewel of the Niger Valley

JENNE is the jewel of the valley of the Niger. A vast plain, infinitely flat. In the midst of this a circle of water, and within it reared a long mass of high and regular walls, erected on mounds as high, and nearly as steep, as themselves.

When I climbed the banks from my boat and entered the walls, I was completely bewildered by the novelty and strangeness of the town's interior. Regular streets; wide, straight roads; well-built houses of two storeys instantly arrested the eye. But the buildings had nothing in common with Arabic architecture. The style was not Byzantine, Roman, or Greek; still less was it Gothic or Western. It was in the ruins of the lifeless towns of ancient Egypt that I had witnessed this art before. Arrived at Jenne, the traveller finds himself face to face with an entirely new ethnographical entity—viz. the Songhois.

They themselves invariably told me that they came originally from the Yemen to Egypt on the invitation of a Pharaoh, and settled at Kokia, in the valley of the Nile, whence they spread westwards to the Niger in the middle of the seventh century. They built Jenne in 765, made it the market of their country, and founded the Songhois Empire, which, under three distinct dynasties, lasted for no less than a thousand years.

In the sixteenth century a marvellous civilization appeared in the very heart of the Black Continent. The prosperity of the Sudan, and its wealth and commerce, were known far and wide. Caravans returning to the coast proclaimed its splendours in their camel-loads of gold, ivory, hides, musk and the spoils of the ostrich.

So many attractions did not fail to rouse the cupidity of neighbouring territories, chief among them being Morocco. El Mansour, sultan of Morocco, invaded the Sudan in 1590, and in a few years the fall of the Songhois Empire was complete.

Two elements of confusion established themselves, and augmented the general anarchy—viz. the Touaregs and the Foulbes, the former coming from the great desert of Sahara, and the latter from the west. Both were pastoral nomads.

A petty Foulbe chief, of the country of Noukouna, named Ahmadou, spread a report that he was of the family of the Prophet, and for the next eighty years the Sudan was given over to fire and sword by a succession of rulers who massacred and pillaged in the name of God. Jenne happily escaped serious ruin, because of its situation on an island at the junction of two tributaries of the Niger.

The houses of Jenne are built on the simple lines of Egyptian architecture, with splendid bricks made from clay procured near the town. The grand mosque was long famous in the valley of the Niger, and was considered more beautiful than the Ka'abah of Mecca itself. It lasted eight centuries, and would have lasted many centuries longer if Ahmadou, the Foulbe conqueror, had not commanded its destruction in 1830.

Jenne in the middle ages not only ranked above Timbuctoo as a city, but took a place among the great commercial centres of Islam. Jenne taught the Sudanese the art of commercial navigation. Regular lines of fly-boats even now carry merchandise and passengers at a fixed tariff, and for a consideration of two and a half francs you can go to Timbuctoo, a twenty days' journey, and for three francs can send thither a hundredweight of goods. The characteristics of the people are sympathy, kindness and generosity.

Here trades are specialised. Conformably with ancient Egyptian, and contrary to Arab usage, it is the men who weave the textiles, and not the women. The latter do the spinning and the dyeing. Masonry is man's work—in negro countries it is the women who build the houses—and in the blacksmith's and other trades the craft descends from father to son.

IV—Timbuctoo, Queen of the Sudan

THE day of my departure from Jenne was occupied in receiving farewell visits from scores of friends, who first believed me a harmless lunatic as 'the man with the questions,' and then received me with affection. From Jenne to Timbuctoo we journeyed by boat for 311 miles in a labyrinth of meandering tributaries, creeks and channels along the course of the Niger, and reached at last the Pool of Dai, whose waters appear under the walls of Timbuctoo itself; and then, a few miles further on, we arrived at Kabara, the landing-place and port of Timbuctoo.

Two things arrest attention on disembarking—the sand and the Touaregs: the sand, because you have no sooner set your foot on shore than you flounder about in it as if it were a mire; and it pursues you everywhere—in the country, in the streets, and in the houses; the Touaregs are impressed on you because, though you never see them, everything recalls them. The town is in ruins, but its wretchedness is overpowered by life and movement. The quays are astir with lively bustle, and encumbered with bales, jars and sacks in the process of unloading. To travel from Kabara to Timbuctoo, only five miles distant, there is a daily convoy—a medley of people, donkeys and camels, attended by twenty *tirailleurs* with rifles on their shoulders.

An immense and vivid sky, and an immense and brilliant stretch of land, with the grand outlines of a town uniting the two. A dark silhouette, large and long, an image of grandness in immensity thus appeared the Queen of the Sudan. She is indeed the city of imagination, the Timbuctoo of legends. Her sandy approaches are strewn with bones and carcasses that have been disinterred by wild beasts, the remains of the camels and other animals that have fallen and died in the last stages of the journey.

The illusion of walls, produced by the distinctness with which the town stands out from the white sand, disappears, and three towers at regular intervals dominate the mass. The terraces of square houses are now distinguishable, renewing the first impression of grandeur in immensity.

We enter the town, and behold! all the grandeur has suddenly disappeared, though the scene is equally impressive on account

of its tragic character rather than its beauty. The foreground, to which the play of sun and shadow had given the distant effect of city ramparts, proves to be a mass of deserted houses. The roofs have fallen in, the doors are gone, the walls are broken and crumbling, and have become mere heaps of ruin. Piles of earth, bricks and bits of wood are scattered over the open spaces which were once the paths leading to these defunct dwellings. The further we advance the more the misery increases, and all traces of the majestic exterior disappear.

The impression is so profound that sight and judgement are deceived, overthrown. It is not only the illusion of the distant view, the vanished mirage, which embitters the deception, it is the destruction of all that glamour which surrounded the name of Timbuctoo in the mind of the European. The disillusion is complete, for I know that the town has not been besieged, pillaged, bombarded, nor destroyed since it was occupied by our troops. Our flag was planted there without a shot being fired. The town is precisely what it was before we entered her.

And this is the great Timbuctoo, the metropolis of the Sudan and the Sahara! This is Timbuctoo the holy, the learned, that life of the Niger, of which it was written, 'We shall one day correct the texts of our Greek and Latin classics by the manuscripts which are preserved there.' These ruins, this rubbish, is this the secret of Timbuctoo the Mysterious? It is a city of deliquescence.

Jenne had the vein of Egyptian civilization; the origin of Timbuctoo has to be sought in a different direction, for her past is connected with the Arabian civilization of Northern Africa the world of the Berbers and all those white people whom we have known under the name of Touaregs in the Sahara, Kabyles in Algeria, Moors in Morocco and Senegal, and Foulbes in their infiltrations into the Sudan, who had been crowded back into the interior by the invasions of Phoenician and Roman colonists.

So also, when the Moors were driven out of Spain back to Morocco, to find their ancient patrimony in the hands of Arabs, they were forced to prolong their exodus into the south, and became nomads about the great lakes on the left bank of the Niger, in the neighbourhood of Oualata and Timbuctoo, carrying with them the name of Andalusians, which they bear to the present day.

Touareg is a generic name for a large number of tribes descended from the Berbers. Being driven into the desert, to the terrible glare of which they were not accustomed, nor their lungs to its sand-storms, they adopted the head-dress of two veils. Being perpetually kept on the march, every social and political organization disappeared, and they gradually lost all notion of law and order. Like the Jews, and all other people thrown out of their natural paths, their souls and brains became steeped in vice. Their nomadic life reduced them to the level of vagabonds, thieves and brigands, and the only law they recognized was the right of the strongest. Travellers and merchants were their principal victims, and when these failed, they robbed and killed each other.

They adopted a vague form of Islamism which they reduced to a belief in talismans, and the Sudanese bestowed upon them three epithets which epitomise their psychology—'Thieves, Hyenas and the Abandoned of God.' Yet it was to these people that Timbuctoo owed its origin, for it was there that they established a permanent camp. It was under the dominion of Askia the Great, who drove the Touaregs out of the city, that Timbuctoo became the great and learned city whose fame spread even to Europe, and its apogee was reached in 1494–1591.

The decadence of the city began with the Moorish conquest in the latter year, and it became the scene of repeated incursions by various tribes—Touaregs, Foulbes, Roumas. Under the hands of a thousand tyrants the inhabitants were robbed, ill treated and killed on the least provocation. To avoid being pillaged in the open street, and seeing their houses despoiled, they adopted a new manner of living. They transformed their garments and dwellings, and ceasing to be Timbuctoo the Great, they became Timbuctoo the Mysterious. By these means the town

acquired a tumble-down and battered appearance. Timbuctoo is the meeting place, says an old Sudanese chronicle, of all who travel by camel or canoe. The camel represents the commerce of Sahara and the whole of Northern Africa, while the canoe represents the trade of the Sudan and Nigeria.

A great part of the trade is in rock salt, derived from the mines of Taoudenni, near Timbuctoo. Large caravans from Morocco, Algeria, Tunis and Tripoli, numbering from six hundred to a thousand camels, and from three to five hundred men, arrive from December to January, and from July to August. Their freight represents from six hundred thousand to a million francs' worth of goods. Smaller caravans of sixty or a hundred camels arrive all the year round, and between fifty and sixty thousand camels encamp annually in the caravan suburb before the northern walls of the city.

The city is simply a temporary depôt, and the permanent population are merely brokers and contractors, or landlords of houses which are let to travelling merchants. The chief manufacturing industry of the city is exquisite embroidered robes, which cost from three to four thousand francs each, and they are principally exported to Morocco.

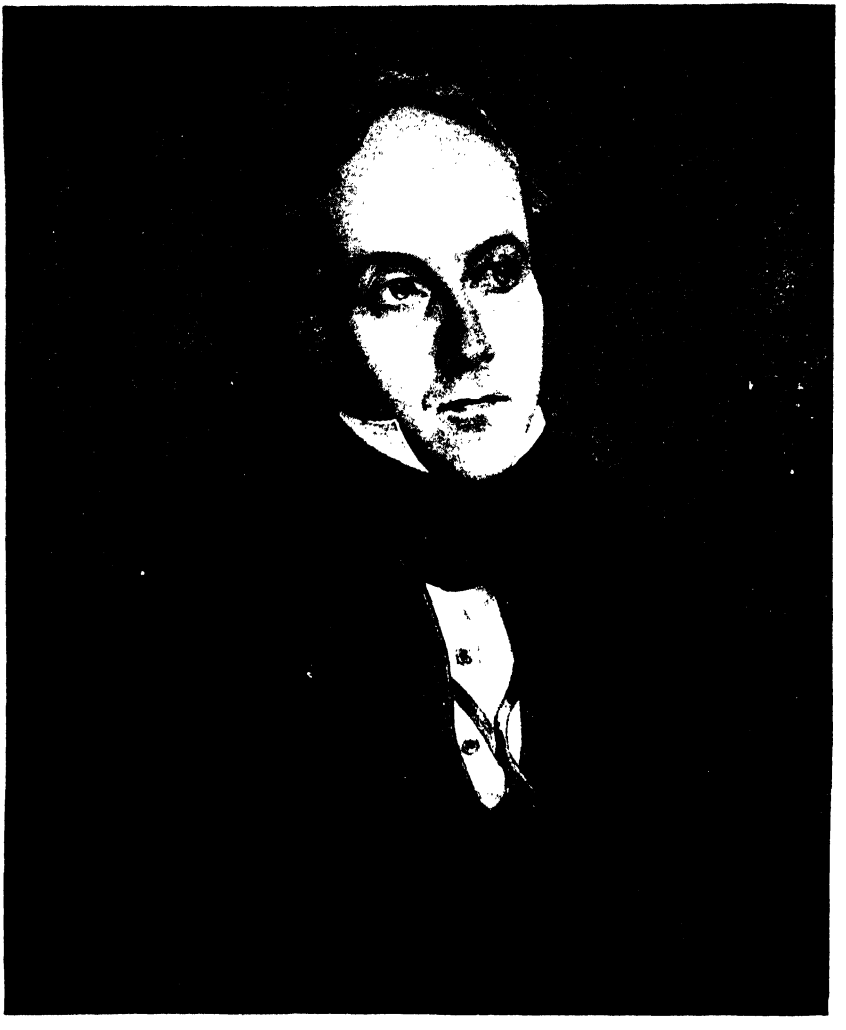
An ancient Sudanese proverb says, 'Salt comes from the north, gold from the south, and silver from the country of the white men, but the words of God and the treasures of wisdom are only to be found in Timbuctoo.' It would be an exaggeration to put the university in the mosque of Sankoré on a level with those of Egypt, Morocco, or Syria, but it was the great intellectual nucleus of the Sudan, and also one of the great scientific centres of Islam itself. Her collection of ancient manuscripts leaves us in no doubt upon the point. There is an entire class of the population devoted to the study of letters. They are called Marabuts, or Sheikhs, and from them doctors, priests, schoolmasters and jurists are drawn.

V—The Romance of Its Modern Conquest

THE prosperity of the French Sudan is so closely connected with that of its principal market that if the general anarchy had been prolonged in Timbuctoo all the sacrifices of human life and money France had made on her threshold would have remained sterile. The French Government decided that the sooner an end was put to the ruinous dominion of the Touaregs the better it would be. Up to the last moment England endeavoured to put her hand upon the commerce of Timbuctoo. Failing in her efforts from Tripoli and the Niger's mouth, she attempted to secure a footing by way of Morocco and was installed towards 1890 at Cape Juby. It was then too late. French columns and posts had been slowly advanced by the Senegal route, and in 1893 Jenne was captured.

In the following year a flotilla of gunboats was dispatched down the Niger to Timbuctoo while two columns of troops followed up to anticipate any concentration of nomad Touaregs, which might prevent the occupation of the Mysterious City. From the flotilla a detachment of nineteen men was landed. Of these only seven were Europeans, the remainder being Senegalese negroes. They had two machine guns with them and, under the command of a naval lieutenant, Boiteux by name, they marched to the walls of Timbuctoo and demanded that the rulers of the city should surrender it and that they should sign a treaty of peace placing the country under the protectorate of France. The city was occupied, temporary fortlets were run up, and the nineteen mariners held them till January 10, 1894, when the first of the two of the French columns entered the town.

The French occupation of Timbuctoo the Mysterious was complete, and Cape Juby was evacuated by England. Two large forts have now replaced the improvised fortifications, and under their protection the inhabitants are reviving. The long nightmare of the Touaregs is being slowly dispelled. Houses are being repaired and rebuilt; the occupants leave their doors ajar, and resume their beautifully embroidered robes; and one can picture the city becoming a centre of European civilization and science as it was formerly of Mussulman culture.



rançois Pierre Guillaume Guizot,

French historian, statesman and orator, was born at Nimes, October 4, 1787. In 1809, he first showed himself to be a writer of distinction, and three years later published an excellent translation of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. This achievement led to his being appointed professor of history at the university of Paris; his many historical writings soon entitled him to be considered pre-eminent in this branch of learning and the master of a magnificent style. Although his fame is chiefly due to his work as an historian, Guizot was also a statesman of the first rank. Believing throughout his whole public career that the entente cordiale between his own country and Britain was essential to the well-being of France, he succeeded in maintaining friendly relations between them during the greater part (1840-46) of the period of his ministry, although both the French and British publics were violently imperialistic. He fell from power at the revolution of 1848, and thereafter lived in retirement until his death, October 12, 1874.

F. P. G. GUIZOT

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN EUROPE

IT was in 1812 that Guizot was first appointed to the chair of modern history at the Sorbonne. In succeeding years the troubled politics of France, both domestic and international, occupied much of his time and genius, but literature and history were his greatest personal interests, and from 1820 onwards he displayed most astonishing literary activity. To this period belong his lectures on representative government and the first of his History of the Revolution in England, from Charles I to Charles II, a work which he resumed and completed during his exile in England after 1848. Between 1828 and 1830 he also delivered a course of lectures which raised his reputation as a historian to its highest point and established him as one of the best writers in Europe. These lectures formed the basis of his general History of Civilization in Europe, published in 1828, and of his History of Civilization in France, 1830, both works being classics of modern historical research. The History of Civilization in Europe was translated by Hazlitt in 1846.

I—Feudalism and the Church



THE subject I propose to consider is the civilization of Europe—its origins, its progress, its aims, its character. The fact of civilization belongs to what is called the philosophic portion of history; it is a vague, obscure, complex fact, very difficult, I admit, to explain and describe, but none the less requiring explanation and description. It is, indeed, the greatest historical fact, to which all others contribute; it is a kind of ocean which makes the wealth of a people, and in the bosom of which all the elements of the people's life, all the forces of its existence, are joined in unity.

There is an essential difference between modern European and other civilizations. The characteristic of other civilizations has been unity; they seem to have emanated from a single fact, a single idea. In Egypt and India the theocratic principle was dominant; in the Greek and Phoenician republics, the democratic principle. The civilization of modern Europe on the contrary, is diverse, confused, stormy; all the forms and principles of social organization, theocratic, monarchical, aristocratic, democratic, co-exist in it; there are infinite gradations of liberty, wealth, influence. All the various forces are in a state of constant struggle; yet all of them have a certain family resemblance, as it were, that one cannot but recognize.

These diverse elements, for all their conflict, cannot any one of them extinguish any other; each has to dwell with the rest, make a compromise with the rest. The outcome, then, of this diversity and struggle is liberty; and here is the grand and true superiority of the European over other civilizations. European civilization, if I may say so, has entered into eternal truth; it advances in the ways of God.

It would be an important confirmation of my assertion as to the diverse character of our civilization if we should find in its very cradle the causes and the elements of that diversity. And, indeed, at the fall of the Roman empire, we do so find it.

Three forms of society, each entirely different from the other, are visible at the time of chaos. The municipalities survived, the last remnant of the imperial system. The Christian Church survived, and in the third place there were the barbarians, who brought with them a military organization and a hardy, individual independence that were wholly new to the peoples who had dwelt under the shelter of the empire. The barbarian epoch was the chaos of all the elements, the infancy of all the systems, a universal hubbub, in which even the conflict itself had no definite or permanent effects.

Europe laboured to escape from this confusion. At some times, and in some places, it was temporarily checked—in particular, by the great Charlemagne in his revival of the imperial power; but the confusion did not cease until its causes no longer acted. These causes were two—one material, one moral. The material cause was the irruption of fresh barbarian hordes. The moral cause was the lack of any ideas in common among men as to the structure of society. The old imperial fabric had disappeared; Charlemagne's restoration of it depended wholly on his own personality, and did not survive him; men had no ideas of any new structure—their intellectual horizon was limited to their own affairs. By the beginning of the tenth century the barbarian invasions ended, and as the populations settled down a new system appeared based partly on the barbarians' love of independence, partly on their plans of military gradation the system of feudalism.

Everywhere society was dismembered; everywhere there was formed a multitude of small, obscure, isolated societies, consisting of the chief, his family, his retainers, and the wretched serfs over whom he ruled without restraint. The narrow, concentrated life of the feudal lord lent, undoubtedly, a great preponderance to domesticity in his affairs. The lord had his wife and children for his permanent society; they continually shared his interests, his destiny. It was in the bosom of the feudal family that woman gained her importance. The system excited developments of private character and passion that were, all things considered, noble. Chivalry was the daughter of feudalism.

But from the social point of view, feudalism failed to provide either legal order or political security. It contained elaborate obligations between the higher and lower orders of the feudal hierarchy, duties of protection on the one side and of service on the other. But these obligations could never be established as institutions. There was no superior force to which all had to submit, no public opinion to make itself respected. Hence the system was without political guarantee to sustain it. Feudalism was as much opposed to the establishment of general order as to the extension of general liberty.

MEANWHILE, the Church, adhering to its own principles, had steadily advanced along the route that it had marked out for itself in the early days of its organization. It was during the feudal epoch the only power that made for civilized development. All education was ecclesiastical; all the arts were in the service of the Church. It had, during the Dark Ages, won the barbarians to its fold by the gorgeous solemnity of its ritual; and, to protect itself against secular interference, it had declared the spiritual power to be independent of the temporal—the first great assertion, in the history of European civilization, of the liberty of thought.

In one set of respects, the Church during the feudal epoch satisfied the conditions of good government; in another, it did not. Its power was uniformly distributed; it drew its recruits from all classes and entrusted the rule to the most capable. It was in close touch with every grade of mankind; it was the most popular and accessible society of the time, the most open to all talents and all noble ambitions.

But, on the other hand, it failed in that all-important requisite of good government, respect for liberty. It denied the rights of individual reason in spiritual matters, and it claimed the right to compel belief—a claim that placed it in dependence upon the temporal powers, since, as a spiritual body, governing by influence and not by force, it could not persecute without the aid of the secular arm.

II—The Towns

LIKE the Church, the municipalities survived the downfall of the Roman empire. Their history varied greatly in different parts of Europe, but none the less some observations can be made that are broadly accurate with respect to most of them.

From the fifth to the tenth century the state of the towns was a state neither of servitude nor of liberty. They suffered all

the woes that are the fate of the weak; they were the prey of continual violence and depredation; yet, in spite of the fearful disorders of the time, they preserved a certain importance. When feudalism was established, the towns lost such independence as they had possessed; they found themselves under the heel of feudal chiefs.

But feudalism did bring about a sort of peace, a sort of order; and with the slightest gleam of peace and order a man's hope revives, and on the revival of hope he takes to work. So it was with the towns. New wants were created; commerce and industry arose to satisfy them; wealth and population slowly returned. But industry and commerce were absolutely without security; the townsmen were exposed to merciless extortion and plundering at the hands of their feudal overlords. The only way in which the towns could defend themselves from the violence of their masters was by using violence themselves. So in the eleventh century we find town after town arising in revolt against its despot and winning from him a charter of liberty.

Although the insurrection was in a sense general, it was in no way concerted—it was not a rising of the combined citizens against the combined feudal aristocracy. All the towns found themselves exposed to much the same evils and resolved themselves in much the same manner. But each town acted for itself—did not go to the help of any other town. Hence these detached communities had no ambitions, no aspirations to national importance; their outlook was limited to themselves.

Although it may be broadly asserted that the emancipation did not alter the relations of the citizens with the general government, that assertion must be modified in one respect. A link was established between the citizens and the king. Sometimes they appealed for his aid against their lord, sometimes the lord invoked him as judge; thus a relation was established between the king and the towns, and the citizens came into touch with the centre of the state.

III—The Age of Centralisation

From the fifth to the twelfth century society, as we have seen, contained kings, a lay aristocracy, a clergy, citizens, peasantry—the germs, in fact, of all that goes to make a nation and a government; yet no government, no nation. We have come across a multitude of particular forces, of local institutions, but nothing general, nothing public, nothing, properly speaking, political.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, on the contrary, all the classes and the particular forces have taken a secondary place, are shadowy and almost effaced; the stage is occupied by two great figures, government and people.

Here, if I am not mistaken, is the essential distinction between primitive Europe and modern Europe. Here is the change that was accomplished in the period extending from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. Viewed by itself, that period seems a characterless one of confusion without cause, of movement without direction, of agitation without result. Yet, in relation to the period that followed, this period had a tendency and a progress of its own; it slowly accomplished a vast work. It was the second period of European civilization—the period of attempt and experiment, succeeding that of origins and formation and preparing the way for that of development properly so called.

The first great event of this period was the crusades—a universal movement of all classes and all countries in moral unity, the truly heroic event of modern Europe. Besides the religious impulse that led to the crusades, there was another impulse. They gave to men an opportunity of widening their horizons, of indulging the taste for movement and adventure. The opportunity thus freely taken changed the face of society. Men's minds were opened, their ideas were extended, by contact with other races; European society was dragged out of the groove along which it had been travelling. The moral state of Europe was profoundly modified.

The social state underwent a similar change. Many of the smaller feudal lords

sold their fiefs, or impoverished themselves by crusading, or lost much of their power during their absence. Property and power came into fewer hands; society was more centralised, no longer dispersed as it formerly was. The citizens, on their part, were no longer content with local industry and trade; they entered upon commerce on a grander scale with countries overseas. By the end of the crusades the march of society towards centralisation was in steady progress.

Already in the twelfth century a new idea of kingship had begun, very faintly, to make its appearance. In most European countries the king, under the feudal system, had been a head who could not enforce his headship. But there was, all the while, such a thing as kingship, and somebody bore the title of king; and society, striving to escape from feudal violence, and to get hold of real order and unity, had recourse to the king in an experimental way, to see, as one might say, what he could do. Gradually there developed the idea of the king as the protector of public order and justice and of the common interest, as the paramount magistrate—the idea that changed European society from a series of classes into a group of centralised states.

But the old order did not perish without efforts to perpetuate itself. These efforts were of two kinds; a particular class sought predominance, or it was proposed that the classes should agree to act in concert. To the first kind belonged the design of the Church to gain mastery over Europe that culminated with Pope Gregory VII. It failed, for three reasons—because Christianity is a purely moral force and not a temporal administrative force; because the ambitions of the Church were opposed by the feudal aristocracy; and because the celibacy of the clergy prevented the formation of a caste capable of theocratic organization.

Nothing, however, could arrest the march of centralisation. In France the war of independence against England brought a sense of national unity and purpose, and feudalism was finally overthrown, and the central power made dominant, by the policy of Louis XI. Similar edicts were brought about in Spain by the war against the Moors and the rule of Ferdinand. In England, feudalism was destroyed by the Wars of the Roses, and was succeeded by the Tudor despotism. In Germany, the House of Austria began its long ascendancy. Thus in the fifteenth century the new principles prevailed; the old forms, the old liberties were swept aside to make way for centred government under absolute rulers.

At the same time another new fact entered the European history. The kings began to enter into relations with each other, to form alliances; diplomacy was created. Since it is in the nature of diplomacy to be conducted more or less secretly by a few persons, and since the peoples did not, and could not, greatly concern themselves in it, this development was wholly favourable to the strengthening of royalty.

IV—The Spiritual Revolt

ALTHOUGH the Church, until the sixteenth century, had successfully suppressed all attempts at spiritual independence, yet the broadening of men's minds that began with the crusades and received a vigorous impetus from the Renaissance made its mark even in the fifteenth century upon ecclesiastical affairs.

Three main facts of the moral order are presented during this period: the ineffectual attempts of the councils of Constance and Basel to reform the Church from within; the ineffectual attempts at reform from without, the most notable of which was that of Huss in Bohemia; and the intellectual revolution that accompanied the Renaissance. The way was thus prepared for the event that was inaugurated when Luther burnt the pope's bull at Wittenberg in 1520.

The Reformation was in reality a revolt of the human spirit against absolute power in spiritual affairs. The minds of men were, during the sixteenth century, in energetic movement, consumed by desire for progress; the Church had become inert and stationary, yet it maintained all its pretentions and external importance. The Church, indeed, was

less tyrannical than it had formerly been, and not more corrupt. But it had not advanced; it had lost touch with human thought.

The Reformation, in all the lands that it reached, in all the lands where it played a great part, whether as conqueror or as conquered, resulted in general, constant and immense progress in liberty and activity of thought, and tended toward the emancipation of the human spirit. It did not attack temporal absolutism; but the collision between temporal absolutism and spiritual freedom was bound to come.

V—The Political Revolt

THEIR first shock was in England, for England was a country of exceptional conditions, both civil and religious. The Reformation there had, in part, been the work of the kings themselves, and was incomplete; the reformers remained militant, and denounced the bishops, as they had formerly denounced the pope. Moreover, the aspirations after civil liberty that were stirred up by the emancipation of thought had means of action in the old institutions of the country—the charter, the parliament, the laws, the precedents. Similar aspirations in Continental countries had no such means of action and led to nothing.

Two national desires coincided in England at this epoch—the desire for religious revolution and liberty, and the desire for political liberty and the overthrow of despotism. The two sets of reformers joined forces. For the political party, civil freedom was the end; for the religious party, it was only a means; but throughout the conflict the political party took the lead and the others followed. It was not until 1688 that the reformers finally attained their aim in the abolition of absolute power, spiritual and temporal; and the accession of William of Orange in that year brought England into the great struggle that was raging on the Continent between the principle of despotism and the principle of freedom.

England differed from other European countries in that the essential diversity of European civilization was more pronounced there than anywhere else. Elsewhere, one element prevailed over the others until it was overthrown; in England, even if one element was dominant, the others were strong and important. Elizabeth had to be far more wary with her nobles and commons than Louis XIV with his. For this reason Europe lagged behind England in civil freedom. But there was another reason—the influence of France.

During the seventeenth century, the French government was the strongest in Europe, and it was a despotic government. During the eighteenth century French thought was the most active and potent in Europe, and it was unboundedly free thought. Louis XIV did not, as is sometimes supposed, adopt as his principle the propagation of absolutism; his aim was the strength and greatness of France, and to this end he fought and planned—just as William of Orange fought and planned, not against despotism, but against France.

Yet, after the death of Louis XIV the government immediately degenerated. This was inevitable. No system of government can be maintained without institutions, and a despot dislikes institutions. The rule of Louis XIV was great, powerful and brilliant, but it had no roots. The decrepit remains of it were, in the eighteenth century, brought face to face with a society in which free examination and free speculation had been carried to lengths never imagined before. Freedom of thought once again came to grips with absolute power.

The gravest and most instructive fact revealed to us by this grand spectacle of civilization is the danger, the insurmountable evil, of absolute power in any form—whether in the form of a despot like Louis XIV, or in that of the untrammelled human spirit that prevailed at the Revolution. Each human power has in itself a natural vice, a principle of weakness to which there has to be assigned a limit. It is only by general liberty of all rights, interests and opinions that each power can be restrained within its legitimate bounds, and intellectual freedom enabled to exist genuinely and to the advantage of the whole community.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES

THE BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY

As an actor, philosopher, novelist, critic, dramatist, journalist and man of science, George Henry Lewes played many parts in the life of his time. He was most successful as a critic (George Eliot owed him much in this connexion) and it is by his splendid critical work, The Biographical History of Philosophy, that he is now best remembered. In this remarkable book, which appeared in 1845-6, Lewes the novelist and journalist collaborates with Lewes the philosopher and man of science. He has the rare art of making an abstruse subject clear and attractive; he does not give a dry summary of the ideas of the great thinkers, but depicts the living man and relates his way of life to his way of thinking. The result is that in his hands metaphysic becomes as interesting as history did in the hands of Macaulay. The best known of Lewes's other writings are his Life of Goethe (1855), a volume of essays in dramatic criticism, Actors and Acting (1875), and The Problems of Life and Mind, which was cut short by his death.

I—The Early Thinkers



It is the object of the present work to show how philosophy became positive science; to indicate by what methods the human mind was enabled to conquer its present modicum of certain knowledge. The boldest and the grandest speculations came first. Man needed the stimulus of some higher reward than that of merely tracing the laws of phenomena. Nothing but a solution of the mystery of the universe could content him. Astronomy was derived from astrology, chemistry from alchemy, and physiology from auguries. The position occupied by philosophy in the history of mankind is that of the great initiative to positive science. It was the forlorn hope of mankind and, though it perished in its efforts, it did not perish without having led the way to victory.

Thales, who was born at Miletus, in Asia Minor, and flourished in 585 B.C., is justly considered the father of Greek speculation. The step he took was small but decisive. He opened the physiological inquiry into the constitution of the universe. Seeing around him constant transformations—birth and death, change of shape, of size and of mode of being, he could not regard any one of these various states of existence as existence itself. He therefore asked, What is the beginning of things? Finding that all things were nourished by moisture, he declared that moisture was the principle of everything. He was mistaken, of course, but he was the first man to furnish a formula from which to reason deductively.

Anaximenes (550 B.C.) pursued the method of Thales, but he was not convinced of the truth of his master's doctrine. He thought that the air was the prime, universal element, from which all things were produced and into which all things were resolved. Diogenes of Apollonia adopted the idea of Anaximenes, but gave a deeper significance to it. The older thinker conceived the vital air as a kind of soul; the younger man conceived the soul as a kind of air—an invisible force, permeating and actuating everything.

This attribution of intelligence to the primal power of matter was certainly a progress in speculation; but another line of thought was struck out by Anaximander of Miletus, who had been a friend of Thales. He was passionately addicted to mathematics, and a great many inventions are ascribed to him; among others, that of the sundial and the geographical map. In his view, any one single thing could not be all things, and in his famous saying, 'The infinite is the origin of all things,' he introduced into metaphysics an abstract conception in place of the inadequate concrete principles of Thales and his disciples. Pythagoras was a contemporary of Anaximander and, like him, one of the great

founders of mathematics. He held that the only permanant reality in the cosmos was the principle of order and harmony, which prevented the universe from becoming a blank, unintelligible chaos; and he expressed this idea in his mystic doctrine: 'Numbers are the cause of the material existence of things.' The movement which he spread by means of a vast, secret confraternity ended, however, in a barren symbolism, and it is impossible to trace what relation his theories of the transmigration of souls and the music of the spheres have to his general system of thought.

Far more influence on the progress of speculation was exercised by Xenophanes of Colophon. Driven by the Persian invasion of 540 B.C. to earn his living as a wandering minstrel he developed the ideas of Anaximander, and founded the school of great philosophical poets, to which Parmenides, Empedocles and Lucretius belong. He is the grand monotheist, and he has published his doctrines in his verses:

There is one God alone, the greatest of spirits and mortals,
Neither in body to mankind resembling neither in ideas.

Shelley's line, 'The One remains, the Many change and pass' sums up the teaching of the line of thinkers which culminated in Plato. In their view, knowledge derived from the senses was fallacious because it touched only the diverse and changing appearances of things; absolute knowledge of the one abiding spiritual reality could only be obtained by the exercise of the spiritual faculty of reason, which, unlike the animal power of sense, is the same in all men. One of the philosophers of this school, Zeno of Elea, was the inventor of the dialectic method of logic, which Socrates and Plato used with so tremendous an effect.

Anaxagoras, however, attempted to reconcile the evidence of the senses with the dictates of the reason. He was the first philosopher to settle in Athens, and Pericles, Euripides and Socrates were among his pupils. He was extraordinarily modern in some of his ideas. He held that the matter of knowledge was derived through the senses, but that reason regulated and verified it, and he carried this dualism into his conception of the universe, which he represented as a manifestation of a Divine intelligence, acting through invariable laws, but in no way confused with the matter acted on.

His successor, Democritus, adopted his theory of the origin of knowledge and, by applying it to the problem of the One and the Many, produced the most striking of ancient anticipations of modern science. He regarded the world as something made up of invisible particles, each absolutely similar to the other; these formed the essential unity which could be grasped only by the reason, but by their various combinations and arrangements they brought about the apparent multiplicity of objects which the senses perceived.

Such was the foundation of the atomic theory of Democritus. He conceived the atom as a centre of force, and not as a particle having weight and material qualities. As, however, his hypothesis was purely a metaphysical one, it did not lead to any of the discoveries which have followed on the establishment of the modern scientific theory, which was arrived at in a different way and has a different signification. Democritus also threw out vaguely the idea of gravitation. But this was not science: it was guess-work; it afforded no ground on which the fabric of verified knowledge could be erected, and no sure method of obtaining this knowledge.

II—The School of Socrates

It was against the vain and premature hypotheses of the physiologists of his day that the greatest and noblest intellect in Greece revolted. Socrates was the knight-errant of philosophy.

It was his confessed aim and purpose to withdraw the mind from the contemplation of the phenomena of nature, and fix it on its own phenomena. 'I have not leisure for physical speculations,' he said, with characteristic irony, 'and I will tell you why: I am not yet able, according to the Delphic inscription, to *know myself*, and it seems to me very ridiculous, while ignorant of myself, to inquire into what I am not concerned in.' Weary of the

empty disputes about the origin of the universe, he turned to the one field in which the current method of abstract reasoning could be fruitfully applied—the field of ethics.

Living in an age of wild sophistry, he endeavoured to steady and enlighten the conscience of men by establishing right principles of conduct. His method of proceeding by definitions and analogy has been misapplied, but in his hands it was a powerful instrument in discovering and marking out a new field of inquiry. His religious genius, the ideal character of his ethics, and the heroic character of his life have been his great titles to fame, but it is his method which gives him his high position in the history of philosophy.

THE method of Socrates was adopted and enlarged by the most famous of all ancient writers. Aristocles, surnamed Plato (the broad-browed), was a brilliant young Athenian aristocrat who turned from poetry to philosophy on meeting, in his twentieth year, with Socrates. After travelling abroad in search of knowledge, he returned to Athens and founded his world-renowned academy there in 387 B.C. With vast learning and a puissant method, he created an influence which is not yet extinct. Plato was the culminating point of Greek philosophy.

In his works all the various and conflicting tendencies of preceding eras were collected under one method. This method was doubtless the method of Socrates, but much extended and improved. Socrates relied on definitions and analogical reasoning as the principles of investigation. Plato used these arts, but he added to them the more scientific processes of analysis, generalisation and classification.

In regard to his system of thought, Plato was a realist. He believed that ideas have a real existence, and that material things are only copies of the realities existing in the ideal world. He held that beauty, goodness and wisdom are spiritual realities, from which all things beautiful, good and wise derive their existence.

In his philosophy the universe is divided into the celestial region of ideas and the mundane region of material phenomena, answering to the modern conception of heaven and earth. As the phenomena of matter are but copies of ideas (not, as some suppose, the bodily realization of them), there arises a question: How do ideas become matter? Plato gives two different explanations. In The Republic he says 'that God, instead of perpetually creating individual things, created a distinct type (idea) for each thing, and from this type all objects of the class are made. But in a later work, the Timaeus, Plato takes another view of the origin of the world. Types are conceived as having existed from all eternity, and God, in fashioning cosmos out of chaos, fashioned it after the model of these eternal types.

Plato's conception of heaven and earth as two distinct regions is completed by his conception of the double nature of the soul; or, rather, of two souls, one rational and the other sensitive. The sensitive soul awakens the divine reminiscences of the rational soul; and the rational soul, by detecting the One in the Many, preserves man from the scepticism inevitably resulting from mere sense-knowledge.

ARISTOTLE, who was born in 384 B.C., was Plato's pupil. He, however, completely broke away from his master's theory. He maintained that individual objects alone exist. But if only individual objects exist, only by the senses can they be known; and if we have only sense-knowledge, how can we arrive at the general truths on which both philosophy and science are founded? This was the problem which had led Plato to claim for ideas, or types of general truths, a higher origin than the intermittent and varying data of the senses.

Aristotle held that it could be solved in a natural way without the conception of an ideal world. In his view, ideas were obtained by induction. Sensation is the basis of all knowledge. But we have another faculty besides that of sensation; we have memory. Having perceived many objects, we remember our perceptions, and this enables us to discern wherein things differ and wherein they agree. Then, by means of the art of induction, we arrive at ideas.

Aristotle's theory of induction is clearly explained by him: 'Experience furnishes the principles of every science. Thus

astronomy is grounded on observation. For if we were to observe properly the phenomena of the heavens, we might demonstrate the laws which regulate them. The same applies to other sciences.'

Had he always held before his eyes this conception of science, he would have anticipated Bacon—he would have been the Father of Positive Science. But he could not confine himself to experience, as there was not sufficient experience accumulated in his age from which to generalise with any effect. So he turned to logic as an instrument for investigating the mystery of existence, and by bringing physics and metaphysics together again he paved the way for a new era—the era of scepticism.

All the wisdom of the ancient world was powerless against the sceptics. Faith in truth was extinct; faith in human nature was gone; philosophy was impossible. And, though the influence of Socrates continued to be felt in the field of ethics, the ethics of the Greeks were at best narrow and egotistical. What a light was poured upon all questions of morality by that one divine axiom, 'Love your enemy.' No Greek ever attained such sublimity. Still, the progress made by the Greeks was immense, and they must ever occupy in the history of humanity an honourable place.

III—Philosophy and Science

FRANCIS BACON is the father of experimental philosophy. He owes his title to his method. Many philosophers, ancient and modern, had cursorily referred to observation and experiment as furnishing the materials of physical knowledge; but no one before him had attempted to systematise the true method of discovery.

He begins his great work by examining into the permanent causes of error, as these were likely to be operative even after the reformation of science. For this reason he calls them idols, or false appearances (from the Greek *eidolon*), and he divides them into four classes: the idols of the tribe, or the causes of error due to the general defects of the human mind; the idols of the den, which spring from weaknesses peculiar to the character of the individual student; the idols of the forum, which arise out of the intercourse of society and the power that words sometimes have of governing thought; and, finally, the idols of the theatre, which men of great learning pursue when they follow the systems of famous but mistaken thinkers.

After this preliminary discussion, Bacon goes on to describe the methods of inductive science. The first step consists in preparing a history of the phenomena to be explained in all their modifications and varieties. This history must include not merely such facts as spontaneously offer themselves, but all experiments instituted for the sake of discovery. It must be composed with great care; the facts should be accurately related and distinctly arranged, and their authenticity diligently examined; those that rest on doubtful evidence should not be rejected, but noted as uncertain, with the grounds of the judgement so formed. This last part of the method, says Bacon, is very necessary, for facts often appear incredible only because we are ill informed, and they cease to seem marvellous when our knowledge is further extended.

When this record of facts, this 'natural history,' is completed, an attempt may then be made to discover, by a comparison of the various facts, the cause of the phenomena. Here it is of the utmost importance to bear in mind that all facts have not the same value. There are, as Bacon points out, twenty-seven species of facts, and he concludes that in any science where facts cannot be tested by experiment there can be no conclusive evidence.

Thus it will be seen that Bacon's method was a system of specific rules. He did not merely tell men to make observations and experiments; he taught them how observations and experiments ought to be made.

As Bacon was the father of modern science, so René Descartes was the father of modern philosophy. Born in 1596, and perplexed by the movement of scepticism produced by the Renaissance, the French thinker endeavoured to find some ground of certainty in the fact that he at least knew of his own existence. Hence his famous saying: *Cogito, ergo sum*—'I think, therefore I exist.' Consciousness,



GEORGE HENRY LEWES was born in London, April 18, 1817, and received a desultory education. He studied medicine for a time, but gave it up on account of his shrinking from physical pain. After travelling in Germany he drifted into journalism, and wrote for reviews and newspapers on many varied subjects. He was literary editor of The Leader from 1851-54, and in 1865, on the founding of The Fortnightly Review, he became its editor for a short period. From this date he occupied himself especially with psychological and metaphysical subjects. In 1854 began his association with Miss Evans (George Eliot) which lasted until his death, on November 28, 1878.

said he, is the basis of all knowledge. The process then is simple: examine your consciousness, and its clear replies will be science. Hence the vital portion of his system lies in this axiom: 'All clear ideas are true.'

The fallacy in his system can be briefly exposed. Consciousness is, no doubt, the ultimate ground of certainty of existence for *me*. But though I am conscious of all that passes within myself, I am not conscious of what passes in anything not myself. All that I can possibly know of anything not myself lies in its effects upon me. Any other ideas I may have in regard to the outside world are founded only on inferences, and directly I leave the ground of consciousness for the region of inference my knowledge becomes questionable.

It was this defect in Cartesianism which Baruch Spinoza, the great Jewish thinker of Amsterdam, set out to rectify. Spinoza asked himself: What is the reality which lies beneath all appearance? We see everywhere transformations perishable and perishing, yet there must be something beneath which is imperishable and immutable. What is it? In Spinoza's view, the absolute existence is God. All that exists, exists in and by God. Taking the words of St. Paul, 'In Him we live and move and have our being,' as his motto, he undertook to trace the relations of the world to God and to man, and those of man to society.

To John Locke, born at Wrington, in Somerset, in 1632, the problem presented itself in another way. Instead of accepting the validity of clear ideas, as Descartes and Spinoza did, he adopted the Baconian method and opened the inquiry into the origin and formation of ideas. Separating himself from the philosophers who held that the mind was capable of arriving at knowledge independent of experience, and from the sceptics who maintained that the senses were the only channels of information, he showed that ideas were derived from two sources—sensation and reflection.

He was succeeded by George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, born at Kilcrin, in Kilkenny, in 1684. He defeated the sceptics on their own ground. There is nothing in the world, he says, except our own sensations and ideas. In order to exist for us, things have to be perceived by the mind; therefore, everything, in order to exist, must exist in the mind of God.

But when Berkeley had proved that matter was figment, David Hume, born in 1711, came forward and showed that mind was also an illusion. You know nothing of matter, said Berkeley; you have only perceptions and the ideas based thereon. You know nothing of mind, replied Hume; you have only a succession of sensations and ideas.

Against Hume rose up in Germany a famous school of philosophers beginning with Immanuel Kant, who was born in Prussia in 1724. Kant attempted to prove that the human reason was not untrustworthy, as Hume assumed, but limited, and that, within certain bounds, it was capable of arriving at practical truths. Kant's disciples, however, were not content with this modest re-statement. Taking it too readily for granted that Hume's objections had been overcome, they pro-

ceeded to revive that unbounded faith in mere speculation which had been the distemper of the Greek mind. Fichte and Schelling were the first thinkers of note to attempt again to solve by logic the mystery of the universe.

But their works are now obscured by the achievement of Hegel, who began to teach at Berlin in 1818. Hegel holds that the real universe is a universe of ideas to which his philosophy is the key, but, as ideas realize themselves in space and time, they come within the scope of the man of science. It is said that all bad German systems of philosophy when they die come to England. Hegelianism has been very fashionable in this country, and its influence is still observable in academic circles.

Auguste Comte is the Bacon of the nineteenth century. It has been his object to construct a *positive* philosophy; that is to say, a doctrine capable of embracing all the sciences and, with them, all the problems of social life. He holds that every branch of knowledge passes through three stages: the supernatural, or fictitious; the metaphysical or abstract; the positive or scientific. When the positive method is adopted, then shall we again have one general doctrine, powerful because general.

The metaphysicians have failed to penetrate to the causes of things, but the men of science are succeeding in the humbler but far more useful work of tracing some of the laws that govern the phenomena of nature, and foreseeing their operations. It is only where the philosophers started matters capable of *positive* treatment that any advance has been made in metaphysics. For the rest, philosophy leaves us in the nineteenth century at precisely the same point at which we were in the fifth. Thus is the circle completed.

A Success of Sincerity

MRS. CRAIK

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN

BEGINNING her literary career with the writing of children's tales, Miss Mulock published her first novel, The Ogilvies, in 1849, at the age of twenty-three. This was followed by Olive (1850), The Head of the Family (1851) and Agatha's Husband (1853), and in 1857 the publication of John Halifax, Gentleman, placed her in the foremost rank of contemporary women novelists. The story had a great vogue throughout the English-speaking world, and was also translated into French, German, Italian, Greek and Russian. Though it has no great literary merit, the book is notable for its sincerity of tone and its presentation of the character of a Christian gentleman who never degenerates into a prig, and it still holds a place among the classics of domestic fiction. Mrs. Craik continued writing for many years, producing fourteen more novels, and several volumes of essays and verse, but none of her other work equalled in popularity John Halifax, Gentleman.

I—The Tanner's Apprentice



"GET out o' Mr. Fletcher's road, you idle, lounging, little ——"

'Vagabond' was no doubt what Sally Watkins, the old nurse of Phineas Fletcher, was going to say, but she had changed her mind in looking again at the lad, who, ragged and miserable as he was, was anything but a 'vagabond.'

On their way home a downpour of rain had drawn Mr. Fletcher and his son Phineas to shelter in the covered alley that led to Sally's house. Mr. Fletcher pushed the little hand-carriage in which his weak and ailing son was seated into the alley. The ragged boy, who had also been sheltering there, lent a hand in bringing Phineas out of the rain, Mr. Fletcher saying to him kindly, after Sally's outburst, "Thee need not go into the wet. Keep close to the wall, and there will be shelter enough both for us and thee."

Mr. Fletcher was a wealthy tanner in Norton Bury. Years ago his wife had died, leaving him with their only child, Phineas, now a sickly boy of sixteen.

The ragged lad, who had seemed very grateful for the Quaker's kind words to him, stood leaning idly against the wall,

looking at the rain that splashed on the pavement of the High Street. He was a boy perhaps of fourteen years; but, despite his serious and haggard face, he was tall and strongly built, with muscular limbs and square, broad shoulders, so that he looked seventeen or more. The puny boy in the hand-carriage was filled with admiration for the manly bearing of the poor lad.

THE rain at length gave promise of ceasing, and Mr. Fletcher, pulling out his great silver watch, never known to be wrong, said, "Twenty-three minutes lost by this shower. Phineas, my son, how am I to get thee home? Unless thee wilt go with me to the tan-yard ——"

Phineas shook his head, and his father then called to Sally Watkins if she knew of anyone who would wheel him home. But at the moment Sally did not hear, and the ragged boy mustered courage to speak for the first time.

"Sir, I want work; may I earn a penny?" he said, taking off his tattered old cap and looking straight into Mr. Fletcher's face. The old man scanned the honest face of the lad very closely.

"What is thy name, lad?"

"John Halifax."

"Where dost thee come from?"

"Cornwall."

"Hast thee any parents living?"

The lad answered that he had not, and to many other questions with which the tanner plied him he returned straightforward answers. He was promised a groat if he would see Phineas safely home when the rain had ceased, and was asked if he would care to take the piece of silver now.

"Not till I've earned it, sir," said the Cornish lad. So Mr. Fletcher slipped the money into his boy's hand and left them. Only a few words were spoken between the two lads for a little while after he had gone, and John Halifax stood idly looking across the narrow street at the mayor's house, with its steps and porticoes, and its fourteen windows, one of which was open, showing a cluster of little heads within. The mayor's children seemed to be amused, watching the shivering shelterers in the alley; but presently a somewhat older child appeared among them, and then went away from the window quickly. Soon afterwards a front door was partly opened by someone whom another was endeavouring to restrain, for the boys could hear loud words from behind the door.

"I will! I say I will——"

"You sha'n't, Miss Ursula!"

"But I will!" And there stood the young girl, with a loaf in one hand and a carving-knife in the other. She hastily cut off a slice of bread.

"Take it, poor boy! You look so hungry," she said. "Do take it!" But the door was shut again upon a sharp cry of pain; the headstrong little girl had cut her wrist with the knife.

In a little, John Halifax went across and picked up the slice of bread which had fallen on the doorstep. At the best of times, wheaten bread was then a dainty to the poor, and perhaps the Cornish lad had not tasted a morsel of it for months.

PHINEAS, from the moment he had set eyes on John, liked the lad and, living a very lonely life, with no playfellows and no friends of his own age, he longed to be friends with this strong-looking, honest youth who had come so suddenly into his life, while John had been so tender in helping Phineas home that the Quaker boy felt sure he would make a worthy friend.

It later appeared that John had heard of his own father as a sad, solemn sort of man, much given to reading. He had been described to him as 'a scholar and a gentleman,' and John had determined that he, too, would be a scholar and a gentleman. He was only an infant when his father died, and his mother, left very poor, had a sore struggle until her own death, when the boy was only eleven years old. Since then the lonely lad had been wandering about the country getting odd jobs at farms; at other times almost starving.

Thus had he wandered to Norton Bury; and now, thanks to Phineas, Mr. Fletcher gave him a job at the tannery, although at first the worthy Quaker was not altogether sure of John's character.

Soon, however, the two lads were fast friends, and spent much of their time

together. John Halifax could read, but he had not yet learnt to write; so Phineas became his friendly tutor and repaid his devotion by teaching him all he knew.

The years wore away, John Halifax labouring faithfully, if not always contentedly, in the tannery; and in time, old Mr. Fletcher finding him worthy of the highest trust, John came to be manager of the business. In knowledge, too, he had grown, for Phineas had proved a good tutor, and John so apt a pupil that before long Phineas confessed that John knew more than himself.

II—Ursula March

It happened that John and Phineas were spending the summer days at the rural village of Enderley, where they lived at Rose Cottage. Enderley was not far from Norton Bury, and every day John rode there to look after the tannery and the flour-mill which had recently been added to Mr. Fletcher's now flourishing business.

This Rose Cottage was really two houses, in one of which the young men lived, while an invalid gentleman and his daughter occupied the other. John Halifax had noted this young lady in his walks across the breezy downs, and thought her the sweetest creature he had seen. Later, when he got to know that her name was Ursula, he was thrilled with happy memories of the little girl who had thrown him the slice of bread, for he had heard her called by that same name. He wondered if this might be she grown into a young woman.

Ere long he came to know his pretty neighbour, to companion her in rural walks. No artist ever painted a more attractive picture than these two made stepping briskly across the wind-swept uplands; she with her sparkling dark eyes, her great mass of brown curls escaping from her hood, and John with his frank, ruddy face and his fine, swinging, manly figure.

Ursula's father, who had come here ailing, died at the cottage, and was buried in Enderley churchyard. He had been the same Henry March whose life John had saved years before when the Avon was in flood. He was cousin to Squire Brithwood, who also owed his life to John on the same occasion. Unhappily, Ursula's fortune was left in the keeping of that highly undesirable person.

John was very sad at the thought of Ursula leaving the cottage for the squire's home at Mythe House, for he knew that she had been happier there in the sweet country retreat than she would ever be in the ill-conducted household of her guardian. She, too, had regrets at the thought of going, as John and she had become fast friends. He told her that Mr. Brithwood would probably deny his right to be considered a friend of hers, and would not allow his claim to be thought a gentleman, though a poor one.

"It is right," he pursued, on her expression of surprise, "that you should know who and what I am to whom you are giving the honour of your kindness. Perhaps you ought to have known before; but here at Enderley we seem to be equals—friends."

"I have indeed felt it so."

"Then you will the sooner pardon my not telling you—what you never asked, and I was only too ready to forget—that we are *not* equals—that is, society would not regard us as such, and I doubt if even you yourself would wish us to be friends."

"Why not?"

"Because you are a gentlewoman and I am a tradesman."

She sat—the eyelashes drooping over her flushed cheeks—perfectly silent. John's voice grew firmer, prouder.

"My calling is, as you will hear at Norton Bury, that of a tanner. I am apprentice to Abel Fletcher, Phineas's father."

"Mr. Fletcher!" She looked up at him, with a mingled look of kindliness and pain.

"Ay, Phineas is a little less beneath your notice than I am. He is rich, and has been well educated; I have had to educate myself. I came to Norton Bury six years ago—a beggar-boy. No, I never begged. I either worked or starved."

The earnestness, the passion of his tone made Miss March lift her eyes, but they fell again.

"Yes, Phineas found me starving in an alley. We stood in the rain opposite the mayor's house. A little girl—you know her, Miss March—came to the door and threw out to me a bit of bread."

Now indeed she started. "You! Was that you?"

John paused, and his whole manner changed into softness as he resumed.

"I never forgot that little girl. Many a time when I was inclined to do wrong, she kept me right—the remembrance of her sweet face and her kindness."

That face was pressed against the sofa where she sat. Miss March was all but weeping.

"I am glad to have met her again," he went on, "and glad to have been able to do her some small good in return for the infinite good she once did me. I shall bid her farewell now, at once, and altogether."

A quick, involuntary turn of the hidden face seemed to ask him "Why?"

"Because," John said, "the world says we are not equals; and it would be neither for Miss March's honour nor mine did I try to force upon it the truth—which I may prove one day—that we *are* equals."

Miss March looked up at him—it were hard to say with what expression, of pleasure, of pride, or simple astonishment; perhaps a mingling of all; then her eyelids fell. Her left arm was hanging over the sofa, the scar being visible enough. John took the hand, and pressed his lips to the place where the wound had been.

"Poor little hand—blessed little hand!" he murmured. "God bless it evermore!"

III—The Rise of John Halifax

After John Halifax had returned to Norton Bury he was seized with fever, and for a time his recovery seemed doubtful. In his delirium he called aloud for Ursula, and dreamt that she had come to sit with him, asking him to live for her sake. Phineas, in his anxiety for his friend, brought Ursula to him, and the dream came true, for she did ask him to live for her sake.

Not long after his recovery John Halifax became Mr. Fletcher's partner. Going to London on behalf of the business, he met there the great statesman, Mr. Pitt, who was impressed with the natural abilities of the young man. John's reputation for honesty and sound commonsense had now grown so great at Norton Bury that when he returned there he found himself one of the most respected men in the town.

Although still far from being rich, he was no longer a poor worker, and as Ursula was willing to share his life, they boldly determined to be married, in spite of her guardian, who asserted that John would never touch a penny of Ursula's fortune. They contrived, however, to be happy without it, for he refused to go to law to recover his wife's money and was determined he would work honestly to support her.

With the death of old Mr. Fletcher, however, came misfortune, for it was found that the tannery was no longer a paying property, and there were only the mills to go on with. At this time Ursula's relative, Lord Luxmore, who was anxious to see the Catholic Emancipation Bill passed, thought he could use John Halifax for his purpose by offering to get him returned to parliament for the 'rotten borough' of Kingswell, the member for which was then elected by only fifteen voters. Twelve of these were tenants of Lord Luxmore, and the other three of Phineas. But although John would have supported the Bill, he was too honest to let himself be elected for a 'rotten borough.' So he declined, and Luxmore next tried to win him over by offering the lease of some important cloth-mills he owned; but these he would not take on credit, and he had no money to pay for them.

At this juncture, Ursula told Luxmore about the behaviour of his kinsman Brithwood, with the result that his lordship went to Brithwood and made him turn over the money to her. When John now purchased the lease of the mills, his lordship thought that he had secured him firmly, and that Halifax would use his great and growing influence with the people of the district to further Luxmore's political schemes.

While all this was going on, young Lord Ravenel, the son and heir of Luxmore,

had been a constant visitor at the Halifax home, and delighted in the company of John's daughter, Muriel. Halifax had now three children: two boys, named Guy and Edmund, and Muriel, who, alas! had been born blind. Perhaps on account of her infirmity she had been the pet of her parents; but she was of a gentle nature, and was beautiful to look upon, even with her sightless eyes.

The time for the election of the member for Kingswell had come round, and as Luxmore had failed to induce John Halifax to stand, he put up a pliable nominee. But he was greatly mistaken in supposing that John would use his influence to make the handful of voters, most of whom were employed in his mills, vote for Luxmore's man. Instead of that, Halifax advised them to be honest and vote as they thought right; with the result that Luxmore promptly evicted them from their homes. But John found new homes for them.

As his riches increased, he bought a stately country mansion, named Beechwood, not far from Rose Cottage, ever dear in memory to him. Another son, Walter, was born there, and everything seemed to smile on him in his beautiful country home. Luxmore now sought to injure him by diverting the water from his cloth-mills and leaving his great wheels idle. Halifax could have taken him to law; but instead of that, he set up a strange, new-fangled thing, called a steam-engine; and his mills did better than ever.

Finding it useless to fight against the resourceful Halifax, Luxmore went abroad, and left his son, Lord Ravenel, alone at Luxmore Hall. The young man, despite his father's unfriendly conduct, was still a frequent visitor at Beechwood, and when poor Muriel died his grief at her loss was only less than that of her parents.

THE years passed by, and happiness still reigned at Beechwood; but Ravenel had deserted them, until one day John Halifax met him, greatly changed from the gentle youth of the past, at Norton Bury. John invited him to ride over with him to Enderley.

"Enderley? How strange the word sounds! Yet I should like to see the place again," said Ravenel, who decided to accompany John Halifax and Phineas Fletcher in their drive back to Beechwood. He inquired kindly for all the family, and was told that Guy and Walter were as tall as himself, while the daughter——

"Your daughter?" said his lordship, with a start. "Oh, yes; I recollect—Baby Maud! Is she at all like—like——"

"No," said John Halifax. Neither said more than this; but it seemed as if their hearts warmed to one another, knitted by the same tender remembrance.

IV—The Journey's End

LORD RAVENEL had returned to reside again at Luxmore Hall, and his visits to Beechwood became as regular as they had been in the old days at the Halifax home, when Muriel was alive. It was the society of Maud in which his lordship now delighted, though he never forgot the serene and happy days he had spent with her blind sister.

Before long, Lord Ravenel sought to be regarded as suitor for the hand of Maud, who would thus have become the future Countess of Luxmore. He said that he would wait two years for her, if her father wished it; but John Halifax would make him no promise, and urged him rather to endeavour first to become a more worthy man, so that he might redeem the evil reputation which the conduct of his own father had brought upon the name of Luxmore.

"Do you recognize what you were born to be?" said Halifax to him. "Not only a nobleman, but a gentleman; not only a gentleman, but a man—man made in the image of God. Would to heaven that any poor word of mine could make you feel all that you are—and all that you might be!"

"You mean, Mr. Halifax, what I might have been—now it is too late."

"There is no such word as 'too late' in the wide world—nay, not in the universe."

Lord Ravenel for a time sat silent; then he rose to go, and thanked Mrs. Halifax in a voice choked with emotion.

"For your husband, I owe him more than kindness, as perhaps I may prove



DINAH MARIA CRAIK was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, April 20, 1826, the daughter of Thomas Mulock, a minister of Irish extraction. At the age of twenty she came to London to take up the literary profession, and soon attained popularity as a writer of novels and tales for the young. In 1864 she married George Lillie Craik, a partner in Macmillan's publishing house, and resided at Shortlands, Kent, until her death on October 12, 1887.

some day; if not, try to believe the best of me you can. Good-bye!"

It was not many weeks after this that the old Earl of Luxmore died in France, and it then became known that his son, who now succeeded to the title, had voluntarily given up his claims on the estate in order to pay the heavy debts of his worthless father.

The home at Beechwood had lost another inmate for Edmund was now married when Guy, first going to Paris, had later sailed for America. Years passed by, and he became a successful merchant in Boston, and then one day he wrote home to say he was coming back to the Old Country, and was bringing his partner.

The ship in which Guy and his friend sailed from America was wrecked, and Ursula, in her grief at the supposed loss of her eldest son, seemed to be wearing away, when one day a strange gentleman stood in the doorway tall, brown and bearded and asked to see Miss Halifax. Maud just glanced at him, then rose, and said somewhat coldly, "Will you be seated?"

"Maud, don't you know me? Where is my mother?"

The return of the son whom she had given up for dead brought joy again to the heart of Ursula, and her health seemed to revive, but it was clear that her days were now uncertain. Scarcely less than the delight in Guy's return was the discovery that his partner was none other than the new Earl of Luxmore, who, as plain Mr. William Ravenel, had by his life in America proved John Halifax was right when he said it was not too late for him to model his life on lines of true manliness. He had, indeed, become all that John had desired of him—a man and a gentleman—so that Maud was, after all, to be the Countess of Luxmore.

But the days of John Halifax himself were now drawing to a close, and he was not without premonitions of his end; for in his talks with Phineas Fletcher, who had remained his faithful companion all these years, he spoke as one would speak of a new abode, an impending journey. Death came to him very gently one day at sunset, just after he had smiled at Phineas, when his old friend, looking towards Lord Luxmore and his future bride, who were with a group of the young people, had said, "I think sometimes, John, that William and Maud will be the happiest of all the children."

He looked fondly after them for a minute, and then laid himself quietly down on his back along the slope in the garden where he was sitting, his eyes still directed towards the sunset. When, brightening as it descended, the sun shone level upon the place, he pulled his broad straw hat over his face, and composed himself with both hands clasped upon his breast, in the attitude of sleep.

Presently Maud went up to her father, laid her hand upon his, that were folded together over the cloak—drew back startled, alarmed.

Phineas put her aside. It was he who removed the hat from John's face, for John himself was far, far away. While he was sleeping thus the Master had called him. His sudden end was so great a shock to the frail life of Ursula, that when they buried John Halifax in the pretty Enderley churchyard they laid to rest with him his wife of three-and-thirty years, who had been a widow but for a few hours.

THOMAS HARDY

THE DYNASTS

A Study by Lascelles Abercrombie



THOMAS HARDY is still, and perhaps always will be, best known as a novelist. The noble series of the Wessex novels came to an end when he was 56 years old; but that was only the end of the first stage of his extraordinary career. For nearly thirty years after that he continued to produce work which, if his novels had never been written, would give him a place among the great English writers; though no doubt it can hardly be as popular as his fiction. Part of this later work consists of The Dynasts, the most ambitious attempt, and perhaps the greatest achievement, that has been known in English poetry since the death of Wordsworth. Its greatness is shown by its ability adequately to exhibit, in vast imaginative re-creation, one of the most turbulent and significant periods in the history of the world. Its ambition consists in its endeavour to use this matter as the vehicle of a philosophy.

After The Dynasts, Hardy devoted himself to lyrical poetry; and from his seventieth year onwards he has shown himself beyond dispute the most remarkable lyrical poet of his time—not, indeed, first in the music of his art, but certainly first in the wealth and originality of his inspiration. Thus his career, seen as a whole, arranges itself quite naturally into three distinct periods: he is first the novelist, then the author of The Dynasts, and finally the lyrical poet. And the climax of his career is the second period.

It was some time, however, before this was recognized. When he turned away from his novels, and began publishing an immense and perplexing 'epic-drama,' many of his readers thought he was indulging in a mere whimsical experiment. Nowadays we have the perspective that enables us to see The Dynasts developing naturally and perhaps inevitably out of the Wessex novels. It was said just now that Hardy uses the substance of history as the vehicle of a philosophy; but that was the way he used the substance of his novels—the great majority of them, at any rate. It is at first no more than a general impression left on the reader's mind of the way things are apt to go, in Hardy's vision of the world; but it gradually becomes more and more clear that his men and women are in the power of something greater than themselves—something that is continually moving forward, intent on its own purposes and compelling all the creatures it contains to move with it, not as they desire to move. They are in the grip of fate; but Hardy's fate is never conceived as a malignant power lying in wait for men and upsetting their plans just when they think themselves secure. It is simply the steady inexorable process of things. Human affairs are part of it: the general process of things works itself out in human affairs as everywhere else, and works itself out regardless of the passions and longings that make human affairs so tragically beautiful and so pathetically futile.

But what is the nature of this universal force? What is its tendency? What exactly is its relation to the will and mind of man? The more Hardy brooded on the mystery of life, the more these questions pressed for an answer. And in his later novels he used his mastery over great and complex action and profound characterisation, not indeed to answer these questions, but to make them come irresistibly home to his readers. For Hardy has always been one of those artists who cannot be content with the mere spectacle of life; he must, like Milton and Words-

worth, feel himself able to say, while he is exhibiting the infinite variety of life, what it is that lies at the back of it all. We say that such an artist has a philosophy of life; but we do not mean that he argues it out in a train of reasoning; we simply mean that he makes us feel and see, in the way he brings life before us, the universal significance that he himself is aware of.

So long as Hardy confined himself to the art of fiction, he could scarcely do more with these questions than, in terms of vivid human nature and credible plot, present them *as* questions; he could only hint at their answer, in the general impression of his work, and by manipulating his story into some more or less convincing symbolism. But this would no longer satisfy him; the artistic conscience in him compelled him not merely to put the questions that dominated his mind, but to answer them. And it must be acknowledged that, at the end of his career as a novelist, especially in Jude the Obscure, he was endeavouring to make the art of fiction do more than it legitimately could do. He strained the art to breaking point; only a supreme artist could have avoided disaster as skilfully as he did. But it was now clear that fiction would no longer serve his purpose. And that is the real reason, and not the outcry which certain incidents in Jude the Obscure provoked, why he abandoned novel-writing as soon as he had finished that terrible book.

He proceeded to take up a project which had long been lying dormant in his mind. His love for his native Dorset, so evident in the Wessex novels, was only an aspect of his intense English patriotism; and he could look back to a time when England's part in the prodigious struggle of the Napoleonic wars was still a living memory. Napoleon's often-threatened invasion of England was one of the liveliest traditions of the Dorset of his boyhood (most delightfully embodied in The Trumpet Major). He conceived the plan of composing a chronicle play of the Napoleonic wars, done in the spacious fashion of the Elizabethan dramatists—indeed, in a fashion even more spacious than the three parts of Henry VI. This was the work which afterwards became the 'epic-drama' of The Dynasts.

The original purpose, apparently, was to put England's part in this Titanic hurly-burly in its proper proportion, and to make the whole weltering confusion of policies and warfares appear as events in the lives of human beings, whether known to history or not. But we must remember that, lurking in the recesses of his mind, was the artist's still unsatisfied, and hitherto baffled, desire for complete self-expression. It may be that he turned to history as a relief from fiction; he certainly turned to it with a creative desire seeking for a freedom which it had failed to find in fiction—the desire to put his philosophy of life in the form of an unmistakable answer to his questions, and not simply in the form of an impressive asking of his questions. At any rate, as he worked out his chronicle-play, his ruling desire made itself felt. It found an opportunity to satisfy itself, and seized on it. The chronicle-play became its vehicle; and The Dynasts emerged not only as Hardy's grandest exhibition of the whole possibility of life, but as the image of his philosophy—that is to say, the image of his conception of man in the destiny of the world.

The result was something to which his fiction now seems to lead up as to its inevitable climax. In the first place, what the novels could only hint at, The Dynasts could openly express; that is to say, without violating artistic form or offending probability within the art, Hardy found the means of putting his readers directly in possession of his own reading of the mystery of life in this world. In the second place, he could do this in terms of history, not merely of fictitious events. He found the means of making what had actually happened yield the impression he desired to convey.

This is much more impressive than anything fiction can do. If a man says, 'This is what I conceive to be the meaning of life, and to illustrate it, I will suppose that life behaves *thus*,' the resulting demonstration may be very memorable. But if a man says, 'This is what I conceive

to be the meaning of life and, to convince you, here is a piece of what has actually happened in life, which you will note does, as a matter of plain fact, mean the very thing I contend for,' the result, though in truth it may be more poetic than historic, will have an air with it that fiction can scarcely imitate. It is the air that *epic* art in literature requires; for literature is epic not only by reason of its scope and proportion, but also by reason of the impression of solid reality it conveys. It is the record of something which we are to take as having actually happened, or of something that has long been accepted as the type of what has happened; provided that the thing which happened is charged with an intensely felt significance. The Dynasts is the modern epic. Its substance belongs to history; and as history it is recounted. But it is also recounted as something peculiarly significant. How this comes about we must now try to see.

The Napoleonic wars involved the whole of Europe. Moments of them, here and there, are to be seen clearly enough; but how are we to see the whole gigantic event which they make up out of their multitudinous detail, without losing sight of the characteristic humanity of their detail? Hardy's solution of the problem is very simple. The immense and complicated story he has to tell is brought before us in the form of a drama; and of course this is a drama intended for production, not on the stage, but in the imagination: a form of literature to which only theoretical objections can be made, of little weight compared with the practical advantages.

BUT Hardy dramatises not only the story he has to tell; he dramatises also its audience. He begins The Dynasts by filling our imaginations with a group of shadowy and impressive beings who are called 'Phantom Intelligences.' They may be regarded as spectral figures of certain mental and emotional qualities of our nature; but they are drawn with characterisation sufficiently distinct to make them live on their own account. They brood over the whole story of warring nations, ambitious sovereigns, intriguing politicians, and the consequent sufferings of decent folk, from start to finish; but they do not constitute what is called 'supernatural machinery.' They do not interfere with the story (except on a very few inconsiderable occasions); they are simply interested spectators. The ear is their theatre; and they are watching a play performed for their entertainment and instruction.

THIS play is one of tragedies (though some of the audience take it as a comedy) admirably performed by the human company; and we, as we read, detach ourselves from the company and join the spiritual audience. We share their point of view; we identify ourselves with their lofty and disinterested appreciation, which is no more lacking in pity and admiration than the feelings of any other audience, and is not without certain elements of irrepressible irreverence. Still, it is an *audience* that we have joined; we have become lookers-on. The passions enacted by the human company are not passions we live among; they are passions presented as a moving spectacle before us, witnessed by us from the auditorium. Our relation to them is the relation of stalls and gallery to the stage. And just because it is that, just because Hardy's profoundly simple art has caught us up out of the human play into the midst of the spiritual audience, are we able to see more than the characters themselves can feel; for we see the story as a whole, and we see the significance of it.

But there is an even more obvious advantage than that in joining this audience of Phantom Intelligences. We share their point of view; and their point of view can be anywhere, so long as it is in front of the stage. At any moment of the story we can, as the understanding of it may require, take our seats above the clouds and look down on the whole vast welter of warring Europe reduced to the dimensions of an ant-heap, and thus see as one affair the miscellaneous hurrying and slaughtering of a dozen nations; or we can come down so close to the actors that we see them in their natural size, and peer into their expressive faces, and note the comic and pathetic gestures of their individual behaviour; in a word,

we realize out of what faulty, lovable, human substance the imposing shows of history are made.

The play presented to the 'Phantom Intelligences,' and to us, was well chosen. It is war that brings out the whole range of man's powers, to dare and to endure, to suffer and to inflict suffering. And the war which, in The Dynasts, humanity is represented as enacting was, when the poem was written, by far the greatest and richest event of modern history. The poem is in three parts, each part containing six acts; and on this generous scale is portrayed the long career of that European whirlwind presided over by the name and genius of Napoleon, from Trafalgar and Austerlitz, through Wellington's Peninsular War and the hideous retreat from Moscow, down to the final convulsion of Waterloo. The immense range of variety in all this is not given merely by the scope of the topic, but also by the changing point of view of the audience. For at one time it is Europe as a whole that we see beneath us, with that enigmatic impressiveness which action seen at a distance inevitably assumes:

> The nether sky opens, and Europe is disclosed as a prone and emaciated figure, the Alps shaping like a backbone, and the branching mountain chains like ribs, the peninsular plateau of Spain forming a head. Broad and lengthy lowlands stretch from the north of France across Russia like a grey-green garment hemmed by the Ural mountains and the glistening Arctic Ocean.
>
> The point of view then sinks downward through space, and draws near to the surface of the perturbed countries, where the peoples, distressed by events which they did not cause, are seen writhing, crawling, heaving and vibrating in their various cities and nationalities.

At other times, the solemn procession of the Austrian Princess Maria Louisa and her suite, on her way from Vienna to Paris and marriage with Napoleon, 'looks no more than a file of ants crawling along a strip of garden-matting'; or the transports of Wellesley's expeditionary force to the Spanish Peninsula 'float on before the wind almost imperceptibly, like preened duck-feathers across a pond'; or 'three reddish-grey streams of marching men loom out—these form the English army—their motion seems peristaltic and vermicular, like that of three caterpillars.' Ants—duck-feathers—caterpillars! Decidedly, when we see human affairs *thus*, we stand outside and above them; we take in the whole without regard for the detail.

But then, how vivid and minutely exact the details are when we come close to them! The poem which shows us a mighty fleet drifting, small in the immense perspective, 'like preened duck-feathers,' also shows us the intolerable cockpit of the *Victory*:

> A din of trampling and dragging overhead, which is accompanied by a continuous ground-bass roar from the guns of the warring fleets, culminating at times in loud concussions. The wounded are lying around in rows for treatment, some groaning, some silently dying, some dead. The gloomy atmosphere of the low-beamed deck is pervaded by a thick haze of smoke, powdered wood, and other dust, and is heavy with the fumes of gunpowder and candle-grease, the odour of drugs and cordials, and the smell from abdominal wounds.

Hardy has no intention of sparing his readers the horrors of war. War, as the crucial instance of human action, is his theme; and it is the essence of his theme to realize what war means. He compels us to do so with such precision, and in such vital terms of human nature, that it may well be supposed our acquaintance with the Napoleonic wars will come to be as vividly determined by his genius as our acquaintance with the Wars of the Roses and of the Tudor War with France has been by the genius of Shakespeare. If so, it will be our good fortune to possess a version of supremely important events characterised not merely by the lively humanity of its matter, but also by the historical accuracy of its conduct. If we compare the debates in Parliament as Hardy renders them with their record in Hansard, we cannot but perceive that the poet, while preserving the substance, has been even more faithful than the reporter to the living idiosyncrasy of the speakers; in compressing their speeches, he has sharpened and concentrated the characteristic style of their argument and phrasing. And so throughout the policies and warfares of his vast topic; out of them Hardy distils their essential humanity, whether it belong to king or politician, townee or countryman, soldier or stay-at-home. But always he is faithful to the actual process of the events.

Two specimens of his power of making history live must suffice. The first is a grim fragment of the retreat from Moscow.

The open country between Smorgvin and Wilna.

The winter is more merciless, and snow continues to fall upon a deserted expanse of unenclosed land in Lithuania. Some scattered birch bushes merge in a forest in the background.

It is growing dark, though nothing distinguishes where the sun sets. There is no sound except that of a shuffling of feet in the direction of a bivouac. Here are gathered tattered men like skeletons. Their noses and ears are frostbitten, and pus is oozing from their eyes.

These stricken shades in a limbo of gloom are among the last survivors of the French army. Few of them carry arms. One squad, ploughing through snow above their knees, and with icicles dangling from their hair that clink like glass-lustres as they walk, go into the birch wood and are heard chopping. They bring back boughs, with which they make a screen on the windward side, and contrive to light a fire. With their swords they cut rashers from a dead horse, and grill them in the flames, using gunpowder to salt them with. Two others return from a search, with a dead rat and some candle-ends. Their meal shared, some try to repair their gaping shoes and to tie up their feet, that are chilblained to the bone.

A straggler enters, who whispers to one or two soldiers of the group. A shudder runs through them at his words.

First Soldier (*dazed*): What—gone, do you say? Gone?

Straggler: Yes, I say gone!
He left us at Smorgvin hours ago.
The Sacred Squadron even he has left behind.
By this time he's at Warsaw or beyond,
Full pace for Paris.

Second Soldier (*jumping up wildly*): Gone? How did he go?
No, surely! He could not desert us so!

Straggler: He started in a carriage, with Roustan
The Mameluke on the box: Caulaincourt, too,
Was inside with him. Mouton and Duroc
Rode on the sledge behind. The order bade
That we should not be told it for a while.

Other soldiers spring up as they realize the news, and stamp hither and thither, impotent with rage, grief and despair, many in their physical weakness sobbing like children.

Exhausted, they again crouch round the fire. Officers and privates press together for warmth. Other stragglers arrive, and sit at the backs of the first. With the progress of the night, the stars come out in unusual brilliancy, Sirius and those in Orion flashing like stilettos; and the frost stiffens.

The fire sinks and goes out; but the Frenchmen do not move. The day dawns, and still they sit on.

In the background enter some light horse of the Russian army, followed by Kutúzoff and a few of his staff. He presents a terrible appearance now—bravely serving though slowly dying, his face puffed with the intense cold, his one eye staring out as he sits in a heap in the saddle, his head sunk in his shoulders. The whole detachment pauses at the sight of the French asleep. They shout; but the bivouackers give no sign.

Kutuzoff: Go, stir them up! We slay not sleeping men.

[The Russians advance and prod the French with their lances.]

Russian Officer: Prince, here's a curious picture. They are dead.

Kutuzoff (*with indifference*):
Oh, so naturally. After the snow was down
I marked a sharpening of the air last night.
We shall be stumbling on such frost-baked meats
Most of the way to Wilna.

Officer (*examining the bodies*): They all sit
As they were living still, but stiff as horns;
And even the colour has not left their cheeks,
Whereon the tears remain in strings of ice.
It was a marvel they were not consumed:
Their clothes are cindered by the fire in front,
While at their back the frost has caked them hard.

Kutuzoff: 'Tis well. So perish Russia's enemies!

[Exeunt **Kutuzoff**, his staff, and the detachment of horse in the direction of Wilna; and with the advance of day the snow resumes its fall, slowly burying the dead bivouackers.]

THE Dynasts is to be called a poem on account of its whole conception; and in this respect can only be compared with the greatest poems. The texture of its verse is not always of the highest order; and from the nature of its form, a good deal of the poem is actually written in prose—in what we must, presumably, call the stage-directions. These stage-directions are, as a matter of fact, the most vividly written part of the whole play, except for those scenes which deal with the rustic humours Hardy knows so well how to portray; and these scenes, too, are written in prose. Here, for example, is a snatch of the talk in a Dorset seaside inn, after Trafalgar.

[Boatmen and burghers are sitting on settles round the fire, smoking and drinking.]

First Burgher: So they've brought him home at last, hey? And he's to be solemnised with a roaring funeral?

First Boatman: Yes, thank God! 'Tis better to lie dry than wet, if canst do it without stinking on the road gravewards. And they took care that he shouldn't——

Second Burgher : Now how did they bring him home so that he could lie in state afterwards to the naked eye ?

First Boatman : Well, as they always do—in a cask of sperrits.

Second Burgher : Really, now !

First Boatman (*lowering his voice*) : But what happened was this. They were a long time winning, owing to contrary winds, and the *Victory* being little more than a wreck. And grog ran short, because they'd used near all they had to peckle his body in. So--they broached the Adm'l.

Second Burgher : How ?

First Boatman : Well ; the plain calendar of it is, that when he came to be unhooped, it was found that the crew had drunk him dry. What was the men to do ? Broke down by the battle, and hardly able to keep afloat, 'twas a most defendable thing, and it fairly saved their lives. So he was their salvation after death as he had been in the fight. If he could have knowed it, 'twould have pleased him down to the ground ! How 'a would have laughed through the spigot-hole : 'Draw on, my hearties ! Better I shrivel than you famish. Ha, ha !'

Second Burgher : It may be defendable afloat, but it seems queer ashore.

The interest of the chronicle-play of the Napoleonic wars, their human embodiment, and their reverberations and intricate progress, is inexhaustible. Here, indeed, is history come to life thrilling, tragic, humorous, ironic life. But the purpose of the poem was not merely to provide this interest. For what do all these frenzied events *mean* ? What sense can we make of this carnival of death and destruction, these ruinous ambitions and all this courageously futile opposition of patriotisms ?

THESE questions are prompted by the chronicle-play ; and they are answered in the surrounding drama of its audience —in the comments and debates of the Phantom Intelligences. This is where we must look for the great moments of poetry in the play ; for this is where its real inspiration resides not in a desire to exhibit history as such, but in Hardy's desire to make history the image of his philosophy. The Phantom Intelligence transforms the vast history of the Napoleonic wars into a version of fate operating in human affairs. At last Hardy had found the means of saying exactly how he understands the life of man. The life of man, he says, is part of the universal fate that moves inexorably and inevitably onward in everything that exists : nay, the fate that simply *is* everything that exists.

Let man think, plan, imagine, aspire, yearn as he likes : this fate is absolute. It is conceived as a Will continually urging forward, continually developing its own existence. The life of man is simply a part of that existence. In its inscrutable purpose, the Will—the Immanent Will, as Hardy likes to call it, meaning thereby the Will inherent in and pervading and actuating everything that can be—the Will has called into being the nature of man ; and, still in its inscrutable purpose, has given man the delusion of desire of his own and the power to feel : and has made him chiefly agonize in the sufferings he inflicts on himself, and perpetually be the means of frustrating his own desire. He is the victim of that fate of which he is himself the instrument. Witness the Napoleonic wars !

ALL this is clear to the Phantom Intelligences, and to us, when we have joined their sublime audience. But what is the purpose of it all ? To what end has the Will designed this waste of its own embodiment ? Still more urgent is the question, to what end has the Will designed

> the intolerable antilogy
> Of making figments feel ?

If men are only figments of the Will, why should they have been empowered so cruelly with the ability to feel the mangling pressure of the existence into which the Will has called them ?

Hardy puts these questions as cogently as possible, in order to make his answer to them pierce our attention as keenly as possible. What is the purpose of all this ? Why, *there is no purpose*. The Will keeps going on, elaborating its own existence in human nature and everything else, simply in order to--keep going on, elaborating its own existence. It has no other purpose than to exist ; it does not care what agony may be involved in its existence—nay, for it, agony is simply a mode of its existence. Why should it choose to exist so terribly ? *It does not know :* it does not know *how* it exists ; and that is why it does not care. All it can do is to keep going on ; this incident

of human consciousness that asks these troublesome questions is but an unimportant accident—or, at any rate, something unexpectedly involved in a stage of its evolution. Hardy invokes all his ingenuity to make his conception of the Immanent Will plausible. The universe is

> a Brain
> Evolving always that it wots not of,

or, more subtly,

> a clairvoyancy
> That knows not what it knows;

or he explains his sense of the innermost life of things by making it resemble, in a singularly vivid image:

> a knitter drowzed,
> Whose fingers play in skilled unmindfulness.

A doubtful hint is given at the end, that the ancient practice of the Will may eventually wake up, and *realize* what it is doing with its slumbering, ruthless skill. Meanwhile, the Napoleonic wars are the pattern of its knitting!

A cheerless conclusion, no doubt; led up to by the unflinching truth of the pictures of war's reality. But Hardy is not concerned to make his philosophy pleasant. It is his own philosophy, the philosophy to which a candid and fearless facing of the facts of life has compelled his assent. We need not assent to it; but at least when we read his great poem, we are compelled to accept the facts of life in a noble honesty, and to look at them as candidly and as fearlessly as he does. Only the loftiest poetry can make us see things, and see into things, as they really are; the poetry that disdains deceit and pleasant illusion, and will follow wherever truth may lead. There is nothing poetry can do loftier than that.

A Storehouse of Familiar Quotations

ALEXANDER POPE

AN ESSAY ON MAN

As an attempt to place religion on a rational basis Pope's poem An Essay on Man, in Four Epistles, to H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, belongs to the same category as Butler's prose classic, The Analogy of Religion. The subject matter of the poem was suggested to Pope by Lord Bolingbroke; hence the sub-title, and according to some authorities it was Bolingbroke, too, who inspired most of the arguments. The first, second and third epistles of the Essay appeared in 1733 and the fourth in 1734. If the best and final test of a poet's contribution to the thought of the world is the extent to which his lines pass into the common speech, Pope takes a very high place in virtue of An Essay on Man, hundreds of lines of which are familiar household words. A portrait of Alexander Pope and an outline of his Correspondence appear at page 1086 of *The World's Great Books*.

I—Of Man with Respect to the Universe



AWAKE, my St. John! Leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.
Of systems possible, if 'tis confessed
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man,
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?
When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god;
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's use and end.
Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never *is* but always *to be* blest.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or Milky Way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,

Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinions against Providence,
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
Say, here He gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust.
Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, 'Tis for mine;
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flower:
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.'

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
'No ('tis replied), the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws.'
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As man for ever temperate, calm and wise

Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam!
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!

What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.
Cease, then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

II—Of Man with Respect to Himself as an Individual

KNOW, then, thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled:
The glory, jest and riddle of the world!

Two principles in human nature reign:
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call.
Each works its end, to move or govern all,
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end

Modes of self-love the passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all;
But since not every good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.
Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mixed and softened, in God's work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different senses, different objects strike,
And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest;
Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power,
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour
Th' eternal art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle.
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fixed,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mixed;
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one interest body acts with mind.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul, abhorred in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine.
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

FOOLS! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the north? At York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call, [all.
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
Whate'er the passion—knowledge, fame, or pelf—
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestowed on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

III—Of the Nature and State of Man with Respect to Society

LOOK round our world, behold the chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above.
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Formed and impelled its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.
Grant that the powerful still the weak control;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole;
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Man cares for all; to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods.
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest.

Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportioned to their end.
Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside?

God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;
But as He framed a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness.
Each loves itself, but not itself alone;
Each sex desires alike, till two are one,
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves a third time in their race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands.
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest and the love.

See man from Nature rising slow to art!
To copy instinct then was reason's part:
Thus, then, to man the voice of Nature spake—
'Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here, too, all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind:
Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aerial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ants' republic, and the realm of bees:
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.'

Great Nature spoke; observant man obeyed;
Cities were built, societies were made:
Here rose one little state, another near
Grew by like means, and joined through love or fear.
Thus states were formed; the name of king unknown,
Till common interest placed the sway in one.

So drives self-love through just and through unjust,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same self-love in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,
Even kings learned justice and benevolence,
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral Nature gave before;
Re-lumed her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet His shadow drew:
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught not to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring interests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mixed state.
For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
All must be false that thwart this one great end,
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun,
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature linked the general frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

IV—Of the Nature of Man with Respect to Happiness

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! Whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which, still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow.

Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind:
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

Order is Heaven's first law; and, this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all commonsense.
Blind, too, to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ill or accidents that chance to all.
Shall burning Aetna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be impressed,
O blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

'But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.'
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
Where tolly tights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! Will heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies,
Fortune in man has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
'What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?'
I'll tell you, friend! A wise man and a fool;
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

What's fame? A fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, even before our death.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod:
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults and feel our own;
Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

KNOW, then, this truth (enough for man to know)
'Virtue alone is happiness below.' [know),
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill,
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives:
Never elated while one man's oppress'd,
Never dejected while another's bless'd.
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows, where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of man.

Self-love, thus pushed to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole world of reason, life and sense
In one close system of benevolence.

God loves from whole to parts; but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

JOHANN LAVATER

PHYSIOGNOMICAL FRAGMENTS

WITH a good deal of hero-worship in his composition, Johann Lavater never neglected any opportunity of seeing and conversing with people distinguished by any great qualities, declaring that he had never seen any great man without advantage, quite apart from the profit he might have derived from his conversation. He thus met a very great variety of persons and his examination of their characters and dispositions was particularly favourable to the physiognomical inquiries to which he seems to have been addicted in some degree very early in life. His first production on the subject was a small work printed at Leipsic in 1772, entitled John Caspar Lavater on Physiognomy. This contained the fundamental principles and the substance of several essays amplified in the work on which his fame rests—Physiognomical Fragments for the Advancement of Human Knowledge and Human Love—which was published in four volumes between 1775 and 1778. Although diffuse and somewhat inconsequent, the work contains many shrewd observations with respect to physiognomy and has had considerable influence on popular opinion in this matter.

I—The Truth of Physiognomy



THERE can be no doubt of the truth of physiognomy. All countenances, all forms, all created beings, are not only different from each other in their classes, races, kinds, but are also individually distinct. It is indisputable that all men estimate all things whatever by their external temporary superficies—that is to say, by their physiognomy. Is not all nature physiognomy, superficies and contents, body and spirit, external effect and internal power? There is not a man who does not judge of all things that pass through his hand by their physiognomy—there is not a man who does not more or less, the first time he is in company with a stranger, observe, estimate, compare, judge him according to appearances. When each apple, each apricot, has a physiognomy peculiar to itself, shall man, the lord of the earth, have none?

Man is the most perfect of all earthly creatures. In no other creature are so wonderfully united the animal, the intellectual and the moral. And man's organization peculiarly distinguishes him from all other beings, and shows him to be infinitely superior to all those other visible organisms by which he is surrounded.

His head, especially his face, convinces the accurate observer, who is capable of investigating truth, of the greatness and superiority of his intellectual qualities. The eye, the expression, the cheeks, the mouth, the forehead, whether considered in a state of entire rest, or during their innumerable varieties of motion—in fine, whatever is understood by physiognomy—are the most expressive, the most convincing picture of interior sensations, desires, passions, will, and of all those properties which so much exalt moral above animal life.

Although the physiological, intellectual and moral are united in man, yet it is plain that each of these has its peculiar station where it more especially unfolds itself and acts.

It is, beyond contradiction, evident that, though physiological or animal life displays itself through all the body, and especially through all the animal parts, yet it acts more conspicuously in the arm, from the shoulder to the ends of the fingers.

It is not less evident that intellectual life, or the powers of the understanding and the mind, make themselves most apparent in the circumference and form of the solid parts of the head, especially the forehead; though they will discover themselves to the attentive and accurate eye in every part and point of the human body, by the congeniality and harmony of the various parts. Is there any occasion to prove that the power of thinking

resides not in the foot, nor in the hand, nor in the back, but in the head and its internal parts?

The moral life of man particularly reveals itself in the lines, marks and transitions of the countenance. His moral powers and desires, his irritability, sympathy and antipathy, his facility of attracting or repelling the objects that surround him—these are all summed up in, and painted upon, his countenance when at rest.

Not only do mental and moral traits evince themselves in the physiognomy, but also health and sickness; and I believe that by repeatedly examining the firm parts and outlines of the bodies and countenances of the sick, disease might be diagnosed, and even that liability to disease might be predicted in particular cases.

The same vital powers that make the heart beat and the fingers move, roof the skull and arch the finger-nails. From the head to the back, from the shoulder to the arm, from the arm to the hand, from the hand to the finger, each depends on the other, and all on a determinate effect of a determinate power. Through all nature each determinate power is productive of only such and such determinate effects. The finger of one body is not adapted to the hand of another body. The blood in the extremity of the finger has the character of the blood in the heart. The same congeniality is found in the nerves and in the bones. One spirit lives in all.

Each member of the body, too, is in proportion to the whole of which it is a part. As from the length of the smallest member, the smallest joint of the finger, the proportion of the whole, the length and breadth of the body may be found; so also may the form of the whole be found from the form of each single part. When the head is long, all is long; when the head is round, all is round; when the head is square, all is square.

One form, one mind, one root appertain to all. Each organized body is so much a whole that, without discord, destruction, or deformity, nothing can be added or subtracted. Those, therefore, who maintain that conclusion cannot be drawn from a part to the whole labour under error, failing to comprehend the harmony of nature.

II—Physiognomy and the Features

The Forehead. The form, height, arching, proportion, obliquity and position of the skull, or bone of the forehead, show the propensity of thought, power of thought and sensibility of man. The position, colour, wrinkles, tension of the skin of the forehead, show the passions and present state of the mind. The bones indicate the power, the skin the application of power.

I consider the outline and position of the forehead to be the most important feature in physiognomy. We may divide foreheads into three principal classes—the retreating, the perpendicular and the projecting, and each of these classes has a multitude of variations.

A few facts with respect to foreheads may now be given.

The higher the forehead, the more comprehension and the less activity.

The more compressed, short and firm the forehead, the more compression and firmness and the less volatility.

The more curved and cornerless the outline, the more tender and flexible the character; and the more rectilinear, the more pertinacious and severe the character.

Perfect perpendicularity implies lack of understanding, but gently arched at top, capacity for cold, tranquil, profound thought.

A projecting forehead indicates imbecility, immaturity, weakness, stupidity.

A retreating forehead, in general, denotes superior imagination, wit, acuteness.

A forehead round and prominent above, straight below and, on the whole, perpendicular, shows much understanding, life, sensibility, ardour.

An oblique, rectilinear forehead is ardent and vigorous.

Arched foreheads appear properly to be feminine.

A forehead neither too perpendicular nor too retreating, but a happy mean, indicates the post-perfect character of wisdom.

I might also state it as an axiom that straight lines considered as such, and curves considered as such, are related as power and weakness, obstinacy and flexibility, understanding and sensation.

I have seen no man with sharp, projecting eye-bones who was not inclined to vigorous thinking and wise planning.

Yet, even lacking sharpness, a head may be excellent if the forehead sink like a perpendicular wall upon horizontal eyebrows, and be greatly rounded towards the temples.

Perpendicular foreheads, projecting so as not to rest immediately upon the nose, and small, wrinkled, short and shining, indicate little imagination, little understanding, little sensation.

Foreheads with many angular, knotty protuberances denote perseverance and much vigorous, firm, harsh, oppressive, ardent activity.

It is a sure sign of a clear, sound understanding and a good temperament when the profile of the forehead has two proportionate arches, the lower of which projects.

Eye-bones with well-marked, firm arches I never saw but in noble and great men.

Square foreheads with extensive temples and firm eye-bones show circumspection and steadiness of character.

PERPENDICULAR wrinkles, if natural, denote application and power. Horizontal wrinkles and those broken in the middle or at the extremities generally denote negligence or want of power.

Perpendicular, deep indentings in the forehead between the eyebrows, I never met save in men of sound understanding and free and noble minds, unless there were some positively contradictory feature.

A blue frontal vein, in the form of a Y, when in an open, smooth, well-arched forehead, I have only found in men of extraordinary talents and of ardent and generous character.

The following are the traits of a perfectly beautiful, intelligent and noble forehead.

In length it must equal the nose, or the under part of the face. In breadth it must be either oval at the top—like the foreheads of most of the great men of England nearly square. It must be free from unevenness and wrinkles, yet be able to wrinkle when deep in thought, afflicted by pain, or moved by indignation. It must retreat above and project beneath. The eye-bones must be simple, horizontal, and, if seen from above, must present a simple curve. There should be a small cavity in the centre, from above to below, and traversing the forehead so as to separate it into four divisions perceptible in a clear descending light. The skin must be more clear on the forehead than in other parts of the countenance.

Foreheads short, wrinkled and knotty are incapable of durable friendship.

Be not discouraged though a friend, an enemy, a child, or a brother transgress, for so long as he have a good, well-proportioned, open forehead there is still hope of improvement.

THE EYES AND EYEBROWS. Blue eyes are generally more indicative of weakness and effeminacy than brown or black. Certainly there are many powerful men with blue eyes, but I find more strength, manhood, thought, with brown.

Choleric men have eyes of every colour, but rather brown or greenish than blue. A propensity to green is an almost decisive token of ardour, fire and courage.

Wide open eyes, with the white visible, I have often observed both in the timid and phlegmatic, and in the courageous and rash.

Meeting eyebrows were supposed to be the mark of craft, but I do not believe them to have this significance. Angular, strong, interrupted eyebrows denote fire and productive activity. The nearer the eyebrows to the eyes, the more earnest, deep and firm the character. Eyebrows remote from each other denote warm, open, quick sensations. White eyebrows signify weakness; and dark brown, firmness. The motion of the eyebrows contains numerous expressions, especially of ignoble passions.

THE NOSE. I have generally considered the nose the foundation or abutment of the brain, for upon this the whole power of the arch of the forehead rests. A beautiful nose will never be found accompanying an ugly countenance. An ugly person

may have fine eyes, but not a handsome nose.

I have never seen a nose with a broad back, whether arched or rectilinear, that did not belong to an extraordinary man. Such a nose was possessed by Swift, Caesar Borgia, Titian, etc. Small nostrils are usually an indubitable sign of unenterprising timidity. The open, breathing nostril is as certain a token of sensibility.

THE MOUTH AND LIPS. The contents of the mind are communicated to the mouth. How full of character is the mouth! As are the lips, so is the character. Firm lips, firm character; weak lips, weak character. Well-defined, large and proportionate lips the middle line of which is equally serpentine on both sides, and easy to be drawn, are never seen in a bad, mean, common, false, vicious countenance. A lipless mouth, resembling a single line, denotes coldness, industry, a love of order, precision, housewifery and, if it be drawn upwards at the two ends, affectation, pretension, vanity, malice. Very fleshy lips have always to contend with sensuality and indolence. Calm lips, well closed, without constraint, and well delineated, betoken consideration, discretion and firmness. Openness of mouth speaks complaint, and closeness, endurance.

THE CHIN. From numerous experiments, I am convinced that the projecting chin ever denotes something positive, and the retreating something negative. The presence or absence of strength in man is often signified by the chin.

I have never seen sharp indentings in the middle of the chin save in men of cool understanding, unless when something evidently contradictory appeared in the countenance. The soft, fat, double chin generally points out the epicure; and the angular chin is seldom found save in discreet, firm men. Flatness of chin speaks the cold and dry; smallness, fear; and roundness, with a dimple, benevolence.

SKULLS. How much may the anatomist see in the mere skull of man! How much more the physiognomist! And how much more still the anatomist who is a physiognomist! If shown the bald head of Caesar, as painted by Rubens or Titian or Michelangelo, what man would fail to notice the rocky capacity which characterises it, and to realize that more ardour and energy must be expected than from a smooth, round, flat head? How characteristic is the skull of Charles XII! How different from the skull of his biographer Voltaire! Compare the skull of Judas with the skull of Christ, after Holbein, discarding the muscular parts, and I doubt whether anyone would fail to guess which is the skull of the wicked betrayer and which the skull of the innocent betrayed. And who is unacquainted with the statement in Herodotus that it was possible on the field of battle to distinguish the skulls of the effeminate Medes from the skulls of the manly Persians? Each nation, indeed, has its own characteristic skull.

III—Nation, Sex and Family

NATIONAL PHYSIOGNOMY. It is undeniable that there is national physiognomy as well as national character. Compare a negro and an Englishman, a native of Lapland and an Italian, a Frenchman and an inhabitant of Tierra del Fuego. Examine their forms, countenances, characters and minds. This difference will be easily seen, though it will sometimes be very difficult to describe it scientifically.

The following infinitely little is what I have hitherto observed in the foreigners with whom I have conversed.

I am least able to characterise the French. They have no traits so bold as the English, nor so minute as the Germans. I know them chiefly by their teeth and their laugh. The Italians I discover by the nose, small eyes and projecting chin. The English by their foreheads and eyebrows. The Dutch by the rotundity of their heads and the weakness of the hair. The Germans by the angles and wrinkles round the eyes and in the cheeks. The Russians by the snub nose and their light-coloured or black hair.

I shall now say a word concerning Englishmen in particular. Englishmen have the shortest and best-arched foreheads—that is to say, they are arched only upwards and, towards the eyebrows, either

gently recline or are rectilinear. They seldom have pointed, usually round, full noses. Their lips are usually large, well defined, beautifully curved. Their chins are round and full. The outline of their faces is in general large, and they never have those numerous angles and wrinkles by which the Germans are so especially distinguished. Their complexion is fairer than that of the Germans.

All Englishwomen whom I have known personally, or by portrait, appear to be composed of marrow and nerve. They are inclined to be tall, slender, soft, and as distant from all that is harsh, rigorous, or stubborn as heaven is from earth.

The Swiss have generally no common physiognomy or national character, the aspect of fidelity excepted. They are as different from each other as nations the most remote.

THE PHYSIOGNOMICAL RELATION OF THE SEXES. Generally speaking, how much more pure, tender, delicate, irritable, affectionate, flexible and patient is woman than man. The primary matter of which woman is constituted appears to account for this difference. All her organs are tender, yielding, easily wounded, sensible and receptive; they are made for maternity and affection. Among a thousand women, there is hardly one without these feminine characteristics.

This tenderness and sensibility, the light texture of their fibres and organs, render them easy to tempt and to subdue, and yet their charms are more potent than the strength of man. Truly sensible of purity, beauty and symmetry, woman does not always take time to reflect on spiritual life, spiritual death, spiritual corruption.

The woman does not think profoundly; profound thought is the prerogative of the man; but women feel more. They rule with tender looks, tears and sighs, but not with passion and threats, unless they are monstrosities. They are capable of the sweetest sensibility, the deepest emotion, the utmost humility and ardent enthusiasm. In their faces are signs of sanctity which every man honours.

Owing to their sensibility and their incapacity for accurate inquiry and firm decision, they may easily become fanatics.



JOHANN KASPAR LAVATER was born at Zurich, November 15, 1741, the twelfth child of Henry Lavater a doctor of medicine and member of the government of Zurich. He became a Protestant minister at the age of twenty eight and was soon distinguished for his piety and zeal. Apart from some travel his life was uneventful and employed chiefly in his ministerial work and in literary pursuits, Lavater being a poet of some merit and a writer also on mysticism. When the French entered Zurich in 1799 Lavater was wounded and this injury resulted in his death, January 2, 1801.

The love of women, strong as it is, is very changeable; but their hatred is almost incurable, and is only to be overcome by persistent and artful flattery. Men usually see things as a whole, whereas women take more interest in details.

Women have less physical courage than men. Man hears the bursting thunders, views the destructive bolt with serene aspect, and stands erect amid the fearful majesty of the torrent. But woman trembles at the lightning and thunder, and shrinks into herself or seeks refuge in the arms of man.

Woman is formed for piety and religion; and a woman without religion is monstrous; and a woman who is a freethinker is more disgusting than a woman with a beard.

Woman is not a foundation on which to build. She is the gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble—the materials for building on the male foundation. She is the leaven, or, more expressively, she is oil to the vinegar of man. Man singly is but half a man, only half human—a king without a kingdom. Woman must rest upon the man, and man can be what he ought to be only in conjunction with the woman.

Some of the principal physiognomical contrasts may be summarised here.

Man is the most firm; woman the most flexible.

Man is the straightest; woman the most bending.

Man stands steadfast; woman gently retreats.

Man surveys and observes; woman glances and feels.

Man is serious; woman is gay.

Man is the tallest and broadest; woman the smallest and weakest.

Man is rough and hard; woman is smooth and soft.

Man is brown; woman is fair.

The hair of the man is strong and short; the hair of woman is pliant and long.

Man has most straight lines; woman most curved.

The countenance of man, taken in profile, is not so often perpendicular as that of woman.

FAMILY PHYSIOGNOMY. The resemblance between parents and children is very commonly remarkable. Family physiognomical resemblance is as undeniable as national physiognomical resemblance. To doubt this is to doubt what is self-evident.

When children, as they increase in years, visibly increase in their physical resemblance to their parents, we cannot doubt that resemblance in character also increases.

Certain forms of countenance, in children, appear for a time undecided whether they shall take the resemblance of the father or the mother; in which case external circumstances, preponderating love for the father or mother or a greater degree of intercourse with either, may influence the form.

There are certain forms and features of countenance which are long propagated, and others which as suddenly disappear. The beautiful and the deformed are not the most easily propagated, neither are the middling and insignificant; but the great and the minute are easily inherited and of long duration.

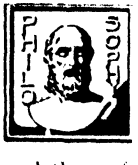
Ripest Work of a Profound Thinker

G. W. F. HEGEL

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION

DURING the thirteen years that Hegel held the chair of philosophy at Berlin he devoted the whole of his great intellectual energy to his lectures, his activity reaching its maximum between the years 1823 and 1827. He was perpetually revising and adding to his notes for these lectures and the rugged and uneven construction of much of his published work is to be explained by the fact that so many of his books are editorial compilations made from the notes of his students under their separate heads. This applies particularly to his Philosophy of Religion, Philosophy of History, and History of Philosophy; but if these defects in form detract somewhat from the value of the lectures as scientific treatises, they have some compensating advantages as a means of education in philosophy, for, as Dr. Edward Caird has pointed out, 'their very artlessness gives them something of the same stimulating and suggestive power which is attained by the consummate art of the Platonic dialogues.' The Philosophy of Religion was published at Berlin in 1832 and an English translation is published by Kegan Paul.

I—The Relation of Philosophy to Religion



THE object of religion is the same as that of philosophy; it is the eternal verity itself in its objective existence; it is God. Nothing but God and the unfolding of God. Philosophy is not the wisdom of the world, but the knowledge of things which are not of this world. It is not the knowledge of external mass, of empirical life and existence, but of the eternal, of the nature of God, and of all which flows from His nature. For this nature ought to manifest and develop itself. Consequently, philosophy in unfolding religion merely unfolds itself, and in unfolding itself it unfolds religion.

In so far as philosophy is occupied with the eternal truth, the truth which is in and for itself; in so far as it is occupied with this as thinking spirit, rather than in

an arbitrary fashion and in view of a particular interest, philosophy has the same sphere of activity as has religion. And if the religious consciousness aspires to abolish all that is peculiar to itself and to be absorbed in its object, the philosophic spirit likewise plunges with the same energy into its object and renounces all particularity.

Religion and philosophy are thus at one in having one and the same object. Philosophy, in fact, also is the adoration of God, it is religion; for, seeing that God is its object, it involves the same renunciation of every opinion and every thought that is arbitrary and subjective. Philosophy is, in consequence, identical with religion. Only it is religion in a peculiar manner, and this it is which distinguishes it from religion commonly so called. So philosophy and religion are both religion, and that which distinguishes one from the other is no more than the characteristic mode in which respectively they consider their object, God.

Here is the difficulty of understanding how philosophy can make but one with religion, a difficulty which has even been mistaken for impossibility. Thence also arise the fears which philosophy inspires in theology and the hostile attitudes which they assume towards each other. What brings about this attitude is, on the side of theology, that for her philosophy does nothing but corrupt, pull down and profane the content of religion, and that she understands God in a totally different manner from that after which religion understands Him.

It is the same opposition which long ago among the Greeks caused a free and democratic people like the Athenians to burn books and to condemn Socrates. In our own day, however, this opposition is considered a thing which it is natural to admit—more natural indeed than the other opinion concerning the unity of religion and philosophy.

DIVERSE religions offer us, it is true, only too often the most bizarre and monstrous representations of the divine essence. But we must not confine ourselves to a superficial consideration and consequent rejection of these representations and the religious practices which follow upon them as being engendered by superstition, by error, or by imposture, or even by a simple piety, and so neglect their essential value. There is need to discover in these representations and in these practices their relation with truth.

II—God the Universal

FOR us, who have a religion, God is a familiar being, a substantial truth existing in our subjective consciousness. But, scientifically considered, God is a general and abstract term. The philosophy of religion it is which develops and grasps the divine nature and which teaches us what God is. God is a familiar idea, but an idea which has still to be scientifically developed.

The result of philosophic examination is that God is the absolute truth, the universal in and for itself, embracing all things and in which all things subsist. And in regard to this assertion, we may appeal in the first place to the religious consciousness, and to its conviction that God is the absolute truth whence all things proceed, whither they all return, upon which all things depend and in respect of which nothing can possess a true and absolute independence.

The heart may very well be full of this representation of God, but science is not built up of what is in the heart. The object of science is that which has arisen to the level of consciousness, and of thinking consciousness; in other words, which has attained the form of thought.

In so much as He is the universal, God is, for us, in relation to development, Being enclosed in itself, Being at unity with itself. When we say God is Being enclosed in itself, we enunciate a proposition which is bound to a development which we await. But this envelopment of God in Himself which we have called His universality we must not conceive, relatively to God Himself and His content, as an abstract universality, outside of which, and as opposed to which, the particular has an independent existence.

So we must consider this universal as an absolutely concrete universal. This sense

of fullness is the sense in which God is one, and there is but one God—that is to say, God is not one merely by contrast with other gods, but because it is He that is the One, that is, God."

The things which are, the developments of the worlds of nature and of mind, show a multiplicity of forms and an infinite variety of existences. But whatever may be their difference of degree, of force, of content, these things have no true independence; their being is consequent and, so to speak, contingent. When we predicate being of particular things, it is not of absolute Being that we speak—Being of and from itself; that is, God—but a borrowed being, a semblance of being.

God in His universality—that is, this universal Being which has no limit, no bounds, no particularity—is a Being which subsists absolutely, and which subsists alone; all else which subsists has its root in this unity, and by this alone subsists. In thus representing to ourselves this first content we may say that God is absolute substance, the only veritable reality. For not everything which has a reality has a reality of its own, or subsists by itself. God is the only absolute reality, and thereby the absolute substance.

If we stop at this abstract thought we have Spinozism, for in Spinozism subjectivity is not yet differentiated from substantiality, from substance as such. But in the pre-supposition just made there is also this thought—God is spirit, absolute and eternal; spirit which comes not forth from itself in differentiation. This ideality, this subjectivity of spirit, which is transparency, ideality excluding all particular determination, is precisely the universal, pure relation to self, Being which remains absolutely within itself.

If we halt at substance, we fail to grasp this Universal under its concrete form. In its concrete determination spirit always preserves its unity, this unity of its reality which we call substance. But one should add that this substantiality, the unity of the absolute reality with itself, is but the foundation, but a moment in the determination of God as spirit. Hence, principally, arises the reproach which is directed against philosophy—to wit, that philosophy, to be consistent with itself, is necessarily Spinozism, and consequently atheism and fatalism. But at the beginning we have not yet determinations distinguished one from another as aye and nay. We have the one but not the other.

CONSEQUENTLY, what we have here is, to start with, content under the form of substance. Even when we say, 'God,' 'spirit,' we have only words, indeterminate representations. The essential point is to know what has been produced in the consciousness. And that is, first, the simple, the abstract. Here, in this first simple determination, we have God only under the form of universality. Only we do not halt at this moment.

Nevertheless, this content remains the foundation of all further developments, for in these developments God comes not forth from His unity. When God creates the world—to use the expression of every day—there comes not into existence an evil, a contrary, existing in itself independently of God.

III—God Exists for Thought

THIS Beginning is an object for us or a content in us. We possess this object. Immediately the question arises, Who are we? We, I, spirit—here also is a complex being, a multiplied being. I have perceptions; I see, I hear, etc. Seeing, hearing; all this is I. Consequently, the precise sense of this question is, Which among these determinations is it in accordance with which this content exists for our minds? Idea, will, imagination, feeling—which is the seat, the proper domain of this content, of this object?

If we accept the common answers to this question, God will abide in us as the object of faith, of feeling, of representation, of knowledge.

We shall have to examine more closely later on in a special fashion with respect to this point, these forms, faculties, aspects of ourselves. In this place we shall not seek a reply to this question; nor shall we say, basing our answer on experience

and observation, that God is in our feeling, etc. But, to begin with, we will confine ourselves to what we have actually before us, to this One, concrete Being.

If we take this One, and ask for what power, for what activity of our mind does this One, this absolutely universal Being, exist, we cannot but name the one activity of mind which corresponds to it as constituting its proper natural domain. This activity, which corresponds to the universal, is thought.

Thought is the field in which this content moves; it is the energising of the universal, or the universal in the reality of its activity. Or, if we say that thought embraces the universal, that for which the universal is will still be thought.

This universal which can be produced by thought, and which is for thought, may be a quite abstract universal. In this sense it is the unlimited, the infinite, the being without bounds, without particular determination. This universal, negative to begin with, has its seat not elsewhere than in thought.

To think of God is to rise above the things of sense, exterior and individual, above simple feeling into the region of pure being; being at unity with itself—that is to say, into the pure region of the universal. And this region is thought.

Such is the substratum for this content considered on the subjective side. Here the content is that Being in which is no difference, no schism; Being which abides in itself, the universal; and thought is the form for which this universal is.

Thus we have a difference between thought and the universal which we have called God. It is a difference which in the first place belongs only to our reflection, and is by no means to be found in the content on its own account. There is the result to which philosophy comes—a result already comprised in religion as under the form of faith—to wit, that God is the sole veritable reality, the Being without which no other reality would exist.

In the unity of this reality, in this cloudless shining, the reality and the distinction which we call thinking-being have as yet no place.

What we have before us is this absolute unity. This content we cannot yet call religion, because to religion belongs subjective spirit, consciousness. Thought is the seat of this universal, but this seat is, to begin with, absorbed in this being which is one, eternal, in and for itself.

THIS universal constitutes the beginning and the point of departure, but only as unity which so abides. It is not a mere substratum whence differences are born; rather, all differences are included in this universal. No more is it an abstract and inert universal, but the absolute principle of all activity, the matrix, the infinite source whence all things proceed, whither all things return, and in which they are eternally preserved.

Thus the universal is never separated from this ethereal element, from this unity with itself, this concentration within itself.

IV—What is Evil?

s the universal, God could not find Himself faced by a contrary whereof the reality should pretend to rise above the phantasmal level. For this pure unity and this perfect transparency matter is nothing impenetrable, and spirit, the ego, is not so independent as to possess a true, individual substantiality.

There has been a tendency to label this idea pantheism. It would be more exact to call it the conception of substantiality. God is first determined as substance only. The absolute subject, spirit, is also substance; but it is determined rather as subject. This is the difference generally ignored by those who assert that speculative philosophy is pantheism. As usual, they miss the essential point and disparage philosophy by falsifying it.

Pantheism is commonly taken to mean that God is all things—the whole, the universe, the collection of all existences, of things finite and infinitely diverse. From which notion the charge is brought against philosophy that it teaches that all things are God; that is to say, that God is, not the universal which is in and for itself, but the infinite multiplicity of individual things in their empirical and immediate existence.



GEORG WILHELM FRIEDRICH HEGEL was born at Stuttgart, August 27, 1770, and educated at Tübingen. On leaving college he spent some years as a private tutor, and from 1801 to 1806 was tutor and lecturer at Jena. After the battle of Jena in 1806 he went to Bamberg where he edited a newspaper. From 1808 to 1816 he was rector of the Academy at Nuremberg, and then was appointed professor of philosophy at Heidelberg. In 1818 he succeeded Fichte in the chair of philosophy at Berlin where he had a most distinguished career and gathered an influential school around him. Hegel died of cholera, November 14, 1831.

If you say God is all that is here, this paper, etc., you have indeed committed yourself to the pantheism with which philosophy is reproached, that is, the whole is understood as equivalent to all individual things. But there is also the genus, which is equally the universal, yet is wholly different from this totality in which the universal is but the collection of individual things, and the basis, the content, is constituted by these things themselves. To say that there has ever been a religion which has taught this pantheism is to say what is absolutely untrue. It has never entered any man's mind that everything is God; that is to say, that God is things in their individual and contingent existence. Far less has philosophy ever taught this doctrine.

Spinozism itself, as such, as well as Oriental pantheism, contains this doctrine: that the divine in all things is no more than that which is universal in their content, their essence; and in such sense that this essence is conceived of as a determinate essence.

When Brahma says, 'In the metal I am the brightness of its shining; among the rivers I am the Ganges; I am the life of all that lives,' he thereby suppresses the individual. He says not, 'I am the metal, the rivers, the individual things of various kinds as such, nor in the fashion of their immediate existence.'

Here, at this stage, what is expressed is no longer pantheism; but rather that of the essence in individual things.

In the living being are time and space. But in this individual being it is only the changeless element that is made to stand out. 'The life of being that lives' is in this latter sphere of life the unlimited, the universal. But if it be said 'God is all things,' here we understand individuality with all its limitations, its finity, its passing existence. This notion of pantheism arises out of the conception of unity, not as spiritual unity, but abstract unity; and then, when the idea takes its religious form, where only the substance, the One, is possessed of true reality, there is a tendency to forget that it is precisely in presence of this unity that individual and finite things are effaced, and to continue to place these in a material fashion side by side with this unity. They will not admit the teaching of the Eleatics, who, when they say 'There is only One,' add expressly that non-entity is not. All that is finite would be limitation, a negation of the One, but non-entity, the boundary, term, limit, and that which is limited, exist not at all.

SPINOZISM has been accused of atheism. But Spinozism does not teach that God is the world, that He is *all things*. Things have indeed a phenomenal existence—that is, an existence as appearances. We speak of our existence, and our life is indeed comprised in this existence, but to speak philosophically the world has no reality, it has no existence. Individual things are finite things to which no reality can be attributed; it may be said of them that they have no existence.

Spinozism—this is the accusation directed against it—involves by way of consequence that, if all things make but one, good and evil make but one; there is no difference between them; and thereby all religion is destroyed. In themselves, it is said there is no difference between good and evil; consequently it is a matter

of indifference whether one be righteous or wicked.

It may be granted that in themselves—that is, in God, who is the sole veritable reality—the difference between good and evil disappears. In God is no evil. But the difference between good and evil can exist only on condition that God is the evil. But it cannot be allowed that evil is an affirmative thing, and that this affirmation is in God. God is good, and nothing else than good; the distinction between good and evil is not present in this unity, in this substance, and comes into existence only with differentiation.

God is unity abiding absolutely in itself. In the substance there is no differentiation. The distinction of good and evil begins with the distinction of God from the world, and particularly from man. It is the fundamental principle of Spinozism with regard to this distinction of God and the world that man must have no other end than God. The love of God, therefore, it is that Spinozism marks out for man as the law to be followed in order to bring about the healing of this breach.

And it is the loftiest morality that teaches that evil has no existence and that man is not bound to permit the substantial existence of this distinction, this negation. Yet it is possible for him to desire to maintain the difference and even to push it to the point of sheer opposition to God. In this case man is evil. But, alternatively, he may annul this distinction and place his true existence in God alone and in his aspiration towards Him; in this case he is good.

In Spinozism there is indeed the difference between good and evil, opposition between God and man; but side by side with it we have also the principle that evil is to be deemed a non-entity. In God as God, in God as substance, there is no distinction. It is for man that the distinction exists, as also for him exists the distinction of good and evil.

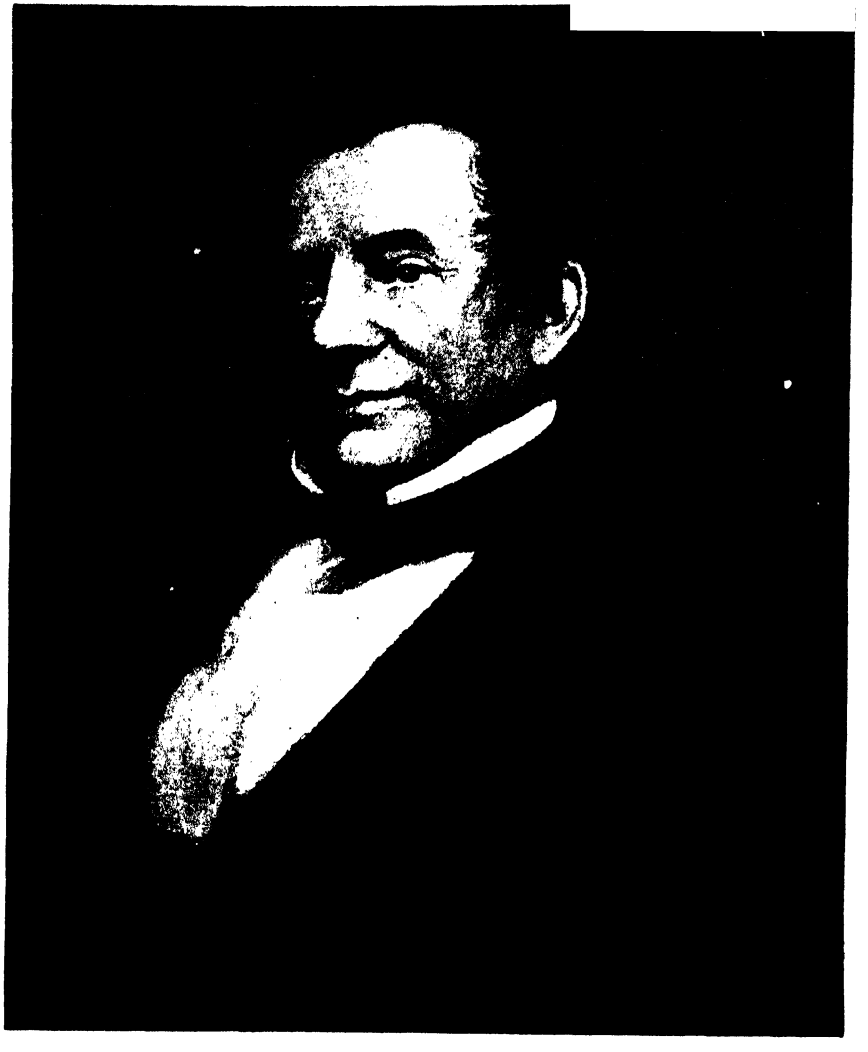
V—The Determination of Unity

THE superficial method of appraising philosophy is exemplified also in those who assert that it is a 'system of identity.' It is perfectly true that substance is this unity at one with itself, but spirit no less is this self-identity. Ultimately, all is identity, unity with itself. But when they speak of the philosophy of identity they have in view abstract identity or unity in general; and they neglect the essential point, to wit, the determination of this unity in itself; in other words, they omit to consider whether this unity is determined as substance or as spirit. Philosophy from beginning to end is nothing else than the study of determinations of unity.

In the sphere of the Notion many unities are comprised. The combination of water and earth is a unity, but this unity is mixture. If we bring together a base and an acid, we have as the result a crystal; also water; but water which cannot be discerned and which gives no trace of humidity. Here the unity of the water and of this matter is a unity different from the mixture of water and earth. The essential point is the difference of these determinations. The unity of God is always unity, but what is of primary importance is to know the modes and forms of the determination of this unity.

Manifestation, development, determination do not go on to infinity, nor yet do they stop accidentally. But in the course of its true development the Notion completes its course by a return upon itself, whereby it has attained the reality adequate to it. So it is that the manifestation is infinite in nature, that the content is adequate to the Notion of spirit, and that the phenomenal world exists, like spirit, in and for itself.

In religion, the Notion of religion has become its own object. Spirit which is in and for itself has now no longer in its development individual forms and determinations, it knows itself no longer as spirit in such determinability or such a limited moment; but it has triumphed over these limitations and this finiteness, and is for itself that which also it is in itself. This cognisance in which spirit is for itself what it is in itself constitutes the in-and-for of spirit which is in possession of knowledge, the perfect and absolute religion, in which is revealed what spirit is, what God is. That is the Christian religion.



Washington Irving was born in New York, April 3, 1783. The son of a prosperous business man, he was able to afford a voyage to Europe in quest of health when he was about twenty, and thereafter to amuse himself with literary work instead of applying himself to practise at the bar for which he had been intended. In 1800 he published a History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty, by 'Diedrich Knickerbocker,' the most original of his works and the most genuinely American in its whimsical humour. In 1815 Irving came to England again, and The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., Bracebridge Hall, and Tales of a Traveller were among the fruits of this experience. Residence later in Spain resulted in a number of important historical works based upon researches in the Spanish archives and later still Irving devoted himself to biographical work in which he was conspicuously successful. He died November 28, 1859.

WASHINGTON IRVING

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

In his History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus (see page 1173) Washington Irving proved his mastery of the art of the biographer as distinct from that of the historian, concentrating his energies on representing the picturesque features of an age as embodied in the deeds and words of its most characteristic representatives. He showed it again in his Life of Oliver Goldsmith (1849) and the Lives of Mahomet and his Successors (1849-50) and chiefly perhaps in his Life of George Washington, published in five volumes between 1855 and 1859, which was the employment of his last years. The work was founded chiefly upon George Washington's correspondence which is preserved in manuscript in the archives of the United States Government, and it remains the authoritative life of the great soldier and statesman who was the first president of the United States.

I—Commander Against the French



THE de Wessyngton family of the county of Durham in feudal times produced many men of mark in the field and in the cloister, and at a later period the Washingtons were intrepid supporters of the unfortunate House of Stewart. Compromised by this allegiance, two brothers, John and Andrew, uncles of Sir Henry Washington, the gallant defender of Worcester, emigrated to Virginia in 1657, and purchased lands in Westmoreland county, by the River Potomac. John, who became military leader of the Virginians against the Indians, was great-grandfather of the illustrious George Washington.

George, born February 22, 1732, in a homestead on Bridges Creek, was the eldest son of Mary Ball, second wife of Augustine Washington. Two half-brothers, Lawrence and Augustine, survived from the first marriage; and Mary had three other sons and two daughters. George received his first education in an 'old field schoolhouse,' taught by the parish sexton; but the chief influences of his boyhood were the morality of his home and the military ardour of the colonists against the Spanish and the French. Lawrence, his eldest brother, held a captaincy in the colonial regiment which fought for England in the West Indies in 1740 and the boy's whole mind was turned to war.

His father died when he was eleven years old, and George was sent to live with his married brother Augustine. Here he attended school was eager in the acquirement of knowledge and became expert in all athletic exercises. He very nearly entered on a naval career, but at his mother's earnest entreaty renounced the project and, returning to school, studied land surveying.

Lawrence, his brother, having married into the Fairfax family, George came under the notice of Lord Fairfax, owner of immense tracts of country, who was so pleased with the lad's character and accomplishments that he entrusted him with the task of surveying his possessions. At the age of sixteen George Washington set out into the wilderness, and acquitted himself so well that he was appointed public surveyor. He thus gained an intimate knowledge of the country and of the ways of the Indians.

The English and French governments were at this time making conflicting claims to the Ohio valley, and their agents were treating with the various Indian tribes. At length the French prepared to enforce their claims by arms, and Washington received, in 1751, a commission as adjutant-general over a military district of Virginia. In October 1753 he was sent by Governor Dinwiddie on a mission to the French commander, from which he returned in the following January; and his conduct on this occasion, when he had to traverse great distances of unknown forest at midwinter, and to cope with the craft of white men and savages alike, marked him out

as a youth fitted for the most important civil and military trusts.

He was for the first time under fire on April 1754, when he had been sent, as second in command of the colonial forces, to take charge of a fort on the Ohio. He fell in with a French party of spies, whom his small force, with Indian assistance, put to flight. His fort, named Fort Necessity, was defended by three hundred men, but was attacked in July by a greatly superior force of French and Indians, and Washington had to capitulate, marching out with the honours of war.

When it was determined, the same autumn, by the governor and the British secretary of state that the colonial troops should be reduced to independent companies, so that there should no longer be colonial officers above the rank of captain, Washington, in accordance with the dawning republicanism of America, resigned his commission and, settling at Mount Vernon, prepared to devote himself to agriculture. But in 1755 General Braddock was sent out to undertake energetic operations against the French, and Washington accepted the general's offer of a position on his staff.

It was now that the eminent Benjamin Franklin did such great service to the British arms by organizing transport, and listened with astonishment to Braddock's anticipations of easy victory. The young aide-de-camp also warned the English soldier in vain. On July 9 Braddock's force was utterly routed by the French and Indians and the general himself was slain. This reverse did away with all belief throughout the colonies in the power of British arms and prepared the way for the independence that was to follow.

On August 14 George Washington was appointed to the supreme command of the Virginian forces, with his headquarters at Winchester, and was occupied in the defence of a wide frontier with an insufficient force, until the expedition against Fort Duquesne in 1758, when he planted the British flag on its ruins and put an end to the French domination of the Ohio.

His marriage to Mrs. Martha Curtis, a young and wealthy widow, was celebrated on January 6, 1759; he took his seat in the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg, and established himself at Mount Vernon to develop his estates. A large Virginia estate, in those days, was a little empire.

II—The Dawn of Independence

The definitive treaty of peace between France and England was signed at Fontainebleau in 1763; but the tranquillity of the colonies was again broken by an Indian insurrection known as Pontiac's war. Washington had no part in its suppression, but he was soon to be called again to the defence of his country.

He was in his place in the House of Burgesses on May 29, 1765, when the claims of Britain to tax the colony were first repudiated, and it was declared that the General Assembly of Virginia had the exclusive right to tax the inhabitants and that whoever maintained the contrary should be deemed an enemy to the colony. These resolutions were the signal for general applause throughout the continent.

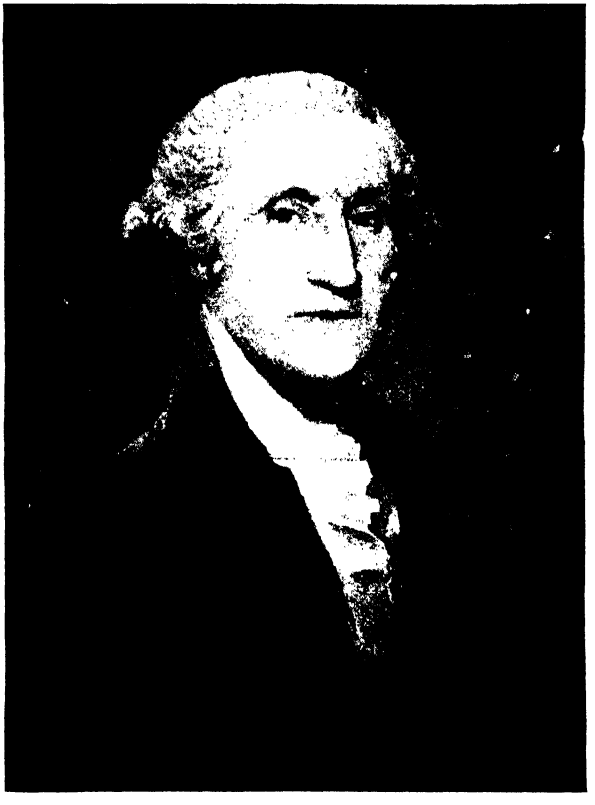
The repeal, in 1766, of the objectionable Stamp Act only postponed the crisis, which became acute when the port of Boston was closed by Parliament because of the resistance of that city to the importation of East Indian tea. A general congress of deputies from the several colonies was convened for September 5, 1773, at Philadelphia, in which Washington took part, and a federal union of the colonies was then established.

The English commander, General Gage, struck the first blow against popular liberties, in the engagement at Lexington, April 18, 1775, and on June 15 Washington was unanimously elected commander-in-chief of the American forces. Two days later was fought, outside Boston, the heroic battle of Bunker's Hill, and on the 21st Washington set out from Philadelphia to the seat of war, where he laid a strict siege about Boston, with a view to forcing the British to come out.

An English ship having bombarded the American port of Falmouth, an Act was passed by the General Court of Massachusetts, encouraging the fitting out of armed vessels to defend the coast of America and

granting letters of marque and reprisal. In October a conference of delegates was held, under Washington's presidency, of which Benjamin Franklin was a member, with regard to a new organization of the army; and a new force of 22,000 was formed, every soldier being enlisted for one year only.

Montreal had been captured by an American expedition, and Washington was now looking forward to equal success in an expedition against Quebec. He was further encouraged by the capture, by one of his cruisers, of a brigantine laden with munitions of war, including a huge brass mortar. His wife joined the camp before Boston, and the eventful year was closed with festivities.



GEORGE WASHINGTON
From the painting by Gilbert C. Stuart in the Metropolitan Mus rt, New York

But the gallant attempt on Quebec, in which Montgomery fell, was frustrated, and the siege of Boston dragged on uneventfully, until the Americans, in March, seized Dorchester Heights and made the town no longer tenable. On the 17th there were in Boston Harbour seventy-eight ships and transports casting loose for sea, and 12,000 soldiers, sailors and refugees hurrying to embark. The flag of thirteen stripes, the standard of the Union, floated above the Boston forts after ten months of siege.

The eminent services of Washington throughout this arduous period, his admirable management by which, in the course of a few months, an undisciplined band of husbandmen became soldiers, and were able to expel a brave army of veterans commanded by the most experienced generals, won the enthusiastic applause of the nation. A unanimous vote of thanks was passed to him in Congress.

Dispatches from Canada continued to be disastrous, and the evacuation of that country was determined on in June 1776. The great aim of the British was now to get possession of New York and the Hudson, and to make them the basis of military operations. While danger was gathering round New York, the General Congress at Philadelphia was discussing with closed doors the greatest question ever debated in America. A resolution was passed unanimously, on July 2, 'that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states.'

July 4 is the day of national rejoicing, for on that day the 'Declaration of Independence' was adopted. Tradition gives a dramatic effect to its announcement. It was known to be under discussion, and, outside, the populace awaited in throngs an appointed signal. In the steeple of the state house was a bell, bearing the portentous text from Scripture, 'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the

inhabitants thereof.' A joyous peal from that bell gave notice that the bill had been passed. It was the knell of British domination.

Washington hailed the declaration with joy. It was but a formal recognition of a state of things which had long existed, but it put an end to all those temporising hopes of reconciliation which had clogged the military action of the country. On July 9 he caused it to be read at the head of each brigade of the army.

'The general hopes,' said he, 'that this important event will serve as a fresh incentive to every officer and soldier to act with fidelity and courage, as knowing that now the peace and safety of his country depend, under God, solely on the success of our arms; and that he is now in the service of a state possessed of sufficient power to reward his merit and advance him to the highest honours of a free country.'

And again, 'The general hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavour so to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country.'

III—The Winning of Independence

But the exultation of the patriots of New York was soon overclouded. British warships under Admiral Lord Howe were in the harbour on July 12, and affairs now approached a crisis. Lord Howe came 'as a mediator, not as a destroyer,' and had prepared a declaration inviting communities as well as individuals to merit and receive pardon by a prompt return to their duty; it was a matter of sore regret to him that his call to loyalty had been forestalled by the Declaration of Independence.

The British force in the neighbourhood of New York, under General Howe, brother of the admiral, was about 30,000 men; the Americans were only about 20,000, for the most part raw and undisciplined, and the sectional jealousies prevalent among them were more and more a subject of uneasiness to Washington.

On August 27 the American force was defeated with great loss in the battle of Long Island, and was withdrawn from the island by a masterly night retreat; this led to the loss of New York and the Hudson River to the British. Reverse followed reverse; Washington was driven by the British arms from one point after another, many of the chief American cities were taken, and on September 28, 1777, General Sir William Howe marched into Philadelphia, and thus occupied the capital of the confederacy. But Washington still maintained his characteristic equanimity.

'I hope,' he said, 'that a little time will put our affairs in a more flourishing condition.'

This anticipation was soon to be fulfilled. General Burgoyne had been advancing from the north with a large force of British and Hessian troops, but was compelled by General Gates, with a superior American force, to capitulate on October 17, 1777. By this capitulation the Americans gained a fine train of artillery, 7,000 stand of arms, and a great quantity of clothing, tents and military stores of all kinds; and the surrender of Burgoyne struck dismay into the British army on the Hudson River.

But the struggle for independence was still to continue for four years of incessant military operations, and it was not until the surrender of Yorktown, on October 19, 1781, by Lord Cornwallis, that Britain gave up all hope of reducing her rebel colonies.

A general treaty of peace was signed in Paris on January 20, 1783; and in March of that year Sir Guy Carleton informed Washington that he was ordered to proclaim a cessation of hostilities by sea and land.

IV—The Years of Peace

The adoption of the federal constitution opened another epoch in the life of Washington. Before the official forms of an election could be carried into operation, a unanimous sentiment throughout the union pronounced him the nation's choice to fill the presidential chair. The election took place, and Washington was chosen president for a term of four years from March 4, 1788.

An entry in his diary on March 16 says, 'I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity and, with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations.'

The weight and influence of his name and character were deemed all essential to complete his work: to set the new government in motion, and conduct it through its first perils and trials. He undertook the task, firm in the resolve in all things to act as his conscience told him was 'right as it respected his God, his country and himself.' For he knew no divided fidelity, no separate obligation; his most sacred duty to himself was his highest duty to his country and his God.

His death took place on December 14, 1799, at Mount Vernon.

The character of Washington may want some of those poetical elements which dazzle and delight the multitude, but it possessed fewer inequalities and a rarer union of virtues than perhaps ever fell to the lot of one man: prudence, firmness, sagacity, moderation, an overruling judgement, an immovable justice, courage that never faltered, patience that never wearied, truth that disdained all artifice, magnanimity without alloy.

A Fairy Story with a Purpose

CHARLES KINGSLEY

THE WATER-BABIE

REMINDED in 1862 of a promise he had made to his children that 'Rose, Maurice and Mary have got their books, the baby must have his,' Kingsley wrote the story about little Tom for his youngest son. The Water-Babies, a Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby, ran serially through Macmillan's Magazine and was published in book form in 1863. Mrs. Kingsley, in the life of her husband, says that 'it was perhaps the last book that he wrote with any ease.' In describing the hardships of the little chimney sweep Kingsley was inspired by the passion for social reform that produced Alton Locke (see page 1429) and Yeast, but the whimsical humour and allegorical fantasy of the story as a whole have given it a special place in children's literature. Many inexpensive editions of The Water-Babies are obtainable. Outlines of Kingsley's Westward Ho! and Hypatia are given at pages 1158 and 1719 respectively.

I—'I Must Be Clean!'



ONCE upon a time there was a little chimney sweep, and his name was Tom. He lived in a great town in the North Country where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep and plenty of money for Tom to earn, and his drunken master to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. Chimney sweeping and hunger and beatings, he took all for the way of the world, and when his master let him have a pull at the leavings of his beer Tom was the jolliest boy in the whole town.

One day, Tom's master, Mr. Grimes, was sent for to sweep all the chimneys at Sir John Harthover's mansion, Harthover Place.

At four in the morning they passed through the silent town together and along the peaceful country roads to Sir John's, Mr. Grimes riding the donkey in front and Tom and the brushes walking behind. On the way they came up with an old Irishwoman, limping slowly along and carrying a heavy bundle. She walked along with Tom and asked him many questions about himself, and seemed very sad when he told her that he knew no prayers to say. She told him that she lived far away by the sea; and how the sea rolled and roared on winter nights and lay still in the bright summer days, for the children to bathe and play in it; and many a story more till Tom longed to go and see the sea and bathe in it likewise.

When, at length, they came to a spring, Grimes got off his donkey, to refresh him-

self by dipping his head in the water. Because Tom followed his example, his master immediately thrashed him.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" said the Irishwoman.

Grimes looked up, startled at her knowing his name; but he answered: "No, nor never was yet," and went on beating Tom.

"True for you. If you ever had been ashamed of yourself, you would have gone into Vendale long ago."

"What do you know about Vendale?" shouted Grimes; but he left off beating Tom.

"I know about Vendale and about you, too, and if you strike that boy again I can tell what I know."

Grimes seemed quite cowed and got on his donkey without another word.

"Stop!" said the Irishwoman. "I have one more word for you both, for you will see me again. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. Remember."

She turned away into a meadow and disappeared. And Tom and Grimes went on their way. When they came to Harthover Place, the housekeeper turned them into a grand room all covered up in sheets of brown paper. Up the chimney went Tom with a kick from his master.

How many chimneys Tom swept I cannot say; but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they ran into one another so that he fairly lost his way in them. At last he came down. But it was the wrong chimney, and he found himself in a room the like of which he had never seen before. The room was all dressed in white: white window-curtains, white bed-curtains, white furniture and white walls. There was a washhand-stand, with ewers and basins and soap and brushes and towels; and a large bath full of clean water. What a heap of things—all for washing!

And then he happened to look towards the bed, and there lay the most beautiful little girl Tom had ever seen. He wondered whether all people were as white as she when they were washed. Thinking of this, he tried to rub some of the soot from his own wrist, and thought, perhaps, he might look better himself if he were clean.

And looking round, he suddenly saw a little ugly black figure with bleared eyes and grinning teeth. And behold, it was himself reflected in the mirror. With tears of shame and anger at the contrast he turned to sneak up the chimney and hide. But in his haste he upset the fire-irons.

Up jumped the little white lady with a scream; in rushed her nurse and made a dash at Tom. But out of the window went he and down a tree and away through the garden and the park into the wood beyond, with the gardener, the groom, the dairymaid, Grimes, the steward, the keeper, Sir John and the Irishwoman all in hot pursuit.

Through the wood rushed Tom until he came to a wall, where his quick wits enabled him to evade his pursuers—except the Irishwoman, who followed him all the way, although he never knew.

At length he stood on a limestone rock which overhung a valley a thousand feet below, and down there he could see a little stream winding in and out, and by the stream a cottage. It was a dangerous descent, but down went Tom without a moment's hesitation; sick and giddy, on he went until at last he dropped on the grass and lay there unconscious. But after a time he roused himself and stumbled on to the cottage.

The old dame of the cottage took pity on him and laid him on a bed of sweet hay. But Tom could not rest and, thinking of the little white lady, he found his way to the river murmuring, 'I must be clean! I must be clean!'

And still he had not seen the Irishwoman; in front of him now, for she had stepped into the river just before Tom, and had changed into the most beautiful of fairies underneath the water. For she was, indeed, the Queen of the Water-Fairies, who were all waiting to receive her the moment she came back from the land-world.

Tom was so hot, and longed so to be clean for once that he tumbled as quick as he could into the cool stream. And he

had not been in it half a minute before he fell into the quietest, cosiest sleep that ever he had in his life. The reason of his falling into such a delightful sleep is very simple. It was merely that the fairies turned him into a water-baby.

Meanwhile, of course, the chase after Tom had come to an end, although Sir John and his keepers made a second search the next day, for he felt sorry for the little sweep and was afraid he might have fallen over some of the crags. They found the little fellow's rags by the side of the stream, and they also discovered his body in the water, and buried it over in Vendale churchyard.

II—A Lonely, Mischievous Water-Baby

TOM was very happy swimming about in the river, although he was now only about four inches long, with a set of external gills, just like those of an eft. There are land-babies, and why not water-babies? Some people tell us that water-babies are contrary to nature, but there are so many things in nature which we don't expect to find that there may just as well be water-babies as not.

He was still as mischievous as any land-baby, and made himself a perfect nuisance to the other creatures of the water, teasing them as they went about their work, until they were all afraid of him, and got out of his way— or crept into their shells; so that he had no one to speak to or to play with.

It was from a dragon-fly that he learnt some valuable lessons in good conduct. For all his short sight the dragon-fly had noticed a great many interesting things in nature, about which Tom knew nothing, and of which he heard with wonder. One day he might have been eaten by an otter; but, behold, seven little terrier dogs rushed at the otter and drove her off, much to Tom's relief, though he did not guess that these were really water-fairies sent to protect him.

But before the otter had been headed off she had twitted Tom with being only an eft, and told him he would be eaten by the salmon when they came up from the sea— the great wide sea. Tom himself decided he would go down the stream and discover what the great wide sea was like.

One night Tom noticed a curious light, and heard voices of men coming from the bank of the river.

Soon after a large salmon was speared. Then other men seemed to arrive; there were shouts and scufflings; and then a tremendous splash, and one of the men fell into the river close to Tom. He lay so still that Tom thought the water must have sent him to sleep as it had done him; so he screwed up courage to go and look at him. The moonlight lit up the man's face, and Tom recognized his old master, Grimes. Suppose he should turn into a water-baby! But he lay quite still at the bottom of the pool.

Every creature in the stream seemed to be hurrying down to the sea, and Tom, being the only water-baby among all the squirming eels and the scores of different things, big and little, had many strange adventures before he came to the sea. But great was his disappointment to find no water-babies there to play with, though he asked the sea-snails, and the hermit crabs, and the sun-fish, and the bass and the porpoises. But though one fish told him that he had been helped the previous night by the water-babies, Tom could find no trace of them at all.

NOW, one day it befell that on the rocks where Tom was sitting with a lobster there walked the little white lady, Ellie, herself, and with her a very wise man, Professor Ptmllnsprts, who was a very great naturalist. He was showing her about one in ten thousand of all the beautiful and curious things that are to be seen among the rocks. Presently, as he groped with his net among the weeds he caught poor Tom.

"Dear me!" he cried, "what a large pink Holothurian. It has actually eyes Why, it must be a Cephalopod!"

"It is a water-baby," cried Ellie.

"Water-fiddlesticks, my dear!" said the professor sharply.

Now, Tom was in a most horrible fright and between fright and rage he turned to bay and bit the professor's finger.

"Oh! Eh!" cried he, and dropped Tom on to the seaweed, whence he was gone in a moment.

"But it was a water-baby!" cried Ellie. "Ah, it is gone!" And she jumped down off the rock. But she slipped and fell with her head on a sharp rock.

The professor picked her up and took her home, and she was put to bed. But she would not waken at all, and after a week, one moonlight night the fairies came flying in at the window, and brought her a pair of wings. And she flew away, and nobody heard or saw anything of her for a long while.

III—In St. Brandan's Fairy Isle

AFTER Tom slipped away into the water again, he could not help thinking of Ellie, and longed to have her to play with, for he had not succeeded in finding any other water-babies. But soon he had something else to think of. One day he helped a lobster caught in a lobster-pot to get free; and then, after five minutes, he came upon a real live water-baby, sitting on the white sand.

And it ran to Tom, and Tom ran to it, and they hugged and kissed each other for ever so long. At last Tom said: "Well, this is wonderful! I have seen things just like you again and again, but I thought you were shells or sea-creatures."

Now, was not this very odd? So odd, indeed, that you will, no doubt, want to know how it happened, and why Tom could never find a water-baby till after he had got the lobster out of the pot. But if you will read this story nine times over, you will find out why. It is not good for little boys and girls to be told everything and never to be forced to make use of their own wits.

"Now," said the baby, "come and help me plant this rock which got all its flowers knocked off in the last storm, or I shall not have finished before my brothers and sisters come, and it is now time to go home."

So they worked away at the rock, and planted it, and smoothed the sand down round it, and capital fun they had till the tide began to turn. And then Tom heard all the other babies coming, laughing and singing and romping; and the noise they made was just like the noise of a ripple.

And in they came, dozens and dozens of them, and when they found that he was a new baby, they hugged and kissed him. And there was no one ever so happy as poor little Tom, and he gaily swam away with them to their home in the caves beneath St. Brandan's fairy isle. But I wish Tom had given up all his naughty tricks. He would meddle with the creatures, frighten the crabs, and put stones in the anemones' mouths to make them fancy dinner was coming.

The other children warned him, and said, "Take care what you are at, as Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid is coming on Friday."

Early one Friday morning this tremendous lady came, indeed. Very ugly Tom thought her, with her green spectacles on a great hooked nose and a big birch rod under her arm. She looked at all the children, and seemed pleased with them, for she gave sea-cakes or sea-lollipops to them all.

At last Tom's turn came, and she put something in his mouth, and lo! and behold, it was a cold, hard pebble.

"Who put pebbles in the sea-anemones' mouths to make them fancy they had caught a good dinner? As you did to them, so I must do to you."

TOM thought her very hard, but she showed him she had to do it because it was her work. She told him, too, that she was the ugliest fairy in the world, and would be until people learnt to behave as they should, when she would grow as handsome as her sister, Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby, the loveliest fairy in the world.

Tom tried hard to be good on Saturday; he did not frighten one crab, nor put one pebble into a sea-anemone's mouth.

Sunday came, and so did Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby. All the children danced round her, for she had the sweetest, merriest face Tom had ever seen. But Tom saw that she was a very tall woman, as tall as her sister; but instead of being gnarly and horny, and scaly, and prickly, like her, she was the most nice, soft, cuddly, delicious creature who ever nursed a baby.

"He's the new water-baby," they informed her. "He never had any mother."

"Then I will be his mother," she said, and took him in her arms and talked to him tenderly and low. And Tom looked up in her face, and loved her, and fell asleep for very love. When he awoke she was telling the children a story.

"Now," said she to Tom, as she prepared to go, "will you be good, and torment no sea-beasts until I come again?"

Tom promised, and tormented no sea-beasts after that as long as he lived; and he is quite alive, I assure you, still.

IV—At the Other-End-of-Nowhere

BEING happy and comfortable does not always mean being good; and so it was with Tom. He had everything he could wish for in St. Brandan's fairy isle. But now he had grown so fond of lollipops that he could think of nothing else, and longed to go to the cabinet where they were kept. At last he went to take just one; then he had one more, and another, and another, until they were all gone. And all the while Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid stood close behind him, though he neither heard nor saw her.

Tom was very surprised, when she came again, to see that she had just as many lollipops as before. He thought therefore that she could not know.

But he was very unhappy all that week, and long after it, too. And because his conscience had been pricking him inside, his outside grew horny and prickly as well, until he could bear it no longer, and told Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid all about it, and asked her to take away the prickles. But she told him only he could do that, that he must go to school, and she would fetch him a schoolmistress.

Soon she returned with the most beautiful little girl that was ever seen. Tom begged her to show him how to be good and get rid of his prickles. So she began, and taught him every day except on Sunday, when she went away. In a short time all Tom's prickles had disappeared. Then the little girl knew him, she said, for the little chimney sweep who had come into the bedroom.

"And I know you," said Tom. "You are the little white lady I saw in bed." And then they began telling each other all their story. And then they set to work at their lessons again, and both liked them so well that they went on till seven full years were past and gone.

Tom began to be very curious to know where Ellie went on Sundays, and why he could not go, too.

"Those who go there," said Mrs Bedonebyasyoudid, "must first learn to go where they do not want to go, and to help someone they do not like."

And Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby said the same. Tom was very unhappy now. He knew the fairy wanted him to go and help Grimes; he did not want to go, and was ashamed of himself for not going. But just when he was feeling most discontented Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid encouraged him until he was anxious to seek for Grimes.

"Mr. Grimes is now at the Other-end-of-Nowhere" said the fairy. "To get there you must go to Shiny Wall, and through the White Gate which has never yet been opened. You will then be at Peacepool, where you will find Mother Carey, who will direct you to the Other-end-of-Nowhere."

TOM immediately set out to find his way to Shiny Wall, asking the way of all the birds and beasts he met. He at length received help from the petrels, who are Mother Carey's chickens, and so reached Shiny Wall. He was dismayed to find that there was no gate, but taking the birds' advice, he dived underneath the wall, and went along the bottom of the sea for seven days and seven nights, until he arrived in Peacepool. There sat Mother Carey, a marble lady on a marble throne—motionless, restful, gazing down into the depths of the sea.

Following Mother Carey's directions, Tom at length arrived at the Other-end-of-Nowhere, after meeting with many strange adventures. He had not long arrived in this strange land when he was overtaken by several policemen's truncheons, one of which conducted him to the prison where Grimes was quartered. Here, on the roof, his head and shoulders just showing above the top of chimney No. 343, was poor Mr. Grimes, with a pipe that would not draw.

He thought Tom had simply come to laugh at him until he assured him that he had only come to help. Suddenly Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid appeared. She reminded Grimes that he was only suffering now what he had inflicted on Tom. She told him, too, how his mother had gone to heaven, and would no more weep for him. Gradually Grimes's heart softened, and when Tom described her kindness to him at Vendale, Grimes wept. Then his tears did for him what his mother's could not do, for as they fell they washed the soot off his face and his clothes, and loosened the mortar from the bricks of the chimney.

"Will you obey me if I give you a chance?" said Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid.

"As you please, ma'am. For I'm beat, and that's the truth," said he.

"Be it so, then—you may come out. But remember, disobey me again, and into a worse place still you will go."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I never disobeyed you that I know of. I never set eyes upon you till I came to these ugly quarters."

"Never saw me? Who said 'Those that will be foul, foul they will be'?"

Grimes looked up, and Tom looked up, too; for the voice was that of the Irishwoman who met them the day they went out together at Harthover. She ordered Grimes to march off in the custody of the truncheon, who was to see that he devoted himself to the considerable task of sweeping out the crater of Etna.

"And now," said the fairy to Tom, "your work here is done. You may as well go back again."

So Tom went back to St. Brandan's Isle, and the first thing he saw was the black cedars, high and sharp against the rosy dawn; and the island reflected double in the still, broad, silver sea. The wind sang softly in the cedars, and the water sang among the caves; the sea-birds sang as they streamed out into the ocean, and the land-birds as they built among the boughs; and the air was so full of song that it stirred St. Brandan and his hermits as they slumbered in the shade; and they moved their good old lips, and sang their morning hymn amid their dreams. But among all the songs one came across the water more sweet and clear than all, for it was the song of a young girl's voice.

And as Tom neared the island, there sat upon a rock the most graceful creature that ever was seen, with her chin upon her hand, and paddling with her feet in the water. And when he came to her she looked up, and behold it was Ellie!

"Oh, Miss Ellie," said he, "how you are grown!"

"Oh, Tom," said she, "how you are grown, too!"

And no wonder; they were both quite grown up—he into a tall man, and she into a beautiful woman.

And he stood and looked at her, and she looked at him; and they liked the employment so much that they stood and looked for seven years more, and neither spoke nor stirred.

At last they heard the fairy say, "Attention, children! Are you never going to look at me again?"

They looked, and both of them cried out at once: "You are our dear Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby! No, you are good Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid; but you are grown quite beautiful now."

"To you," said she. "But look again."

"You are Mother Carey," said Tom, in a very low, solemn voice. For he had found out something which made him very happy, and yet frightened him.

"But you are grown quite young again."

"To you," said the fairy. "Look again."

"You are the Irishwoman who met me the day I went to Harthover!"

And when they looked again she was neither of them, and yet all of them at once.

"My name is written in my eyes, if you have eyes to see it there."

And her eyes flashed, for one moment clear, white, blazing light; but the children could not read her name, for they were dazzled, and hid their faces in their hands.

"Not yet, young things, not yet," said she, smiling. And then she turned to Ellie.

"You may take him home with you on Sundays, Ellie. He has won his spurs in the great battle, and become fit to be a man; because he has done the thing he did not like."

And that is the end of my story.

FENELON

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

WHEN Fénelon first went to court he became a favourite disciple of Bossuet and at his instance wrote tracts to refute certain metaphysical errors. Following this he wrote an independent philosophical treatise on the Existence of God. This noble and profound work, though it accepts the 'argument from design' which the discovery of universal evolution necessarily modifies, does so with such rare philosophical insight as to stand for ever far above othe. works of th. kind. During the eight years of his tutorship to the young Duke of Burgundy, Fénelon wrote a series of carefully graded moral lessons, the Fables, the Dialogues of the Dead, and Télémaque, which are still popular in educational use. Another important educational work was his Treatise on the Education of Girls, published in 1681, which was the first systematic attempt to deal with the subject as a whole. Fénelon also wrote an admirable series of Dialogues on Eloquence, and a remarkable Letter to the French Academy giving general reflections on the literary movement of the time.

I—The Hand that Makes Everything



I CANNOT open my eyes without admiring the art that shines throughout all nature; the least cast suffices to make me perceive the Hand that makes everything.

Men the least exercised in reasoning, and the most tenacious of the prejudices of the senses, may yet with one look discover Him who has drawn Himself in all His works. The wisdom and power He has stamped upon everything He has made are seen, as it were, in a glass by those that cannot contemplate Him in His own idea. This is a sensible and popular philosophy, of which any man free from passion and prejudice is capable.

If a great number of men of subtle and penetrating wit have not discovered God with one cast of the eye upon nature, it is not matter of wonder, for either the passions they have been tossed by have still rendered them incapable of any fixed reflection, or the false prejudices that result from passions have, like a thick cloud, interposed between their eyes and that noble spectacle.

A man deeply concerned in an affair of great importance, that should take up all the attention of his mind, might pass several days in a room treating about his concerns without taking notice of the proportions of the chamber, the ornaments of the chimney and the pictures about him, all which objects would continually be before his eyes and yet none of them make any impression upon him. In this manner it is that men spend their lives. Everything offers God to their sight, and yet they see Him nowhere.

They pass away their lives without perceiving that sensible representation of the Deity. Such is the fascination of worldly trifles that obscure their eyes. Nay, oftentimes they will not so much as open them, but rather affect to keep them shut, lest they should find Him they do not look for. In short, what ought to help most to open their eyes serves only to close them faster. I mean the constant duration and regularity of the motions which the Supreme Wisdom has put in the universe.

But, after all, the whole of nature shows the infinite art of its Maker. When I speak of an art, I mean a collection of proper means chosen on purpose to arrive at a certain end; or, if you please, it is an order, a method, an industry, or a set design. Chance, on the contrary, is a blind and necessary cause, which neither sets in order nor chooses anything, and has neither will nor understanding. Now, I maintain that the universe bears the character and stamp of a cause infinitely powerful and industrious; and, at the same time, that chance—that is, the fortuitous concourse of causes void of reason—cannot have formed this universe.

Who will believe that so perfect a poem as Homer's Iliad was not the product of the genius of a great poet, but that the letters of the alphabet, being confusedly

jumbled and mixed, were by chance, as it were, by the cast of a pair of dice, brought together in such an order as is necessary to describe, in verses full of harmony and variety, so many great events; to place and connect them so well together; to paint every object with all its most graceful, most noble and most affecting attendants; in short, to make every person speak according to his character? Let people subtilise upon the matter as much as they please, yet they never will persuade a man of sense that the Iliad was the mere result of chance. How, then, can a man of sense be induced to believe, with respect to the universe, what his reason will never suffer him to believe in relation to the Iliad?

II—Earth, the Mother of All Living

AFTER these comparisons, about which I only desire the reader to consult himself, without any argumentation, I think it is high time to enter into a detail of nature. I do not pretend to penetrate through the whole. Who is able to do it? Neither do I pretend to enter into any physical discussion. Such way of reasoning requires a certain deep knowledge, which abundance of men of wit and sense never acquire; and therefore I will offer nothing to them but the simple prospect of the face of nature. I will entertain them with nothing but what everybody knows, which requires only a little calm and serious attention.

Let us, in the first place, stop at the great object that first strikes our sight—I mean the general structure of the universe. Let us cast our eyes on this earth that bears us.

Who is it that hung and poised this motionless globe of the earth? Who laid its foundation? Nothing seems more vile and contemptible, for the meanest wretches tread it under foot; but yet it is in order to possess it that we part with the greatest treasures. If it were harder than it is, men could not open its bosom to cultivate it; and if it were less hard it could not bear them, and they would sink everywhere as they do in sand, or in a bog. From the inexhaustible bosom of the earth we draw what is most precious.

That shapeless, vile and rude mass assumes the most various forms and yields alone, by turns, all the goods we can desire. That dirty soil transforms itself into a thousand fine objects that charm the eye. In the compass of one year it turns into branches, twigs, buds, leaves, blossoms, fruits and seeds, in order, by those various shapes, to multiply its liberalities to mankind.

Nothing exhausts the earth; the more we tear her bowels the more she is liberal. After so many ages, during which she has produced everything, she is not yet worn out. She feels no decay from old age, and her entrails still contain the same treasures. A thousand generations have passed away and returned into her bosom.

Everything grows old, she alone excepted; for she grows young again every year in the spring. She is never wanting to men; but foolish men are wanting to themselves in neglecting to cultivate her. It is through their laziness and extravagance they suffer brambles and briars to grow instead of grapes and corn.

THEY contend for a good they let perish. The conquerors leave uncultivated the ground for the possession of which they have sacrificed the lives of so many thousand men, and have spent their own in hurry and trouble. Men have before them vast tracts of land uninhabited and uncultivated, and they turn mankind topsy-turvy for one nook of that neglected ground in dispute. The earth, if well cultivated, would feed a hundred times more men than she does now.

Even the unevenness of ground, which at first seems to be a defect, turns either into ornament or profit. The mountains arose and the valleys descended to the place the Lord had appointed for them. Those different grounds have their particular advantages, according to the divers aspects of the sun. In those deep valleys grows fresh and tender grass to feed cattle. Next to them opens a vast champaign covered with a rich harvest. Here, hills rise like an amphitheatre and are crowned with vineyards and fruit trees. There, high

mountains carry aloft their frozen brows to the very clouds and the torrents that run down from them become the springs of rivers. The rocks that show their craggy tops bear up the earth of mountains just as the bones bear up the flesh in human bodies. It is in this variety that the charm of landscapes consists, and at the same time it satisfies the varied needs of the peoples.

There is scarce any spot of ground absolutely barren if a man do not grow weary of digging and turning it to the enlivening sun, and if he require no more from it than it is proper to bear. Amidst stone and rocks there is sometimes excellent pasture, and their cavities have veins which, being penetrated by the piercing rays of the sun, furnish plants with most savoury juices for the feeding of herds and flocks. Even sea-coasts that seem to be the most sterile and wild yield sometimes either delicious fruits or most wholesome medicines that are wanting in the most fertile countries.

Besides, it is the effect of a wise overruling Providence that no land yields all that is useful to human life. For want invites men to commerce, in order to supply one another's necessities. It is therefore that want which is the natural tie of society between nations; otherwise, all the people of the earth would be reduced to one sort of food and clothing, and nothing would invite them to know and visit one another.

All that the earth produces, being corrupted, returns into her bosom and becomes the source of a new production. Thus she resumes all she has given in order to give again. Thus the corruption of plants, and of the animals she feeds, feeds her and improves her fertility. Thus, the more she gives the more she resumes; and she is never exhausted, provided they who cultivate her restore to her what she has given. Everything comes from her bosom, everything returns to it, and nothing is lost in it. Nay, all seeds multiply there.

Admire the plants that spring from the earth: they yield food for the healthy and remedies for the sick. Their species and virtues are innumerable. They deck the earth, yield verdure, fragrant flowers and delicious fruits. Do you see those vast forests that seem as old as the world? Those trees sink into the earth by their roots, as deep as their branches shoot up to the sky. Their roots defend them against the winds, and fetch up, as it were by subterranean pipes, all the juices destined to feed the trunk. The trunk itself is covered with a tough bark that shelters the tender wood from the injuries of the air. The branches distribute by several pipes the sap which the roots had gathered up in the trunk. In summer the boughs protect us with their shadow against the scorching rays of the sun.

THE farther we seek through the universe the more sure is her teaching. That which we learn from the earth and from plants is taught us again by water, by the air and by fire. It is the lesson of the skies, and of the sun and the stars. The whole animal world teaches us the same.

If we turn from things that are large, we shall find wonders no less in the infinitely little; if we turn from the bodies of animals to the study of their instincts, their sleep, their food, the persistence of their races from age to age, again we find evidence of the skill and power of the Author of all things.

Still more wonderful is the body of man, his skin and veins, his bones and joints, his senses, tongue and teeth, the proportions of his body and, above all things, his soul, which alone among all creatures thinks and knows and is sovereign master over the body.

It is this reason that is in man which, above all, demonstrates the residence of God in us.

III—God in the Mind of Man

IT cannot be said that man gives himself the thoughts he had not before; much less can it be said that he receives them from other men, since it is certain he neither does nor can admit anything from without, unless he finds it in his own foundation, by consulting within him the principles of reason, in order to examine whether what he is told is agreeable or repugnant to them. Therefore, there is



FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE FENELON, French ecclesiastic, author and academician, was born at the château of Fénelon in Périgord, August 6, 1651. Ordained priest in 1675, he was director of the convent of the Nouvelles Catholiques, and head of a mission to the Protestants in the province of Poitou, the fascination of his personality being a great factor in his success. In 1689 he was appointed preceptor to Louis XIV's grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, and in 1695 was made archbishop of Cambrai. In 1687 Fénelon had made the acquaintance of the Quietist mystic, Mme. Guyon, and in 1697 his book, Explication des Maximes des Saints sur la Vie Intérieure, in defence of certain of her doctrines, was attacked by his old friend Bossuet as inconsistent with Christianity. Fénelon appealed to Rome, but after bitter controversy the book was condemned by the Pope in 1699. As a result Fénelon was exiled to his diocese, which he only left once in the remaining years of his life. He died January 7, 1715.

an inward school wherein man receives what he neither can give himself nor expect from other men who live upon trust as well as himself.

Here, then, are two reasons I find within me, one of which is myself, the other is above me. That which is myself is very imperfect, prejudiced, liable to error, changeable, headstrong, ignorant and limited; in short, it possesses nothing but what is borrowed. The other is common to all men, and superior to them. It is perfect, eternal, immutable, ever ready to communicate itself in all places, and to rectify all minds that err and mistake; in short, incapable of ever being either exhausted or divided, although it communicates itself to all who desire it.

Where is that perfect reason which is so near me, and yet so different from me? Surely it must be something real, for nothing cannot either be perfect or make perfect imperfect natures. Where is that supreme reason? Is it not the very God I look for?

We have seen the prints of the Deity, or, to speak more properly, the seal and stamp of God Himself, in all that is called the works of nature. When a man does not enter into philosophical subtleties, he observes with the first cast of the eye a hand that was the first mover in all the parts of the universe and set all the wheels of the great machine agoing. Everything shows and proclaims an order, an exact measure, an art, a wisdom, a mind superior to us, which is, as it were, the soul of the whole world, and which leads and directs everything to His ends, with a gentle and insensible, though ever an omnipotent, force.

We have seen, as it were, the architecture and frame of the universe; the just proportion of all its parts; and the bare cast of the eye has sufficed us to find and discover even in an ant, more than in the sun, a wisdom and power that delights to exert itself in polishing and adorning its vilest works.

What a world of other wonders should we discover should we penetrate into the secrets of physics and dissect the inward parts of animals, which are framed according to the most perfect mechanics.

Let a man study the world as much as he pleases; let him descend into the minutest details; dissect the vilest of animals; narrowly consider the least grain of corn sown in the ground, and the manner in which it germinates and multi-

plies; attentively observe with what precautions a rose-bud blows and opens in the sun and closes again at night; and he will find in all these more design, conduct and industry than in all the works of art. Nay, what is called the art of men is but a faint imitation of the great art called the laws of nature, which the impious did not blush to call blind chance.

Is it, therefore, a wonder that poets animated the whole universe, bestowed wings upon the winds, and arrows on the sun, and described great rivers impetuously running to precipitate themselves into the sea, and trees shooting up to heaven to repel the rays of the sun by their thick shades? These images and figures have also been received in the language of the vulgar, so natural it is for men to be sensible of the wonderful art that fills all nature.

Poetry did only ascribe to inanimate creatures the art and design of the Creator, who does everything in them. From the figurative language of the poets those notions passed into the theology of the heathens, whose divines were the poets. They supposed an art, a power, or a wisdom, which they called *numen* [divinity], in creatures the most destitute of understanding. With them great rivers were gods, and springs naiads. Woods and mountains had their particular deities; flowers had their Flora; and fruits, Pomona. After all, the more a man contemplates nature, the more he discovers in it an inexhaustible stock of wisdom, which is, as it were, the soul of the universe.

What must we infer from thence? The consequence flows of itself. 'If so much wisdom and penetration,' says Minutius Felix, 'are required to observe the wonderful order and design of the structure of the world, how much more were necessary to form it!'

If men so much admire philosophers because they discover a small part of the wisdom that made all things, they must be blind not to admire that wisdom itself.

In the great spectacle of the whole world God, as in a mirror, shows himself to men. But some (I speak of the philosophers) are enveloped in their thoughts; everything for them is turned to vanity. Others, intoxicated by their passions, live a continually distracted life. To see God in his works, man must at least be attentive to them. Passions blind to such an extent, not only savage peoples, but also those who seem the most cultured, that they do not ever see the light which enlightens them.

So men live on the earth; they think of nothing except that which flatters their base passions or their vanity. Their souls are so weighed down that they can no longer raise themselves to any spiritual object: all that is not palpable, that cannot be seen, nor tasted, nor heard, nor felt, nor counted, seems to them chimerical. This weakness of soul seems to them strength; and their vanity flatters itself at resisting what naturally strikes other men. It is as though a monster glorified itself for not being shaped according to the common laws of nature; or as if a man born blind exulted in not believing in the light and colour which other men see.

IV—A Prayer to God

O, my God, if so many men do not discover Thee in this great spectacle Thou givest them of all nature, it is not because Thou art far from any of us. Every one of us feels Thee, as it were, with his hand; but the senses and the passions they raise, take up all the attention of our minds. Thus, O Lord, Thy light shines in darkness; but darkness is so thick and gloomy that it does not admit the beams of Thy light.

Thou appearest everywhere; and everywhere inattentive mortals neglect to perceive Thee. All nature speaks of Thee and resounds with Thy holy name; but she speaks to deaf men, whose deafness proceeds from the noise and clatter they make to stun themselves. Thou art near and within them; but they are fugitive, and wandering, as it were, out of themselves. They would find Thee, O Sweet Light, O Eternal Beauty, ever old and ever young, O Fountain of Chaste Delights, O Pure and Happy Life of all who live truly, should they look for Thee within themselves.

But the impious lose Thee only by losing themselves. Alas! Thy very gifts,

which should show them the hand from whence they flow, amuse them to such a degree as to hinder them from perceiving it. They live by Thee, and yet they live without thinking on Thee; or, rather, they die by the Fountain of Life for want of quenching their drought in that vivifying stream; for what greater death can there be than not to know Thee, O Lord? *They fall asleep in Thy soft and paternal* bosom and, full of the deceitful dreams by which they are tossed in their sleep, they are insensible of the powerful hand that supports them.

IF Thou wert a barren, impotent and inanimate body, like a flower that fades away, a river that runs, a house that decays and falls to ruin, a picture that is but a collection of colours to strike the imagination, or a useless metal that glistens, they would perceive Thee, and fondly ascribe to Thee the power of giving them some pleasure, although in reality pleasure cannot proceed from inanimate beings, which are themselves void and incapable of it, but from Thee alone, the true spring of all joy. If, therefore, Thou wert but a lumpish, frail and inanimate being, a mass without any virtue or power, a shadow of a being, Thy vain fantastic nature would busy their vanity, and be a proper object to entertain their mean and brutish thoughts.

But because Thou art too intimately within them, and they never at home, Thou art to them an unknown God; for while they rove and wander abroad, the intimate part of themselves is most remote from their sight. The order and beauty Thou scatterest over the face of Thy creatures are like a glaring light that hides Thee from men and dazzles their sore eyes. In fine, because Thou art too elevated and too pure a truth to affect gross senses, men who are become like beasts cannot conceive Thee, though man has daily convincing instances of wisdom and virtue without the testimony of any of his senses; for those virtues have not sound, colour, odour, taste, figure, nor any sensible quality.

Why, then, O my God, do men call Thy existence, wisdom and power more in question than they do those other things most real and manifest, the truth of which they suppose as certain, in all the serious affairs of life, and which, nevertheless, as well as Thou, escape our feeble senses? O misery! O dismal night that surrounds the children of Adam! O monstrous stupidity! O confusion of the whole man! Man has eyes only to see shadows, and truth appears a phantom to him. What is nothing is all; and what is all is nothing to him. What do I behold in all nature? God. God everywhere, and still God alone.

When I think, O Lord, that all being is in Thee, Thou exhaustest and swallowest up, O Abyss of Truth, all my thoughts. I know not what becomes of me. Whatever is not Thou disappears; and scarce so much of myself remains wherewithal to find myself again. Who sees Thee not never saw anything; and who is not sensible of Thee, never was sensible of anything. He is as if he were not. His whole life is but a dream. Arise, O Lord, arise. Let Thy enemies melt like wax and vanish like smoke before Thy face.

HOW unhappy is the impious soul who, far from Thee, is without God, without hope, without eternal comfort! How happy he who searches, sighs and thirsts after Thee! But fully happy he on whom are reflected the beams of Thy countenance, whose tears Thy hand has wiped off and whose desires Thy love has already completed.

When will that time be, O Lord? O fair day, without either cloud or end, of which Thyself shalt be the sun, and wherein Thou shalt run through my soul like a torrent of delight? Upon this pleasing hope I cry out: 'Who is like Thee, O Lord? My heart melts and my flesh faints, O God of my soul, and my eternal wealth.'

END OF FIFTH VOLUME

लाल बहादुर शास्त्री राष्ट्रीय प्रशासन अकादमी, पुस्तकालय
L.B.S. National Academy of Administration, Library
मसूरी
MUSSOORIE
यह पुस्तक निम्नांकित तारीख तक वापिस करनी है।
This book is to be returned on the date last stamped

दिनांक Date	उधारकर्त्ता की संख्या Borrower's No.	दिनांक Date	उधारकर्ता की संख्या Borrower's No.

808.8
wor
v.5

111805

अवाप्ति सं.
ACC No ~~21891~~

वर्ग सं. पुस्तक सं.
Class No..... Book No .....
लेखक
Author.....
शीर्षक
Title The world's great books.
.....

निर्गम दिनांक Date of Issue	उधारकर्ता की सं. Borrower's No.	हस्ताक्षर Signature

808.8
Wor
V.5

~~21891~~

LIBRARY
LAL BAHADUR SHASTRI
National Academy of Administration
MUSSOORIE

Accession No. 111805

1. Books are issued for 15 days only but may have to be recalled earlier if urgently required.
2. An over-due charge of 25 Paise per day per volume will be charged.
3. Books may be renewed on request, at the discretion of the Librarian.
4. Periodicals, Rare and Reference books may not be issued and may be consulted only in the Library.
5. Books lost, defaced or injured in any way shall have to be replaced or its double price shall be paid by the borrower.

Help to keep this book fresh, clean & moving