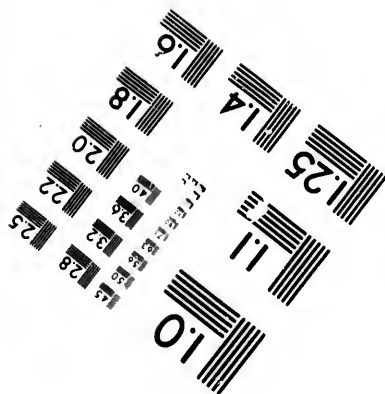
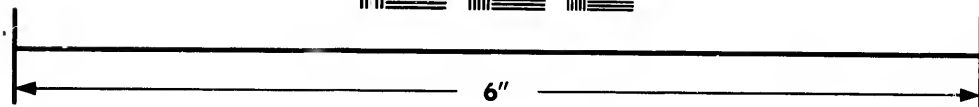
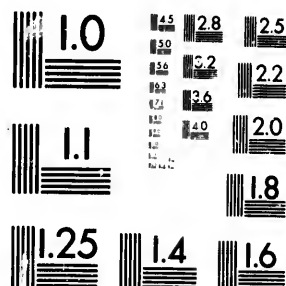


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1981

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographique

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached/
Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input type="checkbox"/> Showthrough/
Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distortion le long de la marge intérieure | <input type="checkbox"/> Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. (Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées. | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible. |

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:
*Marginal notes and
lines underlined in ink.*

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

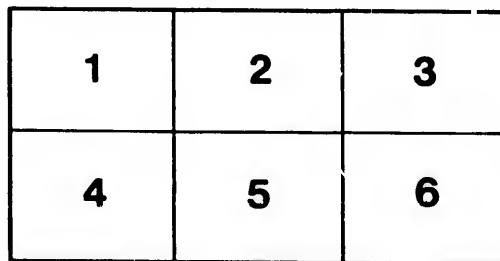
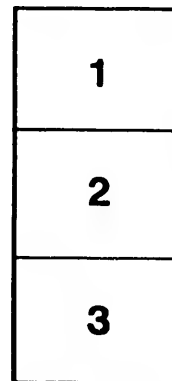
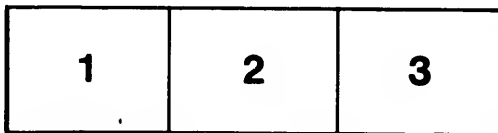
Library of Congress
Photoduplication Service

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Library of Congress
Photoduplication Service

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

re
étails
es du
odifier
r une
image

es

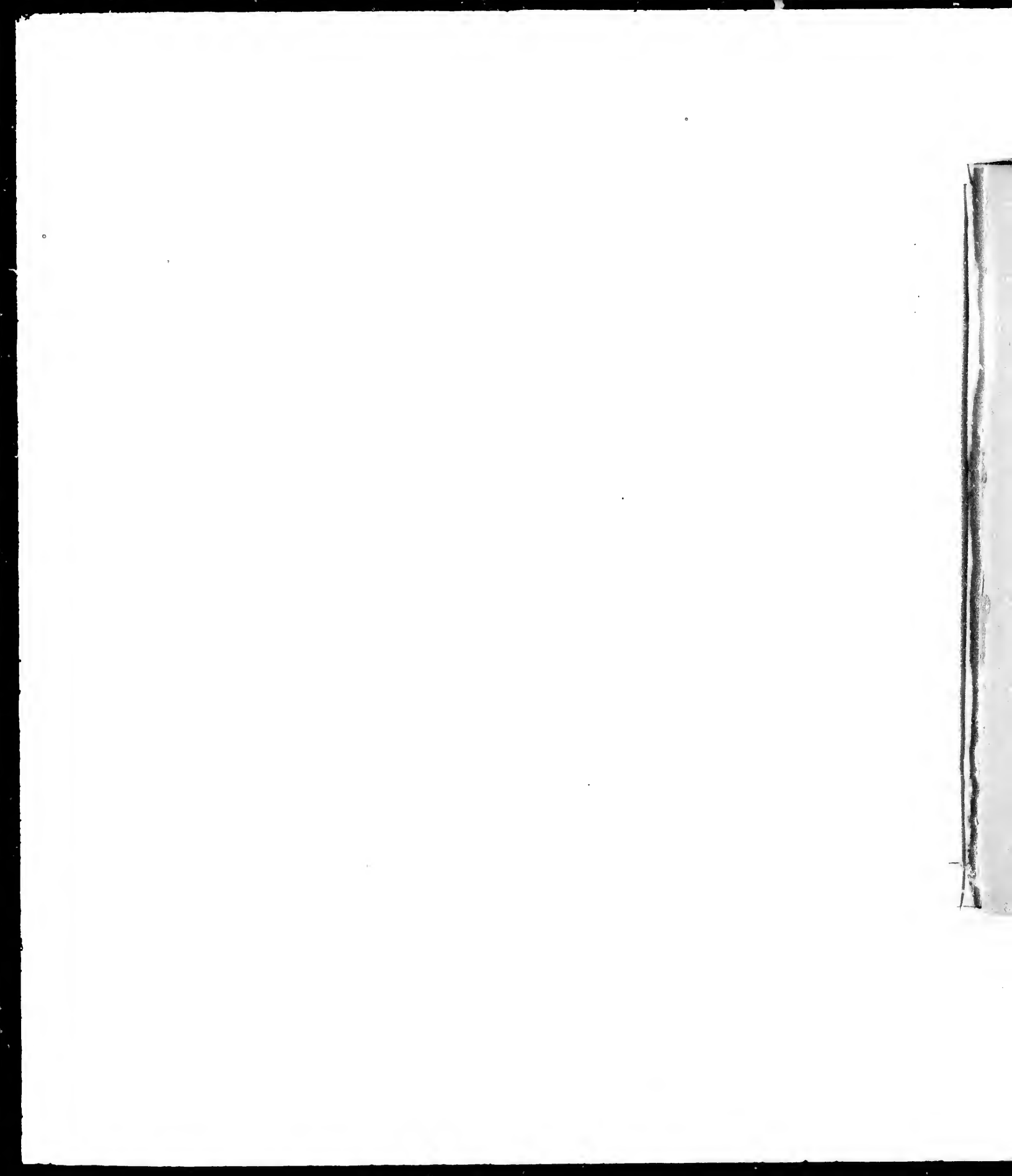
e

y errata
d to

nt
ne pelure,
çon à



32X



AMERICAN PROSE

•The [Symbol] Co.

AMERICAN PROSE

SELECTIONS

WITH

CRITICAL INTRODUCTIONS BY VARIOUS
WRITERS AND A GENERAL
INTRODUCTION

EDITED BY

GEORGE RICE CARPENTER

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND ENGLISH COMPOSITION
IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.

1898

All rights reserved

PS 645
C3

C. A. W. New York

16279

COPYRIGHT, 1898,

By GEORGE R. CARPENTER.

COPYRIGHT, 1898,

By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Pr.



TWO COPIES RECEIVED.

58 547
Oct. 5. 98

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. - Berwick & Smith
Norwood Mass. U.S.A.

2nd COPY,
1898.

5
8
PREFACE

This volume follows in general the plan adopted in Mr. Craik's *English Prose* and in Mr. Ward's *English Poets*. Its object is to present extracts of considerable length from the works of each of the chief American prose-writers, preceded by a critical essay and a brief biographical sketch. Authors now living — great as has been the temptation — are not included. The text of the extracts has been carefully reprinted from the best editions, without any attempt at producing uniformity in spelling or punctuation. The source of each extract is explicitly stated. The editor is responsible for the selection of the authors, the choice of the extracts, and for the biographical sketches of Brown, Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Poe, Thoreau, Whitman, and Lowell. Thanks are due to many publishers, whose names are mentioned in the appropriate places, for their kindness in allowing the use of extracts from works still in copyright, or revised texts, still in copyright, of works that themselves have already passed out of copyright. On the other hand, it must be stated that to the singular unwillingness of the publishers of Holmes's writings to allow the use of a few thousand words from his principal works is due the absence of extracts from Holmes in this volume.

Indifference to American literature, as well as ignorance of its history, its development, and its value, is so common among us, even with those whose passion is the study of the literatures of other lands, that it is hoped that this volume may open the eyes

of many to its interest and beauty. English literature, from about Dryden's time on, falls into two main branches,—that produced in Great Britain and that produced in the United States. In the Introduction I have shown why I believe that the prose literature produced here during this long period, whatever may be said of the poetry, is one of the most interesting in the world, and may appropriately be placed, not indeed first or second, but probably third, and certainly not lower than fourth, among modern prose literatures. But whatever be its value to humanity at large, it is ours; and surely no American can read sympathetically the body of literature here presented without realizing—perhaps for the first time—that even from colonial times the deepest and most characteristic sides of our national life and feeling have been reproduced in our prose.

In conclusion it is proper to say that the number and length of the extracts have been determined not so much by a desire to indicate the relative rank of the several authors as by a desire to give a clear impression of the range and character of each author's production, and, in some cases, of the degree to which he expressed dominant moods of national feeling.

G. R. C.

AUGUST 1, 1898.

re, from about
 that produced
 States. In the
 prose literature
 may be said of
 world, and may
 but probably
 modern prose
 ty at large, it
 thetically the
 — perhaps for
 deepest and
 ing have been

er and length
 by a desire to
 by a desire to
 cter of each
 ree to which

G. R. C.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION THE EDITOR	xi
COTTON MATHER BARRETT WENDELL	1
The Churches of New England	4
The Phantom Ship	6
The Last Days of Theophilus Eaton	8
The Piety of Thomas Shepard	10
John Eliot and the Indian Language	11
JONATHAN EDWARDS EDWARD EVERETT HALL, JR.	13
Nature and Holiness	16
Sarah Pierreport	18
Sin's Entrance into the World	19
Natural Men are God's Enemies	21
The Legacy of Christ	24
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WILLIAM P. TRENT	27
Franklin's Entrance into Philadelphia	31
A Scheme for Perfection	32
The Way to Wealth	36
Letter to Mr. Strahan	44
Letter to Joseph Priestley	44
A Dialogue	45
GEORGE WASHINGTON WILLIAM P. TRENT	48
To the Governors of All the States	51
THOMAS PAINE MUNROE SMITH	62
Government and Freedom	66
An American Navy	68
The Crisis	70
The Universal Right of Conscience	72
A Profession of Faith	73

	PAGE
THOMAS JEFFERSON WILLIAM P. TRENT	76
Declaration of Independence	79
CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN	
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON	84
Adventure with a Gray Cougar	89
Scene among Indians	93
Philadelphia during the Yellow Fever	97
DANIEL WEBSTER HARRY THURSTON PECK	101
The Example of Our Country	105
Speech of John Adams	106
Liberty and Union	109
The Drum-beat of England	114
American Interest in Republican Government	115
WASHINGTON IRVING BRANDER MATTHEWS	119
Wouter Van Twiller	124
Rip Van Winkle	130
The Enchanted Steed	134
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER . THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON	147
Hawkeye and his Friends	153
The <i>Ariel</i> and the <i>Alacrity</i>	162
WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT	
EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JR.	172
The Battle of Otumba	175
The Pillage of Cuzco	180
RALPH WALDO EMERSON GEORGE SANTAYANA	187
The Scholar	194
Self-Reliance	198
Experience	203
Nature	208
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE LEWIS EDWARDS GATES	213
The Procession of Life	221
Feathertop	224
The Revelation of the Scarlet Letter	235
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW	
CHARLES F. RICHARDSON	244
Footprints of Angels	248
The Valley of the Loire	252

CONTENTS

ix

PAGE	
P. TRENT	76
	79
HIGGINSON	84
	89
	93
	97
STON PECK	101
	105
	106
	109
	114
	115
MATTHEWS	119
	124
	130
	134
HIGGINSON	147
	153
	162
HALE, JR.	172
	175
	180
SANTAYANA	187
	194
	198
	203
	208
RDS GATES	213
	221
	224
	235
CHARIDSON	244
	248
	252

ABRAHAM LINCOLN	HARRY THURSTON PECK	PAGE
First Inaugural Address		257
Letter to General McClellan		260
Address at Gettysburg		262
Second Inaugural Address		264
EDGAR ALLAN POE	LEWIS EDWARDS GATES	268
Shadow—A Parable		276
Ligeia		278
The Murders in the Rue Morgue		284
The Masque of the Red Death		295
The Prose Tale		299
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES	NORMAN HAIGOOD	303
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE	RICHARD BURTON	308
Eliza's Escape		312
Topsy		319
JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY	EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JR.	323
The Religion of William of Orange		326
The Relief of Leyden		330
HENRY DAVID THOREAU	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON	338
Style in Writing		343
A Village Festival		346
Personal Alms		348
Sounds at Evening		351
Solitude		353
Immortality		356
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL	CHARLES ELIOT NORTON	358
The Yankee Character		363
Cambridge Thirty Years Ago		365
Keats's Poetry		380
WALT WHITMAN	GEORGE SANTAYANA	383
The West and Democracy		389
Democracy		390
American Literature		393
A Night Battle		395
Unnamed remains the Bravest Soldier		397
Entering a Long Farm-Lane		398

	PAGE
Manhattan from the Bay	398
Human and Heroic New York	399
America's Characteristic Landscape	401
The Silent General	401
ULYSSES S. GRANT	HAMLIN GARLAND 403
Wolves and Politicians	407
Lee's Surrender	409
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS	WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS 417
The Duty of the American Scholar	421
Titbottom's Grandfather	423
The Puritan Spirit	427
FRANCIS PARKMAN	JOHN FISKE 433
The Black Hills	437
The American Indian	440
The Capture of Quebec	444
APPENDIX	451

	PAGE
	398
	399
	401
	401
ARLAND	403
	407
	409
OWELLS	417
	421
	423
	427
FISKE	433
	437
	440
	444
	451

INTRODUCTION

SCARCELY a year goes by without some contribution of importance to the history of American literature, but much yet remains to be done. The rise and fall of schools, the prevalence and permanence of certain types, the influence of foreign models, remain still to be investigated and explained. Criticism of our literature has scarcely begun, and it will be impossible for sound ideas of the value and bearing of American work to prevail among our people until scholars have studied our literature as our history and our political system have already been studied, noting with care the peculiar qualities that our poets and prose-writers possess as a class, and determining, on a comparative basis, what are the essential characteristics, however precious or however mediocre, that belong to our literature. For such criticism, materials are rapidly accumulating. The whole history of our country, social, political, and literary, is being thoroughly explored. Through the publication of biographies, letters, and journals, through researches into the development of intellectual, moral, and political movements, through our growing knowledge and appreciation of existing and preëxisting social conditions, we begin slowly to understand what has been the course of affairs in the United States since the foundation of the colonies, and slowly to realize what part literature has played in our national development.

Our interest in the literature that has originated among us must not be taken as a sign of our belief that this literature is to be ranked high among the literatures of the world. That is for time to determine. But however humble our literature may be, and however young, it is still ours, bound to us by a thousand natural ties. Its name is inappropriate: "American" literature is an inexact, though unavoidable, term for the literature of the United States, and would seem to imply larger boundaries than those we possess.

But within the territory where this literature had its birth, affection for it and a feeling of ownership in it are steadily increasing. During the colonial period much of what was produced here could scarcely be distinguished from the contemporary work of minor British writers, though even Mather and Edwards, to an attentive eye, present traits that distinguish them from their brethren across the sea, and we cannot imagine Franklin as the native of any land but our own. Certainly, from the end of the colonial period forward, the character of our literature became individual almost in proportion as the character of the nation became distinct. American literature has never become independent of outside influences, nor ceased often to follow foreign models. No living literature of modern times can be independent of other literatures; indeed, it is the glory of English literature, on both sides of the Atlantic, that it has been open to influences from without, freely absorbing strange ideals, but assimilating them thoroughly. Comparative criticism has yet to show how extensive the process of absorption and assimilation has been with us; but it is plain, even to the superficial observer, that whatever may be the points of likeness between ourselves and others, there are, at least, elements in our national literature that are peculiarly characteristic of us as a people. In a literature thus bene of our bone and flesh of our flesh it is natural and human that we should take a strong and an increasing interest.

There are, however, reasons other than those of blind affection that make American literature interesting and important. First, the period covered by it is, in reality, a long one. We are accustomed to think ourselves a young people, and yet it is nearly three hundred years since books in the English language began to be written in this continent. The first books written here were contemporary with Shakspeare's plays; the first books printed here were contemporary with those of Milton; the first American-born authors were contemporary with Dryden and Defoe. The period covered by American literature includes, therefore, the whole modern movement of European thought and life,—the movement that began with the Renaissance and the Reformation, and that passed, through the age in which pure reason held its sway, through the stormy period of Romantic enthusiasm, into the strangely

composite era of to-day. And although the works produced here have not at all times been of great importance, the continuity has been unbroken. In our branch of English literature, as in that of Great Britain, we may trace the development of modern culture.

American literature, again, is interesting and important because it is the characteristic expression of a new nation, and a nation whose life is based, on the whole, upon a single and consistent set of principles. Though our people speak a common language, we did not spring from a single race, but are rather formed, and are still being formed, from many races, each contributing its quota of men who chose voluntarily to live and act under given responsibilities, and in pursuit of given ideals. These responsibilities and these ideals are well known; they assert the right of the individual to complete freedom in his own affairs, except where the common good, as determined by the representatives of each individual, makes restriction necessary. This noble, citizen's ideal of a life free, self-reliant, but responsible, shows itself clearly, to my mind, in our literature, and is the source of its strongest characteristics. Each step in our history has served to perpetuate the tendency of citizen and author not only to search for a clear understanding of his own mind and heart, but to look carefully at the minds and hearts of his fellows. To this tendency, obvious in all matters of the common welfare, is due the peculiarity of American literature, as a whole, that it appeals, in a marked degree, to moods or states of the national consciousness or, at least, to the consciousness of large bodies of the people, and that it is lacking in whatever appeals only to a select or special class. Our prose literature, in particular, consists largely of what may be described as the ideas of individuals on matters of wide general interest, presented for adoption, as a series of resolutions might be, to the assembly of the people. It is with matters of the commonwealth that our prose literature is chiefly concerned, from Cotton Mather and Edwards to Parkman and Curtis,—the religious, moral, political, social, and intellectual conceptions that are common to all, and upon the basis of which each must adjust his life. Such a condition of literature is natural to a thorough-going democracy. It has its strong points, and those that are weaker. It is less original, less devoted

to the search for abstract beauty ; it is, as a whole, somewhat lacking in charm ; but, on the other hand, it is rich in ideas, and strong in its appeal to the hearts of many, rather than to the special tastes or foibles of the few.

American prose has an even stronger claim on our attention than American verse. And this for two reasons. First, American prose originated when modern prose began, at the very end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century. Before that there had been great schools of poetry, but no great school of prose. Prose style, until then, was unformed, obscure, whimsical, ponderous. Prose had had its great triumphs, but they were separate, accidental,—isolated, in large measure, from the course of development. It was Dryden, Defoe, Steele, Addison, Swift,—the school of journalism, of free speech, of debate and discussion, that, breaking away from the mediæval and Renaissance traditions, made the prose of England what it is ; and English prose and English ideals had a powerful influence on the development of prose style in France and Germany. But the school of Steele and Addison and Swift had its followers in America, as well as on the continent of Europe ; and the graceful, well-ordered, effective prose of modern times, in a large part one of England's many contributions to civilization, we learned from its earliest source. It was, too, natural to our intellectual habits and our political and social institutions. The *Magnalia* is the only folio in our literature ; and from Edwards and Franklin down the modern ideal of prose is that to which we have instinctively turned, and that in the development of which we have had our share. Indeed, we may fairly claim that in prose style Great Britain, France, and the United States have been the most fortunate of nations. Germany, for instance, is still floundering in the mediæval fashions of which England rid herself two centuries ago, and the southern languages, though aided by classic models, are still beguiled by the overwrought enthusiasm which swept over Europe with the romantic movement, but which in Great Britain, France, and America has yielded to the ideals of vigorous but restrained speech which characterizes our own century.

In the second place, prose rather than poetry, has been the natural form of expression in American literature,—a form wholly consonant with our national mood, that of clear-headed, well-ordered

aspiration. The part of literature which we call poetry is great in its importance, but very limited in its field. Only ideas of certain sorts can be expressed by it. Its production is dependent, to a large degree, on a state of society in which an author is free to live a life of resolute leisure, free from all that would divert his fancy or his imagination from communion with his dream-like ideals. Such opportunities the American social system rarely furnishes. Our thoughts have been of necessity immediately concerned with the present, with what has been done and is to be done. Prose is therefore our characteristic language,—the language of debate and discussion and explanation, of the statesman, the preacher, the historian, the critic, the novelist.

If, then, we exclude poetry, and consider our literature only on its prose side, it is interesting to notice that it holds a high rank among contemporary literatures. The period of which we are speaking, it must be remembered, is that of the last two centuries. During that period, as a moment's thought will show, Holland has produced practically nothing that has been widely known beyond its own borders, and the same may be said, up to very recent years, of the Scandinavian and the Slavic nations. Italy, Spain, and Portugal, after long periods of literary activity, have contributed scarcely more than the nations just mentioned. The important prose writing of the civilized world in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is to be found in the two branches of English literature, in French, and in German. To rank these four products is neither desirable nor possible, but it may be said, on the whole, that the prose literature of the United States, while falling distinctly below that of Great Britain and that of France, in range and power, might fairly be considered, according to the critic's tastes and standards, as superior to German prose literature, as, on the whole, equal to it, or, perhaps, as slightly inferior to it.

Leaving, now, the comparative merits of American prose, of which it has been necessary to say so much only because they are understood so little, we may examine our prose in itself. If we were to judge from current criticism in Great Britain and the United States, we might believe that there were distinct differences in the character of the English language as spoken by the two larger branches of the race. Ill-advised British writers comment freely

on our Americanisms, and we take a certain malicious but pardonable delight in the pointing out of Britishisms. The fact with regard to this fundamental question, it need hardly be said, is that literary English in the United States does not differ, except infinitesimally, from that in Great Britain. Vulgar English in the United States, of course, differs in many minor points from colloquial and literary English, though, as our country is younger, as education is more generally diffused, and as the circulation — so to speak — of population from district to district is vastly greater, these minor points of difference are considerably less marked than the corresponding points of difference in Great Britain. Our colloquial English, by which I mean the current speech of intelligent and educated people, differs only slightly from that of Great Britain. These instances of divergence are due, sometimes, to survivals of words or idioms that have now passed out of the British vocabulary, sometimes to changes that have occurred in Great Britain within the last century or two, and sometimes to similar changes in the United States,— changes which the diverse elements in our population and the rapidly shifting experiences of our people have made peculiarly fitting. But, as has been said, all this touches the literary language only in an infinitesimal degree. In the works of the authors from which extracts appear in this volume it is as hard to discover any real divergence in point of idiom from the English of colonial days as it is to discover a divergence from the idioms employed in the works of modern British writers. Whatever difference is felt between the use of the common tongue in American and in British literature is rarely a difference of idiom, and can usually be traced to a characteristic habit of American speech and writing, which lies at the basis both of the ubiquitous and picturesque American slang, and of a corresponding quality in style,— a tendency that is, to treat words as mere instruments, diverting them, if occasion requires, to unaccustomed but valid uses, playing easily, as it were, with the ordinary forms of speech, as if we were so sure of the end to be attained that we could afford to reach it by an unconventional path.

As regards style, it would be unwise to add to the excellent descriptions of the various periods of the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries given in Mr. Craik's *Eng-*

lish Prose, to which this volume is a necessary complement. The same general development, due to the same general social causes, have taken place during these periods in both branches of English literature, as well as in French and German literature. The line of development of American literature, of course, is much closer to that of British literature than to that of German or French, partly because of the great similarity of social development, and partly because it was in England that we long found our readiest literary models. The succession of schools, however, has not been precisely the same in both countries. It has been often remarked that European literary movements have been felt here only a generation later than in the lands of their origin. It would be truer to say that in the United States literature and style have been much less affected by the romantic movement than in England. Indeed, with very few exceptions, our literature is purely pre-romantic, purely eighteenth century in its simplicity and dignity, in its appeal to the judgment, in the degree to which it is directed to the intelligence and sympathy of the mass of the people, and in the extent to which it is written for their behoof, or comfort, or amusement. This is partly because the social centres in the United States were until recently compact, neighborly little places, very much like the London of Queen Anne's day. It is also because the conditions of political and social life long tended to keep the citizen's mind peculiarly alert, as in the little eighteenth-century London, to matters of common interest and welfare.

This strong tendency to what may be called citizen's literature has told somewhat against the more æsthetic qualities of style. We have had few "stylists," men who stake all on the turn of a phrase, on the mere appeal of words to the ear. Poe's effort, it is true, lay sometimes in this direction, but, as a rule, he impresses us, in his prose, far more by the substance than by the form of his composition, and it is hard to find, certainly among the authors represented in this volume, any one besides Hawthorne who paid deliberate attention to the æsthetic elaboration of his style, and even in him the trait was free from the morbidity which it tends to assume in later European prose. The characteristic American style is the plain diction of Emerson, Thoreau, and Lincoln, —

plain, but not without its noble dignity and reserve. It is only in political writing, when the citizen feels that national issues hang in the balance, and when he enunciates the principles on which his ideal of freedom rests, that, like Jefferson and Webster, he allows himself the sonority and exaltation of style that are then, and then only, appropriate.

In prose literature, fortunately, substance is more than style, and American literature, so weak in its appeal to the reader on the lookout for "word effects" alone, is strong in the substance it presents to the healthy mind, and in the broader characteristics of that presentation. These broader characteristics in American prose literature are, to my mind, resoluteness, nobility, simplicity, and humor. From first to last, from Cotton Mather to Parkman, there has been a marked tone of resoluteness in our literature, as if each writer had said, "This that I utter is the truth as I see it, and I am determined that it shall reach the ears of my fellows, and prevail with them." The attitude is also one full of nobility and simplicity, as of men who felt the importance of the message they bore, and the need of casting aside all mere trickery and casuistry in addressing their great and varied audience. The note of humor, too, is apparent, from Franklin on. It is the old mood of Steele and Swift and Defoe, and of the England that laughed with them and were swayed by them, — a mood rather serious than merry, striving to recover a manly balance of thought and action by contemplating the typical absurdities of foolishness and prejudice.

The wholesome value of such qualities as these has been somewhat obscured by recent literary criticism, born of a romantic philosophy, which has laid stress on the minor niceties and subtleties of style. Even our own taste has been long beguiled by the delicate and unfamiliar beauty of foreign tongues, and by the more imposing mass of foreign literatures, which it has been the fashion to study so much more ardently than our own. But we are turning, again, as if impelled by a deep instinct, to our native land. We are learning to prize its history, its traditions, its civilization, its scenery, its life, its education, its language, its literature. Ours is the lesser branch of a great literature, but it has its own virtues, particularly in those prose forms which are most fitting to the national genius, and they are worthy of honor and praise.

G. R. CARPENTER

COTTON MATHER

[Cotton Mather was born in Boston, Feb. 12, 1663. The son of Increase Mather, minister of the Second Church of Boston, the grandson of John Cotton, minister of the First Church of Boston, and of Richard Mather, minister of Dorchester, he inherited with his blood the most ardent traditions of the pristine theocracy of New England. Graduated at Harvard in 1678, he became two years later assistant to his father at the Second Church in Boston. Here he reached all his life; he never travelled a hundred miles from his birthplace. He died on the day after his sixty-fifth birthday, Feb. 13, 1728.]

THROUGHOUT his life, a life of rare restlessness and activity, Cotton Mather was utterly devoted to the principles which, in the times of his father and of his grandparents, had prevailed in New England. Until his active life was well begun, indeed, these old principles still seemed dominant. Church and state, the fathers held, should alike be subject to the rule of the Puritan clergy. So Cotton Mather fervently believed all his life; but, before his life was half done, New England had ceased to believe it. More and more impotent, more and more misunderstood, more and more hated, he waged a losing fight, to end only with his days, against that spirit of liberalism which from his time to ours has been the chief trait of his native region. From his time to ours, then, tradition has called him bigoted, foolish, wicked, at best grotesque. Reformers are relentless haters, even of the dead. In sober fact, as one studies him now, Cotton Mather reveals himself, for all his peculiarity, as the most completely typical of Boston Puritans. Almost the last of that stern race, and hardly ever absent from the capital town which they had founded and pervaded, he had all their isolation, all their prejudices, all their errors; but he had, too, all their devout sincerity, all their fervor, all their mystic enthusiasm.

In the course of his life, he wrote and published more separate books than have yet come from the pen of any other American; they number between four and five hundred. Many of these

were mere sermons or tracts; but at least one was a considerable folio. This, the most notable and best known of his writings, is the Church History of New England entitled *Magnalia Christi Americana*. According to his diary, he conceived the idea of writing it in 1693; it was published in 1702. Whoever knows the history of New England will recognize these dates as intervening between that tragedy of Salem witchcraft which broke the political power of the clergy, and the final conquest of Harvard College, the ancestral seminary of Puritan doctrine, by the liberal party which has dominated Harvard ever since. This historical circumstance throws on the *Magnalia* a light which has been too little remarked.

The book is commonly criticised as if it were a history written in the modern scientific spirit. Really it was a fervent controversial effort to uphold the ideals and the traditions of the Puritan fathers, in such manner as should revive their failing spirit among those whom Cotton Mather thought their degenerate descendants. In its whole conception it is such a history not as that of Thucydides, but as Plutarch's. It has been aptly described as the prose epic of New England Puritanism. In an epic spirit it tells the facts of New England history; it recounts the lives of the early governors and ministers; it describes the founding of Harvard College; it sets forth the doctrine and the discipline of the New England churches; and it details the attacks of the devil on these strongholds of the Lord, particularly in the forms of witchcraft and of Indian warfare. Throughout it is animated by a fervent desire to present all its material in an ideal aspect; its purpose is not so much to tell the truth and shame the devil as to shame him by pointing out what truth ought to be. As a record of fact, then, the *Magnalia* is untrustworthy; as a record, on the other hand, of Puritan ideals it is priceless. Whoever grows thus sympathetically to know it, grows more and more to feel it a good book and a brave one.

To be sure, even those who like the *Magnalia* best find it quaint. In 1702, when it was published, John Dryden was already dead; and the literary style now recognized as characteristic of eighteenth century England was fairly established. Cotton Mather meanwhile, in that Boston which one of his German contemporaries mentioned in correspondence as "a remote West Indian wil-

derness," thought and wrote after fashions which Europe had discarded for above a generation. Published in the eighteenth century, the *Magnalia*, both substantially and formally, is a work of the school of Burton, or of Fuller, or of whoever else made the quaintly garrulous folios of seventeenth century literature. Fairly to judge it, we must compare it not with its contemporaries, but with its predecessors. It has the fantastic oddity, the far-fetched pedantry, the giant-winded prolixity of the days when folios were normal. It has meanwhile positive merits of style which have not been so clearly remembered. It is never obscure; it never lacks spirit; and it possesses a rhythmical dignity, a sustained and sonorous movement, beyond the power of later times. These formal traits, as one grows to know them, become fascinating; nor is the fascination of the *Magnalia* merely a matter of form. Its ideals of life, which Cotton Mather tried to show that the fathers of New England realized on earth, stand forth by and by as heroic.

Until very lately the struggle between the austere Calvinism of which he was the champion, and the devout free thought with which New England has replaced it was still so fresh that no one who could frankly sympathize with either side, could be quite fair to the other. At last, however, like the older struggles between Guelphs and Ghibellines, or Cavaliers and Roundheads, the heart-breaking controversies of God-fearing New England are fading, with New England herself, into an historic past. Few men to-day, of any creed, believe what Cotton Mather wrought through his whole life to maintain; and had he not failed, the hatred of his memory might still inevitably persist in all its freshness. But to-day theocracy with all its vices and all its heroisms, is as dead as the gods of Olympus. Regardless of the cause to which its epic champion devoted his life, we can now do justice to his spirit and his character. So judging him, not only as a writer, but as a man, one grows more and more to feel that whatever his oddities, whatever his faults and weaknesses, he belongs among the great men of our country. In the sustained faithfulness of his devotion to those ideals which for him constituted the truth, he was a brave and worthy precursor of any braveries to come.

BARRETT WENDELL

THE CHURCHES OF NEW ENGLAND

I WRITE the *Wonders* of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION, flying from the Depravations of *Europe*, to the *American Strand*: And, assisted by the Holy Author of that *Religion*, I do, with all Conscience of *Truth*, required therein by Him, who is the *Truth* it self, report the *Wonderful Displays* of His Infinite Power, Wisdom, Goodness, and Faithfulness, wherewith His Divine Providence hath *Irradiated* an *Indian Wilderness*.

I Relate the *Considerable Matters*, that produced and attended the First Settlement of COLONIES, which have been Renowned for the Degree of REFORMATION, Professed and Attained by *Evangelical Churches*, erected in those *Ends of the Earth*: And a *Field* being thus prepared, I proceed unto a Relation of the *Considerable Matters* which have been acted thereupon.

I first introduce the *Actors*, that have, in a more exemplary manner served those *Colonies*; and give *Remarkable Occurrences*, in the exemplary *LIVES* of many *Magistrates*, and of more *Ministers*, who so *Lived*, as to leave unto Posterity, *Examples* worthy of *Everlasting Remembrance*.

I add hereunto, the *Notables* of the only *Protestant University*, that ever *shone* in that Hemisphere of the *New World*; with particular Instances of *Criolians*, in our *Biography*, provoking the *whole World*, with vertuous Objects of Emulation.

I introduce then, the *Actions* of a more Eminent Importance, that have signalized those *Colonies*; Whether the *Establishments*, directed by their *Synods*; with a Rich Variety of *Synodical* and *Ecclesiastical* Determinations; or, the *Disturbances*, with which they have been from all sorts of *Temptations* and *Enemies* Tempestuated; and the *Methods* by which they have still weathered out each *Horrible Tempest*.

And into the midst of these *Actions*, I interpose an entire *Book*, wherein there is, with all possible Veracity, a *Collection* made, of *Memorable Occurrences*, and amazing *Judgments* and *Mercies*, befalling many *particular Persons* among the People of *New-England*.

Let my Readers expect all that I have promised them, in this

Bill of Fair; and it may be that they will find themselves entertained with yet many other Passages, above and beyond their Expectation, deserving likewise a room in *History*: In all which, there will be nothing, but the *Author's* too mean way of preparing so great Entertainments, to Reproach the Invitation.

§ 3. It is the History of these PROTESTANTS, that is here attempted: PROTESTANTS that highly honoured and affected *The Church of ENGLAND*, and humbly Petition to be a *Part* of it: Driven by the Mistake of a few powerful *Brethren*, driven to seek a place for the Exercise of the *Protestant Religion*, according to the Light of their Consciences, in the Desarts of *America*. And in this Attempt I have proposed, not only to preserve and secure the Interest of *Religion*, in the Churches of that little Country NEW-ENGLAND, so far as the Lord Jesus Christ may please to Bless it for that End, but also to offer unto the Churches of the *Reformation*, abroad in the World, some small *Memorials*, that may be serviceable unto the Designs of *Reformation*, whereto, I believe, they are quickly to be awakened. . . . In short, The *First Age* was the *Golden Age*: To return unto *That*, will make a Man a *Protestant*, and I may add, a *Puritan*. 'Tis possible, that our Lord Jesus Christ carried some Thousands of *Reformers* into the Retirements of an *American Desert*, on purpose, that, with an opportunity granted unto many of his Faithful Servants, to enjoy the precious *Liberty* of their *Ministry*, tho' in the midst of many *Temptations* all their days, He might there, *To* them first, and then *By* them, give a *Specimen* of many Good Things, which He would have His Churches elsewhere aspire and arise unto: And *This* being done, He knows not whether there be not *All done*, that *New-England* was planted for; and whether the Plantation may not, soon after this, *Come to Nothing*. Upon that Expression in the Sacred Scripture, *Cast the unprofitable Servant into Outer Darkness*, it hath been imagined by some, That the *Regiones Exteræ* of *America*, are the *Tenebræ Exteriores*, which the *Unprofitable* are there condemned unto. No doubt, the Authors of those Ecclesiastical Impositions and Severities, which drove the English Christians into the *Dark Regions* of *America*, esteemed those *Christians* to be a very *unprofitable* sort of Creatures. But

behold, ye *European Churches*, There are *Golden Candlesticks* [more than *twice Seven times Seven!*] in the midst of this *Outer Darkness*; Unto the *upright Children of Abraham*, here hath arisen *Light in Darkness*. And let us humbly speak it, it shall be *Profitable* for you to consider the *Light*, which from the midst of this *Outer Darkness*, is now to be Darted over unto the other side of the *Atlantick Ocean*. But we must therewithal ask your Prayers, that these *Golden Candlesticks* may not *quickly be Removed out of their place!*

[*Magnalia Christi Americana; or, the Ecclesiastical History of New-England, from Its First Planting in the Year 1620 unto the Year of our Lord, 1698.* By the Reverend and Learned Cotton Mather, M. A. And Pastor of the North Church in Boston, New-England. London: Printed for Thomas Parkhurst, at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapside, 1702. General Introduction, sections 1, 3.]

THE PHANTOM SHIP

Behold, a Fourth Colony of *New-English Christians*, in a manner *stoln* into the World, and a Colony, indeed, *constellated* with many Stars of the *First Magnitude*. The Colony was under the Conduct of as Holy, and as Prudent, and as Genteel Persons as most that ever visited these Nooks of *America*; and yet *these* too were Try'd with very humbling Circumstances.

Being *Londoners*, or Merchants, and Men of Traffick and Business, their Design was in a manner wholly to apply themselves unto *Trade*; but the Design failing, they found their great Estates to sink so fast, that they must quickly *do something*. Whereupon in the Year 1646 gathering together almost all the Strength which was left 'em, they Built one Ship more, which they freighted for *England* with the best part of their Tradable Estates; and sundry of their Eminent Persons Embarked themselves in her for the Voyage. But, alas, the Ship was never after heard of! She foundred in the Sea; and in her were lost, not only the *Hopes* of their future Trade, but also the *Lives* of several Excellent Persons, as well as divers *Manuscripts* of some great Men in the Country, sent over for the Service of the Church, which were now buried in the Ocean. The *fuller Story* of that *grievous Matter*, let the Reader with a just

Astonishment accept from the Pen of the Reverend Person, who is now the Pastor of *New-Haven*. I wrote unto him for it, and was thus Answered.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, In Compliance with your Desires, I now give you the Relation of that Apparition of a *Ship in the Air*, which I have received from the most Credible, Judicious and Curious Surviving Observers of it.

"In the Year 1647 besides much other Lading, a far more Rich Treasure of Passengers, (Five or Six of which were Persons of chief Note and Worth in *New-Haven*) put themselves on Board a *New Ship*, built at *Rhode-Island*, of about 150 Tuns; but so walty, that the Master, (*Lamberton*) often said she would prove their Grave. In the Month of *January*, cutting their way thro' much Ice, on which they were accompanied with the Reverend Mr. *Davenport*, besides many other Friends, with many Fears, as well as Prayers and Tears, they set Sail. Mr. *Davenport* in Prayer with an observable *Emphasis* used these Words, *Lord, if it be thy pleasure to bury these our Friends in the bottom of the Sea, they are thine; save them!* The Spring following no Tidings of these Friends arrived with the Ships from *England*: *New-Haven's* Heart began to fail her: This put the Godly People on much *Prayer*, both Publick and Private, *That the Lord would (if it was his Pleasure) let them hear what he had done with their dear Friends, and prepare them with a suitable Submission to his Holy Will.* In *June* next ensuing, a great *Thunder-Storm* arose out of the *North-West*; after which, (the *Hemisphere* being serene) about an hour before Sun-set a SHIP of like Dimensions with the aforesaid, with her Canvas and Colours abroad (tho' the Wind Northernly) appeared in the Air coming up from our Harbour's Mouth, which lyes Southward from the Town, seemingly with her *Sails* filled under a fresh Gale, holding her Course North, and continuing under Observation, Sailing against the Wind for the space of half an Hour. Many were drawn to behold this great Work of God; yea, the very *Children* cry'd out, *There's a Brave Ship!* At length, crowding up as far as there is usually *Water* sufficient for such a Vessel, and so near some of the Spectators as that they imagined a Man might hurl a Stone on Board her, her *Main-top* seem'd to

be blown off, but left hanging in the Shrouds; then her *Missentop*; then all her *Masting* seemed blown away by the Board: Quickly after the *Hulk* brought into a *Careen*, she overset, and so vanished into a smoaky Cloud, which in some time dissipated, leaving, as everywhere else, a clear Air. The admiring Spectators could distinguish the several Colours of each Part, the Principal Rigging, and such Proportions, as caused not only the generality of Persons to say, *This was the Mould of their Ship, and thus was her Tragick End*: But Mr. *Davenport* also in publick declared to this Effect, *That God had condescended, for the quieting of their afflicted Spirits, this Extraordinary Account of his Sovereign Disposal of those for whom so many Fervent Prayers were made continually*. Thus I am, Sir,

Your Humble Servant,

JAMES PIERPONT.

READER, There being yet living so many Credible Gentlemen, that were Eye-Witnesses of this *Wonderful* Thing, I venture to Publish it for a thing as *undoubted*, as 'tis *wonderful*.

[*Magnalia*, book i, "Antiquities, or Field prepared for Considerable Things to be Acted thereupon," chapter 6, section 6.]

THE LAST DAYS OF THEOPHILUS EATON

His Eldest Son he maintained at the *College* until he proceeded *Master of Arts*; and he was indeed the Son of his *Vows*, and a Son of great *Hopes*. But a severe *Catarrh* diverted this Young Gentleman from the Work of the Ministry whereto his Father had once devoted him; and a Malignant Fever then raging in those Parts of the Country, carried off him with his wife within Two or Three Days of one another. This was counted the sorest of all the Trials that ever befel his *Father* in the *Days of the Years of his Pilgrimage*; but he bore it with a Patience and Composure of Spirit which was truly admirable. His dying Son look'd earnestly on him, and said, Sir, *What shall we do!* Whereto, with a well-ordered Countenance, he replied, *Look up to God!* And when he passed by his Daughter drowned in Tears on this Occasion, to her he said, *Remember the Sixth Commandment,*

Hurt not your self with Immoderate Grief; Remember Job, who said, 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the Name of the Lord! You may mark what a Note the Spirit of God put upon it; in all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly: God accounts it a charging of him foolishly, when we don't submit unto his Will patiently. Accordingly he now governed himself as one that had attained unto the Rule of Weeping as if we wept not; for it being the Lord's Day, he repaired unto the Church in the Afternoon, as he had been there in the Forenoon, though he was never like to see his Dearest Son alive any more in this World. And though before the First Prayer began, a Messenger came to prevent Mr. Davenport's praying for the Sick Person, who was now Dead, yet his Affectionate Father alter'd not his Course, but Wrote after the Preacher as formerly; and when he came Home he held on his former Methods of Divine Worship in his Family, not for the Excuse of Aaron, omitting any thing in the Service of God. In like sort, when the People had been at the Solemn Interment of this his Worthy Son, he did with a very Unpassionate Aspect and Carriage then say, Friends, I thank you all for your Love and Help, and for this Testimony of Respect unto me and mine: The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken; blessed be the Name of the Lord! Nevertheless, retiring hereupon into the Chamber where his Daughter then lay Sick, some Tears were observed falling from him while he uttered these Words, There is a difference between a sullen Silence or a stupid Senselessness under the Hand of God, and a Child-like Submission thereunto.

Thus continually he, for about a Score of Years, was the *Glory and Pillar of New-Haven Colony*. He would often say, *Some count it a great matter to Die well, but I am sure 'tis a great matter to Live well. All our Care should be while we have our Life to use it we', and so when Death puts an end unto that, it will put an end unto all our Cares.* But having Excellently managed his *Care to Live well*, God would have him to *Die well*, without any room or time then given to take any *Care* at all; for he enjoyed a *Death sudden* to every one but himself! Having Worshipped God with his Family after his usual manner, and upon some Occasion with much Solemnity charged all the Family to

n her *Mission*
y the Board:
oversét, and so
dissipated, leav-
spectators could
ncipal Riging,
ality of Persons
as her *Tragick*
to this Effect,
afflicted Spirits,
usal of those for
ually. Thus I

ES PIERPONT.

ible Gentlemen,
ng, I venture to
rful.

onsiderable Things

EATON

til he proceeded
f his *Vows*, and
erted this Young
to his Father had
raging in those
wife within Two
unted the sorest
the *Days of the*
atience and Com-
dying Son look'd
e do! Whereto,
Look up to God!
in Tears on this
h *Commandment,*

carry it well unto their Mistress who was now confined by Sick-ness, he Supp'd, and then took a turn or two abroad for his Meditations. After that he came in to bid his Wife *Good-night*, before he left her with her *Watchers*; which when he did, she said, *Methinks you look sad!* Whereto he reply'd, *The Differences risen in the Church of Hartford make me so*; she then added, *Let us e'en go back to our Native Country again*; to which he answered, *You may*, [and so she did] *but I shall Die here*. This was the last Word that ever she heard him speak; for now retiring unto his Lodging in another Chamber, he was overheard about midnight fetching a *Groan*; and unto one, sent in presently to enquire how he did, he answered the Enquiry with only saying, *Very Ill!* And without saying any more, he fell asleep in *Jesus*: In the Year 1657 loosing *Anchor* from *New-Haven* for the better.

. *Sedes, ubi Fata; Quietas
Ostendunt.*

Now let his *Gravestone* wear at least the following

EPITAPH

NEW-ENGLAND'S Glory, full of Warmth and Light,
Stole away (and said nothing) in the Night.

[*Magnalia*, book ii, "Lives of the Governours, and the Names of the Magistrates, that have been Shields unto the Churches of New England (until the Year 1686)," chapter 9, sections 9 and 10.]

THE PIETY OF THOMAS SHEPARD

As he was a very *Studios* Person, and a very lively Preacher; and one who therefore took great Pains in his *Preparations*, for his publick Labours, which Preparations he would usually finish on *Saturday*, by two a Clock in the Afternoon; with Respect whereunto he once used these Words, *God will curse that Man's Labours, that lumbers up and down in the World all the Week, and then upon Saturday in the Afternoon goes to his Study; whereas God knows, that Time were little enough to pray in and weep in, and get his Heart into a fit Frame for the Duties of the approach-*

ing Sabbath. So the Character of his daily Conversation, was *A Trembling Walk with God.* Now to take true Measures of his Conversation, one of the best *Glasses* that can be used, is the *Diary*, wherein he did himself keep the Remembrances of many Remarkables that passed betwixt his *God* and *himself*; who were indeed *A sufficient Theatre to one another.* It would give some *Inequality* to this Part of our *Church History*, if all the Holy *Memoirs* left in the Private Writings of this *Walker with God*, should here be Transcribed: But I will single out from thence a few Passages, which might be more agreeably and profitably exposed unto the World.

[*Magnalia*, book iii, "Lives of Many Reverend, Learned, and Holy Divines (arriving such from Europe to America) by whose Evangelical Ministry the Churches of New-England have been Illuminated," chapter 5, section 17.]

JOHN ELIOT AND THE INDIAN LANGUAGE

The *First Step* which he judg'd necessary now to be taken by him, was to learn the *Indian Language*; for he saw them so stupid and senseless, that they would never do so much as enquire after the Religion of the Strangers now come into their Country, much less would they so far imitate us, as to leave off their beastly way of living, that they might be Partakers of any Spiritual Advantage by us: Unless we could first address them in a *Language* of their own. Behold, new Difficulties to be surmounted by our indefatigable *Eliot!* He hires a Native to teach him this exotick Language, and with a laborious Care and Skill, reduces it into a *Grammar* which afterwards he published. There is a letter or two of our Alphabet, which the *Indians* never had in *theirs*; tho' there were enough of the *Dog* in their *Temper*, there can scarce be found an R in their *Language*; (any more than in the Language of the *Chinese*, or of the *Greenlanders*) save that the *Indians* to the Northward, who have a peculiar *Dialect*, pronounce an R where an N is pronounced by our *Indians*; but if their *Alphabet* be *short*, I am sure the *Words* composed of it are long enough to tire the Patience of any Scholar in the World; they are *Sesquipedalia Verba*, of which their *Linguo* is composed; one would think,

they had been growing ever since *Babel*, unto the Dimensions to which they had now extended. For instance, if my Reader will count how many Letters there are in this one Word, *Nummatachekodtantamooonganunnonash*, when he has done, for his Reward I'll tell him, it signifies no more in *English*, than *our Lusts*, and if I were to translate, *our Loves*; it must be nothing shorter than *Noowomantammooonkanunnonash*. Or, to give my Reader a longer Word than either of these, *Kummogkodonattootummooretiteaongannunnonash*, is in *English*, *Our Question*: But I pray, Sir, count the Letters! Nor do we find in all this Language the least Affinity to, or Derivation from any *European* Speech that we are acquainted with. I know not what thoughts it will produce in my Reader, when I inform him, that once finding that the *Dæmons* in a possessed young Woman, understood the *Latin* and *Greek* and *Hebrew* Languages, my Curiosity led me to make Trial of this *Indian* Language, and the *Dæmons* did seem as if they did not understand it. This tedious Language our *Eliot* (the Anagram of whose Name was *TOILE*) quickly became a Master of; he employ'd a pregnant and witty *Indian*, who also spoke *English* well, for his Assistance in it; and compiling some Discourses by his Help, he would single out a *Word*, a *Noun*, a *Verb*, and pursue it through all its Variations: Having finished his Grammar, at the close he writes, *Prayers and Pains thro' Faith in Christ Jesus will do any thing!* And being by his *Prayers* and *Pains* thus furnished, he set himself in the Year 1646 to preach the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, among these Desolate Outcasts.

[*Magnalia*, book iii, part 3, part 3.]

Dimensions to
my Reader will
Word, Numma-
one, for his Re-
than our Lusts,
nothing shorter
give my Reader
onattoottummoo-
on: But I pray,
s Language the
an Speech that
ghts it will pro-
nce finding that
rstood the Latin
led me to make
did seem as if
ge our Eliot (the
became a Master
who also spoke
piling some Dis-
a Noun, a Verb,
ving finished his
Pains thro' Faith
y his Prayers and
: 1646 to preach
se Desolate Out-

JONATHAN EDWARDS

[Jonathan Edwards was born, of ministerial stock, at East Windsor, Conn., Oct. 5, 1703, the same year as John Wesley. For the greater part of his life he was a parish minister of immense influence with his congregation. He was settled at Northampton, Mass., in 1727, where he remained until 1750. Dismissed for his views on qualifications for full communion, he was shortly called to Stockbridge, where he remained six years. But he was also known far beyond the borders of his parish as a preacher, and in the latter half of his life he became famous at home and abroad by his works on metaphysical theology, particularly *The Freedom of the Will*, 1754, and *Original Sin*, 1758. In 1757 he was called to Princeton as President, but died the next year, on March 22. His metaphysics and theology, and his powers as a logician, matters a little aside from the following study, are excellently presented in a *Life* by Rev. A. V. G. Allen, Boston, 1891. The standard text of his works, which has been followed in the extracts, is that of the so-called Worcester edition of 1809, reprinted in New York in 1847.]

JONATHAN EDWARDS and Benjamin Franklin are like enormous trees (say a pine and an oak), which may be seen from a great distance dominating the scrubby, homely, second growth of our provincial literature. They make an ill-assorted pair, — the cheery man of the world and the intense man of God, — but they owe their preëminence to the same quality. Franklin, it is true, is remarkable for his unflinching common sense, a quality of which Edwards had not very much, his keenest sense being rather uncommon. But it was not his common sense, but the cause of his common sense, namely, his faculty of realization, that made Franklin eminent. This faculty is rare among men, but it was possessed by Franklin to a great degree. His perceptions of his surroundings — material, intellectual, personal, social, political — had power to affect his mind and action. He took real account of his circumstances.

Now this power of realization was the one thing which makes Edwards remarkable in literature. It is true that he was very

devout, very logical, very hard-working, but so were many other men of his time. The remarkable thing about Edwards (and it explains his other qualities) was that he realized his thoughts, and through that fact alone made his hearers realize them. Doubtless the things that were real to Edwards were not the things that were real to Franklin. The things that were real to Franklin were phenomenal to Edwards and of little concern to him. Franklin, intensely curious about the processes of nature, managed to snatch the lightning from the clouds; but Edwards, who regarded all externality as the thought of God, was content, as a rule, to wander in the woods, intent on the Creator and oblivious of the creation. Franklin, extremely interested in the political affairs of the day, snatched also the sceptre from the tyrant or helped to snatch it. Edwards took no concern in current politics, but devoted his life to restoring a rebellious world to its lawful God. Franklin may have thought Edwards a fanatic, and Edwards would have thought Franklin a reprobate. But they were men of much the same sort of mental power.

There can be no doubt that Edwards conceived his ideas in a manner "more vivid, lively, forcible, firm, steady" than most people. Hence his ideas were powers within him, as other people's were not: they made him do this and that, as other people's do not. "Once more," says his biographer (of our own time), "he was overcome and burst into loud weeping, as he thought how meet and suitable it was that God should govern the world, ordering all things according to his own pleasure." We can receive that idea into our minds without disturbance of any kind; with Edwards it often had physical consequences. It is often said that Edwards pressed his logic too far. The fact was that certain ideas were real to him. Hence he was led to state, for instance, that "when the saints in heaven shall look upon the damned in hell, it will serve to give them a greater sense of their own happiness." Few persons reading the sermon on *The Wicked Useful in their Destruction Only*, will dissent from its doctrine on any logical ground. We dissent from it because the ideas called up are too feeble to hold their own before the inconsistent ideas of sympathy, tolerance, indifferentism, humanity, which are more real to us than they were to Edwards.

It is this power of realizing his conceptions, making them forces in his mind, that made Edwards great. He went to Enfield once and preached to a congregation which had assembled in a very ordinary any-Sunday mood. In his quiet way, leaning upon one arm and without gesture, his eye fixed upon some distant part of the meeting-house, he preached a sermon which New England "has never been able to forget." The congregation was aroused beyond belief: he had not gone far before the tears and outcries drowned his voice, and he paused to rebuke his hearers and to bid them allow him to go on. Few of us, probably, have ever seen such an effect caused by the spoken word alone. Turn to the sermon *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*, and see if you find an explanation of such emotion in others, or if you feel any especial emotion yourself. The ideas will be wholly unreal to many of us, as unreal as the legends of King Arthur, or even more so; they have no force when we conceive them. They were real to Edwards, and he made them real to his congregation: to Edwards they were but minor corollaries of ideas which sustained and uplifted him; to the congregation they were at the time all-powerful and of terrible effect.

As we read Edwards to-day we can perceive this power, but we cannot do much more. We cannot realize his ideas ourselves until we devitalize a whole host of ideas of our own time. We must probably content ourselves with imagining what has been. Nor is it especially profitable to examine the technical means by which he succeeded in the great aim of literature. Edwards is an example of the power of unrheterical rhetoric. His most marked rhetorical means were negative: he instinctively avoided what was likely to stand between him and his hearer, and so his personality had full sway. But Edwards' literary significance at present lies chiefly in the fact that he was a New Englander who made the world aware of the New England mind. That he should have been a theologian was natural; so was Cotton Mather, chiefly, who had performed a somewhat similar service half a century before. Each had presented what had long been the dominant factor in New England life.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JR.

NATURE AND HOLINESS

FROM about that time, I began to have a new kind of apprehensions and ideas of Christ, and the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by him. An inward, sweet sense of these things, at times, came into my heart; and my soul was led away in pleasant views and contemplations of them. And my mind was greatly engaged to spend my time in reading and meditating on Christ, on the beauty and excellency of his person, and the lovely way of salvation by free grace in him. I found no books so delightful to me, as those that treated of these subjects. Those words, *Cant. ii. 1*, used to be abundantly with me, *I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys*. The words seemed to me sweetly to represent the loveliness and beauty of Jesus Christ. The whole book of Canticles used to be pleasant to me, and I used to be much in reading it, about that time; and found, from time to time, an inward sweetness, that would carry me away in my contemplations. This I know not how to express otherwise, than by a calm, sweet abstraction of soul from all the concerns of this world; and sometimes a kind of vision, or fixed ideas and imaginations, of being alone in the mountains, or some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and rapt and swallowed up in God. The sense I had of divine things would often of a sudden kindle up, as it were, a sweet burning in my heart; an ardor of soul that I know not how to express.

Not long after I first began to experience these things, I gave an account to my father of some things that had passed in my mind. I was pretty much affected by the discourse we had together; and when the discourse was ended, I walked abroad alone, in a solitary place in my father's pasture, for contemplation. And as I was walking there, and looking up on the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious *majesty* and *grace* of God, that I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction; majesty and meekness joined together; it was a sweet and gentle, and holy majesty; and also a majestic meekness; an awful sweetness; a high, and great, and holy gentleness.

After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of every thing was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory, in almost every thing. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in every thing; in the sun, and moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water, and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for continuance; and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the mean time, singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce anything, among all the works of nature, was as sweet to me as thunder and lightning; formerly, nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder, and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunder storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, so to speak, at the first appearance of a thunder storm; and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God. While thus engaged, it always seemed natural to me to sing, or chant forth my meditations; or, to speak my thoughts in soliloquies with a singing voice. . . .

The heaven I desired was a heaven of holiness; to be with God, and to spend my eternity in divine love, and holy communion with Christ. My mind was very much taken up with contemplations on heaven, and the enjoyments there; and living there in perfect holiness, humility, and love; and it used at that time to appear a great part of the happiness of heaven, that there the saints could express their love to Christ. It appeared to me a great clog and burden, that what I felt within, I could not express as I desired. The inward ardor of my soul seemed to be hindered and pent up, and could not freely flame out as it would. I used often to think, how in heaven this principle should freely and fully vent and express itself. Heaven appeared exceedingly delightful, as a world

of love ; and that all happiness consisted in living in pure, humble, heavenly, divine love.

I remember the thoughts I used then to have of holiness ; and said sometimes to myself, " I do certainly know that I love holiness, such as the gospel prescribes." It appeared to me that there was nothing in it but what was ravishingly lovely ; the highest beauty and amiableness — a *divine* beauty ; far purer than any thing here on earth ; and that everything else was like mire and defilement, in comparison of it.

Holiness, as I then wrote down some of my contemplations on it, appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature ; which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, and ravishment to the soul. In other words, that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers ; all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed ; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gentle vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year ; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory ; rejoicing as it were in a calm rapture ; diffusing around a sweet fragrancy ; standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about ; all in like manner opening their bosoms, to drink in the light of the sun. There was no part of creature holiness, that I had so great a sense of its loveliness, as humility, brokenness of heart, and poverty of spirit ; and there was nothing that I so earnestly longed for. My heart panted after this, to lie low before God, as in the dust ; that I might be nothing, and that God might be ALL, that I might become as a little child.

[From certain private papers written about 1723. *Works*, edition of 1857, vol. i, pp. 16-18.]

SARAH PIERREPONT

They say there is a young lady in [New Haven] who is beloved of that great Being who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet

delight, and that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on Him; that she expects after a while to be received up where He is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that He loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from Him always. There she is to dwell with Him, and to be ravished with His love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this great Being. She is of a wonderful calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this great God has manifested Himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her.

[From a private paper, written about 1723, and published in Dwight's *Life*.]

SIN'S ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD

The things, which have already been offered, may serve to obviate or clear many of the objections which might be raised concerning sin's first coming into the world; as though it would follow from the doctrine maintained, that God must be the author of the first sin, through his so disposing things, that it should necessarily follow from his permission, that the sinful act should be committed, etc. I need not, therefore, stand to repeat what has been said already, about such a necessity's not proving God to be the author of sin, in any ill sense, or in any such sense as to infringe any liberty of man, concerned in his moral agency, or capacity of blame, guilt, and punishment.

But, if it should nevertheless be said, supposing the case so, that God, when he had made man, might so order his circumstances, that from these circumstances, together with his withholding further

assistance and divine influence, his sin would infallibly follow, why might not God as well have first made man with a fixed prevailing principle of sin in his heart? I answer,

I. It was meet, if sin did come into existence, and appear in the world, it should arise from the imperfection which properly belongs to a creature, as such, and should appear so to do, that it might appear not to be from God as the efficient or fountain. But this could not have been, if man had been made at first with sin in his heart; nor unless the abiding principle and habit of sin were first introduced by an evil act of the creature. If sin had not arisen from the imperfection of the creature, it would not have been so visible, that it did not arise from God, as the positive cause, and real source of it. — But it would require room that cannot here be allowed, fully to consider all the difficulties which have been started, concerning the first entrance of sin into the world. And therefore,

II. I would observe, that objections against the doctrine that has been laid down, in opposition to the *Arminian* notion of liberty, from these difficulties, are altogether impertinent; because no additional difficulty is incurred, by adhering to a scheme in this manner differing from theirs, and none would be removed or avoided, by agreeing with, and maintaining theirs. Nothing that the *Arminians* say, about the contingency, or self-determining power of man's will, can serve to explain, with less difficulty, how the first sinful volition of mankind could take place, and man be justly charged with the blame of it. To say, the Will was self-determined, or determined by free choice, in that sinful volition; which is to say, that the first sinful volition was determined by a foregoing sinful volition; is no solution of the difficulty. It is an odd way of solving difficulties, to advance greater, in order to it. To say, two and two make nine; or, that a child begat his father, solves no difficulty; no more does it, to say, the first sinful act of choice was before the first sinful act of choice, and chose and determined it, and brought it to pass. Nor is it any better solution, to say, the first sinful volition chose, determined and produced itself; which is to say, it was before it was. Nor will it go any further towards helping us over the difficulty to say, the first sinful volition arose accidentally, without any cause at all; any more than it will

solve the difficult question, *How the world could be made out of nothing?* to say, it came into being out of nothing, without any cause; as has been already observed. And if we should allow that that could be, that the first evil evolution should arise by perfect accident, without any cause; it would relieve no difficulty, about God's laying the blame of it to man. For how was man to blame for perfect accident, which had no cause, and which therefore, he (to be sure) was not the cause of, any more than if it came by some external cause?—Such solutions are no better, than if some person, going about to solve some of the strange mathematical paradoxes, about infinitely great and small quantities; as, that some infinitely great quantities are infinitely greater than some other infinitely great quantities; and also that some infinitely small quantities, are infinitely less than others, which are yet infinitely little; in order to a solution, should say, that mankind have been under a mistake, in supposing a greater quantity to exceed a smaller; and that a hundred, multiplied by ten, makes but a single unit.

[*A Careful and Strict Inquiry into the Modern Prevailing Notions of that Freedom of the Will, which is supposed to be Essential to Moral Agency, Virtue and Vice, Reward and Punishment, Praise and Blame; part iv, section 10. 1754.*]

NATURAL MEN ARE GOD'S ENEMIES

I. I am to show, in what respects they are enemies to God.

1. Their enmity appears in their judgments; in the judgment and esteem they have of God. They have a very mean esteem of God. Men are ready to entertain a good esteem of those with whom they are friends: they are apt to think highly of their qualities, to give them their due praises; and if there be defects, to cover them. But those to whom they are enemies, they are disposed to have mean thoughts of; they are apt to entertain a dishonorable opinion of them; they will be ready to look contemptibly upon anything that is praiseworthy in them.

So it is with natural men towards God. They entertain very low and contemptible thoughts of God. Whatever honor and respect they may pretend and make a show of towards God, if

their practice be examined, it will show, that they do certainly look upon him to be a Being, that is but little to be regarded. They think him one that is worthy of very little honor and respect, not worthy to be much taken notice of.

The language of their heart is, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice?" *Exod.* v. 2. "What is the Almighty, that we should serve him? and what profit should we have if we pray unto him?" *Job* xxi. 15. They count him worthy neither to be loved nor feared. They dare not behave with that slight and disregard towards one of their fellow creatures, when a little raised above them in power and authority, as they dare and do towards God. They value one of their equals much more than God, and are ten times more afraid of offending such a one, than of displeasing the God that made them. They cast such exceeding contempt on God, as to prefer every vile lust before him. And every worldly enjoyment is set higher in their esteem than God. A morsel of meat, or a few pence of worldly gain, is preferred before him. God is set last and lowest in the esteem of natural men. . . .

3. Their wills are contrary to his will. God's will and theirs are exceeding cross the one to the other. God wills those things that they hate, and are most averse to; and they will those things that God hates. Hence they oppose God in their wills: they set up their wills against the will of God. There is a dreadful, violent, and obstinate opposition of the will of natural men to the will of God.

They are very opposite to the commands of God. It is from the enmity of the will, that "the carnal mind is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be," *Rom.* vii. 7. Hence natural men are enemies to God's government. They are not loyal subjects, but enemies to God, considered as Lord of the world. They are entire enemies to God's authority.

4. They are enemies to God in their affections. There is in every natural man a seed of malice against God: yea, there is such a seed of this rooted in the heart of man naturally. And it does often dreadfully break forth and appear. Though it may in a great measure lie hid in secure times, when God lets men alone, and they meet with no great disturbance of body or mind; yet if

God but does touch men a little in their consciences, by manifesting to them a little of his wrath for their sins, this oftentimes brings out the principle of malice against God, which is exercised in dreadful heart-risings, inward wranglings and quarrelings, and blasphemous thoughts; wherein the heart is like a viper, hissing, and spitting poison at God. There is abundance of such a principle in the heart. And however free from it the heart may seem to be when let alone and secure, yet a very little thing will set it in a rage. Temptation will show what is in the heart. The alteration of a man's circumstances will often discover the heart: a change of circumstance will bring that out which was hid before. Pharaoh had no more natural enmity against God than other men; and if other natural men had been in Pharaoh's circumstances, the same corruptions would have put forth themselves in as dreadful a manner. The Scribes and Pharisees had naturally no more of a principle of malice in their hearts against Christ than other men; and other natural men would, in their case, and having as little restraint, exercise as much malice against Christ as they did. When wicked men come to be cast into hell, then their malice against God will appear. Then it will appear what dreadful malice they have in their hearts. Then their hearts will appear as full of malice as hell is full of fire. But when wicked men come to be in hell, there will be no new corruptions put into their hearts; but only old ones will break forth without restraint. That is all the difference between a wicked man on earth and a wicked man in hell, that in hell there will be more to stir up the exercise of corruption, and less to restrain it than on earth; but there will be no new corruption put in. A wicked man will have no principle of corruption in hell, but what he carried to hell with him. There are now the seeds of all the malice that will be exercised then. The malice of damned spirits is but a branch of the root, that is in the hearts of natural men now. A natural man has a heart like the heart of a devil; but only as corruption is more under restraint in man than in devils.

5. They are enemies in their practice. "They walk contrary to him," *Lev. xxvi. 21*. Their enmity against God does not lie still, but they are exceeding active in it. They are engaged in a war against God. Indeed they cannot hurt God, he is so much

above them ; but yet they do what they can. They oppose themselves to his honor and glory : they oppose themselves to the interest of his kingdom in the world : they oppose themselves to the will and command of God ; and oppose him in his government. They oppose God in his works, and in his declared designs ; while God is doing one work, they are doing the contrary, and as much as in them lies, counter-working ; God seeks one thing, and they seek directly the contrary. They list under Satan's banner, and are his willing soldiers in his opposing the kingdom of God.

[From sermon three : *Men Naturally God's Enemies*. *Works*, vol. iv, pp. 37-40.]

THE LEGACY OF CHRIST

This legacy of Christ to his true disciples is very diverse from all that the men of this world ever leave to their children when they die. The men of this world, many of them, when they come to die, have great estates to bequeath to their children, an abundance of the good things of this world, large tracts of ground, perhaps in a fruitful soil, covered with flocks and herds. They sometimes leave to their children stately mansions, and vast treasures of silver, gold, jewels, and precious things, fetched from both the Indies, and from every side of the globe of the earth. They leave them wherewith to live in much state and magnificence, and make a great show among men, to fare very sumptuously ; and swim in worldly pleasures. Some have crowns, sceptres, and palaces, and great monarchies to leave to their heirs. But none of these things are to be compared to that blessed peace of Christ which he has bequeathed to his true followers. These things are such as God commonly, in his providence, gives his worst enemies, those whom he hates and despises most. But Christ's peace is a precious benefit, which he reserves for his peculiar favorites. These worldly things, even the best of them, that the men and princes of the world leave for their children, are things which God in his providence throws out to those whom he looks on as dogs ; but Christ's peace is the bread of his children. All these earthly things are but empty shadows, which, however men set their

hearts upon them, are not bread, and can never satisfy their souls ; but this peace of Christ is a truly substantial, satisfying food, *Isai.* lv. 2. None of those things if men have them to the best advantage, and in ever so great abundance, can give true peace and rest to the soul, as is abundantly manifest not only in reason, but experience ; it being found in all ages, that those who have the most of them, have commonly the least quietness of mind. It is true, there may be a kind of quietness, a false peace they may have in their enjoyment of worldly things ; men may bless their souls, and think themselves the only happy persons, and despise others ; may say to their souls, as the rich man did, *Luke* xii. 19, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." But Christ's peace, which he gives to his true disciples, vastly differs from this peace that men may have in the enjoyments of the world, in the following respects :

1. Christ's peace is a reasonable peace and rest of soul ; it is what has its foundation in light and knowledge, in the proper exercises of reason, and a right view of things ; whereas the peace of the world is founded in blindness and delusion. The peace that the people of Christ have, arises from their having their eyes open, and seeing things as they be. The more they consider, and the more they know of the truth and reality of things, the more they know what is true concerning themselves, the state and condition they are in ; the more they know of God, and the more certain they are that there is a God, and the more they know what manner of being he is, the more certain they are of another world and future judgment, and of the truth of God's threatenings and promises ; the more their consciences are awakened and enlightened, and the brighter and the more searching the light is that they see things in, the more is their peace established : whereas, on the contrary, the peace that the men of the world have in their worldly enjoyments can subsist no otherwise than by their being kept in ignorance. They must be blindfolded and deceived, otherwise they can have no peace : do but let light in upon their consciences, so that they may look about them and see what they are, and what circumstances they are in, and it will at once destroy all their quietness and comfort. Their peace can live nowhere but in the dark. Light

turns their ease into torment. The more they know what is true concerning God and concerning themselves, the more they are sensible of the truth concerning those enjoyments which they possess; and the more they are sensible what things now are, and what things are like to be hereafter, the more will their calm be turned into a storm. The worldly man's peace cannot be maintained but by avoiding consideration and reflection. If he allows himself to think, and properly to exercise his reason, it destroys his quietness and comfort. If he would establish his carnal peace, it concerns him to put out the light of his mind, and turn beast as fast as he can. The faculty of reason, if at liberty, proves a mortal enemy to his peace. It concerns him, if he would keep alive his peace, to contrive all ways that may be, to stupify his mind and deceive himself, and to imagine things to be otherwise than they be. But with respect to the peace which Christ gives, reason is its great friend. The more this faculty is exercised, the more it is established. The more they consider and view things with truth and exactness, the firmer is their comfort, and the higher their joy. How vast a difference is there between the peace of a Christian and the worldling! How miserable are they who cannot enjoy peace any otherwise than by hiding their eyes from the light, and confining themselves to darkness; whose peace is properly stupidity; as the ease that a man has who has taken a dose of stupifying poison, and the ease and pleasure that a drunkard may have in a house on fire over his head, or the joy of a distracted man in thinking that he is a king, though a miserable wretch confined in bedlam: whereas, the peace which Christ gives his true disciples, is the light of life, something of the tranquillity of heaven, the peace of the celestial paradise, that has the glory of God to lighten it.

[From sermon twenty-six: *The Peace which Christ Gives his True Followers*. *Works*, vol. iv, pp. 434-435.]

ow what is true
more they are
which they pos-
s now are, and
t their calm be
cannot be main-
. If he allows
son, it destroys
his carnal peace,
and turn beast as
proves a mortal
keep alive his
y his mind and
wise than they
ves, reason is its
the more it is
nings with truth
higher their joy.
e of a Christian
o cannot enjoy
m the light, and
is properly stu-
dose of stupify-
nkard may have
stracted man in
etch confined in
is true disciples,
eaven, the peace
to lighten it.

his True Followers.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

[Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, of humble parents, on Jan. 17, 1706. He was early apprenticed to his brother, a printer, but developing tastes both for study and for personal independence, ran away at the age of seventeen. He reached Philadelphia friendless and penniless, but soon began to rise, was sent on business to London, where he practised his trade and broadened his experience, returned to Philadelphia after about eighteen months, printed and published newspapers and almanacs there, and through his frugal and industrious habits soon acquired both means and position. His public spirit displayed in connection with the establishment of libraries and other municipal institutions, his scientific studies, which culminated in his electrical discoveries, his career as Postmaster-general and subsequently as agent for Pennsylvania and other colonies at London, made him easily the most prominent American of his age both at home and abroad. During the troubles preceding the Revolution he was a consistent patriot, and after war was declared he represented the new nation most admirably as ambassador to France, where he was universally admired and where his fame is still fresh. In 1785 he returned wearied out to the United States, but he still had strength to serve his adopted state as President and to take an important part in the Convention of 1787 that framed the Constitution. He died second in honor only to Washington, on April 17, 1790. The best edition of his works is that in ten volumes, edited by John Bigelow. The best biography of Franklin is that by John T. Morse, Jr.]

FRANKLIN is by common consent the greatest of our colonial writers, but he is more than this, for he is one of the greatest of all American authors, and has produced at least one book (his *Autobiography*) which the world has agreed to regard as a classic. He shares with Cooper, Poe, Mrs. Stowe, and perhaps Emerson and one or two others, the honor of having been fully appreciated abroad, nor has one of these writers received more universal recognition at home, which is a matter of greater or at least equal importance. Yet he was not primarily a man of letters, and is thought of as statesman and philosopher oftener than as author. On the other hand, his political wisdom, his rare common sense, his engag-

ing humor, his scientific speculations and discoveries, are not the real basis of his fame as a writer, however much they may indirectly contribute to it. It is not so much what Franklin deliberately did or thought that makes him a great author, as what he indirectly did the moment he took up a pen. He gave us himself, not merely his actions and thoughts, and mankind has always been peculiarly grateful for such self-revelations. The saying of Buffon, so often quoted, that style is the man, has never received a better exemplification of its truth than in the writings of Franklin, which are almost literally and truly Franklin himself. He has done more than give us a mere autobiography. Benvenuto Cellini did that, and is nevertheless thought of chiefly as an artist. Franklin has left us voluminous works, which, whether in their respective parts they deal with science or politics or every-day matters, and whether or not we read them thoroughly and systematically, are nevertheless as complete and perfect an exposition of an interesting character as can be paralleled in literature. Hence it is that while Franklin is still for most people a sage, just as Cellini is an artist, he is for some who have learned to know him through his self-delineating works even more the great writer than he is the great philosopher or the great statesman and public servant.

It is obvious that if all this be true, the secret of Franklin's power as a writer must in the main lie elsewhere than in the materials of which his volumes are composed. There is more political philosophy to be found in the writings of some of Franklin's compatriots than can be found in his; other men have written better letters, other men have composed greater scientific monographs, and yet in many of these cases the world has not for an instant thought it could discover a great writer. Nor can the secret of his power lie merely in his style — technically speaking. Good as Franklin's style is, it would be possible to parallel it in authors whom nobody has thought of calling really great. Perhaps we shall come as near explaining the secret by saying that Franklin's power comes from the fact that he revealed a fascinating and at the same time great character by means of a pellucid and even style, as we shall by any other explanation we can offer. Franklin would have been great and fascinating if a Boswell had portrayed him for us; in becoming his own Boswell he has enrolled himself

forever among the classical writers, not merely of America, but of the world.

Descending now from generals to particulars, we may notice that while it is true to say that Addison and other contemporary British authors did much to form Franklin's style, and that in many of the forms of composition he undertook, such as his dialogues, he was unquestionably imitative, it is equally true to affirm that he was rather the product, nay, the epitome, of his century, than a provincial Briton, and that in many most important respects he was as true an American as Abraham Lincoln himself. Franklin's shrewdness, common sense, and wit are much more American than they are British in flavor, and his evenly balanced independence, fearlessness, and dignity are racy of his native soil. His lack of the highest spirituality, on the other hand, together with his somewhat amusing optimism, his wide-reaching, practical philanthropy, and the general sanity of his character, belong more to his century than to his race or country. But in every thought and word and deed of his life he was never anything but a loyal citizen of the land from which he was so long exiled by necessity, and it is the merest hypercriticism that would contend that both he and Washington were anything else than Americans in their warp and woof.

The chief qualities of Franklin's work as a writer have all been given by implication in the preceding paragraph. Of his humor, it must suffice to say that it holds a middle range between the subtlety of Lamb's and the obviousness of Artemus Ward's. Of his lack not merely of spirituality, but even the conception of what is meant by the term, the attempt to amend the Lord's Prayer is a sufficiently familiar example. His scheme for reaching moral perfection throws a ludicrous light upon his this-worldly optimism, while his general sanity of character is witnessed to by hundreds of letters and by page after page of his only too short *Autobiography*. Perhaps his shrewdness, his common sense, and his wit stand out singly and in unison as well in his preface to *Poor Richard's Almanac* as anywhere else, but they are obviously such basal qualities in Franklin's character that they are never absent from his self-depicting writings of whatever form and type. The same may be said with regard to his evenly balanced independence, fearlessness, and dig-

nity, but few students of his life and works will fail to associate these qualities more particularly with that "most consummate masterpiece of political and editorial craftsmanship," to quote Professor M. C. Tyler, *The Examination of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, in the British House of Commons, Relative to the Repeal of the American Stamp Act, in 1766.*

In conclusion, we may notice, with regard to verbal style, that a straightforward clearness is Franklin's most characteristic quality. He writes as we may imagine that he talked when at his best, and for the subjects he treated there could have been no more ideal style. Here and there a word or phrase may betray the fact that he wrote over a century ago, but in the main, it is distinctly true to say that his style "reads itself" as easily as that of any master of English. We may readily grant that Addison helped to form Franklin's style, if we will add immediately that, in all probability, he would have come near finding it for himself had he never chanced when a boy to fall under the fascinating influence of the *Spectator*. Short sentences, vigorous phrases, timely words, — these Franklin could not have helped using, simply because he was "Rare Ben Franklin." He probably could not foresee that the time would so soon come when the very qualities of style that were natural to him would seem to posterity the best qualities to be cultivated; but if he had had all the Latin scholarship of Dr. Johnson and all the leisure and propensity to formal composition that an academic life affords, he would surely not have fallen into that labored pomposity and that dead flatness which vitiate so much eighteenth century prose. He wrote like the rounded, vigorous, sane man that he was, and as a result he lives for us as few do of our fellow-mortals who, in the words of Horace, are but as "dust and a shade."

W. P. TRENT

FRANKLIN'S ENTRANCE INTO PHILADELPHIA

I HAVE been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuff'd out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with travelling, rowing, and want of rest, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refus'd it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps thro' fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second-street, and ask'd for bisket, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surpris'd at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walk'd off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market-street as far as Fourth-street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut-street and part of Walnut-street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found my elf again at Market-street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that

to associate
consummate
p," to quote
Benjamin Frank-
the Repeal of

al style, that a
eristic quality.
his best, and
no more ideal
y the fact that
tinctly true to
any master of
elped to form
all probability,
never chanced
the *Spectator*.
these Franklin
was "Rare Ben
time would so
natural to him
tivated; but if
on and all the
n academic life
bred pomposity
teenth century
e man that he
fellow-mortals
a shade."

V. P. TRENT

came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy thro' labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continu'd so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. 'This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

[*Autobiography*, published in London in 1817. The correct text was first established by John Bigelow, who obtained possession of the original manuscript, and published by J. B. Lippincott and Co., Philadelphia, in 1868. It is also included in Bigelow's *Life of Benjamin Franklin, written by Himself*, 1874, from which this selection and the following are reprinted, by permission of the publishers, J. B. Lippincott & Co. Vol. I, pp. 125-127.]

A SCHEME FOR PERFECTION

It was about this time I conceiv'd the bold and arduous project of arriving at perfect perfection. I wish'd to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other. But I soon found I had undertaken a task of more difficulty than I had imagined. While my care was employ'd in guarding against one fault, I was often surprised by another; habit took the advantage of inattention; inclination was sometimes too strong for reason. I concluded, at length, that the mere speculative conviction that it was our interest to be completely virtuous, was not sufficient to prevent our slipping; and that the contrary habits must be broken, and good ones acquired and established, before we can have any dependence on a steady, uniform rectitude of conduct. For this purpose I therefore contrived the following method.

In the various enumerations of the moral virtues I had met with in my reading, I found the catalogue more or less numerous, as

different writers included more or fewer ideas under the same name. Temperance, for example, was by some confined to eating and drinking, while by others it was extended to mean the moderating every other pleasure, appetite, inclination, or passion, bodily or mental, even to our avarice and ambition. I proposed to myself, for the sake of clearness, to use rather more names, with fewer ideas annex'd to each, than a few names with more ideas; and I included under thirteen names of virtues all that at that time occur'd to me as necessary or desirable, and annexed to each a short precept, which fully express'd the extent I gave to its meaning.

These names of virtues, with their precepts were :

1. TEMPERANCE

Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

2. SILENCE

Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3. ORDER

Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. RESOLUTION

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

5. FRUGALITY

Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; *i.e.* waste nothing.

6. INDUSTRY

Lose no time; be always employ'd in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7. SINCERITY

Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. JUSTICE

Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9. MODERATION

Avoid extremes ; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10. CLEANLINESS

Tolerate no uncleanliness in body, cloaths, or habitation.

11. TRANQUILITY

Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12. CHASTITY

13. HUMILITY

Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

My intention being to acquire the *habitude* of all these virtues, I judg'd it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on one of them at a time ; and, when I should be master of that, then to proceed to another, and so on, till I should have gone thro' the thirteen ; and, as the previous acquisition of some might facilitate the acquisition of certain others, I arrang'd them with that view : as they stand above. Temperance first, as it tends to procure that coolness and clearness of head, which is so necessary where constant vigilance was to be kept up, and guard maintained against the unremitting attraction of ancient habits, and the force of perpetual temptations. This being acquir'd and establish'd, Silence would be more easy ; and my desire being to gain knowledge at the same time that I improv'd in virtue, and considering that in conversation it was obtain'd rather by the use of the ears than of the tongue, and therefore wishing to break a habit I was geting into of prattling, punning, and joking, which only made me acceptable to trifling company, I gave *Silence* the second place. This and the next, *Order*, I expected would allow me more time for attending to my project and my studies. *Resolution*, once become habitual, would keep me firm in my endeavors to obtain all the subsequent virtues ; *Frugality* and *Industry* freeing me from my remaining debt, and producing affluence and independence, would make more easy the

practice of Sincerity and Justice, etc., etc. Conceiving then, that, agreeably to the advice of Pythagoras in his Golden Verses, daily examination would be necessary, I contrived the following method for conducting that examination.

I made a little book, in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I rul'd each page with red ink, so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for the day. I cross'd these columns with thirteen red lines, marking the beginning of each line with the first letter of one of the virtues, on which line, and in its proper column, I might mark, by a little black spot, every fault I found upon examination to have been committed respecting that virtue upon that day.

FORM OF THE PAGES

TEMPERANCE							
EAT NOT TO DULNESS; DRINK NOT TO ELEVATION.							
	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
T.							
S.	*	*		*		*	
O.	**	*	*		*	*	*
R.			*			*	
F.		*			*		
I.			*				
S.							
J.							
M.							
C.							
T.							
C.							
H.							

I determined to give a week's strict attention to each of the virtues successively. Thus, in the first week, my great guard was to avoid every the least offence against *Temperance*, leaving the other virtues to their ordinary chance, only marking every evening the faults of the day. Thus, if in the first week I could keep my first line, marked T, clear of spots, I suppos'd the habit of that virtue so much strengthen'd, and its opposite weaken'd, that I might venture extending my attention to include the next, and for the following week keep both lines clear of spots. Proceeding thus to the last, I could go thro' a course compleat in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a year. And like him who, having a garden to weed, does not attempt to eradicate all the bad herbs at once, which would exceed his reach and his strength, but works on one of the beds at a time, and, having accomplish'd the first, proceeds to a second, so I should have, I hoped, the encouraging pleasure of seeing on my pages the progress I made in virtue, by clearing successively my lines of their spots, till in the end, by a number of courses, I should be happy in viewing a clean book, after a thirteen weeks' daily examination.

This my little book had for its motto these lines from Addison's *Cato*:

"Here will I hold. If there's a power above us
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), He must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy."

Another from Cicero,

"O vitæ Philosophia dux! O virtutum indagatrix expultrixque vitiorum!
Unus dies, bene et ex præceptis tuis actus, peccanti immortalitati est anteponendus."

[*Autobiography*. From Bigelow's *Life*, vol. i, pp. 227-245.]

THE WAY TO WEALTH

COURTEOUS READER : I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a

great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you have my advice, I will give it to you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them, but we have many others and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says.

"1. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright*, as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of*, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that *The sleeping fox catches no poultry*, and that *There will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as Poor Richard says.

"If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be, as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality*, since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again, and what we call time enough always proves little enough*. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy*; and *He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall*

scarce overtake his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise, as Poor Richard says.

“So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. *Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then he's hands, for I have no lands; or if I have they are smartly taxed. He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor, as poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve, for At the working man's house hunger looks in but dares not enter. Nor will the bailiff nor the constable enter, for Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them. What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. One to-day is worth two to-morrows, as Poor Richard says; and further, Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day. If you were a servant would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens; remember that The cat in gloves catches no mice, as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weakhanded, but stick to it steadily and you will see great effects; for Constant dropping wears away stones; and By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and Little strokes fell great oaks.*

“Methinks I hear some of you say, ‘Must a man afford himself no leisure?’ I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: *Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.* Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man

will obtain, but the lazy man never; for *A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock; whereas industry gives comfort and plenty and respect. Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good morrow.*

"II. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says:

*I never saw an oft-removed tree
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That thrive so well as those that settled be.*

"And again, *Three removes are as bad as a fire; and again, Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee; and again: If you would your business done, go; if not, send.* And again:

*He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.*

And again, *The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands; and again, Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge; and again, Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.* Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, *In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it; but a man's own care is profitable; for, If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.*

"III So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will; and*

*Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.*

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.

"Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

*Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the want great.*

And further, *What maintains one vice would bring up two children.* You may think perhaps that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, *Many a little makes a mickle.* Beware of little expenses: *A small leak will sink a great ship,* as Poor Richard says; and again, *Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;* and moreover, *Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.*

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods*; but if you do not take care they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.* And again, *At a great pennyworth pause a while.* He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.* Again, *It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;* and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions for want of mincing the Almanac. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half-starved their families. *Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,* as Poor Richard says.

"These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty and forced to borrow of those

whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that *A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees*, as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of: they think, *It is day, and will never be night*; that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but *Always taking out of the meat-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom*, as Poor Richard says; and then, *When the well is dry, they know the worth of water*. But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. *If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing*, as Poor Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick further advises and says,—

*Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.*

And again, *Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy*. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, *It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it*. And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

*Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.*

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, *Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy*. And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

“But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities? We are offered by the terms of this sale six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in

debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, *The second vice is lying, the first is running into debt*, as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, *Lying rides upon Debt's back*; whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. *It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.*

“What would you think of that prince or of that government who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you are free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty by confining you in gaol till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain you may perhaps think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, *Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.* The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. *Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.* At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury, but —

*For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.*

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and *It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel*, as poor Richard says; so, *Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.*

*Get what you can, and what you get hold;
'Tis 'ie stone that will turn all your lead into gold.*

And, when you have got the Philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"IV. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, *Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other*, as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that, for it is true *We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct*. However, remember this, *They that won't be counselled, cannot be helped*; and further, that *If you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles*, as Poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine; and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else, but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it, and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS

[Commonly known as *The Way to Wealth*, from the last of Franklin's series of almanacs: *Poor Richard Improved, being an Almanac . . . for the year of our Lord 1758*. The text followed, with the permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, is that of Bigelow's *Works*, vol. i, pp. 441-452.]

TO MR. STRAHAN

PHILADELPHIA, 5 July, 1775.

MR. STRAHAN:— You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns, and murder our people. Look upon your hands; they are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy, and I am,

Yours,

B. FRANKLIN

[Works, vol. v, p. 534.]

TO JOSEPH PRIESTLEY

PHILADELPHIA, 3 October, 1775.

DEAR SIR:— I am to set out to-morrow for the camp, and, having just heard of this opportunity, can only write a line to say that I am well and hearty. Tell our dear good friend, Dr. Price, who sometimes has his doubts and despondencies about our firmness, that America is determined and unanimous; a very few Tories and placemen excepted, who will probably soon export themselves. Britain, at the expense of three millions, has killed one hundred and fifty Yankees this campaign, which is twenty thousand pounds a head; and at Bunker's Hill she gained a mile of ground, half of which she lost again by our taking post on Ploughed Hill. During the same time sixty thousand children have been born in America. From this *data* his mathematical head will easily calculate the time and expense necessary to kill us all, and conquer our whole territory. My sincere respects to —, and to the club of honest Whigs at —. Adieu. I am ever your most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN

[Works, vol. v, pp. 539-540.]

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN BRITAIN, FRANCE, SPAIN,
HOLLAND, SAXONY, AND AMERICA

Britain. — Sister of Spain, I have a favor to ask of you. My subjects in America are disobedient, and I am about to chastise them; I beg you will not furnish them with any arms or ammunition.

Spain. — Have you forgotten, then, that when my subjects in the Low Countries rebelled against me, you not only furnished them with military stores, but joined them with an army and a fleet? I wonder how you can have the impudence to ask such a favor of me, or the folly to expect it!

Britain. — You, my dear sister France, will surely not refuse me this favor.

France. — Did you not assist my rebel Huguenots with a fleet and an army at Rochelle? And have you not lately aided privately and sneakingly my rebel subjects in Corsica? And do you not at this instant keep their chief pensioned, and ready to head a fresh revolt there, whenever you can find or make an opportunity? Dear sister, you must be a little silly!

Britain. — Honest Holland! You see it is remembered I was once your friend; you will therefore be mine on this occasion. I know, indeed, you are accustomed to smuggle with these rebels of mine. I will wink at that; sell them as much tea as you please, to enervate the rascals, since they will not take it of me; but for God's sake don't supply them with any arms!

Holland. — 'Tis true you assisted me against Philip, my tyrant of Spain, but have I not assisted you against one of your tyrants; and enabled you to expel him? Surely that account, as we merchants say, is *balanced*, and I am nothing in your debt. I have indeed some complaints against *you*, for endeavoring to starve me by your *Navigation Acts*; but, being peaceably disposed, I do not quarrel with you for that. I shall only go on quietly with my own business. Trade is my profession; 'tis all I have to subsist on. And, let me tell you, I shall make no scruple (on the prospect of a good market for that commodity) even to send my ships to Hell and supply the Devil with brimstone. For you must know, I can insure in London against the burning of my sails.

America to Britain. — Why, you old bloodthirsty bully ! You, who have been everywhere vaunting your own prowess, and defaming the Americans as poltroons ! You, who have boasted of being able to march over all their bellies with a single regiment ! You, who by fraud have possessed yourself of their strongest fortress, and all the arms they had stored up in it ! You, who have a disciplined army in their country, intrenched to the teeth, and provided with everything ! Do *you* run about begging all Europe not to supply those poor people with a little powder and shot ? Do you mean, then, to fall upon them naked and unarmed, and butcher them in cold blood ? Is this your courage ? Is this your magnanimity ?

Britain. — Oh ! you wicked — Whig — Presbyterian — Serpent ! Have you the impudence to appear before me after all your disobedience ? Surrender immediately all your liberties and properties into my hands, or I will cut you 'to pieces. Was it for this that I planted your country at so great an expense ? That I protected you in your infancy, and defended you against all your enemies ?

America. — I shall not surrender my liberty and property, but with my life. It is not true, that my country was planted at your expense. Your own records refute that falsehood to your face. Nor did you ever afford me a man or a shilling to defend me against the Indians, the only enemies I had upon my own account. But, when you have quarrelled with all Europe, and drawn me with you into all your broils, then you value yourself upon protecting me from the enemies you have made for me. I have no natural cause of difference with Spain, France, or Holland, and yet by turns I have joined with you in wars against them all. You would not suffer me to make or keep a separate peace with any of them, though I might easily have done it to great advantage. Does your protecting me in those wars give you a right to fleece me ? If so, as I fought for you, as well as you for me, it gives me a proportionable right to fleece you. What think you of an American law to make a monopoly of you and your commerce, as you have done by your laws of me and mine ? Content yourself with that monopoly if you are wise, and learn justice if you would be respected !

Britain. — You impudent — ! Am I not your mother country? Is not that a sufficient title to your respect and obedience?

Saxony. — *Mother country!* Ha! ha! ha! What respect have you the front to claim as a mother country? You know that I am your mother country, and yet you pay me none. Nay, it is but the other day that you hired ruffians to rob me on the highway and burn my house! For shame! Hide your face and hold your tongue! If you continue this conduct, you will make yourself the contempt of Europe!

Britain. — O Lord! Where are my friends?

France, Spain, Holland, and Saxony all together. — Friends! Believe us, you have none, nor ever will have any, till you mend your manners. How can we who are your neighbors have any regard for you, or expect any equity from you, should your power increase, when we see how basely and unjustly you have used both your own mother and your own children?

[Works, vol. vi, pp. 118-122.]

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[George Washington was born, of old English stock, in Westmoreland Co., Va., on Feb. 22, 1732. He was brought up chiefly by his mother, received a limited education, and was early thrown upon his own resources as a surveyor. The prosecution of his profession brought him into contact with frontier life and led finally to his taking an active part in the campaigns against the French and Indians for the possession of the Ohio region. After his marriage with Mrs. Custis in 1759, he settled at Mt. Vernon as a prosperous planter. Having sympathized from the first with the colonies in their contentions with the mother country, he was made a member of the first Continental Congress, and in 1775 became Commander-in-chief of the American forces. It is now generally acknowledged that his prudence, determination, and military skill were the greatest single factor in bringing the Revolution to a successful issue. After the close of the war he retired to Mt. Vernon, where he took an active interest in the efforts made to strengthen the union of states. He presided over the Convention of 1787, and was subsequently elected first President under the new constitution. He served with great wisdom for two terms (1789-1797), declining reelection in his famous *Farewell Address*. After his retirement he was appointed lieutenant-general of the American forces, in view of the war that seemed impending with France. He lived only a year longer, dying of laryngitis and bad medical attention, on Dec. 14, 1799. The best edition of his works is that of W. C. Ford, in fourteen volumes; but that of Jared Sparks, in twelve volumes, is also valuable. The best biography, in moderate compass, is that by Henry Cabot Lodge.

THE appearance of Washington's name in a volume devoted to the chief prose-writers of America seems to need some explanation. He was extremely diffident of his own powers as a writer, and although his fame has been growing steadily for over a century, few of his admirers have ever ventured to claim for him the honors of authorship. His *Farewell Address* has been assigned in considerable part to Hamilton, and at least one editor of his letters has felt obliged to correct his orthography and to elevate his diction. His style, when at its best, possesses little grace or variety; his voluminous writings are read by few who are not historical students; he does not need the added prestige of being considered

a man of letters, even if his lack of general culture does not preclude him from acquiring it;—why, then, is he made to keep company with Franklin and Jefferson?

This question may be answered by one word,—character. Washington's character was so great and noble that whatever he wrote became great and noble also. No defects of early training, no lack of the elements of style, no shrinking from authorship, could prevent such a man from producing, whenever he wrote down what was uppermost in his mind and heart, literature marked by the most important of all qualities,—“high seriousness.” If, as we must believe, true literature, the “literature of power,” is separated from pseudo-literature, the literature of mere knowledge, by the fact that it appeals powerfully to the emotions, then Washington's writings are in the main literature of no mean order. It is impossible to read his more important letters, or his proclamations to his soldiers, or such documents as his address to the governors of all the states on the occasion of his laying down his command, or the rough draft of his *Farewell Address*, without feeling emotions of the most elevated kind. It is true that these emotions are moral and intellectual rather than æsthetic in character, yet at times they are æsthetic too, for the sonorous and stately dignity of some of his pages gives a pleasure that is not unconnected with pure charm. The noble simplicity of the superb address of 1783, which follows this criticism,—a document which it would be impossible to praise too highly for its spirit and, one might almost add, for its style—will illustrate the truth of the contention here made.

Character, then, in the highest sense of the term, is what makes Washington's writings live as literature to those who have learned to revere him after long and zealous study. It is character combined with one splendid opportunity that gives Lincoln fame as a literary man, and it is by no means certain that Washington did not have his splendid opportunity when he disbanded his troops, even if we do not go further and attribute to him the only qualities that make the *Farewell Address* an ever memorable document. Washington, with his character, and perhaps his two great opportunities to express this character in words that move us still, is as truly a literary man as Lincoln, and should stand with the latter

in a class apart from all our other writers. Criticism of these two great men, certainly the technical criticism of the student of rhetoric, is almost an impertinence; yet it would be equally an impertinence for the student of history to claim them for his own behoof, since they not merely did noble deeds, but uttered and recorded noble words, that will stir mankind as long as sublime characters inspire reverent admiration.

W. P. TRENT

TO THE GOVERNORS OF ALL THE STATES .

HEAD-QUARTERS, NEWBURG,
8 June, 1783.

SIR :—The great object, for which I had the honor to hold an appointment in the service of my country, being accomplished, I am now preparing to resign it into the hands of Congress, and to return to that domestic retirement, which, it is well known, I left with the greatest reluctance ; a retirement for which I have never ceased to sigh, through a long and painful absence, and in which (remote from the noise and trouble of the world) I meditate to pass the remainder of life, in a state of undisturbed repose. But before I carry this resolution into effect, I think it a duty incumbent on me to make this my last official communication ; to congratulate you on the glorious events which Heaven has been pleased to produce in our favor ; to offer my sentiments respecting some important subjects, which appear to me to be intimately connected with the tranquillity of the United States ; to take my leave of your Excellency as a public character ; and to give my final blessing to that country, in whose service I have spent the prime of my life, for whose sake I have consumed so many anxious days and watchful nights, and whose happiness, being extremely dear to me, will always constitute no inconsiderable part of my own.

Impressed with the liveliest sensibility on this pleasing occasion, I will claim the indulgence of dilating the more copiously on the subjects of our mutual felicitations. When we consider the magnitude of the prize we contended for, the doubtful nature of the contest, and the favorable manner in which it has terminated, we shall find the greatest possible reason for gratitude and rejoicing. This is a theme that will afford infinite delight to every benevolent and liberal mind, whether the event in contemplation be considered as the source of present enjoyment, or the parent of future happiness ; and we shall have equal occasion to felicitate ourselves on the lot which Providence has assigned us, whether we view it in a natural, a political, or a moral point of light.

The citizens of America, placed in the most enviable condition, as the sole lords and proprietors of a vast tract of continent, com-

of these two
ident of rhet-
ally an imper-
own behoof,
and recorded
ne characters

P. TRENT

prehending all the various soils and climates of the world, and abounding with all the necessaries and conveniences of life, are now, by the late satisfactory pacification, acknowledged to be possessed of absolute freedom and independency. They are, from this period, to be considered as the actors on a most conspicuous theatre, which seems to be peculiarly designated by Providence for the display of human greatness and felicity. Here they are not only surrounded with every thing, which can contribute to the completion of private and domestic enjoyment; but Heaven has crowned all its other blessings, by giving a fairer opportunity for political happiness, than any other nation has ever been favored with. Nothing can illustrate these observations more forcibly, than a recollection of the happy conjuncture of times and circumstances, under which our republic assumed its rank among the nations. The foundation of our empire was not laid in the gloomy age of ignorance and superstition; but at an epoch when the rights of mankind were better understood and more clearly defined, than at any former period: The researches of the human mind after social happiness have been carried to a great extent; the treasures of knowledge, acquired by the labors of philosophers, sages, and legislators, through a long succession of years, are laid open for our use, and their collected wisdom may be happily applied in the establishment of our forms of government. The free cultivation of letters, the unbounded extension of commerce, the progressive refinement of manners, the growing liberality of sentiment, and, above all, the pure and benign light of Revelation, have had a meliorating influence on mankind and increased the blessings of society. At this auspicious period, the United States came into existence as a nation; and, if their citizens should not be completely free and happy, the fault will be entirely their own.

Such is our situation, and such are our prospects; but notwithstanding the cup of blessing is thus reached out to us; notwithstanding happiness is ours, if we have a disposition to seize the occasion and make it our own; yet it appears to me there is an option still left to the United States of America, that it is in their choice, and depends upon their conduct, whether they will be respectable and prosperous, or contemptible and miserable, as a nation. This is the time of their political probation; this is

the moment when the eyes of the whole world are turned upon them; this is the moment to establish or ruin their national character for ever; this is the favorable moment to give such a tone to our federal government, as will enable it to answer the ends of its institution, or this may be the ill-fated moment for relaxing the powers of the Union, annihilating the cement of the confederation, and exposing us to become the sport of European politics, which may play one State against another, to prevent their growing importance, and to serve their own interested purposes. For, according to the system of policy the States shall adopt at this moment, they will stand or fall; and by their confirmation or lapse it is yet to be decided, whether the revolution must ultimately be considered as a blessing or a curse; a blessing or a curse, not to the present age alone, for with our fate will the destiny of unborn millions be involved.

With this conviction of the importance of the present crisis, silence in me would be a crime. I will therefore speak to your Excellency the language of freedom and of sincerity without disguise. I am aware, however, that those who differ from me in political sentiment, may perhaps remark, I am stepping out of the proper line of my duty, and may possibly ascribe to arrogance or ostentation, what I know is alone the result of the purest intention. But the recitude of my own heart, which disdains such unworthy motives; the part I have hitherto acted in life; the determination I have formed, of not taking any share in public business hereafter; the ardent desire I feel, and shall continue to manifest, of quietly enjoying, in private life, after all the toils of war, the benefits of a wise and liberal government, will, I flatter myself, sooner or later convince my countrymen, that I could have no sinister views in delivering, with so little reserve, the opinions contained in this address.

There are four things, which, I humbly conceive, are essential to the well-being, I may even venture to say, to the existence of the United States, as an independent power.

First. An indissoluble union of the States under one federal head.

Secondly. A sacred regard to public justice.

Thirdly. The adoption of a proper peace establishment; and,

Fourthly. The prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions, which are requisite to the general prosperity; and, in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community.

These are the pillars on which the glorious fabric of our independency and national character must be supported. Liberty is the basis; and whoever would dare to sap the foundation, or overturn the structure, under whatever specious pretext he may attempt it, will merit the bitterest execration, and the severest punishment, which can be inflicted by his injured country.

On the three first articles I will make a few observations, leaving the last to the good sense and serious consideration of those immediately concerned.

Under the first head, although it may not be necessary or proper for me, in this place, to enter into a particular disquisition on the principles of the Union, and to take up the great question which has been frequently agitated, whether it be expedient and requisite for the States to delegate a larger proportion of power to Congress, or not; yet it will be a part of my duty, and that of every true patriot, to assert without reserve, and to insist upon, the following positions. That, unless the States will suffer Congress to exercise those prerogatives they are undoubtedly invested with by the constitution, every thing must very rapidly tend to anarchy and confusion. That it is indispensable to the happiness of the individual States, that there should be lodged somewhere a supreme power to regulate and govern the general concerns of the confederated republic, without which the Union cannot be of long duration. That there must be a faithful and pointed compliance, on the part of every State, with the late proposals and demands of Congress, or the most fatal consequences will ensue. That whatever measures have a tendency to dissolve the Union, or contribute to violate or lessen the sovereign authority, ought to be considered as hostile to the liberty and independency of America, and the authors of them treated according. And lastly, that unless we can be enabled, by the concurrence of the States, to participate of the fruits of the revolution, and enjoy the essen-

tial benefits of civil society, under a form of government so free and uncorrupted, so happily guarded against the danger of oppression, as has been devised and adopted by the articles of confederation, it will be a subject of regret, that so much blood and treasure have been lavished for no purpose, that so many sufferings have been encountered without a compensation, and that so many sacrifices have been made in vain.

Many other considerations might here be adduced to prove, that, without an entire conformity to the spirit of the Union, we cannot exist as an independent power. It will be sufficient for my purpose to mention but one or two, which seem to me of the greatest importance. It is only in our united character, as an empire, that our independence is acknowledged, that our power can be regarded or our credit supported, among foreign nations. The treaties of the European powers with the United States of America will have no validity on a dissolution of the Union. We shall be left nearly in a state of nature; or we may find, by our own unhappy experience, that there is a natural and necessary progression from the extreme of anarchy to the extreme of tyranny, and that arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty, abused to licentiousness.

As to the second article, which respects the performance of public justice, Congress have, in their late address to the United States, almost exhausted the subject; they have explained their ideas so fully, and have enforced the obligations the States are under, to render complete justice to all the public creditors, with so much dignity and energy, that, in my opinion, no real friend to the honor of independency of America can hesitate a single moment, respecting the propriety of complying with the just and honorable measures proposed. If their arguments do not produce conviction, I know of nothing that will have greater influence: especially when we recollect, that the system referred to, being the result of the collected wisdom of the continent, must be esteemed, if not perfect, certainly the least objectionable of any that could be devised; and that, if it shall not be carried into immediate execution, a national bankruptcy, with all its deplorable consequences, will take place, before any different plan can possibly be proposed and adopted. So pressing are the present

circumstances, and such is the alternative now offered to the States.

The ability of the country to discharge the debts, which have been incurred in its defence, is not to be doubted; an inclination, I flatter myself, will not be wanting. The path of our duty is plain before us; honesty will be found, on every experiment, to be the best and only true policy. Let us then, as a nation, be just; let us fulfil the public contracts, which Congress had undoubtedly a right to make for the purpose of carrying on the war, with the same good faith we suppose ourselves bound to perform our private engagements. In the mean time, let an attention to the cheerful performance of their proper business, as individuals and as members of society, be earnestly inculcated on the citizens of America; then will they strengthen the hands of the government, and be happy under its protection; every one will reap the fruit of his labors, every one will enjoy his own acquisitions, without molestation and without danger.

In this state of absolute freedom and perfect security, who will grudge to yield a very little of his property to support the common interest of society, and insure the protection of government? Who does not remember the frequent declarations, at the commencement of the war, that we should be completely satisfied, if, at the expense of one half, we could defend the remainder of our possessions? Where is the man to be found, who wishes to remain indebted for the defence of his own person and property to the exertions, the bravery, and the blood of others, without making one generous effort to repay the debt of honor and gratitude? In what part of the continent shall we find a man, or body of men, who would not blush to stand up and propose measures purposely calculated to rob the soldier of his stipend, and the public creditor of his due? And were it possible, that such a flagrant instance of injustice could ever happen, would it not excite the general indignation, and tend to bring down upon the authors of such measures the aggravated vengeance of Heaven? If, after all, a spirit of disunion, or a temper of obstinacy and perverseness should manifest itself in any of the States; if such an ungracious disposition should attempt to frustrate all the happy effects that might be expected to flow from the Union; if there

should be a refusal to comply with the requisition for funds to discharge the annual interest of the public debts; and if that refusal should revive again all those jealousies, and produce all those evils, which are now happily removed, Congress, who have, in all their transactions, shown a great degree of magnanimity and justice, will stand justified in the sight of God and man; and the State alone, which puts itself in opposition to the aggregate wisdom of the continent, and follows such mistaken and pernicious counsels, will be responsible for all the consequences.

For my own part, conscious of having acted, while a servant of the public, in the manner I conceived best suited to promote the real interests of my country; having, in consequence of my fixed belief, in some measure pledged myself to the army, that their country would finally do them complete and ample justice; and not wishing to conceal any instance of my official conduct from the eyes of the world, I have thought proper to transmit to your Excellency the enclosed collection of papers, relative to the half-pay and commutation granted by Congress to the officers of the army. From these communications, my decided sentiments will be clearly comprehended, together with the conclusive reasons which induced me, at an early period, to recommend the adoption of this measure, in the most earnest and serious manner. As the proceedings of Congress, the army, and myself, are open to all, and contain, in my opinion, sufficient information to remove the prejudices and errors, which may have been entertained by any, I think it unnecessary to say anything more than just to observe, that the resolutions of Congress, now alluded to, are undoubtedly as absolutely binding upon the United States, as the most solemn acts of confederation or legislation.

As to the idea, which I am informed, has in some instances prevailed, that the half-pay and commutation are to be regarded merely in the odious light of a pension, it ought to be exploded for ever. That provision should be viewed, as it really was, a reasonable compensation offered by Congress, at a time when they had nothing else to give to the officers of the army for services then to be performed. It was the only means to prevent a total dereliction of the service. It was a part of their hire. I may be allowed to say, it was the price of their blood, and of your inde-

pendency; it is therefore more than a common debt, it is a debt of honor; it can never be considered as a pension or gratuity, nor be cancelled until it is fairly discharged.

With regard to a distinction between officers and soldiers, it is sufficient that the uniform experience of every nation of the world, combined with our own, proves the utility and propriety of the discrimination. Rewards, in proportion to the aids the public derives from them, are unquestionably due to all its servants. In some lines, the soldiers have perhaps generally had as ample a compensation for their services, by the large bounties which have been paid them, as their officers will receive in the proposed commutation; in others, if, besides the donations of lands, the payment of arrearages of clothing and wages (in which articles all the component parts of the army must be put upon the same footing), we take into the estimate the douceurs many of the soldiers have received, and the gratuity of one year's full pay, which is promised to all, possibly their situation (every circumstance being duly considered) will not be deemed less eligible than that of the officers. Should a further reward, however, be judged equitable, I will venture to assert no one will enjoy greater satisfaction than myself, on seeing an exemption from taxes for a limited time, (which has been petitioned for in some instances,) or any other adequate immunity or compensation granted to the brave defenders of their country's cause; but neither the adoption or rejection of this proposition will in any manner affect, much less militate against, the act of Congress, by which they have offered five years' full pay, in lieu of the half-pay for life, which had been before promised to the officers of the army.

Before I conclude the subject of public justice, I cannot omit to mention the obligations this country is under to that meritorious class of veteran non-commissioned officers and privates, who have been discharged for inability, in consequence of the resolution of Congress of the 23d of April, 1782, on an annual pension for life. Their peculiar sufferings, their singular merits, and claims to that provision, need only be known, to interest all the feelings of humanity in their behalf. Nothing but a punctual payment of their annual allowance can rescue them from the most

complicated misery; and nothing could be a more melancholy and distressing sight, than to behold those, who have shed their blood or lost their limbs in the service of their country, without a shelter, without a friend, and without the means of obtaining any of the necessaries or comforts of life, compelled to beg their daily bread from door to door. Suffer me to recommend those of this description, belonging to your State, to the warmest patronage of your Excellency and your legislature.

It is necessary to say but a few words on the third topic which was proposed, and which regards particularly the defence of the republic; as there can be little doubt but Congress will recommend a proper peace establishment for the United States, in which a due attention will be paid to the importance of placing the militia of the Union upon a regular and respectable footing. If this should be the case, I would beg leave to urge the great advantage of it in the strongest terms. The militia of this country must be considered as the palladium of our security, and the first effectual resort in case of hostility. It is essential, therefore, that the same system should pervade the whole; that the formation and discipline of the militia of the continent should be absolutely uniform, and that the same species of arms, accoutrements, and military apparatus, should be introduced in every part of the United States. No one, who has not learned it from experience, can conceive the difficulty, expense, and confusion, which result from a contrary system, or the vague arrangements which have hitherto prevailed.

If, in treating of political points, a greater latitude than usual has been taken in the course of this address, the importance of the crisis, and the magnitude of the objects in discussion, must be my apology. It is, however, neither my wish or expectation, that the preceding observations should claim any regard, except so far as they shall appear to be dictated by a good intention, consonant to the immutable rules of justice, calculated to produce a liberal system of policy, and founded on whatever experience may have been acquired by a long and close attention to public business. Here I might speak with the more confidence, from my actual observations; and, if it would not swell this letter (already too prolix) beyond the bounds I had prescribed to myself, I could

demonstrate to every mind open to conviction, that in less time, and with much less expense, than has been incurred, the war might have been brought to the same happy conclusion, if the resources of the continent could have been properly drawn forth; that the distresses and disappointments, which have very often occurred, have, in too many instances, resulted more from a want of energy in the Continental government, than a deficiency of means in the particular States; that the inefficacy of measures arising from the want of an adequate authority in the supreme power, from a partial compliance with the requisitions of Congress in some of the States, and from a failure of punctuality in others, while it tended to damp the zeal of those, which were more willing to exert themselves, served also to accumulate the expenses of the war, and to frustrate the best concerted plans; and that the discouragement occasioned by the complicated difficulties and embarrassments, in which our affairs were by this means involved, would have long ago produced the dissolution of any army, less patient, less virtuous, and less persevering, than that which I have had the honor to command. But, while I mention these things, which are notorious facts, as the defects of our federal constitution, particularly in the prosecution of a war, I beg it may be understood, that, as I have ever taken a pleasure in gratefully acknowledging the assistance and support I have derived from every class of citizens, so shall I always be happy to do justice to the unparalleled exertions of the individual States on many interesting occasions.

I have thus freely disclosed what I wished to make known, before I surrendered up my public trust to those who committed it to me. The task is now accomplished. I now bid adieu to your Excellency as the chief magistrate of your State, at the same time I bid a last farewell to the cares of office, and all the employments of public life.

It remains, then, to be my final and only request, that your Excellency will communicate these sentiments to your legislature at their next meeting, and that they may be considered as the legacy of one, who has ardently wished, on all occasions, to be useful to his country, and who, even in the shade of retirement, will not fail to implore the Divine benediction upon it.

I now make it my earnest prayer, that God would have you, and

the State over which you preside, in his holy protection ; that he would incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government ; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another, for their fellow citizens of the United States at large, and particularly for their brethren who have served in the field ; and finally, that he would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without an humble imitation of whose example in these things, we can never hope to be a happy nation.

I have the honor to be, with much esteem and respect, Sir, your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant.

[Circular Letter Addressed to the Governors of all the States on Disbanding the Army. The text followed, with the permission of the publishers, is that employed by W. C. Ford, in his *The Writings of George Washington*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1897, vol. x, pp. 254-265.]

THOMAS PAINE

[Thomas Paine was born at Thetford, in Norfolk County, England, Jan. 29, 1736/7. He was brought up in his father's faith, that of the Quakers, and trained to his father's trade of stay-making. He received a grammar school education, without the Latin; later this was broadened by attendance upon scientific lectures in London and by miscellaneous reading. After a brief experiment in privateering (1756), he sought his livelihood in a singular variety of occupations; he was, in turn or at the same time, stay-maker, schoolmaster, tobacconist, grocer, and exciseman. He was twice married, in 1759 and in 1771, but had no children. In 1774, bankrupt in business and dismissed from the excise, he separated by agreement from his wife and sailed for America. He carried letters from Franklin, whom he had met in London, and with their aid he secured employment in Philadelphia, first as a private tutor, then as editor of a literary magazine. Here, at last, he discovered his vocation. With the publication of *Common Sense*, in January, 1776, he became the leading pamphleteer of the American Revolution; and this position he retained to the close of the war by a series of patriotic brochures entitled *The Crisis*. He served for a time as aide-de-camp to General Greene, and in 1777 and 1778 he acted as secretary to the Congressional Committee on Foreign Affairs. In 1781 he accompanied Colonel Laurens on an important and successful mission to the French Court. At the end of the war, after all these services, he was as poor as at the beginning. His pay, as far as he got it, had barely defrayed his expenses; he was too honest to line his pockets in any irregular fashion; he had refused, from patriotic motives, to copyright his publications. The Republic showed some gratitude: at the instance of Washington, Paine received grants of money from Congress and from the Pennsylvania legislature, and from the legislature of New York a tract of confiscated land near New Rochelle. In 1787, he sailed for Europe with a plan for building iron bridges of novel construction and unprecedented length of span; but the outbreak of the French Revolution drew him back into literature and politics. To Burke's attack upon the Revolution he responded with a book upon the *Rights of Man* (1791). A second part (1792) caused his indictment and condemnation for treason; but he had already fled to France, where, as a friend of liberty, he had received honorary citizenship and had been elected a member of the Convention. In this capacity he acted with the Girondists and voted against the execution of Louis XVI. During the Terror he narrowly escaped the guillotine; but after ten months' imprisonment, he was liberated in November, 1794. In 1794 and 1795 appeared his *Age of Reason*, an attack upon the authenticity and morality of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures.

The first English printer was indicted and convicted (1797) for publishing blasphemy, and other publishers were fined and imprisoned as late as 1819. In the United States also, to which Paine returned in 1797, the work was ill received: it practically destroyed his popularity. He died June 8, 1809, and was buried on his farm at New Rochelle. In 1819 his remains were disinterred by William Cobbett and taken to England. Cobbett's intention of celebrating a second funeral and making of it a great Radical demonstration was never carried out; in 1836 Paine's bones passed, with Cobbett's other effects, into the hands of a receiver in bankruptcy; and they are understood to be now scattered through England, held as curiosities or relics.]

The best collection of Paine's writings, of which only the most important have been mentioned, is that edited by Moncure D. Conway (four vols., G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1894-96). Conway has also written the best life of Paine (two vols., G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1892).

"WHERE liberty is, there is my country," said Benjamin Franklin. "Where liberty is not, there is mine," was Thomas Paine's reply. In their cosmopolitan spirit, as in the radical character of their liberalism, both of these men were fair representatives of the rationalistic eighteenth century; but Paine had the crusading instinct besides, and this carried him into enterprises of which his cannier and more cautious friend would have been incapable. It was as "a volunteer of the world," and not as a man having a stake in play, that Paine, as soon as he reached America, espoused the anti-British cause. It was as a friend of freedom that he threw himself, to his own harm, into the central and fiercest whirl of the French Revolution. It was as a knight-errant in the cause of liberty that he plunged into the last and most disastrous of his adventures, his attack upon orthodox Christianity; for it seemed to him that men bound by any faith less elastic than his own were victims of the worst of tyrannies, bondsmen not only in their actions but in their thoughts.

There was nothing especially novel in Paine's message to his contemporaries. His political ideals — popular sovereignty, equal rights, representative government — had been the commonplaces of advanced Whig theory since the days of the English Commonwealth; and in their French adaptations these theories had become familiar to Europe. In his *Rights of Man* he advocated also the limitation of governmental power by a written constitution; but this idea had been formulated in England in 1647, had

been kept alive in the American colonies during the charter disputes, and had been embodied in the state constitutions at the very beginning of the Revolution. Paine's religious views were scarcely more original; they were substantially those of the English deists, tinged with Quakerism of the more radical school. It is always a long way, however, from the formulation of theories to their general acceptance, and such acceptance does not necessarily imply an immediate change of practice. In his political writings Paine did as much as any man, and perhaps more than any other man, to popularize the dogmas of Locke and Rousseau and to facilitate their embodiment in governmental institutions. His religious propaganda was less successful, and the hostility it aroused has done much to obscure his political services.

Other political writers may have exercised a deeper and more enduring influence, but few have had in their own day a larger public. Of his *Common Sense* one hundred and twenty thousand copies were sold within three months, and Conway estimates its total sale at home and abroad, in the original and in translations, at half a million copies. The first part of the *Rights of Man*, in spite of the fact that English opinion was hostile to Paine's conclusions, found more than forty thousand purchasers in Great Britain, and this without the advertisement which prosecution gave afterwards to the completed work. Ten years after its completion, Paine claimed that its total circulation, in English and in translations, had exceeded four hundred thousand. The popularity of these tracts was partly owing to their timeliness, but mainly to their almost perfect adaptation to their purpose. Paine knew men. He knew what arguments would appeal to them, and how these arguments should be put. He had in high degree the faculty of lucid statement and of apt illustration. He could coin phrases and even epigrams, and he was too wise to lessen their value by coining too many. He knew that epigrammatic writing is fatiguing reading, and that to appeal to the plain people a writer should be known as a man of sense and not as a wit. Of humor Paine was wholly destitute. A man of humor cannot be a professional agitator.

The eighteenth century pamphleteer was the immediate forerunner of the nineteenth century journalist, and Paine's best work

is rather journalism than literature. Such work is in its nature transitory. Paine's *Age of Reason* is to-day even more antiquated than are the particular phases of faith which at the time especially invited his attack; for the fashion of scepticism has changed far more than has the form of Christian belief. In his political writings there is more of permanent interest. We have grown sceptical to-day about laws of nature, and we doubt the finality of political dogmas; but we recognize that Paine's political philosophy was better adapted than ours to a revolutionary crisis, and we cannot deny that it has left deep traces on our national habits of thought. Paine's political writings are a part of our history; and students of our history will always find it advisable to read them.

MUNROE SMITH

F

GOVERNMENT AND FREEDOM

BUT where, say some, is the King of America? I'll tell you, friend, he reigns above, and doth not make havoc of mankind like the Royal Brute of Great Britain. Yet that we may not appear to be defective even in earthly honours, let a day be solemnly set apart for proclaiming the Charter; let it be brought forth placed on the Divine Law, the Word of God; let a crown be placed thereon, by which the world may know, that so far as we approve of monarchy, that in America the law is king. For as in absolute governments the King is law, so in free countries the law ought to be king; and there ought to be no other. But lest any ill use should afterwards arise, let the Crown at the conclusion of the ceremony be demolished, and scattered among the people whose right it is.

A government of our own is our natural right: and when a man seriously reflects on the precariousness of human affairs, he will become convinced, that it is infinitely wiser and safer, to form a constitution of our own in a cool deliberate manner, while we have it in our power, than to trust such an interesting event to time and chance. If we omit it now, some Massanello¹ may hereafter arise, who, laying hold of popular disquietudes, may collect together the desperate and the discontented, and by assuming to themselves the powers of government, finally sweep away the liberties of the Continent like a deluge. Should the government of America return again into the hands of Britain, the tottering situation of things will be a temptation for some desperate adventurer to try his fortune; and in such case, what relief can Britain give? Ere she could hear the news, the fatal business might be done; and ourselves suffering like the wretched Britons under the oppression of the Conqueror. Ye that oppose independance now, ye know not what ye do: ye are opening a door to eternal tyranny, by keeping vacant the seat of government. There are thousands and tens of

¹ Thomas Anello, otherwise Massanello, a fisherman of Naples, who after spiriting up his countrymen in the public market-place, against the oppression of the Spaniards, to whom the place was then subject, prompted them to revolt, and in the space of a day became King.—*Author's Note.*

thousands, who would think it glorious to expel from the Continent, that barbarous and hellish power, which hath stirred up the Indians and the Negroes to destroy us; the cruelty hath a double guilt, it is dealing brutally by us, and treacherously by them.

To talk of friendship with those in whom our reason forbids us to have faith, and our affections wounded thro' a thousand pores instruct us to detest, is madness and folly. Every day wears out the little remains of kindred between us and them; and can there be any reason to hope, that as the relationship expires, the affection will encrease, or that we shall agree better when we have ten times more and greater concerns to quarrel over than ever?

Ye that tell us of harmony and reconciliation, can ye restore to us the time that is past? Can ye give to prostitution its former innocence? neither can ye reconcile Britain and America. The last cord now is broken, the people of England are presenting addresses against us. There are injuries which nature cannot forgive; she would cease to be nature if she did. As well can the lover forgive the ravisher of his mistress, as the Continent forgive the murders of Britain. The Almighty hath implanted in us these unextinguishable feelings for good and wise purposes. They are the Guardians of his Image in our hearts. They distinguish us from the herd of common animals. The social compact would dissolve, and justice be extirpated from the earth, or have only a casual existence were we callous to the touches of affection. The robber and the murderer would often escape unpunished, did not the injuries which our tempers sustain, provoke us into justice.

O! ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose not only the tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the Globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. O! receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind.

[From *Common Sense: Addressed to the Inhabitants of America, on the following Interesting Subject*, viz.: I. Of the Origin and Design of Government in General; with Concise Remarks on the English Constitution. II. Of Monarchy and Hereditary Succession. III. Thoughts on the Present State of American Affairs. IV. Of the Present Ability of America; with some

Miscellaneous Reflections. Published January 10, 1776. The text of this extract and those following is reprinted from M. D. Conway's *The Writings of Thomas Paine*, by permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Vol. 1, pp. 99-101.]

AN AMERICAN NAVY

No country on the globe is so happily situated, or so internally capable of raising a fleet as America. Tar, timber, iron, and cordage are her natural produce. We need go abroad for nothing. Whereas the Dutch, who make large profits by hiring out their ships of war to the Spaniards and Portugese, are obliged to import most of the materials they use. We ought to view the building a fleet as an article of commerce, it being the natural manufactory of this country. 'Tis the best money we can lay out. A navy when finished is worth more than it cost: And is that nice point in national policy, in which commerce and protection are united. Let us build; if we want them not, we can sell; and by that means replace our paper currency with ready gold and silver.

In point of manning a fleet, people in general run into great errors; it is not necessary that one fourth part should be sailors. The Terrible privateer, captain Death, stood the hottest engagement of any ship last war, yet had not twenty sailors on board, though her complement of men was upwards of two hundred. A few able and social sailors will soon instruct a sufficient number of active landmen in the common work of a ship. Wherefore we never can be more capable of beginning on maritime matters than now, while our timber is standing, our fisheries blocked up, and our sailors and shipwrights out of employ. Men of war, of seventy and eighty guns, were built forty years ago in New England, and why not the same now? Ship building is America's greatest pride, and in which she will, in time, excel the whole world. The great empires of the east are mostly inland, and consequently excluded from the possibility of rivalling her. Africa is in a state of barbarism; and no power in Europe, hath either such an extent of coast, or such an internal supply of materials. Where nature hath given the one, she hath withheld the other; to America only hath she been liberal to both. The vast empire of Russia is almost

shut out from the sea ; wherefore her boundless forests, her tar, iron, and cordage are only articles of commerce.

In point of safety, ought we to be without a fleet? We are not the little people now, which we were sixty years ago ; at that time we might have trusted our property in the streets, or fields rather, and slept securely without locks or bolts to our doors and windows. The case is now altered, and our methods of defence ought to improve with our increase of property. A common pirate, twelve months ago, might have come up the Delaware, and laid the city of Philadelphia under contribution for what sum he pleased ; and the same might have happened to other places. Nay, any daring fellow, in a brig of fourteen or sixteen guns, might have robbed the whole Continent, and carried off half a million of money. These are circumstances which demand our attention, and point out the necessity of naval protection.

Some perhaps will say, that after we have made it up with Britain, she will protect us. Can they be so unwise as to mean, that she will keep a navy in our Harbours for that purpose? Common sense will tell us, that the power which hath endeavoured to subdue us, is of all others, the most improper to defend us. Conquest may be effected under the pretence of friendship ; and ourselves, after a long and brave resistance, be at last cheated into slavery. And if her ships are not to be admitted into our harbours, I would ask, how is she to protect us? A navy three or four thousand miles off can be of little use, and on sudden emergencies, none at all. Wherefore if we must hereafter protect ourselves, why not do it for ourselves? Why do it for another?

The English list of ships of war, is long and formidable, but not a tenth part of them are at any one time fit for service, numbers of them are not in being ; yet their names are pompously continued in the list, if only a plank be left of the ship : and not a fifth part of such as are fit for service, can be spared on any one station at one time. The East and West Indies, Mediterranean, Africa, and other parts, over which Britain extends her claim, make large demands upon her navy. From a mixture of prejudice and inattention, we have contracted a false notion respecting the navy of England, and have talked as if we should have the whole of it to encounter at once, and, for that reason, supposed that we must have one as large ;

which not being instantly practicable, has been made use of by a set of disguised Tories to discourage our beginning thereon. Nothing can be further from truth than this; for if America had only a twentieth part of the naval force of Britain, she would be by far an over-match for her; because, as we neither have, nor claim any foreign dominion, our whole force would be employed on our own coast, where we should, in the long run, have two to one the advantage of those who had three or four thousand miles to sail over, before they could attack us, and the same distance to return in order to refit and recruit. And although Britain, by her fleet, hath a check over our trade to Europe, we have as large a one over her trade to the West Indies, which, by laying in the neighborhood of the Continent lies entirely at its mercy.

Some method might be fallen on to keep up a naval force in time of peace, if we should not judge it necessary to support a constant navy. If premiums were to be given to Merchants to build and employ in their service, ships mounted with twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty guns, (the premiums to be in proportion to the loss of bulk to the merchant,) fifty or sixty of those ships, with a few guardships on constant duty, would keep up a sufficient navy, and that without burdening ourselves with the evil so loudly complained of in England, of suffering their fleet in time of peace to lie rotting in the docks. To unite the sinews of commerce and defence is sound policy; for when our strength and our riches play into each other's hand, we need fear no external enemy.

[From *Common Sense. Writings*, vol. 1, pp. 103-106.]

THE CRISIS

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it *now*, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives every

thing its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (*not only to TAX*) but "to BIND *us in ALL CASES WHATSOEVER*," and if being *bound in that manner*, is not slavery, then there is not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the independence of the continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument; my own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier, it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter, neither could we, while we were in a dependant state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; * we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great deal is lost yet. All that Howe has been doing for this month past, is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys, a year ago, would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me, as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us: a common murderer, a highwayman, or a house-breaker, has as good a pretence as he:

[From the first *Crisis*, printed in the *Pennsylvania Journal*, December 19, 1776. *Writings*, vol. i, pp. 170-171.]

* The present winter is worth an age, if rightly employed; but, if lost or neglected, the whole continent will partake of the evil; and there is no punishment that man does not deserve, be he who, or what, or where he will, that may be the means of sacrificing a season so precious and useful.—*Author's Note*, a citation from his *Common Sense*.

THE UNIVERSAL RIGHT OF CONSCIENCE

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. The one is the Pope armed with fire and faggot, and the other is the Pope selling or granting indulgences. The former is church and state, and the latter is church and traffic.

But Toleration may be viewed in a much stronger light. Man worships not himself, but his Maker; and the liberty of conscience which he claims is not for the service of himself, but of his God. In this case, therefore, we must necessarily have the associated idea of two things; the *mortal* who renders the worship, and the IMMORTAL BEING who is worshipped. Toleration, therefore, places itself, not between man and man, nor between church and church, nor between one denomination of religion and another, but between God and man; between the being who worships, and the BEING who is worshipped; and by the same act of assumed authority which it tolerates man to pay his worship, it presumptuously and blasphemously sets itself up to tolerate the Almighty to receive it.

Were a bill brought into any Parliament, entitled, "An Act to tolerate or grant liberty to the Almighty to receive the worship of a Jew or Turk," or "to prohibit the Almighty from receiving it," all men would startle and call it blasphemy. There would be an uproar. The presumption of toleration in religious matters would then present itself unmasked; but the presumption is not the less because the name of "Man" only appears to those laws, for the associated idea of the *worshipper* and the *worshipped* cannot be separated. Who then art thou, vain dust and ashes! by whatever name thou art called, whether a King, a Bishop, a Church, or a State, 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.

With respect to what are called denominations of religion, if every one is left to judge of its own religion, there is no such thing as a religion that is wrong; but if they are to judge of each other's religion, there is no such thing as a religion that is right; and therefore all the world is right, or all the world is wrong. But with respect to religion itself, without regard to names, and as directing itself from the universal family of mankind to the Divine object of all adoration, *it is man bringing to his Maker the fruits of his heart*; and though those fruits may differ from each other like the fruits of the earth, the grateful tribute of every one is accepted.

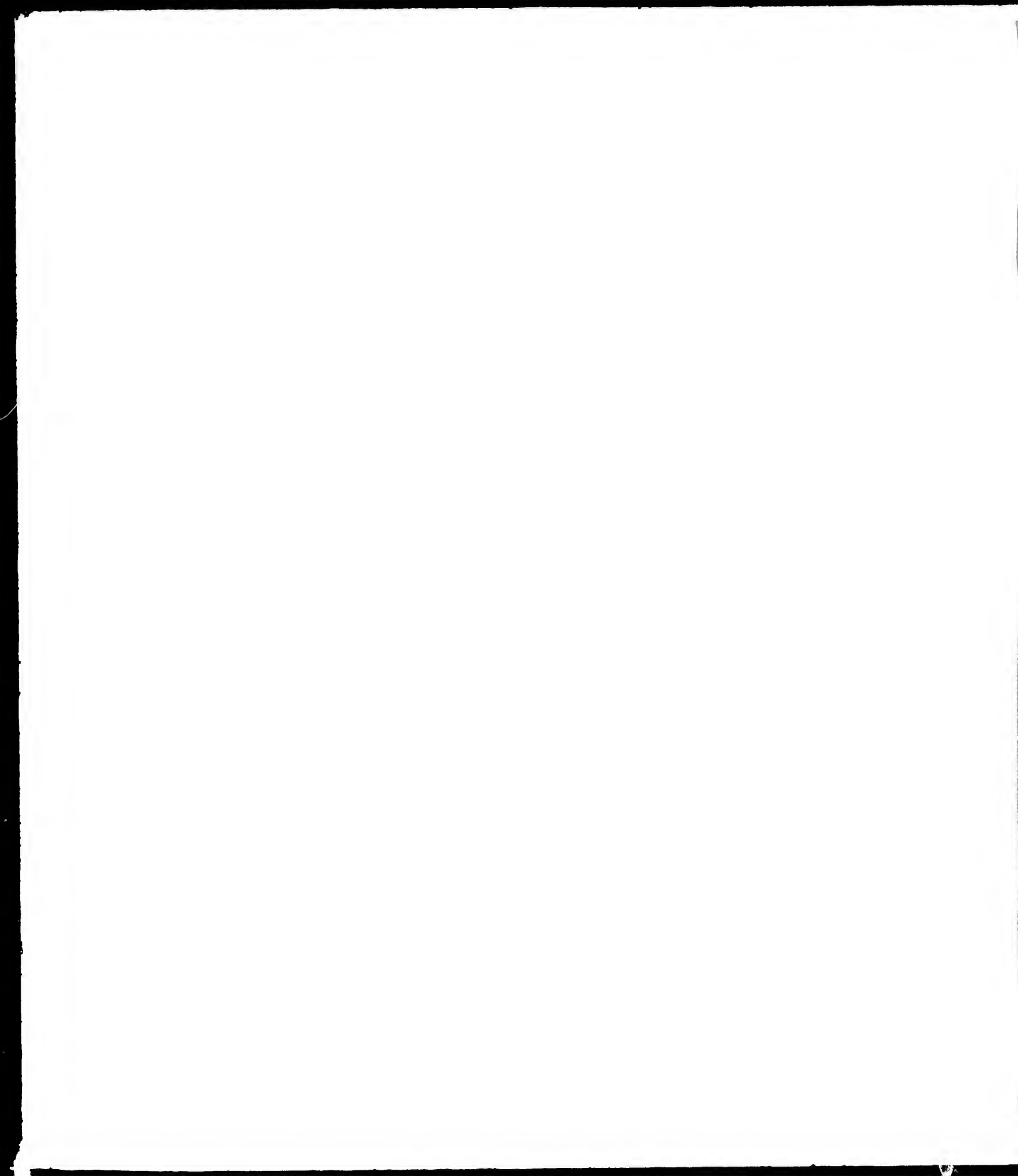
A Bishop of Durham, or a Bishop of Winchester, or the archbishop who heads the dukes, will not refuse a tythe-sheaf of wheat because it is not a cock of hay, nor a cock of hay because it is not a sheaf of wheat; nor a pig, because it is neither one nor the other; but these same persons, under the figure of an established church, will not permit their Maker to receive the varied tythes of man's devotion.

[From *Rights of Man, being an Answer to Mr. Burke's Attack on the French Revolution*, 1791. *Writings*, vol. ii, pp. 325-326.]

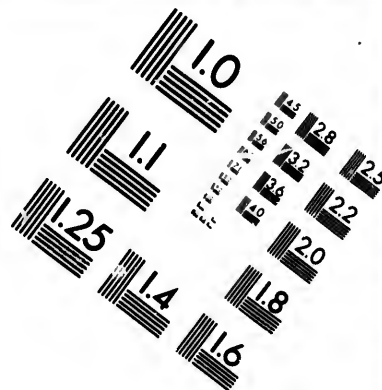
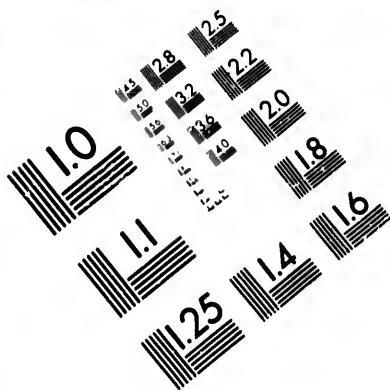
A PROFESSION OF FAITH

It has been my intention, for several years past, to publish my thoughts upon religion; I am well aware of the difficulties that attend the subject, and from that consideration, had reserved it to a more advanced period of life. I intended it to be the last offering I should make to my fellow-citizens of all nations, and that at a time when the purity of the motive that induced me to it could not admit of a question, even by those who might disapprove the work.

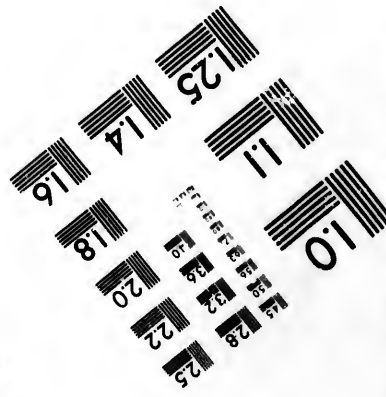
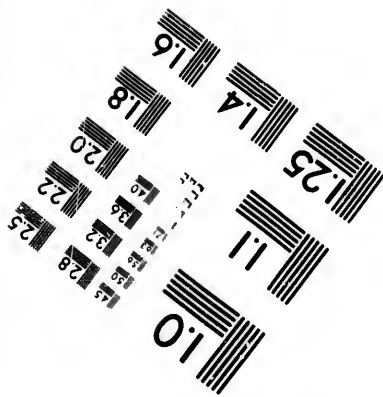
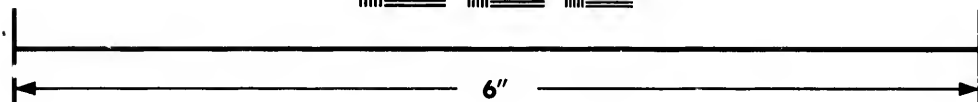
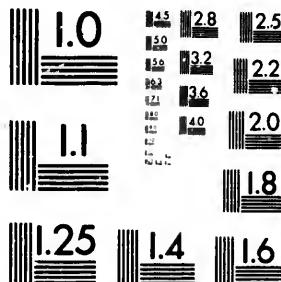
The circumstance that has now taken place in France, of the total abolition of the whole national order of priesthood, and of everything appertaining to compulsive systems of religion, and compulsive articles of faith, has not only precipitated my inten-







**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N. Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

15 28 25
18 22
20
18

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

10
12
13

© 1981

tion, but rendered a work of this kind exceedingly necessary, lest in the general wreck of superstition, of false systems of government, and false theology, we lose sight of morality, of humanity, and of the theology that is true.

As several of my colleagues, and others of my fellow-citizens of France, have given me the example of making their voluntary and individual profession of faith, I also will make mine; and I do this with all that sincerity and frankness with which the mind of man communicates with itself.

I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life.

I believe [in] the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavouring to make our fellow-creatures happy.

But, lest it should be supposed that I believe many other things in addition to these, I shall, in the progress of this work, declare the things I do not believe, and my reasons for not believing them.

I do not believe in the creed professed by the Jewish church, by the Roman church, by the Greek church, by the Turkish church, by the Protestant church, nor by any church that I know of. My own mind is my own church.

All national institutions of churches, whether Jewish, Christian, or Turkish, appear to me no other than human inventions set up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolize power and profit.

I do not mean by this declaration to condemn those who believe otherwise; they have the same right to their belief as I have to mine. But it is necessary to the happiness of man, that he be mentally faithful to himself. Infidelity does not consist in believing, or in disbelieving; it consists in professing to believe what he does not believe.

It is impossible to calculate the moral mischief, if I may so express it, that mental lying has produced in society. When a man has so far corrupted and prostituted the chastity of his mind, as to subscribe his professional belief to things he does not believe, he has prepared himself for the commission of every other crime. He takes up the trade of a priest for the sake of gain, and, in order to qualify himself for that trade, he begins with a perjury. Can we conceive anything more destructive to morality than this?

Soon after I had published the pamphlet *Common Sense*, in America, I saw the exceeding probability that a revolution in the system of government would be followed by a revolution in the system of religion. The adulterous connection of church and state, wherever it had taken place, whether Jewish, Christian, or Turkish, had so effectually prohibited, by pains and penalties, every discussion upon established creeds, and upon first principles of religion, that until the system of government should be changed, those subjects could not be brought fairly and openly before the world; but that whenever this should be done, a revolution in the system of religion would follow. Human inventions and priest-craft would be detected; and man would return to the pure, unmixed, and unadulterated belief of one God, and no more.

[*The Age of Reason*, 1794-1795, chapter i, "The Author's Profession of Faith." *Writings*, vol. iv, pp. 21-23.]

THOMAS JEFFERSON

[Thomas Jefferson was born, of a good family, at Shadwell, Albemarle Co., Va., April 13, 1743. He received an excellent education at William and Mary College, saw much of the best society, studied law under Chancellor Wythe, began its practice, and achieved at once a considerable success. At the age of twenty-six he entered the House of Burgesses, and served off and on with much distinction until the breaking out of the Revolution. He then entered Congress, where he became the chief drafter of state papers, the most important of these being the *Declaration of Independence*. After this he returned to Virginian politics, labored successfully to modify the state laws in a democratic direction, and served as governor for two years, during which period his administration was much harassed by the British. In 1783 he re-entered Congress and took part in important legislation. The next year he went to France as minister plenipotentiary, succeeding Franklin in 1785. His career as a diplomat was distinctly successful, but was cut short by his acceptance of the post of Secretary of State in Washington's first cabinet. Under the new government he was subsequently made Vice-President in 1797 and President from 1801 to 1809. His two presidential administrations were not marked by much executive strength, but the first secured to the country the vast territory of Louisiana. He was succeeded by his disciple Madison, and during his retirement at Monticello maintained his grip upon politics by his large correspondence. From 1817 to his death, on July 4, 1826, he was mainly interested in founding the University of Virginia. Throughout his old age he was looked up to as the chief political theorist and most typical republican of the country, but this public homage entailed a hospitality that left him poor. The best editions of his writings are the so-called Congressional, in nine volumes, and that of P. L. Ford, not yet complete.]

If Jefferson be judged by any single piece of work, except perhaps the *Declaration of Independence*, or by the general qualities of his style, he cannot in any fairness be termed a great writer. His *Notes on Virginia*, his only book, may be justly said to be interesting and valuable, but cannot rank high as literature. His state papers, with the exception made above, and his official reports are excellent of their kind, but their kind is not sufficiently literary to warrant any one in holding them up as models. Even his count-

less letters, while fascinating to the student of his character, are rather barren of charm when read without some ulterior purpose. In short, while Jefferson was plainly the most widely cultured of our early statesmen and was thus in a real sense a man of letters, he would be little read to-day if his fame depended either upon his authorship of a masterpiece in the shape of a book or upon his possession of a powerful or charming style.

We see at once that in at least two important respects Jefferson is inferior to Franklin as a writer. Franklin possessed a style and has given us a classic. Nor is it at all clear that, judged from the point of view of mere readability, Jefferson rises above or equals some of his contemporaries, such as Fisher Ames, or Alexander Hamilton, or his rival as a drafter of state papers, John Dickinson. Yet he was surely in one important respect a greater writer than any of these men, not even Franklin excepted. His was the most influential pen of his times upon his contemporaries, and it is to his writings that posterity turns with most interest whenever the purposes, the hopes, the fears of the great Revolutionary epoch become matters of study. If Franklin's writings reveal a personality, Jefferson's reveal, if the exaggeration may be pardoned, the aspirations and ideals of an age.

They reveal also the personality of Jefferson himself, but so subtle was that great man that we can never feel that we understand him fully. We may learn to understand, however, with fair thoroughness the theory of government that he had worked out for himself from French and English sources; we may see how every letter he wrote carried his democratic doctrines further afield; we may feel him getting a firm grasp not merely upon his contemporaries but upon generations yet to be; finally, we can observe yawning across his later writings the political chasm into which the young republic was one day to fall. But books that enable us to do all this are certainly great in their way, and so is the hand that penned their contents. Jefferson is not a Burke, yet it is as true to say that he must be read by any one who would comprehend the origin and development of American political thought, as it is to say that Burke must be read by any similar student of British political thought.

But has not Jefferson given us a masterpiece? In a book, no;

in a state paper, yes. The *Declaration of Independence*, whatever may be the justice of the criticisms directed against this and that clause or statement, is a true piece of literature, because ever since it was written it has been alive with emotion. It may have charged George III with crimes he never committed, but even if we were to view it as pure fiction (which it is not), it would nevertheless, though we were to read it a thousand times, stir every one of us that loves liberty and his native land and has a sense for the rhetoric of denunciation and aspiration. It answers the chief practical tests of good literature — the test of contemporaneous popularity at home and abroad, and the test of current popular appreciation. The man who drafted such a document knew the spirit of his own people and could express it to their satisfaction; to deny him literary power of a high order would therefore be pedantic.

In conclusion, while we are abundantly justified in including Jefferson in any volume devoted to the important prose-writers of America, we should not be justified in proposing his writings as models for any student of English. Our national taste has changed, and the fervent eloquence of the *Declaration* would be distinctly out of place to-day. If we wrote letters to the same extent that our ancestors did, we should still need to set before ourselves writers of more ease and freedom and charm than Jefferson, if we wished to produce upon our own contemporaries a tithe of the influence he managed to convey in his somewhat cumbrous and stiff though very subtle fashion. This is only to say that the art of writing prose has made great strides since Jefferson's time; but we must not forget that, if his pen was not that of a chastened writer, it was *par excellence* that of a ready and wonderfully effective one.

W. P. TRENT

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

A DECLARATION by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA in General Congress assembled.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with inherent and inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their happiness. Prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes: and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations begun at a distinguished period and pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to expunge their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of unremitting injuries and usurpations, among which appears no solitary fact to contradict the uniform tenor of the rest; but all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To

prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world, for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good :

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained, and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people unless those people would relinquish the right of representation, in the legislature, a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, and uncomfortable and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative houses repeatedly and continually for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the right of the people :

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise, the state remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without and convulsions within :

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states, for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners ; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither ; and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands :

He has suffered the administration of justice totally to cease in some of these states, refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers :

He has made judges dependant on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices and the amount and payment of their salaries :

He has erected a multitude of new offices by a self assumed power and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance :

He has kept among us in times of peace, standing armies and ships of war without the consent of our legislatures :

He has affected to render the military, independent of and superior to the civil power :

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation, for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us ; for protecting them by a mock trial from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states ; for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world ; for imposing taxes on us without our consent ; for depriving us in many cases of the benefits of trial by jury ; for transporting us beyond the seas to be tried for pretended offences ; for abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies ; for taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and fundamentally the forms of our governments, for suspending our own legislatures and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever :

He has abdicated government here, withdrawing his governors, and declaring us out of his allegiance and protection.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns and destroyed the lives of our people :

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy unworthy the head of a civilized nation :

He has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions of existence :

He has incited treasonable insurrections of our fellow-citizens, with the allurements of forfeiture and confiscation of our property :

He has constrained others, taken captive on the high seas to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands :

He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating

its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of distant people, who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where Men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce: and that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them by murdering the people upon whom he also obtruded them; thus paying off former crime committed against the liberties of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a people who mean to be free. Future ages will scarce believe that the hardiness of one man adventured within the short compass of twelve years only, to build a foundation, so broad and undisguised for tyranny over a people fostered and fixed in principles of freedom.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over these our states. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here, no one of which could warrant so strange a pretension: that these were effected at the expence of our own blood and treasure, unassisted by the wealth or strength of Great Britain: that in constituting indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted a common king, thereby laying a foundation for perpetual league and amity with them: but that submission to their parliament was no part of our constitution nor ever in idea, if history be credited; and we have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, as well as to the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations which were likely

to interrupt our connection and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity, and when occasions have been given them, by the regular course of their laws of removing from their councils the disturbers of our harmony, they have by their free elections re-established them in power. At this very time they are permitting their chief magistrate to send over not only soldiers of our own blood, but Scotch and other foreign mercenaries, to invade and destroy us. These facts have given the last stab to agonizing affections, and manly spirit bids to renounce forever these unfeeling brethren. We must endeavor to forget our former love for them, to hold them as we hold the rest of mankind enemies in war, in peace friends.

We might have been a free and a great people together; but a communication of grandeur and of freedom it seems, is below their dignity. Be it so, since they will have it: the road to happiness and to glory is open to us too; we will climb it apart from them, and acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our eternal separation!

We therefore the representatives of the United States in General Congress assembled in the name and by the authority of the good people of these states, reject and renounce all allegiance and subjection to the kings of Great Britain and all others who may hereafter claim by, through, or under them; we utterly dissolve all political connection which may heretofore have subsisted between us and the people or parliament of Great Britain, and finally we do assert and declare these colonies to be free and independant, and that as free and independant states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

[Jefferson's draft of the *Declaration of Independence* as preserved in the Department of State. It is here reprinted from P. L. Ford's *Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, vol. ii, pp. 42-58, by permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN

[Charles Brockden Brown was born in Philadelphia, Jan. 17, 1771, and died in the same city, of consumption, Feb. 22, 1810. By his own statement, made in a letter written just before his death, we learn that he never had more than one continuous half-hour of perfect health. In spite of his short life and his ill-health he accomplished much. At first he studied law, but abandoned it for literature. He was a frequent contributor to the magazines of the time and was himself the editor of the *Monthly Magazine and American Review* (1799), and the *Literary Magazine and American Register* (1803-8). His first published work, *The Dialogue of Alcuin* (1797), dealt with questions of marriage and divorce, and he was also the author of several essays on political, historical, and geographical subjects. His novels followed each other with astonishing rapidity: *Sky Walk; or the Man Unknown to Himself* (1798, not published), *Wieland; or the Transformation* (1798), *Ormond; or the Secret Witness* (1799), *Arthur Mervyn; or Memoirs of the Year 1793* (1799-1800), *Edgar Huntly; or Memoirs of a Sleep-Walker* (1801), *Jane Talbot* (1801), and *Clara Howard; or the Enthusiasm of Love* (1801). They met with an equally astonishing success, and constitute the first important contribution to American fiction. The standard text of Brown's works, based on early editions, is that published by David McKay, and from this, with his permission, the extracts are reprinted.]

WHEN, in 1834, the historian Jared Sparks undertook the publication of a *Library of American Biography*, he included in the very first volume — with a literary instinct most creditable to one so absorbed in the severer paths of history — a memoir of Charles Brockden Brown. It was an appropriate tribute to the first imaginative writer worth mentioning in America, and to one who was our first professional author. He was also the first to exert a positive influence, across the Atlantic, upon British literature, laying thus early a few modest strands towards an ocean-cable of thought. As a result of this influence concealed doors opened in lonely houses, fatal epidemics laid cities desolate, secret plots were organized, unknown persons from foreign lands died in garrets leaving large sums of money; the honor of innocent women

was constantly endangered, though usually saved in time; people were subject to somnambulism and general frenzy; vast conspiracies were organized with small aims and smaller results. His books, published between 1798 and 1801, made their way across the ocean with a promptness that now seems inexplicable; and Mrs. Shelley in her novel of *The Last Man* founds her description of an epidemic on "the masterly delineations of the author of *Arthur Mervyn*."

Shelley himself recognized his obligations to Brown; and it is to be remembered that Brown himself was evidently familiar with Godwin's philosophical writings, and that he may have drawn from those of Mary Wollstonecraft his advanced views as to the rights and education of women, a subject on which his first book, *Alcuin*, provided the earliest American protest. Undoubtedly his books furnished a point of transition from Mrs. Radcliffe, of whom he disapproved, to the modern novel of realism, although his immediate influence and, so to speak, his stage properties, can hardly be traced later than the remarkable tale, also by a Philadelphian, called *Stanley; or the Man of the World*, first published in 1839 in London, though the scene was laid in America. This book was attributed, from its profuse literary information, to Edward Everett, but was soon understood to be the work of a very young man of twenty-one, Horace Binney Wallace. In this book the influence of Bulwer and Disraeli is palpable, but Brown's concealed chambers and aimless conspiracies and sudden mysterious deaths also reappear in full force, not without some lingering power, and then vanish from American literature forever.

Brown's style, and especially the language put by him into the mouths of his characters, is perhaps unduly characterized by Professor Woodberry as being "something never heard off the stage of melodrama." What this able critic does not sufficiently recognize is that the general style of the period at which they were written was itself melodramatic, and that to substitute what we should call simplicity would then have made the picture unfaithful. One has only to read over the private letters of any educated family of that period to see that people did not then express themselves as they now do; that they were far more ornate in utterance, more involved in statement, more impassioned in speech.

Even a comparatively terse writer like Prescott, in composing Brown's biography only sixty years ago, shows traces of the earlier period. Instead of stating simply that his hero was a born Quaker, he says of him: "He was descended from a highly respectable family, whose parents were of that estimable sect who came over with William Penn, to seek an asylum where they might worship their Creator unmolested, in the meek and humble spirit of their own faith." Prescott justly criticises Brown for saying, "I was *fraught with the apprehension* that my life was endangered;" or "his brain seemed to swell beyond its *continent*;" or "I drew every bolt that *appended* to it," or "on recovering from *deliquium*, you found it where it had been dropped;" or for resorting to the circumlocution of saying, "by a common apparatus that lay beside my head I could produce a light," when he really meant that he had a tinderbox. The criticism is fair enough, yet Prescott himself presently takes us half way back to the florid vocabulary of that period, when, instead of merely saying that his hero was fond of reading, he tells us that "from his earliest childhood Brown gave evidence of studious propensities, being frequently noticed by his father on his return from school poring over some heavy tome." If the tome in question was Johnson's dictionary, as it may have been, it would explain both Brown's phraseology and the milder amplifications of his biographer. Nothing is more difficult to tell, in the fictitious literature of even a generation or two ago, where a faithful delineation ends and where caricature begins. The four-story signatures of Micawber's letters, as represented by Dickens, go but little beyond the similar courtesies employed in a gentleman's letters in the days of Anna Seward. All we can say is that within a century, for some cause or other, English speech has grown very much simpler, and human happiness has increased in proportion.

In the preface to his second novel (*Edgar Huntly*) Brown announces it as his primary purpose to be American in theme, "to exhibit a series of adventures growing out of our own country," adding "That the field of investigation opened to us by our own country should differ essentially from those which exist in Europe may be readily conceived." He protests against "puerile superstition and exploded manners, Gothic castles and chimeras," and

adds: "The incidents of Indian hostility and the perils of the western wilderness are far more suitable." All this is admirable, but unfortunately the inherited thoughts and methods of the period hung round him to cloy his style, even after his aim was emancipated. It is to be remembered that almost all his imaginative work was done in early life, before the age of thirty and before his powers became mature. Yet with all his drawbacks he had achieved his end, and had laid the foundation for American fiction.

With all his inflation of style, he was undoubtedly, in his way, a careful observer. The proof of this is that he has preserved for us many minor points of life and manners which make the Philadelphia of a century ago now more familiar to us than is any other American city of that period. He gives us the roving Indian; the newly arrived French musician with violin and monkey; the one-story farm-houses, where boarders are entertained at a dollar a week; the gray cougar amid caves of limestone. We learn from him "the dangers and toils of a midnight journey in a stage coach in America. The roads are knee deep in mire, winding through crags and pits, while the wheels groan and totter and the curtain and roof admit the wet at a thousand seams." We learn the proper costume for a youth of good fortune and family, — "nankeen coat striped with green, a white silk waistcoat elegantly needle-wrought, cassimere pantaloons, stockings of variegated silk, and shoes that in their softness vie with satin." When dressing himself, this favored youth ties his flowing locks with a black ribbon. We find from him that "stage boats" then crossed twice a day from New York to Staten Island, and we discover also with some surprise that negroes were freely admitted to ride in stages in Pennsylvania, although they were liable, half a century later, to be ejected from street-cars. We learn also that there were negro free schools in Philadelphia. All this was before 1801.

It has been common to say that Brown had no literary skill, but it would be truer to say that he had no sense of literary construction. So far as skill is tested by the power to pique curiosity, Brown had it; his chapters almost always end at a point of especial interest, and the next chapter, postponing the solution, often

diverts the interest in a wholly new direction. But literary structure there is none: the plots are always cumulative and even oppressive; narrative is enclosed in narrative; new characters and complications come and go, while important personages disappear altogether, and are perhaps fished up with difficulty, as with a hook and line, on the very last page. There is also a total lack of humor, and only such efforts at vivacity as this: "Move on, my quill! wait not for my guidance. Reanimated with thy master's spirit, all airy light. A heyday rapture! A mounting impulse sways him; lifts him from the earth." There is so much of monotony in the general method, that one novel seems to stand for all; and the same modes of solution reappear so often — somnambulism, ventriloquism, yellow fever, forged letters, concealed money, secret closets — that it not only gives a sense of puerility, but makes it very difficult to recall, as to any particular passage, from which book it came.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

ADVENTURE WITH A GRAY COUGAR.

WHILE thus occupied with these reflections, my eyes were fixed upon the opposite steeps. The tops of the trees, waving to and fro in the wildest commotion, and their trunks, occasionally bending to the blast, which, in these lofty regions, blew with a violence unknown in the tracts below, exhibited an awful spectacle. At length, my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay across the gulf, and which I had converted into a bridge. I perceived that it had already somewhat swerved from its original position, that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibres by which its roots were connected with the opposite bank, and that, if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being torn from the rock and precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut off, and the evils from which I was endeavouring to rescue another would be experienced by myself.

I did not just then reflect that Clithero had found access to this hill by other means, and that the avenue by which he came would be equally commodious to me. I believed my destiny to hang upon the expedition with which I should recross this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in its place by one or two fibres which were already stretched almost to breaking.

To pass along the trunk, rendered slippery by the wet and unsteady by the wind, was imminently dangerous. To maintain my hold, in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak, and of the volume which I carried in the pocket of my cloak. I believed there was no reason to dread their being destroyed or purloined, if left, for a few hours or a day, in this recess. If left beside a stone, under shelter of this cliff, they would, no doubt, remain unmolested till the disappearance of the storm should permit me to revisit this spot in the afternoon or on the morrow.

Just as I had disposed of these encumbrances and had risen from my seat, my attention was again called to the opposite steep, by the most unwelcome object that, at this time, could possibly

occur. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which, for a time, I hoped was no more than a raccoon or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a panther. His gray coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry which he at that moment uttered, and which, by its resemblance to the human voice, is peculiarly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferocious and untamable of that detested race.¹

The industry of our hunters has nearly banished animals of prey from these precincts. The fastnesses of Norwalk, however, could not but afford refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely, that my fears were seldom alive, and I trod, without caution, the ruggedest and most solitary haunts. Still, however, I had seldom been unfurnished in my rambles with the means of defence.

My temper never delighted in carnage and blood. I found no pleasure in plunging into bogs, wading through rivulets, and penetrating thickets, for the sake of dispatching woodcocks and squirrels. To watch their gambols and fittings, and invite them to my hand, was my darling amusement when loitering among the woods and the rocks. It was much otherwise, however, with regard to rattlesnakes and panthers. Those I thought it no breach of duty to exterminate wherever they could be found. These judicious and sanguinary spoilers were equally the enemies of man and of the harmless race that sported in the trees, and many of their skins are still preserved by me as trophies of my juvenile prowess.

As hunting was never my trade or sport, I never loaded myself with fowling-piece or rifle. Assiduous exercise had made me master of a weapon of much easier carriage, and, within a moderate distance, more destructive and unerring. This was the tomahawk. With this I have often severed an oak-branch, and cut the sinews of a catamount, at the distance of sixty feet.

The unfrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, and the encumbrance of provision, made me neglect, on this occasion, to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now

¹ The gray cougar. This animal has all the essential characteristics of a tiger. Though somewhat inferior in size and strength, these are such as to make him equally formidable to man. — *Author's Note.*

before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon the man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferocity. His sagacity was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed and prepared for defence.

My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my danger. He sat on the brow of the steep, eyeing the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should cross it. It was probable that he had scented my footsteps thus far, and, should he pass over, his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asylum. The pit into which Clithero had sunk from my view was at some distance. To reach it was the first impulse of my fear, but this could not be done without exciting the observation and pursuit of this enemy. I deeply regretted the untoward chance that had led me, when I first came over, to a different shelter.

Should he retain his present station, my danger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk, which had lately been so anxiously deprecated, was now, with no less solicitude, desired. Every new gust, I hoped, would tear asunder its remaining bands, and by cutting off all communication between the opposite steeps, place me in security.

My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. The fibres of the prostrate tree were obstinately tenacious of their hold, and presently the animal scrambled down the rock and proceeded to cross it.

Of all kinds of death, that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die of disease, or by the hand of a fellow-creature, was propitious and lenient in comparison with being rent to pieces by the fangs of this savage. To perish in this obscure retreat, by means so impervious to the anxious curiosity of my friends, to lose my portion of existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplored my rashness in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had leisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his

claws so deeply into the bark that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length he leaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarcely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me, the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was this grim and terrific visage. I shrunk still closer to the ground and closed my eyes.

From this pause of horror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He leaped into the pit, in which I had so deeply regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyond my belief or my hope, that I doubted, for a moment, whether my senses did not deceive me. This opportunity of escape was not to be neglected. I left my place, and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which had liked to have proved fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew with unexampled violence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock, and the whole fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder on my hairbreadth escape, and on that singular concurrence of events which had placed me, in so short a period, in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill or thrown headlong. Had its fall been delayed another moment, I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from his den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens the sight of which made my blood run cold.

He saw me, and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind-legs and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh by these appearances. It seemed at first as if the rift was too wide for any power of muscles to carry him in safety over; but I knew the unparalleled agility of this animal, and that his experience had made him a better judge of the practicability of this exploit than I was. Still there was hope that he would relinquish this design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an end. He sprang, and his fore-legs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of vehement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too

hard to allow him to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry, uttered below, showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom.

[From *Edgar Huntly; or the Memoirs of a Sleep-Walker*, 1801, chapter 12. The text of this extract and those that follow is, with the permission of the publisher, that of the edition issued in 1887, by David McKay, Philadelphia. It is based on that of the original editions.]

SCENE AMONG INDIANS

Before a resolution could be formed, a new sound saluted my ear. It was a deep groan, succeeded by sobs that seemed struggling for utterance but were vehemently counteracted by the sufferer. This low and bitter lamentation apparently proceeded from some one within the cave. It could not be from one of this swarthy band. It must, then, proceed from a captive, whom they had reserved for torment or servitude, and who had seized the opportunity afforded by the absence of him that watched to give vent to his despair.

I again thrust my head forward, and beheld, lying on the ground, apart from the rest, and bound hand and foot, a young girl. Her dress was the coarse russet garb of the country, and bespoke her to be some farmer's daughter. Her features denoted the last degree of fear and anguish, and she moved her limbs in such a manner as showed that the ligatures by which she was confined produced, by their tightness, the utmost degree of pain.

My wishes were now bent not only to preserve myself and to frustrate the future attempts of these savages, but likewise to relieve this miserable victim. This could only be done by escaping from the cavern and returning with seasonable aid. The sobs of the girl were likely to rouse the sleepers. My appearance before her would prompt her to testify her surprise by some exclamation or shriek. What could hence be predicted but that the band would start on their feet and level their unerring pieces at my head?

I know not why I was insensible to these dangers. My thirst was rendered by these delays intolerable. It took from me, in some degree, the power of deliberation. The murmurs which

had drawn me hither continued still to be heard. Some torrent or cascade could not be far distant from the entrance of the cavern, and it seemed as if one draught of cold water was a luxury cheaply purchased by death itself. This, in addition to considerations more disinterested, and which I have already mentioned, impelled me forward.

The girl's cheek rested on the hard rock, and her eyes were dim with tears. As they were turned towards me, however, I hoped that my movements would be noticed by her gradually and without abruptness. This expectation was fulfilled. I had not advanced many steps before she discovered me. This moment was critical beyond all others in the course of my existence. My life was suspended, as it were, by a spider's thread. All rested on the effect which this discovery should make upon this feeble victim.

I was watchful of the first movement of her eye which should indicate a consciousness of my presence. I labored, by gestures and looks, to deter her from betraying her emotion. My attention was, at the same time, fixed upon the sleepers, and an anxious glance was cast towards the quarter whence the watchful savage might appear.

I stooped and seized the musket and hatchet. The space beyond the fire was, as I expected, open to the air. I issued forth with trembling steps. The sensations inspired by the dangers which environed me, added to my recent horrors, and the influence of the moon, which had now gained the zenith, and whose lustre dazzled my long-benighted senses, cannot be adequately described.

For a minute, I was unable to distinguish objects. This confusion was speedily corrected, and I found myself on the verge of a steep. Craggy eminences arose on all sides. On the left hand was a space that offered some footing, and hither I turned. A torrent was below me, and this path appeared to lead to it. It quickly appeared in sight, and all foreign cares were, for a time, suspended.

This water fell from the upper regions of the hill, upon a flat projecture which was continued on either side, and on part of which I was now standing. The path was bounded on the left by an inaccessible wall, and on the right terminated, at the distance

of two or three feet from the wall, in a precipice. The water was eight or ten paces distant, and no impediment seemed likely to rise between us. I rushed forward with speed. My progress was quickly checked. Close to the falling water, seated on the edge, his back supported by the rock, and his legs hanging over the precipice, I now beheld the savage who left the cave before me. The noise of the cascade and the improbability of interruption, at least from this quarter, had made him inattentive to my motions.

I paused. Along this verge lay the only road by which I could reach the water, and by which I could escape. The passage was completely occupied by this antagonist. To advance towards him, or to remain where I was, would produce the same effect. I should, in either case, be detected. He was unarmed; but his outcries would instantly summon his companions to his aid. I could not hope to overpower him, and pass him in defiance of his opposition. But, if this were effected, pursuit would be instantly commenced. I was unacquainted with the way. The way was unquestionably difficult. My strength was nearly annihilated; I should be overtaken in a moment, or their deficiency in speed would be supplied by the accuracy of their aim. Their bullets, at least, would reach me.

There was one method of removing this impediment. The piece which I held in my hand was cocked. There could be no doubt that it was loaded. A precaution of this kind would never be omitted by a warrior of this hue. At a greater distance than this, I should not fear to reach the mark. Should I not discharge it, and at the same moment, rush forward to secure the road which my adversary's death would open to me?

Perhaps you will conceive a purpose like this to have argued a sanguinary and murderous disposition. Let it be remembered, however, that I entertained no doubts about the hostile designs of these men. This was sufficiently indicated by their arms, their guise, and the captive who attended them. Let the fate of my parents be, likewise, remembered. I was not certain but that these very men were the assassins of my family, and were those who had reduced me and my sisters to the condition of orphans and dependants. No words can describe the torments of my thirst. Relief to these torments, and safety to my life, were within view. How

could I hesitate? Yet I did hesitate. My aversion to bloodshed was not to be subdued but by the direst necessity. I knew, indeed, that the discharge of a musket would only alarm the enemies who remained behind; but I had another and a better weapon in my grasp. I could rive the head of my adversary, and cast him headlong, without any noise which should be heard, into the cavern.

Still I was willing to withdraw, to re-enter the cave, and take shelter in the darksome recesses from which I had emerged. Here I might remain, unsuspected, till these detested guests should depart. The hazards attending my re-entrance were to be boldly encountered, and the torments of unsatisfied thirst were to be patiently endured, rather than imbrue my hands in the blood of my fellowmen. But this expedient would be ineffectual if my retreat should be observed by this savage. Of that I was bound to be incontestably assured. I retreated, therefore, but kept my eye fixed at the same time upon the enemy.

Some ill fate decreed that I should not retreat unobserved. Scarcely had I withdrawn three paces when he started from his seat, and, turning towards me, walked with a quick pace. The shadow of the rock, and the improbability of meeting an enemy here, concealed me for a moment from his observation. I stood still. The slightest motion would have attracted his notice. At present, the narrow space engaged all his vigilance. Cautious footsteps, and attention to the path, were indispensable to his safety. The respite was momentary, and I employed it in my own defence.

How otherwise could I act? The danger that impended aimed at nothing less than my life. To take the life of another was the only method of averting it. The means were in my hand, and they were used. In an extremity like this, my muscles would have acted almost in defiance of my will.

The stroke was quick as lightning, and the wound mortal and deep. He had not time to descry the author of his fate, but, sinking on the path, expired without a groan. The hatchet buried itself in his breast, and rolled with him to the bottom of the precipice.

Never before had I taken the life of a human creature. On this head I had, indeed, entertained somewhat of religious scruples. These scruples did not forbid me to defend myself, but

they made me cautious and reluctant to decide. Though they could not withhold my hand when urged by a necessity like this, they were sufficient to make me look back upon the deed with remorse and dismay.

I did not escape all compunction in the present instance, but the tumult of my feelings was quickly allayed. To quench my thirst was a consideration by which all others were supplanted. I approached the torrent, and not only drank copiously, but laved my head, neck, and arms, in this delicious element.

[*Edgar Huntly*, 1801, chapter 16.]

PHILADELPHIA DURING THE YELLOW FEVER

These meditations did not enfeeble my resolution, or slacken my pace. In proportion as I drew near the city, the tokens of its calamitous condition became more apparent. Every farm-house was filled with supernumerary tenants, fugitives from home, and haunting the skirts of the road, eager to detain every passenger with inquiries after news. The passengers were numerous; for the tide of emigration was by no means exhausted. Some were on foot, bearing in their countenances the tokens of their recent terror, and filled with mournful reflections on the forlornness of their state. Few had secured to themselves an asylum; some were without the means of paying for victuals or lodgings for the coming night; others, who were not thus destitute, yet knew not whither to apply for entertainment, every house being already overstocked with inhabitants, or barring its inhospitable doors at their approach.

Families of weeping mothers and dismayed children, attended with a few pieces of indispensable furniture, were carried in vehicles of every form. The parent or husband had perished; and the price of some movable, or the pittance handed forth by public charity, had been expended to purchase the means of retiring from this theatre of disasters, though uncertain and hopeless of accommodation in the neighbouring districts.

Between these and the fugitives whom curiosity had led to the road, dialogues frequently took place, to which I was suffered to

listen. From every mouth the tale of sorrow was repeated with new aggravations. Pictures of their own distress, or of that of their neighbours, were exhibited in all the hues which imagination can annex to pestilence and poverty.

My preconceptions of the evil now appeared to have fallen short of the truth. The dangers into which I was rushing seemed more numerous and imminent than I had previously imagined. I wavered not in my purpose. A panic crept to my heart, which more vehement exertions were necessary to subdue or control; but I harboured not a momentary doubt that the course which I had taken was prescribed by duty. There was no difficulty or reluctance in proceeding. All for which my efforts were demanded was to walk in this path without tumult or alarm.

Various circumstances had hindered me from setting out upon this journey as early as was proper. My frequent pauses to listen to the narratives of travellers contributed likewise to procrastination. The sun had nearly set before I reached the precincts of the city. I pursued the track which I had formerly taken, and entered High Street after nightfall.

Instead of equipages and a throng of passengers, the voice of levity and glee, which I had formerly observed, and which the mildness of the season would, at other times, have produced, I found nothing but a dreary solitude.

The market-place, and each side of this magnificent avenue, were illuminated, as before, by lamps; but between the verge of Schuylkill and the heart of the city I met not more than a dozen figures; and these were ghostlike, wrapped in cloaks, from behind which they cast upon me glances of wonder and suspicion, and as I approached, changed their course, to avoid touching me. Their clothes were sprinkled with vinegar, and their nostrils defended from contagion by some powerful perfume.

I cast a look upon the houses, which I recollected to have formerly been, at this hour, brilliant with lights, resounding with lively voices, and thronged with busy faces. Now they were closed, above and below; dark, and without tokens of being inhabited. From the upper windows of some, a gleam sometimes fell upon the pavement I was traversing, and showed that their tenants had not fled, but were secluded or disabled.

These tokens were new, and awakened all my panics. Death seemed to hover over this scene, and I dreaded that the floating pestilence had already lighted on my frame. I had scarcely overcome these tremors, when I approached a house the door of which was opened, and before which stood a vehicle, which I presently recognized to be a *hearse*.

The driver was seated on it. I stood still to mark his visage, and to observe the course which he proposed to take. Presently a coffin, borne by two men, issued from the house. The driver was a negro; but his companions were white. Their features were marked by ferocious indifference to danger or pity. One of them, as he assisted in thrusting the coffin into the cavity provided for it, said, "I'll be damned if I think the poor dog was quite dead. It wasn't the *fever* that ailed him, but the sight of the girl and her mother on the floor. I wonder how they all got into that room. What carried them there?" The other surlily muttered, "Their legs, to-be-sure." "But what should they hug together in one room for?"

"To save us trouble, to-be-sure."

"And I thank them with all my heart; but, damn it, it wasn't right to put him in his coffin before the breath was fairly gone. I thought the last look he gave me told me to stay a few minutes."

"Pshaw! He could not live. The sooner dead the better for him; as well as for us. Did you mark how he eyed us when we carried away his wife and daughter? I never cried in my life, since I was knee-high, but curse me if I ever felt in better tune for the business than just then. Hey!" continued he, looking up, and observing me standing a few paces distant, and listening to their discourse; "what's wanted? Anybody dead?"

I stayed not to answer or parley, but hurried forward. My joints trembled, and cold drops stood on my forehead. I was ashamed of my own infirmity; and, by vigorous efforts of my reason, regained some degree of composure. The evening had now advanced, and it behooved me to procure accommodation at some of the inns.

These were easily distinguished by their *signs*, but many were without inhabitants. At length I lighted upon one, the hall of which was open and the windows lifted. After knocking for some

time, a young girl appeared, with many marks of distress. In answer to my question, she answered that both her parents were sick, and that they could receive no one. I inquired, in vain, for any other tavern at which strangers might be accommodated. She knew of none such, and left me, on some one's calling to her from above, in the midst of my embarrassment. After a moment's pause, I returned, discomfited and perplexed, to the street.

I proceeded, in a considerable degree, at random. At length I reached a spacious building in Fourth Street, which the sign-post showed me to be an inn. I knocked loudly and often at the door. At length a female opened the window of the second story, and, in a tone of peevishness, demanded what I wanted. I told her that I wanted lodging.

"Go hunt for it somewhere else," said she; "you'll find none here." I began to expostulate; but she shut the window with quickness, and left me to my own reflections.

I began now to feel some regret at the journey I had taken. Never, in the depth of caverns or forests, was I equally conscious of loneliness. I was surrounded by the habitations of men; but I was destitute of associate or friend. I had money, but a horse-shelter, or a morsel of food could not be purchased. I came for the purpose of relieving others, but stood in the utmost need myself. Even in health my condition was helpless and forlorn; but what would become of me should this fatal malady be contracted? To hope that an asylum would be afforded to a sick man, which was denied to one in health, was unreasonable.

[*Arthur Mervyn; or Memoirs of the Year 1793, 1799-1800*, chapter 15.]

DANIEL WEBSTER

[Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, N.H., Jan. 18, 1782. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1801, was admitted to the bar in 1805, and soon became prominent as an advocate and as an orator. He was elected to the lower house of Congress for the first time in 1813, and again in 1815 and 1823. In 1827 he entered the Senate, serving there until President Harrison appointed him Secretary of State in 1841. Resigning in 1843, after concluding the important Ashburton Treaty with England, he re-entered the Senate in 1845. In 1850, he was once more appointed Secretary of State by President Fillmore. He died at his home in Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1852. The standard edition of his works, the text of which is followed in this volume, is that of 1851. The best biography is that by George Ticknor Curtis.

DANIEL WEBSTER was beyond all question the greatest of American orators; in the opinion of many students of oratorical style, he pronounced at least one oration that surpasses any other recorded specimen of human eloquence. He was, indeed, peculiarly and uniquely fortunate both in his natural gifts and in the circumstances of his remarkable career. There have been orators like Burke, whose elocution was noble in diction and weighty in thought, yet whose impressiveness was marred by the speaker's own physical insignificance or by an imperfect delivery; there have been still others who, like Henry Clay, produced upon their immediate hearers an effect that was almost wholly due to charm of utterance and of manner; but very seldom has it been given to any one to unite, in perfect balance and proportion, the physical, the intellectual, and the emotional attributes that raise their possessor to the rank of a great master of eloquence.

Webster, however, had all the natural gifts and all the acquired graces that go to the endowment of the ideal orator. A man of stately presence, and with a face indicative of extraordinary power, his manner was at once easy and unaffected, yet stately and majestic. His intellectual gifts were no less striking, — a marvellous memory richly stored with facts and illustrations

drawn from a large experience and the widest reading, a keenly active, vigorous, and logical mind that pierced through the outer shell of any question and touched at once its very core, an unfailing fund of common sense and perfect reasonableness, a tact and taste that never made rhetorical mistakes nor allowed him for a moment to go too far, and finally a persuasive human sympathy that imparted to his stateliest and most massive utterances a warmth and glow and color such as vivified them and made them speak to the emotions as well as to the intellect. His voice was wonderful in its range and quality. It carried his lightest words with perfect ease to the farthest limits of the vast audiences that heard him, and it had at once an exquisite beauty of tone and a sonorous organ-quality that, in the supreme moments of his oratory, was instinct with an indescribably thrilling power.

Webster was no less fortunate in the time and circumstances of his remarkable career. The period of our national history extending from the close of the War of 1812 to the year of his death was a period when the most vital issues were flung into the political arena. These issues involved the broadest questions of constitutional interpretation, and they touched alike the popular heart and the chords of conscience; so that both intellect and sentiment were aroused by their discussion, and the whole nation watched with the intensest eagerness the forensic battle that sprang out of them. The Senate of the United States was for forty years a battle-ground toward which every eye was turned to note each phase of the struggle and to judge each combatant; and hence all who contended there did so with a knowledge that whether they achieved success or failure the result would at once be recognized by their countrymen. And this knowledge, coupled with the importance of the issues that were at stake, made it inevitable that the very ablest statesmen, the foremost orators, and the most acute debaters should be pitted there against each other. Here again was Webster fortunate; for under different conditions the natural indolence of his temperament might never have been wholly cast aside, but might have been allowed to obscure and leave untested the tremendous powers that were slumbering beneath it. With antagonists whose intellectual gifts were almost equal to his own, and with the ardor of emulation always intensely

stimulated, Webster was compelled to put forth every atom of his strength. He was throughout his whole senatorial career a giant roused to conflict, a champion always fully armed and ready at any moment to meet all challengers and give instant battle for the cause that he had made his own.

But most of all was Webster fortunate in the cause itself. Entering the Senate at a time when the momentous struggle was beginning between those who viewed the State as a federation of independent sovereignties linked together for purposes of expediency alone, and those who regarded it as a united nation whose constituent parts had been welded together into an imperishable unity, it was with the latter that Webster ranged himself at once, and he at once became their acknowledged chief. Therefore, throughout the rest of his career he stood forth as the unflinching champion of the national ideal, one whose every utterance appealed in some way to the pride of nationality and to the desire of the people to be great and strong and magnificent; and he pictured this ideal in such splendid colors, and he made it seem so real, so stately, and so glorious that in the end the majority of his countrymen accepted it as their own and held to it unflinchingly when at the last it had to stand the final test of war.

Webster's style had about it always something Roman in its spirit and expression. It was always strong and stately, always noble and majestic, always virile and intensely masterful. Yet there was no heaviness about it, as there was about the style of Benton; his thought flashed through it all with a certain lithe alertness that is seldom joined to so much pomp and pageantry. Technically described in the language of ancient rhetorical criticism, it was a perfect example of the "Rhodian" style,—the middle style, as distinguished from the florid "Asiatic" manner of orators like Legaré and Thomas Corwin, and from the Attic simplicity of his lifelong antagonist Calhoun. The closest parallel to it is to be found in the oratory of Cicero. Its rhetoric is as perfect in its choice of phrase, in its marshalling of the sentences, in the rhythmical swing of its cadences, and in the beauty and exquisite fitness of its imagery. Yet it is far superior to Cicero's in this, that we are never conscious in Webster of that combination of weakness and insincerity, of pose and special pleading which the

Ciceronian oratory exhibits, nor of the cheap facility of the trained advocate, who can argue with equal plausibility on any side of every question. Webster was always intensely in earnest; the note of perfect conviction dominates his utterances; and there is an undercurrent of the passion that stirs the blood and gives enduring vitality to the words and thoughts of the inspired orator.

The Websterian style, whether it be studied in the legal or in the forensic oratory of its master, or in his formal correspondence, will be found to show at all times the same essential characteristics, though with modifications to suit the occasion or the personality of his auditors. In his legal oratory he is simpler and more direct than elsewhere; in his great senatorial speeches he is more rhetorical and splendid; in his correspondence he is more terse and pointed; yet he is always Roman.

The grandest and most magnificent of all his orations is the celebrated reply to Hayne, which was pronounced at the climax of a great national debate, on an occasion of intense dramatic interest, and under circumstances which suggest a gladiatorial combat, with the whole nation as spectators. Of this oration no words can exaggerate the importance or the power. It is indeed, to borrow a phrase of Quintilian, less a creation of eloquence than the very voice of eloquence itself. Every quality of the born orator is seen in it — the art of arrangement, the symmetrical development of the central thought, the effective marshalling of facts, the grace of diction, the beauty of imagery, and, in the grand peroration, the whole power and sustained magnificence of a great imaginative intellect aflame with passion, yet conscious of its own irresistible strength, so that it does not hurry, but sweeps along with an ever-increasing impetus, until it carries all before it, and ends in a burst of stirring music that is overwhelming in its sublimity and splendor. This oration must stand as the supreme example of successful oratory, since its words are as thrilling to-day as at the very moment when they were first spoken; and from that moment they became a living power in our political life; for, declaimed by every schoolboy throughout the land, they sank down deep into the national consciousness, and thus in the end profoundly influenced the whole future of our national history.

HARRY THURSTON PECK

THE EXAMPLE OF OUR COUNTRY

And now, let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit which the example of our country has produced, and is likely to produce, on human freedom and human happiness. Let us endeavor to comprehend in all its magnitude, and to feel in all its importance, the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws, and a just administration.

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves, or as better suited to existing condition, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is, to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world. If, in our case, the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed, that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are excitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief, that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, in form perhaps not always for the better, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country any other is impossible. The *principle* of free governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it, immovable as its mountains.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this

generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration for ever!

[From *The Bunker Hill Monument*, an address delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument at Charlestown, Mass., June 17, 1825. *Works*, vol. i, pp. 76-78.]

SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS

It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand

and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, Sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

"The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in

arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, why then, Sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

"If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue

it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence, *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER."

And so that day shall be honored. illustrious prophet and patriot! so that day shall be honored, and as often as it returns, thy renown shall come along with it, and the glory of thy life, like the day of thy death, shall not fail from the remembrance of men.

[From *Adams and Jefferson*, a discourse in commemoration of the lives and services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 2, 1826. *Works*, vol. 1, pp. 133-136.]

LIBERTY AND UNION

Direct collision, therefore, between force and force, is the unavoidable result of that remedy for the revision of unconstitu-

tional laws which the gentleman contends for. It must happen in the very first case to which it is applied. Is not this the plain result? To resist by force the execution of a law, generally, is treason. Can the courts of the United States take notice of the indulgence of a State to commit treason? The common saying, that a State cannot commit treason herself, is nothing to the purpose. Can she authorize others to do it? If John Fries had produced an act of Pennsylvania, annulling the law of Congress, would it have helped his case? Talk about it as we will, these doctrines go the length of revolution. They are incompatible with any peaceable administration of the government. They lead directly to disunion and civil commotion; and therefore it is, that at their commencement, when they are first found to be maintained by respectable men, and in a tangible form, I enter my public protest against them all.

The honorable gentleman argues, that if this government be the sole judge of the extent of its own powers, whether that right of judging be in Congress or the Supreme Court, it equally subverts State sovereignty. This the gentleman sees, or thinks he sees, although he cannot perceive how the right of judging, in this matter, if left to the exercise of State legislatures, has any tendency to subvert the government of the Union. The gentleman's opinion may be, that the right *ought not* to have been lodged with the general government; he may like better such a constitution as we should have under the right of State interference; but I ask him to meet me on the plain matter of fact. I ask him to meet me on the Constitution itself. I ask him if the power is not found there, clearly and visibly found there?

But, Sir, what is this danger, and what the grounds of it? Let it be remembered, that the Constitution of the United States is not unalterable. It is to continue in its present form no longer than the people who established it shall choose to continue it. If they shall become convinced that they have made an injudicious or inexpedient partition and distribution of power between the State governments and the general government, they can alter that distribution at will.

If anything be found in the national Constitution, either by original provision or subsequent interpretation, which ought not

to be in it, the people know how to get rid of it. If any construction, unacceptable to them, be established, so as to become practically a part of the Constitution, they will amend it, at their own sovereign pleasure. But while the people choose to maintain it as it is, while they are satisfied with it, and refuse to change it, who has given, or who can give, to the State legislatures a right to alter it, either by interference, construction, or otherwise? Gentlemen do not seem to recollect that the people have any power to do any thing for themselves. They imagine there is no safety for them, any longer than they are under the close guardianship of the State legislatures. Sir, the people have not trusted their safety, in regard to the general Constitution, to these hands. They have required other security, and taken other bonds. They have chosen to trust themselves, first, to the plain words of the instrument, and to such construction as the government itself, in doubtful cases, should put on their own powers, under their oaths of office, and subject to their responsibility to them; just as the people of a State trust their own State governments with a similar power. Secondly, they have reposed their trust in the efficacy of frequent elections, and in their own power to remove their own servants and agents whenever they see cause. Thirdly, they have reposed trust in the judicial power, which, in order that it might be trustworthy, they have made as respectable, as disinterested, and as independent as was practicable. Fourthly, they have seen fit to rely, in case of necessity, or high expediency, on their known and admitted power to alter or amend the Constitution, peaceably and quietly, whenever experience shall point out defects or imperfections. And, finally, the people of the United States have, at no time, in no way, directly or indirectly, authorized any State legislature to construe or interpret *their* high instrument of government; much less, to interfere, by their own power, to arrest its course and operation.

If, Sir, the people in these respects had done otherwise than they have done, their constitution could neither have been preserved, nor would it have been worth preserving. And if its plain provisions shall now be disregarded, and these new doctrines interpolated in it, it will become as feeble and helpless a being as its enemies, whether early or more recent, could possibly desire.

It will exist in every State, but as a poor dependent on State permission. It must borrow leave to be ; and will , no longer than State pleasure, or State discretion, sees fit to grant the indulgence, and to prolong its poor existence.

But, Sir, although there are fears, there are hopes also. The people have preserved this, their own chosen Constitution, for forty years, and have seen their happiness, prosperity, and renown grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. They are now, generally, strongly attached to it. Overthrown by direct assault, it cannot be ; evaded, undermined, NULLIFIED, it will not be, if we, and those who shall succeed us here, as agents and representatives of the people, shall conscientiously and vigilantly discharge the two great branches of our public trust, faithfully to preserve, and wisely to administer it.

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the Union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, Sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings ; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread

farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!

[From *Second Speech on Foot's Resolution*, commonly known as the "Reply to Hayne," delivered in the Senate of the United States on Jan. 26, 1830. *Works*, vol. iii, pp. 338-342.]

THE DRUM-BEAT OF ENGLAND

The Senate regarded this interposition as an encroachment by the executive on other branches of the government; as an interference with the legislative disposition of the public treasure. It was strongly and forcibly urged, yesterday, by the honorable member from South Carolina, that the true and only mode of preserving any balance of power, in mixed governments, is to keep an exact balance. This is very true, and to this end encroachment must be resisted at the first step. The question is, therefore, whether, upon the true principles of the Constitution, this exercise of power by the President can be justified. Whether the consequence be prejudicial or not, if there be an illegal exercise of power, it is to be resisted in the proper manner. Even if no harm or inconvenience result from transgressing the boundary, the intrusion is not to be suffered to pass unnoticed. Every encroachment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention of those who are intrusted with the preservation of a constitutional government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the Colonies in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was, in their eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest against an assertion which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they

detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it; nor did it elude either their steady eye or their well-directed blow till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

[From *The Presidential Protest*, a speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, May 7, 1834. *Works*, vol. iv, pp. 109, 110.]

AMERICAN INTEREST IN REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT

The undersigned will first observe, that the President is persuaded his Majesty the Emperor of Austria does not think that the government of the United States ought to view with unconcern the extraordinary events which have occurred, not only in his dominions, but in many other parts of Europe, since February, 1848. The government and people of the United States, like other intelligent governments and communities, take a lively interest in the movements and the events of this remarkable age, in whatever part of the world they may be exhibited. But the interest taken by the United States in those events has not proceeded from any disposition to depart from that neutrality toward foreign powers, which is among the deepest principles and the most cherished traditions of the political history of the Union. It has been the necessary effect of the unexampled character of the events themselves, which could not fail to arrest the attention of the contemporary world, as they will doubtless fill a memorable page in history.

But the undersigned goes further, and freely admits that, in proportion as these extraordinary events appeared to have their origin in those great ideas of responsible and popular government, on which the American constitutions themselves are wholly

founded, they could not but command the warm sympathy of the people of this country. Well-known circumstances in their history, indeed their whole history, have made them the representatives of purely popular principles of government. In this light they now stand before the world. They could not, if they would, conceal their character, their condition, or their destiny. They could not, if they so desired, shut out from the view of mankind the causes which have placed them, in so short a national career, in the station which they now hold among the civilized states of the world. They could not, if they desired it, suppress either the thoughts or the hopes which arise in men's minds, in other countries, from contemplating their successful example of free government. That very intelligent and distinguished personage, the Emperor Joseph the Second, was among the first to discern this necessary consequence of the American Revolution on the sentiments and opinions of the people of Europe. In a letter to his minister in the Netherlands in 1787, he observes, that "it is remarkable that France, by the assistance which she afforded to the Americans, gave birth to reflections on freedom." This fact, which the sagacity of that monarch perceived at so early a day, is now known and admitted by intelligent powers all over the world. True, indeed, it is, that the prevalence on the other continent of sentiments favorable to republican liberty is the result of the reaction of America upon Europe; and the source and centre of this reaction has doubtless been, and now is, in these United States.

The position thus belonging to the United States is a fact as inseparable from their history, their constitutional organization, and their character, as the opposite position of the powers composing the European alliance is from the history and constitutional organization of the government of those powers. The sovereigns who form that alliance have not unfrequently felt it their right to interfere with the political movements of foreign states; and have, in their manifestoes and declarations, denounced the popular ideas of the age in terms so comprehensive as of necessity to include the United States, and their forms of government. It is well known that one of the leading principles announced by the allied sovereigns, after the restoration of the Bourbons, is, that all popular

or constitutional rights are holden no otherwise than as grants and indulgences from crowned heads. "Useful and necessary changes in legislation and administration," says the Laybach Circular of May, 1821, "ought only to emanate from the free will and intelligent conviction of those whom God has rendered responsible for power; all that deviates from this line necessarily leads to disorder, commotions, and evils far more insufferable than those which they pretend to remedy." And his late Austrian Majesty, Francis the First, is reported to have declared, in an address to the Hungarian Diet, in 1820, that "the whole world had become foolish, and, leaving their ancient laws, were in search of imaginary constitutions." These declarations amount to nothing less than a denial of the lawfulness of the origin of the government of the United States, since it is certain that that government was established in consequence of a change which did not proceed from thrones, or the permission of crowned heads. But the government of the United States heard these denunciations of its fundamental principles without remonstrance, or the disturbance of its equanimity. This was thirty years ago.

The power of this republic, at the present moment, is spread over a region one of the richest and most fertile on the globe, and of an extent in comparison with which the possessions of the house of Hapsburg are but as a patch on the earth's surface. Its population, already twenty-five millions, will exceed that of the Austrian empire within the period during which it may be hoped that Mr. Hülsemann may yet remain in the honorable discharge of his duties to his government. Its navigation and commerce are hardly exceeded by the oldest and most commercial nations; its maritime means and its maritime power may be seen by Austria herself, in all seas where she has ports, as well as they may be seen, also, in all other quarters of the globe. Life, liberty, property, and all personal rights, are amply secured to all citizens, and protected by just and stable laws; and credit, public and private, is as well established as in any government of Continental Europe; and the country, in all its interests and concerns, partakes most largely in all the improvements and progress which distinguish the age. Certainly, the United States may be pardoned, even by those who profess adherence to the principle of absolute government, if

they entertain an ardent affection for those popular forms of political organization which have so rapidly advanced their own prosperity and happiness, and enabled them, in so short a period, to bring their country, and the hemisphere to which it belongs, to the notice and respectful regard, not to say the admiration, of the civilized world. Nevertheless, the United States have abstained, at all times, from acts of interference with the political changes of Europe. They cannot, however, fail to cherish always a lively interest in the fortunes of nations struggling for institutions like their own. But this sympathy, so far from being necessarily a hostile feeling toward any of the parties to these great national struggles, is quite consistent with amicable relations with them all. The Hungarian people are three or four times as numerous as the inhabitants of these United States were when the American Revolution broke out. They possess, in a distinct language, and in other respects, important elements of a separate nationality, which the Anglo-Saxon race in this country did not possess; and if the United States wish success to countries contending for popular constitutions and national independence, it is only because they regard such constitutions and such national independence, not as imaginary, but as real blessings. They claim no right, however, to take part in the struggles of foreign powers in order to promote these ends. It is only in defence of his own government, and its principles and character, that the undersigned has now expressed himself on this subject. But when the people of the United States behold the people of foreign countries, without any such interference, spontaneously moving toward the adoption of institutions like their own, it surely cannot be expected of them to remain wholly indifferent spectators.

[From a letter addressed, as Secretary of State, Dec. 21, 1850, to the Chevalier Hülsemann, Chargé d'Affaires of the Emperor of Austria. *Works*, vol. vi, pp. 494-497.]

WASHINGTON IRVING

[Washington Irving was born in New York City, April 3, 1783, and died at Tarrytown, N.Y., Nov. 28, 1859. Irving spent his early years in New York City. In 1804 he went abroad for his health, travelling in France, Italy, and England. Returning in 1806, he resumed the study of law and was admitted to the bar, but did not practise his profession. In 1815 he went abroad again and passed five years in England, six years in travelling on the continent, and three years in Spain. In 1829 he was appointed Secretary of Legation at the Court of St. James, and remained in England until 1832, when he returned to New York. From 1842 to 1846 he was minister to Spain. The rest of his life was happily spent in New York and at Sunnyside, his little place on the banks of the Hudson at Tarrytown.]

In 1802 Irving contributed to the *Morning Chronicle* a series of letters, signed Jonathan Oldstyle, in the manner of the *Tattler* and *Spectator*. In 1807 he joined his brother and Paulding in the production of *Salmagundi*, a semi-monthly publication, also modelled on the *Spectator* and its followers. In 1809 appeared the satirical *History of New York*, but it was not until ten years later that reverses of fortune determined Irving to choose the profession of literature. The *Sketch-Book* (1819-20) achieved a remarkable success both at home and abroad. It was followed by *Bracebridge Hall* (1822), *Tales of a Traveller* (1824), and, as fruits of his first residence in Spain, *Life and Voyages of Columbus* (1828), *The Conquest of Granada* (1829), and *The Alhambra* (1832). During the ten years that elapsed before he went to Spain for the second time, he published *Crayon Miscellanies* (1835), *Astoria* (1836), and *Adventures of Captain Bonneville* (1837). His later works were largely biographical and historical: *Oliver Goldsmith* (1849), *Mahomet and his Successors* (1849), *Wolfert's Roost* (1855), and *Life of Washington* (1855-59). With great generosity he abandoned to Prescott his life-long project of writing the history of the conquest of Mexico.

The text of the extracts from Irving is, with the permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, the publishers, that of the author's revised edition.]

It is a strange fact that the English language has no exact word for a thing frequent in English literature, one which we are forced to call by an inadequate and inaccurate French phrase — *vers de société*, a kind of poetry more abundantly cultivated in Great Britain and the United States than in France. Mr. Austin Dobson has proposed to adopt Cowper's suggestion, *familiar verse*, but this is perhaps not comprehensive enough. The late Frederick

Locker-Lampson, selecting the most successful poems of this kind, entitled his enchanting anthology *Lyra Elegantiarum*. But whatever the name we bestow upon it, the thing itself is readily to be recognized; it is verse such as Pope often wrote, and Prior, and Praed, such as Holmes delighted us with in our own day, and Mr. Locker-Lampson, and Mr. Austin Dobson. It is the poetry of the man of the world, who has a heart, no doubt, but who does not wear it on his sleeve; it is brief and brilliant and buoyant; and it is in verse almost the exact equivalent of the prose essay of Steele and Addison.

A comparison of the *Lyra Elegantiarum* of Mr. Locker-Lampson with an equally skilfully edited volume, the *Eighteenth Century Essays* of Mr. Austin Dobson, reveals the fact that the prose form which we are forced to call the eighteenth century essay is a literary genre quite as distinct as the verse form which we are forced to call *vers de société*. Neither form has yet a name of its own, but each has an independent existence. Essay is a word of wide meaning; it may include a mere medley of pithy reflections by Montaigne or Bacon or Emerson, and it may designate also an elaborate exhibition of quaint humor by Lamb, or an ebullition of pungent wit by Lowell. The eighteenth century essay, as Steele devised it and as Addison improved it, owed something to Walton's *Conversations*, something to La Bruyère's *Characters*, and something to Horace's *Epistles*, but despite these predecessors, the papers of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* were essentially original in form. No one had ever before sketched men and manners from just that point of view, and with just that easy touch. What Steele and Addison had done spontaneously and naturally, many another writer coming after them laboriously reproduced, taking their papers as his pattern, and imitating his model as closely as he could. Dr. Johnson, for example, toiled mightily to repeat the success of the *Spectator*, and failed lamentably; as Goldsmith suggested, Johnson could not help making little fishes talk like whales. Goldsmith himself was the sole heir of Steele and Addison; and in his hands the eighteenth century essay was as free, as graceful, and as natural as in theirs.

Irving is often accused of being a mere copyist of Goldsmith. The charge is unjust and absurd. Irving was no more an imitator

of Goldsmith than Goldsmith was an imitator of Steele and Addison. He had a kindred talent with theirs and he was the heir of their tradition. The eighteenth century essay was the form in which he expressed himself most easily; and for him to have sought another mode would have been to thwart his natural inclination. He is the nineteenth century writer who has possessed most of the qualities that must combine to give the eighteenth century essay its essential charm; and he is the only nineteenth century writer who found in the eighteenth century essay a form wholly satisfactory and exactly suited to his own development. The sketches of Geoffrey Crayon are as inevitable a revelation of the author as are the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff or the Chinese letters of the Citizen of the World, and they show "that happy mingling of the lively and severe, which Johnson envied but could not emulate" — to quote from Mr. Austin Dobson. "That charm of simplicity and grace, of kindliness and gentle humor, which," so Mr. Dobson tells us in another place, "we recognize as Goldsmith's special property," seem somehow to have passed by inheritance to Irving as next of kin.

The eighteenth century essay is a definite form — but it contained also the beginnings of several other forms. It is not fantastic to find in the *Spectator* the precursor of the modern magazine, with its varied table of contents, since we can pick out from its pages not only the brisk disquisition upon the topics of the time, but also the character sketch, the short story, the theatrical criticism, the book-review, the obituary notice, and even the serial story, — for what else is the succession of papers in which Sir Roger de Coverley appears and reappears? Midway between the modern magazine and the *Spectator* stands the *Sketch-Book*; and the first of the eight numbers in which it was originally issued had ample variety, containing, as they did, papers as dissimilar as the *Author's Account of Himself*, the *Voyage*, the essay on Roscoe, the two tales of the *Wife* and *Rip Van Winkle*, and the still unheeded warning to *English Writers on America*.

For nothing is the American magazine now more noted than for its short stories, and one of the tales in the first number of the *Sketch-Book* has been the parent of an innumerable progeny. *Rip Van Winkle* is not only one of the best short stories in our lan-

guage; it is also the earliest attempt in America at local fiction. *Rip Van Winkle* and the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* (both contained in the *Sketch-Book*, issued in 1819-20) showed how the realities of our life here could best be made available in romance. In these stories Irving set an example to the New England group of storytellers and to the later men and women who have since explained to us also the South and the West by frank and direct tales of the way people live in the one section and the other. Irving was first in the field now cultivated so carefully by Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins, by Mr. Cable, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Page, by Mr. Garland and Mr. Wistar.

On other authors also has Irving's influence made itself felt,—on Dickens, for one, as may be detected at once by a comparison of the Dingley Dell chapters of the *Pickwick Papers*, with the corresponding humorously realistic pages of the *Sketch-Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*; and for another, on Longfellow, who came under the pensive and romantic charm of Irving's earlier writings, and who took Irving's prose as the model of his own in *Outre Mer* and *Kavanagh*. Hawthorne also and Poe followed in Irving's footsteps, and their short stories often disclose their indebtedness to him. Scott appreciated highly all that Irving wrote, and more especially the tales in which the eerie was adroitly fused with the ironic; and in his paper *On the Supernatural in Fictitious Composition* he praised the ludicrous sketch of *The Bold Dragoon* as the only instance of the fantastic then to be found in the English language. The one story of this sort that Scott himself wrote, *Wandering Willie's Tale* (introduced into *Redgauntlet*), appeared about the same time as the *Tales of a Traveller*, and later therefore than Irving's ghostly stories. "At any rate," Irving wrote to a friend, "I have the merit of adopting a line for myself, instead of following others."

Perhaps there is no better test of originality and power than this,—that an author's influence upon his fellow-craftsmen shall both broaden and endure. In the variegated garden of American story-telling "all can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed"; but it was Irving who showed how the soil should be cultivated and who brought the first blooms to perfection. His art seems so simple, his attitude is so modest, the man himself is so

unpretending and unaffected, that he has not yet received full credit for his very real originality. And not only in literature does his influence abide, but in the life of the city he was born in. It was Irving who invented the Knickerbocker legend and who imposed it upon us, "making it out of whole cloth," as the phrase is, — weaving it in the loom of his own playful imagination. It was Irving again who flung the entrancing veil of romance over the banks of the Hudson. To the end of time will the Catskills be Rip Van Winkle's country, and New York the town of the Knickerbockers.

It is not by his elaborately wrought biographies that Irving is to survive, not by the lives of Columbus and of Washington, admirable as these are, but by the earlier miscellanies, developed, all of them, out of the eighteenth century essay, — the *Sketch-Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, the *Tales of a Traveller*, and the *Alhambra* (that Spanish "Sketch-Book," as Prescott aptly called it). It is in these that Irving is most at home; in these he is doing the work he did best; and in these his style is seen at its finest. If the style is the man, then is Irving transparently revealed in these volumes, for his writing had always the simplicity and the sincerity of his own character. But though it may seem careless, it has more art than the casual reader may suspect. It has the rare merit of combining vivacity and repose. As Poe pointed out, Irving's style is excellent even though his diction is not always impeccable; and we remember that Addison also has been the prey of the rigid grammarians who think that man was made for syntax. The happy phrase is frequent in Irving's sketches, and the felicitous adjective abounds; — yet we have to admit that his leisurely and old-fashioned paragraphs do not appeal to those who fail to find beauty anywhere but in the verbal mosaics of certain latterday stylists. Irving's pages are wholesome always; they are as genuine as they are graceful, as natural as they are charming; and perhaps they are most relished by those who best know the kindred qualities of Steele and of Goldsmith.

BRANDER MATTHEWS

WOUTER VAN TWILLER

OF THE RENOWNED WOUTER VAN TWILLER, HIS UNPARALLELED VIRTUES — AS LIKEWISE HIS UNUTTERABLE WISDOM IN THE LAW-CASE OF WANDLE SCHOONHOVEN AND BARENT BLEECKER — AND THE GREAT ADMIRATION OF THE PUBLIC THEREAT

GRIEVOUS and very much to be commiserated is the task of the feeling historian, who writes the history of his native land. If it fall to his lot to be the recorder of calamity or crime, the mournful page is watered with his tears; nor can he recall the most prosperous and blissful era, without a melancholy sigh at the reflection that it has passed away forever! I know not whether it be owing to an immoderate love for the simplicity of former times, or to that certain tenderness of heart incident to all sentimental historians; but I candidly confess that I cannot look back on the happier days of our city, which I now describe, without great dejection of spirit. With faltering hand do I withdraw the curtain of oblivion, that veils the modest merit of our venerable ancestors, and as their figures rise to my mental vision, humble myself before their mighty shades.

Such are my feelings when I revisit the family mansion of the Knickerbockers, and spend a lonely hour in the chamber where hang the portraits of my forefathers, shrouded in dust, like the forms they represent. With pious reverence do I gaze on the countenances of those renowned burghers, who have preceded me in the steady march of existence, — whose sober and temperate blood now meanders through my veins, flowing slower and slower in its feeble conduits, until its current shall soon be stopped forever!

These, I say to myself, are but frail memorials of the mighty men who flourished in the days of the patriarchs; but who, alas, have long since mouldered in that tomb towards which my steps are insensibly and irresistibly hastening! As I pace the darkened chamber and lose myself in melancholy musings, the shadowy images around me almost seem to steal once more into existence, — their countenances to assume the animation of life, — their eyes to pursue me in every movement! Carried away by the delusions

of fancy, I almost imagine myself surrounded by the shades of the departed, and holding sweet converse with the worthies of antiquity! Ah, hapless Diedrich! born in a degenerate age, abandoned to the buffetings of fortunes, — a stranger and a weary pilgrim in thy native land, — blest with no weeping wife, nor family of helpless children, but doomed to wander neglected through those crowded streets, and elbowed by foreign upstarts from those fair abodes where once thine ancestors held sovereign empire!

Let me not, however, lose the historian in the man, nor suffer the doting recollections of age to overcome me, while dwelling with fond garrulity on the virtuous days of the patriarchs, — on those sweet days of simplicity and ease, which nevermore will dawn on the lovely island of Mannahata.

These melancholy reflections have been forced from me by the growing wealth and importance of New Amsterdam, which, I plainly perceive, are to involve it in all kinds of perils and disasters. Already, as I observed at the close of my last book, they had awakened the attentions of the mother-country. The usual mark of protection shown by mother-countries to wealthy colonies was forthwith manifested; a governor being sent out to rule over the province, and squeeze out of it as much revenue as possible. The arrival of a governor of course put an end to the protectorate of Oloff the Dreamer. He appears, however, to have dreamt to some purpose during his sway, as we find him afterwards living as a patroon on a great landed estate on the banks of the Hudson; having virtually forfeited all right to his ancient appellation of Kortlandt or Lackland.

It was in the year of our Lord 1629 that Mynheer Wouter Van Twiller was appointed governor of the province of Nieuw Nederlandts, under the commission and control of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General of the United Netherlands, and the privileged West India Company.

This renowned old gentleman arrived at New Amsterdam in the merry month of June, the sweetest month in all the year; when dan Apollo seems to dance up the transparent firmament, — when the robin, the thrush, and a thousand other wanton songsters, make the woods to resound with amorous ditties, and the luxurious little

boblincon revels among the clover blossoms of the meadows,—all which happy coincidence persuaded the old dames of New Amsterdam, who were skilled in the art of foretelling events, that this was to be a happy and prosperous administration.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world: one, by talking faster than they think, and the other, by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke, except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invisible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh or even smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Yet, if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pikestaff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it. Certain it is, that if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look, shake his capacious head, smoke some time in profound silence,

and at length observe, that "he had his doubts about the matter;" which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and not easily imposed upon. What is more, it gained him a lasting name; for to this habit of mind has been attributed his surname Twiller; which is said to be a corruption of the original Twijfler, or, in plain English, *Doubter*.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small grey eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitz-enberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, — a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the

smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet, into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a sceptre, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council-chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the admission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the coloring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of Wouter Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first, but also the best governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province; and so tranquil and benevolent was his reign, that I do not find throughout the whole of it a single instance of any offender being brought to punishment, — a most indubitable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting in the reign of the illustrious King Log,

from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen, that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings — or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt, as he shovelled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth, — either as a sign that he relished the dish, or comprehended the story, — he called unto him his constable, and pulling out of his breeches-pocket a huge jack-knife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal-ring of the great Haroun Alraschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High-Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco-smoke, and with marvellous gravity and solemnity pronounced, that, having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found, that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other: therefore, it was the final

opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced: therefore, Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration; and the office of constable fell into such decay, that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter, — being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

[From A History of New York, from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch dynasty; containing, among many surprising and curious matters, the unutterable ponderings of Walter the Doubter, the disastrous projects of William the Testy, and the chivalric achievements of Peter the Headstrong; the three Dutch governors of New Amsterdam; being the only authentic history of the times that ever hath been or ever will be published. By Diedrich Knickerbocker. 1809. Book iii, chapter 1.]

RIP VAN WINKLE

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here

and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air; "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist — several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now

and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which in bending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls,

which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse all I make to Dame Van Winkle!"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol,

and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

[From *The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.*, 1819-1820, "Rip Van Winkle."]

THE ENCHANTED STEED —

When Governor Manco, or "the one-armed," kept up a show of military state in the Alhambra, he became nettled at the reproaches

continually cast upon his fortress, of being a nestling-place of rogues and contrabandistas. On a sudden, the old potentate determined on reform, and setting vigorously to work, ejected whole nests of vagabonds out of the fortress and the gypsy caves with which the surrounding hills are honeycombed. He sent out soldiers, also, to patrol the avenues and footpaths, with orders to take up all suspicious persons.

One bright summer morning a patrol, consisting of the testy old corporal who had distinguished himself in the affair of the notary, a trumpeter, and two privates, was seated under the garden-wall of the Generalife, beside the road which leads down from the Mountain of the Sun, when they heard the tramp of a horse, and a male voice singing in rough, though not unmusical tones, an old Castilian campaigning-song.

Presently they beheld a sturdy, sunburnt fellow, clad in the ragged garb of a foot-soldier, leading a powerful Arabian horse caparisoned in the ancient Morisco fashion.

Astonished at the sight of a strange soldier descending, steed in hand, from that solitary mountain, the corporal stepped forth and challenged him.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Who and what are you?"

"A poor soldier just from the wars, with a cracked crown and empty purse for a reward."

By this time they were enabled to view him more narrowly. He had a black patch across his forehead, which, with a grizzled beard, added to a certain dare-devil cast of countenance, while a slight squint threw into the whole an occasional gleam of roguish good-humor.

Having answered the questions of the patrol, the soldier seemed to consider himself entitled to make others in return. "May I ask," said he, "what city is that which I see at the foot of the hill?"

"What city!" cried the trumpeter; "come, that's too bad. Here's a fellow lurking about the Mountain of the Sun, and demands the name of the great city of Granada."

"Granada! Madre di Dios! can it be possible?"

"Perhaps not!" rejoined the trumpeter; "and perhaps you have no idea that yonder are the towers of the Alhambra?"

"Son of a trumpet," replied the stranger, "do not trifle with me; if this be indeed the Alhambra, I have some strange matters to reveal to the governor."

"You will have an opportunity," said the corporal, "for we mean to take you before him." By this time the trumpeter had seized the bridle of the steed, the two privates had each secured an arm of the soldier, the corporal put himself in front, gave the word, "Forward — march!" and away they marched for the Alhambra.

The sight of a ragged foot-soldier and a fine Arabian horse, brought in captive by the patrol, attracted the attention of all the idlers of the fortress, and of those gossip groups that generally assemble about wells and fountains at early dawn. The wheel of the cistern paused in its rotations, and the slip-shod servant-maid stood gaping, with pitcher in hand, as the corporal passed by with his prize. A motley train gradually gathered in the rear of the escort.

Knowing nods and winks and conjectures passed from one to another. "It is a deserter," said one; "A contrabandista," said another; "A bandolero," said a third; — until it was affirmed that a captain of a desperate band of robbers had been captured by the prowess of the corporal and his patrol. "Well, well," said the old crones, one to another, "captain or not, let him get out of the grasp of old Governor Manco if he can, though he is but one-handed."

Governor Manco was seated in one of the inner halls of the Alhambra, taking his morning's cup of chocolate in company with his confessor, — a fat Franciscan friar, from the neighboring convent. A demure, dark-eyed damsel of Malaga, the daughter of his house-keeper, was attending upon him. The world hinted that the damsel, who, with all her demureness, was a sly buxom baggage, had found out a soft spot in the iron heart of the old governor, and held complete control over him. But let that pass — the domestic affairs of these mighty potentates of the earth should not be too narrowly scrutinized.

When word was brought that a suspicious stranger had been

taken lurking about the fortress, and was actually in the outer court, in durance of the corporal, waiting the pleasure of his Excellency, the pride and stateliness of office swelled the bosom of the governor. Giving back his chocolate-cup into the hands of the demure damsel, he called for his basket-hilted sword, girded it to his side, twirled up his moustaches, took his seat in a large high-backed chair, assumed a bitter and forbidding aspect, and ordered the prisoner into his presence. The soldier was brought in, still closely pinioned by his captors, and guarded by the corporal. He maintained, however, a resolute, self-confident air, and returned the sharp, scrutinizing look of the governor with an easy squint, which by no means pleased the punctilious old potentate.

"Well, culprit," said the governor, after he had regarded him for a moment in silence, "what have you to say for yourself—who are you?"

"A soldier, just from the wars, who has brought away nothing but scars and bruises."

"A soldier—humph—a foot-soldier by your garb. I understand you have a fine Arabian horse. I presume you brought him too from the wars, besides your scars and bruises."

"May it please your Excellency, I have something strange to tell about that horse. Indeed I have one of the most wonderful things to relate. Something too that concerns the security of this fortress, indeed of all Granada. But it is a matter to be imparted only to your private ear, or in presence of such only as are in your confidence."

The governor considered for a moment, and then directed the corporal and his men to withdraw, but to post themselves outside of the door, and be ready at a call. "This holy friar," said he, "is my confessor, you may say anything in his presence;—and this damsel," nodding towards the handmaid, who had loitered with an air of great curiosity, "this damsel is of great secrecy and discretion, and to be trusted with anything."

The soldier gave a glance between a squint and a leer at the demure handmaid. "I am perfectly willing," said he, "that the damsel should remain."

When all the rest had withdrawn, the soldier commenced his

story. He was a fluent, smooth-tongued varlet, and had a command of language above his apparent rank.

"May it please your Excellency," said he, "I am, as I before observed, a soldier, and have seen some hard service, but my term of enlistment being expired, I was discharged, not long since, from the army at Valladolid, and set out on foot for my native village in Andalusia. Yesterday evening the sun went down as I was traversing a great dry plain of old Castile."

"Hold!" cried the governor, "what is this you say? Old Castile is some two or three hundred miles from this."

"Even so," replied the soldier, coolly. "I told your Excellency I had strange things to relate; but not more strange than true, as your Excellency will find, if you will deign me a patient hearing."

"Proceed, culprit," said the governor, twirling up his moustaches.

"As the sun went down," continued the soldier, "I cast my eyes about in search of quarters for the night, but far as my sight could reach there were no signs of habitation. I saw that I should have to make my bed on the naked plain, with my knapsack for a pillow; but your Excellency is an old soldier, and knows that to one who has been in the wars, such a night's lodging is no great hardship."

The governor nodded assent, as he drew his pocket-handkerchief out of the basket-hilt to drive away a fly that buzzed about his nose.

"Well, to make a long story short," continued the soldier, "I trudged forward for several miles until I came to a bridge over a deep ravine, through which ran a little thread of water, almost dried up by the summer heat. At one end of the bridge was a Moorish tower, the upper end all in ruins, but a vault in the foundation quite entire. Here, thinks I, is a good place to make a halt; so I went down to the stream, and took a hearty drink, for the water was pure and sweet, and I was parched with thirst; then, opening my wallet, I took out an onion and a few crusts, which were all my provisions, and seating myself on a stone on the margin of the stream, began to make my supper, — intending afterwards to quarter myself for the night in the vault of the tower; and cap-

tal quarters they would have been for a campaigner just from the wars, as your Excellency, who is an old soldier, may suppose."

"I have put up gladly with worse in my time," said the governor, returning his pocket-handkerchief into the hilt of his sword.

"While I was quietly crunching my crust," pursued the soldier, "I heard something stir within the vault; I listened — it was the tramp of a horse. By-and-by a man came forth from a door in the foundation of the tower, close by the water's edge, leading a powerful horse by the bridle. I could not well make out what he was, by the starlight. It had a suspicious look to be lurking among the ruins of a tower, in that wild solitary place. He might be a mere wayfarer, like myself; he might be a contrabandista; he might be a bandolero! what of that? thank heaven and my poverty, I had nothing to lose; so I sat still and crunched my crust.

"He led his horse to the water, close by where I was sitting, so that I had a fair opportunity of reconnoitring him. To my surprise he was dressed in a Moorish garb, with a cuirass of steel, and a polished skull-cap that I distinguished by the reflection of the stars upon it. His horse, too, was harnessed in the Morisco fashion, with great shovel stirrups. He led him, as I said, to the side of the stream, into which the animal plunged his head almost to the eyes, and drank until I thought he would have burst.

"'Comrade,' said I, 'your steed drinks well; it's a good sign when a horse plunges his muzzle bravely into the water.'

"'He may well drink,' said the stranger, speaking with a Moorish accent; 'it is a good year since he had his last draught.'

"'By Santiago!' said I, 'that beats even the camels I have seen in Africa. But come, you seem to be something of a soldier, will you sit down and take part of a soldier's fare?' In fact, I felt the want of a companion in that lonely place, and was willing to put up with an infidel. Besides, as your Excellency well knows, a soldier is never very particular about the faith of his company, and soldiers of all countries are comrades on peaceable ground."

The governor again nodded assent.

"Well, as I was saying, I invited him to share my supper, such as it was, for I could not do less in common hospitality. 'I have

no time to pause for meat or drink,' said he; 'I have a long journey to make before morning.'

" 'In which direction?' said I.

" 'Andalusia,' said he.

" 'Exactly my route,' said I; 'so, as you won't stop and eat with me, perhaps you will let me mount and ride with you. I see your horse is of a powerful frame; I'll warrant he'll carry double.'

" 'Agreed,' said the trooper; and it would not have been civil and soldier-like to refuse, especially as I had offered to share my supper with him. So up he mounted, and up I mounted behind him.

" 'Hold fast,' said he; 'my steed goes like the wind.'

" 'Never fear me,' said I, and so off we set.

" From a walk the horse soon passed to a trot, from a trot to a gallop, and from a gallop to a harum-scarum scamper. It seemed as if rocks, trees, houses, everything flew hurry-scurry behind us.

" 'What town is this?' said I.

" 'Segovia,' said he; and before the words were out of his mouth, the towers of Segovia were out of sight. We swept up the Guadarama Mountains, and down by the Escorial; and we skirted the walls of Madrid, and we scoured away across the plains of La Mancha. In this way we went up hill and down dale, by towns and cities, all buried in deep sleep, and across mountains, and plains, and rivers, just glimmering in the starlight.

" To make a long story short, and not to fatigue your Excellency, the trooper suddenly pulled up on the side of a mountain. 'Here we are,' said he, 'at the end of our journey.' I looked about, but could see no signs of habitation; nothing but the mouth of a cavern. While I looked I saw multitudes of people in Moorish dresses, some on horseback, some on foot, arriving as if borne by the wind from all points of the compass, and hurrying into the mouth of the cavern like bees into a hive. Before I could ask a question, the trooper struck his long Moorish spurs into the horse's flanks, and dashed in with the throng. We passed along a steep winding way, that descended into the very bowels of the mountain. As we pushed on, a light began to glimmer up, by little and little, like the first glimmerings of day, but what caused it I could not discern. It grew stronger and

stronger, and enabled me to see everything around. I now noticed, as we passed along, great caverns, opening to the right and left, like halls in an arsenal. In some there were shields, and helmets, and cuirasses, and lances, and cimeters, hanging against the walls; in others there were great heaps of warlike munitions and camp-equipage lying upon the ground.

"It would have done your Excellency's heart good, being an old soldier, to have seen such grand provision for war. Then, in other caverns, there were long rows of horsemen armed to the teeth, with lances raised and banners unfurled, all ready for the field; but they all sat motionless in their saddles, like so many statues. In other halls were warriors sleeping on the ground beside their horses, and foot-soldiers in groups ready to fall into the ranks. All were in old-fashioned Moorish dresses and armor.

"Well, your Excellency, to cut a long story short, we at length entered an immense cavern, or I may say palace, of grotto-work, the walls of which seemed to be veined with gold and silver, and to sparkle with diamonds and sapphires and all kinds of precious stones. At the upper end sat a Moorish king on a golden throne, with his nobles on each side, and a guard of African blacks with drawn cimeters. All the crowd that continued to flock in, and amounted to thousands and thousands, passed one by one before his throne, each paying homage as he passed. Some of the multitude were dressed in magnificent robes, without stain or blemish, and sparkling with jewels; others in burnished and enamelled armor; while others were in mouldered and mildewed garments, and in armor all battered and dented and covered with rust.

"I had hitherto held my tongue, for your Excellency well knows it is not for a soldier to ask many questions when on duty, but I could keep silence no longer.

"'Prithee, comrade,' said I, 'what is the meaning of all this?'

"'This,' said the trooper, 'is a great and fearful mystery. Know, O Christian, that you see before you the court and army of Boabdil the last king of Granada.'

"'What is this you tell me?' cried I. 'Boabdil and his court were exiled from the land hundreds of years ago, and all died in Africa.'

“ ‘So it is recorded in your lying chronicles,’ replied the Moor; ‘but know that Boabdil and the warriors who made the last struggle for Granada were all shut up in this mountain by powerful enchantment. As for the king and army that marched forth from Granada at the time of the surrender, they were a mere phantom train of spirits and demons, permitted to assume those shapes to deceive the Christian sovereigns. And furthermore let me tell you, friend, that all Spain is a country under the power of enchantment. There is not a mountain cave, not a lonely watch-tower in the plains, nor ruined castle on the hills, but has some spellbound warriors sleeping from age to age within its vaults, until the sins are expiated for which Allah permitted the dominion to pass for a time out of the hands of the faithful. Once every year, on the eve of St. John, they are released from enchantment from sunset to sunrise, and permitted to repair here to pay homage to their sovereign! and the crowds which you beheld swarming into the cavern are Moslem warriors from their haunts in all parts of Spain. For my own part, you saw the ruined tower of the bridge in old Castile, where I have now wintered and summered for many hundred years, and where I must be back again by day-break. As to the battalions of horse and foot which you beheld drawn up in array in the neighboring caverns, they are the spellbound warriors of Granada. It is written in the book of fate, that when the enchantment is broken, Boabdil will descend from the mountains at the head of this army, resume his throne in the Alhambra and his sway of Granada, and gathering together the enchanted warriors from all parts of Spain, will reconquer the Peninsula and restore it to Moslem rule.’

“ ‘And when shall this happen?’ said I.

“ ‘Allah alone knows: we had hoped the day of deliverance was at hand; but there reigns at present a vigilant governor in Alhambra, a stanch old soldier, well known as Governor Manco. While such a warrior holds command of the very outpost, and stands ready to check the first irruption from the mountain, I fear Boabdil and his soldiery must be content to rest upon their arms.’ ”

Here the governor raised himself somewhat perpendicularly, adjusted his sword, and twirled up his moustaches.

"To make a long story short, and not to fatigue your Excellency, the trooper, having given me this account, dismounted from his steed.

"'Tarry here,' said he, 'and guard my steed while I go and bow the knee to Boabdil.' So saying, he strode away among the throng that pressed forward to the throne.

"'What's to be done?' thought I, when thus left to myself; 'shall I wait here until this infidel returns to whisk me off on his goblin steed, the Lord knows where; or shall I make the most of my time and beat a retreat from this hobgoblin community?' A soldier's mind is soon made up, as your Excellency well knows. As to the horse, he belonged to an avowed enemy of the faith and the realm, and was a fair prize according to the rules of war. So hoisting myself from the crupper into the saddle, I turned the reins, struck the Moorish stirrups into the sides of the steed, and put him to make the best of his way out of the passage by which we had entered. As we scoured by the halls where the Moslem horsemen sat in motionless battalions, I thought I heard the clang of armor and a hollow murmur of voices. I gave the steed another taste of the stirrups and doubled my speed. There was now a sound behind me like a rushing blast; I heard the clatter of a thousand hoofs; a countless throng overtook me. I was borne along in the press, and hurled forth from the mouth of the cavern, while thousands of shadowy forms were swept off in every direction by the four winds of heaven.

"In the whirl and confusion of the scene I was thrown senseless to the earth. When I came to myself, I was lying on the brow of a hill, with the Arabian steed standing beside me; for in falling, my arm had slipped within the bridle, which, I presume, prevented his whisking off to old Castile.

"Your Excellency may easily judge of my surprise, on looking round, to behold hedges of aloes and Indian figs and other proofs of a southern climate, and to see a great city below me, with towers, and palaces, and a grand cathedral.

"I descended the hill cautiously, leading my steed, for I was afraid to mount him again, lest he should play me some slippery trick. As I descended I met with your patrol, who let me into the secret that it was Granada that lay before me, and that I was

actually under the walls of the Alhambra, the fortress of the redoubted Governor Manco, the terror of all enchanted Moslems. When I heard this, I determined at once to seek your Excellency, to inform you of all that I had seen, and to warn you of the perils that surround and undermine you, that you may take measures in time to guard your fortress, and the kingdom itself, from this intestine army that lurks in the very bowels of the land."

"And prithee, friend, you who are a veteran campaigner, and have seen so much service," said the governor, "how would you advise me to proceed, in order to prevent this evil?"

"It is not for an humble private of the ranks," said the soldier, modestly, "to pretend to instruct a commander of your Excellency's sagacity, but it appears to me that your Excellency might cause all the caves and entrances into the mountain to be walled up with solid mason-work, so that Boabdil and his army might be completely corked up in their subterranean habitation. If the good father, too," added the soldier, reverently bowing to the friar, and devoutly crossing himself, "would consecrate the barricades with his blessing, and put up a few crosses and relics and images of saints, I think they might withstand all the power of infidel enchantments."

"They doubtless would be of great avail," said the friar.

The governor now placed his arm akimbo, with his hand resting on the hilt of his Toledo, fixed his eye upon the soldier, and gently wagging his head from one side to the other, —

"So, friend," said he, "then you really suppose I am to be gulled with this cock-and-bull story about enchanted mountains and enchanted Moors? Hark ye, culprit! — not another word. An old soldier you may be, but you'll find you have an old soldier to deal with, and one not easily outgeneralled. Ho! guards there! put this fellow in irons."

The demure handmaid would have put in a word in favor of the prisoner, but the governor silenced her with a look.

As they were pinioning the soldier, one of the guards felt something of bulk in his pocket, and drawing it forth, found a long leathern purse that appeared to be well filled. Holding it by one corner, he turned out the contents on the table before the governor, and never did freebooter's bag make more gorgous de-

livery. Out tumbled rings, and jewels, and rosaries of pearls, and sparkling diamond crosses, and a profusion of ancient golden coin, some of which fell jingling to the floor, and rolled away to the uttermost parts of the chamber.

For a time the functions of justice were suspended; there was a universal scramble after the glittering fugitives. The governor alone, who was imbued with true Spanish pride, maintained his stately decorum, though his eye betrayed a little anxiety until the last coin and jewel was restored to the sack.

The friar was not so calm; his whole face glowed like a furnace, and his eyes twinkled and flashed at sight of the rosaries and crosses.

"Sacreligious wretch that thou art!" exclaimed he; "what church or sanctuary hast thou been plundering of these sacred relics?"

"Neither one nor the other, holy father. If they be sacrilegious spoils, they must have been taken in times long past, by the infidel trooper I have mentioned. I was just going to tell his Excellency when he interrupted me, that, on taking possession of the trooper's horse, I unhooked a leathern sack which hung at the saddle-bow, and which I presume contained the plunder of his campaignings in days of old, when the Moors overran the country."

"Mighty well; at present you will make up your mind to take up your quarters in a chamber of the vermilion tower, which, though not under a magic spell, will hold you as safe as any cave of your enchanted Moors."

"Your Excellency will do as you think proper," said the prisoner, coolly. "I shall be thankful to your Excellency for any accommodation in the fortress. A soldier who has been in the wars, as your Excellency well knows, is not particular about his lodgings; and provided I have a snug dungeon and regular rations, I shall manage to make myself comfortable. I would only entreat that while your Excellency is so careful about me, you would have an eye to your fortress, and think on the hint I dropped about stopping up the entrances to the mountain."

Here ended the scene. The prisoner was conducted to a strong dungeon in the vermilion tower, the Arabian steed was

led to his Excellency's stable, and the trooper's sack was deposited in his Excellency's strong-box. To the latter, it is true, the friar made some demur, questioning whether the sacred relics, which were evidently sacrilegious spoils, should not be placed in custody of the church ; but as the governor was peremptory on the subject, and was absolute lord in the Alhambra, the friar discreetly dropped the discussion, but determined to convey intelligence of the fact to the church dignitaries in Granada.

[*The Alhambra : a Series of Tales and Sketches of the Moors and Spaniards*, 1832, "Governor Manco and the Soldier."]]

deposited
, the friar
ics, which
n custody
the sub-
discreetly
ligence of

and Span-

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

[James Fenimore Cooper was born at Burlington, N.J., Sept. 15, 1789, and died at Cooperstown, N.Y., Sept. 14, 1851. His early years were spent at Cooperstown, then on the border of, if not actually within, the western wilderness. He entered Yale College in 1803, and was dismissed for breach of discipline in 1805. In preparation for entering the navy he served before the mast on a merchantman in 1806-7. In 1808 he was appointed midshipman, a position which he held until 1810. A part of this time was spent in duty on Lakes Champlain and Ontario. From the time of his marriage (1811) to that of his death, Cooper's life was that of the gentleman of leisure. The years 1826-33 he spent in Europe, and at various times he lived in New York City and Westchester County. But his strongest associations were with Cooperstown, where he held large tracts of land, and it became his permanent home.

Cooper's first book, *Precaution* (1820), owed its existence to a careless boast of his that he could write a better story than a certain British novel that had come under his eye. *Precaution* dealt with foreign life, and Cooper's friends reproached him for not portraying that of his native country. Thus incited, he produced *The Spy* (1821), the plot of which was laid in Westchester. The favorable reception of *The Spy* led to a rapid succession of remarkable tales of romantic adventure on land and sea, of which the more famous are *The Pioneers* (1823), *The Pilot* (1823), *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826), *The Prairie* (1827), *The Red Rover* (1828), *The Water Witch* (1830), *The Pathfinder* (1840), *The Deerslayer* (1841), *The Wing-and-Wing* (1842).

Besides his novels Cooper wrote a *History of the Navy of the United States* (1839), and several volumes of biography, history, and travel. Much of this part of his work was explicitly or implicitly polemic in character. He criticised severely the manners of his countrymen and their methods of government, as well as the corresponding manners and methods of European countries, thus exposing himself to retaliatory criticism, both at home and abroad. For many years he was almost constantly involved in lawsuits and can scarcely be said to have been beloved by his countrymen at large. But though intolerant, he had a strong sense of honor and justice, and was always actuated by lofty principles and an unswerving patriotism. The best biography of Cooper is that of T. R. Lounsbury.]

"Cooper, whose name is with his country's woven
First in her ranks; her Pioneer of mind."

THESE were the words in which Fitz-Greene Halleck designated Cooper's substantial precedence in American novel-writing. Apart from this mere priority in time, he rendered the unique service of inaugurating three especial classes of fiction, — the novel of the American Revolution, the Indian novel, and the sea novel. In each case he wrote primarily for his own fellow-countrymen and achieved fame first at their hands; and in each he produced a class of works which, in spite of their own faults and of the somewhat unconciliatory spirit of their writer, have secured a permanence and a width of range unequalled in the English language, save by Scott alone. To-day the sale of his works in his own language remains unabated; and one has only to look over the catalogues of European booksellers in order to satisfy himself that this popularity continues, undiminished, through the medium of translation. It may be safely said of him that no author of fiction in the English language, except Scott, has held his own so well for half a century after death. Indeed, the list of various editions and versions of his writings in the catalogues of German booksellers often exceeds that of Scott. This was not in the slightest degree due to his personal qualities, for these made him unpopular, nor to personal manoeuvring, for this he disdained. He was known to refuse to have his works even noticed in a newspaper for which he wrote, the *New York Patriot*. He would never have consented to review his own books, as both Scott and Irving did, or to write direct or indirect puffs of himself, as was done by Poe and Whitman. He was foolishly sensitive to criticism, and unable to conceal it; he was easily provoked to a quarrel; he was dissatisfied both with praise or blame, and speaks evidently of himself in the words of the hero of *Miles Wallingford*, when he says: "In scarce a circumstance of my life that has brought me in the least under the cognizance of the public have I ever been judged justly." There is no doubt that he himself — or rather the temperament given him by nature — was to blame for this, but the fact is unquestionable.

Add to this that he was, in his way and in what was unfortunately the most obnoxious way, a reformer. That is, he was what

may be called a reformer in the conservative direction, — he belabored his fellow-citizens for changing many English ways and usages, and he wished them to change these things back again, immediately. In all this he was absolutely unselfish, but utterly tactless; and inasmuch as the point of view he took was one requiring the very greatest tact, the defect was hopeless. As a rule, no man criticises American ways so unsuccessfully as an American who has lived many years in Europe. The mere European critic is ignorant of our ways and frankly owns it, even if thinking the fact but a small disqualification; while the American absentee, having remained away long enough to have forgotten many things and never to have seen many others, has dropped hopelessly behindhand as to the facts, yet claims to speak with authority. Cooper went even beyond these professional absentees, because, while they are usually ready to praise other countries at the expense of America, Cooper, with heroic impartiality, dispraised all countries, or at least all that spoke English. A thoroughly patriotic and highminded man, he yet had no mental perspective, and made small matters as important as great. Constantly reproaching America for not being Europe, he also satirized Europe for being what it was. As a result, he was for a time equally detested by the press of both countries. The English, he thought, had "a national propensity to blackguardism," and certainly the remarks he drew from them did something to vindicate the charge. When the *London Times* called him "affected, offensive, curious, and ill-conditioned," and *Fraser's Magazine*, "a liar, a bilious braggart, a full jackass, an insect, a grub, and a reptile," they clearly left little for America to say in that direction. Yet Park Benjamin did his best, or his worst, when he called Cooper (in Greeley's *New Yorker*) "a superlative dolt and the common mark of scorn and contempt of every well-informed American"; and so did Webb, when he pronounced the novelist "a base-minded caitiff who had traduced his country." Not being able to reach his English opponents, Cooper turned on these Americans, and spent years in attacking Webb and others through the courts, gaining little and losing much through the long vicissitudes of petty local lawsuits. The fact has kept alive their memory; but for Lowell's keener shaft, "Cooper has written six volumes to

show he's as good as a lord," there was no redress. The arrow lodged and split the target.

Like Scott and most other novelists, Cooper was rarely successful with his main characters, but was saved by his subordinate ones. These were strong, fresh, characteristic, human; and they lay, as has been said, in several different directions, all equally marked. If he did not create permanent types in Harvey Birch the spy, Leather-Stocking the woodsman, Long Tom Coffin the sailor, Chingachgook the Indian, then there is no such thing as the creation of characters in literature. Scott was far more profuse and varied, but he gave no more of life to individual personages and perhaps created no types so universally recognized. What is most remarkable is that, in the case of the Indian especially, Cooper was not only in advance of the knowledge of his own time, but of that of the authors who immediately followed him. In Parkman and Palfrey, for instance, the Indian of Cooper vanishes and seems wholly extinguished, but under the closer inspection of Alice Fletcher and Horatio Hale, the lost figure reappears, and becomes more picturesque, more poetic, more thoughtful than even Cooper dared to make him. The instinct of the novelist turned out more authoritative than the premature conclusions of a generation of historians.

It is only women who can draw the commonplace, at least in English, and make it fascinating. Perhaps only two English women have done this, Jane Austen and George Eliot, while in France George Sand has certainly done it far less well than it has been achieved by Balzac and Daudet. Cooper never succeeded in it for a single instant, and even when he has an admiral of this type to write about, he puts into him less of life than Marryat imparts to the most ordinary lieutenant. The talk of Cooper's civilian worthies is, as Professor Lounsbury has well said — in what is perhaps the best biography yet written of any American author — "of a kind not known to human society." This is doubtless aggravated by the frequent use of *thee* and *thou*, yet this, which Professor Lounsbury attributes to Cooper's Quaker ancestry, was in truth a part of the formality of the old period, and is found also in Brockden Brown. And as his writings conform to their period in this, so they did in other respects; describing every woman, for

instance, as a "female" and making her to be such as Cooper himself describes the heroine of *Mercedes of Castile* to be when he says, "Her very nature is made up of religion and female decorum." Scott himself could also draw such inane figures, yet in Jeanie Deans he makes an average Scotch woman heroic, and in Meg Merrilies and Madge Wildfire he paints the extreme of daring self-will. There is scarcely a novel of Scott's where some woman has not shown qualities which approach the heroic; while Cooper scarcely produced one where a woman rises even to the level of an interesting commonplaceness. She may be threatened, endangered, tormented, besieged in forts, captured by Indians, but the same monotony prevails. So far as the real interests of Cooper's story goes it might usually be destitute of a single "female," that sex appearing chiefly as a bundle of dry goods to be transported, or as a fainting appendage to the skirmish.

His long introductions he shared with the other novelists of the day, or at least with Scott, for both Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth are more modern in this respect and strike more promptly into the tale. His loose-jointed plots are also shared with Scott, but he knows as surely as Scott how to hold the reader's attention when once grasped. Like Scott's, too, is his fearlessness in giving details, instead of the vague generalizations which were then in fashion, and to which his academical critics would have confined him. He is indeed already vindicated in some respects by the advance of the art he practised; where he led the way, the best literary practice has followed. The *Edinburgh Review* exhausted its heavy artillery upon him for his accurate descriptions of costume and localities, and declared that they were "an epilepsy of the fancy" and that a vague general account would have been far better. "Why describe the dress and appearance of an Indian chief, down to his tobacco-stopper and button-holes?" We now see that it is this very habit which has made Cooper's Indian a permanent figure in literature, while the Indians of his predecessor, Charles Brockden Brown, were merely dusky spectres. "Poetry or romance," continued the *Edinburgh Review*, "does not descend into the particulars," this being the same fallacy satirized by Ruskin, whose imaginary painter produced a quadruped which was a generalization between a pony and a pig. Balzac, who risked

the details of buttons and tobacco pipes as fearlessly as Cooper, said of *The Pathfinder*, "Never did the art of writing tread closer upon the art of the pencil. This is the school of study for literary landscape painters." He says elsewhere: "If Cooper had succeeded in the painting of character to the same extent that he did in the painting of the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word of our art." Upon such praise as this the reputation of James Fenimore Cooper may well rest.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

HAWKEYE AND HIS FRIENDS

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood;
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

BRYANT.

LEAVING the unsuspecting Heyward and his confiding companions to penetrate still deeper into a forest that contained such treacherous inmates, we must use an author's privilege, and shift the scene a few miles to the westward of the place where we have last seen them.

On that day, two men were lingering on the banks of a small but rapid stream, within an hour's journey of the encampment of Webb, like those who awaited the appearance of an absent person, or the approach of some expected event. The vast canopy of woods spread itself to the margin of the river, overhanging the water and shadowing its dark current with a deeper hue. The rays of the sun were beginning to grow less fierce, and the intense heat of the day was lessened, as the cooler vapors of the springs and fountains rose above their leafy beds, and rested in the atmosphere. Still, that breathing silence, which marks the drowsy sultriness of an American landscape in July, pervaded the secluded spot, interrupted only by the low voices of the men, the occasional and lazy tap of a woodpecker, the discordant cry of some gaudy jay, or a swelling on the air from the dull roar of a distant waterfall.

These feeble and broken sounds were, however, too familiar to the foresters to draw their attention from the more interesting matter of their dialogue. While one of these loiterers showed the red skin and wild accoutrements of a native of the woods, the other exhibited, through the mask of his rude and nearly savage equipments, the brighter, though sunburnt and long-faded complexion of one who might claim descent from a European parentage. The former was seated on the end of a mossy log, in a posture that permitted him to heighten the effect of his earnest

language by the calm but expressive gestures of an Indian engaged in debate. His body, which was nearly naked, presented a terrific emblem of death, drawn in intermingled colors of white and black. His closely shaved head, on which no other hair than the well-known and chivalrous scalping-tuft¹ was preserved, was without ornament of any kind, with the exception of a solitary eagle's plume that crossed his crown and depended over the left shoulder. A tomahawk and scalping-knife, of English manufacture, were in the girdle; while a short military rifle, of that sort with which the policy of the whites armed their savage allies, lay carelessly across his bare and sinewy knee. The expanded chest, full-formed limbs, and grave countenance of this warrior would denote that he had reached the vigor of his days, though no symptoms of decay appeared to have yet weakened his manhood.

The frame of the white man, judging by such parts as were not concealed by his clothes, was like that of one who had known hardships and exertion from his earliest youth. His person, though muscular, was rather attenuated than full; but every nerve and muscle appeared strung and indurated by unremitted exposure and toil. He wore a hunting-shirt of forest green, fringed with faded yellow,² and a summer cap of skins which had been shorn of their fur. He also bore a knife in a girdle of wampum, like that which confined the scanty garments of the Indian, but no tomahawk. His moccasins were ornamented after the gay fashion of the natives, while the only part of his under-dress which appeared below the hunting-frock was a pair of buckskin leggings that laced at the sides, and which were gartered above the knees with the sinews of a deer. A pouch and horn completed his per-

¹ The North American warrior caused the hair to be plucked from his whole body; a small tuft, only, was left on the crown of his head in order that his enemy might avail himself of it, in wrenching off the scalp in the event of his fall. The scalp was the only admissible trophy of victory. Thus, it was deemed more important to obtain the scalp than to kill the man. Some tribes lay great stress on the honor of striking a dead body. These practices have nearly disappeared among the Indians of the Atlantic States.

² The hunting-shirt is a picturesque smock frock, being shorter, and ornamented with fringes and tassels. The colors are intended to imitate the hues of the wood with a view to concealment. Many corps of American riflemen have been thus attired; and the dress is one of the most striking of modern times. The hunting-shirt is frequently white.

sonal accoutrements, though a rifle of great length,¹ which the theory of the more ingenious whites had taught them was the most dangerous of all fire-arms, leaned against a neighboring sapling. The eye of the hunter, or scout, whichever he might be, was small, quick, keen, and restless, roving while he spoke, on every side of him, as if in quest of game, or distrusting the sudden approach of some lurking enemy. Notwithstanding these symptoms of habitual suspicion, his countenance was not only without guile, but at the moment at which he is introduced, it was charged with an expression of sturdy honesty.

"Even your traditions make the case in my favor, Chingachgook," he said, speaking in the tongue which was known to all the natives who formerly inhabited the country between the Hudson and the Potomac, and of which we shall give a free translation for the benefit of the reader; endeavoring, at the same time, to preserve some of the peculiarities, both of the individual and of the language. "Your fathers came from the setting sun, crossed the big river,² fought the people of the country, and took the land; and mine came from the red sky of the morning, over the salt lake, and did their work much after the fashion that had been set them by yours; then let God judge the matter between us, and friends spare their words!"

"My fathers fought with the naked redmen!" returned the Indian, sternly, in the same language. "Is there no difference, Hawkeye, between the stone-headed arrow of the warrior, and the leaden bullet with which you kill?"

"There is reason in an Indian, though nature has made him with a red skin!" said the white man, shaking his head like one on whom such an appeal to his justice was not thrown away. For a moment he appeared to be conscious of having the worst of the argument; then, rallying again, he answered the objection of his antagonist in the best manner his limited information would allow: "I am no scholar, and I care not who knows it; but judging from

¹ The rifle of the army is short; that of the hunter is always long.

² The Mississippi. The scout alludes to a tradition which is very popular among the tribes of the Atlantic States. Evidence of their Asiatic origin is deduced from the circumstances, though great uncertainty hangs over the whole history of the Indians.

what I have seen, at deer chases and squirrel hunts, of the sparks below, I should think a rifle in the hands of their grandfathers was not so dangerous as a hickory bow and a good flint-head might be, if drawn with Indian judgment, and sent by an Indian eye."

"You have the story told by your fathers," returned the other, coldly waving his hand. "What say your old men? Do they tell the young warriors that the pale-faces met the redmen, painted for war and armed with the stone hatchet and wooden gun?"

"I am not a prejudiced man, nor one who vaunts himself on his natural privileges, though the worst enemy I have on earth, and he is an Iroquois, daren't deny that I am genuine white," the scout replied, surveying, with secret satisfaction, the faded color of his bony and sinewy hand; "and I am willing to own that my people have many ways of which, as an honest man, I can't approve. It is one of their customs to write in books what they have done and seen, instead of telling them in their villages, where the lie can be given to the face of a cowardly boaster, and the brave soldier can call on his comrades to witness for the truth of his words. In consequence of this bad fashion, a man who is too conscientious to misspend his days among the women in learning the names of black marks, may never hear of the deeds of his fathers, nor feel a pride in striving to outdo them. For myself, I conclude the Bumppos could shoot, for I have a natural turn with the rifle, which must have been handed down from generation to generation, as, our holy commandments tell us, all good and evil gifts are bestowed; though I should be loth to answer for other people in such a matter. But every story has its two sides; so I ask you, Chingachgook, what passed according to the traditions of the redmen, when our fathers first met?"

A silence of a minute succeeded, during which the Indian sat mute; then, full of the dignity of his office, he commenced his brief tale, with a solemnity that served to heighten its appearance of truth.

"Listen, Hawkeye, and your ear shall drink no lie. 'Tis what my fathers have said, and what the Mohicans have done." He hesitated a single instant, and bending a cautious glance toward his companion, he continued, in a manner that was divided between interrogation and assertion, "Does not this stream at our

feet run toward the summer, until its waters grow salt, and the current flows upward?"

"It can't be denied that your traditions tell you true in both these matters," said the white man; "for I have been there, and have seen them; though why water, which is so sweet in the shade, should become bitter in the sun, is an alteration for which I have never been able to account."

"And the current?" demanded the Indian, who expected his reply with that sort of interest that a man feels in the confirmation of testimony at which he marvels even while he respects it; "the fathers of Chingachgook have not lied!"

"The Holy Bible is not more true, and that is the truest thing in nature. They call this up-stream current the tide, which is a thing soon explained, and clear enough. Six hours the waters run in, and six hours they run out, and the reason is this: when there is higher water in the sea than in the river, they run in, until the river gets to be the highest, and then it runs out again."

"The waters in the woods, and on the great lakes, run downward until they lie like my hand," said the Indian, stretching the limb horizontally before him, "and then they run no more."

"No honest man will deny it," said the scout, a little nettled at the implied distrust of his explanation of the mystery of the tides: "and I grant that it is true on the small scale, and where the land is level. But everything depends on what scale you look at things. Now, on the small scale, the earth is level; but on the large scale it is round. In this manner, pools and ponds, and even the great fresh-water lake, may be stagnant, as you and I both know they are, having seen them; but when you come to spread water over a great tract, like the sea, where the earth is round, how in reason can the water be quiet? You might as well expect the river to lie still on the brink of those black rocks a mile above us, though your own ears tell you that it is tumbling over them at this very moment!"

If unsatisfied by the philosophy of his companion, the Indian was far too dignified to betray his unbelief. He listened like one who was convinced, and resumed his narrative in his former solemn manner.

"We came from the place where the sun is hid at night, over

great plains where the buffaloes live, until we reached the big river. There we fought the Alligewi, till the ground was red with their blood. From the banks of the big river to the shores of the salt lake, there was none to meet us. The Maquas followed at a distance. We said the country should be ours from the place where the water runs up no longer on this stream, to a river twenty suns' journey toward the summer. The land we had taken like warriors, we kept like men. We drove the Maquas into the woods with the bears. They only tasted salt at the licks; they drew no fish from the great lake: we threw them the bones."

"All this I have heard and believe," said the white man, observing that the Indian paused: "but it was long before the English came into the country."

"A pine grew then where this chestnut now stands. The first pale-faces who came among us spoke no English. They came in a large canoe, when my fathers had buried the tomahawk with the redmen around them. Then, Hawkeye," he continued, betraying his deep emotion only by permitting his voice to fall to those low, guttural tones which rendered his language, as spoken at times, so very musical; "then, Hawkeye, we were one people, and we were happy. The salt lake gave us its fish, the wood its deer, and the air its birds. We took wives who bore us children; we worshipped the Great Spirit; and we kept the Maquas beyond the sound of our songs of triumph."

"Know you anything of your own family at that time?" demanded the white. "But you are a just man, for an Indian; and, as I suppose you hold their gifts, your fathers must have been brave warriors, and wise men at the council fire."

"My tribe is the grandfather of nations, but I am an unmixed man. The blood of chiefs is in my veins, where it must stay forever. The Dutch landed, and gave my people the fire-water; they drank until the heavens and the earth seemed to meet, and they foolishly thought they had found the Great Spirit. Then they parted with their land. Foot by foot they were driven back from the shores, until I, that am a chief and a sagamore, have never seen the sun shine but through the trees, and have never visited the graves of my fathers!"

"Graves bring solemn feelings over the mind," returned the

scout, a good deal touched at the calm suffering of his companion ;
“and they often aid a man in his good intentions ; though, for myself, I expect to leave my own bones unburied, to bleach in the woods, or to be torn asunder by the wolves. But where are to be found those of your race who came to their kin in the Delaware country, so many summers since ?”

“Where are the blossoms of those summers ! — fallen, one by one : so all of my family departed, each in his turn, to the land of spirits. I am on the hill-top, and must go down into the valley ; and when Uncas follows in my footsteps, there will no longer be any of the blood of the sagamores, for my boy is the last of the Mohicans.”

“Uncas is here !” said another voice, in the same soft, guttural tones, near his elbow ; “who speaks to Uncas ?”

The white man loosened his knife in his leathern sheath, and made an involuntary movement of the hand toward his rifle, at this sudden interruption ; but the Indian sat composed, and without turning his head at the unexpected sounds.

At the next instant, a youthful warrior passed between them, with a noiseless step, and seated himself on the bank of the rapid stream. No exclamation of surprise escaped the father, nor was any question asked, or reply given, for several minutes ; each appearing to await the moment when he might speak, without betraying womanish curiosity or childish impatience. The white man seemed to take counsel from their customs, and, relinquishing his grasp of the rifle, he also remained silent and reserved. At length Chingachgook turned his eyes slowly towards his son and demanded, —

“Do the Maquas dare to leave the print of their moccasins in these woods ?”

“I have been on their trail,” replied the young Indian, “and know that they number as many as the fingers of my two hands ; but they lie hid, like cowards.”

“The thieves are out-lying for scalps and plunder !” said the white man, whom we shall call Hawkeye, after the manner of his companions. “That bushy Frenchman, Montcalm, will send his spies into our very camp, but he will know what road we travel !”

"'Tis enough!" returned the father, glancing his eye towards the setting sun; "they shall be driven like deer from their bushes. Hawkeye, let us eat to-night, and show the Maquas that we are men to-morrow."

"I am as ready to do the one as the other; but to fight the Iroquois 'tis necessary to find the skulkers; and to eat 'tis necessary to get the game—talk of the devil and he will come; there is a pair of the biggest antlers I have seen this season, moving the bushes below the hill! Now, Uncas," he continued in a half whisper, and laughing with a kind of inward sound, like one who had learnt to be watchful, "I will bet my charger three times full of powder, against a foot of wampum, that I take him atwixt the eyes, and nearer to the right than to the left."

"It cannot be!" said the young Indian, springing to his feet with youthful eagerness; "all but the tips of his horns are hid!"

"He's a boy!" said the white man, shaking his head while he spoke, and addressing the father. "Does he think when a hunter sees a part of the creatur', he can't tell where the rest of him should be!"

Adjusting his rifle, he was about to make an exhibition of that skill on which he so much valued himself, when the warrior struck up the piece with his hand, saying,—

"Hawkeye! will you fight the Maquas?"

"These Indians know the nature of the woods, as it might be by instinct!" returned the scout, dropping his rifle, and turning away like a man who was convinced of his error. "I must leave the buck to your arrow, Uncas, or we may kill a deer for them thieves, the Iroquois, to eat."

The instant the father seconded this intimation by an expressive gesture of the hand, Uncas threw himself on the ground and approached the animal with wary movements. When within a few yards of the cover, he fitted an arrow to his bow with the utmost care, while the antlers moved, as if their owner snuffed an enemy in the tainted air. In another moment the twang of the cord was heard, a white streak was seen glancing into the bushes, and the wounded buck plunged from the cover to the very feet of his hidden enemy. Avoiding the horns of the infuriated animal, Uncas darted to his side, and passed his knife across the throat, when

bounding to the edge of the river it fell, dyeing the waters with its blood.

"'Twas done with Indian skill," said the scout, laughing inwardly, but with vast satisfaction; "and 'twas a pretty sight to behold! Though an arrow is a near shot, and needs a knife to finish the work."

"Hugh!" ejaculated his companion, turning quickly, like a hound who scented game.

"By the Lord, there is a drove of them!" exclaimed the scout, whose eyes began to glisten with the ardor of his usual occupation; "if they come within range of a bullet I will drop one, though the whole Six Nations should be lurking within sound! What do you hear, Chingachgook? for to my ears the woods are dumb."

"There is but one deer, and he is dead," said the Indian, bending his body till his ear nearly touched the earth. "I hear the sounds of feet!"

"Perhaps the wolves have driven the buck to shelter, and are following on his trail."

"No. The horses of white men are coming!" returned the other, raising himself with dignity, and resuming his seat on the log with his former composure. "Hawkeye, they are your brothers; speak to them."

"That will I, and in English that the king needn't be ashamed to answer," returned the hunter, speaking in the language of which he boasted; "but I see nothing, nor do I hear the sounds of man or beast; 'tis strange that an Indian should understand what sounds better than a man who, his very enemies will own, has no cross in his blood, although he may have lived with the redskins long enough to be suspected! Ha! there goes something like the cracking of a dry stick, too—now I hear the bushes move—yes, yes, there is a trampling that I mistook for the falls—and—but here they come themselves; God keep them from the Iroquois!"

[*The Last of the Mohicans, a narrative of 1757, 1826, chapter 3.*]

THE ARIEL AND THE ALACRITY

"Thus guided on their course they bore,
 Until they neared the mainland shore ;
 When frequent on the hollow blast,
 Wild shouts of merriment were cast."

Lord of the Isles.

The joyful shouts and hearty cheers of the *Ariel's* crew continued for some time after her commander had reached her deck. Barnstable answered the congratulations of his officers by cordial shakes of the hand ; and after waiting for the ebullition of delight among the seamen to subside a little, he beckoned with an air of authority for silence.

"I thank you, my lads, for your good-will," he said, when all were gathered around him in deep attention : "they have given us a tough chase, and if you had left us another mile to go, we had been lost. That fellow is a king's cutter ; and though his disposition to run to leeward is a good deal mollified, yet he shows signs of fight. At any rate, he is stripping off some of his clothes, which looks as if he were game. Luckily for us, Captain Manual has taken all the marines ashore with him (though what he has done with them or himself, is a mystery), or we should have had our decks lumbered with live cattle ; but, as it is, we have a good working breeze, tolerably smooth water, and a dead match ! There is a sort of national obligation on us to whip that fellow ; and therefore, without more words about the matter, let us turn to and do it, that we may get our breakfasts."

To this specimen of marine eloquence the crew cheered as usual, the young men burning for the combat, and the few old sailors who belonged to the schooner shaking their heads with infinite satisfaction, and swearing by sundry strange oaths that their captain "could talk, when there was need of such a thing, like the best dictionary that ever was launched."

During this short harangue, and the subsequent comments, the *Ariel* had been kept under a cloud of canvas, as near to the wind as she could lie ; and as this was her best sailing, she had stretched swiftly out from the land to a distance whence the cliffs, and the soldiers who were spread along their summits, became plainly

visible. Barnstable turned his glass repeatedly, from the cutter to the shore, as different feelings predominated in his breast, before he again spoke.

"If Mr. Griffith is stowed away among those rocks," he at length said, "he shall see as pretty an argument discussed, in a few words, as he ever listened to, provided the gentlemen in yonder cutter have not changed their minds as to the road they intend to journey — what think you, Mr. Merry?"

"I wish with all my heart and soul, sir," returned the fearless boy, "that Mr. Griffith was safe aboard us; it seems the country is alarmed, and God knows what will happen if he is taken! As to the fellow to windward, he'll find it easier to deal with the *Ariel's* boat than with her mother; but he carries a broad sail; I question if he means to show play."

"Never doubt him, boy," said Barnstable, "he is working off the shore, like a man of sense, and besides, he has his spectacles on, trying to make out what tribe of Yankee Indians we belong to. You'll see him come to the wind presently, and send a few pieces of iron down this way, by way of letting us know where to find him. Much as I like your first lieutenant, Mr. Merry, I would rather leave him on the land this day, than see him on my decks. I want no fighting captain to work this boat for me! But tell the drummer, sir, to beat to quarters."

The boy, who was staggering under the weight of his melodious instrument, had been expecting this command, and without waiting for the midshipman to communicate the order, he commenced that short rub-a-dub air, that will at any time rouse a thousand men from the deepest sleep, and cause them to fly to their means of offense with a common soul. The crew of the *Ariel* had been collected in groups, studying the appearance of the enemy, cracking their jokes, and waiting only for this usual order to repair to the guns; and at the first tap of the drum, they spread with steadiness to the different parts of the little vessel, where their various duties called them. The cannon were surrounded by small parties of vigorous and athletic young men; the few marines were drawn up in array with muskets; the officers appeared in their boarding-caps, with pistols stuck in their belts, and naked sabres in their hands. Barnstable paced his little quarter-deck

with a firm tread, dangling a speaking-trumpet by its lanyard on his forefinger, or occasionally applying the glass to his eye, which, when not in use, was placed under one arm, while his sword was resting against the foot of the mainmast; a pair of heavy ship's pistols were thrust into his belt also; and piles of muskets, boarding-pikes, and naked sabres were placed on different parts of the deck. The laugh of the seamen was heard no longer; and those who spoke uttered their thoughts only in low and indistinct whispers.

The English cutter held her way from the land until she got an offing of more than two miles, when she reduced her sails to a yet smaller number; and heaving into the wind, she fired a gun in a direction opposite to that which pointed to the *Ariel*.

"Now I would wager a quintal of codfish, Master Coffin," said Barnstable, "against the best cask of porter that was ever brewed in England, that fellow believes a Yankee schooner can fly in the wind's eye! If he wishes to speak to us, why don't he give his cutter a little sheet and come down?"

The cockswain had made his arrangements for the combat with much more method and philosophy than any other man in the vessel. When the drum beat to quarters, he threw aside his jacket, vest, and shirt, with as little hesitation as if he stood under an American sun, and with all the discretion of a man who had engaged in an undertaking that required the free use of his utmost powers. As he was known to be a privileged individual in the *Ariel*, and one whose opinions, in all matters of seamanship, were regarded as oracles by the crew, and were listened to by his commander with no little demonstration of respect, the question excited no surprise. He was standing at the breech of his long gun, with his brawny arms folded on a breast that had been turned to the color of blood by long exposure, his grizzled locks fluttering in the breeze, and his tall form towering far above the heads of all near him.

"He hugs the wind, sir, as if it was his sweetheart," was his answer; "but he'll let go his hold soon; and if he don't, we can find a way to make him fall to leeward."

"Keep a good full!" cried the commander, in a stern voice; "and let the vessel go through the water. That fellow walks well,

long Tom ; but we are too much for him on a bowline ; though, if he continue to draw ahead in this manner, it will be night before we can get alongside him."

"Aye, aye, sir," returned the cockswain ; "them cutters carries a press of canvas when they seem to have but little ; their gaffs are all the same as young booms, and spread a broad head to their mainsails. But it's no hard matter to knock a few cloths out of their bolt-ropes, when she will drop astarn and to leeward."

"I believe there is good sense in your scheme this time," said Barnstable ; "for I am anxious about the frigate's people — though I hate a noisy chase ; speak to him, Tom, and let us see if he will answer."

"Aye, aye, sir," cried the cockswain, sinking his body in such a manner as to let his head fall to a level with the cannon that he controlled, when, after divers orders, and sundry movements to govern the direction of the piece, he applied a match, with a rapid motion, to the priming. An immense body of white smoke rushed from the muzzle of the cannon, followed by a sheet of vivid fire, until, losing its power, it yielded to the wind, and as it rose from the water, spread like a cloud, and, passing through the masts of the schooner, was driven far to leeward, and soon blended in the mists which were swiftly scudding before the fresh breezes of the ocean.

Although many curious eyes were watching this beautiful sight from the cliffs, there was too little of novelty in the exhibition to attract a single look of the crew of the schooner, from the more important examination of the effect of the shot on their enemy. Barnstable sprung lightly on a gun, and watched the instant when the ball would strike, with keen interest, while long Tom threw himself aside from the line of the smoke with a similar intention ; holding one of his long arms extended towards his namesake, with a finger on the vent, and supporting his frame by placing the hand of the other on the deck, as his eyes glanced through an opposite port-hole, in an attitude that most men might have despaired of imitating with success.

"There go the chips!" cried Barnstable. "Bravo! Master Coffin, you never planted iron in the ribs of an Englishman with

more judgment. Let him have another piece of it; and if he like the sport, we'll play a game of long bowls with him!"

"Aye, aye, sir," returned the cockswain, who, the instant he witnessed the effects of his shot, had returned to superintend the reloading of his gun; "if he holds on half an hour longer, I'll dub him down to our own size, when we can close, and make an even fight of it."

The drum of the Englishman was now for the first time heard rattling across the waters, and echoing the call to quarters that had already proceeded from the *Ariel*.

"Ah! you have sent him to his guns!" said Barnstable; "we shall now hear more of it; wake him up, Tom—wake him up."

"We shall start him on end, or put him to sleep altogether, shortly," said the deliberate cockswain, who never allowed himself to be at all hurried, even by his commander. "My shot are pretty much like a shoal of porpoises, and commonly sail in each other's wake. Stand by—heave her breech forward—so; get out of that, you damned young reprobate, and let my harpoon alone!"

"What are you at, there, Master Coffin?" cried Barnstable; "are you tongue-tied?"

"Here's one of the boys skylarking with my harpoon in the leescuppers, and by-and-by, when I shall want it most, there'll be a no-man's-land to hunt for it in."

"Never mind the boy, Tom; send him aft here to me and I'll polish his behavior; give the Englishman some more iron."

"I want the little villain to pass up my cartridges," returned the angry old seaman; "but if you'll be so good, sir, as to hit him a crack or two, now and then, as he goes by you to the magazine, the monkey will learn his manners and the schooner's work will be all the better done for it. A young herring-faced monkey! to meddle with a tool ye don't know the use of. If your parents had spent more of their money on your edication, and less on your outfit, you'd ha' been a gentleman to what ye are now."

"Hurrah! Tom, hurrah!" cried Barnstable, a little impatiently; "is your namesake never to open his throat again!"

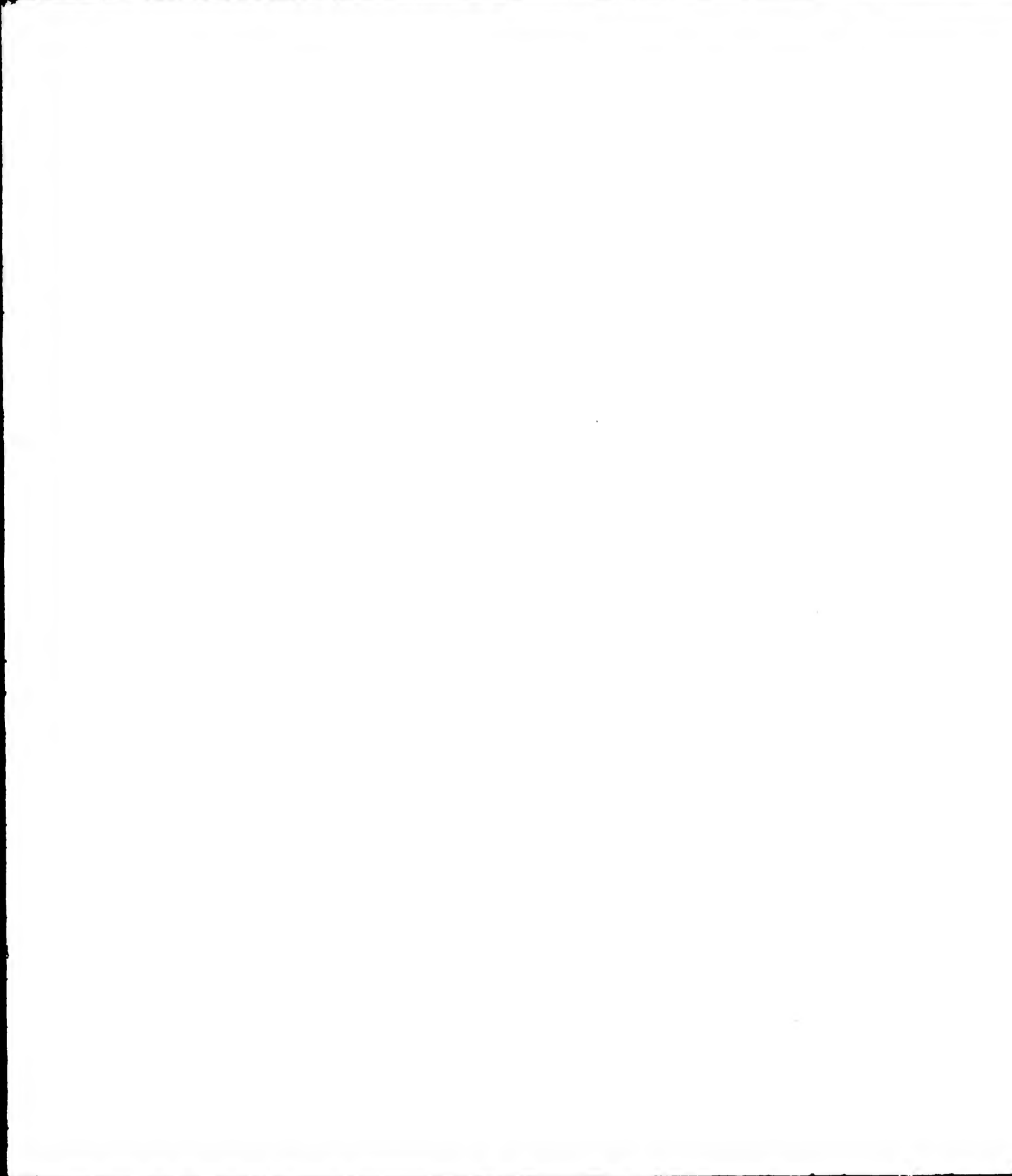
"Aye, aye, sir; all ready," grumbled the cockswain; "depress a little; so—so; a damned young baboon-behaved curmudgeon;

overhaul that forward fall more; stand by with your match — but I'll pay him! — fire!" This was the actual commencement of the fight; for as the shot of Tom Coffin travelled, as he had intimated, very much in the same direction, their enemy found the sport becoming too hot to be endured in silence, and the report of the second gun from the *Ariel* was instantly followed by that of the whole broadside of the *Alacrity*. The shot of the cutter flew in a very good direction, but her guns were too light to give them efficiency at that distance; and as one or two were heard to strike against the bends of the schooner, and fall back, innocuously, into the water, the cockswain, whose good-humor became gradually restored as the combat thickened, remarked with his customary apathy:

"Them count for no more than love-taps — does the Englishman think that we are firing salutes!"

"Stir him up, Tom! every blow you give him will help to open his eyes," cried Barnstable, rubbing his hands with glee, as he witnessed the success of his efforts to close.

Thus far the cockswain and his crew had the fight, on the part of the *Ariel*, altogether to themselves, the men who were stationed at the smaller and shorter guns standing in perfect idleness by their sides; but in ten or fifteen minutes the commander of the *Alacrity*, who had been staggered by the weight of the shot that had struck him, found that it was no longer in his power to retreat, if he wished it; when he decided on the only course that was left for a brave man to pursue, and steered boldly in such a direction as would soonest bring him in contact with his enemy, without exposing his vessel to be raked by his fire. Barnstable watched each movement of his foe with eagle eyes, and when the vessel had got within a lessened distance, he gave the order for a general fire to be opened. The action now grew warm and spirited on both sides. The power of the wind was counteracted by the constant explosion of the cannon; and, instead of driving rapidly to leeward, a white canopy of curling smoke hung above the *Ariel*, or rested on the water, lingering in her wake, so as to mark the path by which she was approaching to a closer and still deadlier struggle. The shouts of the young sailors, as they handled their instruments of death, became more animated and fierce, while the cockswain pursued





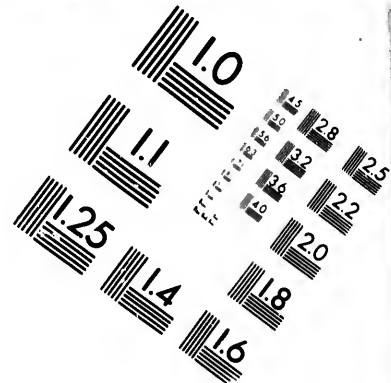
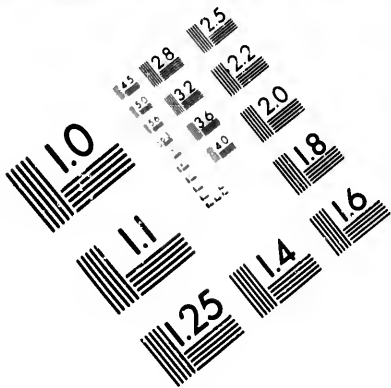
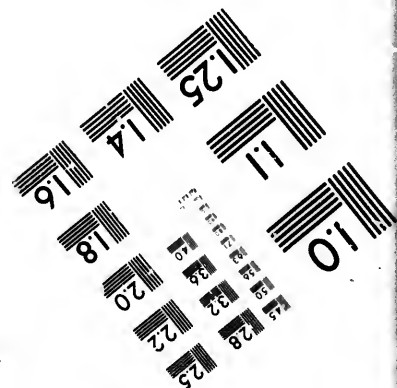
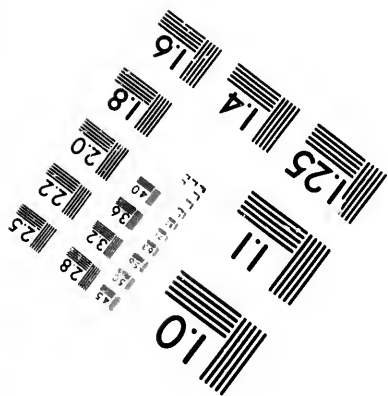
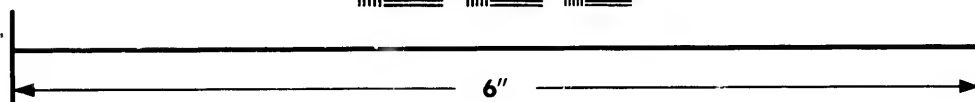
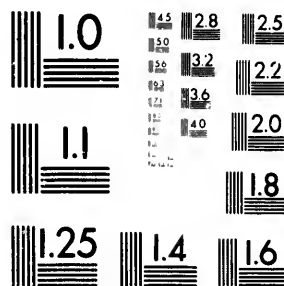


IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503



**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques



© 1981

his occupation with the silence and skill of one who labored in a regular vocation. Barnstable was unusually composed and quiet, maintaining the grave deportment of a commander on whom rested the fortunes of the contest, at the same time that his dark eyes were dancing with the fire of suppressed animation.

"Give it them!" he occasionally cried, in a voice that might be heard amid the bellowing of the cannon; "never mind their cordage, my lads; drive home their bolts, and make your marks below their ridge-ropes."

In the mean time the Englishman played a manful game.

He had suffered a heavy loss by the distant cannonade, which no metal he possessed could retort upon his enemy; but he struggled nobly to repair the error in judgment with which he had begun the contest. The two vessels gradually drew nigher to each other, until they both entered into the common cloud created by their fire, which thickened and spread around them in such a manner as to conceal their dark hulls from the gaze of the curious and interested spectators on the cliffs. The heavy reports of the cannon were now mingled with the rattling of muskets and pistols, and streaks of fire might be seen glancing like flashes of lightning through the white cloud which enshrouded the combatants; and many minutes of painful uncertainty followed, before the deeply-interested soldiers, who were gazing at the scene, discovered on whose banners victory had alighted.

We shall follow the combatants into their misty wreath, and display to the reader the events as they occurred.

The fire of the *Ariel* was much the most quick and deadly, both because she had suffered less, and her men were less exhausted; and the cutter stood desperately on to decide the combat, after grappling, hand to hand. Barnstable anticipated her intention, and well understood her commander's reason for adopting this course; but he was not a man to calculate coolly his advantages, when pride and daring invited him to a more severe trial. Accordingly, he met the enemy half-way, and as the vessels rushed together, the stern of the schooner was secured to the bows of the cutter, by the joint efforts of both parties. The voice of the English commander was now plainly to be heard, in the uproar, calling to his men to follow him.

"Away there, boarders! repel boarders on the starboard quarter!" shouted Barnstable through his trumpet.

This was the last order that the gallant young sailor gave with this instrument; for, as he spoke, he cast it from him, and, seizing his sabre, flew to the spot where the enemy was about to make his most desperate effort. The shouts, execrations, and tauntings of the combatants, now succeeded to the roar of the cannon, which could be used no longer with effect, though the fight was still maintained with spirited discharges of the small-arms.

"Sweep him from his decks!" cried the English commander, as he appeared on his own bulwarks, surrounded by a dozen of his bravest men; "drive the rebellious dogs into the sea!"

"Away there, marines!" retorted Barnstable, firing his pistol at the advancing enemy; "leave not a man of them to sup his grog again."

The tremendous and close volley that succeeded this order, nearly accomplished the command of Barnstable to the letter, and the commander of the *Alacrity*, perceiving that he stood alone, reluctantly fell back on the deck of his own vessel, in order to bring on his men once more.

"Board her! gray-beards and boys, idlers and all!" shouted Barnstable, springing in advance of his crew; a powerful arm arrested the movement of the dauntless seaman, and before he had time to recover himself, he was drawn violently back to his own vessel by the irresistible grasp of his cockswain.

"The fellow's in his flurry," said Tom, "and it wouldn't be wise to go within reach of his flukes; but I'll just step ahead and give him a set with my harpoon."

Without waiting for a reply, the cockswain reared his tail frame on the bulwarks, and was in the attitude of stepping on board of his enemy, when a sea separated the vessels, and he fell with a heavy dash of the waters into the ocean. As twenty muskets and pistols were discharged at the instant he appeared, the crew of the *Ariel* supposed his fall to be occasioned by his wounds, and were rendered doubly fierce by the sight, and the cry of their commander to—

"Revenge long Tom! board her! long Tom or death!"

They threw themselves forward in irresistible numbers, and forced

a passage, with much bloodshed, to the fore-castle of the *Alacrity*. The Englishman was overpowered, but still remained undaunted—he rallied his crew, and bore up most gallantly to the fray. Thrusts of pikes and blows of sabres were becoming close and deadly, while muskets and pistols were constantly discharged by those who were kept at a distance by the pressure of the throng of closer combatants.

Barnstable led his men in advance, and became a mark of peculiar vengeance to his enemies, as they slowly yielded before his vigorous assaults. Chance had placed the two commanders on opposite sides of the cutter's deck, and the victory seemed to incline toward either party, wherever these daring officers directed the struggle in person. But the Englishman, perceiving that the ground he maintained in person was lost elsewhere, made an effort to restore the battle, by changing his position, followed by one or two of his best men. A marine, who preceded him, leveled his musket within a few feet of the head of the American commander, and was about to fire, when Merry glided among the combatants, and passed his dirk into the body of the man, who fell at the blow; shaking his piece, with horrid imprecations, the wounded soldier prepared to deal his vengeance on his youthful assailant, when the fearless boy leaped within its muzzle, and buried his own keen weapon in his heart.

"Hurrah!" shouted the unconscious Barnstable, from the edge of the quarter-deck, where, attended by a few men, he was driving all before him. "Revenge!—long Tom and victory!"

"We have them!" exclaimed the Englishman; "handle your pikes! we have them between two fires."

The battle would probably have terminated very differently from what previous circumstances had indicated, had not a wild-looking figure appeared in the cutter's channels at that moment, issuing from the sea, and gaining the deck at the same instant. It was long Tom, with his iron visage rendered fierce by his previous discomfiture, and his grizzled locks drenched with the briny element from which he had risen, looking like Neptune with his trident. Without speaking, he poised his harpoon, and, with a powerful effort, pinned the unfortunate Englishman to the mast of his own vessel.

"Starn all!" cried Tom by a sort of instinct, when the blow was struck; and catching up the musket of the fallen marine, he dealt out terrible and fatal blows with its butt on all who approached him, utterly disregarding the use of the bayonet on its muzzle. The unfortunate commander of the *Alacrity* brandished his sword with frantic gestures, while his eyes rolled in horrid wildness, when he writhed for an instant in his passing agonies, and then, as his head dropped lifeless upon his gored breast, he hung against the spar, a spectacle of dismay to his crew. A few of the Englishmen stood chained to the spot in silent horror at the sight, but most of them fled to their lower deck, or hastened to conceal themselves in the secret parts of the vessel, leaving to the Americans the undisputed possession of the *Alacrity*.

[*The Pilot, a Tale of the Sea*, 1823, chapter 18.]

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

[William Hickling Prescott was born in Salem, May 4, 1796, and died in Boston, Jan. 28, 1859. His life was quiet and uneventful. He was a student and a man of letters, and he was also greatly confined by the results of an accident to one of his eyes. His historical work was carried on against tremendous difficulties: he could hardly read at all and wrote only on a noctograph. In spite of all these obstacles he published *Ferdinand and Isabella*, in 1838; *The Conquest of Mexico*, in 1843; *The Conquest of Peru*, in 1847; and *Philip the Second*, in 1855-58, as well as a volume of essays. His works were eagerly read; they also gave him a very high reputation among scholars. He was elected corresponding member of the French Institute and of the Royal Society of Berlin, and received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford. A *Life of Prescott* (1864) was written by his friend George Ticknor.]

THE chief merits of Prescott as a historian are breadth and accuracy of information and impartiality of judgment. As a writer he has qualities which harmonize well with such characteristics: he has the classic excellencies of style. He is not so very suggestive, animated, sympathetic: his virtues are strength, outline, form.

And these excellencies Prescott has to a very considerable degree. He was passionate for knowledge of his subject, for power. Sparks had already shown American students the necessity of exhaustive material. History was no longer a matter for any honest gentleman who felt impelled to write, as Gibbon remarked, and had the needful paper and ink. Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Parkman, were, first and foremost, investigators. They not only accumulated in their libraries everything in print which bore on their subjects, but they had their copyists at work in the archives of all Europe. They wrote from contemporary authorities, when they could get them, and always wrote as original students. Prescott was the great champion of footnotes. Almost one-third of his good-sized volumes was made up of titles and quotations, which, as they were in Spanish, were entirely unintelligible to the greater number of those who admired his romance and his style.

Prescott was master of his voluminous material. But not only that, he had also in mind a very definite conception of what form that material was to take. He was no Barante, to write as his own authorities would have written. Nor did he imagine, like Carlyle, that he was part and parcel of that which he was describing. He saw how things had gone, even if sometimes from a considerable distance, and his idea was to put them as he saw them, with a firm, clear outline, which would bring them rightly to the mind of one who had not had his opportunities. But not only did he see everything clearly, he saw everything in relation; he conceived his subjects as wholes, saw each part as a part, not for itself. He had not only a sense of outline, but a sense of form.

It is true that in presenting the conception as it took shape in his mind, Prescott was not, we think, very happy. He lived toward the beginning of an effort in the writing of English prose which he may not have understood, may not have appreciated, for he continued the traditions to which he had been accustomed. Thus he calmly uses the most general word, and shuns anything that might possibly be striking, and so interfere with a becoming dignity. Had he really had an original sense of style, he would have expressed himself with some originality. As it was, he continued to write as it had been the habit of historians to write, and he achieved a very striking success.

Prescott has been called a romantic historian, and so in a certain sense he was, though not, as we have seen, so far as style is concerned. His time was a romantic time, and historians felt romantic, as much as anybody else. Macaulay announced that the "truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist had appropriated." Carlyle said that any one who read "the inscrutable Book of Nature as if it were a merchant's Ledger, is justly suspected of having never seen that Book." Thierry composed his *Merovingians* with occasional shouts of "Pharamond, Pharamond, we have battled with the sword!" Barante, out of the Burgundian chronicles, wove eleven volumes of mediæval tapestry, and concealed himself behind it. In Germany the learned Niebuhr was dazzled by the fascination of his lays of ancient Rome. In America (or, more correctly, in Spain) Washington Irving could not write his *Conquest of Granada* without imagining a Fray Aga-

pida, to whom it might be attributed. Prescott, too, felt the influence, although he was a different man from any of these, with aims different from theirs.

Prescott's ideal was not romantic: it was the more serene, more severe, classic ideal. Still there is no doubt that he liked to think of his subjects as being romantic in themselves; he thought of Spaniards and Moors, *adelantados* and conquerors, Aztecs and Peruvians, as being naturally romantic, as may be seen from the prefaces to *Ferdinand and Isabella* and *The Conquest of Peru*. So they doubtless were at that time; they were, in fact, a part of the undoubted possession of the romancer of Prescott's day. But with plenty of local color in his subjects, Prescott had not more than a general feeling for romantic quality. M. de Heredia's "ivres d'un rêve héroïque et brutal" has a romantic idealism which cannot be found in the whole *Conquest of Mexico*. Kingsley's "Fat Carbajal charged our cannon like an elephant" has a romantic realism which cannot be found in all the *Peru*. A romantic mind loses much, but it is apt to get the play of real life. This Prescott generally missed: he was always viewing the matter as a whole, and rarely got down to particulars.

If, then, we turn to Prescott nowadays for romance, or if we study him for his technique, we shall find only what long since had its day. If we come to him from the post-Darwinian historians, we may think him superficial and inattentive to matters of importance. But even from these mistaken standpoints we shall hardly be able to read one of his histories without the feeling that he is a man of letters of distinguished power. He stood between great traditions and a great future; he certainly had some of the weaknesses of those who had gone before as well as some of their merits; and certainly, too, he missed some of the merits of those who were to come. On the other hand, he avoided the great faults of romanticism, and presents to us a singularly attractive combination of classic excellencies.

EDWARD EVERETT HALL, JR.

THE BATTLE OF OTUMBA

As the army was climbing the mountain steeps which shut in the valley of Otompan, the vedettes came in with the intelligence, that a powerful body was encamped on the other side, apparently awaiting their approach. The intelligence was soon confirmed by their own eyes, as they turned the crest of the sierra, and saw spread out, below, a mighty host, filling up the whole depth of the valley, and giving to it the appearance, from the white cotton mail of the warriors, of being covered with snow. It consisted of levies from the surrounding country, and especially the populous territory of Tezcuco, drawn together at the instance of Cuitlahua, Montezuma's successor, and now concentrated on this point to dispute the passage of the Spaniards. Every chief of note had taken the field with his whole array gathered under his standard, proudly displaying all the pomp and rude splendor of his military equipment. As far as the eye could reach, were to be seen shields and waving banners, fantastic helmets, forests of shining spears, the bright feather-mail of the chief, and the coarse cotton panoply of his followers, all mingled together in wild confusion, and tossing to and fro like the billows of a troubled ocean. It was a sight to fill the stoutest heart among the Christians with dismay, heightened by the previous expectation of soon reaching the friendly land which was to terminate their wearisome pilgrimage. Even Cortés, as he contrasted the tremendous array before him with his own diminished squadrons, wasted by disease and enfeebled by hunger and fatigue, could not escape the conviction that his last hour had arrived.

But his was not the heart to despond; and he gathered strength from the very extremity of his situation. He had no room for hesitation; for there was no alternative left to him. To escape was impossible. He could not retreat on the capital, from which he had been expelled. He must advance,—cut through the enemy, or perish. He hastily made his dispositions for the fight. He gave his force as broad a front as possible, protecting it on each flank by his little body of horse, now reduced to twenty. Fortunately, he had not allowed the invalids, for the last two days, to

mount behind the riders, from a desire to spare the horses, so that these were now in tolerable condition; and, indeed, the whole army had been refreshed by halting, as we have seen, two nights and a day in the same place, a delay, however, which had allowed the enemy time to assemble in such force to dispute its progress.

Cortés instructed his cavaliers not to part with their lances, and to direct them at the face. The infantry were to thrust, not strike, with their swords; passing them, at once, through the bodies of their enemies. They were, above all, to aim at the leaders, as the general well knew how much depends on the life of the commander in the wars of barbarians, whose want of subordination makes them impatient of any control but that to which they are accustomed.

He then addressed to his troops a few words of encouragement, as customary with him on the eve of an engagement. He reminded them of the victories they had won with odds nearly as discouraging as the present; thus establishing the superiority of science and discipline over numbers. Numbers, indeed, were of no account, where the arm of the Almighty was on their side. And he bade them have full confidence, that He, who had carried them safely through so many perils, would not now abandon them and his own good cause, to perish by the hand of the infidel. His address was brief, for he read in their looks that settled resolve which rendered words unnecessary. The circumstances of their position spoke more forcibly to the heart of every soldier than any eloquence could have done, filling it with that feeling of desperation which makes the weak arm strong, and turns the coward into a hero. After they had earnestly commended themselves, therefore, to the protection of God, the Virgin, and St. James, Cortés led his battalions straight against the enemy.

It was a solemn moment, — that, in which the devoted little band, with steadfast countenances, and their usual intrepid step, descended on the plain, to be swallowed up, as it were, in the vast ocean of their enemies. The latter rushed on with impetuosity to meet them, making the mountains ring to their discordant yells and battle-cries, and sending forth volleys of stones and arrows which for a moment shut out the light of day. But, when the leading files of the two armies closed, the superiority of the Christians was

felt, as their antagonists, falling back before the charges of cavalry, were thrown into confusion by their own numbers who pressed on them from behind. The Spanish infantry followed up the blow, and a wide lane was opened in the ranks of the enemy, who, receding on all sides, seemed willing to allow a free passage for their opponents. But it was to return on them with accumulated force, as rallying they poured upon the Christians, enveloping the little army on all sides, which, with its bristling array of long swords and javelins, stood firm, — in the words of a contemporary, — like an islet against which the breakers, roaring and surging, spend their fury in vain. The struggle was desperate of man against man. The Tlascalcan seemed to renew his strength, as he fought almost in view of his own native hills; as did the Spaniard, with the horrible doom of the captive before his eyes. Well did the cavaliers do their duty on that day; charging, in little bodies of four and five abreast, deep into the enemy's ranks, riding over the broken files, and by this temporary advantage giving strength and courage to the infantry. Not a lance was there which did not reek with the blood of the infidel. Among the rest, the young captain Sandoval is particularly commemorated for his daring prowess. Managing his fiery steed with easy horsemanship, he darted, when least expected, into the thickest of the *mêlée*, overturning the stanchest warriors, and rejoicing in danger, as if it were his natural element.

But these gallant displays of heroism served only to engulf the Spaniards deeper and deeper in the mass of the enemy, with scarcely any more chance of cutting their way through his dense and interminable battalions, than of hewing a passage with their swords through the mountains. Many of the Tlascalans and some of the Spaniards had fallen, and not one but had been wounded. Cortés himself had received a second cut on the head, and his horse was so much injured that he was compelled to dismount, and take one from the baggage train, a strong-boned animal, who carried him well through the turmoil of the day. The contest had now lasted several hours. The sun rode high in the heavens, and shed an intolerable fervor over the plain. The Christians, weakened by previous sufferings, and faint with loss of blood, began to relax in their desperate exertions. Their enemies, con-

stantly supported by fresh relays from the rear, were still in good heart, and, quick to perceive their advantage, pressed with redoubled force on the Spaniards. The horse fell back, crowded on the foot; and the latter, in vain seeking a passage amidst the dusky throngs of the enemy, who now closed up the rear, were thrown into some disorder. The tide of battle was setting rapidly against the Christians. The fate of the day would soon be decided; and all that now remained for them seemed to be to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

At this critical moment, Cortés, whose restless eye had been roving round the field in quest of any object that might offer him the means of arresting the coming ruin, rising in his stirrups, descried at a distance, in the midst of the throng, the chief who from his dress and military *cortège* he knew must be the commander of the barbarian forces. He was covered with a rich surcoat of feather-work; and a panache of beautiful plumes, gorgeously set in gold and precious stones, floated above his head. Rising above this, and attached to his back, between the shoulders, was a short staff bearing a golden net for a banner,—the singular, but customary, symbol of authority for an Aztec commander. The cacique, whose name was Cihuaca, was borne on a litter, and a body of young warriors, whose gay and ornamented dresses showed them to be the flower of the Indian nobles, stood round as a guard of his person and the sacred emblem.

The eagle eye of Cortés no sooner fell on this personage, than it lighted up with triumph. Turning quickly round to the cavaliers at his side, among whom were Sandoval, Olid, Alvarado, and Avila, he pointed out the chief, exclaiming, "There is our mark! Follow and support me!" Then crying his war-cry, and striking his iron heel into his weary steed, he plunged headlong into the thickest of the press. His enemies fell back, taken by surprise and daunted by the ferocity of the attack. Those who did not were pierced through with his lance, or borne down by the weight of his charger. The cavaliers followed close in the rear. On they swept, with the fury of a thunderbolt, cleaving the solid ranks asunder, strewing their path with the dying and the dead, and bounding over every obstacle in their way. In a few minutes they were in the presence of the Indian commander, and Cortés,

overturning his supporters, sprang forward with the strength of a lion, and, striking him through with his lance, hurled him to the ground. A young cavalier, Juan de Salamanca, who had kept close by his general's side, quickly dismounted and despatched the fallen chief. Then tearing away his banner, he presented it to Cortés, as a trophy to which he had the best claim. It was all the work of a moment. The guard, overpowered by the suddenness of the onset, made little resistance, but, flying, communicated their own panic to their comrades. The tidings of the loss soon spread over the field. The Indians, filled with consternation, now thought only of escape. In their blind terror, their numbers augmented their confusion. They trampled on one another, fancying it was the enemy in their rear.

The Spaniards and Tlascalans were not slow to avail themselves of the marvellous change in their affairs. Their fatigue, their wounds, hunger, thirst, all were forgotten in the eagerness for vengeance; and they followed up the flying foe, dealing death at every stroke, and taking ample retribution for all they had suffered in the bloody marshes of Mexico. Long did they pursue, till the enemy having abandoned the field, they returned sated with slaughter to glean the booty which he had left. It was great, for the ground was covered with the bodies of chiefs, at whom the Spaniards, in obedience to the general's instructions, had particularly aimed; and their dresses displayed all the barbaric pomp of ornament, in which the Indian warrior delighted. When his men had thus indemnified themselves, in some degree, for their late reverses, Cortés called them again under their banners; and, after offering up a grateful acknowledgement to the Lord of Hosts for their miraculous preservation, they renewed their march across the now deserted valley. The sun was declining in the heavens, but, before the shades of evening had gathered around, they reached an Indian temple on an eminence, which afforded a strong and commodious position for the night.

Such was the famous battle of Otompan, — or Otumba, as commonly called, from the Spanish corruption of the name. It was fought on the eighth of July, 1520. The whole amount of the Indian force is reckoned by Castilian writers at two hundred thousand! that of the slain at twenty thousand! Those who

admit the first part of the estimate will find no difficulty in receiving the last. It is about as difficult to form an accurate calculation of the numbers of a disorderly savage multitude, as of the pebbles on the beach, or the scattered leaves in autumn. Yet it was, undoubtedly, one of the most remarkable victories ever achieved in the New World. And this, not merely on account of the disparity of the forces, but of their unequal condition. For the Indians were in all their strength, while the Christians were wasted by disease, famine, and long protracted sufferings; without cannon or fire-arms, and deficient in the military apparatus which had so often struck terror into their barbarian foe,—deficient even in the terrors of a victorious name. But they had discipline on their side, desperate resolve, and implicit confidence in their commander. That they should have triumphed against such odds furnishes an inference of the same kind as that established by the victories of the European over the semi-civilized hordes of Asia.

Yet even here all must not be referred to superior discipline and tactics. For the battle would certainly have been lost, had it not been for the fortunate death of the Indian general. And, although the selection of the victim may be called the result of calculation, yet it was by the most precarious chance that he was thrown in the way of the Spaniards. It is, indeed, one among many examples of the influence of fortune in determining the fate of military operations. The star of Cortés was in the ascendant. Had it been otherwise, not a Spaniard would have survived that day to tell the bloody tale of the battle of Otumba.

[From *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, 1843, book v, chapter 4.]

THE PILLAGE OF CUZCO

It was late in the afternoon when the Conquerors came in sight of Cuzco. The descending sun was streaming his broad rays full on the imperial city, where many an altar was dedicated to his worship. The low ranges of buildings, showing in his beams like so many lines of silvery light, filled up the bosom of the valley and the lower slopes of the mountains, whose shadowy forms hung

darkly over the fair city, as if to shield it from the menaced profanation. It was so late, that Pizarro resolved to defer his entrance till the following morning.

That night vigilant guard was kept in the camp, and the soldiers slept on their arms. But it passed away without annoyance from the enemy, and early on the following day, November 15, 1533, Pizarro prepared for his entrance into the Peruvian capital.

The little army was formed into three divisions, of which the centre, or "battle," as it was called, was led by the general. The suburbs were thronged with a countless multitude of the natives, who had flocked from the city and the surrounding country to witness the showy, and, to them, startling pageant. All looked with eager curiosity on the strangers, the fame of whose terrible exploits had spread to the remotest parts of the empire. They gazed with astonishment on their dazzling arms and fair complexions, which seemed to proclaim them the true Children of the Sun; and they listened with feelings of mysterious dread, as the trumpet sent forth its prolonged notes through the streets of the capital, and the solid ground shook under the heavy tramp of the cavalry.

The Spanish commander rode directly up the great square. It was surrounded by low piles of buildings, among which were several palaces of the Incas. One of these, erected by Huayna Capac, was surmounted by a tower, while the ground-floor was occupied by one or more immense halls, like those described in Caxamalca, where the Peruvian nobles held their *fiestas* in stormy weather. These buildings afforded convenient barracks for the troops, though, during the first few weeks, they remained under their tents in the open *plaza*, with their horses picketed by their side, ready to repulse any insurrection of the inhabitants.

The capital of the Incas, though falling short of the *El Dorado* which had engaged their credulous fancies, astonished the Spaniards by the beauty of its edifices, the length and regularity of its streets, and the good order and appearance of comfort, even luxury, visible in its numerous population. It far surpassed all they had yet seen in the New World. The population of the city is computed by one of the Conquerors at two hundred thousand inhabitants, and that of the suburbs at as many more. This

account is not confirmed, as far as I have seen, by any other writer. But however it may be exaggerated, it is certain that Cuzco was the metropolis of a great empire, the residence of the court and the chief nobility; frequented by the most skilful mechanics and artisans of every description, who found a demand for their ingenuity in the royal precincts; while the place was garrisoned by a numerous soldiery, and was the resort, finally, of emigrants from the most distant provinces. The quarters whence this motley population came were indicated by their peculiar dress, and especially their head-gear, so rarely found at all on the American Indian, which, with its variegated colours, gave a picturesque effect to the groups and masses in the streets. The habitual order and decorum maintained in this multifarious assembly showed the excellent police of the capital, where the only sounds that disturbed the repose of the Spaniards were the noises of feasting and dancing, which the natives, with happy insensibility, constantly prolonged to a late hour of the night.

The edifices of the better sort — and they were very numerous — were of stone, or faced with stone. Among the principal were the royal residences; as each sovereign built a new palace for himself, covering, though low, a large extent of ground. The walls were sometimes stained or painted with gaudy tints, and the gates, we are assured, were sometimes of coloured marble. "In the delicacy of the stone-work," says another of the Conquerors, "the natives far excelled the Spaniards, though the roofs of their dwellings, instead of tiles, were only of thatch, but put together with the nicest art." The sunny climate of Cuzco did not require a very substantial material for defence against the weather.

The most important building was the fortress, planted on a solid rock, that rose boldly above the city. It was built of hewn stone, so finely wrought that it was impossible to detect the line of junction between the blocks; and the approaches to it were defended by three semicircular parapets, composed of such heavy masses of rock, that it bore resemblance to the kind of work known to architects as the Cyclopean. The fortress was raised to a height rare in Peruvian architecture; and from the summit of the tower the eye of the spectator ranged over a magnificent prospect, in which the wild features of the mountain scenery,

rocks, woods, and waterfalls, were mingled with the rich verdure of the valley, and the shining city filling up the foreground,—all blended in sweet harmony under the deep azure of a tropical sky.

The streets were long and narrow. They were arranged with perfect regularity, crossing one another at right angles; and from the great square diverged four principal streets connecting with the high roads of the empire. The square itself, and many parts of the city, were paved with a fine pebble. Through the heart of the capital ran a river of pure water, if it might not be rather termed a canal, the banks or sides of which, for the distance of twenty leagues, were faced with stone. Across this stream, bridges, constructed of similar broad flags, were thrown at intervals, so as to afford an easy communication between the different quarters of the capital.

The most sumptuous edifice in Cuzco, in the times of the Incas, was undoubtedly the great temple dedicated to the Sun, which, studded with gold plates, as already noticed, was surrounded by convents and dormitories for the priests, with their gardens and broad parterres sparkling with gold. The exterior ornaments had been already removed by the Conquerors,—all but the frieze of gold, which, imbedded in the stones, still encircled the principal building. It is probable that the tales of wealth, so greedily circulated among the Spaniards, greatly exceeded the truth. If they did not, the natives must have been very successful in concealing their treasures from the invaders. Yet much still remained, not only in the great House of the Sun, but in the inferior temples which swarmed in the capital.

Pizarro, on entering Cuzco, had issued an order forbidding any soldier to offer violence to the dwellings of the inhabitants. But the palaces were numerous, and the troops lost no time in plundering them of their contents, as well as in despoiling the religious edifices. The interior decorations supplied them with considerable booty. They stripped off the jewels and rich ornaments that garnished the royal mummies in the temple of Coricancha. Indignant at the concealment of their treasures, they put the inhabitants, in some instances, to the torture, and endeavoured to extort from them a confession of their hiding-places. They invaded the repose of the sepulchres, in which the Peruvians often deposited

their valuable effects, and compelled the grave to give up its dead. No place was left unexplored by the rapacious Conquerors; and they occasionally stumbled on a mine of wealth that rewarded their labors.

In a cavern near the city they found a number of vases of pure gold, richly embossed with the figures of serpents, locusts, and other animals. Among the spoil were four golden llamas and ten or twelve statues of women, some of gold, others of silver, "which merely to see," says one of the Conquerors, with some *naïveté*, "was truly a great satisfaction." The gold was probably thin, for the figures were all as large as life; and several of them, being reserved for the royal fifth, were not recast, but sent in their original form to Spain. The magazines were stored with curious commodities; richly tinted robes of cotton and feather-work, gold sandals, and slippers of the same material, for the women, and dresses composed entirely of beads of gold. The grain and other articles of food, with which the magazines were filled, were held in contempt by the Conquerors, intent only on gratifying their lust for gold. The time came when the grain would have been of far more value.

Yet the amount of treasure in the capital did not equal the sanguine expectations that had been formed by the Spaniards. But the deficiency was supplied by the plunder which they had collected at various places on their march. In one place, for example, they met with ten planks or bars of solid silver, each piece being twenty feet in length, one foot in breadth, and two or three inches thick. They were intended to decorate the dwelling of an Inca noble.

The whole mass of treasure was brought into a common heap, as in Caxamalca; and after some of the finer specimens had been deducted for the Crown, the remainder was delivered to the Indian goldsmiths to be melted down into ingots of a uniform standard. The division of the spoil was made on the same principle as before. There were four hundred and eighty soldiers, including the garrison of Xauxa, who were each to receive a share, that of the cavalry being double that of the infantry. The amount of booty is stated variously by those present at the division of it. According to some, it considerably exceeded the ransom of Atahualpa. Others

state it as less. Pedro Pizarro says that each horseman got six thousand *pesos de oro*, and each one of the infantry half that sum; though the same discrimination was made by Pizarro as before, in respect to the rank of the parties, and their relative services. But Sancho, the royal notary and secretary of the commander, estimates the whole amount as far less, — not exceeding five hundred and eighty thousand and two hundred *pesos de oro*, and two hundred and fifteen thousand marks of silver. In the absence of the official returns, it is impossible to determine which is correct. But Sancho's narrative is countersigned, it may be remembered, by Pizarro and the royal treasurer Riquelme, and doubtless, therefore, shows the actual amount for which the Conquerors accounted to the Crown.

Whichever statement we receive, the sum, combined with that obtained at Caxamalca, might well have satisfied the cravings of the most avaricious. The sudden influx of so much wealth, and that, too, in so transferable a form, among a party of reckless adventurers little accustomed to the possession of money, had its natural effect. It supplied them with the means of gaming, so strong and common a passion with the Spaniards, that it may be considered a national vice. Fortunes were lost and won in a single day, sufficient to render the proprietors independent for life; and many a desperate gamester, by an unlucky throw of the dice or turn of the cards, saw himself stripped in a few hours of the fruit of years of toil, and obliged to begin over again the business of rapine. Among these, one in the cavalry service is mentioned, named Leguizano, who had received as his share of the booty the image of the Sun, which, raised on a plate of burnished gold, spread over the walls in a recess of the great temple, and which, for some reason or other, — perhaps, because of its superior fineness, — was not recast like the other ornaments. This rich prize the spendthrift lost in a single night; whence it came to be a proverb in Spain, *Juega el Sol antes que amanezca*, "Play away the Sun before sunrise."

The effect of such a surfeit of the precious metals was instantly felt on prices. The most ordinary articles were only to be had for exorbitant sums. A quire of paper sold for ten *pesos de oro*; a bottle of wine, for sixty; a sword, for forty or fifty; a cloak,

for a hundred,— sometimes more ; a pair of shoes cost thirty or forty *pesos de oro*, and a good horse could not be had for less than twenty-five hundred. Some brought a still higher price. Every article rose in value, as gold and silver, the representatives of all, declined. Gold and silver, in short, seemed to be the only things in Cuzco that were not wealth. Yet there were some few wise enough to return contented with their present gains to their native country. Here their riches brought them consideration and competence, and, while they excited the envy of their countrymen, stimulated them to seek their own fortunes in the like path of adventure.

[From *History of the Conquest of Peru*, 1847, book iii, chapter 8.]

cost thirty or
d for less than
price. Every
natives of all,
he only things
ome few wise
to their native
tion and com-
r countrymen,
like path of

pter 8.]

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

[Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. His father, who was pastor of the First Church there, died in 1811, leaving the family in reduced circumstances. The boy's education, however, was not neglected; not only was he sent to the Latin School and afterwards to Harvard College, but he breathed in the society of his mother and her friends an atmosphere of high moral and religious tension. While at college he taught school during the holidays, and after his graduation he employed a part of his time in teaching, while studying for the ministry. In 1829 he was called to the Second Church in Boston, a charge which he resigned after a few years on the ground of scruples that had arisen in his mind about the practice of voluntary prayer and of the communion. His health was not good, and a voyage to the Mediterranean was recommended. This journey, like the others he afterwards undertook to Europe, made less impression upon his imagination or opinions than might have been expected. His chief interest in travelling was to meet a few distinguished men, whose works he already valued—Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, De Quincey, and Carlyle, with the last of whom he formed a strong literary friendship. On his return home he began to deliver lectures, at first on subjects connected with natural science; and lecturing continued to be his chief means of earning money for the rest of his life. In 1834 he went to live in Concord, Mass., which ever after remained his home. There he became the centre of a literary circle which included Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, and Margaret Fuller, to whose organ, *The Dial*, he occasionally contributed. He died April 27, 1882, a partial loss of memory having been a pathetic incident of his declining years.]

Emerson's principal publications were as follows: *Nature*, 1836. *The American Scholar*, 1837. *Essays*, first series, 1841; second series, 1844. *Representative Men*, 1850. *English Traits*, 1856. *Conduct of Life*, 1860. *Society and Solitude*, 1870. *Letters and Social Aims*, 1875. His correspondence with Carlyle was afterwards edited by C. E. Norton. The best life of Emerson is that by J. E. Cabot.]

THOSE who knew Emerson, or who stood so near to his time and to his circle that they caught some echo of his personal influence, did not judge of him merely as a poet and philosopher, nor identify his efficacy with that of his writings. His friends and neighbors, the congregations he preached to in his younger days, the

audiences that afterwards listened to his lectures, all agreed in a veneration for his person that had nothing to do with their understanding or acceptance of his opinions. They flocked to him and listened to his word, not so much for the sake of its absolute meaning as for the atmosphere of candor, purity, and serenity that hung about it, as about a sort of sacred music. They felt themselves in the presence of a rare and beautiful spirit, who was in communication with a higher world. More than the truth his teaching might express, they valued the sense it gave them of a truth that was inexpressible. They became aware, if we may say so, of the ultra-violet rays of his spectrum, of the inaudible highest notes of his gamut, too pure and thin for common ears.

Yet the personal impression Emerson may have produced is but a small part of his claim to general recognition. This must ultimately rest on his published works, on his collected essays and poems. His method of composition was to gather miscellaneous thoughts together in note-books and journals, and then, as occasion offered, to cull those that bore on the same subject or could serve to illustrate the same general train of thought, and to piece a lecture out of them. This method has the important advantage of packing the page with thought and observation, so that it deserves to be reread and pondered ; but it is incompatible with continuity of thought or unity and permanence of impression. A style of point and counterpoint, where the emphasis attained by condensation and epigram is not reserved for the leading ideas, but gives an artificial vividness to every part, must tend to make the whole indistinct and inconclusive. The fact that the essays were lectures led to another characteristic which is now to be regretted. They are peppered by local allusions and illustrations drawn from the literary or scientific novelties of the hour. These devices may have served to keep an audience awake, but they were always unworthy of the subject, and they now distract the reader, who loses the perennial interest of the thought in the quaintness or obscurity of the expression. Yet, in spite of faults, Emerson's style is well fitted to his purpose and genius : it has precision, picturesqueness, often a great poetic beauty and charm, with the eloquence that comes of ingenuous conviction and of dwelling habitually among high things. The very element of oddity, the arbitrary choice of quota-

tions and illustrations, is not without its charm, suggesting, as it does, the author's provincial solitude and personal savor. Taken separately, and with the sympathetic coöperation of the reader's fancy, his pages are inspiring and eloquent in a high degree, the best paragraphs being sublime without obscurity, and convincing without argumentation.

The themes treated seem at first sight various — biography, literary criticism, natural science, morals, and metaphysics. But the initiated reader will find that the same topics and turns of thought recur under every title: we may expect under "Friendship" as much moral cosmology under "Fate," and under "Science" as many oriental anecdotes as under "Worship." The real subject is everywhere the same. As a preacher might under every text enforce the same lessons of the gospel, so Emerson traces in every sphere the same spiritual laws of experience — compensation, continuity, the self-expression of the soul in the forms of nature and of society, until she finally recognizes herself in her own work, and sees its beneficence and beauty. The power of thought, or rather, perhaps, of imagination, is his single theme: its power first to make the world, then to understand it, and finally to rise above it. All nature is an embodiment of our native fancy, and all history a drama, in which the innate possibilities of our spirit are enacted and realized. While the conflict of life and the shocks of experience seem to bring us face to face with an alien and overwhelming power, reflection can humanize and rationalize the power by discovering its laws; and with this recognition of the rationality of all things comes the sense of their beauty and order. The very destruction which nature seems to prepare for our special hopes is thus seen to be the victory of our deeper and impersonal interests. To awaken in us this spiritual insight, an elevation of mind which is an act at once of comprehension and of worship, to substitute it for lower passions and more servile forms of intelligence — that is Emerson's constant effort. All his resources of illustration, of observation, rhetoric, and paradox, are used to deepen and clarify this sort of wisdom.

Such thought is essentially the same that is found in the German romantic or idealistic philosophers, with whom Emerson's affinity is remarkable, all the more as he seems to have borrowed little or

nothing from their works. The resemblance may be accounted for, perhaps, by the similar conditions that existed in the religious thought of that time in Germany and in New England. In both countries the abandonment, on the part of the new school of philosophy, of all allegiance to the traditional theology, coincided with a vague enthusiasm for science and with a quickening of national and humanitarian hopes. The critics of human nature, during the eighteenth century, had shown how much men's ideas of things depended on their natural predispositions, on the character of their senses, and the habits of their intelligence. Seizing upon this thought, and exaggerating it, the romantic philosophers attributed to the spirit of man that omnipotence which had belonged to God, and felt that in this way they were reasserting the supremacy of mind over matter and establishing it upon a safe and rational basis. The Germans were great system-makers, and Emerson cannot rival them in the sustained effort of thought by which they sought to reinterpret every sphere of being according to their chosen principles. On the other hand, those who are distrustful of a too systematic and complete philosophy, especially of this transcendental sort, will regard it as a fortunate incapacity in Emerson that he was never able to trace out and defend the universal implications of any of his ideas, and never wrote, for instance, the book he had once planned on the law of compensation. A happy instinct made him always prefer a fresh statement on a fresh subject, and deterred him from repeating or defending his trains of thought. A suggestion once given, the spirit once aroused to speculation, a glimpse once gained of some ideal harmony, he preferred to descend again to common sense and to touch the earth for a moment before another flight. The faculty of idealization was in itself what he valued. Philosophy for him was rather a moral energy flowering into sprightliness of thought than a body of serious and defensible doctrines. And in practising transcendental speculation only in this poetic and sporadic fashion, Emerson was perhaps retaining its truest value and avoiding its greatest danger. He secured the freedom and fertility of his intelligence, and did not allow one conception of law or one hint of harmony to sterilize the mind and prevent the subsequent birth of other ideas, no less just and inspiring than itself. For we are

not dealing at all in such a philosophy with matters of fact, or with such verifiable truths as exclude their opposites, but only with the art of conception and the various forms in which reflection, like a poet, can compose and recompose human experience.

If we ask ourselves what was Emerson's relation to the scientific and religious movements of his time, and what place he may claim in the history of opinion, we must answer that he belonged very little to the past, very little to the present, and almost wholly to that abstract sphere into which mystical and philosophic aspiration has carried a few men in all ages. The religious tradition in which he was reared was that of Puritanism, but of a Puritanism which, retaining its moral intensity and metaphysical abstractness, had minimized its doctrinal expression and become Unitarian. Emerson was indeed the Psyche of Puritanism, "the latest born and fairest vision far" of all that "faded hierarchy." A Puritan whose religion was all poetry, a poet whose only pleasure was thought, he showed in his life and personality the meagreness, the constraint, the conscious aloofness and consecration which belonged to his clerical ancestors, while his personal spirit ranged abroad over the fields of history and nature, gathering what ideas it might, and singing its little snatches of inspired song.

The traditional element was thus rather an external and unessential contribution to Emerson's mind; he had the professional tinge, the decorum, and the distinction of an old-fashioned divine; he had also the habit of writing sermons, and he had the national pride and hope of a religious people that felt itself providentially chosen to establish a free and godly commonwealth in a new world. For the rest he separated himself from the ancient creed of the community with a sense rather of relief than of regret. A literal belief in Christian doctrines repelled him as unspiritual, as manifesting no understanding of the meaning which, as allegories, those doctrines might have to a philosophic and poetical spirit. Although as a clergyman he was at first in the habit of referring to the Bible and its lessons as to a supreme authority, he had no instinctive sympathy with the inspiration of either the Old or the New Testament; in Hafiz or Plutarch, in Plato or Shakspeare, he found more congenial stuff. To reject tradition and think as one might have thought if no man had ever existed before was indeed

the aspiration of the Transcendentalists, and although Emerson hardly regarded himself as a member of that school, he largely shared its tendency and passed for its spokesman. Both by temperament and conviction he was ready to open his mind to all philosophic influences, from whatever quarter they might blow; the lessons of science and the divinations of poetry could work themselves out in him into a free and personal religion.

The most important part of Emerson's Puritan heritage was the habit of worship which was innate in him, the ingrained tendency to revere the Power that works in the world, whatever might appear to be the character of its operation. This pious attitude was originally justified by the belief in a personal God and in a providential government of human affairs, but survives as a religious instinct after those positive beliefs had faded away into a recognition of "spiritual laws." The spirit of conformity, the unction, and the loyalty even unto death inspired by the religion of Jehovah, were dispositions acquired by too long a discipline, and rooted in too many forms of speech, of thought, and of worship for a man like Emerson, who had felt their full force, ever to be able to lose them. The evolutions of his abstract opinions left that habit undisturbed. Unless we keep this circumstance in mind, we shall not understand the kind of elation and sacred joy, so characteristic of his eloquence, with which he propounds laws of nature, and aspects of experience which, viewed in themselves, often afford but an equivocal support to moral enthusiasm. An optimism so persistent and unclouded as his will seem at variance with the description he himself gives of human life, a description colored by a poetic idealism, but hardly by an optimistic bias. We must remember, therefore, that Calvinism had known how to combine an awestruck devotion to the supreme being with no very roseate picture of the destinies of mankind, and for more than two hundred years had been breeding in the stock from which Emerson came a willingness to be "damned for the glory of God." What wonder, then, that when for the former inexorable dispensation of Providence, Emerson substituted his general spiritual and natural laws he should not have felt the spirit of worship fail within him? On the contrary, his thought moved in the presence of moral harmonies which seemed to him truer, more beauti-

ful, and more beneficent than those of the old theology; and although an independent philosopher might not have seen in those harmonies an object of worship or a sufficient basis for optimism, he who was not primarily a philosopher but a Puritan mystic with a poetic fancy and a gift for observation and epigram, saw in them only a more intelligible form of the divinity he had always recognized and adored. His was not a philosophy passing into religion, but a religion expressing itself as a philosophy, and veiled as it descended the heavens in various tints of poetry and reason.

While Emerson thus preferred to withdraw, without rancor and without contempt, from the ancient fellowship of the church, he assumed an attitude hardly less cool and deprecatory towards the enthusiasms of the new era. The national idea of democracy and freedom had his complete sympathy; he allowed himself to be drawn into the movement against slavery; he took a curious and smiling interest in the discoveries of natural science, and in the material progress of the age. But he could go no farther. His contemplative nature, his religious training, his dispersed reading, made him stand aside from the life of the world, even while he studied it with benevolent attention. His heart was fixed on eternal things, and he was in no sense a prophet for his age and country. He belongs by nature to that mystical company of devout souls that recognize no particular home, and are dispersed throughout history, although not without intercommunication. He felt his affinity with the Hindoos and the Persians, with the Platonists and the Stoics. Like them he remains "a friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." If not a star of the first magnitude, he is certainly a fixed star in the firmament of philosophy. Alone as yet among Americans, he may be said to have won a place there, if not by the originality of his thought, at least by the originality and beauty of the expression he gave to thoughts that are old and imperishable.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

THE SCHOLAR

I HAVE now spoken of the education of the scholar by nature, by books, and by action. It remains to say somewhat of his duties.

They are such as become Man Thinking. They may all be comprised in self-trust. The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. He plies the slow, unhonored, and unpaid task of observation. Flamsteed and Herschel, in their glazed observatories, may catalogue the stars with the praise of all men, and, the results being splendid and useful, honor is sure. But he, in his private observatory, cataloguing obscure and nebulous stars of the human mind, which as yet no man has thought of as such, — watching days and months, sometimes, for a few facts; correcting still his old records; — must relinquish display and immediate fame. In the long period of his preparation he must betray often an ignorance and shiftlessness in popular arts, incurring the disdain of the able who shoulder him aside. Long he must stammer in his speech; often forego the living for the dead. Worse yet, he must accept, — how often! poverty and solitude. For the ease and pleasure of treading the old road, accepting the fashions, the education, the religion of society, he takes the cross of making his own, and, of course, the self-accusation, the faint heart, the frequent uncertainty and loss of time, which are the nettles and tangling vines in the way of the self-relying and self-directed; and the state of virtual hostility in which he seems to stand to society, and especially to educated society. For all this loss and scorn, what offset? He is to find consolation in exercising the highest functions of human nature. He is one, who raises himself from private considerations and breathes and lives on public and illustrious thoughts. He is the world's eye. He is the world's heart. He is to resist the vulgar prosperity that retrogrades ever to barbarism, by preserving and communicating heroic sentiments, noble biographies, melodious verse, and the conclusions of history. Whatsoever oracles the human heart in all emergencies, in all solemn hours, has uttered as its commentary on the world of actions, — these he shall receive and impart. And whatsoever new verdict Reason from her inviola-

ble seat pronounces on the passing men and events of to-day, — this he shall hear and promulgate.

These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself, and to defer never to the popular cry. He and he only knows the world. The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decorum, some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. The odds are that the whole question is not worth the poorest thought which the scholar has lost in listening to the controversy. Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach, and bide his own time, — happy enough, if he can satisfy himself alone, that this day he has seen something truly. Success treads on every right step. For the instinct is sure, that prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. He then learns, that in going down into the secrets of his own mind he has descended into the secrets of all minds. He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts, is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated. The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that which men in "cities vast" find true for them also. The orator distrusts at first the fitness of his frank confessions, — his want of knowledge of the persons he addresses, — until he finds that he is the complement of his hearers; — that they drink his words because he fulfils for them their own nature; the deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest sentiment, to his wonder he finds, this is the most acceptable, most public, and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels, This is my music; this is myself.

In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended. Free should the scholar be, — free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom, "without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution." Brave; for fear is a thing which a scholar by his very function puts behind him. Fear always springs from

ignorance. It is a shame to him if his tranquillity, amid dangerous times, arise from the presumption that, like children and women, his is a protected class; or if he seek a temporary peace by the diversion of his thoughts from politics or vexed questions, hiding his head like an ostrich in the flowering bushes, peeping into microscopes, and turning rhymes, as a boy whistles to keep his courage up. So is the danger a danger still; so is the fear worse. Manlike let him turn and face it. Let him look into its eye and search its nature, inspect its origin,—see the whelping of this lion,—which lies no great way back; he will then find in himself a perfect comprehension of its nature and extent; he will have made his hands meet on the other side, and can henceforth defy it, and pass on superior. The world is his, who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold, is there only by sufferance,—by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.

Yes, we are the cowed,—we the trustless. It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the world was finished a long time ago. As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin, it is flint. They adapt themselves to it as they may; but in proportion as a man has anything in him divine, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet and form. Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind. They are the kings of the world who give the color of their present thought to all nature and all art, and persuade men by the cheerful serenity of their carrying the matter, that this thing which they do is the apple which the ages have desired to pluck, now at last ripe, and inviting nations to the harvest. The great man makes the great thing. Wherever Macdonald sits, there is the head of the table. Linnæus makes botany the most alluring of studies and wins it from the farmer and the herb-woman; Davy, chemistry; and Cuvier, fossils. The day is always his, who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.

For this self-trust, the reason is deeper than can be fathomed, — darker than can be enlightened. I might not carry with me the feeling of my audience in stating my own belief. But I have already shown the ground of my hope, in adverting to the doctrine that man is one. I believe that man has been wronged; he has wronged himself. He has almost lost the light, that can lead him back to his prerogatives. Men are become of no account. Men in history, men in the world of to-day are bugs, are spawn, and are called "the mass" and "the herd." In a century, in a millennium, one or two men; that is to say, — one or two approximations to the right state of every man. All the rest behold in the hero or the poet their own green and crude being, — ripened; yes, and are content to be less, so *that* may attain to its full stature. What a testimony, — full of grandeur, full of pity, — is borne to the demands of his own nature, by the poor clansman, the poor partisan, who rejoices in the glory of his chief. The poor and the low find some amends to their immense moral capacity, for their acquiescence in a political and social inferiority. They are content to be brushed like flies from the path of a great person, so that justice shall be done by him to that common nature which it is the dearest desire of all to see enlarged and glorified. They sun themselves in the great man's light, and feel it to be their own element. They cast the dignity of man from their downtrod selves upon the shoulders of a hero, and will perish to add one drop of blood to make that great heart beat, those giant sinews combat and conquer. He lives for us, and we live in him.

Men such as they are, very naturally seek money or power; and power because it is as good as money, — the "spoils," so called, "of office." And why not? for they aspire to the highest, and this, in their sleep-walking, they dream is highest. Wake them and they shall quit the false good and leap to the true, and leave governments to clerks and desks. This revolution is to be wrought by the gradual domestication of the idea of Culture. The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man. Here are the materials strown along the ground. The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy, — more formidable to its enemy, more sweet and serene in its influence to its friend, than any kingdom in history.

For a man, rightly-viewed, comprehendeth the particular natures of all men. Each philosopher, each bard, each actor, has only done for me, as by a delegate, what one day I can do for myself. The books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye, we have quite exhausted. What is that but saying, that we have come up with the point of view which the universal mind took through the eye of one scribe; we have been that man, and have passed on. First, one; then, another; we drain all cisterns, and, waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person, who shall set a barrier on any one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire. It is one central fire, which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily; and, now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men.

[From *An Oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge [Mass.], Aug. 31, 1837*. Afterwards known as "The American Scholar." From the text of the second edition, 1838.]

SELF-RELIANCE

It is for want of self-culture that the idol of Travelling, the idol of Italy, of England, of Egypt, remains for all educated Americans. They who make England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination, die so not by rambling round creation as a moth round a lamp, but by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. In manly hours, we feel that duty is our place, and that the merryman of circumstance should follow as they may. The soul is no traveller: the wise man stays at home with the soul, and when his necessities, his duties, on any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign lands, he is at home still, and is not gadding abroad from himself, and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance, that he goes the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign, and not like an interloper or a valet.

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Travelling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern Fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican, and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

But the rage of travelling is itself only a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and the universal system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the travelling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our whole minds lean, and follow the Past and the Distant, as the eyes of a maid follow her mistress. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought, and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can pre-

sent every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is an unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If any body will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else than himself can teach him. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment, there is for me an utterance bare and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses, or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if I can hear what these patriarchs say, surely I can reply to them in the same pitch of voice: for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Dwell up there in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.

As our Religion, our Education, our Art look abroad, so does our spirit of society. All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves.

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. Its progress is only apparent. like the workers of a treadmill. It undergoes continual changes: it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is Christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under. But compare the health of the two men, and you shall see that his aboriginal strength

the white man has lost. If the traveller tell us truly, strike the savage with a broadaxe, and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but loses so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance-office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigor of wild virtue. For every stoic was a stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?

There is no more deviation in the moral standard than in the standard of height or bulk. No greater men are now than ever were. A singular equality may be observed between the great men of the first and of the last ages; nor can all the science, art, religion and philosophy of the nineteenth century avail to educate greater men than Plutarch's heroes, three or four and twenty centuries ago. Not in time is the race progressive. Phocion, Socrates, Anaxagoras, Diogenes, are great men, but they leave no class. He who is really of their class will not be called by their name, but be wholly his own man, and in his turn the founder of a sect. The arts and inventions of each period are only its costume, and do not invigorate men. The harm of the improved machinery may compensate its good. Hudson and Behring accomplished so much in their fishing-boats, as to astonish Parry and Franklin, whose equipment exhausted the resources of science and art. Galileo, with an opera-glass, discovered a more splendid series of facts than any one since. Columbus found the New World in an undecked boat. It is curious to see the periodical disuse and perishing of means and machinery which were intro-

duced with loud laudation, a few years or centuries before. The great genius returns to essential man. We reckoned the improvements of the art of war among the triumphs of science, and yet Napoleon conquered Europe by the Bivouac, which consisted of falling back on naked valor, and disencumbering it of all aids. The Emperor held it impossible to make a perfect army, says Las Casas, "without abolishing our arms, magazines, commissaries, and carriages, until in imitation of the Roman custom, the soldier should receive his supply of corn, grind it in his hand-mill, and bake his bread himself."

Society is a wave. The wave moves onward, but the water of which it is composed, does not. The same particle does not rise from the valley to the ridge. Its unity is only phenomenal. The persons who make up a nation to-day, next year die, and their experience with them.

And so the reliance on Property, including the reliance on governments which protect it, is the want of self-reliance. Men have looked away from themselves and at things so long, that they have come to esteem what they call the soul's progress, namely, the religious, learned, and civil institutions, as guards of property, and they deprecate assaults on these, because they feel them to be assaults on property. They measure their esteem of each other, by what each has, and not by what each is. But a cultivated man becomes ashamed of his property, ashamed of what he has, out of new respect for his being. Especially he hates what he has, if he see that it is accidental, — came to him by inheritance, or gift, or crime; then he feels that it is not having; it does not belong to him, has no root in him, and merely lies there, because no revolution or no robber takes it away. But that which a man is, does always by necessity acquire, and what the man acquires is permanent and living property, which does not wait the beck of rulers, or mobs, or revolutions, or fire, or storm, or bankruptcies, but perpetually renews itself wherever the man is put. "Thy lot or portion of life," said the Caliph Ali, "is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from seeking after it." Our dependence on these foreign goods leads us to our slavish respect for numbers. The political parties meet in numerous conventions; the greater the concourse, and with each new uproar of announcement, The delegation from

Essex! The Democrats from New Hampshire! The Whigs of Maine! the young patriot feels himself stronger than before by a new thousand of eyes and arms. In like manner the reformers summon conventions, and vote and resolve in multitude. But not so, O friends! will the God design to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse. It is only as a man puts off from himself all external support, and stands alone, that I see him to be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every recruit to his banner. Is not a man better than a town? Ask nothing of men, and in the endless mutation, thou only firm column must presently appear the upholder of all that surrounds thee. He who knows that power is in the soul, that he is weak only because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.

So use all that is called Fortune. Most men gamble with her, and gain all, and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unlawful these winnings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the chancellors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shalt always drag her after thee. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick, or the return of your absent friend, or some other quite external event, raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. It can never be so. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

[From *Essays*, First Series, 1841, "Self-Reliance." The text is that of the first edition.]

EXPERIENCE

Life will be imaged, but cannot be divided nor doubled. Any invasion of its unity would be chaos. The soul is not twin-born, but the only begotten, and though revealing itself as child in time, child in appearance, is of a fatal and universal power, admitting no co-life. Every day, every act, betrays the ill-concealed deity.

We believe in ourselves as we do not believe in others. We permit all things to ourselves, and that which we call sin in others, is experiment for us. It is an instance of our faith in ourselves, that men never speak of crime as lightly as they think: or, every man thinks a latitude safe for himself, which is nowise to be indulged to another. The act looks very differently on the inside, and on the outside; in its quality, and in its consequences. Murder in the murderer is no such ruinous thought as poets and romancers will have it; it does not unsettle him, or fright him from his ordinary notice of trifles; it is an act quite easy to be contemplated, but in its sequel, it turns out to be a horrible jangle and confounding of all relations. Especially the crimes that spring from love, seem right and fair from the actor's point of view, but, when acted, are found destructive of society. No man at last believes that he can be lost, nor that the crime in him is as black as in the felon. Because the intellect qualifies in our own case the moral judgments. For there is no crime to the intellect. That is antinomian or hyperromian, and judges law as well as fact. "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," said Napoleon, speaking the language of the intellect. To it, the world is a problem in mathematics or the science of quantity, and it leaves out praise and blame, and all weak emotions. All stealing is comparative. If you come to absolutes, pray who does not steal? Saints are sad, because they behold sin, (even when they speculate,) from the point of view of the conscience, and not of the intellect; a confusion of thought. Sin seen from the thought is a diminution or *less*: seen from the conscience or will, it is pravity or *bad*. The intellect names it shade, absence of light, and no essence. The conscience must feel it as essence, essential evil. That it is not: it has an objective existence, but no subjective.

Thus inevitably does the universe wear our color, and every object fall successively into the subject itself. The subject exists, the subject enlarges; all things sooner or later fall into place. As I am, so I see; use what language we will, we can never see anything but what we are; Hermes, Cadmus, Columbus, Newton, Buonaparte, are the mind's ministers. Instead of feeling a poverty when we encounter a great man, let us treat the newcomer like a travelling geologist, who passes through our estate, and

shows us good slate, or limestone, or anthracite, in our brush pasture. The partial action of each strong mind in one direction, is a telescope for the objects on which it is pointed. But every other part of knowledge is to be pushed to the same extravagance, ere the soul attains her due sphericity. Do you see that kitten chasing so prettily her own tail? If you could look with her eyes, you might see her surrounded with hundreds of figures performing complex dramas, with tragic and comic issues, long conversations, many characters, many ups and downs of fate, — and meantime it is only puss and her tail. How long before our masquerade will end its noise of tamborines, laughter, and shouting, and we shall find it was a solitary performance?—A subject and an object, —it takes so much to make the galvanic circuit complete, but magnitude adds nothing. What imports it whether it is Kepler and the sphere; Columbus and America; a reader and his book; or puss with her tail?

It is true that all the muses and love and religion hate these developments, and will find a way to punish the chemist, who publishes in the parlor the secrets of the laboratory. And we cannot say too little of our constitutional necessity of seeing things under private aspects, or saturated with our humors. And yet is the God the native of these bleak rocks. That need makes in morals the capital virtue of self-trust. We must hold hard to this poverty, however scandalous, and by more vigorous self-recoveries, after the sallies of action, possess our axis more firmly. The life of truth is cold, and so far mournful; but it is not the slave of tears, contritions, and perturbations. It does not attempt another's work, nor adopt another's facts. It is a main lesson of wisdom to know your own from another's. I have learned that I cannot dispose of other people's facts; but I possess such a key to my own, as persuades me against all their denials, that they also have a key to theirs. A sympathetic person is placed in the dilemma of a swimmer among drowning men, who all catch at him, and if he give so much as a leg or a finger, they will drown him. They wish to be saved from the mischief of their vices, but not from their vices. Charity would be wasted on this poor waiting on the symptoms. A wise and hardy physician will say, *Come out of that*, as the first condition of advice.

In this our talking America, we are ruined by our good-nature and listening on all sides. This compliance takes away the power of being greatly useful. A man should not be able to look other than directly and forthright. A preoccupied attention is the only answer to the importunate frivolity of other people: an attention and to an aim which makes their wants frivolous. This is a divine answer, and leaves no appeal, and no hard thoughts. In Flaxman's drawing of the Eumenides of *Æschylus*, Orestes supplicates Apollo, whilst the Furies sleep on the threshold. The face of the god expresses a shade of regret and compassion, but calm with the conviction of the irreconcilableness of the two spheres. He is born into other politics, into the eternal and beautiful. The man at his feet asks for his interest in turmoils of the earth, into which his nature cannot enter. And the Eumenides there lying express pictorially this disparity. The god is surcharged with his divine destiny.

Illusion, Temperament, Succession, Surface, Surprise, Reality, Subjectiveness, — these are threads on the loom of time, these are the lords of life. I dare not assume to give their order, but I name them as I find them in my way. I know better than to claim any completeness for my picture. I am a fragment, and this is a fragment of me. I can very confidently announce one or another law, which throws itself into relief and form, but I am too young yet by some ages to compile a code. I gossip for my hour concerning the eternal politics. I have seen many fair pictures not in vain. A wonderful time I have lived in. I am not the novice I was fourteen, nor yet seven years ago. Let who will ask, where is the fruit? I find a private fruit sufficient. This is a fruit, — that I should not ask for a rash effect from meditations, counsels, and the hiving of truths. I should feel it pitiful to demand a result on this town and county, an overt effect on the instant month and year. The effect is deep and secular as the cause. It works on periods in which mortal lifetime is lost. All I know is reception; I am and I have: but I do not get, and when I have fancied I had gotten anything, I found I had not. I worship with wonder the great Fortune. My reception has been so large, that I am not annoyed by receiving this or that superabundantly. I say to the Genius, if he will pardon the proverb, *In for a mill, in for a million.*

When I receive a new gift, I do not macerate my body to make the account square, for, if I should die, I could not make the account square. The benefit overran the merit the first day, and has overrun the merit ever since. The merit itself, so called, I reckon part of the receiving.

Also, that hankering after an overt or practical effect seems to me an apostasy. In good earnest, I am willing to spare this most unnecessary deal of doing. Life wears to me a visionary face. Hardest, roughest action is visionary also. It is but a choice between soft and turbulent dreams. People disparage knowing and the intellectual life, and urge doing. I am very content with knowing, if only I could know. That is an august entertainment, and would suffice me a great while. To know a little, would be worth the expense of this world. I hear always the law of Adrastia, "that every soul which had acquired any truth, should be safe from harm until another period."

I know that the world I converse with in the city and in the farms is not the world I *think*. I observe that difference, and shall observe it. One day, I shall know the value and law of this discrepance. But I have not found that much was gained by manipular attempts to realize the world of thought. Many eager persons successfully make an experiment in this way, and make themselves ridiculous. They acquire democratic manners, they foam at the mouth, they hate and deny. Worse, I observe, that in the history of mankind, there is never a solitary example of success, — taking their own tests of success. I say this polemically, or in reply to the inquiry, why not realize your world? But far be from me the despair which prejudges the law by a paltry empiricism, — since there never was a right endeavor, but it succeeded. Patience and patience, we shall win at the last. We must be very suspicious of the deceptions of the element of time. It takes a good deal of time to eat or to sleep, or to earn a hundred dollars, and a very little time to entertain a hope and an insight which becomes the light of our life. We dress our garden, eat our dinners, discuss the household with our wives, and these things make no impression, are forgotten next week; but in the solitude to which every man is always returning, he has a sanity and revelations, which in his passage into new worlds he will carry with

him. Never mind the ridicule, never mind the defeat : up again, old heart ! — it seems to say, — there is victory yet for all justice ; and the true romance which the world exists to realize will be the transformation of genius into practical power.

[From *Essays*, Second Series, 1844, "Experience." The text is that of the first edition.]

NATURE

The rounded world is fair to see,
 Nine times folded in mystery :
 Though baffled seers cannot impart
 The secret of its laboring heart,
 Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
 And all is clear from east to west.
 Spirit that lurks each form within
 Beckons to spirit of its kin ;
 Self-kindled every atom glows,
 And hints the future which it owes.

There are days which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection, when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth make a harmony, as if Nature would indulge her offspring ; when, in these bleak upper sides of the planet, nothing is to desire that we have heard of the happiest latitudes, and we bask in the shining hours of Florida and Cuba ; when everything that has life gives signs of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts. These halcyons may be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure October weather, which we distinguish by the name of the Indian Summer. The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough. The solitary places do not seem quite lonely. At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he makes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which shames our religions, and reality which discredits our heroes. Here we find nature to be the circum-

stance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her. We have crept out of our close and crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. How willingly we would escape the barriers which render them comparatively impotent, escape the sophistication and second thought, and suffer nature to entrance us. The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. The anciently reported spells of these places creep on us. The stems of pines, hemlocks, and oaks almost gleam like iron on the excited eye. The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles. Here no history, or church, or state is interpolated on the divine sky and the immortal year. How easily we might walk onward into the opening landscape, absorbed by new pictures, and by thoughts fast succeeding each other, until by degrees the recollection of home was crowded out of the mind, all memory obliterated by the tyranny of the present, and we were led in triumph by nature.

These enchantments are medicinal, they sober and heal us. These are plain pleasures, kindly and native to us. We come to our own, and make friends with matter, which the ambitious chatter of the schools would persuade us to despise. We never can part with it; the mind loves its old home: as water to our thirst, so is the rock, the ground, to our eyes, and hands, and feet. It is firm water: it is cold flame: what health, what affinity! Ever an old friend, ever like a dear friend and brother, when we chat affectedly with strangers, comes in this honest face, and takes a grave liberty with us, and shames us out of our nonsense. Cities give not the human senses room enough. We go out daily and nightly to feed the eyes on the horizon, and require so much scope, just as we need water for our bath. There are all degrees of natural influence, from these quarantine powers of nature, up to her dearest and gravest ministrations to the imagination and the soul. There is the bucket of cold water from the spring, the wood-fire to which the chilled traveller rushes for safety, — and there is the sublime moral of autumn and of noon. We nestle in nature, and draw our living as parasites from her roots and grains, and we receive glances from the heavenly bodies, which call us to solitude,

and foretell the remotest future. The blue zenith is the point in which romance and reality meet. I think, if we should be rapt away into all that we dream of heaven, and should converse with Gabriel and Uriel, the upper sky would be all that would remain of our furniture.

It seems as if the day was not wholly profane, in which we have given heed to some natural object. The fall of snowflakes in a still air, preserving to each crystal its perfect form; the blowing of sleet over a wide sheet of water, and over plains; the waving rye-field; the mimic waving of acres of houstonia, whose innumerable florets whiten and ripple before the eye; the reflections of trees and flowers in glassy lakes; the musical steaming odorless south wind, which converts all trees to windharps; the crackling and spurting of hemlock in the flames; or of pine logs, which yield glory to the walls and faces in the sitting-room, — these are the music and pictures of the most ancient religion. My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of our little river, and with one stroke of the paddle, I leave the village politics and personalities, yes, and the world of villages and personalities behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost for spotted man to enter without novice and probation. We penetrate bodily this incredible beauty: we dip our hands in this painted element: our eyes are bathed in these lights and forms. A holiday, a villeggiatura, a royal revel, the proudest, most heart-rejoicing festival that valor and beauty, power and taste, ever decked and enjoyed, establishes itself on the instant. These sunset clouds, these delicately emerging stars, with their private and ineffable glances, signify it and proffer it. I am taught the poorness of our invention, the ugliness of towns and palaces. Art and luxury have early learned that they must work as enhancement and sequel to this original beauty. I am overinstructed for my return. Henceforth I shall be hard to please. I cannot go back to toys. I am grown expensive and sophisticated. I can no longer live without elegance; but a countryman shall be my master of revels. He who knows the most, he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these en-

chantments, is the rich and royal man. Only as far as the masters of the world have called in nature to their aid, can they reach the height of magnificence. This is the meaning of their hanging-gardens, villas, garden-houses, islands, parks, and preserves, to back their faulty personality with these strong accessories. I do not wonder that the landed interest should be invincible in the state with these dangerous auxiliaries. These bribe and invite; not kings, not palaces, not men, not women, but these tender and poetic stars, eloquent of secret promises. We heard what the rich man said, we knew of his villa, his grove, his wine, and his company, but the provocation and point of the invitation came out of these beguiling stars. In their soft glances, I see what men strove to realize in some Versailles, or Paphos, or Ctesiphon. Indeed, it is the magical lights of the horizon, and the blue sky for the background, which save all our works of art, which were otherwise bawbles. When the rich tax the poor with servility and obsequiousness, they should consider the effect of men reputed to be the possessors of nature, on imaginative minds. Ah! if the rich were rich as the poor fancy riches! A boy hears a military band play on the field at night, and he has kings and queens, and famous chivalry palpably before him. He hears the echoes of a horn in a hill country, in the Notch Mountains, for example, which converts the mountains into an Æolian harp, and this supernatural *tiralira* restores to him the Dorian mythology, Apollo, Diana, and all divine hunters and huntresses. Can a musical note be so lofty, so haughtily beautiful! To the poor young poet, thus fabulous is his picture of society; he is loyal; he respects the rich; they are rich for the sake of his imagination; how poor his fancy would be, if they were not rich! That they have some high-fenced grove, which they call a park! that they live in larger and better-garnished saloons than he has visited, and go in coaches, keeping only the society of the elegant, to watering-places, and to distant cities, are the groundwork from which he has delineated estates of romance, compared with which their actual possessions are shanties and paddocks. The muse herself betrays her son, and enhances the gifts of wealth and well-born beauty, by a radiation out of the air, and clouds, and forests that skirt the road,—a certain haughty favor, as if from patrician

genii to patricians, a kind of aristocracy in nature, a prince of the power of the air.

The moral sensibility which makes Edens and Tempes so easily, may not be always found, but the material landscape is never far off. We can find these enchantments without visiting the Como Lake, or the Madeira Islands. We exaggerate the praises of local scenery. In every landscape, the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and the earth, and that is seen from the first hillock as well as from the top of the Alleghanies. The stars at night stoop down over the brownest, homeliest common, with all the spiritual magnificence which they shed on the Campagna, or on the marble deserts of Egypt. The uprolled clouds and the colors of morning and evening, will transfigure maples and alders. The difference between landscape and landscape is small, but there is great difference in the beholders. There is nothing so wonderful in any particular landscape, as the necessity of being beautiful under which every landscape lies. Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in everywhere.

[From *Essays*, Second Series, "Nature," 1844. The text is that of the first edition.]

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

[Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804, and died in Plymouth, N.H., May 19, 1864. Hawthorne came of an old Puritan family, long resident in Salem. His great-great-grandfather was a judge in the witchcraft trials, and his grandfather a Revolutionary officer. His father was a sea-captain. In 1821, Hawthorne graduated at Bowdoin College, where Longfellow was his classmate. From 1821 to 1839 he remained in Salem, devoting himself to reading and composition, and living for the most part in great seclusion. In 1836-8 he was engaged in editorial work; in 1839-41 he was weigher and gauger at the Boston custom house, under George Bancroft, who was then collector of the port; in 1841-2 he spent a year at Brook Farm. He married in 1842, and lived at Concord, Mass., until 1846. From 1846 to 1849 he was surveyor at the Salem custom house, and from 1850 to 1853 lived successively in Lenox, West Newton, and Concord, Mass. In 1853 he was appointed consul at Liverpool, by his old college friend, President Peirce. He held office for four years, and passed three years more in foreign travel; the remainder of his life he spent at Concord.]

Some of Hawthorne's best stories appeared in various periodicals between 1828 and 1838. His first published work was *Twice-Told Tales*, first volume, 1837; second volume, 1842. The names and dates of his other important works are as follows: *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846), *The Scarlet Letter* (1850), *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851), *A Wonder Book* (1851), *The Blithedale Romance* (1852), *Tanglewood Tales* (1853), *The Marble Faun* (1860), *Our Old Home* (1863). The following were published after his death: *Passages from the American Note Books* (1868), *Passages from the English Note Books* (1870), *Passages from the French and Italian Note Books* (1871), *Septimius Felton* (1872), *The Dolliver Romance* (1876), *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret* (1883).

PERHAPS it is not extravagant to describe Hawthorne as the greatest American man of letters of his day and generation. He may have been surpassed by some of his contemporaries in single pieces of literature; he may have been inferior to some of them in intellectual power and in versatility and originality of genius; he may even, though this is more doubtful, have been rivalled by some of them in his mastery of style. Nevertheless, he is the greatest distinctively American literary artist of his day,—the one

writer in America who loved life and looked out upon life with an unflagging desire to create beauty in literature and with the ability to make that desire effective. Emerson, besides being a writer, was a preacher, a lecturer, a philosopher. Lowell was a teacher and a diplomat. Thoreau was too much of a seer to be a typical man of letters, — too self-involved, too careless of a public. Poe was thoroughly a man of letters, but hardly an American one; his work seems exotic.

Hawthorne's work, on the other hand, bears everywhere impressed on it traces of its American origin, of its New England origin. Richard Holt Hutton has called Hawthorne "the Ghost of New England." The aptness of the name lies in its suggestion both of Hawthorne's loyalty to New England life and of his pathetic remoteness from that life; his practical ineffectualness in the midst of it. Hawthorne *haunts* New England. He is not at home there, nor indeed anywhere on this earth-ball, and yet he cannot escape. Concentrated in his nature, he has all the old Puritan prejudices, and throughout his artistic dreaming, he not only makes use of New England material, but he uses this material in harmony with Puritan feelings and beliefs. Each of his romances turns out, on analysis, to be the artistic expression and illustration of some deeply rooted moral or spiritual prejudice that has been inherited from Puritan ancestors and that has completely subdued to its purposes, for the time being, Hawthorne's imagination.

Hawthorne's methods in his story-writing are substantially the same whether the story be short or long. He works from the conception of some symbolic image or character or situation out toward the world of concrete fact. He cares for and is concerned to portray, not primarily fact, but the world on the other side of fact, for the revelation of which fact must be duly refined and made transparent. His stories owe their origin not to the desire to catch the surface play of expression on some portion of everyday life, but to a wish to illustrate some half-mystical truth about human destiny, usually about man's moral or spiritual nature. In the service of this wish, Hawthorne's imagination quests hither and yon through the regions of visible and verifiable experience, and fashions gradually a mimic world of men and women and nature, all expressive of a single controlling purpose.

Correspondent with these aims and methods is Hawthorne's characterization. Typical characters in their large outlines shape themselves in his imagination; these characters are not closely realized, or wrought out into the minute complication of habit and quality and motive that exists in the world of individualized fact and that our modern novelists try to achieve in emulation of nature. Hawthorne's characters have each only a few prevailing interests and aims, which serve to guide them through a remote world of tempered light and shade and to keep them ever intent on some symbolic purpose. Their persuasiveness comes not from their having the complexity of life, but from their appeal to our sympathy and imagination. We meet them more than half-way, because they stir into play some of the most radical and permanent instincts of human nature and seem sincerely concerned with the great primal interests and facts of life.

In order that these typical characters may capture our sympathy and belief, Hawthorne has to keep them from any rude competition with actual life. Hence come the calculated vagueness of his treatment and his delicate search for atmosphere. His characters nearly always issue from a nebulous past; like Priscilla they "fall out of the clouds"; "a slight mist of uncertainty" floats about them and keeps them "from taking a very decided place among creatures of flesh and blood." Their motives and even their acts are often left uncertain; in place of clear accounts of these matters, strange rumors are recited, that have run from lip to lip; the superstitious whisperings of credulous onlookers are reported and keep the reader continually in a calculated uncertainty. Acts and motives are sheltered from the impertinent queries of the verifying scientific spirit. The characters, too, are stamped as irretrievably out of the common by tricks of nanner or physical traits that tantalize us with symbolic suggestiveness; Priscilla seems "listening to a distant voice"; Dimmesdale's hand clutches convulsively at his heart; Donatello has dubious ears. These tricks and features tease the imagination and keep it alert; more is meant than meets the eye. The characters awe us by their mysterious, only half-divined significance; symbols they are and symbols they pursue. They are "goblins of flesh and blood," and delicately avoid the taint of conformity to literal fact. Even

in speech, they hold themselves nicely aloof from daily idiom. The workmen speak the language of books, and the children, a simplified, but exquisitely literary English.

Hawthorne's world, too, is a symbolic world, full of echoes of spiritual life, full of fine and unexpected correspondences with abstract moral truth, full of conscious Deity. All things work together for the revelation of spiritual beauty and its attending moods. Symbols abound; scarlet letters blaze in the heavens; crimson roses bloom by prison doors. The general background of each romance has a special aptness for rendering more delicately conspicuous the spiritual meaning of the action. In the *Marble Faun*, which is everywhere studious of the deepest and most permanent of human problems, — the mystery of evil, — and which devotes itself to illustrating this problem in symbolic form, Rome, the city that more than any other contains richly accumulated memories of the human race, forms the setting for the action, and embraces it in a range of thought and feeling that enhances the typical and universal quality of the incidents and characters. *The Scarlet Letter*, the Romance of Expiation, finds its appropriate setting in the midst of the obdurately gray life of Puritanism that will reveal its inner flame only when sin or superstition gives the provocation. An intense racial demand for righteousness heightens artistically and renders doubly appreciable the quality of Hester's sin and tragic suffering. Even the *Blithedale Romance* has its own atmosphere. The actors are "solitary sentinels, whose station was on the outposts of the advance guard of human progression . . . whose present bivouac was considerably further into the waste of chaos than any mortal army of crusaders had ever marched before."

Yet, notwithstanding all this vagueness and mystery, and this confessedly elaborate dreaming in the interests of morals and beauty, Hawthorne's world is a very habitable world. He is the most human of ghost-raisers, and life as he portrays it, though haunted and prescient, has after all geniality and warmth. This comes from the fact that his romances, in obedience to the rule he himself has prescribed, are loyal to "the truth of the human heart." Though he is a dreamer, his dreams remain faithful to what is best in human nature. He is a true appreciator of the griefs and the

joys, the struggles and the passions that make up the drama of actual life. He portrays with loving reverence the frailty of children, the fragile grace of young girls; the mischances of the vanquished in the struggle of life; the wretchedness of those who like Hester and Zenobia have been ill-fated in love; the pathetic shortcomings of unhappily tempered natures like Clifford and Miriam. He is swift to honor both in men and women spiritual intensity and consecration and fortitude. The more practical, every-day virtues of prudence and justice, truth and persistent courage, he also exalts, though these are more apt to be taken for granted and presented casually, as in his conventional hero, Kenyon. Ardent disregard of tradition and custom in the pursuit of lofty conceptions of virtue and progress, he sympathetically portrays in Holgrave, in Miles Coverdale, and in the Artist of the Beautiful. Worldly cleverness and success, he satirizes incidentally in many short stories and above all in the character of Judge Pyncheon. Hawthorne is a dreamer who finds the great need of the world to be "sleep,"—rest from its "morbid activity, . . . so that the race might in due time awake as an infant out of dewy slumber and be restored to the simple perception of what is right, and the single-hearted desire to achieve it." Yet despite his distrust of conventionality and custom, his dreaming habit of mind, and his delight in the other-worldly, he is in his moral appreciations of conduct essentially normal and loves and honors the virtues and achievements that all good men and women believe in and vibrate responsively to. And the truth and habitableness of his world, despite its modulated atmosphere and its half-goblin populace, come from its essential loyalty to the demands and the awards of the normal human heart.

Hawthorne's world differs here completely from the world into which the modern decadents induct us,—from Poe's world, too. Ghostliness, mystery, horror, are never with Hawthorne's ends in themselves; they never usurp, but are made to minister to the normal interests of well-balanced life. Moreover, the artificiality of Hawthorne's characters and the directed sequences of the action seem in a way more justified than the capricious arabesques of weird incident and morbid motive that decadents delight to invent, for Hawthorne never plays fast and loose with essential truth or

palters with human nature, and through his most extravagant make-believe is felt the deep guiding stress of a virile love of life.

Perhaps the severest criticism that can be passed upon Hawthorne is to the effect that he is too responsible in all that he writes and that his wish to teach is irritatingly evident. He is not content to take life simply and frankly, he is over-anxious, and is careful about many spiritual things. He has inherited from his Puritan ancestors a hypertrophied conscience which tricks him into perpetual unrest. He must always be studying some moral problem, and he finds the problem the more interesting the more pathological it is. His favorite characters are nearly all of them a bit morbid, — nervously touched; their world is drained of the splendor and freedom and irresponsible joy of nature and is discolored with something of the withering grayness of Puritanism. When Hawthorne makes a resolute attempt at carnality, as he now and then does in the *Blithedale Romance*, we feel that he is doing himself violence and sacrificing what is quintessential in his nature. Nor is he merely over-anxious and over-didactic; he is at times obvious and almost naïve, particularly in his talk about art and in his occasional analysis of motive. This becomes specially noticeable if he be read just after subtle and sophisticated modern writers, masters of finesse in etiquette and art. Many of the discussions in the *Marble Faun* upon Guido and the Venus de Medici must nowadays be discreetly waived. Many of the descriptions of antiquities and of scenery have an unapologetic effusiveness that suggests the garrulity of the American who is for the first time "doing" Europe. Latter-day guide-books borrow largely from these passages, — a somewhat dubious honor. There is little intellectual subtlety in Hawthorne, little unalloyed study of pure artistic effect, little of that undistracted preoccupation with sensation and its accompanying moods and its suggested trains of imagery to which modern decadent art has often surrendered itself.

On the other hand, the richness and depth of Hawthorne's nature is attested by the humor that is unmistakably present in many of his stories and that, in the form of a tenderly tolerant sense of the incongruities of life, is never far away even from the

most sincerely pathetic episodes. His tone is always intensely human, never that of the cynical observer of men's foibles or of the dilettante elaborator of artistic effects. He loves life and believes in life; he believes in men and women; and his abounding tenderness and human sympathy are not really weakened or obscured by the aloofness he maintains in his art from the crude world of every-day experience. Even his most fantastic pieces—such whimsical fantasies as *Feathertop*—are full of love for life in its elements, and are often captivatingly genial in mood and in tone. Through this largeness and genuineness of nature, he is for the most part kept even in his passages of greatest unreality from sensationalism or cheapness of effect. The melodramatic is always false, and Hawthorne is persistently sincere and true. Now and then a symbol or a single detail,—the Scarlet Letter, the Faun's ears, Ethan Brand's hollow laugh,—may be unworthily insisted upon. But the important incidents and the main situations of a story carry conviction; the reader has no sense of being tricked; he feels himself present at essential crises in the development of human passion, and he watches with never a misgiving, human nature revealing itself in its elements and claiming his pity or hatred or love.

Hawthorne's prose style is as sincere and as free from meretriciousness as the moods and effects it conveys. It disdains or never thinks of smartness and eschews epigram. It has none of the finical prettiness and unusualness of phrase that modern writers affect. It is distinctly an old-fashioned style. It has a trace of the reserve and self-conscious literary manner of the pre-journalistic period. It has an occasional fondness for literary phrasing,—for words that have the odor of libraries about them and suggest folios and paper yellow with age. It is dilatory or at least never hurried or eager. It uses long, lingering sentences. It leads often to smiles, never or rarely to laughter. It is suffused with feeling. It holds imagery and thought in solution and eddies around its subject. It is a synthetic, emotional, and imaginative style; not an analytic, intellectual, and witty style. It has unsurpassable wholeness of texture and weaves with no faltering of purpose or blurring of lines that fabric of a dream-world in which each of Hawthorne's stories imprisons our imaginations. It is the style of a great imaginative

artist who communes with himself on the visions of his heart, not the style of an alert observer of the happenings of daily life ; it is the fitting and perfect medium for the expression of those exquisitely directed and humanized dreams of symbolic beauty and truth which, as has been noted in detail, are Hawthorne's characteristic productions as a writer of romance.

LEWIS EDWARDS GATES

THE PROCESSION OF LIFE

BUT, come! The sun is hastening westward, while the march of human life, that never paused before, is delayed by our attempt to rearrange its order. It is desirable to find some comprehensive principle, that shall render our task easier by bringing thousands into the ranks where hitherto we have brought one. Therefore let the trumpet, if possible, split its brazen throat with a louder note than ever, and the herald summon all mortals who, from whatever cause, have lost, or never found, their proper places in the world.

Obedient to this call, a great multitude come together, most of them with listless gait, betokening weariness of soul, yet with a gleam of satisfaction in their faces, at a prospect of at length reaching those positions which, hitherto, they have vainly sought. But here will be another disappointment; for we can attempt no more than merely to associate, in one fraternity, all who are afflicted with the same vague trouble. Some great mistake in life is the chief condition of admittance into this class. Here are members of the learned professions, whom Providence endowed with special gifts for the plough, the forge, and the wheelbarrow, or for the routine of unintellectual business. We will assign to them, as partners in the march, those lowly laborers and handicraftsmen, who have pined, as with a dying thirst, after the unattainable fountains of knowledge. The latter have lost less than their companions; yet more, because they deem it infinite. Perchance the two species of unfortunates may comfort one another. Here are Quakers with the instinct of battle in them; and men of war who should have worn the broad brim. Authors shall be ranked here, whom some freak of Nature, making game of her poor children, had imbued with the confidence of genius, and strong desire of fame, but has favored with no corresponding power; and others, whose lofty gifts were unaccompanied with the faculty of expression, or any of that earthly machinery, by which ethereal endowments must be manifested to mankind. All these, therefore, are melancholy laughing-stocks. Next, here are honest and well-intentioned persons, who by a want of tact — by inaccurate

perceptions — by a distorting imagination — have been kept continually at cross purposes with the world, and bewildered upon the path of life. Let us see if they can confine themselves within the line of our procession. In this class, likewise, we must assign places to those who have encountered that worst of ill success, a higher fortune than their abilities could vindicate; writers, actors, painters, the pets of a day, but whose laurels wither unrenewed amid their hoary hair; politicians, whom some malicious contingency of affairs has thrust into conspicuous station, where, while the world stands gazing at them, the dreary consciousness of imbecility makes them curse their birth hour. To such men, we give for a companion him whose rare talents, which perhaps require a Revolution for their exercise, are buried in the tomb of sluggish circumstances.

Not far from these, we must find room for one whose success has been of the wrong kind; the man who should have lingered in the cloisters of a university, digging new treasures out of the *Hereulaneum* of antique lore, diffusing depth and accuracy of literature throughout his country, and thus making for himself a great and quiet fame. But the outward tendencies around him have proved too powerful for his inward nature, and have drawn him into the arena of political tumult, there to contend at disadvantage, whether front to front, or side by side, with the brawny giants of actual life. He becomes, it may be, a name for brawling parties to bandy to and fro, a legislator of the Union; a governor of his native State; an ambassador to the courts of kings or queens; and the world may deem him a man of happy stars. But not so the wise; and not so himself, when he looks through his experience, and sighs to miss that fitness, the one invaluable touch which makes all things true and real. So much achieved, yet how abortive is his life! Whom shall we choose for his companion? Some weak framed blacksmith, perhaps, whose delicacy of muscle might have suited a tailor's shopboard better than the anvil.

Shall we bid the trumpet sound again? It is hardly worth the while. There remain a few idle men of fortune, tavern and grog-shop loungers, *Iazzaroni*, old bachelors, decaying maidens, and people of crooked intellect or temper, all of whom may find their

like, or some tolerable approach to it, in the plentiful diversity of our latter class. There too, as his ultimate destiny, must we rank the dreamer, who, all his life long, has cherished the idea that he was peculiarly apt for something, but never could determine what it was; and there the most unfortunate of men, whose purpose it has been to enjoy life's pleasures, but to avoid a manful struggle with its toil and sorrow. The remainder, if any, may connect themselves with whatever rank of the procession they shall find best adapted to their tastes and consciences. The worst possible fate would be to remain behind, shivering in the solitude of time, while all the world is on the move towards eternity. Our attempt to classify society is now complete. The result may be any thing but perfect; yet better — to give it the very lowest praise — than the antique rule of the herald's office, or the modern one of the tax gatherer, whereby the accidents and superficial attributes, with which the real nature of individuals has least to do, are acted upon as the deepest characteristics of mankind. Our task is done! Now let the grand procession move!

Yet pause a while! We had forgotten the Chief Marshal.

Hark! The world-wide swell of solemn music, with the clang of a mighty bell breaking forth through its regulated uproar, announces his approach. He comes; a severe, sedate, immovable, dark rider, waving his truncheon of universal sway, as he passes along the lengthened line, on the pale horse of the Revelation. It is Death! Who else could assume the guidance of a procession that comprehends all humanity? And if some, among these many millions, should deem themselves classed amiss, yet let them take to their hearts the comfortable truth, that Death levels us all into one great brotherhood, and that another state of being will surely rectify the wrong of this. Then breathe thy wail upon the earth's wailing wind, thou band of melancholy music, made up of every sigh that the human heart, unsatisfied, has uttered! There is yet triumph in thy tones. And now we move! Beggars in their rags, and Kings trailing the regal purple in the dust; the Warrior's gleaming helmet; the Priest in his sable robe; the hoary Grandsire, who has run life's circle and come back to childhood; the ruddy Schoolboy with his golden curls, frisking along the march; the Artisan's stuff jacket; the Noble's star-

decorated coat;— the whole presenting a motley spectacle, yet with a dusky grandeur brooding over it. Onward, onward, into that dimness where the lights of Time, which have blazed along the procession, are flickering in their sockets! And waither! We know not; and Death, hitherto our leader, deserts us by the wayside as the tramp of our innumerable footsteps echoes beyond his sphere. He knows not, more than we, our destined goal. But God, who made us, knows, and will not leave us on our toilsome and doubtful march, either to wander in infinite uncertainty, or perish by the way!

[From *Mosses from an Old Manse*, "The Procession of Life," 1846. The text is that of the revised edition of 1854.]

FEATHERTOP

"Dickon," cried Mother Rigby, "a coal for my pipe!"

The pipe was in the old dame's mouth when she said these words. She had thrust it there after filling it with tobacco, but without stooping to light it at the hearth, where indeed there was no appearance of a fire having been kindled that morning. Forthwith, however, as soon as the order was given, there was an intense red glow out of the bowl of the pipe, and a whiff of smoke from Mother Rigby's lips. Whence the coal came, and how brought thither by an invisible hand, I have never been able to discover.

"Good!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a nod of her head. "Thank ye, Dickon! And now for making this scarecrow. Be within call, Dickon, in case I need you again."

The good woman had risen thus early, (for as yet it was scarcely sunrise,) in order to set about making a scarecrow, which she intended to put in the middle of her cornpatch. It was now the latter week of May, and the crows and blackbirds had already discovered the little, green, rolled-up leaf of the Indian corn just peeping out of the soil. She was determined, therefore, to contrive as lifelike a scarecrow as ever was seen, and to finish it immediately, from top to toe, so that it should begin its sentinel's

duty that very morning. Now Mother Rigby, (as everybody must have heard,) was one of the most cunning and potent witches in New England, and might, with very little trouble, have made a scarecrow ugly enough to frighten the minister himself. But on this occasion, as she had awakened in an uncommonly pleasant humor, and was further dulcified by her pipe of tobacco, she resolved to produce something fine, beautiful, and splendid, rather than hideous and horrible.

"I don't want to set up a hobgoblin in my own cornpatch, and almost at my own doorstep," said Mother Rigby to herself, puffing out a whiff of smoke; "I could do it if I pleased, but I'm tired of doing marvellous things, and so I'll keep within the bounds of everyday business, just for variety's sake. Besides, there is no use in scaring the little children for a mile roundabout, though 'tis true I'm a witch."

It was settled, therefore, in her own mind, that the scarecrow should represent a fine gentleman of the period, so far as the materials at hand would allow. Perhaps it may be as well to enumerate the chief of the articles that went to the composition of this figure.

The most important item of all, probably, although it made so little show, was a certain broomstick, on which Mother Rigby had taken many an airy gallop at midnight, and which now served the scarecrow by way of a spinal column, or, as the unlearned phrase it, a backbone. One of its arms was a disabled flail which used to be wielded by Goodman Rigby, before his spouse worried him out of this troublesome world; the other, if I mistake not, was composed of the pudding stick, and a broken rung of a chair, tied loosely together at the elbow. As for its legs, the right was a hoe handle, and the left an undistinguished and miscellaneous stick from the woodpile. Its lungs, stomach, and other affairs of that kind were nothing better than a meal bag stuffed with straw. Thus we have made out the skeleton and entire corporeity of the scarecrow, with the exception of its head; and this was admirably supplied by a somewhat withered and shrivelled pumpkin, in which Mother Rigby cut two holes for the eyes, and a slit for the mouth, leaving a bluish-colored knob in the middle to pass for a nose. It was really quite a respectable face.

"I've seen worse ones on human shoulders, at any rate," said Mother Rigby. "And many a fine gentleman has a pumpkin head, as well as my scarecrow."

But the clothes, in this case, were to be the making of the man. So the good old woman took down from a peg an ancient plum-colored coat of London make, and with relics of embroidery on its seams, cuffs, pocket flaps, and button holes, but lamentably worn and faded, patched at the elbows, tattered at the skirts, and threadbare all over. On the left breast was a round hole, whence either a star of nobility had been rent away, or else the hot heart of some former wearer had scorched it through and through. The neighbors said that this rich garment belonged to the Black Man's wardrobe, and that he kept it at Mother Rigby's cottage for the convenience of slipping it on whenever he wished to make a grand appearance at the governor's table. To match the coat there was a velvet waistcoat of very ample size and formerly embroidered with foliage that had been as brightly golden as the maple leaves in October, but which had now quite vanished out of the substance of the velvet. Next came a pair of scarlet breeches, once worn by the French governor of Louisbourg, and the knees of which had touched the lower step of the throne of Louis le Grand. The Frenchman had given these smallclothes to an Indian powwow, who had parted with them to the old witch for a gill of strong waters, at one of their dances in the forest. Furthermore, Mother Rigby produced a pair of silk stockings and put them on the figure's legs, where they showed as unsubstantial as a dream, with the wooden reality of the two sticks making itself miserably apparent through the holes. Lastly, she put her dead husband's wig on the bare scalp of the pumpkin, and surmounted the whole with a dusty three-cornered hat, in which was stuck the longest tail feather of a rooster.

Then the old dame stood the figure up in a corner of her cottage and chuckled to behold its yellow semblance of a visage, with its nobby little nose thrust into the air. It had a strangely self-satisfied aspect, and seemed to say, "Come look at me!"

"And you are well worth looking at, that's a fact!" quoth Mother Rigby, in admiration at her own handiwork. "I've made many a puppet since I've been a witch; but methinks this is the

finest of them all. 'Tis almost too good for a scarecrow. And, by the by, I'll just fill a fresh pipe of tobacco, and then take him out to the cornpatch."

While filling her pipe, the old woman continued to gaze with almost motherly affection at the figure in the corner. To say the truth, whether it were chance, or skill, or downright witchcraft, there was something wonderfully human in this ridiculous shape, bedizened with its tattered finery; and as for the countenance, it appeared to shrivel its yellow surface into a grin—a funny kind of expression betwixt scorn and merriment, as if it understood itself to be a jest at mankind. The more Mother Rigby looked the better she was pleased.

"Dickon," cried she sharply, "another coal for my pipe!"

Hardly had she spoken, than, just as before, there was a red-glowing coal on the top of the tobacco. She drew in a long whiff and puffed it forth again into the bar of morning sunshine which struggled through the one dusty pane of her cottage window. Mother Rigby always liked to flavor her pipe with a coal of fire from the particular chimney corner whence this had been brought. But whence the chimney corner might be, or who brought the coal from it—further than that the invisible messenger seemed to respond to the name of Dickon—I cannot tell.

"That puppet yonder," thought Mother Rigby, still with her eyes fixed on the scarecrow, "is too good a piece of work to stand all summer in a cornpatch, frightening away the crows and blackbirds. He's capable of better things. Why, I've danced with a worse one, when partners happened to be scarce, at our witch meetings in the forest! What a I should let him take his chance among the other men of straw and empty fellows who go bustling about the world?"

The old witch took three or four more whiffs of her pipe and smiled.

"He'll meet plenty of his brethren at every street corner!" continued she. "Well; I didn't mean to dabble in witchcraft to-day, further than the lighting of my pipe; but a witch I am, and a witch I'm likely to be, and there's no use trying to shirk it. I'll make a man of my scarecrow, were it only for the joke's sake!"

While muttering these words Mother Rigby took the pipe from her own mouth and thrust it into the crevice which represented the same feature in the pumpkin visage of the scarecrow.

"Puff, darling, puff!" said she. "Puff away, my fine fellow! your life depends on it!"

This was a strange exhortation, undoubtedly, to be addressed to a mere nothing of sticks, straw, and old clothes, with nothing better than a shrivelled pumpkin for a head; as we know to have been the scarecrow's case. Nevertheless, as we must carefully hold in remembrance, Mother Rigby was a witch of singular power and dexterity; and, keeping this fact duly before our minds, we shall see nothing beyond credibility in the remarkable incidents of our story. Indeed, the great difficulty will be at once got over, if we can only bring ourselves to believe that, as soon as the old dame bade him puff, there came a whiff of smoke from the scarecrow's mouth. It was the very feeblest of whiffs, to be sure; but it was followed by another and another, each more decided than the preceding one.

"Puff away, my pet! puff away, my pretty one!" Mother Rigby kept repeating, with her pleasantest smile. "It is the breath of life to ye; and that you may take my word for."

Beyond all question the pipe was bewitched. There must have been a spell either in the tobacco or in the fiercely-glowing coal that so mysteriously burned on the top of it, or in the pungently-aromatic smoke which exhaled from the kindled weed. The figure, after a few doubtful attempts, at length blew forth a volley of smoke extending all the way from the obscure corner into the bar of sunshine. There it eddied and melted away among the motes of dust. It seemed a convulsive effort; for the two or three next whiffs were fainter, although the coal still glowed and threw a gleam over the scarecrow's visage. The old witch clapped her skinny hands together, and smiled encouragingly upon her handiwork. She saw that the charm worked well. The shrivelled, yellow face, which heretofore had been no face at all, had already a thin, fantastic haze, as it were, of human likeness, shifting to and fro across it; sometimes vanishing entirely, but growing more perceptible than ever with the next whiff from the pipe. The whole figure, in like manner, assumed a show of life, such as we impart

to ill-defined shapes among the clouds, and half deceive ourselves with the pastime of our own fancy.

If we must needs pry closely into the matter, it may be doubted whether there was any real change, after all, in the sordid, wornout, worthless, and ill-jointed substance of the scarecrow; but merely a spectral illusion, and a cunning effect of light and shade so colored and contrived as to delude the eyes of most men. The miracles of witchcraft seem always to have had a very shallow subtlety; and, at least, if the above explanation do not hit the truth of the process, I can suggest no better.

"Well puffed, my pretty lad!" still cried old Mother Rigby. "Come, another good stout whiff, and let it be with might and main. Puff for thy life, I tell thee! Puff out of the very bottom of thy heart; if any heart thou hast, or any bottom to it! Well done, again! Thou didst suck in that mouthful as if for the pure love of it."

And then the witch beckoned to the scarecrow, throwing so much magnetic potency into her gesture that it seemed as if it must inevitably be obeyed, like the mystic call of the loadstone when it summons the iron.

"Why lurkest thou in the corner, lazy one?" said she. "Step forth! Thou hast the world before thee!"

Upon my word, if the legend were not one which I heard on my grandmother's knee, and which had established its place among things credible before my childish judgment could analyze its probability, I question whether I should have the face to tell it now.

In obedience to Mother Rigby's word, and extending its arm as if to reach her outstretched hand, the figure made a step forward—a kind of hitch and jerk, however, rather than a step—then tottered and almost lost its balance. What could the witch expect? It was nothing, after all, but a scarecrow stuck upon two sticks. But the strong-willed old beldam scowled, and beckoned, and flung the energy of her purpose so forcibly at this poor combination of rotten wood, and musty straw, and ragged garments, that it was compelled to show itself a man, in spite of the reality of things. So it stepped into the bar of sunshine. There it stood—poor devil of a contrivance that it was!—with only the

thinnest vesture of human similitude about it, through which was evident the stiff, rickety, incongruous, faded, tattered, good-for-nothing patchwork of its substance, ready to sink in a heap upon the floor, as conscious of its own unworthiness to be erect. Shall I confess the truth? At its present point of vivification, the scarecrow reminds me of some of the lukewarm and abortive characters, composed of heterogeneous materials, used for the thousandth time, and never worth using, with which romance writers, (and myself, no doubt, among the rest,) have so overpeopled the world of fiction.

But the fierce old hag began to get angry and show a glimpse of her diabolic nature, (like a snake's head, peeping with a hiss out of her bosom,) at this pusillanimous behavior of the thing which she had taken the trouble to put together.

"Puff away, wretch!" cried she, wrathfully. "Puff, puff, puff, thou thing of straw and emptiness! thou rag or two! thou meal bag! thou pumpkin head! thou nothing! Where shall I find a name vile enough to call thee by? Puff, I say, and suck in thy fantastic life along with the smoke; else I snatch the pipe from thy mouth and hurl thee where that red coal came from."

Thus threatened, the unhappy scarecrow had nothing for it but to puff away for dear life. As need was, therefore, it applied itself lustily to the pipe and sent forth such abundant volleys of tobacco smoke that the small cottage kitchen became all vaporous. The one sunbeam struggled mistily through, and could but imperfectly define the image of the cracked and dusty window pane on the opposite wall. Mother Rigby, meanwhile, with one brown arm akimbo and the other stretched towards the figure, loomed grimly amid the obscurity with such port and expression as when she was wont to heave a ponderous nightmare on her victims and stand at the bedside to enjoy their agony. In fear and trembling did this poor scarecrow puff. But its efforts, it must be acknowledged, served an excellent purpose; for, with each successive whiff, the figure lost more and more of its dizzy and perplexing tenuity and seemed to take denser substance. Its very garments, moreover, partook of the magical change, and shone with the gloss of novelty and glistened with the skilfully embroidered gold that had long ago been rent away. And, half revealed among

the smoke, a yellow visage bent its lustreless eyes on Mother Rigby.

At last the old witch clinched her fist and shook it at the figure. Not that she was positively angry, but merely acting on the principle — perhaps untrue, or not the only truth, though as high a one as Mother Rigby could be expected to attain — that feeble and torpid natures, being incapable of better inspiration, must be stirred up by fear. But here was the crisis. Should she fail in what she now sought to effect, it was her ruthless purpose to scatter the miserable simulacra into its original elements.

"Thou hast a man's aspect," said she, sternly. "Have also the echo and mockery of a voice! I bid thee speak!"

The scarecrow gasped, struggled, and at length emitted a murmur, which was so incorporated with its smoky breath that you could scarcely tell whether it were indeed a voice or only a whiff of tobacco. Some narrators of this legend hold the opinion that Mother Rigby's conjurations and the fierceness of her will had compelled a familiar spirit into the figure, and that the voice was his.

"Mother," mumbled the poor stifled voice, "be not so awful with me! I would fain speak; but being without wits, what can I say?"

"Thou canst speak, darling, canst thou?" cried Mother Rigby, relaxing her grim countenance into a smile. "And what shalt thou say, quotha! Say, indeed! Art thou of the brotherhood of the empty skull, and demandest of me what thou shalt say? Thou shalt say a thousand things, and saying them a thousand times over, thou shalt still have said nothing! Be not afraid, I tell thee! When thou comest into the world, (whither I purpose sending thee forthwith,) thou shalt not lack the wherewithal to talk. Talk! Why, thou shalt babble like a mill stream, if thou wilt. Thou hast brains enough for that, I trow!"

"At your service, mother," responded the figure.

"And that was well said, my pretty one," answered Mother Rigby. "Then thou spakest like thyself, and meant nothing. Thou shalt have a hundred such set phrases, and five hundred to the boot of them. And now, darling, I have taken so much pains with thee, and thou art so beautiful, that, by my troth, I love thee

better than any witch's puppet in the world; and I've made them of all sorts—clay, wax, straw, sticks, night fog, morning mist, sea foam, and chimney smoke. But thou art the very best. So give heed to what I say."

"Yes, kind mother," said the figure, "with all my heart!"

"With all thy heart!" cried the old witch, setting her hands to her sides and laughing loudly. "Thou hast such a pretty way of speaking. With all thy heart! And thou didst put thy hand to the left side of thy waistcoat as if thou really hadst one!"

So now, in high good humor with this fantastic contrivance of hers, Mother Rigby told the scarecrow that it must go and play its part in the great world, where not one man in a hundred, she affirmed, was gifted with more real substance than itself. And, that he might hold up his head with the best of them, she endowed him, on the spot, with an unreckonable amount of wealth. It consisted partly of a gold mine in Eldorado, and of ten thousand shares in a broken bubble, and of half a million acres of vineyard at the North Pole, and of a castle in the air, and a chateau in Spain, together with all the rents and income therefrom accruing. She further made over to him the cargo of a certain ship, laden with salt of Cadiz, which she herself, by her necromantic arts, had caused to founder, ten years before, in the deepest part of mid ocean. If the salt were not dissolved, and could be brought to market, it would fetch a pretty penny among the fishermen. That he might not lack ready money, she gave him a copper farthing of Birmingham manufacture, being all the coin she had about her, and likewise a great deal of brass, which she applied to his forehead, thus making it yellower than ever.

"With that brass alone," quoth Mother Rigby, "thou canst pay thy way all over the earth. Kiss me, pretty darling! I have done my best for thee."

Furthermore, that the adventurer might lack no possible advantage towards a fair start in life, this excellent old dame gave him a token by which he was to introduce himself to a certain magistrate, member of the council, merchant, and elder of the church, (the four capacities constituting but one man,) who stood at the head of society in the neighboring metropolis. The token was neither more nor less than a single word, which Mother Rigby

whispered to the scarecrow, and which the scarecrow was to whisper to the merchant.

"Gouty as the old fellow is, he'll run thy errands for thee, when once thou hast given him that word in his ear," said the old witch. "Mother Rigby knows the worshipful Justice Gookin, and the worshipful Justice knows Mother Rigby!"

Here the witch thrust her wrinkled face close to the puppet's, chuckling irrepressibly, and fidgeting all through her system, with delight at the idea which she meant to communicate.

"The worshipful Master Gookin," whispered she, "hath a comely maiden to his daughter. And hark ye, my pet! Thou hast a fair outside, and a pretty wit enough of thine own. Yea, a pretty wit enough! Thou wilt think better of it when thou hast seen more of other people's wits. Now, with thy outside and thy inside, thou art the very man to win a young girl's heart. Never doubt it! I tell thee it shall be so. Put but a bold face on the matter, sigh, smile, flourish thy hat, thrust forth thy leg like a dancing master, put thy right hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, and pretty Polly Gookin is thine own!"

All this while the new creature had been sucking in and exhaling the vapory fragrance of his pipe, and seemed now to continue this occupation as much for the enjoyment it afforded as because it was an essential condition of his existence. It was wonderful to see how exceedingly like a human being it behaved. Its eyes, (for it appeared to possess a pair,) were bent on Mother Rigby, and at suitable junctures it nodded or shook its head. Neither did it lack words proper for the occasion: "Really! Indeed! Pray tell me! Is it possible! Upon my word! By no means! O! Ah! Hem!" and other such weighty utterances as imply attention, inquiry, acquiescence, or dissent on the part of the auditor. Even had you stood by and seen the scarecrow made you could scarcely have resisted the conviction that it perfectly understood the cunning counsels which the old witch poured into its counterfeit of an ear. The more earnestly it applied its lips to the pipe the more distinctly was its human likeness stamped among visible realities, the more sagacious grew its expression, the more lifelike its gestures and movements, and the more intelligibly audible its voice. Its garments, too, glistened so much the brighter

with an illusory magnificence. The very pipe, in which burned the spell of all this wonderwork, ceased to appear as a smoke-blackened earthen stump, and became a meerschaum, with painted bowl and amber mouthpiece.

It might be apprehended, however, that as the life of the illusion seemed identical with the vapor of the pipe, it would terminate simultaneously with the reduction of the tobacco to ashes. But the beldam foresaw the difficulty.

"Hold thou the pipe, my precious one," said she, "while I fill it for thee again."

It was sorrowful to behold how the fine gentleman began to fade back into a scarecrow while Mother Rigby shook the ashes out of the pipe and proceeded to replenish it from her tobacco box.

"Dickon," cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for this pipe!"

No sooner said than the intensely red speck of fire was glowing within the pipe bowl; and the scarecrow, without waiting for the witch's bidding, applied the tube to his lips and drew in a few short, convulsive whiffs, which soon, however, became regular and equable.

"Now, mine own heart's darling," quoth Mother Rigby, "whatever may happen to thee, thou must stick to thy pipe. Thy life is in it, and that, at least, thou knowest well, if thou knowest nought besides. Stick to thy pipe, I say! Smoke, puff, blow thy cloud; and tell the people, if any question be made, that it is for thy health, and that so the physician orders thee to do. And, sweet one, when thou shalt find thy pipe getting low, go apart into some corner, and, (first filling thyself with smoke,) cry sharply, 'Dickon, a fresh pipe of tobacco!' and, 'Dickon, another coal for my pipe!' and have it into thy pretty mouth as speedily as may be. Else, instead of a gallant gentleman in a gold-laced coat, thou wilt be but a jumble of sticks and tattered clothes, and a bag of straw, and a withered pumpkin! Now depart, my treasure, and good luck go with thee!"

"Never fear, mother!" said the figure, in a stout voice, and sending forth a courageous whiff of smoke. "I will thrive, if an honest man and a gentleman may!"

"O, thou wilt be the death of me!" cried the old witch, convulsed with laughter. "That was well said. If an honest man and a gentleman may! Thou playest thy part to perfection. Get along with thee for a smart fellow; and I will wager on thy head, as a man of pit and substance, with a brain, and what they call a heart, and all else that a man should have, against any other thing on two legs. I hold myself a better witch than yesterday, for thy sake. Did not I make thee? And I defy any witch in New England to make such another! Here; take my staff along with thee!"

The staff, though it was but a plain oaken stick, immediately took the aspect of a gold-headed cane.

"That gold head has as much sense in it as thine own," said Mother Rigby, "and it will guide thee straight to worshipful Master Gookin's door. Get thee gone, my pretty pet, my darling, my precious one, my treasure; and if any ask thy name, it is Feathertop. For thou hast a feather in thy hat, and I have thrust a handful of feathers into the hollow of thy head, and thy wig too is of the fashion they call Feathertop, — so be Feathertop thy name!"

And, issuing from the cottage, Feathertop strode manfully towards town. Mother Rigby stood at the threshold, well pleased to see how the sunbeams glistened on him, as if all his magnificence were real, and how diligently and lovingly he smoked his pipe, and how handsomely he walked, in spite of a little stiffness of his legs. She watched him until out of sight, and threw a witch benediction after her darling, when a turn of the road snatched him from her view.

[From *Mosses from an Old Manse*, "Feathertop; a Moralized Legend." Revised edition of 1854.]

THE REVELATION OF THE SCARLET LETTER

The eloquent voice, on which the souls of the listening audience had been borne aloft as on the swelling waves of the sea, at length came to a pause. There was a momentary silence, profound as what should follow the utterance of oracles. Then ensued a mur-

mur and half-hushed tumult ; as if the auditors, released from the high spell that had transported them into the region of another's mind, were returning into themselves, with all their awe and wonder still heavy on them. In a moment more, the crowd began to gush forth from the doors of the church. Now that there was an end, they needed other breath, more fit to support the gross and earthly life into which they relapsed, than that atmosphere which the preacher had converted into words of flame, and had burdened with the rich fragrance of his thought.

In the open air their rapture broke into speech. The street and the market-place absolutely babbled, from side to side, with applauses of the minister. His hearers could not rest until they had told one another of what each knew better than he could tell or hear. According to their united testimony, never had man spoken in so wise, so high, and so holy a spirit, as he that spake this day ; nor had inspiration ever breathed through mortal lips more evidently than it did through his. Its influence could be seen, as it were, descending upon him, and possessing him, and continually lifting him out of the written discourse that lay before him, and filling him with ideas that must have been as marvellous to himself as to his audience. His subject, it appeared, had been the relation between the Deity and the communities of mankind, with a special reference to the New England which they were here planting in the wilderness. And, as he drew towards the close, a spirit as of prophecy had come upon him, constraining him to its purpose as mightily as the old prophets of Israel were constrained ; only with its difference, that, whereas the Jewish seers had denounced judgments and ruin on their country, it was his mission to foretell a high and glorious destiny for the newly gathered people of the Lord. But, throughout it all, and through the whole discourse, there had been a certain deep, sad undertone of pathos, which could not be interpreted otherwise than as the natural regret of one soon to pass away. Yes ; their minister whom they so loved — and who so loved them all, that he could not depart heavenward without a sigh — had the foreboding of untimely death upon him, and would soon leave them in their tears ! This idea of his transitory stay on earth gave the last emphasis to the effect which the preacher had produced ; it was as if an angel, in

his passage to the skies, had shaken his bright wings over the people for an instant, — at once a shadow and a splendor, — and had shed down a shower of golden truths upon them.

Thus, there had come to the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale — as to most men, in their various spheres, though seldom recognized until they see it far behind them — an epoch of life more brilliant and full of triumph than any previous one, or than any which could hereafter be. He stood, at this moment, on the very proudest eminence of superiority, to which the gifts of intellect, rich lore, prevailing eloquence, and a reputation of whitest sanctity, could exalt a clergyman in New England's earliest days, when the professional character was of itself a lofty pedestal. Such was the position which the minister occupied, as he bowed his head forward on the cushions of the pulpit, at the close of his Election Sermon. Meanwhile Hester Prynne was standing beside the scaffold of the pillory, with the scarlet letter still burning on her breast!

Now was heard again the clangor of music, and the measured tramp of the military escort, issuing from the church-door. The procession was to be marshalled thence to the town-hall, where a solemn banquet would complete the ceremonies of the day.

Once more, therefore, the train of venerable and majestic fathers was seen moving through a broad pathway of the people, who drew back reverently, on either side, as the Governor and magistrates, the old and wise men, the holy ministers, and all that were eminent and renowned, advanced in the midst of them. When they were fairly in the market-place, their presence was greeted by a shout. This — though doubtless it might acquire additional force and volume from the childlike loyalty which the age awarded to its rulers — was felt to be an irrepressible outburst of enthusiasm kindled in the auditors by that high strain of eloquence which was yet reverberating in their ears. Each felt the impulse in himself, and, in the same breath, caught it from his neighbor. Within the church, it had hardly been kept down; beneath the sky, it pealed upward to the zenith. There were human beings enough, and enough of highly wrought and symphonious feeling, to produce that more impressive sound than the organ tones of the blast, or the thunder, or the roar of the sea; even that mighty swell of many voices,

blended into one great voice by the universal impulse which makes likewise one vast heart out of the many. Never, from the soil of New England, had gone up such a shout! Never, on New England soil, had stood the man so honored by his mortal brethren as the preacher!

How fared it with him then? Were there not the brilliant particles of a halo in the air about his head? So etherealized by spirit as he was, and so apotheosized by worshipping admirers, did his footsteps, in the procession, really tread upon the dust of earth?

As the ranks of military men and civil fathers moved onward, all eyes were turned towards the point where the minister was seen to approach among them. The shout died into a murmur, as one portion of the crowd after another obtained a glimpse of him. How feeble and pale he looked, amid all his triumph! The energy — or say, rather, the inspiration which had held him up until he should have delivered the sacred message that brought its own strength along with it from Heaven — was withdrawn, now that it had so faithfully performed its office. The glow, which they had just before beheld burning on his cheek, was extinguished, like a flame that sinks down hopelessly among the late-decaying embers. It seemed hardly the face of a man alive, with such a deathlike hue; it was hardly a man with life in him that tottered on his path so nervelessly, yet tottered, and did not fall!

One of his clerical brethren, — it was the venerable John Wilson, — observing the state in which Mr. Dimmesdale was left by the retiring wave of intellect and sensibility, stepped forward hastily to offer his support. The minister tremulously, but decidedly, repelled the old man's arm. He still walked onward, if that movement could be so described, which rather resembled the wavering effort of an infant with its mother's arms in view, outstretched to tempt him forward. And now, almost imperceptible as were the latter steps of his progress, he had come opposite the well-remembered and weather-darkened scaffold, where, long since, with all that dreary lapse of time between, Hester Prynne had encountered the world's ignominious stare. There stood Hester, holding little Pearl by the hand! And there was the scarlet letter on her breast! The minister here made a pause, although the music still played the stately and rejoicing march to which the

procession moved. It summoned him onward, — onward to the festival! — but here he made a pause.

Bellingham, for the last few moments, had kept an anxious eye upon him. He now left his own place in the procession, and advanced to give assistance, judging, from Mr. Dimmesdale's aspect, that he must otherwise inevitably fall. But there was something in the latter's expression that warned back the magistrate, although a man not readily obeying the vague intimations that pass from one spirit to another. The crowd, meanwhile, looked on with awe and wonder. This earthly faintness was, in their view, only another phase of the minister's celestial strength; nor would it have seemed a miracle too high to be wrought for one so holy, had he ascended before their eyes, waxing dimmer and brighter, and fading at last into the light of heaven.

He turned towards the scaffold, and stretched forth his arms.

"Hester," said he, "come hither! Come, my little Pearl!"

It was a ghastly look with which he regarded them; but there was something at once tender and strangely triumphant in it. The child, with the bird-like motion which was one of her characteristics, flew to him, and clasped her arms about his knees. Hester Prynne — slowly, as if impelled by inevitable fate, and against her strongest will — likewise drew near, but paused before she reached him. At this instant, old Roger Chillingworth thrust himself through the crowd, — or, perhaps, so dark, disturbed, and evil, was his look, he rose up out of some nether region, — to snatch back his victim from what he sought to do! Be that as it might, the old man rushed forward, and caught the minister by the arm.

"Madman, hold! what is your purpose?" whispered he. "Wave back that woman! Cast off this child! All shall be well! Do not blacken your fame, and perish in dishonor! I can yet save you! Would you bring infamy on your sacred profession?"

"Ha, tempter! Methinks thou art too late!" answered the minister, encountering his eye, fearfully, but firmly. "Thy power is not what it was! With God's help, I shall escape thee now!"

He again extended his hand to the woman of the scarlet letter.

"Hester Prynne," cried he, with a piercing earnestness, "in the name of Him, so terrible and so merciful, who gives me grace, at

this last moment, to do what — for my own heavy sin and miserable agony — I withheld myself from doing seven years ago, come hither now, and twine thy strength about me! Thy strength, Hester; but let it be guided by the will which God hath granted me! This wretched and wronged old man is opposing it with all his might! with all his own might, and the fiend's! Come, Hester, come! Support me up yonder scaffold!"

The crowd was in a tumult. The men of rank and dignity, who stood more immediately around the clergyman, were so taken by surprise, and so perplexed as to the purport of what they saw, — unable to receive the explanation which most readily presented itself, or to imagine any other, — that they remained silent and inactive spectators of the judgment which Providence seemed about to work. They beheld the minister, leaning on Hester's shoulder, and supported by her arm around him, approach the scaffold, and ascend its steps; while still the little hand of the sin-born child was clasped in his. Old Roger Chillingworth followed, as one intimately connected with the drama of guilt and sorrow in which they had all been actors, and well entitled, therefore, to be present at its closing scene.

"Hadst thou sought the whole earth over," said he, looking darkly at the clergyman, "there was no one place so secret, — no high place nor lowly place, where thou couldst have escaped me, — save on this very scaffold!"

"Thanks be to Him who hath led me hither!" answered the minister.

Yet he trembled, and turned to Hester with an expression of doubt and anxiety in his eyes, not the less evidently betrayed, that there was a feeble smile upon his lips.

"Is not this better," murmured he, "than what we dreamed of in the forest?"

"I know not! I know not!" she hurriedly replied. "Better? Yea; so we may both die, and little Pearl die with us!"

"For thee and Pearl, be it as God shall order," said the minister; "and God is merciful! Let me now do the will which He hath made plain before my sight. For, Hester, I am a dying man. So let me make haste to take my shame upon me!"

Partly supported by Hester Prynne, and holding one hand of

little Pearl's, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale turned to the dignified and venerable rulers; to the holy ministers, who were his brethren; to the people, whose great heart was thoroughly appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sympathy, as knowing that some deep life-matter — which, if full of sin, was full of anguish and repentance likewise — was now to be laid open to them. The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman, and gave a distinctness to his figure, as he stood out from all the earth, to put in his plea of guilty at the bar of Eternal Justice.

"People of New England!" cried he, with a voice that rose over them, high, solemn, and majestic, — yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek, struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe, — "ye, that have loved me! — ye, that have deemed me holy! — behold me here, the one sinner of the world! At last! — at last! — I stand upon the spot where, seven years since, I should have stood; here, with this woman, whose arm, more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me, at this dreadful moment, from grovelling down upon my face! Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been, — wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose, — it hath cast a lurid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!"

It seemed, at this point, as if the minister must leave the remainder of his story undisclosed. But he fought back the bodily weakness, — and, still more, the faintness of heart, — that was striving for the mastery with him. He threw off all assistance, and stepped passionately forward a pace before the woman and the child.

"It was on him!" he continued, with a kind of fierceness; so determined was he to speak out the whole. "God's eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The Devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! But he hid it cunningly from men, and walked among you with the mien of a spirit, mournful, because so pure in a sinful world! — and sad, because he missed his heavenly kindred! Now, at the death-hour, he stands up before you! He bids you

look again at Hester's scarlet letter! He tells you, that, with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast, and that even this, his own red stigma, is no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that question God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a dreadful witness of it!"

With a convulsive motion, he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! But it were irreverent to describe that revelation. For an instant, the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentrated on the ghastly miracle; while the minister stood, with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who, in the crisis of acutest pain, had won a victory. Then, down he sank upon the scaffold! Hester partly raised him, and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him, with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed.

"Thou hast escaped me!" he repeated more than once. "Thou hast escaped me!"

"May God forgive thee!" said the minister. "Thou, too, hast deeply sinned!"

He withdrew his dying eyes from the old man, and fixed them on the woman and the child.

"My little Pearl," said he, feebly, — and there was a sweet and gentle smile over his face, as of a spirit sinking into deep repose; nay, now that the burden was removed, it seemed almost as if he would be sportive with the child, — "dear little Pearl, wilt thou kiss me now? Thou wouldst not, yonder, in the forest! But now thou wilt?"

Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief, in which the wild infant bore a part, had developed all her sympathies; and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the world, but be a woman in it. Towards her mother, too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled.

"Hester," said the clergyman, "farewell!"

"Shall we not meet again?" whispered she, bending her face down close to his. "Shall we not spend our immortal life

together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed one another, with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright dying eyes! Then tell me what thou seest?"

"Hush, Hester, hush!" said he, with tremulous solemnity. "The law we broke!—the sin here so awfully revealed!—let these alone be in thy thoughts! I fear! I fear! It may be that, when we forgot our God,—when we violated our reverence each for the other's soul,—it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter, in an everlasting and pure reunion. God knows; and he is merciful! He hath proved his mercy, most of all, in my afflictions. By giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! By sending yonder dark and terrible old man, to keep the torture always at red-heat! By bringing me hither, to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been lost forever! Praised be his name! His will be done! Farewell!"

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent till then, broke out in a strange, deep voice of awe and wonder, which could not as yet find utterance, save in this murmur that rolled so heavily after the departed spirit.

[*The Scarlet Letter, a Romance, 1850, Chapter 23, "The Revelation of the Scarlet Letter."* The text is that of the first edition.]

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807, and died in Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. He came of good English stock, and could trace his descent on one side from John Aljon, whose wooing he celebrated in his *Courtship of Miles Standish*. He graduated at Bowdoin College, where Hawthorne was his classmate, in 1825, and spent three years in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, preparing himself for the duties of the professorship of modern languages at Bowdoin. He held this chair six years, relinquishing it when he was appointed to succeed Ticknor as Smith professor of modern languages at Harvard College. In preparation for his new and more distinguished duties he spent another year abroad, enlarging his acquaintance with the Teutonic languages. He occupied the Harvard chair from 1830 until 1854, living in the old and beautiful Craigie House, and breaking the steady round of his academic duties only by a third visit to Europe in 1843. The remainder of his life was spent in Cambridge, with the exception of a final visit, in 1868, to Europe, where he received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford, and that of L.D. from Cambridge. His bust has been placed in the Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey. Longfellow's character was remarkably serene, sane, and well balanced. He was an urbane man, who held himself apart from literary jealousies, and devoted himself completely to his studies, his art, and his friends, among whom were many distinguished men. His country should be grateful to him not only for his literary productions, but for his long and earnest studies in the European literatures, — studies which, as a teacher, he did much to make congenial and permanent in American universities.]

Longfellow's prose works of importance are three in number, *Outre-Mer* (1833-34), *Hyperion* (1839), and *Kavanaugh* (1849). The first two are based on his early experiences in foreign travel, and reveal his delight in the study of foreign literatures; but they also reflect the tastes and tendencies of his generation, and express a mood or stage in our national life and literature.]

PROSE, at its best, differs from poetry in form rather than in spirit. Verse and prose fiction certainly are closely related divisions of literary art, and it would be no impossible task to transmute the one into the other. If the idea of the correlation and conservation of forces marks the principal advance of science in the nineteenth century, it is of similar importance that literary

criticism has discovered or rediscovered, within the same period, the relativity and transmutability of genius. *Ivanhoe* might have been written in the four-beat measure of *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake* might have been made to take its place beside *The Bride of Lammermoor*. More obvious examples of the novel in verse are *Evangeline*, or the rapidly moving *Aurora Leigh*, and *Lucile*; while we have but to set side by side the best tales and the most characteristic poems of Poe, or the prose paragraphs and the metrical proverbs of Emerson, to perceive the comparative unimportance of the choice of the vehicle of expression.

It was natural, then, that Longfellow, the Mendelssohn of American literature, should show in his prose-writings the tendencies characterizing his verse, especially as the former appeared in the earlier part of his life and literary career, when his mind and genius were most deeply touched by the time-spirit of sentimental romanticism. The United States, in Longfellow's early manhood, was astir with the enthusiasms of youth, and not unaffected by the irregular passions and imperfect aspirations of juvenility. Studious and even intellectual in a way, it was sadly in need of the benign influences of culture; and culture was not to be had without some sincere search. Social and literary provinciality were made manifest by undue self-assertion on the one hand, and by humble deference to foreign opinion on the other. But foreign opinion very naturally meant, in New England, English opinion of the conventional or academic order, while outside of New England, in the Jeffersonian portions of the new republic, it was too generally synonymous with the excited and irregular pronouncements of French radicalism or the "Napoleonic idea."

In these complex circumstances the influence of the gentle calmness of an Irving and the cool austerity of a Bryant were clearly salutary; but neither of these — our earliest authors in the true sense — was able to do for a large public, in a notable time, exactly what Longfellow accomplished. Longfellow's mind was always peculiarly susceptible to influences from without; the vicious injustice of Poe's title, *Mr. Longfellow and Other Plagiarists*, contained an element of truth. A plagiarist he certainly was not; an unconscious imitator at times he was; while more than once he was the disciple in presence of the master. His

prose style was not unaffected by that of the author of the *Sketch-Book*; some of his contributions to the volume of *Miscellaneous Poems from the United States Literary Gazette* closely resembled the work, in the same pages, of the writer of *Thanatopsis*; still later not only the spirit but the metrical forms of Heine reappeared in many a lyric of the heart, sung by the banks of Charles; the trochaic tetrameter of *Hiawatha* was an adaptation; and last of all the great Florentine less obviously, but not less truly, dominated the thought and style of his translator.

But if the foreign sketches entitled *Outre-Mer*, the entire romance of *Hyperion*, and even the more distinctly New England story of *Kavanagh*, show little originality, our debt to them remains deep and lasting. It was because Longfellow was so quickly receptive that he caught so much of the sweetness of rural France, the faded grandeur of the Castilian country, the secret of the time of troubadour or mimesinger, and, above all, the perennial fascination of mediæval Germany. As an American he well knew and fully shared the aspirations of his own people; as a citizen of the world he gathered up and brought home rich spoils from foreign lands, to be utilized in the western states in a day when intelligent guidance was peculiarly necessary. No other did, or could do, so much in this line of salutary effort. The prevalent sentimentality of the time, Longfellow raised into sentiment; his panorama of European life was set before American eyes in a suggestive, as well as pleasing, manner; while, in his chief prose work, *Hyperion*, he caught and kept and made immediately serviceable the very moonshine and mystery of transcendental romance. The chapter near the close of the work, entitled *Footprints of Angels*, is written in a style which seems as far removed from current literary fashions as the steel-engraved "embellishments" of the Philadelphia magazines of the forties are removed from an etching by Whistler. But such a chapter did more than make the impressionable youths of the period write "how beautiful" upon the margin of the beloved volume; it induced them to transmute feeling into action and vague sentiment into purposeful endeavor. The difference between 1839 and 1870 is merely the difference between the mortuary inscription which Longfellow made the heart of this chapter and the text of the whole romance, and the brisk Saxon motto

which, thirty years after, Edward Everett Hale wrote as the practical creed of *Ten Times One Clubs or Look-up Legions*. The words are very different; the purpose is one.

One must ask, however, in the case of any work of art, whether its form and inherent value have outlasted the time of production. Utility is good, but it does not make literature. Is Longfellow's prose to be remanded to the shelf of the collection of bibliographical varieties, along with the French and Spanish text-books which he so painstakingly prepared for the crude collegians of our essentially provincial little seminaries of the early day? *Driftwood* was the title prefixed by him to his fugitive essays in prose; the very title of *Outre-Mer* has been used again for the benefit of a generation of readers that knows not Joseph; and few indeed will agree with Emerson — here, as usually, an untrustworthy critic of limited view — that *Kavanagh* was, even in 1849, the best sketch in the direction of the American novel. But if the Concord sage, with many another reader, was surprised to find himself "charmed with elegance in an American book," it was because "elegance" was really present even in parts of *Kavanagh*, as it was certainly present in *Outre-Mer* and *Hyperion*. And elegance, after all, is not a thing to be banished from belles-lettres.

CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

FOOTPRINTS OF ANGELS

It was Sunday morning; and the church bells were all ringing together. From the neighboring villages came the solemn, joyful sounds, floating through the sunny air, mellow and faint and low, — all mingling into one harmonious chime, like the sound of some distant organ in heaven. Anon they ceased; and the woods, and the clouds, and the whole village, and the very air itself seemed to pray, — so silent was it everywhere.

Two venerable old men, — high-priests and patriarchs were they in the land, — went up the pulpit stairs, as Moses and Aaron went up Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation, — for the pulpit stairs were in front, and very high.

Paul Flemming will never forget the sermon he heard that day, — no, not even if he should live to be as old as he who preached it. The text was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was meant to console the pious, poor widow, who sat right below him at the foot of the pulpit stairs, all in black, and her heart breaking. He said nothing of the terrors of death, nor of the gloom of the narrow house, but, looking beyond these things, as mere circumstances to which the imagination mainly gives importance, he told his hearers of the innocence of childhood upon earth, and the holiness of childhood in heaven, and how the beautiful Lord Jesus was once a little child, and now in heaven the spirits of little children walked with him, and gathered flowers in the fields of Paradise. Good old man! In behalf of humanity, I thank thee for these benignant words! And still more than I, the bereaved mother thanked thee, and from that hour, though she wept in secret for her child, yet

"She knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again."

After the sermon, Paul Flemming walked forth alone into the churchyard. There was no one there, save a little boy, who was fishing with a pin hook in a grave half full of water. But a few moments afterward, through the arched gateway under the belfry, came a funeral procession. At its head walked a priest in white

surplice, chanting. Peasants, old and young, followed him, with burning tapers in their hands. A young girl carried in her arms a dead child, wrapped in its little winding sheet. The grave was close under the wall, by the church door. A vase of holy water stood beside it. The sexton took the child from the girl's arms, and put it into a coffin; and, as he placed it in the grave, the girl held over it a cross, wreathed with roses, and the priest and peasants sang a funeral hymn. When this was over, the priest sprinkled the grave and the crowd with holy water; and then they all went into the church, each one stopping as he passed the grave to throw a handful of earth into it, and sprinkle it with holy water.

A few moments afterwards, the voice of the priest was heard saying mass in the church, and Flemming saw the toothless old sexton, treading the fresh earth into the grave of the little child, with his clouted shoes. He approached him, and asked the age of the deceased. The sexton leaned a moment on his spade, and shrugging his shoulders replied;

"Only an hour or two. It was born in the night, and died this morning early."

"A brief existence," said Flemming. "The child seems to have been born only to be buried, and have its name recorded on a wooden tombstone."

The sexton went on with his work, and made no reply. Flemming still lingered among the graves, gazing with wonder at the strange devices, by which man has rendered death horrible and the grave loathsome.

In the temple of Juno at Elis, Sleep and his twin-brother Death were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funeral monuments of the ancients the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms, did the imagination of ancient poets and sculptors represent death. And these were men in whose souls the religion of Nature was like the light of stars, beautiful, but faint and cold! Strange, that in later days, this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand, into the "land of the great departed, into the silent land," should have been transformed into

a monstrous and terrific thing ! Such is the spectral rider on the white horse ; — such the ghastly skeleton with scythe and hour-glass, — the Reaper, whose name is Death !

One of the most popular themes of poetry and painting in the Middle Ages, and continuing down even into modern times, was the Dance of Death. In almost all languages is it written, — the apparition of the grim spectre, putting a sudden stop to all business, and leading men away into the "remarkable retirement" of the grave. It is written in an ancient Spanish poem, and painted on a wooden bridge in Switzerland. The designs of Holbein are well known. The most striking among them is that, where, from a group of children sitting round a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand, and is leading it out of the door. Quietly and unresisting goes the little child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only ; while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their hands in vain towards their departing brother. A beautiful design it is, in all save the skeleton. An angel had been better, with folded wings, and torch inverted !

And now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion ; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak, — weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees, and wept. And oh ! how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride and unrequited love, were in those tears, through which he read on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription ;

"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

It seemed to him, as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart ; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no

more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright morning heaven, he said;

“I will be strong!”

Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the Past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the Past shut behind him as the Divine Poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the Holy Mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

In the life of every man, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us, but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming; and from that hour forth he resolved, that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance; no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed; no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfilment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the Present wisely, alike forgetful of the Past, and careless of what the mysterious Future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong; he was reconciled with himself! His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable, sweet feeling rose within him.

“Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps,” said he; “and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows.”

Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is life;

'Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!'

Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience? Alas! it is not till Time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that Man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that, upon the earlier pages of that book, was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then come listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain, a more noble history, than the child's story, with which the book began."

[From *Hyperion, a Romance*, 1839, chapter 8. The text is that of the first edition.]

THE VALLEY OF THE LOIRE

Je ne conçois qu'une manière de voyager plus agréable que d'aller à cheval; c'est d'aller à pied. On part à son moment, on s'arrête à sa volonté, on fait tant et si peu d'exercice qu'on veut.

Quand on ne veut qu'arriver, on peut courir en chaise de poste; mais quand on veut voyager, il faut aller à pied.

ROUSSEAU

In the beautiful month of October I made a foot excursion along the banks of the Loire, from Orléans to Tours. This luxuriant region is justly called the garden of France. From Orléans to Blois, the whole valley of the Loire is one continued vineyard. The bright green foliage of the vine spreads, like the undulations of the sea, over all the landscape, with here and there a silver flash of the river, a sequestered hamlet, or the towers of an old château, to enliven and variegate the scene.

The vintage had already commenced. The peasantry were busy in the fields,—the song that cheered their labor was on the breeze, and the heavy wagon tottered by, laden with the clusters of the vine. Everything around me wore that happy look which makes the heart glad. In the morning I arose with the lark; and at night I slept where sunset overtook me. The healthy exercise of foot-travelling, the pure, bracing air of autumn, and the cheerful aspect of the whole landscape about me, gave fresh elasticity to a mind not overburdened with care, and made me forget not only the fatigue of walking, but also the consciousness of being alone.

My first day's journey brought me at evening to a village, whose name I have forgotten, situated about eight leagues from Orléans. It is a small, obscure hamlet, not mentioned in the guide-book, and stands upon the precipitous banks of a deep ravine, through which a noisy brook leaps down to turn the ponderous wheel of a thatch-roofed mill. The village inn stands upon the highway; but the village itself is not visible to the traveller as he passes. It is completely hidden in the lap of a wooded valley, and so embowered in trees that not a roof nor a chimney peeps out to betray its hiding-place. It is like the nest of a ground-swallow, which the passing footstep almost treads upon, and yet it is not seen. I passed by without suspecting that a village was near; and the little inn had a look so uninviting that I did not even enter it.

After proceeding a mile or two farther, I perceived, upon my left, a village spire rising over the vineyards. Towards this I directed my footsteps; but it seemed to recede as I advanced, and at last quite disappeared. It was evidently many miles distant; and as the path I followed descended from the highway, it had gradually sunk beneath a swell of the vine-clad landscape. I now found myself in the midst of an extensive vineyard. It was just sunset; and the last golden rays lingered on the rich and mellow scenery around me. The peasantry were still busy at their task; and the occasional bark of a dog, and the distant sound of an evening bell, gave fresh romance to the scene. The reality of many a day-dream of childhood, of many a poetic reverie of youth, was before me. I stood at sunset amid the luxuriant vineyards of France!

The first person I met was a poor old woman, a little bowed down with age, gathering grapes into a large basket. She was dressed like the poorest class of peasantry, and pursued her solitary task alone, heedless of the cheerful gossip and the merry laugh which came from a band of more youthful vintagers at a short distance from her. She was so intently engaged in her work, that she did not perceive my approach until I bade her good evening. On hearing my voice, she looked up from her labor, and returned the salutation; and, on my asking her if there were a tavern or a farm-house in the neighborhood where I could pass the night, she showed me the pathway through the vineyard that led to the village, and then added, with a look of curiosity, —

"You must be a stranger, Sir, in these parts."

"Yes; my house is very far from here."

"How far?"

"More than a thousand leagues."

The old woman looked incredulous.

"I came from a distant land beyond the sea."

"More than a thousand leagues!" at length repeated she; "and why have you come so far from home?"

"To travel; — to see how you live in this country."

"Have you no relations in your own?"

"Yes; I have both brothers and sisters, a father and —"

"And a mother?"

"Thank Heaven, I have."

"And did you leave *her*?"

Here the old woman gave me a piercing look of reproof; shook her head mournfully, and, with a deep sigh, as if some painful recollections had been awakened in her bosom, turned again to her solitary task. I felt rebuked; for there is something almost prophetic in the admonitions of the old. The eye of age looks meekly into my heart! the voice of age echoes mournfully through it! the hoary head and palsied hand of age plead irresistibly for its sympathies! I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding!

I pursued the pathway which led towards the village, and the

next person I encountered was an old man, stretched lazily beneath the vines upon a little strip of turf, at a point where four paths met, forming a crossway in the vineyard. He was clad in a coarse garb of gray, with a pair of long gaiters or spatterdashes. Beside him lay a blue cloth cap, a staff, and an old weather-beaten knapsack. I saw at once that he was a foot-traveller like myself, and therefore, without more ado, entered into conversation with him. From his language, and the peculiar manner in which he now and then wiped his upper lip with the back of his hand, as if in search of the mustache which was no longer there, I judged that he had been a soldier. In this opinion I was not mistaken. He had served under Napoleon, and had followed the imperial eagle across the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and the burning sands of Egypt. Like every *vieille moustache*, he spake with enthusiasm of the Little Corporal, and cursed the English, the Germans, the Spanish, and every other race on earth, except the Great Nation, — his own.

"I like," said he, "after a long day's march, to lie down in this way upon the grass, and enjoy the cool of the evening. It reminds me of the bivouacs of other days, and of old friends who are now up there."

Here he pointed with his finger to the sky.

"They have reached the last *étape* before me, in the long march. But I shall go soon. We shall all meet again at the last roll-call. *Sacré nom de —* ! There's a tear !"

He wiped it away with his sleeve.

Here our colloquy was interrupted by the approach of a group of vintagers, who were returning homeward from their labor. To this party I joined myself, and invited the old soldier to do the same ; but he shook his head.

"I thank you ; my pathway lies in a different direction."

"But there is no other village near, and the sun has already set."

"No matter, I am used to sleeping on the ground. Good night."

I left the old man to his meditations, and walked on in company with the vintagers. Following a well-trodden pathway through the vineyards, we soon descended the valley's slope, and I suddenly found myself in the bosom of one of those little hamlets from

which the laborer rises to his toil as the skylark to his song. My companions wished me a good night, as each entered his own thatch-roofed cottage, and a little girl led me out to the very inn which an hour or two before I had disdained to enter.

When I awoke in the morning, a brilliant autumnal sun was shining in at my window. The merry song of birds mingled sweetly with the sound of rustling leaves and the gurgle of the brook. The vintagers were going forth to their toil; the wine-press was busy in the shade, and the clatter of the mill kept time to the miller's song. I loitered about the village with a feeling of calm delight. I was unwilling to leave the seclusion of this sequestered hamlet; but at length, with reluctant step, I took the cross-road through the vineyard, and in a moment the little village had sunk again, as if by enchantment, into the bosom of the earth.

[From *Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea*, 1833-1834, "The Valley of the Loire." This text is that of the edition of 1846.]

is song. My
ered his own
the very inn
r.
minal sun was
birds mingled
gurgle of the
il; the wine-
mill kept time
th a feeling of
on of this se-
p, I took the
ne little village
n of the earth.
34, "The Valley

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States, was born near Hodgenville, Ky., Feb. 12, 1809. His education was a desultory one, as he was almost wholly self-taught. He was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1837, having already shown a marked interest in public affairs. He served in the State Legislature (1834-42), in the national Congress (1846-48), and was elected President of the United States in 1860. Re-elected in 1864, he was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth soon after the beginning of his second term of office, and died April 15, 1865. The standard edition of his papers and speeches is that of J. G. Nicolay. The best biography is that of Hay and Nicolay.]

LINCOLN'S style, both in the sphere of oratory and in the sphere of dialectic, exhibits two distinct and very striking characteristics. The first is a remarkable compactness, clarity, and precision of statement, which may be taken as a nearly faultless model of convincing exposition. These qualities, moreover, derive their ultimate effectiveness from the supreme perfection with which they show the intellectual processes that gave them birth. The dominant thought is stripped of every superfluous detail and made to stand out vividly before the mind in a clear white brilliancy of phrasing; a nervous energy that is muscular and full of force brings every word to bear upon the writer's purpose; while a delicate balancing of contrasted thought is conveyed in an equally delicate balancing of phrase, that pleases and attracts the mind, no less than the ear, of him who hears it. A tendency toward veiled antithesis, indeed, may be set down as a definite feature of Lincoln's oratory. It enters into nearly all of his most finished utterances; and it is the more effective in that it does not spring from conscious artifice, but is entirely natural; for it arose from the supremely logical workings of an intellect that had been trained to see the other side of every question, to set one fact against another, to weigh and to compare, and then to render judgment with a perfect impartiality. This it was that gave to Lincoln's controver-

sial oratory its great persuasive power; for it struck the note of absolute sincerity and of intense conviction,—the note that was lacking in the oratory of his most redoubtable opponent, Douglas, as it was lacking also in the eloquence of the greatest of the Roman orators.

This trait in Lincoln's style was fostered, if it was not actually created, by his legal training, and by the necessity imposed upon him of addressing bodies of men who lacked the academic point of view, who were not versed in technicalities, but whose mother wit and native shrewdness made them keen to detect a flaw in the most brilliant argument and to supply by close and cogent reasoning the lack of formal training. Lincoln's style, then, was no holiday weapon, but one that had been slowly forged by him in the fire of experience, one that had been tempered to a perfect edge, one that had again and again been tested in the severest of forensic conflicts.

The second characteristic is still more remarkable. It finds its embodiment in the perfect taste and exquisite finish that endow some of his periods with such unusual beauty of expression. In several of the famous passages that are quoted here—the *First* and *Second Inaugurals* and the *Gettysburg Address*—the most accomplished rhetorician will find it difficult to detect a flaw. And they contain much more than rhetoric. The sentences are short and simple; the thought is not elaborated; yet the simplicity is the simplicity of strength, and the ease is the ease of conscious power, while throughout the words whose cadences run on in an unbroken harmony there is a certain loftiness of diction that not infrequently attains to the sublime, especially when a coloring of metaphor is introduced that half recalls the severe yet splendid imagery of the Hebrew prophets. Just how this taste, this instinctive perception of every cadence, and this touch of the sublime, became a part of Lincoln's intellectual endowment is a mystery that stylists have in vain endeavored to make clear. Perhaps the ultimate solution must be sought in that psychological truth which contains the explanation of the source of every great style. For a style is only great when it is a true reflection of mentality, of temperament, of the man himself of whom it is a part; and thus it is that we may find in the prose of this untaught American the accurate embodiment

of his own character as moulded by experience and by environment. It had clearness because his thought was logical; it had sincerity because he was himself sincere; it had solemnity and stateliness because of his own fundamental seriousness, whose depths were in reality revealed and not obscured by the humor that so often played upon the surface of his thought; and it had harmony because in him the qualities of strength and gentleness were fitly and indissolubly harmonized.

HARRY THURSTON PECK

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

THIS country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the National Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendments, I fully recognize the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish to either accept or refuse. I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution — which amendment, however, I have not seen — has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

The chief magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose; but the executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government, as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of

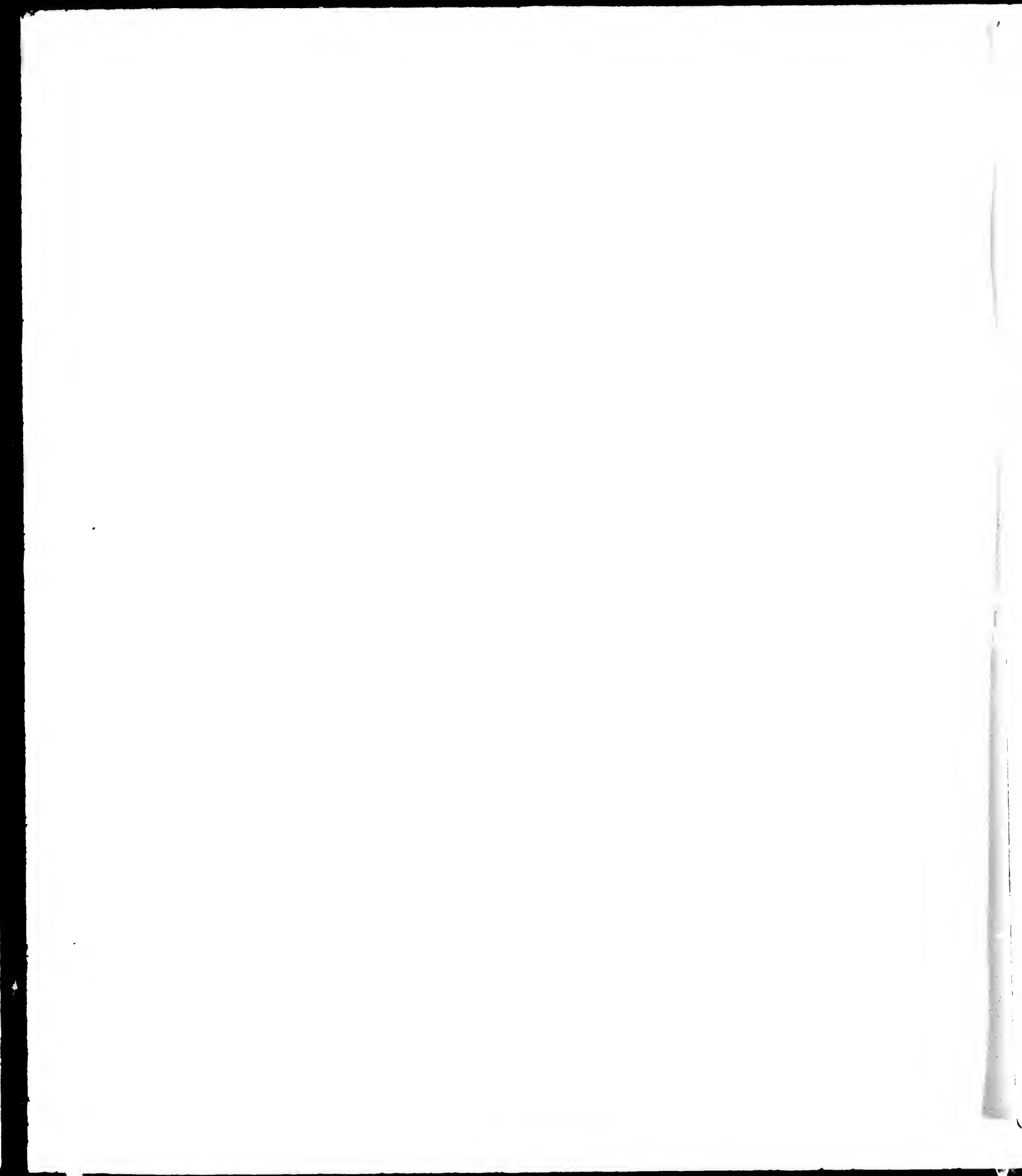
being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of the government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government in the short space of four years.

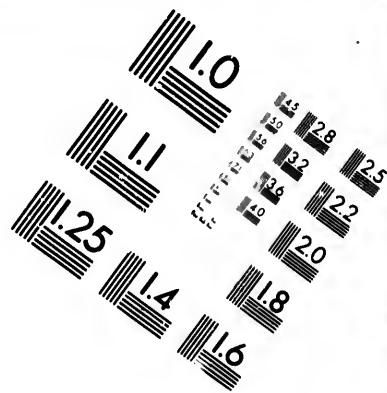
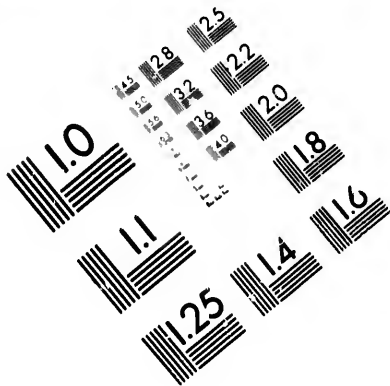
My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

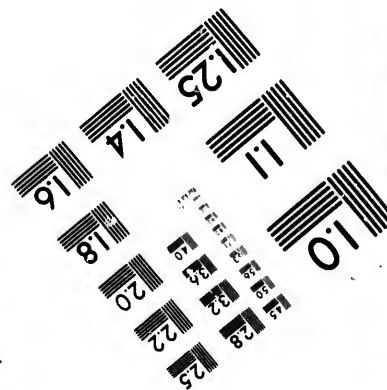
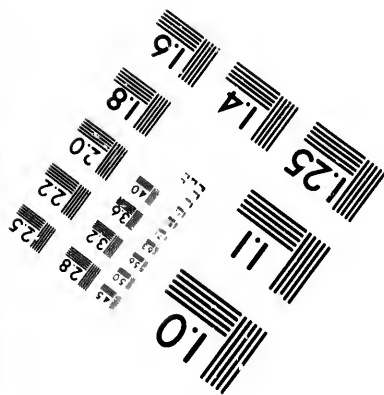
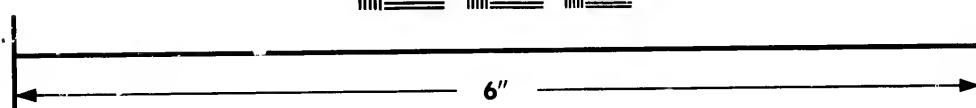
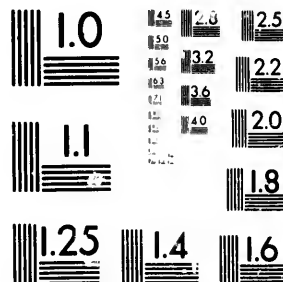
I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.







**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

10
16
18
20
22
25
28
32
36
40

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40

© 1981

[From the *First Inaugural Address*, March 4, 1861. Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, The Century Company, from the text used by Nicolay and Hay, *Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln*, vol. ii, pp. 6-7.]

LETTER TO GENERAL McCLELLAN

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D.C.,

October 13, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN:

My Dear Sir: You remember my speaking to you of what I called your over-cautiousness. Are you not over-cautious when you assume that you cannot do what the enemy is constantly doing? Should you not claim to be at least his equal in prowess, and act upon the claim? As I understand, you telegraphed General Halleck that you cannot subsist your army at Winchester unless the railroad from Harper's Ferry to that point be put in working order. But the enemy does now subsist his army at Winchester, at a distance nearly twice as great from railroad transportation as you would have to do without the railroad last named. He now wagens from Culpeper Court House, which is just about twice as far as you would have to do from Harper's Ferry. He is certainly not more than half as well provided with wagons as you are. I certainly should be pleased for you to have the advantage of the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, but it wastes all the remainder of autumn to give it to you, and in fact ignores the question of time, which cannot and must not be ignored. Again, one of the standard maxims of war, as you know, is to "operate upon the enemy's communications as much as possible without exposing your own." You seem to act as if this applies against you, but cannot apply in your favor. Change positions with the enemy, and think you not he would break your communication with Richmond within the next twenty-four hours? You dread his going into Pennsylvania; but if he does so in full force, he gives up his communications to you absolutely, and you have nothing to do but to follow and ruin him. If he does so with less than full force, fall upon and beat what is left behind all the easier. Exclusive of the water-line, you are now nearer Richmond than the enemy is by the route that you can and he must take. Why

can you not reach there before him, unless you admit that he is more than your equal on a march? His route is the arc of a circle, while yours is the chord. The roads are as good on yours as on his. You know I desired, but did not order, you to cross the Potomac below, instead of above, the Shenandoah and Blue Ridge. My idea was that this would at once menace the enemy's communications, which I would seize if he would permit.

If he should move northward, I would follow him closely, holding his communications. If he should prevent our seizing his communications and move toward Richmond, I would press closely to him, fight him if a favorable opportunity should present, and at least try to beat him to Richmond on the inside track. I say, "try"; if we never try, we shall never succeed. If he makes a stand at Winchester, moving neither north nor south, I would fight him there, on the idea that if we cannot beat him when he bears the wastage of coming to us, we never can when we bear the wastage of going to him. This proposition is a simple truth, and is too important to be lost sight of for a moment. In coming to us he tenders us an advantage which we should not waive. We should not so operate as merely to drive him away. As we must beat him somewhere or fail finally, we can do it, if at all, easier near to us than far away. If we cannot beat the enemy where he now is, we never can, he again being within the intrenchments of Richmond.

Recurring to the idea of going to Richmond on the inside track, the facility of supplying from the side away from the enemy is remarkable, as it were, by the different spokes of a wheel extending from the hub toward the rim, and this whether you move directly by the chord or on the inside arc, hugging the Blue Ridge more closely. The chord-line, as you see, carries you to Aldie, Hay Market, and Fredericksburg; and you see how turnpikes, railroads, and finally the Potomac, by Aquia Creek, meet you at all points from Washington; the same, only the lines lengthened a little, if you press closer to the Blue Ridge part of the way.

The gaps through the Blue Ridge I understand to be about the following distances from Harper's Ferry, to wit: Vestal's, 5 miles; Gregory's, 13; Snicker's, 18; Ashby's, 28; Manassas, 38;

Chester, 45; and Thornton's, 53. I should think it preferable to take the route nearest the enemy, disabling him to make an important move without your knowledge, and compelling him to keep his forces together for dread of you. The gaps would enable you to attack if you should wish. For a great part of the way you would be practically between the enemy and both Washington and Richmond, enabling us to spare you the greatest number of troops from here. When at length running for Richmond ahead of him enables him to move this way, if he does so, turn and attack him in the rear. But I think he should be engaged long before such point is reached. It is all easy if our troops march as well as the enemy, and it is unmanly to say they cannot do it. This letter is in no sense an order.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN

[Reprinted, by permission of The Century Company, from *Complete Works of Lincoln*, vol. ii, pp. 245-247.]

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so

nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

[*Address at the Dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery, Nov. 19, 1863. Reprinted, by permission of The Century Company, from Complete Works of Lincoln, vol. ii, p. 439.*]

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: — At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new can be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it — all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war — seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it shall continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to

finish the work we are in ; to bind up the nation's wounds ; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

[*Second Inaugural Address*, March 4, 1865. Reprinted, by permission of The Century Company, from *Complete Works of Lincoln*, vol. ii, pp. 656-657.]

slaves, not dis-
the Southern
and powerful
the cause of
s interest was
Union, even
to more than

or the dura-
ated that the
e, the conflict
umph, and a
ead the same
his aid against
ld dare to ask
the sweat of
e not judged.
of neither has

into the world
es come ; but
we shall sup-
which, in the
ing continued
e, and that he
he woe due to
n therein any
believers in a
ope — fervently
y speedily pass
all the wealth
of unrequited
drawn with the
rd, as was said
The judgments

with firmness
is strive on to

EDGAR ALLAN POE

[Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, Jan. 19, 1809, and died in Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1849. He was the grandson of David Poe, a distinguished Maryland officer in the Revolution. His father and mother were both actors. Poe was early left an orphan, and was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy Scotch tobacco merchant in Richmond. He was educated in private schools in Richmond and in England, and entered the University of Virginia in 1826, but was withdrawn in the same year by his adopted father, who placed him in his counting-room. On account of differences with his family, he left them in 1827, entered the army under an assumed name, and served for two years in a battery of artillery. He was then partially reconciled with Mr. Allan, and received an annuity until Mr. Allan's death in 1834. In 1830 he entered the Military Academy at West Point, but was dismissed in the following year by court-martial on charges of remissness in duty and disobedience. From that time until his death he led the uncertain and irregular life of a struggling writer, editor, and literary hack, in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. His brilliant intellect was in most cases appreciated by his numerous employers and colleagues. But his irritable and morbidly sensitive nature, his occasional indulgence in drink, which produced in him the effect of temporary insanity, and in opium, interfered greatly with his success. His health was for years much impaired, and he was during short periods, particularly after his wife's death, scarcely responsible for his acts. In person, Poe was strong and handsome. Women were especially attracted by him, and probably understood the inequalities of his genius better than did his male contemporaries. His wife, who was less than fourteen at her marriage in 1836, he cared for tenderly until her death in 1847. Poe's character has had its bitter detractors, its apologists, and its warm admirers. Some have thought him an unfortunate and persecuted man; some, a dishonorable creature of genius; and there have not been wanting those who attribute his almost inexplicable vagaries and lapses from rational living to disease of the brain. The facts of his life have been patiently collected by G. E. Woodberry in his *Life* (Boston, 1885), and in the "Memoir" introducing the edition, by E. C. Stedman and G. E. Woodberry, of his complete works.]

Poe's stories and criticisms were generally first published in periodicals. The collections published during his lifetime were *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* (1838), *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque* (1840), *Tales* (1845), and *The Literati* (1850). *Eureka: A Prose Poem* was published in 1848. Poe's complete works have been collected and edited, with especial attention to the text, by E. C. Stedman and G. E. Woodberry. From the text of this edition, with the permission of the publishers, Herbert S. Stone and Co., the extracts in this volume are reprinted.]

ONE of Poe's *Tales of the Grotesque* portrays the fantastic doings of the so-called Angel of the Odd. The name is not inapt for Poe himself. In all his writings, with the possible exception of his criticism, there is present the note of abnormality; and even in his criticism, the wilfulness and the egotism often reach a pitch that suggests morbidness of nature. Poe was a decadent before the days of decadence, and it is through no mistaken instinct that French decadents from Baudelaire to Mallarmé have delighted to do him honor.

Poe was fond of mystifications, and his confessions, as regards methods of work, are not to be taken too literally. Nevertheless, the rules he lays down in his essay on Hawthorne, for the writer of fiction, more particularly of the tale, are unquestionably frank in expression and true to Poe's own instincts and habits. These rules make very clear the artificiality of art as Poe conceived of it, its remoteness in substance from normal experience; they also illustrate the perfection of Poe's mastery of technique within the limits which his conception of art imposed upon him. According to Poe's theory, the tale ought to be an exquisite tissue of moods and images wrought skilfully together through the medium of prose for the production of a single effect. The first task of the literary artist is to determine what the single effect is to be, at which his tale is to aim among the almost countless effects of terror, passion, horror, grotesqueness, or humor, that are open to his choice. Having determined on his effect, the artist is to keep it vividly before his imagination, and to let it control him in all his selection of details; he is to construct his entire story so that every fact, every incident, every character, even every phrase, figure, and cadence, shall prepare for or intensify this single effect, and bring out its peculiar quality. The effect is an end in itself, and is its own justification. The story need have no symbolic implications, — need send no suggestions of remote moral truths darting over the nerves to the brain. According to Poe's own practice, the effects best worth aiming at are emotional shivers of some sort, such as come from a sudden keen sense of the strangeness, or grotesqueness, or mystery, or horror of life. Each of Poe's best tales turns out on analysis to be simply an exquisitely adjusted series of devices for playing adroitly upon responsive nerves, and

putting a sensitive temperament into a harmoniously vibrating mood.

The material that Poe's nature offers him most generously for fabrication into art is as artificial as the methods by which he likes to work. Poe had a degenerate's excitable nerves, ardent senses, and irresponsible feelings. Moreover, he had an altogether modern delight in watching intently for their own sakes the tricks of his nerves and senses, and the shadow-play of his moods. He was an amateur of sensations and impressions, prone to dwelling upon them half mystically, and bent on capturing the essential charm of each. He was extraordinarily sensitive to all the fleeting "unconsidered trifles" of the life of the senses and the feelings. In one of his stories he boasts of the delight of beholding "floating in mid-air the sad visions that the many may not view"; of pondering "over the perfume of some rosel flower"; of "growing bewildered with the meaning of some musical cadence." This same morbidness and semi-hysterical sensitiveness may be traced also in Poe's heroes; they, too, are tortured by the intensity of their sensations; they are persecuted by fixed ideas; they isolate themselves from the world, brood over their abnormal experiences of feeling and imagination, and live in dream-regions of their own fantastic invention. Poe's favorite characters,—Usher, the lovers of Ligeia, of Eleanora, and of Morella,—are degenerates, pure and simple, victims of nervous disease, experimenters with narcotics, and dabblers in death. Through all these characteristics, they call to mind the heroes of modern decadent French fiction, Huysmans' *des Esseintes*, for example. Like modern decadent heroes, too, Poe's heroes feel the fascination of the morally perverse, and spice the æsthetic banquet with deadly sins,—sins whose piquancy lies in their abnormality of thought and feeling, not in any gross criminality of act. Moreover, Poe himself despises the conventional and the commonplace both in character and in life; he is cynical and disenchanted, and boasts of his cynicism and disenchantment. "I really perceive that vanity," he asserts in one of his letters, "about which most men merely prate,—the vanity of the human or temporal life. I live continually in a reverie of the future, I have no faith in human perfectibility,—I think

that human exertion will have no appreciable effect upon humanity."

In Poe's so-called *Tales of Ratiocination* the material is different from what has thus far been described; it is, however, no less artificial, and the methods by which it is made effective are much the same. In short, Poe is confessedly a necromancer whose sole ambition is to play delicately upon nerves and intellects that have been skilfully attuned to submit to his influence. He is a weaver of spells and a dreamer of dreams, who has no concern with actual life, or with the commonplace moods or motives that enter into every-day experience. In all his tales no character is portrayed with any patience that the reader can fancy himself encountering in the highways of life, or that he would not hesitate to take frankly by the hand. Poe's men are either magniloquent *poseurs* who dine on their hearts in public, or else disembodied intellects who do nothing but guess enormously complicated riddles.

Nature, too, as Poe portrays it, becomes fantastic and unverifiable, a region of pure phantasmagoria. Its omnipresent "meadows" are sprinkled with asphodels and acanthuses; it is watered with rivers of silence that lapse away into blue *da Vinci* distances; it is lighted with triple-tinted suns, and is at last shut in with the golden walls of the universe. When Poe abandons this sort of phantasmagoric nature it is only to take refuge in a nature that has the artificiality of the play-house and of stage-land, a mechanical nature that is cleverly put together with all manner of practical trap-doors and ingenious stage-settings for the convenience of Poe, the marvel-worker and conjurer, the inventor of complicated wonders, and the unraveller of prettily fabricated mysteries. It is into an artificial world of this sort that Poe's purely intellectual stories conduct, an exquisitely mechanical toy-world, well-gearred, nicely varnished, and running as smoothly as the universe on the eighth day of creation.

The sharp division between these two worlds of nature in which Poe keeps his readers—both worlds unreal, one intellectually manufactured, the other fantastically dreamed out—suggests a noteworthy characteristic of all Poe's writings,—their trick of seeming the work never of a whole man, always of a fragmen-

tary man. Poe the author seems either a man of sheer intellect or a man of sheer passion,—never a man of varied and rich spiritual experience, in whom the life of the intellect and the life of the feelings and the imagination have been thoroughly fused. Here, again, there is a suggestion of that exotic quality that has already been noted in Poe, and once more there is traceable a certain kinship between Poe and French men of letters. It was one of Coleridge's complaints, as regards the French genius, that French writers, as compared with those of Teutonic stock, are lacking in *Gemüth*,—in those spiritual qualities that come from the complete fusion of intellect with deep feeling. The same criticism may be made upon Poe. In nothing that he has produced is there found a genuinely satisfying portrayal of life in terms of both heart and mind. Passion, Poe's writings contained in plenty, albeit of a somewhat play-acting sort; delicately elaborated thought they possess in abundance. But never do Poe's heart and intellect unite under the guidance of his imagination in a portrayal of life that satisfies through its loyalty to the whole range of human interests, and through its swiftly penetrating insight into human experience of the most complex and richly vital sort. Poe is always either emotionally shallow or intellectually superficial.

It may be urged that Poe's *Tales of Passion and of Mystery* are subtle,—intellectually subtle,—and that in framing such incidents and characters as those in *The Fall of the House of Usher* Poe's intellect and heart work together for the interpretation of life. In point of fact, however, tales of this sort are subtle only in the cleverness of their construction, intellectual only in the ingenuity of their technique. Subtle in construction these emotional tales doubtless are,—full of exquisite manipulation and nicely calculated handiwork; but subtle or intellectual in their interpretation of life or character they never are. The phantom-folk that they deal with are simplified to the point of being monomaniacs,—victims of one idea or of one passion. The life portrayed is a superficial life, obviously spectacular, with no complexity of intellectual motive or of human interest. Poe's subtlety is a subtlety of technique and execution,—the subtlety of the deft handicraftsman who is skilled in his treatment of mechanical problems, not the subtlety of the really great human artist who grasps life in all its

implications alike for thought and for feeling, and reveals its intricacies with imaginative penetration.

Art was for Poe one long series of technical problems more or less consciously confronted, and in this prevailing interest in technical problems his resemblance to modern decadents is once more evident. All the motives and methods that have thus far been noted as characteristic of Poe imply that art is for the most part a matter of technical dexterity, and depends for its success on shrewd calculation of effects, on the wise use of confessedly artificial material, and on masterly execution. With life itself the artist is only incidentally concerned; he looks to it merely as to a storehouse whence he may draw the crude material that is to be worked up into art; depth of interpretation and genuineness of human appeal are only subordinate excellences. Art exists for its own sake and is its own justification. A poem, Poe asserts, in *The Poetic Principle*, should be "written solely for the poem's sake." In this phrase, he substantially anticipates the famous formula of art for art's sake which modern æstheticism has adopted as its distinctive legend.

And indeed it is precisely because of his mastery of technique that Poe has lived and is sure to live in literature. The *genre* he most cultivated is slight; his "criticism of life" is insignificant, almost meaningless. The "beauty" that connects itself with his work is felt to be an adventitious beauty imported into life through a morbid temperament, rather than essential beauty actually resident in life, and revealed through the swift play of poetic imagination. Yet beauty Poe's best tales certainly create with an almost inevitable artistic instinct for the possibilities and requirements of artificial production. His really memorable short stories have perfect unity of effect, are delicately elaborated with vibrant detail, make often marvellously subtle play upon swiftly responsive nerves, which have been put into tremulous readiness by cunning hints and premonitions, and employ in their wording and in their cadences a sound-symbolism that is conjuring in its creation of atmosphere and reënforcement of effect. A great part of the power of his most weird romances comes from the visionary concreteness of his style, from his complete visualization of the fantastic incidents he invents,—or rather from his complete realization of

them for all the senses. Such tales as *Eleanora* and the *Assignment* have almost the brilliant sensuous surface of the best romantic poetry, deal almost as continuously in glowing detail for eye and ear. Poe's world gains its mystery and occasional ghastliness, not like Hawthorne's, through vagueness and the tantalizing duplicity of symbolism, but through a direct representation of the sights and sounds that go with crisped nerves and morbid mental states, through the intense realization of the visionary experiences of disordered imaginations, through vivid portrayal of disease and death. Poe's world is a burnished world of exquisite falseness which bribes us to accept it by its congruity of detail, its self-consistency, and its visionary intensity and splendor of realization. It seems real because it is so magnificently false. The harmony is everywhere perfectly preserved, in the preparation of effects, in the choice of details, in tone and in atmosphere.

Poe's style is delicately artificial, to suit his subject-matter and his methods. He is fond of calculated involutions and inversions and of nicely modulated rhythms. He had evidently read De Quincey with intense appreciation, and there are repeatedly in Poe's most highly finished prose echoes of De Quincey's cadences and groupings of accent. In such visionary tales as *Eleanora* the style has the sustained music and the elaborate melodies of an incantation, and does much by its subtly modulated rise and fall, its apt accelerations and delays, and its sympathetically shifting tone-color, to subdue and control the reader's imagination, and to impose upon him with surreptitious persuasiveness the images, the moods, and the fantastic dreaming that Poe would have him helplessly accept. In his critical writings, on the other hand, Poe's style is keen, analytical, acrid, harshly accentuated. Here again is illustrated the curious division in Poe between emotions and imagination on the one hand, and intellect on the other. Poe's favorite critic is Macaulay. "The style and general conduct of Macaulay's critical papers," Poe assures us, "could scarcely be improved." Accordingly, in his own critical essays, there is much of the over-anxious emphasis, the challenging manner, the demonstrative tone that make Macaulay's literary essays so lacking in subtlety, delicacy, and charm. There is much, too, of Macaulay's hardness of finish, unsensitiveness to the shade, and confident

maladroitness. On the other hand, Poe cannot at all rival Macaulay in wide reading, varied knowledge, command of literary gossip and apt anecdote, or in dignity of experience and breadth of culture. Accordingly, Poe as a critic escapes being a miniature, "shallow-hearted" Macaulay only through his genius for analysis and his insight into technical problems. He has a far surer intuition than Macaulay in whatever concerns the mechanics of art. In his essays on special poets or poems, he explains many obscure passages with genuine niceness of instinct, and comments often with great delicacy of perception upon beauties of technique and of structure. In his essays on the theory of art, he adopts in some degree the romantic doctrine of art as a revealer of what he calls "supernal loveliness," and writes with a plausible imitation of academic sincerity a plea for the Poetic Principle, as though its presence in the human soul were a proof of immortality. Poetry, he implies, is the ultimate form of speech. Yet, despite the amiable volubility with which Poe recommends this doctrine, the essay does not succeed in getting itself believed; it is largely vitiated by the tone of the professional lecturer, who seems to be saying what he knows will please or impress, rather than uttering his own frank thought.

And, indeed, shallowness of conviction is the radical defect in all Poe's work both as theorizer and artist. He has play-feelings, which he uses with the utmost ingenuity in his *Tales of Passion and Romance*, and which he describes with the happiest facility. He has unsurpassable intellectual acuteness, and invents very pretty and puzzling complications of incident, in unravelling which manikins use their play-wits with astonishing dexterity. He weaves, too, through the help of this same inventive intellect, plausible and suggestive theories about life and art. Yet these many "inventions," artistic and theoretic alike, seem to us all the time merely exquisite make-believe. Poe lacked deep convictions of any kind, profound human experience, genuineness, and wealth of nature. His art is correspondingly superficial and artificial. Nevertheless, his work is sure to live because of its perfection of form. He is a masterly technician, — the first of the Decadents, — the forerunner of the practicers of art for art's sake.

LEWIS EDWARDS GATES

SHADOW—A PARABLE

Yea! though I walk through the valley of the Shadow.

Psalm of David.

Ye who read are still among the living; but I who write shall have long since gone my way into the region of shadows. For indeed strange things shall happen, and secret things be known, and many centuries shall pass away, ere these memorials be seen of men. And, when seen, there will be some to disbelieve and some to doubt, and yet a few who will find much to ponder upon in the characters here graven with a stylus of iron.

The year had been a year of terror, and of feelings more intense than terror for which there is no name upon the earth. For many prodigies and signs had taken place, and far and wide, over sea and land, the black wings of the Pestilence were spread abroad. To those, nevertheless, cunning in the stars, it was not unknown that the heavens wore an aspect of ill; and to me, the Greek Oinos, among others, it was evident that now had arrived the alternation of that seven hundred and ninety-fourth year when, at the entrance of Aries, the planet Jupiter is conjoined with the red ring of the terrible Saturnus. The peculiar spirit of the skies, if I mistake not greatly, made itself manifest, not only in the physical orb of the earth, but in the souls, imaginations, and meditations of mankind.

Over some flasks of the red Chian wine, within the walls of a noble hall in a dim city called Ptolemais, we sat at night, a company of seven. And to our chamber there was no entrance save by a lofty door of brass; and the door was fashioned by the artisan Corinnos, and, being of rare workmanship, was fastened from within. Black draperies likewise, in the gloomy room, shut out from our view the moon, the lurid stars, and the peopleless streets—but the boding and the memory of Evil, they would not be so excluded. There were things around us and about of which I could render no distinct account,—things material and spiritual: heaviness in the atmosphere, a sense of suffocation, anxiety—and, above all, that terrible state of existence

which the nervous experience when the senses are keenly living and awake, and meanwhile the powers of thought lie dormant. A dead weight hung upon us. It hung upon our limbs, upon the household furniture, upon the goblets from which we drank; and all things were depressed, and borne down thereby—all things save only the flames of the seven iron lamps which illumined our revel. Uprearing themselves in tall slender lines of light, they thus remained burning, all pallid and motionless; and in the mirror which their lustre formed upon the round table of ebony at which we sat, each of us there assembled beheld the pallor of his own countenance, and the unquiet glare in the downcast eyes of his companions. Yet we laughed and were merry in our proper way—which was hysterical: and sang the songs of Anacreon—which are madness; and drank deeply—although the purple wine reminded us of blood. For there was yet another tenant of our chamber in the person of young Zoilus. Dead and at full length he lay, enshrouded: the genius and the demon of the scene. Alas! he bore no portion in our mirth, save that his countenance, distorted with the plague, and his eyes in which Death had but half extinguished the fire of the pestilence, seemed to take such interest in our merriment as the dead may haply take in the merriment of those who are to die. But although I, Oinos, felt that the eyes of the departed were upon me, still I forced myself not to perceive the bitterness of their expression, and, gazing down steadily into the depths of the ebony mirror, sang with a loud and sonorous voice the songs of the son of Teios. But gradually my songs they ceased, and their echoes, rolling afar off among the sable draperies of the chamber, became weak, and undistinguishable, and so faded away. And lo! from among those sable draperies where the sounds of the song departed, there came forth a dark and undefined shadow—a shadow such as the moon, when low in heaven, might fashion from the figure of a man; but it was the shadow neither of man, nor of God, nor of any familiar thing. And quivering awhile among the draperies of the room, it at length rested in full view upon the surface of the door of brass. But the shadow was vague, and formless, and indefinite, and was the shadow neither of man nor of God—neither God of Greece, nor God of Chaldæa, nor any Egyptian

God. And the shadow rested upon the brazen doorway, and under the arch of the entablature of the door, and moved not, nor spoke any word, but there became stationary and remained. And the door whereupon the shadow rested was, if I remember aright, over against the feet of the young Zoilus enshrouded. But we, the seven there assembled, having seen the shadow as it came out from among the draperies, dared not steadily behold it, but cast down our eyes, and gazed continually into the depths of the mirror of ebony. And at length I, Oinos, speaking some low words, demanded of the shadow its dwelling and its appellation. And the shadow answered, "I am SHADOW, and my dwelling is near to the catacombs of Ptolemais, and hard by those dim plains of Helusion which border upon the foul Charonian canal." And then did we, the seven, start from our seats in horror, and stand trembling, and shuddering, and aghast: for the tones in the voice of the shadow were not the tones of any one being, but of a multitude of beings, and, varying in their cadences from syllable to syllable, fell duskily upon our ears in the well-remembered and familiar accents of many thousand departed friends.

[1835. Reprinted, by permission of Herbert S. Stone and Co., from *Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, vol. i, pp. 125-128.]

LIGEIA

In halls such as these, in a bridal chamber such as this, I passed, with the Lady of Tremaine, the unhallowed hours of the first month of our marriage — passed them with but little disquietude. That my wife dreaded the fierce moodiness of my temper — that she shunned me, and loved me but little — I could not help perceiving; but it gave me rather pleasure than otherwise. I loathed her with a hatred belonging more to demon than to man. My memory flew back (oh, with what intensity of regret!) to Ligeia, the beloved, the august, the beautiful, the entombed. I revelled in recollections of her purity, of her wisdom, of her lofty, her ethereal nature, of her passionate, her idolatrous love. Now, then, did my spirit fully and freely burn

with more than all the fires of her own. In the excitement of my opium dreams, (for I was habitually fettered in the shackles of the drug,) I would call aloud upon her name, during the silence of the night, or among the sheltered recesses of the glens by day, as if, through the wild eagerness, the solemn passion, the consuming ardor of my longing for the departed, I could restore her to the pathway she had abandoned — ah, *could* it be forever? — upon the earth.

About the commencement of the second month of the marriage, the Lady Rowena was attacked with sudden illness, from which her recovery was slow. The fever which consumed her, rendered her nights uneasy; and in her perturbed state of half-slumber, she spoke of sounds, and of motions, in and about the chamber of the turret, which I concluded had no origin save in the distemper of her fancy, or perhaps in the phantasmagoric influences of the chamber itself. She became at length convalescent — finally, well. Yet but a brief period elapsed, ere a second more violent disorder again threw her upon a bed of suffering; and from this attack her frame, at all times feeble, never altogether recovered. Her illnesses were, after this epoch, of alarming character, and of more alarming recurrence, defying alike the knowledge and the great exertions of her physicians. With the increase of the chronic disease, which had thus apparently taken too sure hold upon her constitution to be eradicated by human means, I could not fail to observe a similar increase in the nervous irritation of her temperament, and in her excitability by trivial causes of fear. She spoke again, and now more frequently and pertinaciously, of the sounds — of the slight sounds — and of the unusual motions among the tapestries, to which she had formerly alluded.

One night, near the closing in of September, she pressed this distressing subject with more than usual emphasis upon my attention. She had just awakened from an unquiet slumber, and I had been watching, with feelings half of anxiety, half of vague terror, the workings of her emaciated countenance. I sat by the side of her ebony bed, upon one of the ottomans of India. She partly arose, and spoke, in an earnest low whisper, of sounds which she *then* heard, but which I could not hear — of motions

which she *then* saw, but which I could not perceive. The wind was rushing hurriedly behind the tapestries, and I wished to show her (what, let me confess it, I could not *all* believe) that those almost inarticulate breathings, and those very gentle variations of the figures upon the wall, were but the natural effects of that customary rushing of the wind. But a deadly pallor, overspreading her face, had proved to me that my exertions to reassure her would be fruitless. She appeared to be fainting, and no attendants were within call. I remembered where was deposited a decanter of light wine which had been ordered by her physicians, and hastened across the chamber to procure it. But, as I stepped beneath the light of the censer, two circumstances of a startling nature attracted my attention. I had felt that some palpable although invisible object had passed lightly by my person; and I saw that there lay upon the golden carpet, in the very middle of the rich lustre thrown from the censer, a shadow—a faint, indefinite shadow of angelic aspect—such as might be fancied for the shadow of a shade. But I was wild with the excitement of an immoderate dose of opium, and heeded these things but little, nor spoke of them to Rowena. Having found the wine, I recrossed the chamber, and poured out a gobletful, which I held to the lips of the fainting lady. She had now partially recovered, however, and took the vessel herself, while I sank upon an ottoman near me, with my eyes fastened upon her person. It was then that I became distinctly aware of a gentle footfall upon the carpet, and near the couch; and in a second thereafter, as Rowena was in the act of raising the wine to her lips, I saw, or may have dreamed that I saw, fall within the goblet, as if from some invisible spring in the atmosphere of the room, three or four large drops of a brilliant and ruby-colored fluid. If this I saw—not so Rowena. She swallowed the wine unhesitatingly, and I forbore to speak to her of a circumstance which must after all, I considered, have been but the suggestion of a vivid imagination, rendered morbidly active by the terror of the lady, by the opium, and by the hour.

Yet I cannot conceal it from my own perception that, immediately subsequent to the fall of the ruby-drops, a rapid change for the worst took place in the disorder of my wife; so that, on the

third subsequent night, the hands of her menials prepared her for the tomb, and on the fourth, I sat alone, with her shrouded body, in that fantastic chamber which had received her as my bride. Wild visions, opium-engendered, flitted shadow-like before me. I gazed with unquiet eye upon the sarcophagi in the angles of the room, upon the varying figures of the drapery, and upon the writhing of the party-colored fires in the censer overhead. My eyes then fell, as I called to mind the circumstances of a former night, to the spot beneath the glare of the censer where I had seen the faint traces of the shadow. It was there, however, no longer; and breathing with greater freedom, I turned my glances to the pallid and rigid figure upon the bed. Then rushed upon me a thousand memories of Ligeia—and then came back upon my heart, with the turbulent violence of a flood, the whole of that unutterable woe with which I had regarded *her* thus enshrouded. The night waned; and still, with a bosom full of bitter thoughts of the one *only* and supremely beloved, I remained gazing upon the body of Rowena.

It might have been midnight, or perhaps earlier, or later, for I had taken no note of time, when a sob, low, gentle, but very distinct, startled me from my revery. I *felt* that it came from the bed of ebony—the bed of death. I listened in an agony of superstitious terror—but there was no repetition of the sound. I strained my vision to detect any motion in the corpse—but there was not the slightest perceptible. Yet I could not have been deceived. I *had* heard the noise, however faint, and my soul was awakened within me. I resolutely and perseveringly kept my attention riveted upon the body. Many minutes elapsed before any circumstance occurred tending to throw light upon the mystery. At length it became evident that a slight, a very feeble, and barely noticeable tinge of color had flushed up within the cheeks, and along the sunken small veins of the eyelids. Through a species of unutterable horror and awe, for which the language of mortality has no sufficiently energetic expression, I felt my heart cease to beat, my limbs grow rigid where I sat. Yet a sense of duty finally operated to restore my self-possession. I could no longer doubt that we had been precipitate in our preparations—that Rowena still lived. It was necessary that some

immediate exertion be made; yet the turret was altogether apart from the portion of the abbey tenanted by the servants — there were none within call — I had no means of summoning them to my aid without leaving the room for many minutes — and this I could not venture to do. I therefore struggled alone in my endeavors to call back the spirit still hovering. In a short period it was certain, however, that a relapse had taken place; the color disappeared from both eyelid and cheek, leaving a wanness even more than that of marble; the lips became doubly shrivelled and pinched up in the ghastly expression of death; a repulsive clamminess and coldness overspread rapidly the surface of the body; and all the usual rigorous stiffness immediately supervened. I fell back with a shudder upon the couch from which I had been so startlingly aroused, and again gave myself up to passionate waking visions of Ligeia.

An hour thus elapsed, when (could it be possible?) I was a second time aware of some vague sound issuing from the region of the bed. I listened — in extremity of horror. The sound came again — it was a sigh. Rushing to the corpse, I saw — distinctly saw — a tremor upon the lips. In a minute afterwards they relaxed, disclosing a bright line of the pearly teeth. Amazement now struggled in my bosom with the profound awe which had hitherto reigned there alone. I felt that my vision grew dim, that my reason wandered; and it was only by a violent effort that I at length succeeded in nerving myself to the task which duty thus once more had pointed out. There was now a partial glow upon the forehead and upon the cheek and throat; a perceptible warmth pervaded the whole frame; there was even a slight pulsation at the heart. The lady *lived*; and with redoubled ardor I betook myself to the task of restoration. I chafed and bathed the temples and the hands, and used every exertion which experience, and no little medical reading, could suggest. But in vain. Suddenly, the color fled, the pulsation ceased, the lips resumed the expression of the dead, and, in an instant afterward, the whole body took upon itself the icy chilliness, the livid hue, the intense rigidity, the sunken outline, and all the loathsome peculiarities of that which has been, for many days, a tenant of the tomb.

And again I sunk into visions of Ligeia — and again, (what marvel that I shudder while I write?) *again* there reached my ears a low sob from the region of the ebony bed. But why shall I minutely detail the unspeakable horrors of that night? Why shall I pause to relate how, time after time, until near the period of the gray dawn, this hideous drama of revivification was repeated; how each terrific relapse was only into a sterner and apparently more irredeemable death; how each agony wore the aspect of a struggle with some invisible foe; and how each struggle was succeeded by I know not what of wild change in the personal appearance of the corpse? Let me hurry to a conclusion.

The greater part of the fearful night had worn away, and she who had been dead, once again stirred — and now more vigorously than hitherto, although arousing from a dissolution more appalling in its utter helplessness than any. I had long ceased to struggle or to move, and remained sitting rigidly upon the ottoman, a helpless prey to a whirl of violent emotions, of which extreme awe was perhaps the least terrible, the least consuming. The corpse, I repeat, stirred, and now more vigorously than before. The hues of life flushed up with unwonted energy into the countenance — the limbs relaxed — and, save that the eyelids were yet pressed heavily together, and that the bandages and draperies of the grave still imparted their charnel character to the figure, I might have dreamed that Rowena had indeed shaken off, utterly, the fetters of Death. But if this idea was not, even then, altogether adopted, I could at least doubt no longer, when, arising from the bed, tottering, with feeble steps, with closed eyes, and with the manner of one bewildered in a dream, the thing that was enshrouded advanced bodily and palpably into the middle of the apartment.

I trembled not — I stirred not — for a crowd of unutterable fancies connected with the air, the stature, the demeanor of the figure, rushing hurriedly through my brain, had paralyzed — had chilled me into stone. I stirred not — but gazed upon the apparition. There was a mad disorder in my thoughts — a tumult unappeasable. Could it, indeed, be the *living* Rowena who confronted me? Could it indeed be Rowena *at all* — the fair-haired, the blue-eyed Lady Rowena Trevanion of Tremaine.

Why, *why* should I doubt it? The bandage lay heavily about the mouth—but then might it not be the mouth of the breathing Lady of Tremaine? And the cheeks—there were the roses as in her noon of life—yes, these might indeed be the fair cheeks of the living Lady of Tremaine. And the chin, with its dimples, as in health, might it not be hers? but *had she then grown taller since the malady?* What inexpressible madness seized me with that thought? One bound, and I had reached her feet! Shrinking from my touch, she let fall from her head the ghastly cements which had confined it, and there streamed forth, into the rushing atmosphere of the chamber, huge masses of long and dishevelled hair; *it was blacker than the wings of the midnight!* And now slowly opened *the eyes* of the figure which stood before me. "Here then, at least," I shrieked aloud, "can I never—can I never be mistaken—these are the full, and the black, and the wild eyes—of my lost love—of the Lady—of the LADY LIGEIA."

[From *Ligeia*, 1838. Reprinted, by permission of Herbert S. Stone and Co., from *Works*, vol. i, pp. 195-202.]

THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

I have said that the whims of my friend were manifold, and that *Je les ménageais*:—for this phrase there is no English equivalent. It was his humor, now, to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder, until about noon the next day. He then asked me, suddenly, if I had observed anything *peculiar* at the scene of the atrocity.

There was something in his manner of emphasizing the word "*peculiar*," which caused me to shudder, without knowing why.

"No, nothing *peculiar*," I said; "nothing more, at least, than we both saw stated in the paper."

"The *Gazette*," he replied, "has not entered, I fear, into the unusual horror of the thing. But dismiss the idle opinions of this print. It appears to me that this mystery is considered insoluble, for the very reason which should cause it to be regarded as easy of solution—I mean for the *outré* character of its features. The

police are confounded by the seeming absence of motive: not for the murder itself, but for the atrocity of the murder. They are puzzled, too, by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the voices heard in contention, with the facts that no one was discovered upstairs but the assassinated Mademoiselle L'Esplanaye, and that there were no means of egress without the notice of the party ascending. The wild disorder of the room; the corpse thrust, with the head downward, up the chimney; the frightful mutilation of the body of the old lady; these considerations, with those just mentioned, and others which I need not mention, have sufficed to paralyze the powers, by putting completely at fault the boasted acumen, of the government agents. They have fallen into the gross but common error of confounding the unusual with the abstruse. But it is by these deviations from the plane of the ordinary that reason feels its way, if at all, in its search for the true. In investigations such as we are now pursuing, it should not be so much asked 'what has occurred,' as 'what has occurred that has never occurred before.' In fact, the facility with which I shall arrive, or have arrived, at the solution of this mystery, is in the direct ratio of its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police."

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment.

"I am now awaiting," continued he, looking toward the door of our apartment — "I am now awaiting a person who, although perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries, must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetration. Of the worst portion of the crimes committed, it is probable that he is innocent. I hope that I am right in this supposition; for upon it I build my expectation of reading the entire riddle. I look for the man here—in this room—every moment. It is true that he may not arrive; but the probability is that he will. Should he come, it will be necessary to detain him. Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them when occasion demands their use."

I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did, or believing what I heard, while Dupin went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. I have already spoken of his abstract manner at such times. His discourse was addressed to myself; but his voice, although by no means loud, had that intonation which is commonly em-

ployed in speaking to some one at a great distance. His eyes, vacant in expression, regarded only the wall.

"That the voices heard in contention," he said, "by the party upon the stairs, were not the voices of the women themselves, was fully proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt upon the question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter, and afterward have committed suicide. I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method; for the strength of Madam L'Españaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter's corpse up the chimney as it was found; and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely preclude the idea of self-destruction. Murder, then, has been committed by some third party; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now advert — not to the whole testimony respecting these voices — but to what was *peculiar* in that testimony. Did you observe anything peculiar about it?"

I remarked that, while all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman, there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill, or, as one individual termed it, the harsh voice.

"That was the evidence itself," said Dupin, "but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence. You have observed nothing distinctive. Yet there *was* something to be observed. The witnesses, as you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is — not that they disagreed — but that, while an Italian, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Hollander, and a Frenchman attempted to describe it, each one spoke of it as that of a *foreigner*. Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen. Each likens it — not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant — but the converse. The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard, and 'might have distinguished some words had he been acquainted with the Spanish.' The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman; but we find it stated that '*not understanding French, this witness was examined through an interpreter.*' The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German, and '*does not understand German.*' The Spaniard 'is sure' that it was that of an Englishman, but 'judges

by the intonation' altogether, 'as he has no knowledge of the English.' The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian, but 'has never conversed with a native of Russia.' A second Frenchman differs, moreover, with the first, and is positive that the voice was that of an Italian; but, *not being cognizant of that tongue*, is, like the Spaniard, 'convinced by the intonation.' Now, how strangely unusual must that voice have really been, about which such testimony as this *could* have been elicited! — in whose *tones*, even, denizens of the five great divisions of Europe could recognize nothing familiar! You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic — of an African. Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris; but, without denying the inference, I will now merely call your attention to three points. The voice is termed by one witness 'harsh rather than shrill.' It is represented by two others to have been 'quick and *unequal*.' No words — no sounds resembling words — were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable.

"I know not," continued Dupin, "what impression I may have made, so far, upon your own understanding; but I do not hesitate to say that legitimate deductions even from this portion of the testimony — the portion respecting the gruff and shrill voices — are in themselves sufficient to engender a suspicion which should give direction to all farther progress in the investigation of the mystery. I said 'legitimate deductions'; but my meaning is not thus fully expressed. I designed to imply that the deductions are the *sole* proper ones, and that the suspicion arises *inevitably* from them as the single result. What the suspicion is, however, I will not say just yet. I merely wish you to bear in mind that, with myself, it was sufficiently forcible to give a definite form — a certain tendency — to my inquiries in the chamber.

"Let us now transport ourselves, in fancy, to this chamber. What shall we first seek here? The means of egress employed by the murderers. It is not too much to say that neither of us believe in preternatural events. Madame and Mademoiselle L'Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits. The doers of the deed were material, and escaped materially. Then how? Fortunately there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point, and that mode *must* lead us to a definite decision. — Let us examine,

each by each, the possible means of egress. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L'Esplanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceilings, and the masonry of the walls, in every direction. No *secret* issues could have escaped their vigilance. But, not trusting to their eyes, I examined with my own. There were, then, *no* secret issues. Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside. Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughout their extent, the body of a large cat. The impossibility of egress, by means already stated, being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one could have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street. The murderers *must* have passed, then, through those of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities. It is only left for us to prove that these apparent 'impossibilities' are, in reality, not such.

"There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavored to raise it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein, nearly to the head. Upon examining the other window, a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it; and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash failed also. The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions. And, *therefore*, it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nail and open the windows.

"My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given; because here it was, I knew, that all apparent impossibilities *must* be proved to be not such in reality.

"I proceeded to think thus — *à posteriori*. The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have refastened the sashes from the inside, as they were found fastened: the consideration which put a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must*, then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nails. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forbore to unraise the sash.

"I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it, and the spring would have caught — but the nail could not have been replaced. The conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The assassins *must* have escaped through the other window. Supposing, then, the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there *must* be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture. Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead, I looked over the head-board minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbor. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner — driven in nearly up to the head.

"You will say that I was puzzled; but, if you think so, you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not been once 'at fault.' The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result, — and that result was *the nail*. It had, I say, in every respect, the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with

the consideration that here, at this point, terminated the clew. 'There *must* be something wrong,' I said, 'about the nail.' I touched it; and the head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off. The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrustated with rust), and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer, which had partially embedded, in the top of the bottom sash, the head portion of the nail. I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it, and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete — the fissure was invisible. Pressing the spring, I gently raised the sash for a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect.

"The riddle, so far, was now unriddled. The assassin had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed. Dropping of its own accord upon his exit (or perhaps purposely closed), it had become fastened by the spring; and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail — further inquiry being thus considered unnecessary.

"The next question is that of the mode of descent. Upon this point I have been satisfied in my walk with you around the building. About five feet and a half from the casement in question there runs a lightning-rod. From this rod it would have been impossible for any one to reach the window itself, to say nothing of entering it. I observed, however, that the shutters of the fourth story were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades* — a kind rarely employed at the present day, but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons and Bordeaux. They are in the form of an ordinary door (a single, not a folding door), except that the lower half is latticed or worked in open trellis — thus affording an excellent hold for the hands. In the present instance these shutters are fully three feet and a half broad. When we saw them from the rear of the house, they were both about half open — that is to say, they stood off at right angles from the wall. It is probable that the police, as well as myself, examined the back of the tenement; but, if so, in looking at these

ferrades in the line of their breadth (as they must have done), they did not perceive this great breadth itself, or, at all events, failed to take it into due consideration. In fact, having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter, they would naturally bestow here a very cursory examination. It was clear to me, however, that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed would, if swung fully back to the wall, reach to within two feet of the lightning-rod. It was also evident that, by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity and courage, an entrance into the window, from the rod, might have been thus effected. By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent), a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the trellis-work. Letting go, then, his hold upon the rod, placing his feet securely against the wall, and springing boldly from it, he might have swung the shutter so as to close it, and, if we imagine the window open at the time, might even have swung himself into the room.

"I wish you to bear especially in mind that I have spoken of a *very* unusual degree of activity as requisite to success in so hazardous and so difficult a feat. It is my design to show you first, that the thing might possibly have been accomplished: but, secondly and *chiefly*, I wish to impress upon your understanding the *very extraordinary*, the almost preternatural, character of that agility which could have accomplished it.

"You will say, no doubt, using the language of the law, that 'to make out my case' I should rather undervalue than insist upon a full estimation of the activity required in this matter. This may be the practice in law, but it is not the usage of reason. My ultimate object is only the truth. My immediate purpose is to lead you to place in juxtaposition that *very unusual* activity, of which I have just spoken, with that *very peculiar* shrill (or harsh) and *unequal* voice, about whose nationality no two persons could be found to agree, and in whose utterance no syllabification could be detected."

At these words a vague and half-formed conception of the meaning of Dupin flitted over my mind. I seemed to be upon the verge of comprehension, without power to comprehend; as

men, at times, find themselves upon the brink of remembrance, without being able, in the end, to remember. My friend went on with his discourse.

"You will see," he said, "that I have shifted the question from the mode of egress to that of ingress. It was my design to convey the idea that both were effected in the same manner, at the same point. Let us now revert to the interior of the room. Let us survey the appearances here. The drawers of the bureau, it is said, had been rifled, although many articles of apparel still remained within them. The conclusion here is absurd. It is a mere guess—a very silly one—and no more. How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all these drawers had originally contained? Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life—saw no company, seldom went out, had little use for numerous changes of habili-ment. Those found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies. If a thief had taken any, why did he not take the best—why did he not take all? In a word, why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold *was* abandoned. Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud, the banker, was discovered, in bags, upon the floor. I wish you, therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of *motive*, engendered in the brains of the police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house. Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it) happen to all of us every hour of our lives, without attracting even momentary notice. Coincidences, in general, are great stumbling-blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing of the theory of probabilities: that theory to which the most glorious objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious of illustration. In the present instance, had the gold been gone, the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence. It would have been corroborative of this idea of motive. But, under the real circumstances of the case, if we were to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the

perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together.

"Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention — that peculiar voice, that unusual agility, and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this — let us glance at the butchery itself. Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength, and thrust up a chimney, head downward. Ordinary assassins employ no such modes of murder as this. Least of all, do they thus dispose of the murdered. In the manner of thrusting the corpse up the chimney, you will admit that there was something *excessively outré* — something altogether irreconcilable with our common notions of human action, even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men. Think, too, how great must have been that strength which could have thrust the body *up* such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigor of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it *down*!

"Turn, now, to other indications of the employment of a vigor most marvellous. On the hearth were thick tresses — very thick tresses — of gray human hair. These had been torn out by the roots. You are aware of the great force necessary in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together. You saw the locks in question as well as myself. Their roots (a hideous sight!) were clogged with fragments of the flesh of the scalp: sure token of the prodigious power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps half a million of hairs at a time. The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head absolutely severed from the body: the instrument was a mere razor. I wish you also to look at the *brutal* ferocity of these deeds. Of the bruises upon the body of Madame L'Españaye I do not speak. Monsieur Dumas, and his worthy coadjutor Monsieur Étienne, have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument; and so far these gentlemen are very correct. The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard, upon which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed. This idea, however simple it may now seem, escaped the police for the same reason that the breadth of the shutters escaped them — because, by the affair of the nails, their perceptions had been

hermetically sealed against the possibility of the windows having ever been opened at all.

"If now, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a *grotesquerie* in horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result, then, has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?"

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question. "A madman," I said, "has done this deed—some raving maniac, escaped from a neighboring *Maison de Santé*."

"In some respects," he replied, "your idea is not irrelevant. But the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found to tally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame L'Españaye. Tell me what you can make of it."

"Dupin!" I said, completely unnerved; "this hair is most unusual—this is no *human* hair."

"I have not asserted that it is," said he; "but, before we decide this point, I wish you to glance at the little sketch I have here traced upon this paper. It is a fac-simile drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as 'dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger nails,' upon the throat of Mademoiselle L'Españaye, and in another (by Messrs. Dumas and Étienne), as a 'series of livid spots, evidently the impression of fingers.'

"You will perceive," continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, "that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained—possibly until the death of the victim—the fearful grasp by which it originally imbedded itself. Attempt,

now, to place all your fingers, at the same time, in the respective impressions as you see them."

I made the attempt in vain.

"We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial," he said. "The paper is spread out upon a plane surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it, and try the experiment again."

I did so; but the difficulty was even more obvious than before.

"This," I said, "is the mark of no human hand."

"Read now," replied Dupin, "this passage from Cuvier."

It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive account of the large fulvous ourang-outang of the East Indian Islands. The gigantic stature, the prodigious strength and activity, the wild ferocity, and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all. I understood the full horrors of the murder at once.

[From *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, 1841. Reprinted, by permission of Herbert S. Stone and Co., from *Works*, vol. iii, pp. 74-89.]

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the Prince were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fete*; and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm — much of what has been since seen in *Hernani*. There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies

such as the madman fashions. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the bizarre, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven, there are now none of the maskers who venture: for the night is waning away, and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appalls; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gayeties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus too it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this

new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise — then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the Prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its *role*, stalked to and fro among the waiters) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment, with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise, from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the Prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the Prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumption of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hands to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the Prince's person; and, while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple — through the purple to the green — through the green to the orange — through this again to the white — and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry — and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave ceremonies and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the

flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

[From *The Masque of the Red Death*, 1842. Reprinted, by permission of Herbert S. Stone and Co., from *Works*, vol. I, pp. 252-257.]

THE PROSE TALE

But it is of his tales that I desire principally to speak. The tale proper, in my opinion, affords unquestionably the fairest field for the exercise of the loftiest talent, which can be afforded by the wide domains of mere prose. Were I bidden to say how the highest genius could be most advantageously employed for the best display of its own powers, I should answer, without hesitation — in the composition of a rhymed poem, not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour. Within this limit alone can the highest order of true poetry exist. I need only here to say, upon this topic, that, in almost all classes of composition the unity of effect or impression is a point of the greatest importance. It is clear, moreover, that this unity cannot be thoroughly preserved in productions whose perusal cannot be completed at one sitting. We may continue the reading of a prose composition, from the very nature of prose itself, much longer than we can persevere, to any good purpose, in the perusal of a poem. This latter, if truly fulfilling the demands of the poetic sentiment, induces an exaltation of the soul which cannot be long sustained. All high excitements are necessarily transient. Thus a long poem is a paradox. And, without unity of impression, the deepest effects cannot be brought about. Epics were the offspring of an imperfect sense of Art, and their reign is no more. A poem too brief may produce a vivid, but never an intense or enduring impression. Without a certain continuity of effort — without a certain duration or repetition of purpose — the soul is never deeply moved. There must be the dropping of the water upon the rock. De Béranger has wrought brilliant things, pungent and spirit-stirring; but, like all immassive bodies, they lack *momentum*, and thus fail to satisfy the Poetic Sentiment. They sparkle

and excite, but, from want of continuity, fail deeply to impress. Extreme brevity will degenerate into epigrammatism; but the sin of extreme length is even more unpardonable. *In medio tutissimus ibis.*

Were I called upon, however, to designate that class of composition which, next to such a poem as I have suggested, should best fulfil the demands of high genius—should offer it the most advantageous field of exertion—I should unhesitatingly speak of the prose tale, as Mr. Hawthorne has here exemplified it. I allude to the short prose narrative, requiring from a half-hour to one or two hours in its perusal. The ordinary novel is objectionable, from its length, for reasons already stated in substance. As it cannot be read at one sitting, it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from *totality*. Worldly interests intervening during the pauses of perusal, modify, annul, or counteract, in greater or less degree, the impression of the book. But simple cessation in reading would, of itself, be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fulness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control. There are no external or extrinsic influences—resulting from weariness or interruption.

A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived with deliberate care, a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tends not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one preëstablished design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem; but undue length is yet more to be avoided.

We have said that the tale has a point of superiority even over the poem. In fact, while the *rhythm* of this latter is an essential aid in the development of the poem's highest idea—the idea of the Beautiful—the artificialities of this rhythm are an inseparable bar to the development of all points of thought or expression which have their basis in *Truth*. But Truth is often, and in a very great degree, the aim of the tale. Some of the finest tales are tales of ratiocination. Thus the field of this species of composition, if not in so elevated a region on the mountain of Mind, is a tableland of far vaster extent than the domain of the mere poem. Its products are never so rich, but infinitely more numerous, and more appreciable by the mass of mankind. The writer of the prose tale, in short, may bring to his theme a vast variety of modes or inflections of thought and expression—the ratiocinative, for example, the sarcastic, or the humorous—which are not only antagonistical to the nature of the poem, but absolutely forbidden by one of its most peculiar and indispensable adjuncts; we allude, of course, to rhythm. It may be added, here, *par parenthèse*, that the author who aims at the purely beautiful in a prose tale is laboring at a great disadvantage. For Beauty can be better treated in the poem. Not so with terror, or passion, or horror, or a multitude of such other points. And here it will be seen how full of prejudice are the usual animadversions against those *tales of effect*, many fine examples of which were found in the earlier numbers of *Blackwood*. The impressions produced were wrought in a legitimate sphere of action, and constituted a legitimate although sometimes an exaggerated interest. They were relished by every man of genius: although there were found many men of genius who condemned them without just ground. The true critic will but demand that the design intended be accomplished, to the fullest extent, by the means most advantageously applicable.

We have very few American tales of real merit—we may say, indeed, none, with the exception of *The Tales of a Traveller*, of Washington Irving, and these *Twice-Told Tales* of Mr. Hawthorne. Some of the pieces of Mr. John Neal abound in vigor and originality; but, in general, his compositions of this class are excessively diffuse, extravagant, and indicative of an imper-

fect sentiment of Art. Articles at random are, now and then, met with in our periodicals which might be advantageously compared with the best effusions of the British magazines; but, upon the whole, we are far behind our progenitors in this department of literature.

[From *Hawthorne's Tales*, 1842. Reprinted, with the permission of Herbert S. Stone and Co., from *Works*, vol. vii, pp. 29-33.]

ow and then,
ageously com-
es; but, upon
is department

mission of Her-

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

[Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809, and died in Boston, Oct. 7, 1894. He was educated at Phillips Andover Academy, and at Harvard, where he belonged to the class of 1829. There he came under Unitarian influence, and belonged to a rather gay club of students. So strong was his reaction from earlier religious influences that even in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, much as he felt its literary power, he was violently repelled by the religious system it contains. During his early education, as later, he was a skipping reader, tasting many books, taking few entire. He showed his tendency toward literary expression by his connection with a college periodical, and by the conscious literary form of his early letters. He liked especially the English classics, Pope's Homer, and the Encyclopædia. After graduation he went for a year to the Dane Law School. Disliking the study, he began immediately to study medicine in Boston. After graduation he went to Europe, in the spring of 1833, studying medicine for a year at Paris, travelling a little, and returning in the autumn of 1835. The next year he began practice and published later some medical essays which stood well and contained discoveries of some importance. In 1847 he became Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the medical school of Harvard University, a post which he held for thirty-five years. A considerable part of his time was devoted to lecture tours about the country. His connection with the *Atlantic Monthly* began in 1857, through the influence of James Russell Lowell. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* appeared in that periodical in 1857-58, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table* in 1859, *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* in 1872, and *Over the Teacups* in 1891. Besides this series he published three novels, *Elsie Venner* (1861), *The Guardian Angel* (1867), and *A Mortal Antipathy* (1885), and two biographies, a *Life of John Lothrop Motley* (1879) and a *Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (1885). *Pages from an Old Volume of Life* contains essays written from 1857 to 1881. His time went more and more to literary pursuits and less to medicine as his life advanced.]

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has left several of the most popular volumes of prose in American literature. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, and, to a less extent, *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, are among the small number of essays which have a large American public. Although

they are essays, the freedom of their form — in turn narrative, dramatic, and expository — matches the variety of their subjects, so that their unity is in the personality of the writer. It is mainly wit that makes these books live, but the wit is composed largely of wisdom, and is carried along in an easy, flowing, and limber style, at once familiar and finished, — a style which expresses not only the man, but the time and place. New England has given to literature names which are greater, but none which springs more unmistakably from her soil. Distinct thought about life, expressed with wit and elegance, must have much that is common to civilization, but the breakfast-table series is as deeply saturated with New England as it is with Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston was the universe to Holmes. Concentration of life and thought in one atmosphere gave to his writings their flavor rather than their substance, and it is largely their flavor which has recommended them to his countrymen.

Thoroughly as Holmes belongs to New England, he is part of no group. The larger tendencies of his time, which found their expression in the transcendental movement, left the Autocrat untouched. Democracy never whispered its vaguer poetry in his ear. His part of New England life was not its aspiration, but its Yankee shrewdness, — youthful, independent, wide-awake, matter of fact, even in the statement of truths tinged with imagination. Vagueness, color, a reaching out after something not yet seen, is the characteristic of the bulk of New England's greatest literature. Clearness, precision, confidence, are the elements of Holmes's Yankee mind. In the *Autocrat* this concrete and witty intellect is at its gayest. The *Professor* has less dash, and more ripeness and mild breadth. Naturally, therefore, the earlier book is still the more popular, and its successor the favorite of the most cultivated fraction of readers. It is not less witty. It is only less epigrammatic and more leisurely. As these books, begun when the author's powers were at their height, took from his mind its brightest crystals, the world has put the two later instalments of the series on a lower shelf. Of the novels, the first two were popular in their time, and *Elsie Venner* is still much read, but they have never been treated as important contributions. Holmes's mind was not constructive, but discursive. He could create characters and tell

stories, but it was in the manner of conversation. The best things in his fiction are digressions. The psychological interest dominates, and most of the formal development seems an effort of the will. "A Romance of Destiny," the sub-title of *Elsie Venner*, suggests his attitude toward his "medicated novels," as an old lady called them. Every one of his volumes contains brilliant passages, from the medical essays to *Over the Teacups*, but if posterity shall seek the author in the Autocrat, the Professor, and the Poet, it will find the whole of him. In his happiest passages he is all those persons: an autocrat, revelling in his own personality; a professor, with information, and interest in the larger psychology; and a poet, who loved Pope and would have been the same had Wordsworth never lived. "This series of papers," he tells us, "was not the result of an express premeditation, but was, as I may say, dipped from the running stream of my thoughts." In it he has left such an intimate picture of himself as daily conversation would have given.

The types of New England character which are sketched dramatically and sharply in these papers did as much to give them their immediate success as the humorous philosophy of the principal speaker. They range from the broadly comic to the pathetic, although humor and pathos are never far apart. The landlady and her daughter, the schoolmistress, Little Boston, and as many others, have become familiar persons, but perhaps the most brilliantly executed, next to the autographical character, is "the young man whom they call John." In him-American humor, independence, and crudity take their most distinctive and most entertaining form. He is what the Autocrat would have been without culture,—the observant wit in its primitive state. Next to him come the series of loquacious and unreasonable women, universal personages, talking not about the details of the life about them, so much as about the things which people everywhere discuss, yet proving their nationality in the turn of every phrase. The characters which are less comic, especially those which are supposed to have a touch of aristocratic distinction, are not so firmly drawn. The single passages which stand out for individual brilliancy are usually those in which the Autocrat moralizes in his own person, covering important subjects with his special genial comment. He felt, kindly

and sympathetically, the general tragedies of life, but his mode of putting even tragic truths was a playful one. For instance, nothing impressed him more constantly than the battle between the weak and the strong, and this is one way of stating it: "Each generation strangles and drowns its predecessor. The young Feejeean carries a cord in his girdle for his father's neck; the young American, a string of propositions or syllogisms in his brain to finish the same relative; the old man says, 'My son, I have swallowed and digested the wisdom of the past.' The young man says, 'Sire, I proceed to swallow and digest thee with all thou knowest.'"

Not unrelated to Holmes's humorous attitude toward every part of life, and to his dislike of the vague and his content with what truth can be put clearly in a sentence, was his entire absence from the great political movements which reached their climax while he was quietly smiling in his study. His readers would hardly know that there had been an abolition movement or a war, except from occasional not altogether sympathetic passages. He was sceptical about everything new except science. On that firm ground alone he felt at home, and probably at least nine tenths of his metaphors have a more or less distinctly scientific origin. The great, indistinct, ethical enthusiasm of the nation, which gradually carried along the cautious Emerson, and brought such a noble response from Lowell, was not to the taste of Holmes. He was the nice gentleman, full of delicacy, who did not like to see the proprieties disturbed. The sword and the trumpet were unpleasant objects. He suggested, as his doctor's sign, "the smallest fever gratefully received," and such was the tone in which he liked best to handle other things as serious as fevers. The American nature has its enthusiastic, idealistic side, but even more obvious and pervading is its fatalistic, good-humored jocosity, which could hardly be represented more vividly than it was in the mind and character of Dr. Holmes. The Autocrat has given pleasure to thousands, but he has had little more influence on life or letters than the shirt-sleeved philosopher in 'a Yankee post-office who lazily retails quaint witticisms about his neighbors. Holmes is without successors, as he was without predecessors. The world amused him, he amused it, and each left the other *in statu quo*.

Although he lacked sympathy with change, everything simple and unchanging, however ludicrous, had his friendly appreciation. When he speaks of his "recollection of the two women, drifting upon their vocabularies as upon a shoreless ocean," surely the geniality and the kindliness are as visible as the fun. "Better too few words from the woman we love than too many; while she is silent nature is working for her; while she talks she is working for herself." That again is his dominant note, a smiling hospitality for the fixed truths, not the less genuine that it was always adorned with friendly satire. To his detached observation the world was fragmentary and capricious, and much of its conversation, which buzzed loudly about his ears, signified nothing. He notices in entering a railway station that the cars are travelling by their own momentum, the engine having noiselessly left them some time ago. "Indeed, you would not have suspected that you were travelling on the strength of a dead fact if you had not seen the engine running away from you on a side track." So it is with women, their words are detached from their thoughts, but run on so rapidly that we never know the difference. "Well, they govern the world,—these sweet-lipped women,—because beauty is the index of a larger fact than wisdom. . . . Wisdom is the abstract of the past, but beauty is the promise of the future." It is always the same, this half-tender sentiment for the every-day important facts of life, mixed with an irrepressible amusement at the absurdity of their expression.

A man of a rambling, genial wisdom, without a system, whimsical and charming, reflecting in his style the quality of the air he breathed, but showing no more definite influence than that of Sterne, and forming none, is not easy to place in a literary hierarchy. Some of the books of Holmes are likely to be a permanent part of our literature, because of their finish, conciseness, humor, and national atmosphere, and because there are no others like them. They promise to outlive many which have had a deeper influence. The man with a message is frequently laid in the ground when his message is accepted, while the man who has put into artistic form the old universal things which are ever young, and speaks in a tone that is suggestive and cheering, has always the same reason for existence.

NORMAN HAPGOOD

*No extracts from Holmes—
see Preface p. v.*

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

[Harriet Elizabeth Beecher was the daughter of Lyman Beecher, a distinguished old school Congregational divine of New England, and sister of Henry Ward Beecher. She was born at Litchfield, Conn., on June 14, 1811 (not 1812). At the age of thirteen she went to Hartford, Conn., to attend the school of her elder sister Catherine, and was afterwards a teacher there. In 1832 the family removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, and in 1835 she was married to Professor Calvin E. Stowe of the same Theological Seminary in that city. Her first work was *The May Flower, or Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims* (1849). The next year the Stowes went to Brunswick, Me., and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written there during 1850, first printed as a serial in the *Washington National Era* (the author writing it under pressure, to keep pace with its appearance), and published in book form in 1852. The success of the novel was instant and immense. No other work of American authorship has approximated to such a circulation. Copies have sold by the hundreds of thousands, and there are translations in some thirty tongues. In 1852 Professor Stowe was called to the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass. In 1864 the family removed to Hartford, where Mrs. Stowe resided continuously until her death on July 1, 1896. Her principal works are: *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852); *Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp* (1856); *The Minister's Wooing* (1859); *The Pearl of Orr's Island* (1862); *Agnes of Sorrento* (1862); *Oldtown Folks* (1869); and *Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories* (1871).]

By writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin* Mrs. Stowe took her place at once as something more than a literary figure. She became a moral force, operative to great results; she helped to make American history. The uniquely wide acceptance of her remarkable story was due, in large measure, to the timeliness of its topic, and the fervid character of its didacticism. The novel was not a calculated literary performance, much less a *tour de force* of letters. Its maker was a New England woman, a member of one of the most distinctive and typical families of the land. She was dowered with a strong religious instinct, was bred in a spiritual atmosphere, and trained in a way to make conscience hypersensitive.

Such a woman as this—a young New England wife and mother, in touch with common American life—felt to the uttermost keenness the horrors of human slavery; she saw them in relation to the political evils of her day and country, written, as it were, in blood. Then, with her soul white-hot with spiritual passion, she found a vent for her feelings.

The tale is a notable example of improvisation, and the motive is frankly non-literary. Herein lie at once its merits and defects. Technically, this piece of fiction—and it is quite the fashion of critics nowadays to say it—is an uncertain, even at times a slovenly performance. The narrative style is loose and careless, and there is little or no distinction of manner,—which is only to say again that we have here the work of the *improvisatrice*. Nor has the dialogue, admirable as it often is, the verisimilitude to life which is now demanded in modern fiction of the highest class. But to stop here is to falsify with a half truth. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is essentially a romance of power; genius is behind it, after all. It is a vital presentment of dramatic scenes out of human life; it has reality, picturesqueness, vivid characterization, emotional force—main denotements of romantic writing. Its dramatic nature is implied plainly by the persistence of the story as a stage play. These qualities have been instrumental in securing for the narration its wonderful vogue. Had Mrs. Stowe's masterpiece been nothing but an earnest sermon of little literary worth, it would not to-day compel explanation. Such creations, faulty as they may be, quicken our sense of the dynamics of literature. They draw our eyes away from the objective side, the side of technique and law, to consider the inner impulse, the unpredictable gift. That *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is not without prejudice as a picture of life may be granted readily; it were strange, indeed, if a New England woman of Mrs. Stowe's antecedents and convictions had presented the facts of slaveholding in the South with the colorless impartiality of a historian a generation after the Civil War. Yet the author certainly took pains to be accurate. She had visited the Southern plantations, she had observed at first hand. The *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, published shortly after the novel appeared, shows how careful she was to base her representations upon the actual. Considering her position, the

WE

Beecher, a distinguished, and sister of on June 14, 1811 n., to attend the teacher there. In e was married to in that city. Her ts of the Pilgrims and Uncle Tom's n the Washington eep pace with its ccess of the novel uthorship has ap y the hundreds of es. In 1852 Pro- ndover, Mass. In sided continuously are: *Uncle Tom's* (1856); *The Min- Agnes of Sorrento de Stories* (1871).]

ok her place at She became a l to make Amer- her remarkable of its topic, and novel was not a e force of letters. er of one of the She was dow- a spiritual atmos- e hypersensitive.

story is remarkable for this striving after the truth, rather than for misstatements. It errs perhaps in emphasis of the abuses of slavery, so that the chiaroscuro is untrue. Nevertheless, the bright side is not ignored: St. Clare and Miss Ophelia are in the tale as well as Haley and Legree. Moreover, the whole question of fairness of statement is aside from that of the merit of a piece of fiction which presents effectively, in its main outlines of passion, tragedy, and homely humor, a typical phase of American life now passed away.

In comparison with this genuine contribution to the fiction of our day, everything else written by Mrs. Stowe is dwarfed into insignificance. She was voluminous, and much of her work had but an ephemeral value. It is her fate to be a one-book author. Some of her literary creations, however, have more than a passing interest. *Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp* is an impressive story, dealing with material similar to that handled in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Nor should it be forgotten that Mrs. Stowe was a pioneer in the sketch of New England country life, a field since enriched by the labors of Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, and others. *Oldtown Folks* and *The Minister's Wooing* present truthfully and with charm the manners and characters of their place and time. Such a figure as Sam Lawson, in the former book, is a permanent addition to our portrait gallery of fiction. More than the nasal tone, the idiosyncrasy of dress, and the superficial social customs of rural communities a generation ago are reproduced in such studies; one is made to see the physiognomy of the New England mind and soul under earlier, simpler conditions. As social documents these sketches have an abiding value to the student of American life, while they are by no means without attraction for the present-day reader of fiction as such.

The recent apologetic tone of native criticism, with respect to Mrs. Stowe's work, is a not unnatural reaction from the excessive laudation following hard upon the appearance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The later critical attitude also indicates an increased sensitiveness to technique in literary art. It is likely that in the end this reactionary zeal will moderate so far as to allow of a juster judgment. That novel will then stand forth as a great piece of fiction, unequal, faulty, yet the product of power, and Mrs. Stowe

will go down in our history not only as an American whose literary work is so involved in our political development that it is difficult to estimate her work as literature, but also as one of the few writers in the United States whose imaginative creation has held attention beyond the author's own life and land.

RICHARD BURTON

ther than for
abuses of sla-
ss, the bright
in the tale as
estion of fair-
piece of fic-
s of passion,
rican life now

the fiction of
dwarfed into
her work had
-book author.
han a passing
is an impres-
ddled in *Uncle*
s. Stowe was a
, a field since
s, and others.
truthfully and
ace and time.
s a permanent
han the nasal
cial customs of
n such studies ;
land mind and
cuments these
merican life,
he present-day

with respect to
n the excessive
f *Uncle Tom's*
ncreased sensi-
nat in the end
low of a juster
great piece of
nd Mrs. Stowe

ELIZA'S ESCAPE

THE bell here rang, and Tom was summoned to the parlor.

"Tom," said his master, kindly, "I want you to notice that I give this gentleman bonds to forfeit a thousand dollars if you are not on the spot when he wants you; he's going to-day to look after his other business, and you can have the day to yourself. Go anywhere you like, boy."

"Thank you, Mas'r," said Tom.

"And mind yerself," said the trader, "and don't come it over your master with any o' yer nigger tricks; for I'll take every cent out of him, if you an't thar. If he'd hear to me he wouldn't trust any on ye — slippery as eels!"

"Mas'r," said Tom, — and he stood very straight, — "I was jist eight years old when old Missis put you into my arms, and you wasn't a year old. 'Thar,' say she, 'Tom, that's to be *your* young Mas'r; take good care on him,' says she. And now I jist ask you, Mas'r, have I ever broke word to you, or gone contrary to you, 'specially since I was a Christian?"

Mr. Shelby was fairly overcome, and the tears rose to his eyes.

"My good boy," said he, "the Lord knows you say but the truth; and if I was able to help it, all the world shouldn't buy you."

"And sure as I am a Christian woman," said Mrs. Shelby, "you shall be redeemed as soon as I can any way bring together means. Sir," she said to Haley, "take good account of whom you sell him to, and let me know."

"Lor, yes, for that matter," said the trader, "I may bring him up in a year, not much the wuss for wear, and trade him back."

"I'll trade with you then, and make it for your advantage," said Mrs. Shelby.

"Of course," said the trader, "all's equal with me; li'ves trade 'em up as down, so I does a good business. All I want is a livin', you know, ma'am; that's all any on us wants, I s'pose."

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby both felt annoyed and degraded by the familiar impudence of the trader, and yet both saw the absolute necessity of putting a constraint on their feelings. The more hopelessly sordid and insensible he appeared, the greater became

Mrs. Shelby's dread of his succeeding in recapturing Eliza and her child, and of course the greater her motive for detaining him by every female artifice. She therefore graciously smiled, assented, chatted familiarly, and did all she could to make time pass imperceptibly.

At two o'clock Sam and Andy brought the horses up to the posts, apparently greatly refreshed and invigorated by the scamper of the morning.

Sam was there new oiled from dinner, with an abundance of zealous and ready officiousness. As Haley approached, he was boasting, in flourishing style, to Andy, of the evident and eminent success of the operation, now that he had "farly come to it."

"Your master, I s'pose, don't keep no dogs," said Haley, thoughtfully, as he prepared to mount.

"Heaps on 'em," said Sam, triumphantly; "thar's Bruno—he's a roarer! and, besides that, 'bout every nigger of us keeps a pup of some natur or uther."

"Poh!" said Haley,—and he said something else, too, with regard to the said dogs, at which Sam muttered,

"I don't see no use cussin' on 'em, no way."

"But your master don't keep no dogs (I pretty much know he don't) for trackin' out niggers."

Sam knew exactly what he meant, but he kept on a look of earnest and desperate simplicity.

"Our dogs all smells round considerable sharp. I spect they's the kind, though they han't never had no practice. They's *far* dogs, though, at most anything, if you'd get 'em started. Here, Bruno," he called, whistling to the lumbering Newfoundland, who came pitching tumultuously toward them.

"You go hang!" said Haley, getting up. "Come, tumble up now."

Sam tumbled up accordingly, dexterously contriving to tickle Andy as he did so, which occasioned Andy to split out into a laugh, greatly to Haley's indignation, who made a cut at him with his riding-whip.

"I's 'stonished at yer, Andy," said Sam, with awful gravity. "This yer's a seris bisness, Andy. Yer mustn't be a makin' game. This yer an't no way to help Mas'r."

"I shall take the straight road to the river," said Haley, decidedly, after they had come to the boundaries of the estate. "I know the way of all of 'em,—they makes tracks for the underground."

"Sartin," said Sam, "dat's de idee. Mas'r Haley hits de thing right in de middle. Now, der's two roads to de river,—de dirt road and der pike,—which Mas'r mean to take?"

Andy looked up innocently at Sam, surprised at hearing this new geographical fact, but instantly confirmed what he said, by a vehement reiteration.

"Cause," said Sam, "I'd rather be 'clined to 'magine that Lizy'd take de dirt road, bein' it's the least travelled."

Haley, notwithstanding that he was a very old bird, and naturally inclined to be suspicious of chaff, was rather brought up by this view of the case.

"If yer warn't both on yer such cussed liars, now!" he said, contemplatively, as he pondered a moment.

The pensive, reflective tone in which this was spoken appeared to amuse Andy prodigiously, and he drew a little behind, and shook so as apparently to run a great risk of falling off his horse, while Sam's face was immovably compressed into the most doleful gravity.

"Course," said Sam, "Mas'r can do as he'd ruther; go de straight road, if Mas'r thinks best,—it's all one to us. Now, when I study 'pon it, I think the straight road de best, *deridedly*."

"She would naturally go a lonesome way," said Haley, thinking aloud, and not minding Sam's remark.

"Dar an't no sayin'," said Sam; "gals is peculiar; they never does nothin' ye thinks they will; mose gen'lly the contrar. Gals is nat'lly made contrary; and so, if you thinks they've gone one road, it is sartin you'd better go t'other, and then you'll be sure to find 'em. Now, my private 'pinion is, Lizy took der dirt road; so I think we'd better take de straight one."

This profound generic view of the female sex did not seem to dispose Haley particularly to the straight road; and he announced decidedly that he should go the other, and asked Sam when they should come to it.

"A little piece ahead," said Sam, giving a wink to Andy with

the eye which was on Andy's side of the head; and he added, gravely, "but I've studded on de matter, and I'm quite clar we ought not to go dat ar way. I nebber been over it no way. It's despit lonesome, and we might lose our way,— whar we'd come to, de Lord only knows."

"Nevertheless," said Haley, "I shall go that way."

"Now I think on't, I think I hearn 'em tell that dat ar road was all fenced up and down by der creek, and thar, an't it, Andy?"

Andy wasn't certain; he'd only "hearn tell" about that road, but never been over it. In short, he was strictly non-committal.

Haley, accustomed to strike the balance of probabilities between lies of greater or lesser magnitude, thought that it lay in favor of the dirt road aforesaid. The mention of the thing he thought he perceived was involuntary on Sam's part at first, and his confused attempts to dissuade him he set down to a desperate lying on second thoughts, as being unwilling to implicate Eliza.

When, therefore, Sam indicated the road, Haley plunged briskly into it, followed by Sam and Andy.

Now, the road, in fact, was an old one, that had formerly been a thoroughfare to the river, but abandoned for many years after the laying of the new pike. It was open for about an hour's ride, and after that it was cut across by various farms and fences. Sam knew this fact perfectly well,—indeed, the road had been so long closed up, that Andy had never heard of it. He therefore rode along with an air of dutiful submission, only groaning and vociferating occasionally that 'twas "desp't rough, and bad for Jerry's foot."

"Now, I jest give yer warning," said Haley, "I know yer; yer won't get me to turn off this yer road, with all yer fussin'—so you shet up!"

"Mas'r will go his own way!" said Sam, with rueful submission, at the same time winking most portentously to Andy, whose delight was now very near the explosive point.

Sam was in wonderful spirits,—professed to keep a very brisk look-out,—at one time exclaiming that he saw "a gal's bonnet" on the top of some distant eminence, or calling to Andy "if that thar wasn't 'Lizy' down in the hollow;" always making these

exclamations in some rough or craggy part of the road, where the sudden quickening of speed was a special inconvenience to all parties concerned, and thus keeping Haley in a state of constant commotion.

After riding about an hour in this way, the whole party made a precipitate and tumultuous descent into a barn-yard belonging to a large farming establishment. Not a soul was in sight, all the hands being employed in the fields; but, as the barn stood conspicuously and plainly square across the road, it was evident that their journey in that direction had reached a decided finale.

"Warn't dot ar what I telled Mas'r?" said Sam, with an air of injured innocence. "How does strange gentleman spect to know more about a country dan de natives born and raised?"

"You rascal!" said Haley, "you knew all about this."

"Didn't I tell yer I *know'd*, and yer wouldn't believe me? I telled Mas'r 'twas all shet up, and fenced up, and I didn't spect we could get through,—Andy heard me."

It was all too true to be disputed, and the unlucky man had to pocket his wrath with the best grace he was able, and all three faced to the right about, and took up their line of march for the highway.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis, Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge.

Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap — impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake; — stumbling — leaping — slipping — springing upwards ag'in! Her shoes are gone — her stockings cut from her feet — while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!" said the man, with an oath.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"O, Mr. Symmes! — save me — do save me — do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if 'tan't Shelby's gal!"

"My child! — this boy! — he'd sold him! There is his Mas'r," she said, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "O, Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you're a right brave gal. I like grit, wherever I see it."

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused. "I'd be glad to do something for ye," said he; "but then there's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go *thar*," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go *thar*; they're kind folks. *Thar's* no kind o' danger but they'll help you, — they're up to all that sort o' thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza, earnestly.

"No 'casion, no 'casion in the world," said the man. "What I've done's of no 'count."

"And, oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one!"

"Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not," said the man. "Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You've arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me."

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

"Shelby, now, mebbe won't think this yer the most neighborly thing in the world; but what's a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he's welcome to pay back. Somehow I never could see no kind o' crittur a strivin' and pantin', and trying to clar theirselves, with the dogs arter 'em, and go agin 'em. Besides, I don't see no kind of 'casion for me to be hunter and catcher for other folks, neither."

So spoke this poor, heathenish Kentuckian, who had not been instructed in his constitutional relations, and consequently was betrayed into acting in a sort of Christianized manner, which, if he had been better situated and more enlightened, he would not have been left to do.

Haley had stood a perfectly amazed spectator of the scene, till Eliza had disappeared up the bank, when he turned a blank, inquiring look on Sam and Andy.

"That ar was a tolable fair stroke of business," said Sam.

"The gal's got seven devils in her, I believe!" said Haley. "How like a wildcat she jumped!"

"Wal, now," said Sam, scratching his head, "I hope Mas'r'll scuse us tryin' dat ar road. Don't think I feel sry enough for dat ar, no way!" and Sam gave a hoarse chuckle.

"*You* laugh!" said the trader, with a growl.

"Lord bless you, Mas'r, I couldn't help it, now," said Sam, giving way to the long pent-up delight of his soul. "She looked so curi's, a leapin' and springin' — ice a crackin' — and only to hear her, — plump! ker chunk! ker splash! Spring! Lord! how she goes it!" and Sam and Andy laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

"I'll make yer laugh t'other side yer mouths!" said the trader, laying about their heads with his riding-whip.

Both ducked, and ran shouting up the bank, and were on their horses before he was up.

"Good evening, Mas'r!" said Sam, with much gravity. "I berry much spect Missis be anxious 'bout Jerry. Mas'r Haley won't want us no longer. Missis wouldn't hear of our ridin' the critters over Lizy's bridge to-night;" and with a facetious poke into Andy's ribs, he started off, followed by the latter, at full speed,— their shouts of laughter coming faintly on the wind.

[From *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly*, 1852, chapter 7. The text is that of the first edition.]

TOPSY

Miss Ophelia's ideas of education, like all her other ideas, were very set and definite; and of the kind that prevailed in New England a century ago, and which are still preserved in some very retired and unsophisticated parts, where there are no railroads. As nearly as could be expressed, they could be comprised in very few words: to teach them to mind when they were spoken to; to teach them the catechism, sewing, and reading; and to whip them if they told lies. And though, of course, in the flood of light that is now poured on education, these are left far away in the rear, yet it is an undisputed fact that our grandmothers raised some tolerably fair men and women under this régime, as many of us can remember and testify. At all events, Miss Ophelia knew of nothing else to do; and, therefore, applied her mind to her heathen with the best diligence she could command.

The child was announced and considered in the family as Miss Ophelia's girl; and, as she was looked upon with no gracious eye in the kitchen, Miss Ophelia resolved to confine her sphere of operation and instruction chiefly to her own chamber. With a self-sacrifice which some of our readers will appreciate, she resolved, instead of comfortably making her own bed, sweeping and dusting her own chamber,— which she had hitherto done, in utter scorn of all offers of help from the chambermaid of the establishment,— to condemn herself to the martyrdom of instructing Topsy to perform these operations,— ah, woe the day! Did

any of our readers ever do the same, they will appreciate the amount of her self-sacrifice.

Miss Ophelia began with Topsy by taking her into her chamber, the first morning, and solemnly commencing a course of instruction in the art and mystery of bed-making.

Behold, then, Topsy, washed and shorn of all the little braided tails wherein her heart had delighted, arrayed in a clean gown, with well-starched apron, standing reverently before Miss Ophelia, with an expression of solemnity well befitting a funeral.

"Now, Topsy, I'm going to show you just how my bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it."

"Yes, ma'am," says Topsy, with a deep sigh, and a face of woful earnestness.

"Now, Topsy, look here; — this is the hem of the sheet, — this is the right side of the sheet, and this is the wrong; — will you remember?"

"Yes, ma'am," says Topsy, with another sigh.

"Well, now, the under sheet you must bring over the bolster, — so, — and tuck it clear down under the mattress nice and smooth, — so, — do you see?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, with profound attention.

"But the upper sheet," said Miss Ophelia, "must be brought down in this way, and tucked under firm and smooth at the foot, — so, — the narrow hem at the foot."

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, as before; but we will add, what Miss Ophelia did not see, that, during the time when the good lady's back was turned, in the zeal of her manipulations, the young disciple had contrived to snatch a pair of gloves and a ribbon, which she had adroitly slipped into her sleeves, and stood with her hands dutifully folded, as before.

"Now, Topsy, let's see *you* do this," said Miss Ophelia, pulling off the clothes, and seating herself.

Topsy, with great gravity and adroitness, went through the exercise completely to Miss Ophelia's satisfaction; smoothing the sheets, patting out every wrinkle, and exhibiting, through the whole process, a gravity and seriousness with which her instructress was greatly edified. By an unlucky slip, however, a fluttering frag-

ment of the ribbon hung out of one of her sleeves, just as she was finishing, and caught Miss Ophelia's attention. Instantly she pounced upon it. "What's this? You naughty, wicked child, — you've been stealing this!"

The ribbon was pulled out of Topsy's own sleeve, yet was she not in the least disconcerted; she only looked at it with an air of the most surprised and unconscious innocence.

"Laws! why, that ar's Miss Feely's ribbon, an't it? How could it a got caught in my sleeve?"

"Topsy, you naughty girl, don't you tell me a lie, — you stole that ribbon!"

"Missis, I declar for't, I didn't; — never seed it till dis yer blessed minnit."

"Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "don't you know it's wicked to tell lies?"

"I never tells no lies, Miss Feely," said Topsy, with virtuous gravity; "it's jist the truth I've been a tellin' now, and an't nothin' else."

"Topsy, I shall have to whip you, if you tell lies so."

"Laws, Missis, in you's to whip all day, couldn't say no other way," said Topsy, beginning to blubber. "I never seed dat ar, — it must a got caught in my sleeve. Miss Feely must have left it on the bed, and it got caught in the clothes, and so got in my sleeve."

Miss Ophelia was so indignant at the barefaced lie, that she caught the child, and shook her.

"Don't you tell me that again!"

The shake brought the gloves on the floor, from the other sleeve.

"There, you!" said Miss Ophelia, "will you tell me now, you didn't steal the ribbon?"

Topsy now confessed to the gloves, but still persisted in denying the ribbon.

"Now, Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "if you'll confess all about it, I won't whip you this time."

Thus adjured, Topsy confessed to the ribbon and gloves, with woful protestations of penitence.

"Well, now, tell me. I know you must have taken other things since you have been in the house, for I let you run about all day

yesterday. Now, tell me if you took anything, and I shan't whip you."

"Laws, Missis! I took Miss Eva's red thing she wars on her neck."

"You did, you naughty child! — Well, what else?"

"I took Rosa's yer-rings, — them red ones."

"Go bring them to me this minute, both of 'em."

"Laws, Missis! I can't, — they's burnt up!"

"Burnt up! — what a story! Go get 'em, or I'll whip you." Topsy, with loud protestations, and tears, and groans, declared that she *could* not. "They's burnt up, — they was."

"What did you burn 'em up for?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Cause I's wicked, — I is. I's mighty wicked, any how. I can't help it."

Just at this moment, Eva came innocently into the room, with the identical coral necklace on her neck.

"Why, Eva, where did you get your necklace?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Get it? Why, I've had it on all day," said Eva.

"Did you have it on yesterday?"

"Yes; and what is funny, Aunty, I had it on all night. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed."

Miss Ophelia looked perfectly bewildered; the more so, as Rosa, at that instant, came into the room, with a basket of newly ironed linen poised on her head, and the coral ear-drops shaking in her ears!

"I'm sure I can't tell anything what to do with such a child!" she said, in despair. "What in the world did you tell me you took those things for, Topsy?"

"Why, Missis said I must 'fess; and I couldn't think of nothin' else to 'fess," said Topsy, rubbing her eyes.

"But, of course, I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do," said Miss Ophelia; "that's telling a lie, just as much as the other."

"Laws, now, is it?" said Topsy, with an air of innocent wonder.

[From *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly*, 1852, chapter 20. The text is that of the first edition.]

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

[John Lothrop Motley was born at Dorchester, now a part of Boston, April 15, 1814, and died near Dorchester, in England, May 29, 1877. His life was passed in dealing with the affairs of nations, either of the past, as historian, or of the present, as diplomatist; he therefore lived much of his life abroad. He was first a student of law at Göttingen and Berlin, and later minister to Austria and then to England. He was also, however, led to Europe by the necessities of his studies on the history of Holland and of Europe in the sixteenth century. He published: *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, in 1856, *History of the United Netherlands*, in 1861-8, and *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld* (1874). Before settling down to the historical work which has made him famous, he wrote two novels, *Morton's Hope* (1839) and *Merry Mount* (1849). He was a man of charming personality, as may be gathered from his *Correspondence* (1889), or from the *Memoir* (1879), by Oliver Wendell Holmes.]

It is not unnatural at first to compare Motley with Prescott. Indeed, the comparison forced itself upon the mind of the younger man at the very beginning of his career as a historian, when, being already heart and soul committed to the Revolt of the Netherlands, he learned that Prescott had already collected materials for a history of Philip the Second. The elder scholar behaved in the most liberal and sympathetic manner, encouraged the younger student most earnestly to go on, and assured him that "no two books ever injured each other." He was not wrong, in this case at least. A comparison of these two great historians serves chiefly to emphasize the strong points of each.

Both are distinguished by immense thoroughness in dealing with their materials, both by the challenging care of their style. With their characteristics as historians we are here not closely concerned, but we certainly cannot neglect the matter. As a historian there can be no doubt of Motley's hard work, breadth of knowledge, sound accuracy, sincerity. The same thing can be said of Prescott, who has a most engaging and disinterested impartiality, besides. But Motley could not have been disinterestedly impar-

tial. He was writing, not of Spaniards and Moors, Incas and Aztecs, but of the rise of a republic, of a father of his country, of the growth of religious toleration. He was just, but he could not be disinterested. Indeed, by his very nature Motley was not a disinterested observer. No novelist can afford to be disinterested: it is too catching. Motley did not become famous as a novelist, certainly, but he had many of the gifts of a novelist. He was a man of temperament for one thing, and a man of belief for another. Sympathy for his subject led him to the eighty years' war, and his position was necessarily taken beforehand. It is then with allowance for the personal equation that Motley is impartial.

It is this very personal equation, however, which gives him his great charm as a man of letters, and which enables him to tell a story and to describe a thing so remarkably. It is true that this is not all. Patient industry and hard work counted for more than we of the laity can well understand. Prescott wrote to him of the vivid details of the sack of Saint Quentin, which Motley had found in a dry *Documentos Ineditos*, into which Prescott had never thought to look. And any one who reads the account of the fire-ships at the Prince of Parma's bridge, comes near being chilled at the list of authorities at the end, which Motley fortunately did not think necessary "to cite step by step."

But all this mass of material is fused by his spirit into a living reality, and that is the first thing that makes Motley noteworthy for everybody. If it be one of the tests of an author's power that he can make real in his reader's mind the thoughts and feelings which are real to him, Motley stands the test well. It is true that he has an advantage, as did Prescott, in his subject-matter, but certainly a great part of that advantage was discovered by himself. Everybody knew that Don John, of Austria, and Sir Philip Sidney were romantic figures, but how about the men of Haarlem, who sallied forth on skates and chased the Spaniards about on the ice, or the sea beggars who raised the siege of Leyden by sailing their fleet up to the city walls? These things had been, but had not taken the mind. Motley had the sympathy to see life in the facts: this was the first thing needful to enable us to see the facts as life. He was not a close student: he was a man of the world. Indeed, his non-scholastic character comes near interference with

his peculiar power. One of the charming characteristics of the man was gentle humor, delicate satire, sedate epigram, courteous irony. Everybody will remember how this lights up the *Dutch Republic*; in his later work we are sometimes distracted a little by it from a matter we wish to engross us.

But Motley not only saw life in the facts, he had a very sane feeling for dramatic and narrative propriety; in fact, he sometimes had even an ultra-scenic feeling. Rarely carried too far, this feeling helped him to a remarkable epic unity in his whole work, a unity of which the remarkable thing was that it seems so natural. Proportion and relation in time and space, these matters are as much a part of his literary manner as picturesqueness and life. And although the former are most noticeable in his way of looking at things, the latter are the most noteworthy in his way of dealing with them.

Motley continued the honorable succession of American historians and surpassed all who had preceded him because he gained from their work. He avoided their mistakes and either imitated or naturally had their qualities. Irving had been romantic and Sparks had been laborious. Bancroft was an analyst, but he gave his work the unity of a great idea; and Prescott, an analyst too, had moulded his material into a unity of form. Motley had something of all these things, but in him they were fused and modified into a remarkable literary power that has never been surpassed by an American historian. He had certain minor faults. In some directions, notably in ease and power of narrative, he is surpassed by Parkman. But for the large powers of a historian, as history was understood in his day, he has no superior.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JR.

THE RELIGION OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE

DURING all these triumphs of Alva, the Prince of Orange had not lost his self-possession. One after another, each of his bold, skilfully-conceived and carefully-prepared plans had failed. Villers had been entirely discomfited at Dalhem, Cocqueville had been cut to pieces in Picardy, and now the valiant and experienced Louis had met with an entire overthrow in Friesland. The brief success of the patriots at Heiliger Lee had been washed out in the blood-torrents of Jemmingen. Tyranny was more triumphant, the provinces more timidly crouching, than ever. The friends on whom William of Orange relied in Germany, never enthusiastic in his cause, although many of them true-hearted and liberal, now grew cold and anxious. For months long, his most faithful and affectionate allies, such men as the Elector of Hesse and the Duke of Wirtemberg, as well as the less trustworthy Augustus of Saxony, had earnestly expressed their opinion that, under the circumstances, his best course was to sit still and watch the course of events.

It was known that the Emperor had written an urgent letter to Philip on the subject of his policy in the Netherlands in general, and concerning the position of Orange in particular. All persons, from the Emperor down to the pettiest potentate, seemed now of opinion that the Prince had better pause; that he was, indeed, bound to wait the issue of that remonstrance. "Your highness must sit still," said Landgrave William. "Your highness must sit still," said Augustus of Saxony. "You must move neither hand nor foot in the cause of the perishing provinces," said the Emperor. "Not a soldier—horse, foot, or dragoon—shall be levied within the Empire. If you violate the peace of the realm, and embroil us with our excellent brother and cousin Philip, it is at your own peril. You have nothing to do but to keep quiet and await his answer to our letter." But the Prince knew how much effect his sitting still would produce upon the cause of liberty and religion. He knew how much effect the Emperor's letter was like to have upon the heart of Philip. He knew that the more impenetrable the darkness now gathering over

that land of doom which he had devoted his life to defend, the more urgently was he forbidden to turn his face away from it in its affliction. He knew that thousands of human souls, nigh to perishing, were daily turning towards him as their only hope on earth, and he was resolved, so long as he could dispense a single ray of light, that his countenance should never be averted. It is difficult to contemplate his character, at this period, without being infected with a perhaps dangerous enthusiasm. It is not an easy task coldly to analyze a nature which contained so much of the self-sacrificing and the heroic, as well as of the adroit and the subtle; and it is almost impossible to give utterance to the emotions which naturally swell the heart at the contemplation of so much active virtue, without rendering oneself liable to the charge of excessive admiration. Through the mists of adversity, a human form may dilate into proportions which are colossal and deceptive. Our judgment may thus, perhaps, be led captive, but at any rate the sentiment excited is more healthful than that inspired by the mere shedder of blood, by the merely selfish conqueror. When the cause of the champion is that of human right against tyranny, of political and religious freedom against an all-engrossing and absolute bigotry, it is still more difficult to restrain veneration within legitimate bounds. To liberate the souls and bodies of millions, to maintain for a generous people, who had well-nigh lost their all, those free institutions which their ancestors had bequeathed, was a noble task for any man. But here stood a Prince of ancient race, vast possessions, imperial blood, one of the great ones of the earth, whose pathway along the beaten track would have been smooth and successful, but who was ready to pour out his wealth like water, and to coin his heart's blood, drop by drop, in this virtuous but almost desperate cause. He felt that of a man to whom so much had been entrusted, much was to be asked. God had endowed him with an incisive and comprehensive genius, unfaltering fortitude, and with the rank and fortune which enable a man to employ his faculties, to the injury or the happiness of his fellows, on the widest scale. The Prince felt the responsibility, and the world was to learn the result.

It was about this time that a deep change came over his mind.

Hitherto, although nominally attached to the communion of the ancient Church, his course of life and habits of mind had not led him to deal very earnestly with things beyond the world. The severe duties, the grave character of the cause to which his days were henceforth to be devoted, had already led him to a closer inspection of the essential attributes of Christianity. He was now enrolled for life as a soldier of the Reformation. The Reformation was henceforth his fatherland, the sphere of his duty and his affection. The religious Reformers became his brethren, whether in France, Germany, the Netherlands, or England. Yet his mind had taken a higher flight than that of the most eminent Reformers. His goal was not a new doctrine, but religious liberty. In an age when to think was a crime, and when bigotry and a persecuting spirit characterized Romanists and Lutherans, Calvinists and Zwinglians, he had dared to announce freedom of conscience as the great object for which noble natures should strive. In an age when toleration was a vice, he had the manhood to cultivate it as a virtue. His parting advice to the Reformers of the Netherlands, when he left them for a season in the spring of 1567, was to sink all lesser differences in religious union. Those of the Augsburg Confession and those of the Calvinistic Church, in their own opinion as incapable of commingling as oil and water, were, in his judgment, capable of friendly amalgamation. He appealed eloquently to the good and influential of all parties to unite in one common cause against oppression. Even while favoring daily more and more the cause of the purified Church, and becoming daily more alive to the corruption of Rome, he was yet willing to tolerate all forms of worship, and to leave reason to combat error.

Without a particle of cant or fanaticism, he had become a deeply religious man. Hitherto he had been only a man of the world and a statesman, but from this time forth he began calmly to rely upon God's providence in all the emergencies of his eventful life. His letters written to his most confidential friends, to be read only by themselves, and which have been gazed upon by no other eyes until after the lapse of nearly three centuries, abundantly prove his sincere and simple trust. This sentiment was not assumed for effect to delude others, but cherished as a secret support for himself. His religion was not a cloak to his

designs, but a consolation in his disasters. In his letter of instruction to his most confidential agent, John Bazius, while he declared himself frankly in favor of the Protestant principles, he expressed his extreme repugnance to the persecution of Catholics. "Should we obtain power over any city or cities," he wrote, "let the communities of papists be as much respected and protected as possible. Let them be overcome, not by violence, but with gentle-mindedness and virtuous treatment." After the terrible disaster at Jenningen, he had written to Louis, consoling him, in the most affectionate language, for the unfortunate result of his campaign. Not a word of reproach escaped from him, although his brother had conducted the operations in Friesland, after the battle of Heiliger Lee, in a manner quite contrary to his own advice. He had counselled against a battle, and had foretold a defeat; but after the battle had been fought and a crushing defeat sustained, his language breathed only unwavering submission to the will of God, and continued confidence in his own courage. "You may be well assured, my brother," he wrote, "that I have never felt anything more keenly than the pitiable misfortune which has happened to you, for many reasons which you can easily imagine. Moreover, it hinders us much in the levy which we are making, and has greatly chilled the hearts of those who otherwise would have been ready to give us assistance. Nevertheless, since it has thus pleased God, it is necessary to have patience and to lose not courage; conforming ourselves to His divine will, as for my part I have determined to do in everything which may happen, still proceeding onward in our work with His Almighty aid." *Soevis tranquillus in undis*, he was never placid than when the storm was wildest and the night darkest. He drew his consolations and refreshed his courage at the never-failing fountains of Divine mercy.

"I go to-morrow," he wrote to the unworthy Anne of Saxony; "but when I shall return, or when I shall see you, I cannot, on my honor, tell you with certainty. I have resolved to place myself in the hands of the Almighty, that He may guide me whither it is His good pleasure that I should go. *I see well enough that I am destined to pass this life in misery and labor, with which I am well content, since it thus pleases the Omnipotent*, for I know that I

have merited still greater chastisement. I only implore Him graciously to send me strength to endure with patience."

Such language, in letters the most private, never meant to be seen by other eyes than those to which they were addressed, gives touching testimony to the sincere piety of his character. No man was ever more devoted to a high purpose, no man had ever more right to imagine himself, or less inclination to pronounce himself, entrusted with a divine mission. There was nothing of the charlatan in his character. His nature was true and steadfast. No narrow-minded usurper was ever more loyal to his own aggrandisement than this large-hearted man to the cause of oppressed humanity. Yet it was inevitable that baser minds should fail to recognise his purity. While he exhausted his life for the emancipation of a people, it was easy to ascribe all his struggles to the hope of founding a dynasty. It was natural for grovelling natures to search in the gross soil of self-interest for the sustaining roots of the tree beneath whose branches a nation found its shelter. What could they comprehend of living fountains and of heavenly dews?

[From *The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History.* 1856. Part iii, chapter 4.]

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery, on its arrival at North Aa; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently

waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible, for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful — infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses, father, mother, children, side by side, for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out — women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe — an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do, the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness

y implore Him
ience."
ver meant to be
addressed, gives
racter. No man
n had ever more
pronounce him-
s nothing of the
e and steadfast.
yal to his own
o the cause of
at baser minds
xhausted his life
o ascribe all his
t was natural for
self-interest for
anches a nation
l of living foun-

856. Part iii, chap-

o. The burghers
ays; being aware
knowing full well
unt. They had
the blazing vil-
on its arrival at
mournful again,
ing every breast.
at the dawn of
he vanes of the
iled, they felt, as
, that they must
ile thus patiently

of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Vander Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him, as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do you murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should

God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves for ever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our hands we will set fire to the city and perish, men, women, and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed." Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time, he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards, derisively, to the citizens, "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

On the 23th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this despatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince, that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2nd of October, came storming from the north-west, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes.

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed,

and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farm houses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwierten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards the Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dyke and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frown-

ing directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitring the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the head-quarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the meantime, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been despatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist — "Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the

Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at day-break to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand, coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures, who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food,

and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation; — but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children, — nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy. A note despatched to the Prince of Orange, was received by him at two o'clock, as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of the letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot; the letter in which the Admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended, after all, upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the Prince may be easily imagined, and so soon as the sermon was concluded, he handed the letter just received to the minister, to be read to the congregation. Thus, all participated in his joy, and united with him in thanksgiving.

[From *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, part iv, chapter 2.]

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

[Henry David Thoreau was born in Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817, and died there May 6, 1862. His father, a pencil-maker, was the son of a Boston merchant, who came of a Jersey family of French extraction, and had emigrated to America in 1773. Both Thoreau's mother and grandmother were Scotch. He was educated at Harvard College, where he was graduated in 1837. For a few years he taught school, and at times, in later years, he lectured, but throughout his life he preferred to support himself largely by the work of his hands. He was an expert pencil-maker, an excellent surveyor, and by the intermittent exercise of these employments, as well as by farm work, he earned enough to supply his simple wants and the needs of the relatives who were at times dependent upon him. He was on intimate terms with the little band of American transcendentalists, especially with Emerson, at whose house he lived for some years, repaying the cost of his maintenance by his labor. But wherever Thoreau lived, and whatever was his occupation, his prevailing passion was a deep and constant delight in nature. Much of his time was spent in the open air in pleasant companionship, or, more commonly still, alone. He was thoroughly familiar with the woods, fields, and waters about his native place, and made longer journeys, on several occasions, to Cape Cod, the Maine forests, and the White Mountains. His ruling passions—his love for simplicity and independence and his love for nature—were perhaps most completely and naturally gratified when he spent more than two years in a little hut which he built on Walden Pond near Concord, tilling a small plot of ground, and depending for sustenance and for enjoyment almost entirely on his own resources. Thoreau was a man whose personal views and tenets were carried out to the point of eccentricity; but his life was blameless and he was loved and respected by all who knew him.

Only two books of Thoreau's were published during his lifetime, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* (1848) and *Walden; or Life in the Woods* (1854). He contributed, however, to several periodicals, and these essays and addresses, together with much matter from his journals and other papers, have since been issued in the following volumes: *Excursions* (1863), *The Maine Woods* (1863), *Cape Cod* (1865), *Letters to Various Persons* (1865), *A Yankee in Canada, with Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers* (1866), *Early Spring in Massachusetts* (1881), *Summer* (1884), *Winter* (1888), *Autumn* (1892), *Familiar Letters* (1894).]

THERE has been in America no such instance of posthumous reputation as in the case of Thoreau. Poe and Whitman may

be claimed as parallels, but not justly. Poe even during his life rode often on the very wave of success, until it subsided presently beneath him, always to rise again, had he but made it possible. Whitman gathered almost immediately a small but stanch band of followers, who have held by him with such vehemence and such flagrant imitation as to keep his name defiantly in evidence, while perhaps enhancing the antagonism of his critics. Thoreau could be egotistical enough, but was always high-minded; all was open and above board; one could as soon conceive of self-advertising by a deer in the woods or an otter of the brook. He had no organized clique of admirers, nor did he possess even what is called personal charm — or at least only that piquant attraction which he himself found in wild apples. As a rule, he kept men at a distance, being busy with his own affairs. He left neither wife nor children to attend to his memory; and his sister seemed for a time to repress the publication of his manuscripts. Yet this plain, shy, retired student, who when thirty-two years old carried the unsold edition of his first book upon his back to his attic chamber; who died at forty-four still unknown to the general public; this child of obscurity, who printed but two volumes during his lifetime, has had ten volumes of his writings published by others since his death, while four biographies of him have been issued in America (by Emerson, Channing, Sanborn, and Jones) besides two in England (by Page and Salt).

Up to the time of his death he was unappreciated away from home, and this was naturally also true of him at his place of residence, since such is the way of the world. Even Sir Walter Scott, as we learn from the lately published letters of Mrs. Grant, was not so much of a hero in Edinburgh as elsewhere. Thoreau was born in Concord, Mass., and died there, and was therefore more completely identified with that town than any of her other celebrities. Yet when I was endeavoring, about 1870, to persuade his sister to let me edit his journals, I invoked the aid of Judge Hoar, then lord of the manor in Concord, who heard me patiently through, and then said: "Whereunto? You have not established the preliminary point. Why should any one wish to have Thoreau's journals printed?" Ten years later four successive volumes were made out of these journals by the late H. G. O. Blake,

and it is a question whether the whole may not yet be published. I hear from a local photograph dealer in Concord that the demand for Thoreau's pictures now exceeds that for any other local celebrity. In the last sale catalogue of autographs which I have encountered I find a letter from Thoreau priced at \$17.50, one from Hawthorne valued at the same, one from Longfellow at \$4.50 only, and one from Holmes at \$3, each of these being guaranteed as an especially good autograph letter. Now the value of such memorials during a man's life affords but a slight test of his permanent standing, — since almost any man's autograph can be obtained for two postage stamps if the request be put with sufficient ingenuity, — but when this financial standard can be safely applied more than thirty years after a man's death, it comes pretty near to a permanent fame.

It is true that Thoreau had Emerson as the editor of four of his posthumous volumes; but it is also true that he had against him the strong voice of Lowell, whose following as a critic was far greater than Emerson's. It will always remain a puzzle why it was that Lowell, who had reviewed Thoreau's first book with cordiality in the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review* and had said to me afterwards, on hearing him compared to Izaak Walton, "There is room for three or four Waltons in Thoreau," should have written the really harsh attack on the latter which afterwards appeared and in which the plain facts were unquestionably perverted. To transform Thoreau's two brief years of study and observation at Walden, within two miles of his mother's door, into a life-long renunciation of his fellow-men; to complain of him as waiving all interest in public affairs when the great crisis of John Brown's execution had found him far more awake to it than Lowell was, — this was only explainable by the lingering tradition of that savage period of criticism, initiated by Poe, in whose hands the thing became a tomahawk. As a matter of fact the tomahawk had in this case its immediate effect; and the English editor and biographer of Thoreau has stated that Lowell's criticism is to this day the great obstacle to the acceptance of Thoreau's writings in England. It is to be remembered, however, that Thoreau was not wholly of English but partly of French origin, and was, it might be added, of a sort of moral-Oriental

or Puritan-Pagan temperament. With a literary feeling even stronger than his feeling for nature — the proof of this being that he could not, like many men, enjoy nature in silence — he put his observations always on the level of literature, while Mr. Burroughs, for instance, remains more upon the level of journalism. It is to be doubted whether any author under such circumstances would have been received favorably in England; just as the poems of Emily Dickinson, which have shafts of profound scrutiny that often suggest Thoreau, had an extraordinary success at home, but fell hopelessly dead in England, so that the second volume was never even published.

Lowell speaks of Thoreau as "indolent," but this is, as has been said, like speaking of the indolence of a self-registering thermometer. Lowell objects to him as pursuing "a seclusion that keeps him in the public eye," whereas it was the public eye which sought him; it was almost as hard to persuade him to lecture (*crede experto*) as it was to get an audience for him when he had consented. He never proclaimed the intrinsic superiority of the wilderness, but pointed out better than any one else has done its undesirableness as a residence, ranking it only as "a resource and a background." "The partially cultivated country it is," he says, "which has chiefly inspired, and will continue to inspire, the strains of poets such as compose the mass of any literature." "What is nature," he elsewhere says, "unless there is a human life passing within it? Many joys and many sorrows are the lights and shadows in which she shines most beautiful." This is the real and human Thoreau, who often whimsically veiled himself, but was plainly enough seen by any careful observer. That he was abrupt and repressive to bores and pedants, that he grudged his time to them and frequently withdrew himself, was as true of him as of Wordsworth or Tennyson. If they were allowed their privacy, though in the heart of England, an American who never left his own broad continent might at least be allowed his privilege of stepping out of doors. The Concord school-children never quarrelled with this habit, for he took them out of doors with him and taught them where the best whortleberries grew.

His scholarship, like his observation of nature, was secondary to his function as poet and writer. Into both he carried the ele-

ment of whim; but his version of the *Prometheus Bound* shows accuracy, and his study of birds and plants shows care. It must be remembered that he antedated the modern school, classed plants by the Linnæan system, and had necessarily Nuttall for his elementary manual of birds. Like all observers he left whole realms uncultivated; thus he puzzles in his journal over the great brown paper cocoon of the *Attacus Cecropia*, which every village boy brings home from the winter meadows. If he has not the specialized habit of the naturalist of to-day, neither has he the polemic habit; firm beyond yielding, as to the local facts of his own Concord, he never quarrels with those who have made other observations elsewhere; he is involved in none of those contests in which paleontologists, biologists, astronomers, have wasted so much of their lives.

His especial greatness is that he gives us standing ground below the surface, a basis not to be washed away. A hundred sentences might be quoted from him which make common observers seem superficial and professed philosophers trivial, but which, if accepted, place the realities of life beyond the reach of danger. He was a spiritual ascetic to whom the simplicity of nature was luxury enough; and this, in an age of growing expenditure, gave him an unspeakable value. To him life itself was a source of joy so great that it was only weakened by diluting it with meaner joys. This was the standard to which he constantly held his contemporaries. "There is nowhere recorded," he complains, "a simple and irrepressible satisfaction with the gift of life, any memorable praise of God. . . . If the day and the night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance, like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, — is more elastic, starry, and immortal, — that is your success."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

STYLE IN WRITING

A PERFECTLY healthy sentence, it is true, is extremely rare. For the most part we miss the hue and fragrance of the thought; as if we could be satisfied with the dews of the morning or evening without their colors, or the heavens without their azure. The most attractive sentences are, perhaps, not the wisest, but the surest and roundest. They are spoken firmly and conclusively, as if the speaker had a right to know what he says, and if not wise, they have at least been well learned. Sir Walter Raleigh might well be studied, if only for the excellence of his style, for he is remarkable in the midst of so many masters. There is a natural emphasis in his style, like a man's tread, and a breathing space between the sentences, which the best of modern writing does not furnish. His chapters are like English parks, or say rather like a western forest, where the larger growth keeps down the underwood, and one may ride on horseback through the openings. All the distinguished writers of that period, possess a greater vigor and naturalness than the more modern, — for it is allowed to slander our own time, — and when we read a quotation from one of them in the midst of a modern author, we seem to have come suddenly upon a greener ground, a greater depth and strength of soil. It is as if a green bough were laid across the page, and we are refreshed as by the sight of fresh grass in midwinter or early spring. You have constantly the warrant of life and experience in what you read. The little that is said is eked out by implication of the much that was done. The sentences are verdurous and blooming as evergreen and flowers, because they are rooted in fact and experience, but our false and florid sentences have only the tints of flowers without their sap or roots. All men are really most attracted by the beauty of plain speech, and they even write in a florid style in imitation of this. They prefer to be misunderstood rather than to come short of its exuberance. Hussein Effendi praised the epistolary style of Ibrahim Pasha to the French traveler Botta, because of "the difficulty of understanding it; there was," he said, "but one person at Jidda, who was capable of understanding and explaining the Pasha's correspondence." A

man's whole life is taxed for the least thing well done. It is its net result. Every sentence is the result of a long probation. Where shall we look for standard English, but to the words of a standard man? The word which is best said came nearest to not being spoken at all, for it is cousin to a deed which the speaker could have better done. Nay, almost it must have taken the place of a deed by some urgent necessity, even by some misfortune, so that the truest writer will be some captive knight, after all. And perhaps the fates had such a design, when, having stored Raleigh so richly with the substance of life and experience, they made him a fast prisoner, and compelled him to make his words his deeds, and transfer to his expression the emphasis and sincerity of his action.

Men have a respect for scholarship and learning greatly out of proportion to the use they commonly serve. We are amused to read how Ben Jonson engaged that the dull masks with which the royal family and nobility were to be entertained, should be "grounded upon antiquity and solid learning." Can there be any greater reproach than an idle learning? Learn to split wood, at least. The necessity of labor and conversation with many men and things, to the scholar is rarely well remembered; steady labor with the hands, which engrosses the attention also, is unquestionably the best method of removing palaver and sentimentality out of one's style, both of speaking and writing. If he has worked hard from morning till night, though he may have grieved that he could not be watching the train of his thoughts during that time, yet the few hasty lines which at evening record his day's experience will be more musical and true than his freest but idle fancy could have furnished. Surely the writer is to address a world of laborers, and such therefore must be his own discipline. He will not idly dance at his work who has wood to cut and cord before night-fall in the short days of winter; but every stroke will be husbanded, and ring soberly through the wood; and so will the strokes of that scholar's pen, which at evening record the story of the day, ring soberly, yet cheerily, on the ear of the reader, long after the echoes of his axe have died away. The scholar may be sure that he writes the tougher truth for the calluses on his palms. They give firmness to the sentence. Indeed, the mind never

makes a great and successful effort without a corresponding energy of the body. We are often struck by the force and precision of style to which hard-working men, unpracticed in writing, easily attain, when required to make the effort. As if plainness and vigor and sincerity, the ornaments of style, were better learned on the farm and in the workshop than in the schools. The sentences written by such rude hands are nervous and tough, like hardened thongs, the sinews of the deer, or the roots of the pine. As for the graces of expression, a great thought is never found in a mean dress; but though it proceed from the lips of the Woloffs, the nine Muses and the three Graces will have conspired to clothe it in fit phrase. Its education has always been liberal, and its implied wit can endow a college. The scholar might frequently emulate the propriety and emphasis of the farmer's call to his team, and confess that if that were written it would surpass his labored sentences. Whose are the truly *labored* sentences? From the weak and flimsy periods of the politician and literary man, we are glad to turn even to the description of work, the simple record of the month's labor in the farmer's almanac, to restore our tone and spirits. A sentence should read as if its author, had he held a plough instead of a pen, could have drawn a furrow deep and straight to the end. The scholar requires hard and serious labor to give an impetus to his thought. He will learn to grasp the pen firmly so, and wield it gracefully and effectively, as an axe or a sword. When we consider the weak and nerveless periods of some literary men, who perchance in feet and inches come up to the standard of their race, and are not deficient in girth also, we are amazed at the immense sacrifice of thews and sinews. What! these proportions,—these bones,—and this their work! Hands which could have felled an ox have hewed this fragile matter which would not have tasked a lady's fingers! Can this be a stalwart man's work, who has a marrow in his back and a tendon Achilles in his heel? They who set up the blocks of Stonehenge did somewhat, if they only laid out their strength for once, and stretched themselves.

[From *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, 1848, "Sunday."
The text is that of the first edition.]

A VILLAGE FESTIVAL

As I pass along the streets of our village of Concord on the day of our annual Cattle Show, when it usually happens that the leaves of the elms and buttonwoods begin first to strew the ground under the breath of the October wind, the lively spirits in their sap seem to mount as high as any plow-boy's let loose that day; and they lead my thoughts away to the rustling woods, where the trees are preparing for their winter campaign. This autumnal festival, when men are gathered in crowds in the streets as regularly and by as natural a law as the leaves cluster and rustle by the wayside, is naturally associated in my mind with the fall of the year. The low of cattle in the streets sounds like a hoarse symphony or running bass to the rustling of the leaves. The wind goes hurrying down the country, gleaning every loose straw that is left in the fields, while every farmer lad too appears to scud before it, — having donned his best pea-jacket and pepper and salt waistcoat, his unbent trousers, outstanding rigging of duck, or kerseymere, or corduroy, and his fuzzy hat withal, — to country fairs and cattle shows, to that Rome among the villages where the treasures of the year are gathered. All the land over they go leaping the fences with their tough idle palms, which have never learned to hang by their sides, amid the low of calves and the bleating of sheep, — Amos, Abner, Elnathan, Elbridge, —

"From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plains."

I love these sons of earth every mother's son of them, with their great hearty hearts rushing tumultuously in herds from spectacle to spectacle, as if fearful lest there should not be time between sun and sun to see them all, and the sun does not wait more than in haying time.

"Wise Nature's darlings, they live in the world
Perplexing not themselves how it is hurled."

Running hither and thither with appetite for the coarse pastimes of the day, now with a boisterous speed at the heels of the inspired

negro from whose larynx the melodies of all Congo and Guinea coast have broke loose into our streets; now to see the procession of a hundred yoke of oxen, all as august and grave as Osiris, or the droves of neat cattle and milch cows as unspotted as Isis or Io. Such as had no love for Nature

"at all,
Came lovers home from this great festival."

They may bring their fattest cattle and richest fruits to the fair, but they are all eclipsed by the show of men. These are stirring autumn days, when men sweep by in crowds, amid the rustle of leaves, like migrating finches; this is the true harvest of the year, when the air is but the breath of men, and the rustling of leaves is as the trampling of the crowd. We read now-a-days of the ancient festivals, games, and processions of the Greeks and Etruscans with a little incredulity, or at least with little sympathy; but how natural and irrepressible in every people is some hearty and palpable greeting of Nature. The Corybantes, the Bacchantes, the rude primitive tragedians with their procession and goat-song, and the whole paraphernalia of the Panathenæa, which appear so antiquated and peculiar, have their parallel now. The husbandman is always a better Greek than the scholar is prepared to appreciate, and the old custom still survives, while antiquarians and scholars grow gray in commemorating it. The farmers crowd to the fair to-day in obedience to the same ancient law, which Solon or Lycurgus did not enact, as naturally as bees swarm and follow their queen.

It is worth the while to see the country's people, how they pour into the town, the sober farmer folk, now all agog, their very shirt and coat collars pointing forward, — collars so broad as if they had put their shirts on wrong end upward, for the fashions always tend to superfluity, — and with an unusual springiness in their gait, jabbering earnestly to one another. The more supple vagabond, too, is sure to appear on the least rumor of such a gathering, and the next day to disappear, and go into his hole like the seventeen-year locust, in an ever shabby coat, though finer than the farmer's best, yet never dressed; come to see the sport, and have a hand in what is going, — to know "what's the row," if

there is any; to be where some men are drunk, some horses race, some cockerels fight; anxious to be shaking props under a table, and above all to see the "striped pig." He certainly is the creature of the occasion. He empties both his pockets and his character into the stream, and swims in such a day. He dearly loves the social slush. There is no reserve of soberness in him.

I love to see the herd of men feeding heartily on coarse and succulent pleasures, as cattle on the husks and stalks of vegetables. Though there are many crooked and crabbed specimens of humanity among them, run all to thorn and rind, and crowded out of shape by adverse circumstances, like the third chestnut in the burr, so that you wonder to see some heads wear a whole hat, yet fear not that the race will fail or waver in them; like the crabs which grow in hedges, they furnish the stocks of sweet and thrifty fruits still. Thus is nature recruited from age to age, while the fair and palatable varieties die out, and have their period. This is that mankind. How cheap must be the material of which so many men are made.

[From *A Week on the Concord, &c.*, "Friday." The text is that of the first edition.]

PERSONAL AIMS

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is

of the devil or of God, and have *somewhat hastily* concluded that it is the chief end of man here to "glorify God and enjoy him forever."

Still we live meanly, like ants; though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men; like pygmies we fight with cranes; it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our best virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness. Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. Our life is like a German Confederacy, made up of petty states, with its boundary forever fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment. The nation itself, with all its so-called internal improvements, which by the way are all external and superficial, is just such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim, as the million households in the land; and the only cure for it as for them is in a rigid economy, a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life and elevation of purpose. It lives too fast. Men think that it is essential that the *Nation* have commerce, and export ice, and talk through a telegraph, and ride thirty miles an hour, without a doubt, whether *they* do or not; but whether we should live like baboons or like men, is a little uncertain. If we do not get out sleepers, and forge rails, and devote days and nights to the work, but go to tinkering upon our *lives* to improve *them*, who will build railroads? And if railroads are

not built, how shall we get to heaven in season? But if we stay at home and mind our business, who will want railroads? We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us. Did you ever think what those sleepers are that underlie the railroad? Each one is a man, an Irishman, or a Yankee man. The rails are laid on them, and they are covered with sand, and the cars run smoothly over them. They are sound sleepers, I assure you. And every few years a new lot is laid down and run over; so that, if some have the pleasure of riding on a rail, others have the misfortune to be ridden upon. And when they run over a man that is walking in his sleep, a supernumerary sleeper in the wrong position, and wake him up, they suddenly stop the cars, and make a hue and cry about it, as if this were an exception. I am glad to know that it takes a gang of men for every five miles to keep the sleepers down and level in their beds as it is, for this is a sign that they may sometime get up again.

Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches to-day to save nine to-morrow. As for *work*, we haven't any of any consequence. We have the Saint Vitus' dance, and cannot possibly keep our heads still. If I should only give a few pulls at the parish bell-rope, as for a fire, that is, without setting the bell, there is hardly a man on his farm in the outskirts of Concord, notwithstanding that press of engagements which was his excuse so many times this morning, nor a boy, nor a woman, I might almost say, but would forsake all and follow that sound, not mainly to save property from the flames, but, if we will confess the truth, much more to see it burn, since burn it must, and we, be it known, did not set it on fire,—or to see it put out, and have a hand in it, if that is done as handsomely; yes, even if it were the parish church itself. Hardly a man takes a half hour's nap after dinner, but when he wakes he holds up his head and asks, "What's the news?" as if the rest of mankind had stood his sentinels. Some give directions to be waked every half hour, doubtless for no other purpose; and then, to pay for it, they tell what they have dreamed. After a night's sleep the news is as indispensable as the breakfast. "Pray tell me anything new

that has happened to a man anywhere on this globe," — and he reads it over his coffee and rolls, that a man has had his eyes gouged out this morning on the Wachito River; never dreaming the while that he lives in the dark unfathomed mammoth cave of this world, and has but the rudiment of an eye himself.

[From *Walden; or, Life in the Woods*, 1854, chapter 2. The text of this and succeeding selections is that of the first edition.]

SOUNDS AT EVENING

Now that the cars are gone by and all the restless world with them, and the fishes in the pond no longer feel their rumbling, I am more alone than ever. For the rest of the long afternoon, perhaps, my meditations are interrupted only by the faint rattle of a carriage or team along the current highway.

Sometimes, on Sundays, I heard the bells, the Lincoln, Acton, Bedford, or Concord bell, when the wind was favorable, a faint, sweet, and, as it were, natural melody, worth importing into the wilderness. At a sufficient distance over the woods this sound acquires a certain vibratory hum, as if the pine needles in the horizon were the strings of a harp which it swept. All sound heard at the greatest possible distance produce; one and the same effect, a vibration of the universal lyre, just as the intervening atmosphere makes a distant ridge of earth interesting to our eyes by the azure tint it imparts to it. There came to me in this case a melody which the air had strained, and which had conversed with every leaf and needle of the wood, that portion of the sound which the elements had taken up and modulated and echoed from vale to vale. The echo is, to some extent, an original sound, and therein is the magic and charm of it. It is not merely a repetition of what was worth repeating in the bell, but partly the voice of the wood; the same trivial words and notes sung by a wood-nymph.

At evening, the distant lowing of some cow in the horizon beyond the woods sounded sweet and melodious, and at first I would mistake it for the voices of certain minstrels by whom I

was sometimes serenaded, who might be straying over hill and dale; but soon I was not unpleasantly disappointed when it was prolonged into the cheap and natural music of the cow. I do not mean to be satirical, but to express my appreciation of those youths' singing, when I state that I perceived clearly that it was akin to the music of the cow, and they were at length one articulation of Nature.

Regularly at half past seven, in one part of the summer, after the evening train had gone by, the whippoorwills chanted their vespers for half an hour, sitting on a stump by my door, or upon the ridge-pole of the house. They would begin to sing almost with as much precision as a clock, within five minutes of a particular time, referred to the setting of the sun, every evening. I had a rare opportunity to become acquainted with their habits. Sometimes I heard four or five at once in different parts of the wood, by accident one a bar behind another, and so near me that I distinguished not only the cluck after each note, but often that singular buzzing sound like a fly in a spider's web, only proportionally louder. Sometimes one would circle round and round me in the woods a few feet distant as if tethered by a string, when probably I was near its eggs. They sang at intervals throughout the night, and were again as musical as ever just before and about dawn.

When other birds are still the screech owls take up the strain, like mourning women their ancient u-lu-lu. Their dismal scream is truly Ben Jonsonian. Wise midnight hags! It is no honest and blunt tu-whit tu-who of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the woodside; reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds; as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings, of fallen souls that once in human shape night-walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, now expiating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies in the scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of the variety and ca-

capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. *Oh-o-o-o-o* that I never had been *bor-r-r-r-n!* sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles with the restlessness of despair to some new perch on the gray oaks. Then — that I never had been *bor-r-r-r-n!* echoes another on the farther side with tremulous sincerity, and — *bor-r-r-r-n!* comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods.

[From *Walden*, chapter 4, "Sounds."]

SOLITUDE

This is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore. I go and come with a strange liberty in Nature, a part of herself. As I walk along the stony shore of the pond in my shirt sleeves, though it is cool as well as cloudy and windy, and I see nothing special to attract me, all the elements are unusually congenial to me. The bullfrogs trump to usher in the night, and the note of the whippoorwill is borne on the rippling wind from over the water. Sympathy with the fluttering alder and poplar leaves almost takes away my breath; yet, like the lake, my serenity is rippled but not ruffled. These small waves raised by the evening wind are as remote from storm as the smooth reflecting surface. Though it is now dark, the wind still blows and roars in the wood, the waves still dash, and some creatures lull the rest with their notes. The repose is never complete. The wildest animals do not repose, but seek their prey now; the fox, and skunk, and rabbit, now roam the fields and woods without fear. They are Nature's watchmen, — links which connect the days of animated life.

When I return to my house I find that visitors have been there and left their cards, either a bunch of flowers, or a wreath of evergreen, or a name in pencil on a yellow walnut leaf or a chip. They who come rarely to the woods take some little piece of the forest into their hands to play with by the way, which they leave, either intentionally or accidentally. One has peeled a willow wand, woven it into a ring, and dropped it on my table. I could always tell if visitors had called in my absence, either by the bended twigs or grass, or the print of their shoes, and generally

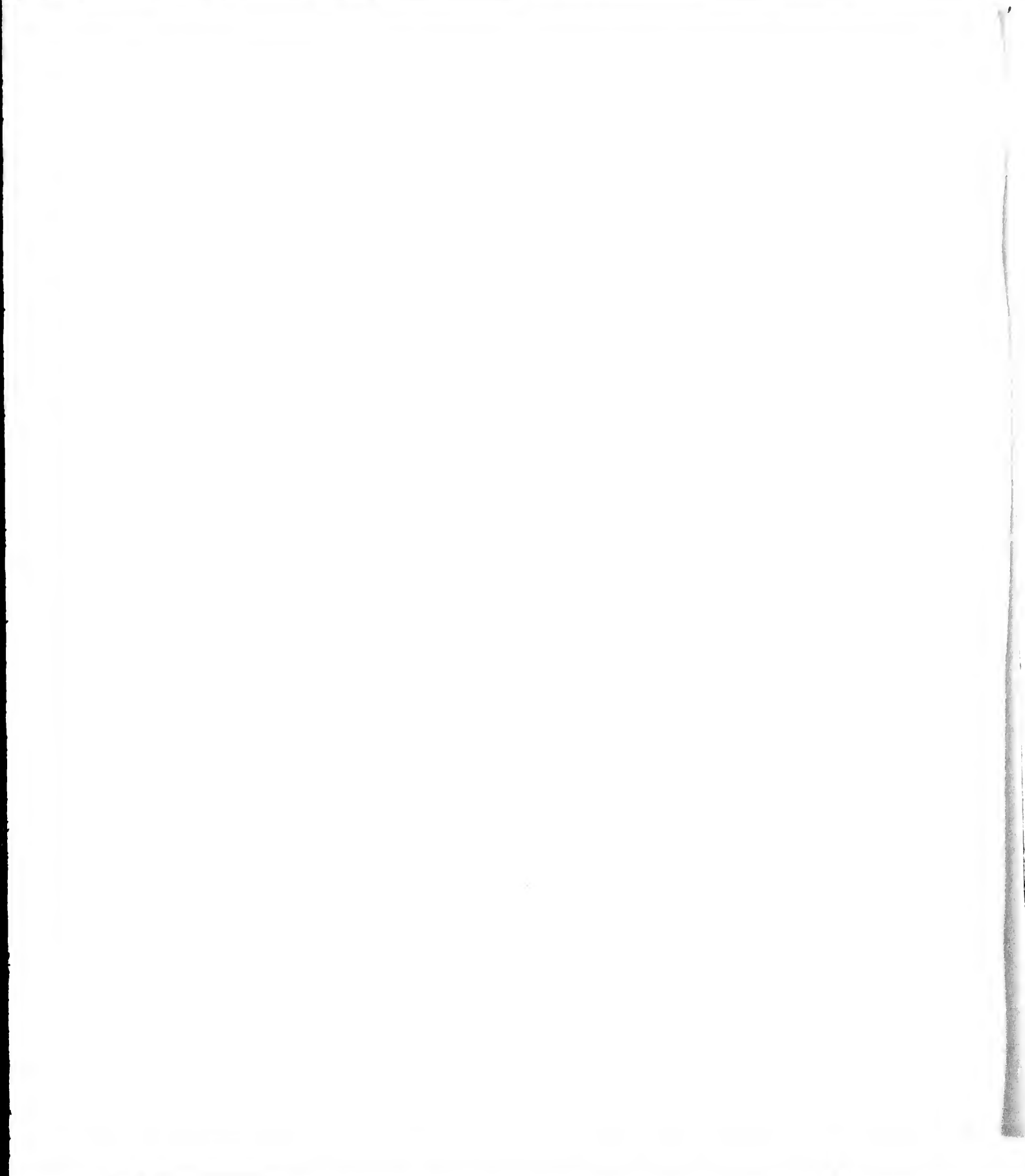
of what sex or age or quality they were by some slight trace left, as a flower dropped, or a bunch of grass plucked and thrown away, even as far off as the railroad, half a mile distant, or by the lingering odor of a cigar or pipe. Nay, I was frequently notified of the passage of a traveller along the highway sixty rods off by the scent of his pipe.

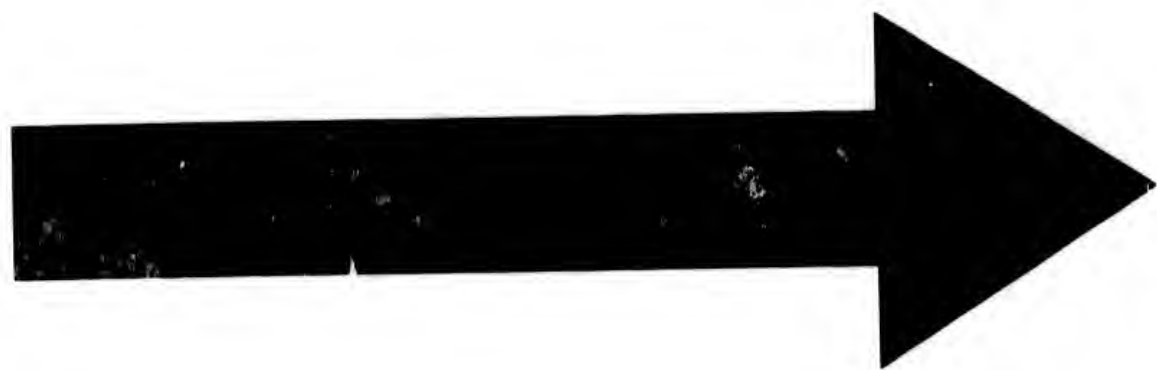
There is commonly sufficient space about us. Our horizon is never quite at our elbows. The thick wood is not just at our door, nor the pond, but somewhat is always clearing, familiar and worn by us, appropriated and fenced in some way, and reclaimed from Nature. For what reason have I this vast range and circuit, some square miles of unfrequented forest, for my privacy, abandoned to me by men? My nearest neighbor is a mile distant, and no house is visible from any place but the hill-tops within half a mile of my own. I have my horizon bounded by woods all to myself; a distant view of the railroad where it touches the pond on the one hand, and of the fence which skirts the woodland road on the other. But for the most part it is as solitary where I live as on the prairies. It is as much Asia or Africa as New England. I have, as it were, my own sun and moon and stars, and a little world all to myself. At night there was never a traveller passed my house, or knocked at my door, more than if I were the first or last man; unless it were in the spring, when at long intervals some came from the village to fish for pouts, — they plainly fished much more in the Walden Pond of their own natures, and baited their hooks with darkness, — but they soon retreated, usually with light baskets, and left "the world to darkness and to me," and the black kernel of the night was never profaned by any human neighborhood. I believe that men are generally still a little afraid of the dark, though the witches are all hung, and Christianity and candles have been introduced.

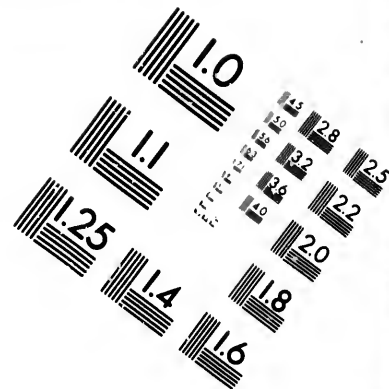
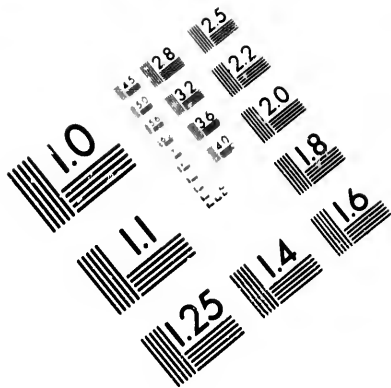
Yet I experienced sometimes that the most sweet and tender, the most innocent and encouraging society may be found in any natural object, even for the poor misanthrope and most melancholy man. There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm but it was *Æolian* music to a healthy and

innocent ear. Nothing can rightly compel a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me. The gentle rain which waters my beans and keeps me in the house today is not drear and melancholy, but good for me too. Though it prevents my hoeing them, it is of far more worth than my hoeing. If it should continue so long as to cause the seeds to rot in the ground and destroy the potatoes in the lowlands, it would still be good for the grass on the uplands, and, being good for the grass, it would be good for me. Sometimes, when I compare myself with other men, it seems as if I were more favored by the gods than they, beyond any deserts that I am conscious of; as if I had a warrant and surety at their hands which my fellows have not, and were especially guided and guarded. I do not flatter myself, but if it be possible they flatter me. I have never felt lonesome, or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude, but once, and that was a few weeks after I came to the woods, when, for an hour, I doubted if the near neighborhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life. To be alone was something unpleasant. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity in my mood, and seemed to foresee my recovery. In the midst of a gentle rain while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent society in Nature, in the very pattering of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me, as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant, and I have never thought of them since. Every little pine needle expanded and swelled with sympathy and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest of blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a villager, that I thought no place could ever be strange to me again.

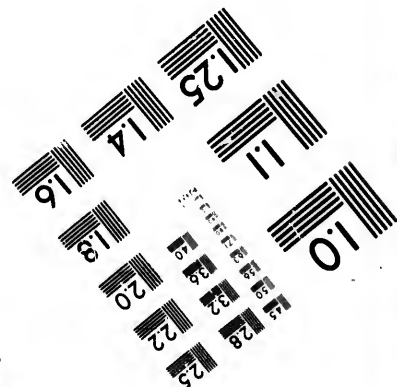
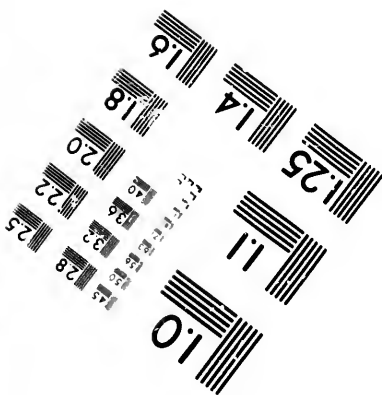
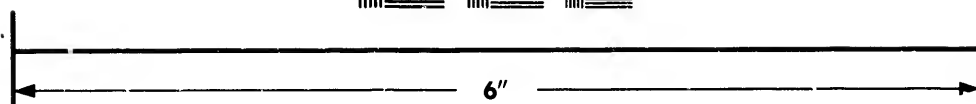
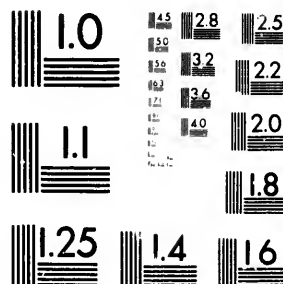
[From *Walden*, chapter 5, "Solitude."]





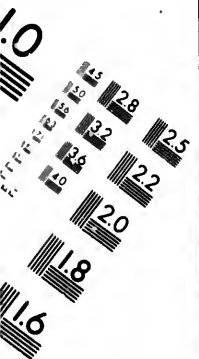


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N. Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503



**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques



© 1981

IMMORTALITY

How long shall we sit in our porticoes practising idle and musty virtues, which any work would make impertinent? As if one were to begin the day with long-suffering, and hire a man to hoe his potatoes; and in the afternoon go forth to practise Christian meekness and charity with goodness aforethought! Consider the China pride and stagnant self-complacency of mankind. This generation inclines a little to congratulate itself on being the last of an illustrious line; and in Boston and London and Paris and Rome, thinking of its long descent, it speaks of its progress in art and science and literature with satisfaction. There are the Records of the Philosophical Societies, and the public Eulogies of *Great Men!* It is the good Adam contemplating his own virtue. "Yes, we have done great deeds, and sung divine songs, which shall never die,"—that is, as long as *we* can remember them. The learned societies and great men of Assyria, — where are they? What youthful philosophers and experimentalists we are! There is not one of my readers who has yet lived a whole human life. These may be but the spring months in the life of the race. If we have had the seven years' itch, we have not seen the seventeen-year locust yet in Concord. We are acquainted with a mere pellicle of the globe on which we live. Most have not delved six feet beneath the surface, nor leaped as many above it. We know not where we are. Beside, we are sound asleep nearly half our time. Yet we esteem ourselves wise, and have an established order on the surface. Truly, we are deep thinkers, we are ambitious spirits! As I stand over the insect crawling amid the pine needles on the forest floor, and endeavoring to conceal itself from my sight, and ask myself why it will cherish those humble thoughts, and hide its head from me who might, perhaps, be its benefactor, and impart to its race some cheering information, I am reminded of the greater Benefactor and Intelligence, that stands over me the human insect.

There is an incessant influx of novelty into the world, and yet we tolerate incredible dulness. I need only suggest what kind of sermons are still listened to in the most enlightened

countries. There are such words as joy and sorrow, but they are only the burden of a psalm, sung with a nasal twang, while we believe in the ordinary and mean. We think that we can change our clothes only. It is said that the British Empire is very large and respectable, and that the United States are a first-rate power. We do not believe that a tide rises and falls behind every man which can float the British Empire like a chip, if he should ever harbor it in his mind. Who knows what sort of seventeen-year locust will next come out of the ground? The government of the world I live in was not framed, like that of Britain, in after-dinner conversations over the wine.

The life in us is like the water in the river. It may rise this year higher than man has ever known it, and flood the parched uplands; even this may be the fruitful year, which will drown out all our muskrats. It was not always dry land where we dwell. I see far inland the banks which the stream anciently washed, before science began to record its freshets. Every one has heard the story which has gone the rounds of New England, of a strong and beautiful bug which came out of the dry leaf of an old table of apple-tree wood, which had stood in a farmer's kitchen for sixty years, first in Connecticut, and afterward in Massachusetts, — from an egg deposited in the living tree many years earlier still, as appeared by counting the annual layers beyond it; which was heard gnawing out for several weeks, hatched perchance by the heat of an urn. Who does not feel his faith in a resurrection and immortality strengthened by hearing of this? Who knows what beautiful and winged life, whose egg has been buried for ages under many concentric layers of woodenness in the dead dry life of society, deposited at first in the alburnum of the green and living tree, which has been gradually converted into the semblance of its well-seasoned tomb, — heard perchance gnawing out now for years by the astonished family of man, as they sat round the festive board, — may unexpectedly come forth from amidst society's most trivial and handselled furniture, to enjoy its perfect summer life at last!

[From *Walden*, "Conclusion."]

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

[James Russell Lowell was born in the Lowell homestead, Elmwood, in Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1819, and died there Aug. 12, 1891. He came from a distinguished New England family. He was educated at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1838. On leaving college he began the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1840, but never practised his profession. Genius and taste alike turned him to literature. In 1843 he was the editor and one of the founders of the short-lived periodical, *The Pioneer*, which took a higher stand than any magazine of the time. He contributed to other periodicals, but he became widely known in 1848 through the ringing satire of the *Biglow Papers*, in which his convictions of the wrong of slavery and the crime of the Mexican War found ardent and effective expression; and also by his *Fable for Critics* and *Sir Launfal*. In 1851 he made his first visit to Europe, and in 1855, after his appointment to succeed Longfellow as Smith professor of the French and Spanish languages and literatures and of belles-lettres at Harvard College, a second visit of several years, during which he laid the foundations of his wide knowledge of the Romance languages and literatures. For twenty years his time was absorbed by his academic duties, by his share in the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* (1857), and the *North American Review* (1863-72), and by the writing of many of his best essays. In 1872, however, he again spent a year in Europe, and in 1877 he virtually severed his connections with Harvard College by his acceptance of an appointment as minister to Spain. In 1880 he was transferred to England, where he served until 1885. In 1887 he paid a last visit to England. Oxford conferred on him the degree of D.C.L. in 1873, and Cambridge that of LL.D. in 1874. Lowell served his country well, not only as a diplomat, an editor, a patriot poet, and an essayist, but as a teacher, and through his continuation at Harvard College of the studies in European languages and literatures begun by Ticknor and Longfellow, the cause of learning and culture throughout the land received a distinct impetus.

Much of Lowell's best work in prose was contributed to various periodicals. The names and dates of the volumes containing his published prose work are as follows: *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets* (1845), *Fireside Travels* (1864), *Among my Books* (first series, 1870; second series, 1876), *My Study Windows* (1871), *Democracy and Other Addresses* (1886), *Political Essays* (1888), *Latest Literary Essays and Addresses* (1891), *The Old English Dramatists* (1892). His *Letters*, edited by C. E. Norton, appeared in 1883.]

AMONG American men of letters Lowell stands conspicuous alike for variety of natural gift and breadth of culture. Poet, wit, humorist, scholar, critic, essayist, professor, diplomatist, in each capacity he exhibited an excellence which served as warrant that had he limited himself to a single art, he might easily have attained to the highest distinction in its pursuit. But the very multiplicity of his endowments interfered with the complete expression of any one of them. His talents hampered his genius. A lifetime is long enough for most men to make full use of their possessions. But so ample were his resources that he seemed to need a secular term in which to fulfil the service which they were capable of rendering. In all that he did he was troubled, not by lack but by superfluity of means. Masterly as was his performance in many fields, his seventy years were but as a long youth, a period of preparation for the completely disciplined exercise of his natural powers. He was never content with his own achievements, but, with unexhausted ardor and unwearied industry, he continued to the end of life preparing himself for the work in which his genius should exhibit the full sweep of its wing.

Yet in his poetry and in his prose, however much there may be that is deciduous, there is much of perennial quality which "gives it a title to rank as literature in the highest sense." His best work is replete with an undying vitality; it is the expression of a spirit of perpetual contemporaneity. His own words in speaking of the classics are largely applicable to himself: "Their vitality is the vitality not of one or another blood or tongue, but of human nature; their truth is not topical and transitory, but of universal acceptance; and thus all great authors seem the coevals not only of each other, but of whoever reads them, growing wiser with him as he grows wise, and unlocking to him one secret after another as his own life and experience give him the key, but on no other condition. Their meaning is absolute, not conditional; it is a property of theirs quite irrespective of manners or creed; for the highest culture, the development of the individual by observation, reflection, and study leads to one result, whether in Athens or in London" or on the banks of the Charles.

Lowell was fortunate in his birth and his early training. The time was the happiest period of the historic life of New England. The

community was one in which homogeneousness of blood, common traditions, simplicity of customs, wide diffusion of comfort and of culture, an unusual equality of condition, a general disposition to individual independence and mutual reliance, all combined to promote a spirit of hopefulness, confidence, and sympathy, such as has rarely existed among men. For a youth of genius it was a fortunate society in which he grew up. There were few adventitious difficulties to be struggled with; there was little to pervert the natural course of his powers; there was learning enough to be had for their due cultivation; the moral atmosphere was healthy. The influence of such conditions is manifest not only in Lowell's writings, but in those of his contemporaries as well: it gave its quality to the wisdom of Emerson, to the poetry of Longfellow; and, in the work of these and other men their fellows, the salutary influence is perpetuated for the benefit of later generations. These men in their writings, and in their lives, gave expression and form to the true ideals of American democracy.

The first of Lowell's prose works, *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets*, was published in 1845, when he was but twenty-six years old, "standing as yet only in the outer porch of life." Alike in substance and in form it exhibits the youthfulness of its author, but it is the work of a youth already capable of such things as betoken great achievements to come. There is in it the evidence of native force of mind, of poetic temperament, of imaginative insight and critical discrimination, as well as of wide reading and capacity of so assimilating the thought of others as to make it the nutriment of originality of genius. But there is also in it something of the perfervid zeal of youth, its disposition to rhetorical exuberance, its exclusiveness of taste, and its subjection to the influences of favorite writers. Lowell rapidly outgrew these defects, they became distasteful to him, and in later years he refrained from reprinting the little book which, in spite of its containing much that remained characteristic of its author, was the work of a writer different in some important respects from what he had become. In the Address to the Reader with which it begins there is, however, a passage which is of interest in its bearing on the whole of Lowell's literary work. "For the minor faults of the book," said the young author, "the hurry with which it has been prepared must

plead in extenuation, since it was in process of writing and printing at the same time, so that I could never estimate its proportions as a whole." The same words might have been repeated as an introduction to much, indeed to the greater part, of his writing at every period of his life. Poem or essay as it might be, the expression of life-long sentiment, or of years of study and reflection, it was written hastily. The pages flew from the study to the press. Lowell's faculties were so ready at command, were so trained and disciplined by continual service, that he could trust them to perform efficiently the bidding of his genius whatever it might require. But even the most consummate master cannot always give perfection of form to work in his first shaping of it. The *mentis aeternae forma* is not to be rendered in its completeness at the first effort. But he was impatient of revision. The poetic impulse was stronger in him than the artistic. He could not bring himself to follow Donne's example, and "cribrate, recribrate, and postcribrate." The very abundance of his genius was a temptation which led him to care little for what lay behind him already accomplished, in comparison with the allurements of what still lay before him to be done. And he had, indeed, such ample reason for confidence in his own powers, that the lover of his work is left with little to desire but that the gods had added to his other gifts the disposition of perfecting.

At its best Lowell's prose style is that of a master of the English tongue. It is full of life and masculine vigor. In its large, clear, and easy flow it is the expression of a strong, rich, and well-nurtured mind, of a nature generous and sweet, and of a poetic temperament modified by the tastes of a scholar and of a student of nature. The resources of the language are at his command. There is no conscious effort in his sentences, no mere rhetorical display, but they possess a natural and often noble modulation. The form which he gives to his thought seldom makes too great a claim on the attention of the reader; his diction is in general simple and direct, full without redundancy, word and phrase happily coalescing with the thought. There is much in his style of what he called "that happy spontaneousness which delights us in the best writers," and which, seeming to partake of the element of luck, is evidence of the highest culture. Now and then his

vivacity of fancy leads him beyond the bounds of a chastened taste, and he drops the wand of the magician to play for a brief instant with the lath of the jester. But the fulness of life is less often manifest in superabundance of vivacity than in happy illustration, vivid metaphor, imaginative simile, or wise reflection.

Of all his prose work that which most fully displays his genius is, perhaps, the body of his essays on the English poets and dramatists. There are no literary studies in the language more instinct with the true spirit of critical appreciation, none which may serve better as an introduction not merely to the work of special poets, but to English poetry in general. For, in treating of the poets from Spenser to Wordsworth, the whole field is traversed along the main road leading through it, and many of its by-paths are incidentally explored. The treatment is throughout large, liberal, and just, distinguished by poetic insight, scholarly urbanity, and mature reflection.

Yet if his native genius finds its freest expression in these literary essays, his character is perhaps manifested even more impressively in his political writings. The spirit that pervades them is that of the wise and practical idealist, who knows that the worth of a nation and the strength of its institutions depend upon the nature of the ideas which they embody and represent, and that material prosperity is in the long run dependent upon the supremacy of moral principles. The vigorous reasoning, the large knowledge of history, the wit, the clearness of statement, the strong, right sentiment of these essays and speeches give them a high rank in political literature.

Lowell's place is secure among the great writers of English prose; for it is not presumptuous to prophesy that much of his work will be read by future generations, not merely for its importance in the history of American letters, but for its own sake, its wisdom and its charm, its abiding classic quality.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

THE YANKEE CHARACTER

THERE are two things upon which it should seem fitting to dilate somewhat more largely in this place, — the Yankee character and the Yankee dialect. And, first, of the Yankee character, which has wanted neither open maligners, nor even more dangerous enemies in the persons of those unskillful painters who have given to it that hardness, angularity, and want of proper perspective, which, in truth, belonged, not to their subject, but to their own niggard and unskillful pencil.

New England was not so much the colony of a mother country, as a Hagar driven forth into the wilderness. The little self-exiled band which came hither in 1620 came, not to seek gold, but to found a democracy. They came that they might have the privileges to work and pray, to sit upon hard benches and listen to painful preachers as long as they would, yea, even unto thirty-seventhly, if the spirit so willed it. And surely if the Greek might boast his Thermopylæ, where three hundred men fell resisting the Persian, we may well be proud of our Plymouth Rock, where a landful of men, women, and children not merely faced, but vanquished, winter, famine, the wilderness, and the yet more invincible *storge* that drew them back to the green island far away. These found no lotus growing upon the surly shore, the taste of which could make them forget their little native Ithaca; nor were they so wanting to themselves in faith as to burn their ship, but could see the fair west-wind belly the homeward sail, and then turn unrepining to grapple with the terrible Unknown.

As Want was the prime foe these hardy exodists had to fortress themselves against, so it is little wonder if that traditional feud be long in wearing out of the stock. The wounds of the old warfare were long ahealing, and an east-wind of hard times puts a new ache in every one of them. Thrift was the first lesson in their horn-book, pointed out, letter after letter, by the lean finger of the hard schoolmaster, Necessity. Neither were those plump, rosy-gilled Englishmen that came hither, but a hard-faced, atrabilious, earnest-eyed race, stiff from long wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and who had taught Satan to dread the new Puritan

chastened
for a brief
life is less
happy illus-
sion.
his genius
and drama-
more instinct
may serve
sical poets,
f the poets
d along the
s are inci-
liberal, and
and mature

these liter-
ore impres-
des them is
at the worth
d upon the
nt, and that
the suprem-
, the large
temment, the
give them a

of English
much of his
r its impor-
own sake, its

NORTON

hug. Add two hundred years' influence of soil, climate, and exposure, with its necessary result of idiosyncrasies, and we have the present Yankee, full of expedients, half-master of all trades, inventive in all but the beautiful, full of shifts, not yet capable of comfort, armed at all points against the old enemy Hunger, longanimous, good at patching, not so careful for what is best as for what will *do*, with a clasp to his purse and a button to his pocket, not skilled to build against Time, as in old countries, but against sore-pressing Need, accustomed to move the world with no *πῶς ἢ ὅπως* but his own two feet, and no lever but his own long forecast. A strange hybrid, indeed, did circumstance beget, here in the New World, upon the old Puritan stock, and the earth never before saw such mystic-practicalism, such nigard-generality, such calculating-fanaticism, such cast-iron-enthusiasm, such unwilling-humor, such close-fisted-generosity. This new *Graeculus esuriens* will make a living out of anything. He will invent new trades as well as tools. His brain is his capital, and he will get education at all risks. Put him on Juan Fernandez, and he would make a spelling-book first, and a salt-pan afterward. *In calum, jussuris, ibit*, — or the other way either, — it is all one, so anything is to be got by it. Yet, after all, thin, speculative Jonathan is more like the Englishman of two centuries ago than John Bull himself is. He has lost somewhat in solidity, has become fluent and adaptable, but more of the original groundwork of character remains. He feels more at home with Fulke Greville, Herbert of Cherbury, Quarles, George Herbert, and Browne, than with his modern English cousins. He is nearer than John, but by at least a hundred years, to Naseby, Marston Moor, Worcester, and the time when, if ever, there were true Englishmen. John Bull has suffered the idea of the Invisible to be very much fattened out of him. Jonathan is conscious still that he lives in the world of the Unseen as well as the Seen. To move John you must make your fulcrum of solid beef and pudding; an abstract idea will do for Jonathan.

[*The Biglow Papers*, First Series, 1848, "Introduction." The text is that of the first edition.]

CAMBRIDGE THIRTY YEARS AGO

A MEMOIR ADDRESSED TO THE EDELMANN STORG IN ROME

In those quiet old winter evenings, around our Roman fireside, it was not seldom, my dear Storg, that we talked of the advantages of travel, and in speeches not so long that our cigars would forget their fire (the measure of just conversation) debated the comparative advantages of the Old and the New Worlds. You will remember how serenely I bore the imputation of provincialism, while I asserted that those advantages were reciprocal; that an orb and a balanced life would revolve between the Old and the New as its opposite, but not antagonistic poles, the true equator lying somewhere midway between them. I asserted also that there were two epochs at which a man might travel, — before twenty, for pure enjoyment, and after thirty, for instruction. At twenty, the eye is sufficiently delighted with merely seeing; new things are pleasant only because they are not old; and we take everything heartily and naturally in the right way, events being always like knives, which either serve us or cut us, as we grasp them by the blade or the handle. After thirty, we carry with us our scales with lawful weights stamped by experience, and our chemical tests acquired by study, with which to ponder and assay all arts, and institutions, and manners, and to ascertain either their absolute worth, or their merely relative value to ourselves. On the whole, I declared myself in favor of the after-thirty method, — was it partly (so difficult is it to distinguish between opinions and personalities) because I had tried it myself, though with scales so imperfect and tests so inadequate? Perhaps so, but more because I held that a man should have travelled thoroughly round himself and the great *terra incognita* just outside and inside his own threshold, before he undertook voyages of discovery to other worlds. Let him first thoroughly explore that strange country laid down on the maps as SEAUTON; let him look down into its craters and find whether they be burnt out or only sleeping; let him know between the good and evil fruits of its passionate tropics; let him experience how healthful are its serene and

high-lying table-lands; let him be many times driven back (till he wisely consent to be baffled) from its metaphysical northwest passages that lead only to the dreary solitudes of a sunless world, before he think himself morally equipped for travels to more distant regions. But does he commonly even so much as think of this, or, while buying amplest trunks for his corporeal apparel, does it once occur to him how very small a portmanteau will contain all his mental and spiritual outfit? Oftener, it is true, that a man who could scarce be induced to expose his unclothed body, even in a village of prairie-dogs, will complacently display a mind as naked as the day it was born, without so much as a fig-leaf of acquirement on it, in every gallery of Europe. If not with a robe dyed in the Tyrian purple of imaginative culture, if not with the close-fitting, active dress of social or business training, — at least, my dear Storg, one might provide himself with the merest waist-clout of modesty!

But if it be too much to expect men to traverse and survey themselves before they go abroad, we might certainly ask that they should be familiar with their own villages. If not even that, then it is of little import whither they go, and let us hope that, by seeing how calmly their own narrow neighborhood bears their departure, they may be led to think that the circles of disturbance set in motion by the fall of their tiny drop into the ocean of eternity, will not have a radius of more than a week in any direction; and that the world can endure the subtraction of even a justice of the peace with provoking equanimity. In this way, at least, foreign travel may do them good, may make them, if not wiser, at any rate less fussy. Is it a great way to go to school, and a great fee to pay for the lesson? We cannot pay too much for that genial stoicism which, when life flouts us and says — *Put THAT in your pipe and smoke it!* — can puff away with as sincere a relish as if it were tobacco of Mount Lebanon in a narghileh of Damascus.

After all, my dear Storg, it is to know *things* that one has need to travel, and not *men*. Those force us to come to them, but these come to us — sometimes whether we will or no. These exist for us in every variety in our own town. You may find your antipodes without a voyage to China; he lives there, just

round the next corner, precise, formal, the slave of precedent, making all his tea-cups with a break in the edge, because his model had one, and your fancy decorates him with an endlessness of airy pigtail. There, too, are John Bull, Jean Crapaud, Hans Sauerkraut, Pat Murphy, and the rest.

It has been well said —

"He needs no ship to cross the tide,
Who, in the lives around him, sees
Fair window-prospects opening wide
O'er history's fields on every side,
Rome, Egypt, England, Ind, and Greece.

"Whatever moulds of various brain
E'er shaped the world to weal or woe, —
Whatever Empires wax and wane, —
To him who hath not eyes in vain,
His village-microcosm can show."

But *things* are good for nothing out of their natural *habitat*. If the heroic Barnum had succeeded in transplanting Shakespeare's house to America, what interest would it have had for us, torn out of its appropriate setting in softly-hilled Warwickshire, which showed us that the most English of poets must be born in the most English of counties? I mean by a *Thing* that which is not a mere spectacle, that which the mind leaps forth to, as it also leaps to the mind, as soon as they come within each other's sphere of attraction, and with instantaneous coalition form a new product — knowledge. Such, in the understanding it gives us of early Roman history, is the little territory around Rome, the *gentis cunabula*, without a sight of which Livy and Niebuhr and the maps are vain. So, too, one must go to Pompeii and the *Museo Borbonico*, to get a true conception of that wondrous artistic nature of the Greeks, strong enough, even in the petty colony, to survive foreign conquest and to assimilate barbarian blood, showing a grace and fertility of invention, whose Roman copies Raffaello himself could only copy, and enchanting even the base utensils of the kitchen with an inevitable sense of beauty to which we subterranean Northmen have not yet so much as dreamed of climbing. Mere sights one can see quite as well

at home. Mont Blanc does not tower more grandly in the memory, than did the dream-peak which loomed afar on the morning-horizon of hope; nor did the smoke-palm of Vesuvius stand more erect and fair, with tapering stem and spreading top, in that Parthenopeian air than under the diviner sky of imagination. I know what Shakespeare says about home-keeping youths, and I can fancy what you will add about America being interesting only as a phenomenon, and uncomfortable to live in, because we have not yet done with getting ready to live. But is not your Europe, on the other hand, a place where men have done living for the present, and of value chiefly because of the men who had done living in it long ago? And if, in our rapidly-moving country, one feel sometimes as if he had his home in a railroad train, is there not also a satisfaction in knowing that one *is* going somewhere? To what end visit Europe, if people carry with them, as most do, their old parochial horizon, going hardly as Americans even, much less as men? Have we not both seen persons abroad who put us in mind of parlor goldfish in their vase, isolated in that little globe of their own element, incapable of communication with the strange world around them, a show themselves, while it was always doubtful if they could see at all beyond the limits of their portable prison? The wise man travels to discover himself; it is to find himself out that he goes out of himself and his habitual associations, trying everything in turn till he find that one activity, sovran over him by divine right, toward which all the disbanded powers of his nature and the irregular tendencies of his life gather joyfully, as to the common rallying-point of their loyalty.

All these things we debated while the ilex logs upon the hearth burned down to tinkling coals, over which a gray, soft moss of ashes grew betimes, mocking the poor wood with a pale travesty of that green and gradual decay on forest-floors, its natural end. Already the clock at the *Capuccini* told the morning quarters, and on the pauses of our talk no sound intervened but the muffled hoot of an owl in the near convent-garden, or the rattling tramp of a patrol of that French army which keeps him a prisoner in his own city who claims to lock and unlock the doors of heaven. But still the discourse would eddy round one obstinate rocky tenet

of mine, for I maintained, you remember, that the wisest man was he who stayed at home; that to see the antiquities of the old world was nothing, since the youth of the world was really no farther away from us than our own youth; and that, moreover, we had also in America things amazingly old, as our boys, for example. Add, that in the end this antiquity is a matter of comparison, which skips from place to place as nimbly as Emerson's sphinx, and that one old thing is good only till we have seen an older. England is ancient till we go to Rome. Etruria dethrones Rome, but only to pass this sceptre of Antiquity which so lords it over our fancies to the Pelasgi, from whom Egypt straightway wrenches it to give it up in turn to older India. And whither then? As well rest upon the first step, since the effect of what is old upon the mind is single and positive, not cumulative. As soon as a thing is past, it is as infinitely far away from us as if it had happened millions of years ago. And if the learned Huet be correct, who reckoned that every human thought and record could be included in ten folios, what so frightfully old as we ourselves, who can, if we choose, hold in our memories every syllable of recorded time, from the first crunch of Eve's teeth in the apple, downward, being thus ideally contemporary with hoariest Eld?

"Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To us are nothing novel, nothing strange."

Now, my dear Storg, you know my (what the phrenologists call) inhabitiveness and adhesiveness, how I stand by the old thought, the old thing, the old place, and the old friend, till I am very sure I have got a better, and even then migrate painfully. Remember the old Arabian story, and think how hard it is to pick up all the pomegranate-seeds of an opponent's argument, and how, as long as one remains, you are as far from the end as ever. Since I have you entirely at my mercy (for you cannot answer me under five weeks) you will not be surprised at the advent of this letter. I had always one impregnable position, which was, that however good other places might be, there was only one in which we could be born, and which therefore possessed a quite peculiar and inalienable virtue. We had the fortune, which

neither of us have had reason to call other than good, to journey together through the green, secluded valley of boyhood; together we climbed the mountain wall which shut it in, and looked upon those Italian plains of early manhood; and, since then, we have met sometimes by a well, or broken bread together at an oasis in the arid desert of life, as it truly is. With this letter I propose to make you my fellow-traveller in one of those fireside voyages which, as we grow older, we make oftener and oftener through our own past. Without leaving your elbow-chair, you shall go back with me thirty years, which will bring you among things and persons as thoroughly preterite as Romulus or Numa. For, so rapid are our changes in America, that the transition from old to new, the shifting from habits and associations to others entirely different, is as rapid almost as the pushing in of one scene and the drawing out of another on the stage. And it is this which makes America so interesting to the philosophic student of history and man. Here, as in a theatre, the great problems of anthropology, which in the old world were ages in solving, but which are solved, leaving only a dry net result; are compressed, as it were, into the entertainment of a few hours. Here we have I know not how many epochs of history and phases of civilization contemporary with each other, nay, within five minutes of each other by the electric telegraph. In two centuries we have seen rehearsed the dispersion of man from a small point over a whole continent; we witness with our own eyes the action of those forces which govern the great migration of the peoples, now historical in Europe; we can watch the action and reaction of different races, forms of government, and higher or lower civilizations. Over there, you have only the dead precipitate, demanding tedious analysis; but here the elements are all in solution, and we have only to look to know them all. History, which every day makes less account of governors and more of man, must find here the compendious key to all that picture-writing of the Past. Therefore it is, my dear Storg, that we Yankees may still esteem our America a place worth living in. But calm your apprehensions: I do not propose to drag you with me on such an historical circumnavigation of the globe, but only to show you that (however needful it may be to go abroad for the study of æsthetics) a

man who uses the eyes of his heart, may find here also pretty bits of what may be called the social picturesque, and little landscapes over which that Indian-summer atmosphere of the Past broods as sweetly and tenderly as over a Roman ruin. Let us look at the Cambridge of thirty years since.

The seat of the oldest college in America, it had, of course, some of that cloistered quiet which characterizes all university towns. But, underlying this, it had an idiosyncrasy of its own. Boston was not yet a city, and Cambridge was still a country village, with its own habits and traditions, not yet feeling too strongly the force of suburban gravitation. Approaching it from the west by what was then called the New Road (it is so called no longer, for we change our names whenever we can, to the great detriment of all historical association) you would pause on the brow of Symonds' Hill to enjoy a view singularly soothing and placid. In front of you lay the town, tufted with elms, lindens, and horse-chestnuts, which had seen Massachusetts a colony, and were fortunately unable to emigrate with the Tories by whom, or by whose fathers, they were planted. Over it rose the noisy belfry of the college, the square, brown tower of the church, and the slim, yellow spire of the parish meeting-house, by no means ungraceful, and then an invariable characteristic of New England religious architecture. On your right, the Charles slipped smoothly through green and purple salt-meadows, darkened, here and there, with the blossoming black-grass as with a stranded cloud-shadow. Over these marshes, level as water, but without its glare, and with softer and more soothing gradations of perspective, the eye was carried to a horizon of softly-rounded hills. To your left hand, upon the Old Road, you saw some half-dozen dignified old houses of the colonial time, all comfortably fronting southward. If it were spring-time, the rows of horse-chestnuts along the fronts of these houses showed, through every crevice of their dark heap of foliage, and on the end of every drooping limb, a cone of pearly flowers, while the hill behind was white or rosy with the crowding blooms of various fruit-trees. There is no sound, unless a horseman clatters over the loose planks of the bridge, while his antipodal shadow glides silently over the mirrored bridge below, or unless

"O winged rapture, feathered soul of spring,
Blithe voice of woods, fields, waters, all in one,
Pipe blown through by the warm, mild breath of June,
Shepherding her white flocks of woolly clouds,
The Bobolink has come, and climbs the wind
With rippling wings, that quaver, not for flight,
But only joy, or, yielding to its will,
Runs down, a brook of laughter, through the air."

Such was the charmingly rural picture which he who, thirty years ago, went eastward over Symonds' Hill, had given him for nothing to hang in the Gallery of Memory. But we are a city now, and Common Councils have as yet no notion of the truth (learned long ago by many a European hamlet) that picturesqueness adds to the actual money value of a town. To save a few dollars in gravel, they have cut a kind of dry ditch through the hill, where you suffocate with dust in summer, or flounder through waist-deep snow-drifts in winter, with no prospect but the crumbling earth-walls on each side. The landscape was carried away, cart-load by cart-load, and, deposited on the roads, forms a part of that unfathomable pudding, which has, I fear, driven many a teamster and pedestrian to the use of phrases not commonly found in English dictionaries.

We called it "the Village" then (I speak of Old Cambridge), and it was essentially an English village, quiet, unspeculative, without enterprise, sufficing to itself, and only showing such differences from the original type as the public school and the system of town government might superinduce. A few houses, chiefly old, stood around the bare common, with ample elbow-room, and old women, capped and spectacled, still peered through the same windows from which they had watched Lord Percy's artillery rumble by to Lexington, or caught a glimpse of the handsome Virginia General who had come to wield our homespun Saxon chivalry. People were still living who regretted the late unhappy separation from the Mother Island, who had seen no gentry since the Vassalls went, and who thought that Boston had ill kept the day of her patron saint, Botolph, on the 17th June, 1775. The hooks were to be seen from which had swung the hammocks of Burgoyne's captive red-coats. If memory does not

deceive me, women still washed clothes in the town-spring, clear as that of Bandusia. One coach sufficed for all the travel to the metropolis. Commencement had not ceased to be the great holiday of the Puritan Commonwealth, and a fitting one it was — the festival of Santa Scolastica, whose triumphal path one may conceive strewn with leaves of spelling-book instead of bay. The students (scholars they were called then) wore their sober uniform, not ostentatiously distinctive nor capable of rousing democratic envy, and the old lines of caste were blurred rather than rubbed out, as servitor was softened into beneficiary. The Spanish king was sure that the gesticulating student was either mad or reading Don Quixotte, and if, in those days, you met a youth swinging his arms and talking to himself, you might conclude that he was either a lunatic or one who was to appear in a "part" at the next Commencement. A favorite place for the rehearsal of these orations was the retired amphitheatre of the Gravelpit, perched unregarded on whose dizzy edge, I have heard many a burst of *plus-quam-Ciceronian* eloquence, and (often repeated) the regular *saluto vos praestantissimas*, &c., which every year (with a glance at the gallery) causes a flutter among the fans innocent of Latin, and delights to applauses of conscious superiority the youth almost as innocent as they. It is curious, by the way, to note how plainly one can feel the pulse of self in the plaudits of an audience. At a political meeting, if the enthusiasm of the lieges hang fire, it may be exploded at once by an allusion to their intelligence or patriotism, and at a literary festival, the first Latin quotation draws the first applause, the clapping of hands being intended as a tribute to our own familiarity with that sonorous tongue, and not at all as an approval of the particular sentiment conveyed in it. For if the orator should say, "Well has Tacitus remarked, *Americani omnes sunt naturaliter fures et stulti*," it would be all the same. But the Gravelpit was patient, if irresponsible; nor did the declaimer always fail to bring down the house, bits of loosened earth falling now and then from the precipitous walls, their cohesion perhaps overcome by the vibrations of the voice, and happily satirizing the effect of most popular discourses, which prevail rather with the clay than with the spiritual part of the hearer. Was it possible for

us in those days to conceive of a greater potentate than the President of the University, in his square doctor's cap, that still filially recalled Oxford and Cambridge? If there was a doubt, it was suggested only by the Governor, and even by him on artillery election days alone, superbly martial with epaulets and buckskin breeches, and bestriding the war-horse, promoted to that solemn duty for his tameness and steady habits.

Thirty years ago, the Town had indeed a character. Railways and omnibuses had not rolled flat all little social prominences and peculiarities, making every man as much a citizen every where as at home. No Charlestown boy could come to our annual festival, without fighting to avenge a certain traditional porcine imputation against the inhabitants of that historic locality, to which our youth gave vent, in fanciful imitations of the dialect of the sty, or derisive shouts of "Charlestown hogs!" The penny newspaper had not yet silenced the tripod of the barber, oracle of news. Every body knew every body, and all about every body, and village wit, whose high 'change was around the little market-house in the town-square, had labelled every more marked individuality with nick-names that clung like burs. Things were established then, and men did not run through all the figures on the dial of society so swiftly as now, when hurry and competition seem to have quite unhung the modulating pendulum of steady thrift, and competent training. Some slow-minded persons even followed their father's trade, an humiliating spectacle, rarer every day. We had our established loafers, toppers, proverb-mongers, barber, parson, nay, postmaster, whose tenure was for life. The great political engine did not then come down at regular quadrennial intervals, like a nail-cutting machine, to make all official lives of a standard length, and to generate lazy and intriguing expectancy. Life flowed in recognized channels, narrower, perhaps, but with all the more individuality and force.

If K. were out of place as president, that was not P. as Greek professor. Who that ever saw him can forget him, in his old age, like a lusty winter, frosty but kindly, with great silver spectacles of the heroic period, such as scarce twelve noses of these

degenerate days could bear? He was a natural celibate, not dwelling "like the fly in the heart of the apple," but like a lonely bee, rather, absconding himself in Hymettian flowers, incapable of matrimony as a solitary palm-tree. There was not even a tradition of youthful disappointment. I fancy him arranging his scrupulous toilet, not for Amaryllis or Neæra, but, like Machiavelli, for the society of his beloved classics. His ears had needed no prophylactic wax to pass the Sirens' isle, nay, he would have kept them the wider open, studious of the dialect in which they sang, and perhaps triumphantly detecting the Aeolic digamma in their lay. A thoroughly single man, single-minded, single-hearted, buttoning over his single heart a single-breasted surtout, and wearing always a hat of a single fashion, — did he in secret regard the dual number of his favorite language as a weakness? The son of an officer of distinction in the Revolutionary War, he mounted the pulpit with the erect port of a soldier, and carried his cane more in the fashion of a weapon than a staff, but with the point lowered in token of surrender to the peaceful proprieties of his calling. Yet sometimes the martial instincts would burst the cerements of black coat and clerical neck-cloth, as once when the students had got into a fight upon the training-field, and the licentious soldiery, furious with rum, had driven them at point of bayonet to the college-gates, and even threatened to lift their arms against the Muses' bower. Then, like Major Goffe at Deerfield, suddenly appeared the grayhaired P., all his father resurgent in him, and shouted, "Now, my lads, stand your ground, you're in the right now! don't let one of them get inside the college grounds!" Thus he allowed arms to get the better of the *toga*, but raised it, like the Prophet's breeches, into a banner, and carefully ushered resistance with a preamble of infringed right. Fidelity was his strong characteristic, and burned equably in him through a life of eighty-three years. He drilled himself till inflexible habit stood sentinel before all these postern-weaknesses which temperament leaves unbolted to temptation. A lover of the scholar's herb, yet loving freedom more, and knowing that the animal appetites ever hold one hand behind them for Satan to drop a bribe in, he would never have two segars in his house at once, but walked every day to the shop to fetch

his single diurnal solace. Nor would he trust himself with two on Saturdays, preferring (since he could not violate the Sabbath even by that infinitesimal traffic) to depend on Providential ravens, which were seldom wanting in the shape of some black-coated friend who knew his need and honored the scruple that occasioned it. He was faithful also to his old hats, in which appeared the constant service of the antique world, and which he preserved for ever, piled like a black pagoda under his dressing-table. No scarecrow was ever the residuary legatee of *his* beavers, though one of them in any of the neighboring peach-orchards would have been soveran against an attack of freshmen. He wore them all in turn, getting through all in the course of the year, like the sun through the signs of the Zodiac, modulating them according to seasons and celestial phenomena, so that never was spider-web or chickweed so sensitive a weather-gauge as they. Nor did his political party find him less loyal. Taking all the tickets, he would seat himself apart and carefully compare them with the list of regular nominations as printed in his *Daily Advertiser* before he dropped his ballot in the box. In less ambitious moments it almost seems to me that I would rather have had that slow, conscientious vote of P.'s alone, than have been chosen alderman of the ward!

If you had walked to what was then Sweet Auburn by the pleasant Old Road, on some June morning thirty years ago, you would, very likely, have met two other characteristic persons, both phantasmagoric now, and belonging to the Past. Fifty years earlier, the scarlet-coated, rapiere figures of Vassall, Oliver, and Brattle, creaked up and down there on red-heeled shoes, lifting the ceremonious three-cornered hat, and offering the fugacious hospitalities of the snuff-box. They are all shadowy alike now, not one of your Etruscan Lucumos or Roman Consuls more so, my dear Storg. First is W., his *queue* slender and tapering like the tail of a violet crab, held out horizontally, by the high collar of his shepherd's-gray overcoat, whose style was of the latest when he studied at Leyden in his hot youth. The age of cheap clothes sees no more of those faithful old garments, as proper to their wearers and as distinctive as the barks of trees, and by long use interpenetrated with their very nature. Nor do we see so many

Humors (still in the old sense) now that every man's soul belongs to the Public, as when social distinctions were more marked, and men felt that their personalities were their castles, in which they could entrench themselves against the world. Nowadays men are shy of letting their true selves be seen, as if in some former life they had committed a crime, and were all the time afraid of discovery and arrest in this. Formerly they used to insist on your giving the wall to their peculiarities, and you may still find examples of it in the parson or the doctor of r̄red villages. One of W.'s oddities was touching. A little brook used to run across the street, and the sidewalk was carried over it by a broad stone. Of course, there is no brook now. What use did that little glimpse of ripple serve, where the children used to launch their chip fleets? W., in going over this stone, which gave a hollow resonance to the tread, used to strike upon it three times with his cane, and mutter Tom! Tom! Tom! I used to think he was only mimicking with his voice the sound of the blows, and possibly it was that sound which suggested his thought — for he was remembering a favorite nephew prematurely dead. Perhaps Tom had sailed his boats there; perhaps the reverberation under the old man's foot hinted at the hollowness of life; perhaps the fleeting eddies of the water brought to mind the *fugaces annos*. W., like P., wore amazing spectacles, fit to transmit no smaller image than the page of mightiest folios of Dioscorides or Hercules de Saxonîa, and rising full-disked upon the beholder like those prodigies of two moons at once, portending change to monarchs. The great collar disallowing any independent rotation of the head, I remember he used to turn his whole person in order to bring their *foci* to bear upon an object. One can fancy that terrified nature would have yielded up her secrets at once, without cross-examination, at their first glare. Through them he had gazed fondly into the great mare's-nest of Junius, publishing his observations upon the eggs found therein in a tall octavo. It was he who introduced vaccination to this Western World. He used to stop and say good-morning kindly, and pat the shoulder of the blushing school-boy who now, with the fierce snow-storm wildering without, sits and remembers sadly those old meetings and partings in the June sunshine.

Then, there was S., whose resounding "haw! haw! haw! by George!" positively enlarged the income of every dweller in Cambridge. In downright, honest good cheer and good neighborhood it was worth five hundred a year to every one of us. Its jovial thunders cleared the mental air of every sulky cloud. Perpetual childlike dwelt in him, the childhood of his native Southern France, and its fixed air was all the time bubbling up and sparkling and winking in his eyes. It seemed as if his placid old face were only a mask behind which a merry Cupid had ambushed himself, peeping out all the while, and ready to drop it when the play grew tiresome. Every word he uttered seemed to be hilarious, no matter what the occasion. If he were sick and you visited him, if he had met with a misfortune (and there are few men so wise that they can look even at the back of a retiring sorrow with composure), it was all one; his great laugh went off as if it were set like an alarm-clock, to run down, whether he would or no, at a certain nick. Even after an ordinary *good morning!* (especially if to an old pupil, and in French,) the wonderful *haw! haw! haw! by George!* would burst upon you unexpectedly like a salute of artillery on some holiday which you had forgotten. Every thing was a joke to him — that the oath of allegiance had been administered to him by your grandfather, — that he had taught Prescott his first Spanish (of which he was proud) — no matter what. Every thing came to him marked by nature — *right side up, with care*, and he kept it so. The world to him, as to all of us, was like a medal, on the obverse of which is stamped the image of Joy, and on the reverse that of Care. S. never took the foolish pains to look at that other side, even if he knew its existence; much less would it have occurred to him to turn it into view and insist that his friends should look at it with him. Nor was this a mere outside good-humor; its source was deeper in a true Christian kindness and amenity. Once when he had been knocked down by a tipsily-driven sleigh, and was urged to prosecute the offenders — "No, no," he said, his wounds still fresh, "young blood! young blood! it must have its way; I was young myself." *Was!* few men come into life so young as S. went out. He landed in Boston (then the front door of America) in '93, and, in honor of the ceremony, had his head powdered

afresh, and put on a suit of court-mourning before he set foot on the wharf. My fancy always dressed him in that violet silk, and his soul certainly wore a full court-suit. What was there ever like his bow? It was as if you had received a decoration, and could write yourself gentleman from that day forth. His hat rose, regretting your own, and, having sailed through the stately curve of the old *régime*, sank gently back over that placid brain which harbored no thought less white than the powder which covered it. I have sometimes imagined that there was a graduated arc over his head, invisible to other eyes than his, by which he meted out to each his rightful share of castorial consideration. I carry in my memory three exemplary bows. The first is that of an old beggar, who already carrying in his hand a white hat, the gift of benevolence, took off the black one from his head also, and profoundly saluted me with both at once, giving me, in return for my alms, a dual benediction, puzzling as a nod from Janus Bifrons. The second I received from an old Cardinal who was taking his walk just outside the Porta San Giovanni at Rome. I paid him the courtesy due to his age and rank. Forthwith rose—first, *the Hat*; second, the hat of his confessor; third, that of another priest who attended him; fourth, the fringed cocked-hat of his coachman; fifth and sixth, the ditto, ditto, of his two footmen. Here was an investment, indeed; six hundred per cent. interest on a single bow! The third bow, worthy to be noted in one's almanac among the other *mirabilia*, was that of S., in which courtesy had mounted to the last round of her ladder,—and tried to draw it up after her.

But the genial veteran is gone even while I am writing this, and I will play Old Mortality no longer. Wandering among these recent graves, my dear friend, we may chance to —, but no, I will not end my sentence. I bid you heartily farewell!

[*Fireside Travels*: "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago." *Pulnam's Magazine*, 1854, vol. iii.]

KEATS'S POETRY

The faults of Keats's poetry are obvious enough, but it should be remembered that he died at twenty-four, and that he offends by superabundance and not poverty. That he was overlanguaged at first there can be no doubt, and in this was implied the possibility of falling back to the perfect mean of diction. It is only by the rich that the costly plainness, which at once satisfies the taste and the imagination, is attainable.

Whether Keats was original or not we do not think it useful to discuss until it has been settled what originality is. Mr. Milnes tells us that this merit (whatever it is) has been denied to Keats because his poems take the color of the authors he happened to be reading at the time he wrote them. But men have their intellectual ancestry, and the likeness of some one of them is forever unexpectedly flashing out in the features of a descendant, it may be after a gap of several generations. In the parliament of the present, every man represents a constituency of the past. It is true that Keats has the accent of the men from whom he learned to speak, but this is to make originality a mere question of externals, and in this sense the author of a dictionary might bring an action of trover against every author who used his words. It is the man behind the words that gives them value, and if Shakespeare help himself to a verse or a phrase, it is with ears that have learned of him to listen that we feel the harmony of the one, and it is the mass of his intellect that makes the other weighty with meaning. Enough that we recognize in Keats that undefinable newness and unexpectedness that we call genius. The sunset is original every evening, though for thousands of years it has built out of the same light and vapor its visionary cities with domes and pinnacles, and its delectable mountains which night shall utterly abase and destroy.

Three men, almost contemporaneous with each other, Wordsworth, Keats, and Byron, were the great means of bringing back English poetry from the sandy deserts of rhetoric, and recovering for her her triple inheritance of simplicity, sensuousness and passion. Of these, Wordsworth was the only conscious reformer,

and his hostility to the existing formalism injured his earlier poems by tinging them with something of iconoclastic extravagance. He was the deepest thinker, Keats the most essentially a poet, and Byron the most keenly intellectual of the three. Keats had the broadest mind, or at least his mind was open in more sides, and he was able to understand Wordsworth and judge Byron, equally conscious, through his artistic sense, of the greatnesses of the one, and the many littlenesses of the other, while Wordsworth was isolated in a feeling of his prophetic character, and Byron had only an uneasy and jealous instinct of contemporary merit. The poems of Wordsworth, as he was the most individual, accordingly reflect the moods of his own nature; those of Keats, from sensitiveness of organization, the moods of his own taste and feeling; and those of Byron, who was impressive chiefly through the understanding, the intellectual and moral wants of the time in which he lived. Wordsworth has influenced most the ideas of succeeding poets; Keats their forms; and Byron, interesting to men of imagination less for his writings than for what his writings indicate, reappears no more in poetry, but presents an ideal to youth made restless with vague desires not yet regulated by experience nor supplied with motives by the duties of life.

As every young person goes through all the world-old experiences, fancying them something peculiar and personal to himself, so it is with every new generation, whose youth always finds its representatives in its poets. Keats rediscovered the delight and wonder that lay enchanted in the dictionary. Wordsworth revolted at the poetic diction which he found in vogue, but his own language rarely rises above it except when it is upborne by the thought. Keats had an instinct for fine words, which are in themselves pictures and ideas, and had more of the power of poetic expression than any modern English poet. And by poetic expression we do not mean merely a vividness in particulars, but the right feeling which heightens or subdues a passage or a whole poem to the proper tone, and gives entireness to the effect. There is a great deal more than is commonly supposed in this choice of words. Men's thoughts and opinions are in a great degree vassals of him who invents a new phrase or reapplies an

old epithet. The thought or feeling a thousand times repeated, becomes his at last who utters it best. This power of language is veiled in the old legends which make the invisible powers the servants of some word. As soon as we have discovered the word for our joy or sorrow we are no longer its serfs, but its lords. We reward the discoverer of an anæsthetic for the body and make him member of all the societies, but him who finds a nepenthe for the soul we elect into the small academy of the immortals.

The poems of Keats mark an epoch in English poetry; for, however often we may find traces of it in others, in them found its most unconscious expression that reaction against the barrel-organ style which had been reigning by a kind of sleepy divine right for half a century. The lowest point was indicated when there was such an utter confounding of the common and the uncommon sense that Dr. Johnson wrote verse and Burke prose. The most profound gospel of criticism was, that nothing was good poetry that could not be translated into good prose, as if one should say that the test of sufficient moonlight was that tallow-candles could be made of it. We find Keats at first going to the other extreme, and endeavoring to extract green cucumbers from the rays of tallow; but we see also incontestable proof of the greatness and purity of his poetic gift in the constant return toward equilibrium and repose in his later poems. And it is a repose always lofty and clear-aired, like that of the eagle balanced in incommunicable sunshine. In him a vigorous understanding developed itself in equal measure with the divine faculty; thought emancipated itself from expression without becoming in turn its tyrant; and music and meaning floated together, accordant as swan and shadow, on the smooth element of his verse. Without losing its sensuousness, his poetry refined itself and grew more inward, and the sensational was elevated into the typical by the control of that finer sense which underlies the senses and is the spirit of them.

[*The Life of Keats*, prefixed to *The Poetical Works of John Keats*, Boston, 1854.]

WALT WHITMAN

[Walt (Walter) Whitman was born at West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819, and died at Camden, N.J., March 25, 1892. His father was of English, his mother of Dutch descent, and on his mother's side there was also Quaker blood. His formal education did not go beyond that furnished by the public schools, but he read much, and had a rare gift for assimilating the essence of what he read. His youth was spent in varied pursuits. He was at different times a teacher, a compositor, and an editor. In 1847-48 he edited the *Brooklyn Eagle*. In 1849 he started on a long tour, largely performed on foot, to the chief cities of the country. He journeyed through Pennsylvania and Virginia, down the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans, and returned by way of St. Louis, Chicago, and the lake cities, finding means for his travels by work on various journals. In 1851-52 he owned and managed a Brooklyn paper. For some years he was a carpenter and builder. During the war he was a volunteer nurse in the Washington hospitals, supporting himself by writing for the newspapers. The nervous strain of his experiences as a nurse and an attack of hospital fever made severe inroads on his robust constitution, but he held a government clerkship from 1865 until 1874, when he was stricken with partial paralysis, from the effect of which he never wholly recovered. The remainder of his life he spent mainly in Camden, N.J., visiting New York frequently, and occasionally making longer journeys. No American writer has known the rank and file of his countrymen as Whitman did. In "Manhattan," the city he knew best and loved best, as well as in other cities and in the country, he "became thoroughly conversant," as his biographer attests, "with the shops, houses, sidewalks, ferries, factories, tavern gatherings, political meetings, carousings, etc. He knew the hospitals, poorhouses, prisons, and their inmates," and honest laborers of all kinds and descriptions, with people of greater education. And to this wide knowledge he added a sympathy equally penetrating and all-embracing.]

Whitman's principal prose writings are: *Democratic Vistas* (1871), *Memoranda during the War* (1875), *Specimen Days and Collect* (1882-83), *November Boughs* (1888).]

THE reputation of Walt Whitman rests upon the poetical portion of his writings; but while that part of his works remains in the public eye, as it long must on account of its singularity of form and its inspiration, the lesser part which appears in the garb of prose will also be of interest, as containing the history of the

man and the abstract ideas of the writer. In *Specimen Days*, Whitman describes his parentage and early surroundings, the sights and occupations that filled his youth, his wanderings, his activity during the Civil War as a visitor and comforter of wounded soldiers in the hospitals at Washington, and finally his rambles and meditations in the woods of New Jersey. In *Democratic Vistas*, he explains his theory of his own poetry and the relation of the literature of the past and of the future to American society. Taking the two books together, we are able to learn what was Whitman's inspiration and ambition, what he thought of his country, of himself, and of his function.

Much of this, indeed, might have been gathered from the poems by an attentive reader; yet it is an advantage to have it all set down by the author in an autobiographical fashion with eloquence, clearness, and evident sincerity. The conditions that made possible so remarkable a writer, his personal character, and his ideal of the society he meant to describe and to serve, are thus brought vividly before us. And these confessions are not only interesting to one who wishes to understand the author of the *Leaves of Grass*, but they are in themselves of considerable imaginative and historical value.

His parents were farmers in central Long Island, and his early years were spent in that district. The family seems to have been not too prosperous and somewhat nomadic; Whitman himself drifted through boyhood without much guidance. We find him now at school, now helping the laborers at the farms, now wandering along the beaches of Long Island, finally at Brooklyn, working in an apparently desultory way as a printer, and sometimes as a writer for a local newspaper. He must have read or heard something, during this early period, of the English classics; his style often betrays the deep effect made upon him by the grandiloquence of the Bible, of Shakespeare, and of Milton. But his chief interest, if we may trust his account, was already in his own sensations. The aspects of nature, the forms and habits of animals, the sights of cities, the movement and talk of common people, were his constant delight. His mind was flooded with these images, keenly felt and often vividly rendered with bold strokes of realism and imagination. Many poets have had this

faculty to seize the elementary aspects of things, but none has had it so exclusively; with Whitman the surface is absolutely all and the underlying structure is without interest and almost without existence. He had had no education, and his natural delight in imbibing sensations had not been trained to the uses of practical or theoretical intelligence. He basked in the sunshine of perception and wallowed in the stream of his own sensibility, as later at Camden in the shallows of his favorite brook. Even during the war, when he heard the "drum-taps" so clearly, he could only gaze at the picturesque and terrible aspects of the struggle, and linger among the wounded from day to day with a canine devotion; he could not be aroused either to clear thought or positive action. So also in his poems; a multiplicity of images pass before him and he yields himself to each in turn with absolute passivity. But the world has no inside: it is a phantasmagoria of continuous visions, vivid, impressive, but monotonous and hard to remember, like the waves of the sea or the decorations of some barbarous temple, sublime only by the infinite aggregation of parts. This abundance of detail without organization; this wealth of perception without intelligence, and of imagination without taste, makes the singularity of Whitman's genius. Full of sympathy and receptivity, with a wonderful gift of graphic characterization and an occasional rare grandeur of diction, he fills us with a sense of the individuality and the universality of what he describes — it is a drop in itself, yet a drop in the ocean. The absence of any principle of selection, or of a sustained style, enables him to render aspects of things and of emotions which would have eluded a trained writer. He is, therefore, interesting even where he is grotesque or perverse. He is important in that he has accomplished, by the sacrifice of almost every other good quality, something never so well done before. He has approached common life without bringing in his mind any higher standard by which to criticise it; he has seen it, not in contrast to an ideal, but as the expression of forces more indeterminate and elementary than itself; and the vulgar, in this cosmic setting, has appeared to him sublime.

There is clearly some analogy between a mass of images without structure, and the notion of an absolute democracy. Whit-

man, inclined by his genius and habits to see life without relief or organization, believed that his inclination in this respect corresponded to the spirit of his age and country, and that nature and society, at least in America, were constituted after the fashion of his own mind. Being the poet of the average man, he wished all men to be specimens of that average, and being the poet of a fluid nature, he believed that nature was or should be a formless flux. This personal bias of Whitman's was further encouraged by the actual absence of notable distinction in his immediate environment. Surrounded by ugly things and common people, he felt himself happy, ecstatic, overflowing with a kind of patriarchal love. He accordingly came to think there was a spirit of the New World which he embodied and which was in complete opposition to that of the Old, that a literature upon novel principles was needed to express and strengthen this American spirit. Democracy was not to be merely a constitutional device for the better government of given nations, not merely a movement for the material improvement of the lot of the lower classes. It was to be a social and a moral democracy, and to involve an actual equality among all men. Whatever kept them apart and made it impossible for them to be messmates together was to be discarded. The literature of democracy was to ignore all extraordinary gifts of genius or virtue, all distinction drawn even from great passions or romantic adventures. In Whitman's works, in which this new literature is foreshadowed, there is accordingly not a single character or a single story. His only hero is Myself, the "single, separate person," endowed with the primary impulses, with health, and with sensitiveness to the elementary aspects of nature. The perfect man of the future is to work with his hands, chanting the poems of some democratic bard. Women are to have as nearly as possible the same character as men: the emphasis is to pass from family life and local ties to the friendship of comrades and the general brotherhood of man. Men are to be vigorous, comfortable, sentimental, and irresponsible.

This dream is, of course, unrealized and unrealizable in America as elsewhere. Undeniably there are in America many suggestions of such a society and such a national character. But the growing complexity and fixity of institutions tends to obscure these traits

of a primitive and crude democracy. What Whitman seized upon as the promise of the future was in reality the survival of the past. He sings the song of pioneers, but it is in the nature of the pioneer that the greater his success the quicker must be his transformation into something different. When Whitman made the initial phase of society his ideal, he became the prophet of a lost cause. That cause was lost not merely when wealth and intelligence began to take shape in this country, but it was lost at the very foundation of the world, when those laws of evolution were established which Whitman, like Rousseau, failed to understand. If we may trust Mr. Herbert Spencer, these laws involve a passage from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, and a constant progress at once in differentiation and in organization — all, in a word, that Whitman systematically deprecated or ignored. He is surely not the spokesman of the tendencies of his country, although he describes some aspects of its present condition; nor does he appeal to those he describes, but rather to the *dilettanti* he despises. He is regarded as representative chiefly by foreigners, who look for some grotesque expression of the genius of so young and prodigious a people.

Fortunately, the political theory that makes Whitman's principle of literary prophecy and criticism is not presented, even in his prose works, bare and unadorned. In *Democratic Vistas* we find it clothed with something of the same poetic passion, and lighted up with the same flashes of intuition, that we admire in the poems. Even here the temperament is finer than the ideas and the poet wiser than the thinker. His ultimate appeal is really to something more general than a national ideal. He speaks to those minds and to those moods in which sensuality is touched with mysticism. When the intellect is in abeyance, when we would "turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained," when we are weary of conscience and of ambition, and would yield ourselves for a while to the dream of sense, Walt Whitman is a welcome companion. The images he arouses in us, fresh, full of light and health and of a kind of frankness and beauty, are prized all the more at such a time because they are not choice, but drawn perhaps from a hideous and sordid environment. For this circumstance makes them a bet-

ter means of escape from convention and from that fatigue and despair which lurk not far beneath the surface of conventional life. In casting off with self-assurance and a sense of fresh vitality the distinctions of tradition and reason a man may feel, as he sinks back comfortably to a lower level of sense and instinct, that he is returning to nature or escaping into the infinite. Mysticism makes us proud and happy to renounce the work of intelligence, both in thought and in life, and persuades us that we become divine by remaining imperfectly human. Whitman gives a new expression to this ancient and multiform tendency. He proclaims the cosmic justification of everything he sees and of his own satyrlike disposition.

GEORGE SANTAVANA

THE WEST AND DEMOCRACY

In a few years the dominion-heart of America will be far inland, toward the West. Our future national capital may not be where the present one is. It is possible, nay likely, that in less than fifty years, it will migrate a thousand or two miles, will be re-founded, and every thing belonging to it made on a different plan, original, far more superb. The main social, political, spine-character of the States will probably run along the Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi rivers, and west and north of them, including Canada. Those regions, with the group of powerful brothers toward the Pacific, (destined to the mastership of that sea and its countless paradises of islands,) will compact and settle the traits of America, with all the old retain'd, but more expanded, grafted on newer, hardier, purely native stock. A giant growth, composite from the rest, getting their contribution, absorbing it, to make it more illustrious. From the north, intellect, the sun of things, also the idea of unswayable justice, anchor amid the last, the wildest tempests. From the south the living soul, the animus of good and bad, haughtily admitting no demonstration but its own. While from the west itself comes solid personality, with blood and brawn, and the deep quality of all-accepting fusion.

Political democracy, as it exists and practically works in America, with all its threatening evils, supplies a training-school for making first-class men. It is life's gymnasium, not of good only, but of all. We try often, though we fall back often. A brave delight, fit for freedom's athletes, fills these arenas, and fully satisfies, out of the action in them, irrespective of success. Whatever we do not attain, we at any rate attain the experiences of the fight, the hardening of the strong campaign, and throb with currents of attempt at least. Time is ample. Let the victors come after us. Not for nothing does evil play its part among us. Judging from the main portions of the history of the world, so far, justice is always in jeopardy, peace walks amid hourly pit-falls, and of slavery, misery, meanness, the craft of tyrants and the credulity of the populace, in some of their pro-

fatigue and
of conven-
a sense of
a man may
f sense and
the infinite.
the work of
s us that we
hitman gives
endency. He
es and of his

SANTAYANA

tean forms, no voice can at any time say, They are not. The clouds break a little, and the sun shines out — but soon and certain the lowering darkness falls again, as if to last forever. Yet there is an immortal courage and prophecy in every sane soul that cannot, must not, under any circumstances, capitulate. *Vive*, the attack — the perennial assault! *Vive*, the unpopular cause — the spirit that audaciously aims — the never-abandon'd efforts, pursued the same amid opposing proofs and precedents.

[*Democratic Vistas*, 1870. *Prose Works*, pp. 222, 223. This extract and those following are reprinted by permission of Whitman's literary executors.]

DEMOCRACY

Dominion strong is the body's: dominion stronger is the mind's. What has fill'd, and fills to-day our intellect, our fancy, furnishing the standards therein, is yet foreign. The great poems, Shakspeare included, are poisonous to the idea of the pride and dignity of the common people, the life-blood of democracy. The models of our literature, as we get it from other lands, ultramarine, have had their birth in courts, and bask'd and grown in castle sunshine; all smells of princes' favors. Of workers of a certain sort, we have, indeed, plenty, contributing after their kind; many elegant, many learn'd, all complacent. But touch'd by the national test, or tried by the standards of democratic personality, they wither to ashes. I say I have not seen a single writer, artist, lecturer, or what not, that has confronted the voiceless but ever erect and active, pervading, underlying will and typic aspiration of the land, in a spirit kindred to itself. Do you call those genteel little creatures American poets? Do you term that perpetual, pistareen, paste-pot work, American art, American drama, taste, verse? I think I hear, echoed as from some mountain-top afar in the west, the scornful laugh of the Genius of these States.

Democracy, in silence, biding its time, ponders its own ideals, not of literature and art only — not of men only, but of women. The idea of the women of America, (extricated from this daze, this fossil and unhealthy air which hangs about the word *lady*,)

develop'd, raised to become the robust equals, workers, and, it may be, even practical and political deciders with the men — greater than man, we may admit, through their divine maternity, always their towering, emblematic attribute — but great, at any rate, as man, in all departments; or, rather, capable of being so, soon as they realize it, and can bring themselves to give up toys and fictions, and launch forth, as men do, amid real, independent, stormy life.

Then, as towards our thought's finalè, (and, in that, overarching the true scholar's lesson,) we have to say there can be no complete or epical presentation of democracy in the aggregate, or anything like it, at this day, because its doctrines will only be effectually incarnated in any one branch, when, in all, their spirit is at the root and centre. Far, far, indeed, stretch, in distance, our Vistas! How much is still to be disentangled, freed! How long it takes to make this American world see that it is, in itself, the final authority and reliance!

Did you, too, O friend, suppose democracy was only for elections, for politics, and for a party name? I say democracy is only of use there that it may pass on and come to its flower and fruits in manners, in the highest forms of interaction between men, and their beliefs — in religion, literature, colleges, and schools — democracy in all public and private life, and in the army and navy.¹ I have intimated that, as a paramount scheme, it has yet few or no full realizers and believers. I do not see, either, that it owes any serious thanks to noted propagandists or champions, or has been essentially help'd, though often harm'd, by them. It has been and is carried on by all the moral forces, and by trade, finance, machinery, intercommunications, and, in fact, by all the developments of history, and can no more be stopp'd than the tides, or the earth in its orbit. Doubtless, also, it resides, crude and latent, well down in the hearts of the fair

¹ The whole present system of the officering and personnel of the army and navy of these States, and the spirit and letter of their trebly-aristocratic rules and regulations, is a monstrous exotic, a nuisance and revolt, and belong here just as much as orders of nobility, or the Pope's council of cardinals. I say if the present theory of our army and navy is sensible and true, then the rest of America is an unmitigated fraud.

average of the American-born people, mainly in the agricultural regions. But it is not yet, there or anywhere, the fully-receiv'd, the fervid, the absolute faith.

I submit, therefore, that the fruition of democracy, on aught like a grand scale, resides altogether in the future. As, under any profound and comprehensive view of the gorgeous-composite feudal world, we see in it, through the long ages and cycles of ages, the results of a deep, integral, human and divine principle, or fountain, from which issued laws, ecclesia, manners, institutes, costumes, personalities, poems, (hitherto unequal'd,) faithfully partaking of their source, and indeed only arising either to betoken it, or to furnish parts of that varied-flowing display, whose centre was one and absolute — so, long ages hence, shall the due historian or critic make at least an equal retrospect, an equal history for the democratic principle. It too must be adorn'd, credited with its results — then, when it, with imperial power, through amplest time, has dominated mankind — has been the source and test of all the moral, esthetic, social, political, and religious expressions and institutes of the civilized world — has begotten them in spirit and in form, and has carried them to its own unprecedented heights — has had, (it is possible,) monastics and ascetics, more numerous, more devout than the monks and priests of all previous creeds — has sway'd the ages with a breadth and rectitude tallying Nature's own — has fashion'd, systematized, and triumphantly finish'd and carried out, in its own interest, and with unparallel'd success, a new earth and a new man.

Thus we presume to write, as it were, upon things that exist not, and travel by maps yet unmade, and a blank. But the throes of birth are upon us; and we have something of this advantage in seasons of strong formations, doubts, suspense — for then the afflatus of such themes haply may fail upon us, more or less; and then, hot from surrounding war and revolution, our speech, though without polish'd coherence, and a failure by the standard called criticism, comes forth, real at least as the lightnings.

And may-be we, these days, have, too, our own reward — (for there are yet some, in all lands, worthy to be so encouraged.)

Though not for us the joy of entering at the last the conquer'd city — not ours the chance ever to see with our own eyes the peerless power and splendid *éclat* of the democratic principle, arriv'd at meridian, filling the world with effulgence and majesty far beyond those of past history's kings, or all dynastic sway — there is yet, to whoever is eligible among us, the prophetic vision, the joy of being toss'd in the brave turmoil of these times — the promulgation and the path, obedient, lowly reverent to the voice, the gesture of the god, or holy ghost, which others see not, hear not — with the proud consciousness that amid whatever clouds, seductions, or heart-wearying postponements, we have never deserted, never despair'd, never abandon'd the faith.

[*Democratic Vistas. Prose Works*, pp. 225-227.]

AMERICAN LITERATURE

America demands a poetry that is bold, modern, and all-surrounding and kosmical, as she is herself. It must in no respect ignore science or the modern, but inspire itself with science and the modern. It must bend its vision toward the future more than the past. Like America, it must extricate itself from even the greatest models of the past, and, while courteous to them, must have entire faith in itself, and the products of its own democratic spirit only. Like her, it must place in the van, and hold up at all hazards, the banner of the divine pride of man in himself, (the radical foundation of the new religion.) Long enough have the People been listening to poems in which common humanity, deferential, bends low, humiliated, acknowledging superiors. But America listens to no such poems. Erect, inflated, and fully self-esteeming be the chant; and then America will listen with pleased ears.

Nor may the genuine gold, the gems, when brought to light at last, be probably usher'd forth from any of the quarters currently counted on. To-day, doubtless, the infant genius of American poetic expression, (eluding those highly-refined imported and gilt-edged themes, and sentimental and butterfly flights, pleasant to orthodox publishers — causing tender spasms in the coteries,

and warranted not to chafe the sensitive cuticle of the most exquisitely artificial gossamer delicacy,) lies sleeping far away, happily unrecognized and uninjur'd by the coteries, the art-writers, the talkers and critics of the saloons, or the lecturers in the colleges — lies sleeping, aside, unrecking itself, in some western idiom, or native Michigan or Tennessee repartee, or stump-speech — or in Kentucky or Georgia, or the Carolinas — or in some slang or local song or allusion of the Manhattan, Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore mechanic — or up in the Maine woods — or off in the hut of the California miner, or crossing the Rocky mountains, or along the Pacific railroad — or on the breasts of the young farmers of the northwest, or Canada, or boatmen of the lakes. Rude and coarse nursing-beds, these; but only from such beginnings and stocks, indigenous here, may haply arrive, be grafted, and sprout, in time, flowers of genuine American aroma, and fruits truly and fully our own.

I say it were a standing disgrace to these States — I say it were a disgrace to any nation, distinguish'd above others by the variety and vastness of its territories, its materials, its inventive activity, and the splendid practicality of its people, not to rise and soar above others also in its original styles in literature and art, and its own supply of intellectual and esthetic masterpieces, archetypal, and consistent with itself. I know not a land except ours that has not, to some extent, however small, made its title clear. The Scotch have their born ballads, subtly expressing their past and present, and expressing character. The Irish have theirs. England, Italy, France, Spain, theirs. What has America? With exhaustless mines of the richest ore of epic, lyric, tale, tune, picture, &c., in the Four Years' War; with, indeed, I sometimes think, the richest masses of material ever afforded a nation, more variegated, and on a larger scale — the first sign of proportionate, native, imaginative Soul, and first-class works to match, is, (I cannot too often repeat,) so far wanting.

Long ere the second centennial arrives, there will be some forty to fifty great States, among them Canada and Cuba. When the present century closes, our population will be sixty or seventy millions. The Pacific will be ours, and the Atlantic mainly ours. There will be daily electric communication with every part of the

globe. What an age! What a land! Where, elsewhere, one so great? The individuality of one nation must then, as always, lead the world. Can there be any doubt who the leader ought to be? Bear in mind, though, that nothing less than the mightiest original non-subordinated Soul has ever really, gloriously led, or ever can lead. (This Soul—its other name, in these Vistas, is LITERATURE.)

[*Democratic Vistas. Prose Works, pp. 245-247.*]

A NIGHT BATTLE

But it was the tug of Saturday evening, and through the night and Sunday morning, I wanted to make a special note of. It was largely in the woods, and quite a general engagement. The night was very pleasant, at times the moon shining out full and clear, all Nature so calm in itself, the early summer grass so rich, and foliage of the trees—yet there the battle raging, and many good fellows lying helpless, with new accessions to them, and every minute amid the rattle of muskets and crash of cannon, (for there was an artillery contest too), the red life-blood oozing out from heads or trunks or limbs upon that green and dew-cool grass. Patches of the woods take fire, and several of the wounded, unable to move, are consumed—quite large spaces are swept over, burning the dead also—some of the men have their hair and beards singed—some, burns on their faces and hands—others holes burnt in their clothing. The flashes of fire from the cannon, the quick flaring flames and smoke, and the immense roar—the musketry so general, the light nearly bright enough for each side to see the other—the crashing, tramping of men—the yelling—close quarters—we hear the secesh yells—our men cheer loudly back, especially if Hooker is in sight—hand to hand conflicts, each side stands up to it, brave, determined as demons, they often charge upon us—a thousand deeds are done worth to write newer greater poems on—and still the woods on fire—still many are not only scorch'd—too many, unable to move, are burn'd to death.

Then the camps of the wounded—O heavens, what scene is

this? — is this indeed *humanity* — these butchers' shambles? There are several of them. There they lie, in the largest, in an open space in the woods, from 200 to 300 poor fellows — the groans and screams — the odor of blood, mixed with the fresh scent of the night, the grass, the trees — that slaughter-house! O well is it their mothers, their sisters cannot see them — cannot conceive, and never conceiv'd, these things. One man is shot by a shell, both in the arm and leg — both are amputated — there lie the rejected members. Some have their legs blown off — some bullets through the breast — some indescribably horrid wounds in the face or head, all mutilated, sickening, torn, gouged out — some in the abdomen — some mere boys — many rebels, badly hurt — they take their regular turns with the rest, just the same as any — the surgeons use them just the same. Such is the camp of the wounded — such a fragment, a reflection afar off of the bloody scene — while over all the clear, large moon comes out at times softly, quietly shining. Amid the woods, that scene of flitting souls — amid the crack and crash and yelling sounds — the impalpable perfume of the woods — and yet the pungent, stifling smoke — the radiance of the moon, looking from heaven at intervals so placid — the sky so heavenly — the clear-obscure up there, those buoyant upper oceans — a few large placid stars beyond, coming silently and languidly out, and then disappearing — the melancholy, draped night above, around. And there, upon the roads, the fields, and in those woods, that contest, never one more desperate in any age or land — both parties now in force — masses — no fancy battle, no semi-play, but fierce and savage demons fighting there — courage and scorn of death the rule, exceptions almost none.

What history, I say, can ever give — for who can know — the mad, determin'd tussle of the armies, in all their separate large and little squads — as this — each steep'd from crown to toe in desperate, mortal purports? Who know the conflict, hand-to-hand — the many conflicts in the dark, those shadowy-tangled, flashing-moonbeam'd woods — the writhing groups and squads — the cries, the din, the cracking guns and pistols — the distant cannon — the cheers and calls and threats and awful music of the oaths — the indescribable mix — the officers' orders, persuasions,

encouragements — the devils fully rous'd in human hearts — the strong shout, *Charge, men, charge* — the flash of the naked sword, and rolling flame and smoke? And still the broken, clear and clouded heaven — and still again the moonlight pouring silvery soft its radiant patches over all. Who paint the scene, the sudden partial panic of the afternoon, at dusk? Who paint the irrepressible advance of the second division of the Third corps, under Hooker himself, suddenly order'd up — those rapid-filing phantoms through the woods? Who show what moves there in the shadows, fluid and firm — to save, (and it did save,) the army's name, perhaps the nation? as there the veterans hold the field. (Brave Berry falls not yet — but death has mark'd him — soon he falls.)

[From *Specimen Days and Collect*, 1882, "A Night Battle, over a Week since." *Prose Works*, pp. 34-36.]

UNNAMED REMAINS THE BRAVEST SOLDIER

Of scenes like these, I say, who writes — who'er can write the story? Of many a score — aye, thousands, north and south, of unwritten heroes, unknown heroisms, incredible, impromptu, first-class desperations — who tells? No history ever — no poem sings, no music sounds, those bravest men of all — those deeds. No formal general's report, nor book in the library, nor column in the paper, embalms the bravest, north or south, east or west. Unnamed, unknown, remain, and still remain, the bravest soldiers. Our manliest — our boys — our hardy darlings; no picture gives them. Likely, the typical one of them (standing, no doubt, for hundreds, thousands,) crawls aside to some bush-clump, or ferny tuft, on receiving his death-shot — there sheltering a little while, soaking roots, grass and soil, with red blood — the battle advances, retreats, flits from the scene, sweeps by — and there, haply with pain and suffering (yet less, far less, than is supposed,) the last lethargy winds like a serpent round him — the eyes glaze in death — none recks — perhaps the burial-squads, in truce, a week afterwards, search not the secluded spot — and

there, at last, the Bravest Soldier crumbles in mother earth. unburied and unknown.

[From *Specimen Days and Collect*, "Unnamed Remains the Bravest Soldier." *Prose Works*, p. 36.]

ENTERING A LONG FARM-LANE

As every man has his hobby-liking, mine is for a real farm-lane fenced by old chestnut-rails gray-green with dabs of moss and lichen, copious weeds and briers growing in spots athwart the heaps of stray-pick'd stones at the fence bases—irregular paths worn between, and horse and cow tracks—all characteristic accompaniments marking and scenting the neighborhood in their seasons—apple-tree blossoms in forward April—pigs, poultry, a field of August buckwheat, and in another the long flapping tassels of maize—and so to the pond, the expansion of the creek, the secluded-beautiful, with young and old trees, and such recesses and vistas.

[From *Specimen Days and Collect*, "Entering a Long Farm-Lane." *Prose Works*, p. 83.]

MANHATTAN FROM THE BAY

June 25. — Returned to New York last night. Out to-day on the waters for a sail in the wide bay, southeast of Staten island—a rough, tossing tide, and a free sight—the long stretch of Sandy Hook, the highlands of Navesink, and the many vessels outward and inward bound. We came up through the midst of all, in the full sun. I especially enjoy'd the last hour or two. A moderate sea-breeze had set in; yet over the city, and the waters adjacent, was a thin haze, concealing nothing, only adding to the beauty. From my point of view, as I write amid the soft breeze, with a sea-temperature, surely nothing on earth of its kind can go beyond this show. To the left the North river with its far vista—nearer, three or four warships, anchor'd peacefully—the Jersey side, the banks of Weehawken, the Palisades, and the gradually receding blue, lost in the distance—to the right

the East river — the mast-hemm'd shores — the grand obelisk-like towers of the bridge, one on either side, in haze, yet plainly defin'd, giant brothers twain, throwing free graceful interlinking loops high across the tumbled tumultuous current below — (the tide is just changing to its ebb) — the broad water-spread everywhere crowded — no, not crowded, but thick as stars in the sky — with all sorts and sizes of sail and steam vessels, plying ferry-boats, arriving and departing coasters, great ocean Dons, iron-black, modern, magnificent in size and power, fill'd with their incalculable value of human life and precious merchandise — with here and there, above all, those daring, careening things of grace and wonder, those white and shaded swift-darting fish-birds, (I wonder if shore or sea elsewhere can outvie them,) ever with their slanting spars, and fierce, pure, hawk-like beauty and motion — first-class New York sloop or schooner yachts, sailing, this fine day, the free sea in a good wind. And rising out of the midst, tall-topt, ship-hemm'd, modern, American, yet strangely oriental, V-shaped Manhattan, with its compact mass, its spires, its cloud-touching edifices group'd at the centre — the green of the trees, and all the white, brown and gray of the architecture well blended, as I see it, under a miracle of limpid sky, delicious light of heaven above, and June haze on the surface below.

[From *Specimen Days and Collect*, "Manhattan from the Bay." *Prose Works*, pp. 116, 117.]

HUMAN AND HEROIC NEW YORK

The general subjective view of New York and Brooklyn — (will not the time hasten when the two shall be municipally united in one, and named Manhattan?) — what I may call the human interior and exterior of these great seething oceanic populations, as I get it in this visit, is to me best of all. After an absence of many years, (I went away at the outbreak of the secession war, and have never been back to stay since,) again I resume with curiosity the crowds, the streets I knew so well, Broadway, the ferries, the west side of the city, democratic Bowery — human appearances and manners as seen in all these, and along the

wharves, and in the perpetual travel of the horse-cars, or the crowded excursion steamers, or in Wall and Nassau streets by day — in the places of amusement at night — bubbling and whirling and moving like its own environment of waters — endless humanity in all phases — Brooklyn also — taken in for the last three weeks. No need to specify minutely — enough to say that (making all allowances for the shadows and side-streaks of a million-headed-city) the brief total of the impressions, the human qualities, of these vast cities, is to me comforting, even heroic, beyond statement. Alertness, generally fine physique, clear eyes that look straight at you, a singular combination of reticence and self-possession, with good nature and friendliness — a prevailing range of accoring manners, taste and intellect, surely beyond any elsewhere upon earth — and a palpable outcropping of that personal comradeship I look forward to as the subtlest, strongest future hold of this many-item'd Union — are not only constantly visible here in these mighty channels of men, but they form the rule and average. To-day, I should say — defiant of cynics and pessimists, and with a full knowledge of all their exceptions — an appreciative and perceptive study of the current humanity of New York gives the directest proof yet of successful Democracy, and of the solution of that paradox, the eligibility of the free and fully developed individual with the paramount aggregate. In old age, lame and sick, pondering for years on many a doubt and danger for this republic of ours — fully aware of all that can be said on the other side — I find in this visit to New York, and the daily contact and rapport with its myriad people, on the scale of the oceans and tides, the best, most effective medicine my soul has yet partaken — the grandest physical habitat and surroundings of land and water the globe affords — namely, Manhattan island and Brooklyn, which the future shall join in one city — city of superb democracy, amid superb surroundings.

[From *Specimen Days and Collect*, "Human and Heroic New York."
Prose Works, pp. 117, 118.]

AMERICA'S CHARACTERISTIC LANDSCAPE

Speaking generally as to the capacity and sure future destiny of that plain and prairie area (larger than any European kingdom) it is the inexhaustible land of wheat, maize, wool, flax, coal, iron, beef and pork, butter and cheese, apples and grapes — land of ten million virgin farms — to the eye at present wild and unproductive — yet experts say that upon it when irrigated may easily be grown enough wheat to feed the world. Then as to scenery (giving my own thought and feeling,) while I know the standard claim is that Yosemite, Niagara falls, the upper Yellowstone and the like, afford the greatest natural shows, I am not so sure but the Prairies and Plains, while less stunning at first sight, last longer, fill the esthetic sense fuller, precede all the rest, and make North America's characteristic landscape.

Indeed through the whole of this journey, with all its shows and varieties, what most impress'd me, and will longest remain with me, are these same prairies. Day after day, and night after night, to my eyes, to all my senses — the esthetic one most of all — they silently and broadly unfolded. Even their simplest statistics are sublime.

[From *Specimen Days and Collect*, "America's Characteristic Landscape." *Prose Works*, p. 150.]

THE SILENT GENERAL

Sept. 28, '79. — So General Grant, after circumambiating the world, has arrived home again — landed in San Francisco yesterday, from the ship City of Tokio from Japan. What a man he is! what a history! what an illustration — his life — of the capacities of that American individuality common to us all. Cynical critics are wondering "what the people can see in Grant" to make such a hubbub about. They aver (and it is no doubt true) that he has hardly the average of our day's literary and scholastic culture, and absolutely no pronounc'd genius or conventional eminence of any sort. Correct: but he proves how an average

western farmer, mechanic, boatman, carried by tides of circumstances, perhaps caprices, into a position of incredible military or civic responsibilities, (history has presented none more trying, no born monarch's, no mark more shining for attack or envy,) may steer his way fitly and steadily through them all, carrying the country and himself with credit year after year — command over a million armed men — fight more than fifty heavy battles — rule for eight years a land larger than all the kingdoms of Europe combined — and then, retiring, quietly (with a cigar in his mouth) make the promenade of the whole world, through its courts and coteries, and kings and czars and mikados, and splendorist glitters and etiquettes, as phlegmatically as he ever walk'd the portico of a Missouri hotel after dinner. I say all this is what people like — and I am sure I like it. Seems to me it transcends Plutarch. How these old Grecks, indeed, would have seized on him! A mere plain man — no art, no poetry — only practical sense, ability to do, or try his best to do, what devolv'd upon him. A common trader, money-maker, tanner, farmer of Illinois — general for the republic, in its terrific struggle with itself, in the war of attempted secession — President following, (a task of peace, more difficult than the war itself) — nothing heroic, as the authorities put it — and yet the greatest hero. The gods, the destinies, seem to have concentrated upon him.

[From *Specimen Days and Collect*, "The Silent General." *Prose Works*, pp. 153, 154.]

ULYSSES S. GRANT

[Hiram Ulysses Grant was born at Point Pleasant, in southern Ohio, April 27, 1822. His father, Jesse R. Grant, was a young tanner of good family, who soon afterward set up in business for himself in Georgetown, Ohio. Grant spent the first seventeen years of his life in and about Georgetown. He was appointed to West Point in 1839, and was entered by mistake as Ulysses S. Grant. He graduated at the middle of his class in 1843. He passed through the Mexican war, serving gallantly, being twice breveted for distinguished action. He served six years at northern posts, resigning, in 1854, from Humboldt Bay, Cal. He reentered service as colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, in 1861, and in four years rose to the sole command of the armies of the United States. He was elected President in 1868, and served two terms. He passed round the world in 1877-79, receiving the greatest honors ever shown to an American. He allowed his name to stand for nomination the third time, and was defeated in the Convention of 1880. He moved to New York, entered business, and was dragged down to ruin by the failure of the firm with which he was connected. Finding himself old, poor, and attacked by incurable cancer in the throat, he set himself to work to write a book which should tell the story of his life and shield his wife from want. He died before the book, his *Personal Memoirs*, was entirely finished, on July 23, 1885.]

It was reserved for Ulysses Grant in the last year of his life to amaze his friends by writing a book. Every one knew of his reticence, no one had thought of him as writer. He had never considered himself in any sense a literary man, but had held in high admiration men like Halleck and Scott, who had the power to express themselves in the elevated style which seemed to him good literature. Until dire necessity forced him to the task, he had never given a thought to the recording of his great deeds. Having made history, he left to others the task of writing it. And yet he had already written more than most literary men. In that long row of volumes, fat and portly, called *The Official War Records*, his mind, along certain lines of thought, had found the fullest expression. Literally hundreds of thousands of

words written by his own hand are there preserved. No one can study the enormous bulk of these despatches, letters, and orders without coming to a high admiration of the marvellous command which General Grant possessed over details of widely separated plans and campaigns. Nothing confused or hurried him. In fact, he spoke best as he thought best, when pushed hardest. One cannot fail to be impressed, also, by the nobility and lack of self-consciousness in all that he wrote. In this immense output, it is safe to say there is not one line discreditable to him.

After the war closed, his official career as President again demanded from him much writing of a certain sort. It could not be said, therefore, that he was without practice in the use of the pen. But in all this writing the idea of form was absent. He was occupied with the plain statement of fact, or of his opinions. Of the narrative form he had made little use, except in letters during the Mexican war.

When he set himself to write his memoirs, he began where he had laid down the pen after the war. He confined himself to the simple and forthright statement of the facts. He told again the story of his campaigns. His first paper was upon the disputed battle of Shiloh, concerning which he had never before made a complete report. He passed from this to a succinct and masterly statement of the siege of Vicksburg; and, having prepared himself for pure narrative, turned back to the story of his boyhood, his life in Mexico, and on the coast. In this order the great drama of his life unfolded itself naturally and easily under his pen.

The peculiarity of his mind was such that no phrase for effect, no extraneous adornment, was possible to him. He was, as a friend well said, "almost tediously truthful." It was his primary intention to express himself clearly and with as few words as possible. The workings of his mind were always direct and simple. Whatever the complications going on around him, no matter how acrid the disputes and controversies of subordinates, in the midst of the confusing clash of opinions, charges, and counter-charges, Grant himself remained perfectly direct, calm, and single-minded. His mind digested every fact within reach, and cleared itself before he came to speech. He never used words to cover up

his thought, seldom to aid his thought, but only to express his thought.

The circumstances under which the larger part of his story was written show clearly his will power and his manner of composition. For months he was unable to eat solid food, water felt like hot lead passing down his throat, and he was unable to sleep without anodynes. A malignant ulcer, incurable and insatiate, was eating its way into his throat at the base of the tongue. Speech became difficult, and at last impossible. During the time that he was still able to speak, he dictated much of the story. Wasted to pitiful thinness, and suffering ceaselessly, he was obliged to sit day and night in a low chair with his feet outthrust toward the fire. His mind was abnormally active, filled with the ceaseless revolving panorama of his epic deeds. At times he was forced to the use of morphia to cut off the intolerable movement of his thought. The sleeplessness which was a natural accompaniment of his disease was added to by the task which he had set himself to complete, but he did not allow himself to cut his work short on that account. Yet no trace of his suffering is to be found in the book.

He dictated slowly, but almost without hesitation, and his thought grouped itself naturally into paragraphs, and seemed to be almost perfectly arranged in word and phrase, ready to be drawn off like the precipitation of a chemical in a jar. In all this, he was precisely conforming to his life-long habit, which had been to speak only when he had something to say and had deliberated how to say it. As he grew weaker, the amount of his dictation slowly decreased, and at the last ceased altogether. His work was done.

The book surprised the world by its dignity, clarity, and simplicity of style. It displayed no attempt to be humorous, and yet became so, with rare effect, at times. Its author did not attempt to be picturesque, nor to magnify his importance on the battle-field. He was dispassionate. If he criticised his fellows, or his subordinates, he did so without anger and without envy. He rewrote many parts of his story in order that he should not do an injustice. He had no hatred of his enemies when he was commander in the field, and he had none when he wrote the story of his life.

Grant always had very distinct limitations as a writer. He was a bad speller, and occasionally he lost himself in loose grammatical construction. He was at his worst whenever he attempted congratulatory orders to his troops, and at his best when detailing the movements of an army. There was something inexorable in the swift march of his words at such times. His friends said: "The book sounds like the general." His speech had always been singularly plain; even as a boy, he used straightforward Anglo-Saxon words, without slang, without profanity, and almost without dialectic peculiarities. Throughout his life he retained this purity and simplicity of diction, and in his memoirs these qualities are found raised to their highest power at a time when to express his thought in any form was an agony requiring the greatest effort to overcome.

These "personal memoirs" form a great book. It is not all the work of General Grant's hand, but the best of it is his, and the temper and tone of it are almost wholly his. The first volume is entirely his own, and is the best, although it is not exactly in the order in which it was written. It is a great book; but after all it fails, as any such book must, to express the life of its author. It expresses rather his attitude toward life. His natural reserve and his habit of understatement would not allow him to tell the complete story of his defeats, nor permit him to record his triumphs. Naturally, the black shadows of the past are left out, as well as the blazing high lights. No man can attain eminence such as his, without suffering from the bitter enmity and savage criticism of those who fancy themselves set aside or superseded. The book is like him — dispassionate, even-tempered, expressing thought, but never emotion. It is a great book, but it is not in any sense the inner story of its author's life. It is merely the obvious, almost the prosaic side of the life of one of the three preëminent men in American history. The time has not yet come when the story of his struggles and his triumphs can be fully told — probably it will never be told.

HAMLIN GARLAND

WOLVES AND POLITICIANS

WHEN our party left Corpus Christi it was quite large, including the cavalry escort, Paymaster, Major Dix, his clerk, and the officers who, like myself, were simply on leave; but all the officers on leave, except Lieutenant Benjamin — afterwards killed in the valley of Mexico — Lieutenant, now General, Augur, and myself, concluded to spend their allotted time at San Antonio and return from there. We were all to be back at Corpus Christi by the end of the month. The paymaster was detained in Austin so long that, if we had waited for him, we would have exceeded our leave. We concluded, therefore, to start back at once with the animals we had, and having to rely principally on grass for their food, it was a good six days' journey. We had to sleep on the prairie every night, except at Goliad, and possibly one night on the Colorado, without shelter and with only such food as we carried with us, and prepared ourselves. The journey was hazardous on account of Indians, and there were white men in Texas whom I would not have cared to meet in a secluded place. Lieutenant Augur was taken seriously sick before we reached Goliad and at a distance from any habitation. To add to the complication, his horse — a mustang that had probably been captured from the band of wild horses before alluded to, and of undoubted longevity at his capture — gave out. It was absolutely necessary to get forward to Goliad to find a shelter for our sick companion. By dint of patience and exceedingly slow movements, Goliad was at last reached, and a shelter and bed secured for our patient. We remained over a day, hoping that Augur might recover sufficiently to resume his travels. He did not, however, and knowing that Major Dix would be along in a few days with his wagon-train, now empty, and escort, we arranged with our Louisiana friend to take the best of care of the sick lieutenant until thus relieved, and went on.

I had never been a sportsman in my life; had scarcely ever gone in search of game, and rarely seen any when looking for it. On this trip there was no minute of time while travelling between San Patricio and the settlements on the San Antonio River, from

San Antonio to Austin, and again from the Colorado River back to San Patricio, when deer or antelope could not be seen in great numbers. Each officer carried a shot-gun, and every evening, after going into camp, some would go out and soon return with venison and wild turkeys enough for the entire camp. I, however, never went out, and had no occasion to fire my gun; except, being detained over a day at Goliad, Benjamin and I concluded to go down to the creek — which was fringed with timber, much of it the pecan — and bring back a few turkeys. We had scarcely reached the edge of the timber when I heard the flutter of wings overhead, and in an instant I saw two or three turkeys flying away. These were soon followed by more, then more, and more, until a flock of twenty or thirty had left from just over my head. All this time I stood watching the turkeys to see where they flew — with my gun on my shoulder, and never once thought of leveling it at the birds. When I had time to reflect upon the matter, I came to the conclusion that as a sportsman I was a failure, and went back to the house. Benjamin remained out, and got as many turkeys as he wanted to carry back.

After the second night at Goliad, Benjamin and I started to make the remainder of the journey alone. We reached Corpus Christi just in time to avoid "absence without leave." We met no one — not even an Indian — during the remainder of our journey, except at San Patricio. A new settlement had been started there in our absence of three weeks, induced possibly by the fact that there were houses already built, while the proximity of troops gave protection against the Indians. On the evening of the first day out from Goliad we heard the most unearthly howling of wolves, directly in our front. The prairie grass was tall and we could not see the beasts, but the sound indicated that they were near. To my ear it appeared that there must have been enough to devour our party, horses and all, at a single meal. The part of Ohio that I hailed from was not thickly settled, but wolves had been driven out long before I left. Benjamin was from Indiana, still less populated, where the wolf yet roamed over the prairies. He understood the nature of the animal and the capacity of a few to make believe there was an unlimited number of them. He kept on towards the noise, unmoved.

I followed in his trail, lacking moral courage to turn back and join our sick companion. I have no doubt that if Benjamin had proposed returning to Goliad, I would not only have "seconded the motion" but have suggested that it was very hard-hearted in us to leave Augur sick there in the first place; but Benjamin did not propose turning back. When he did speak it was to ask: "Grant, how many wolves do you think there are in that pack?" Knowing where he was from, and suspecting that he thought I would over-estimate the number, I determined to show my acquaintance with the animal by putting the estimate below what possibly could be correct, and answered: "Oh, about twenty," very indifferently. He smiled and rode on. In a minute we were close upon them, and before they saw us. There were just *two* of them. Seated upon their haunches, with their mouths close together, they had made all the noise we had been hearing for the past ten minutes. I have often thought of this incident since when I have heard the noise of a few disappointed politicians who had deserted their associates. There are always more of them before they are counted.

[*Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant*. Reprinted, by permission of The Century Company, from vol. i, pp. 75-78.]

LEE'S SURRENDER

I was conducted at once to where Sheridan was located with his troops drawn up in line of battle facing the Confederate army near by. They were very much excited, and expressed their view that this was all a ruse employed to enable the Confederates to get away. They said they believed that Johnston was marching from North Carolina now, and Lee was moving to join him; and they would whip the rebels where they now were in five minutes if I would only let them go in. But I had no doubt about the good faith of Lee, and pretty soon was conducted to where he was. I found him at the house of a Mr. McLean, at Appomattox Court House, with Colonel Marshall, one of his staff officers, awaiting my arrival. The head of his column was occupying a hill, on a portion of which was an apple orchard, beyond a little

valley which separated it from that on the crest of which Sheridan's forces were drawn up in line of battle to the south.

Before stating what took place between General Lee and myself, I will give all there is of the story of the famous apple tree.

Wars produce many stories of fiction, some of which are told until they are believed to be true. The war of the rebellion was no exception to this rule, and the story of the apple tree is one of those fictions based on a slight foundation of fact. As I have said, there was an apple orchard on the side of the hill occupied by the Confederate forces. Running diagonally up the hill was a wagon road, which, at one point, ran very near one of the trees, so that the wheels of the vehicles had, on that side, cut off the roots of this tree, leaving a little embankment. General Babcock, of my staff, reported to me that when he first met General Lee he was sitting upon this embankment with his feet in the road below and his back resting against the tree. The story had no other foundation than that. Like many other stories, it would be very good if it was only true.

I had known General Lee in the old army, and had served with him in the Mexican War; but did not suppose, owing to the difference in our age and rank, that he would remember me; while I would more naturally remember him distinctly, because he was the chief of staff of General Scott in the Mexican War.

When I left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my ob-

which Sheri-
south:
Lee and my-
famous apple
which are told
rebellion was
ple tree is one
ct. As I have
hill occupied
p the hill was
e of the trees,
le, cut off the
General Bab-
met General
is feet in the
The story had
ories, it would
ad served with
owing to the
remember me;
nctly, because
exican War.
ed so soon the
y was in rough
hen on horse-
r a coat, with
rmy who I was.
We greeted
ts. I had my
e room during
w. As he was
it was impos-
end had finally
nly to show it.
d from my ob-

serva- tion; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us.

General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards.

We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter.

Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I proposed to give his army ought to be written out. I called to Gen-

eral Parker, secretary on my staff, for writing materials, and commenced writing out the following terms:—

APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.,
April 9th, 1865.

GEN. R. E. LEE, *Comd'g C. S. A.*

GEN: — In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of N. Va. on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate. One copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT, *Lt. Gen.*

When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side arms.

No conversation, not one word, passed between General Lee and myself, either about private property, side arms, or kindred subjects. He appeared to have no objections to the terms first proposed; or if he had a point to make against them he wished

to wait until they were in writing to make it. When he read over that part of the terms about side arms, horses and private property of the officers, he remarked, with some feeling, I thought, that this would have a happy effect upon his army.

Then, after a little further conversation, General Lee remarked to me again that their army was organized a little differently from the army of the United States (still maintaining by implication that we were two countries); that in their army the cavalymen and artillerists owned their own horses; and he asked if he was to understand that the men who so owned their horses were to be permitted to retain them. I told him that as the terms were written they would not; that only the officers were permitted to take their private property. He then, after reading over the terms a second time, remarked that that was clear.

I then said to him that I thought this would be about the last battle of the war—I sincerely hoped so; and I said further I took it that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them and I would, therefore, instruct the officers I left behind to receive the paroles of his troops to let every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect.

He then sat down and wrote out the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 9, 1865.

GENERAL:—I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. LEE, *General*.

LIEUT.-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

While duplicates of the two letters were being made, the Union generals present were severally presented to General Lee.

The much talked of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back, this and much more that has been said about it is the purest romance. The word sword or side arms was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it, and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put it in the terms precisely as I acceded to the provision about the soldiers retaining their horses.

General Lee, after all was completed and before taking his leave, remarked that his army was in a very bad condition for want of food, and that they were without forage; that his men had been living for some days on parched corn exclusively, and that he would have to ask me for rations and forage. I told him "certainly," and asked for how many men he wanted rations. His answer was "about twenty-five thousand:" and I authorized him to send his own commissary and quartermaster to Appomattox Station, two or three miles away, where he could have, out of the trains we had stopped, all the provisions wanted. As for forage, we had ourselves depended almost entirely upon the country for that.

Generals Gibbon, Griffin and Merritt were designated by me to carry into effect the paroling of Lee's troops before they should start for their homes — General Lee leaving Generals Longstreet, Gordon and Pendleton for them to confer with in order to facilitate this work. Lee and I then separated as cordially as we had met, he returning to his own lines, and all went into bivouac for the night at Appomattox.

Soon after Lee's departure I telegraphed to Washington as follows: —

HEADQUARTERS APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.,
April 9th, 1865, 4.30 P.M.

HON. E. M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR,
WASHINGTON.

General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the conditions fully.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieut.-General.*

When the news of the surrender first reached our lines our men commenced firing a salute of a hundred guns in honor of the victory. I at once sent word, however, to have it stopped. The Confederates were now our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall.

I determined to return to Washington at once, with a view to putting a stop to the purchase of supplies, and what I now deemed other useless outlay of money. Before leaving, however, I thought I would like to see General Lee again; so next morning I rode out beyond our lines towards his headquarters, preceded by a bugler and a staff-officer carrying a white flag.

Lee soon mounted his horse, seeing who it was, and met me. We had there between the lines, sitting on horseback, a very pleasant conversation of over half an hour, in the course of which Lee said to me that the South was a big country, and that we might have to march over it three or four times before the war entirely ended, but that we would now be able to do it as they could no longer resist us. He expressed it as his earnest hope, however, that we would not be called upon to cause more loss and sacrifice of life; but he could not foretell the result. I then suggested to General Lee that there was not a man in the Confederacy whose influence with the soldiery and the whole people was as great as his, and that if he would now advise the surrender of all the armies I had no doubt his advice would be followed with alacrity. But Lee said, that he could not do that without consulting the President first. I knew there was no use to urge him to do anything against his ideas of what was right.

I was accompanied by my staff and other officers, some of whom seemed to have a great desire to go inside the Confederate lines. They finally asked permission of Lee to do so for the purpose of seeing some of their old army friends, and the permission was granted. They went over, had a very pleasant time with their old friends, and brought some of them back with them when they returned.

When Lee and I separated he went back to his lines and I returned to the house of Mr. McLean. Here the officers of both armies came in great numbers, and seemed to enjoy the meeting as much as though they had been friends separated for a long time

while fighting battles under the same flag. For the time being it looked very much as if all thought of the war had escaped their minds. After an hour pleasantly passed in this way I set out on horseback, accompanied by my staff and a small escort, for Burkesville Junction, up to which point the railroad had by this time been repaired.

[From *Personal Memoirs*, vol. ii, chapter 67. Reprinted by permission of The Century Company.]

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

[George William Curtis was born in Providence, R.I., Feb. 24, 1824. He was sent to school at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, but had afterwards no academic training. In 1839 his family removed to New York, where he lived till 1842. He early satisfied a wish he had for a simple, useful life by working on a farm in New England, and he was for some time a member of the famous Brook Farm Community. In 1846 he went abroad, and travelled in Europe and the East for three or four years, returning home in 1850. Two years later he became the editor of *Putnam's Magazine*, and on giving up that periodical he took the department of the Easy Chair in *Harper's Monthly*, which he continued to write till the time of his death. He entered public life in 1855, and became known throughout the country as a political writer and speaker; he was already active and popular as a lecturer. He refused several places of honor abroad, but accepted from Grant the appointment of Chairman of the Civil Service Commission, which owed to him its first efficiency in the course of political reform. Up to the time of Blaine's nomination for the presidency he was a republican; but after that, though he supported Garfield, he was independent of party ties. He died at West New Brighton, Staten Island, Aug. 31, 1892.

The following are the names and dates of Curtis's principal works: *Nile Notes of a Howadji* (1851), *The Howadji in Syria* (1852), *The Potiphar Papers* (1853), *Prue and I* (1856), *Trumps* (1861), *Eulogy on Wendell Phillips* (1884), three series of essays *From the Easy Chair* (1892, 1893, 1894), and *James Russell Lowell* (1892). His *Orations and Addresses*, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, appeared in 1893-94. His biography has been written by Edward Cary (1895).]

WHEN time shall have got him in the right perspective, few of our writers will show as distinct and continuous a purpose, as direct a growth from a very definite impulse, as George William Curtis. The impulse seemed to exhaust itself at a certain moment of his career, but perhaps it was only included and carried forward in the larger and stronger impulse which made the witness of the effect forget the æsthetic quality in the ethical tendency. His intellectual life was really of a singular unity. The moral force which

ultimately prevailed was always present in the earlier charm; and the grace which his strenuousness kept to the end was as inalienably his. He was both artist and moralist from the beginning to the end of his work. He could not help trying for literary beauty in his political writings, in his appeal to the civic sense of his countrymen; he could not forbear to remind himself and his reader of higher things when he seemed rapt in the joy of art.

He was of Massachusetts stock, but it was not for nothing that he was born in Rhode Island. He embodied in literature that transition from New England to New York which his state represents in our civilization. The influences that shaped his mind and character, that kindled his sympathies and inspired his ideals, were New England influences; the circumstances which attracted his energies and formed his opportunities were New York circumstances. He began to write when what has been called, for want of some closer phrase, the Knickerbocker school had shrunken through the waning activity of Irving and the evanescence of Poe to little more than the tradition which it remains, and when the great Boston group of poets and thinkers was in its glory, when Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Prescott, Ticknor, Motley, Parkman, and Phillips were establishing such claim as we had to literary standing before the world. Yet he did not write like the Bostonians, in spite of his inherent and instinctive ethicisim. He was not Puritanic, either in revolt or in acquiescence; he was not provincial in the good way or in the bad way, in the way of Athens, and Florence, and Paris, as the Bostonians sometimes were, or in the way of Little Peddlington, as they sometimes were. He was like the finest and greatest of them in their enlargement to the measure of humanity, though he was not liberated from what is poor and selfish and personal by anything cosmopolitan in his environment, but by his disgust with its social meanness and narrowness. What "our best society" in New York was in 1858, the best society in 1898 can perhaps hardly imagine; but the most interesting fact of that period was the evolution of a great public spirit from conditions fatal to poorer natures.

A great public spirit was what Curtis was: at first tentatively and falteringly, and then more and more voluntarily and fully. After he once came to his civic consciousness, he could not con-

tent himself with sterile satire of New York society, with breaking butterflies or even more vicious insects upon wheels; he must do something, become something; he must live a protest against triviality and vulgarity, and he chose to do this on the American scale. It was not till he had written *The Potiphar Papers* that he dedicated himself to humanity in the anti-slavery reform, and thereafter to the purification of our practical politics. But he had the root of the matter always in him: it germinated far back in his past, when as a young man he joined the Brook Farm Community and dreamed, in the sweat of his brow and the work of his hands, of the day when economic equality and the social justice which nothing less implies, should rule among men. There are no miracles in character, and what took the literary world with surprise and sorrow when Curtis left the study for the stump was the simplest possible effect of growth, an effect wholly to be expected and hardly to have been avoided.

His two books of Eastern travel, *Nile Notes of a Howadji*, and *The Howadji in Syria*, followed each other in 1851 and 1852, and first sounded the American note which has since been heard in so many agreeable books of travel. They were joyous dances of tints and lights, in great part; they were even more choreographic than musical, though they were written from an ear that sympathetically sought the concord of sweet sounds, and with a skill that almost cloyingly reported it. They give a picture of the pleasing lands of "drowsied" through which they lead by color rather than by drawing, but the picture is not less true, for a" that, and it is not less a work of art because it is at times so purely decorative. Long before impressionism had a name, Curtis's studies of travel were impressionistic; and one is sensible of something like this, not only in the *Howadji* pages, but in the more conscious effort, *Lotus-Eating, a Summer Book*, which treated of American watering-places, and tried to divine the poetry of our summer idling.

This appeared in 1852, and was followed in 1854 by *The Potiphar Papers*, which satirized the vices and follies of the self-called best society of New York. The lash was laid on with rather a heavy hand, which was artistically a mistake and morally useless, since it could not penetrate the thick skin it scourged;

but probably the fact was not caricatured in the satire. The next book was that group of tender and winning studies in the ideal, *Prue and I*, from which a characteristic passage follows. They were reprinted in 1856 from *Putnam's Magazine*, which Curtis edited, and in which they had won lasting favor. They form undoubtedly his most popular book; with many of his own generation it is not too much to say that they were beloved. They expressed something better than a mood; they were conceived in a love of beauty and expressed in a love of humanity; they are very sentimental, but they are never insincere; the worst that can be said of them is that they are weakened by the tendency to allegory which was always the danger of the author's imagination, but this was their condition. His last fiction was *Trumps*, a novel, published in 1861, which promptly, and it appears finally, failed of a public.

After that Curtis wrote the graceful and gracious, humanizing, civilizing papers of the Easy Chair in *Harper's Monthly*. He had already made his mark as an orator on the anti-slavery side of politics; he touched widely on various topics in these pages for ten or twelve years; he took an active part in all patriotic interests as long as he lived; the Civil Service Reform he may be said almost to have created.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE DUTY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Do you ask me our duty as scholars? Gentlemen, thought, which the scholar represents, is life and liberty. There is no intellectual or moral life without liberty. Therefore, as a man must breathe and see before he can study, the scholar must have liberty, first of all; and as the American scholar is a man and has a voice in his own government, so his interest in political affairs must precede all others. He must build his house before he can live in it. He must be a perpetual inspiration of freedom in politics. He must recognize that the intelligent exercise of political rights which is a privilege in a monarchy, is a duty in a republic. If it clash with his ease, his retirement, his taste, his study, let it clash, but let him do his duty. The course of events is incessant, and when the good deed is slighted, the bad deed is done.

Young scholars, young Americans, young men, we are all called upon to do a great duty. Nobody is released from it. It is a work to be done by hard strokes, and everywhere. I see a rising enthusiasm, but enthusiasm is not an election; and I hear cheers from the heart, but cheers are not votes. Every man must labor with his neighbor — in the street, at the plough, at the bench, early and late, at home and abroad." Generally we are concerned, in elections, with the measures of government. This time it is with the essential principle of government itself. Therefore there must be no doubt about our leader. He must not prevaricate, or stand in the fog, or use terms to court popular favor, which every demagogue and traitor has always used. If he says he favors the interest of the whole country, let him frankly say whether he thinks the interest of the whole country demands the extension of slavery. If he declares for the Union, let him say whether he means a Union for freedom or for slavery. If he swear by the Constitution, let him state, so that the humblest free laborer can hear and understand, whether he believes the Constitution means to prefer slave labor to free labor in the national representation of the Territories. Ask him as an honest man, in a great crisis, if he be for the Union, the Constitution, and slavery extension, or for "*Liberty* and union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Scholars, you would like to loiter in the pleasant paths of study. Every man loves his ease — loves to please his taste. But into how many homes along this lovely valley came the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill eighty years ago; and young men like us, studious, fond of leisure, young lovers, young husbands, young brothers, and sons, knew that they must forsake the wooded hillside, the river meadows golden with harvest, the twilight walk along the river, the summer Sunday in the old church, parents, wife, child, mistress, and go away to uncertain war. Putnam heard the call at his plough, and turned to go without waiting. Wooster heard it and obeyed.

Not less lovely in those days was this peaceful valley, not less soft this summer air. Life was as dear, and love as beautiful, to those young men as to us who stand upon their graves. But because they were so dear and beautiful those men went out, bravely to fight for them and fall. Through these very streets they marched, who never returned. They fell and were buried; but they can never die.¹ Not sweeter are the flowers that make your valley fair, not greener are the pines that give your river its name, than the memory of the brave men who died for freedom.² And yet no victim of those days, sleeping under the green sod of Connecticut, is more truly a martyr of Liberty than every murdered man whose bones lie bleaching in this summer sun upon the silent plains of Kansas.

Gentlemen, while we read history we make history.³ Because our fathers fought in this great cause, we must not hope to escape fighting. Because two thousand years ago Leonidas stood against Xerxes, we must not suppose that Xerxes was slain, nor, thank God! that Leonidas is not immortal. Every great crisis of human history is a pass of Thermopylae, and there is always a Leonidas and his three hundred to die in it, if they cannot conquer.⁴ And so long as Liberty has one martyr, so long as one drop of blood is poured out for her, so long from that single drop of bloody sweat of the agony of humanity shall spring hosts as countless as the forest leaves and mighty as the sea.

Brothers! the call has come to us. I bring it to you in these calm retreats. I summon you to the great fight of Freedom. I call upon you to say with your voices, whenever the occasion offers, and with your votes when the day comes, that upon these

fertile fields of Kansas, in the very heart of the continent, the upas-tree of slavery, dripping death-dews upon national prosperity and upon free labor, shall never be planted. I call upon you to plant there the palm of peace, the vine and the olive of a Christian civilization. I call upon you to determine whether this great experiment of human freedom, which has been the scorn of despotism, shall, by its failure, be also our sin and shame. I call upon you to defend the hope of the world.

The voice of our brothers who are bleeding, no less than of our fathers who bled, summons us to this battle. Shall the children of unborn generations, clustering over that vast western empire, rise up and call us blessed or cursed? Here are our Marathon and Lexington; here are our heroic fields. The hearts of all good men beat with us. The fight is fierce—the issue is with God. But God is good.

[From *The Duty of the American Scholar to Politics and the Times*,—an oration delivered before the literary societies of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., August 5, 1856, and republished in pamphlet form in the same year. It is also included in *Orations and Addresses*, 1884, Harper and Brothers, vol. i. The text is that of the original publication.]

TITBOTTOM'S GRANDFATHER

"You know my grandfather Titbottom was a West Indian. A large proprietor, and an easy man, he basked in the tropical sun, leading his quiet, luxurious life. He lived much alone, and was what people call eccentric, by which I understand that he was very much himself, and, refusing the influence of other people, they had their little revenges, and called him names. It is a habit not exclusively tropical. I think I have seen the same thing even in this city. But he was greatly beloved—my bland and bountiful grandfather. He was so large-hearted, and open-handed. He was so friendly, and thoughtful, and genial, that even his jokes had the air of graceful benedictions. He did not seem to grow old, and he was one of those who never appear to have been very young. He flourished in a perennial maturity, an immortal middle-age.

"My grandfather lived upon one of the small islands, St. Kitt's, perhaps, and his domain extended to the sea. His house, a

rambling West Indian mansion, was surrounded with deep, spacious piazzas, covered with luxurious lounges, among which one capacious chair was his peculiar seat. They tell me he used sometimes to sit there for the whole day, his great, soft, brown eyes fastened upon the sea, watching the specks of sails that flashed upon the horizon, while the evanescent expressions chased each other over his placid face, as if it reflected the calm and changing sea before him. His morning costume was an ample dressing-gown of gorgeously flowered silk, and his morning was very apt to last all day. He rarely read, but he would pace the great piazza for hours, with his hands sunken in the pockets of his dressing-gown, and an air of sweet reverie, which any author might be very happy to produce.

"Society, of course, he saw little. There was some slight apprehension that if he were bidden to social entertainments, he might forget his coat, or arrive without some other essential part of his dress; and there is a sly tradition in the Titbottom family, that, having been invited to a ball in honor of the new governor of the island, my grandfather Titbottom sauntered into the hall towards midnight, wrapped in the gorgeous flowers of his dressing-gown, and with his hands buried in the pockets, as usual. There was great excitement among the guests, and immense deprecation of gubernatorial ire. But it happened that the governor and my grandfather were old friends, and there was no offence. But as they were conversing together, one of the distressed managers cast indignant glances at the brilliant costume of my grandfather, who summoned him, and asked courteously:

"Did you invite me, or my coat?"

"You, in a proper coat," replied the manager.

"The governor smiled approvingly, and looked at my grandfather.

"My friend," said he to the manager, "I beg your pardon, I forgot."

"The next day, my grandfather was seen promenading in full ball dress along the streets of the little town.

"They ought to know," said he, "that I have a proper coat, and that not contempt nor poverty, but forgetfulness, sent me to a ball in my dressing-gown."

"He did not much frequent social festivals after this failure, but he always told the story with satisfaction and a quiet smile.

"To a stranger, life upon those little islands is uniform even to weariness. But the old native dons like my grandfather, ripen in the prolonged sunshine, like the turtle upon the Bahama banks, nor know of existence more desirable. Life in the tropics, I take to be a placid torpidity. During the long warm mornings of nearly half a century, my grandfather Titbottom had sat in his dressing-gown, and gazed at the sea. But one calm June day, as he slowly paced the piazza after breakfast, his dreamy glance was arrested by a little vessel, evidently nearing the shore. He called for his spyglass, and surveying the craft, saw that she came from the neighboring island. She glided smoothly, slowly, over the summer sea. The warm morning air was sweet with perfumes, and silent with heat. The sea sparkled languidly, and the brilliant blue sky hung cloudlessly over. Scores of little island vessels had my grandfather seen come over the horizon, and cast anchor in the port. Hundreds of summer mornings had the white sails flashed and faded, like vague faces through forgotten dreams. But this time he laid down the spyglass, and leaned against a column of the piazza, and watched the vessel with an intentness that he could not explain. She came nearer and nearer, a graceful spectre in the dazzling morning.

"Decidedly, I must step down and see about that vessel," said my grandfather Titbottom.

"He gathered his ample dressing-gown about him, and stepped from the piazza with no other protection from the sun than the little smoking-cap upon his head. His face wore a calm beaming smile, as if he approved of all the world. He was not an old man, but there was almost a patriarchal pathos in his expression as he sauntered along in the sunshine towards the shore. A group of idle gazers was collected to watch the arrival. The little vessel furled her sails and drifted slowly landward, and as she was of very light draft, she came close to the shelving shore. A long plank was put out from her side, and the debarkation commenced. My grandfather Titbottom stood looking on to see the passengers as they passed. There were but a few of them, and mostly traders from the neighboring island. But suddenly the face of a young girl appeared over the side of the vessel, and she stepped upon

the plank to descend. My grandfather Titbottom instantly advanced, and moving briskly reached the top of the plank at the same moment, and with the old tassel of his cap flashing in the sun, and one hand in the pocket of his dressing-gown, with the other he handed the young lady carefully down the plank. That young lady was afterwards my grandmother Titbottom.

"And so, over the gleaming sea which he had watched so long, and which seemed thus to reward his patient gaze, came his bride that sunny morning.

"'Of course we are happy,' he used to say: 'For you are the gift of the sun I have loved so long and so well.' And my grandfather Titbottom would lay his hand so tenderly upon the golden hair of his young bride, that you could fancy him a devout Parsee caressing sunbeams.

"There were endless festivities upon occasion of the marriage; and my grandfather did not go to one of them in his dressing-gown. The gentle sweetness of his wife melted every heart into love and sympathy. He was much older than she, without doubt. But age, as he used to say with a smile of immortal youth, is a matter of feeling, not of years. And if, sometimes, as she sat by his side on the piazza, her fancy looked through her eyes upon that summer sea and saw a younger lover, perhaps some one of those graceful and glowing heroes who occupy the foreground of all young maidens' visions by the sea, yet she could not find one more generous and gracious, nor fancy one more worthy and loving than my grandfather Titbottom. And if, in the moonlit midnight, while he lay calmly sleeping, she leaned out of the window and sank into vague reveries of sweet possibility, and watched the gleaming path of the moonlight upon the water, until the dawn glided over it — it was only that mood of nameless regret and longing, which underlies all human happiness, or it was the vision of that life of society, which she had never seen, but of which she had often read, and which looked very fair and alluring across the sea to a girlish imagination, which knew that it should never know that reality.

[From *Titbottom's Spectacles*, in *Putnam's Magazine*, December, 1854; afterwards included in *Prue and I*, 1856, Harper and Brothers. The text is that of the original article.]

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

When Elizabeth died, the country gentlemen, the great traders in the towns, the sturdy steadfast middle class, the class from which English character and strength have sprung, were chiefly Puritans. Puritans taught in the universities and sat on the thrones of bishops. They were Peers in Parliament, they were Ambassadors and Secretaries of State. Hutchinson, graced with every accomplishment of the English gentleman, was a Puritan. Sir Henry Vane, by whose side sat justice, was a Puritan. John Hampden, purest of patriots, was a Puritan. John Pym, greatest of parliamentary leaders, was a Puritan. A fanatic? Yes, in the high sense of unchangeable fidelity to a sublime idea; — a fanatic like Columbus, sure of a western passage to India over a mysterious ocean which no mariner had ever sailed; — a fanatic like Galileo, who marked the courses of the stars and saw, despite the jargon of authority, that still the earth moved; — a fanatic like Joseph Warren, whom the glory of patriotism transfigures upon Bunker Hill. This was the fanatic who read the Bible to the English people and quickened English life with the fire of the primeval faith; who smote the Spaniard and swept the pirates from the sea, and rode with Cromwell and his Ironsides, praising God; who to the utmost shores of the Mediterranean, and in the shuddering valleys of Piedmont, to every religious oppressor and foe of England made the name of England terrible. This was the fanatic, soft as sunshine in the young Milton, blasting in Cromwell as the thunder-bolt, in Endicott austere as Calvin, in Roger Williams benign as Melancthon, in John Robinson foreseeing more truth to break forth from God's word. In all history do you see a nobler figure? Forth from the morning of Greece come, Leonidas, with your bravest of the brave, — in the rapt city plead, Demosthenes, your country's cause, — pluck, Gracchus, from aristocratic Rome its crown, — speak, Cicero, your magic word, — lift, Cato, your admonishing hand, — and you, patriots of modern Europe, be all gratefully remembered; — but where in the earlier ages, in the later day, in lands remote or near, shall we find loftier self-sacrifice, more unstained devotion to worthier ends,

issuing in happier results to the highest interests of man, than in the English Puritan?

He apprehended his own principle, indeed, often blindly, often narrowly, never in its utmost amplitude and splendor. The historic Puritan was a man of the seventeenth century, not of the nineteenth. He saw through a glass darkly, but he saw. The acorn is not yet the oak, the well-spring is not yet the river. But as the harvest is folded in the seed, so the largest freedom political and religious, — liberty, not toleration, not permission, not endurance — in yonder heaven Cassiopeia does not tolerate Arcturus nor the clustered Pleiades permit Orion to shine — the right of absolute individual liberty, subject only to the equal right of others, is the ripened fruit of the Puritan principle.

It is this fact, none the less majestic because he was unconscious of it, which invests the emigration of the Puritan to this country with a dignity and grandeur that belong to no other colonization. In unfurling his sail for that momentous voyage he was impelled by no passion of discovery, no greed of trade, no purpose of conquest. He was the most practical, the least romantic of men, but he was allured by no vision of worldly success. The winds that blew the *Mayflower* over the sea were not more truly airs from heaven than the moral impulse and moral heroism which inspired her voyage. Sebastian Cabot, Sir Walter Raleigh, Francis Drake and Frobisher, Cortez and Ponce de Leon, Champlain, bearing southward from the St. Lawrence the lilies of France, Henry Hudson pressing northward from Sandy Hook with the flag of Holland, sought mines of gold, a profitable trade, the fountain of youth, colonial empire, the northwestern passage, a shorter channel to Cathay. But the Puritan obeyed solely the highest of all human motives. He dared all that men have ever dared, seeking only freedom to worship God. Had the story of the Puritan ended with the landing upon Plymouth Rock, — had the rigors of that first winter which swept away half of the Pilgrims obliterated every trace of the settlement, — had the unnoted *Mayflower* sunk at sea, — still the Puritan story would have been one of the noblest in the annals of the human race. But it was happily developed into larger results, and the Puritan, changed with the changing time, adding sweetness to strength, and a broader humanity to

moral conviction and religious earnestness, was reserved for a grander destiny.

The Puritan came to America seeking freedom to worship God. He meant only freedom to worship God in his own way, not in the Quaker way, not in the Baptist way, not in the Church of England way. But the seed that he brought was immortal. His purpose was to feed with it his own barnyard fowl, but it quickened into an illimitable forest covering a continent with grateful shade, the home of every bird that flies. Freedom to worship God is universal freedom, a free state as well as a free church, and that was the inexorable but unconscious logic of Puritanism. Holding that the true rule of religious faith and worship was written in the Bible, and that every man must read and judge for himself, the Puritan conceived the church as a body of independent seekers and interpreters of the truth, dispensing with priests and priestly orders and functions; organizing itself and calling no man master. But this sense of equality before God and towards each other in the religious congregation, affecting and adjusting the highest and most enduring of all human relations, that of man to his Maker, applied itself instinctively to the relation of man to man in human society, and thus popular government flowed out of the Reformation, and the Republic became the natural political expression of Puritanism.

See, also, how the course and circumstance of the Puritan story had confirmed this tendency. The earliest English reformers, flying from the fierce reaction of Mary, sought freedom in the immemorial abode of freedom, Switzerland, whose singing waterfalls and *ranz des vaches* echoing among peaks of eternal ice and shadowy valleys of gentleness and repose, murmured ever the story of Morgarten and Sempach, the oath of the men of Rütli, the daring of William Tell, the greater revolt of Zwingli. There was Geneva, the stern republic of the Reformation, and every Alpine canton was a republican community lifted high for all men to see, a light set upon a hill. How beautiful upon the mountains were the heralds of glad tidings! This vision of the free state lingered in the Puritan mind. It passed in tradition from sire to son, and the dwellers in Amsterdam and Leyden, maintaining a republican Church, unconsciously became that republican state whose living

beauty their fathers had beheld, and which they saw glorified, dimly and afar, in the old Alpine vision.

Banished, moreover, by the pitiless English persecution, the Puritans, exiles and poor in a foreign land, a colony in Holland before they were a colony in America, were compelled to self-government, to a common sympathy and support, to bearing one another's burdens; and so, by the stern experience of actual life, they were trained in the virtues most essential for the fulfilment of their august but unimagined destiny. The patriots of the Continental Congress seemed to Lord Chatham imposing beyond the law-givers of Greece and Rome. The Constitutional Convention a hundred years ago was an assembly so wise that its accomplished work is reverently received by continuous generations, as the children of Israel received the tables of the law which Moses brought down from the Holy Mount. Happy, thrice happy the people which to such scenes in their history can add the simple grandeur of the spectacle in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, the Puritans signing the compact which was but the formal expression of the government that voluntarily they had established — the scene which makes Plymouth Rock a stepping-stone from the freedom of the solitary Alps and the disputed liberties of England to the fully developed constitutional and well-ordered republic of the United States.

The history of colonial New England and of New England in the Union is the story of the influence of the Puritan in America. That is a theme too alluring to neglect, too vast to be attempted now. But even in passing I must not urge a claim too broad. Even in the pride of this hour, and with the consent of your approving conviction and sympathy, I must not proclaim that the republic like a conquering goddess sprang from the head fully armed, and that the head was New England. Yet the imperial commonwealth of which we are citizens, and every sister-State, will agree that in the two great periods of our history, the colonial epoch and that of the national union, the influence of New England has not been the least of all influences in the formative and achieving processes towards the great and common result. The fondly cherished tradition of Hadley may be doubted and disproved, but like the legends of the old mythology it will live on,

glowing and palpitating with essential truth. It may be that we must surrender the story of the villagers upon the Connecticut sorely beset by Indians at mid-day and about to yield; perhaps no actual, venerable form appears with flowing hair,—like that white plume of conquering Navarre,—and with martial mien and voice of command rallies the despairing band, cheering them on to victory, then vanishing in air. The heroic legend may be a fable, but none the less it is the Puritan who marches in the van of our characteristic history, it is the subtle and penetrating influence of New England which has been felt in every part of our national life, as the cool wind blowing from her pine-clad mountains breathes a loftier inspiration, a health more vigorous, a fresher impulse, upon her own green valleys and happy fields.

See how she has diffused her population. Like the old statues of the Danube and the Nile, figures reclining upon a reedy shore and from exhaustless urns pouring water which flows abroad in a thousand streams of benediction, so has New England sent forth her children. Following the sun westward, across the Hudson and the Mohawk and the Susquehanna, over the Alleghanies into the valley of the Mississippi, over the Sierra Nevada to the Pacific Ocean, the endless procession from New England has moved for a century, bearing everywhere Puritan principle, Puritan enterprise, and Puritan thrift. A hundred years ago New-Englanders passed beyond the calm Dutch Arcadia upon the Mohawk, and striking into the primeval forest of the ancient Iroquois domain began the settlement of central New York. A little later, upon the Genesee, settlers from Maryland and Pennsylvania met, but the pioneers from New England took the firmest hold and left the deepest and most permanent impression. A hundred years ago there was no white settlement in Ohio. But in 1789 the seed of Ohio was carried from Massachusetts, and from the loins of the great Eastern commonwealth sprang the first great commonwealth of the West. Early in the century a score of settlements beyond the Alleghanies bore the name of Salem, the spot where first in America the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay set foot; and in the dawn of the Revolution the hunters in the remote valley of the Elkhorn, hearing the news of the 19th of April, called their camp Lexington, and thus, in the response of their heroic sympathy, the

Puritan of New England named the early capital of Kentucky. But happier still, while yet the great region of the Northwest lay in primeval wilderness awaiting the creative touch that should lift it into civilization, it was the Puritan instinct which fulfilled the aspiration of Jefferson, and by the Ordinance of 1787 consecrated the Northwest to freedom. So in the civilization of the country has New England been a pioneer, and so deeply upon American life and institutions has the genius of New England impressed itself that in the great civil war the peculiar name of the New-Englander, the Yankee, became the distinguishing title of the soldier of the Union; the national cause was the Yankee cause; and a son of the West, born in Kentucky and a citizen of Illinois, who had never seen New England twice in his life, became the chief representative Yankee, and with his hand, strong with the will of the people, the Puritan principle of liberty and equal rights broke the chains of a race. New England characteristics have become national qualities. The blood of New England flows with energizing, modifying, progressive power in the veins of every State; and the undaunted spirit of the Puritan, *sic semper tyrannis*, animates the continent from sea to sea.

[From an oration delivered at the unveiling of a bronze statue of the "Pilgrim," in Central Park, New York City, June 6, 1885. Printed in *Unveiling of the Pilgrim Statue by the New England Society in the City of New York*. Afterwards included in *Orations and Addresses*, Harper and Brothers, 1894, vol. i. The text is that of the original publication.]

FRANCIS PARKMAN

[Francis Parkman was born in Boston, Sept. 16, 1823, and died at his country house in Jamaica Plain, one of the suburbs of Boston, Nov. 8, 1893. His ancestors had for several generations been honorably known in Massachusetts. Much of Francis Parkman's early life was spent in the woods. The home of his maternal grandfather, Nathaniel Hall of Medford, was situated on the border of the Middlesex Fells, a superb piece of wild and savage woodland, 4000 acres in extent, within eight miles of Boston. As the boy's health was not robust, he was allowed to spend much of his time in this enchanting solitude, and learned there the craft of huntsman and trapper. He was graduated at Harvard in 1844, with high rank. While in college he spent several months in a journey in Europe, and afterward, in 1846, he travelled in the Rocky Mountain region, in what was then a howling wilderness, and lived for some time in a village of Sioux Indians of the Ogillalab tribe, whose acquaintance with white men was but slight. A graphic account of this wild experience was given in Parkman's first book, *The Oregon Trail*, published in 1847. Some time afterward he published a historical novel, *Vassall Morton*, which had not much success. In 1851 he published the first of his great series of histories, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*. This remarkable book, though the first to be published, was in its subject the last of the series to which it belongs, and which, with their dates of publication, are as follows: *Pioneers of France in the New World* (1865), *The Jesuits in North America* (1867), *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West* (1869), *The Old Régime in Canada* (1874), *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.* (1877), *A Half-Century of Conflict* (1892), *Montcalm and Wolfe* (1884). It will be observed that the last-named work, the climax of the series, was completed before the less important one which precedes it.

Mr. Parkman was eminent in the culture of roses, and author of a work entitled *The Book of Roses* (1866). He was president of the Horticultural Society, and was at one time Professor of Horticulture in Harvard University. He was afterward an Overseer and finally a Fellow of the University. No biography of him has as yet been published except the brief sketch by the present writer, prefixed to the revised and illustrated edition of his complete works, in twenty volumes (Boston, 1897-1898).]

THE significance of Parkman in literary history lies chiefly in the fact that he was the first great American historian to deal on

a large scale with American themes. Two men of genius before him had taken subjects from the ever-fascinating age of maritime discovery. Seventy years ago Washington Irving published a biography of Columbus which still remains without a worthy rival in any language; in his life of Washington the same writer was less successful. Prescott's narratives of Spanish conquest in Mexico and Peru, extremely brilliant but inadequate and misleading because of the writer's imperfect acquaintance with American archæology, barely approach the threshold of American history, properly so called. Our only other historian of genius occupied himself with the noble story of the Netherlands and their war of independence. For American history one had to choose between the jejune registration of Hildreth and the vapid rhetoric of Bancroft. Far above such writers we must rank Palfrey, in spite of his one-sidedness; but his work, though excellent, is without genius; it does not clothe with warm flesh and red blood the dry bones of the past. Before Parkman wrote it used commonly to be said, either that our country had no history, or else that such as it had was devoid of romantic interest. What! Two and a half centuries, more crowded with incident and richer in records than any that had gone before, and yet no history! A leading race of men thrust into a savage wilderness, to work out a new civilization under these strange conditions, and yet no romantic interest! Truly the history was there, and the romance was there, only it needed the touch of the artist to bring it out. So it might have seemed in Dr. Johnson's day that there was but little of interest in Britain north of the Tweed, but the enchanter, Scott, forever dispelled such a monstrous illusion.

The first thing that strikes us in reading Parkman's books is their picturesqueness. But they are equally remarkable for their minute accuracy and for their wealth of knowledge. For patient and careful research Parkman has never been excelled by any of the Dryasdust family. He would follow up a clew with the tenacity of a sleuth-hound. It was very rarely that anything escaped him, and it is but seldom that the most jealous criticism has detected a weak spot in his statements or in his conclusions.

Parkman's accuracy, indeed, is a notable element of his picturesqueness. His descriptions are vivid because in every small

detail they are true to life. His preparation for his subject was admirable. It grew naturally out of his early wanderings in the Middlesex Fells. A passionate love of wild nature took possession of him, and in youth he conceived the plan of writing the history of the American wilderness, and the mighty struggle between Frenchmen and Englishmen for the mastery of it. This struggle between political despotism and political liberty for the possession of such a vast area of virgin soil for future growth and expansion gives to the theme an epic grandeur. For dealing with such a subject Parkman prepared himself by various experiences. Though his sojourn with a wild tribe of Sioux in 1846 was not long, yet he brought away from it knowledge of the highest value, for his faculty of observation was as keen as that of any naturalist. On his first journey in Europe, during his college days, he had spent several weeks in a monastery of Passionists at Rome, and what he saw there must have been of infinite service to him in studying the labors of Jesuits and Franciscans in the New World.

The next thing in order was to study history at its sources, and this involved much tedious exploration and several journeys in Europe. A notable monument of this research exists in a cabinet now standing in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, containing nearly two hundred folio volumes of documents transcribed from the originals by expert copyists. Ability to incur heavy expense is a prerequisite for such undertakings, and herein our historian was favored by fortune. Against this great advantage were to be offset the hardships entailed by delicate health and inability to use the eyes for reading and writing. Parkman always dictated instead of holding the pen, and his huge mass of documents in French, Italian, Latin, and other languages, had to be read aloud to him, while it was but seldom that he could work for more than half an hour without stopping to take a long rest. The heroism shown year after year in contending with physical ailments was the index of a character fit to be mated, for its pertinacious courage, with the heroes that live in his shining pages.

Parkman's descriptions seem like the reports of an eyewitness. The realism is so strong that the author seems to have come in person fresh from the scenes he describes, with the smoke of the

battle hovering about him and its fierce light glowing in his eyes. Parkman did not feel ready to write until he had visited nearly all the localities that form the scenery of his story, and studied them with the patience of a surveyor and the discerning eye of a landscape painter. His love of nature added keen zest to this sort of work. To sleep under the open sky was his delight, and his books fairly reek with the fragrance of pine woods.

But except for Parkman's inborn temperament all his microscopic industry would have availed him but little. To use his own words, "Faithfulness to the truth of history involves far more than a research, however patient and scrupulous, into special facts. Such facts may be detailed with the most minute exactness, and yet the narrative, taken as a whole, may be unmeaning." These are words which the mere Dryasdust can never comprehend; yet they are golden words for the student of the historical art to ponder. To make a truthful record of a vanished age, patient scholarship is needed, and something more. Into the making of a historian there should enter something of the naturalist, something of the poet, and something of the philosopher. Seldom has this union of qualities been realized in such a high degree as in Parkman.

His philosophic habit of mind is seen in all his books, but it may best be studied in *The Old Régime in Canada*. The fate of a nationalistic experiment, set on foot by one of the most absolute of monarchs and fostered by one of the most devoted and powerful of religious organizations, is traced to the operation of causes inherent in its very nature. These pages are alive with philosophy and teem with object-lessons of extraordinary value.

Free industrial England pitted against despotic militant France for the possession of an ancient continent reserved from the beginning of time for this decisive struggle, and dragging into the conflict the belated barbarism of the Stone Age,—such is the wonderful theme which Parkman has treated. Thus, while of all our historians he is the most deeply and peculiarly American, he is at the same time the broadest and most cosmopolitan. His work is for all time, and the more adequately men's historic perspective gets adjusted, the greater will it seem.

JOHN FISKE

THE BLACK HILLS

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
 Alone o'er steeps and foamy falls to lean ;
 This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

Childe Harold

WE travelled eastward for two days, and then the gloomy ridges of the Black Hills rose up before us. The village passed along for some miles beneath their declivities, trailing out to a great length over the arid prairie, or winding at times among small detached hills of distorted shapes. Turning sharply to the left, we entered a wide defile of the mountains, down the bottom of which a brook came winding, lined with tall grass and dense copses, amid which were hidden many beaver-dams and lodges. We passed along between two lines of high precipices and rocks, piled in disorder one upon another, with scarcely a tree, a bush, or a clump of grass to veil their nakedness. The restless Indian boys were wandering along their edges and clambering up and down their rugged sides, and sometimes a group of them would stand on the verge of a cliff and look down on the array as it passed in review beneath them. As we advanced, the passage grew more narrow; then it suddenly expanded into a round grassy meadow, completely encompassed by mountains; and here the families stopped as they came up in turn, and the camp rose like magic.

The lodges were hardly erected when, with their usual precipitation, the Indians set about accomplishing the object that had brought them there; that is, the obtaining poles for their new lodges. Half the population, men, women, and boys, mounted their horses and set out for the interior of the mountains. As they rode at full gallop over the shingly rocks and into the dark

opening of the defile beyond, I thought I had never read or dreamed of a more strange or picturesque cavalcade. We passed between precipices, sharp and splintering at the tops, their sides beetling over the defile or descending in abrupt declivities, bristling with black fir-trees. On our left they rose close to us like a wall, but on the right a winding brook with a narrow strip of marshy soil intervened. The stream was clogged with old beaver-dams, and spread frequently into wide pools. There were thick bushes and many dead and blasted trees along its course, though frequently nothing remained but stumps cut close to the ground by the beaver, and marked with the sharp chisel-like teeth of those indefatigable laborers. Sometimes we were diving among trees, and then emerging upon open spots, over which, Indian-like, all galloped at full speed. As Pauline bounded over the rocks I felt her saddle-girth slipping, and alighted to draw it tighter; when the whole array swept past me in a moment, the women with their gaudy ornaments tinkling as they rode, the men whooping, and laughing, and lashing forward their horses. Two black-tailed deer bounded away among the rocks; Raymond shot at them from horseback; the sharp report of his rifle was answered by another equally sharp from the opposing cliffs, and then the echoes, leaping in rapid succession from side to side, died away rattling, far amid the mountains.

After having ridden in this manner for six or eight miles, the appearance of the scene began to change, and all the declivities around us were covered with forests of tall, slender pine trees. The Indians began to fall off to the right and left, and dispersed with their hatchets and knives among these woods, to cut the poles which they had come to seek. Soon I was left almost alone; but in the deep stillness of those lonely mountains, the stroke of hatchets and the sound of voices might be heard from far and near.

Reynal, who imitated the Indians in their habits as well as the worst features of their character, had killed buffalo enough to make a lodge for himself and his squaw, and now he was eager to get the poles necessary to complete it. He asked me to let Raymond go with him, and assist in the work. I assented, and the two men immediately entered the thickest part of the wood.

Having left my horse in Raymond's keeping, I began to climb the mountain. I was weak and weary, and made slow progress, often pausing to rest, but after an hour I gained a height, whence the little valley out of which I had climbed seemed like a deep, dark gulf, though the inaccessible peak of the mountain was still towering to a much greater distance above. Objects familiar from childhood surrounded me; crags and rocks, a black and sullen brook that gurgled with a hollow voice deep among the crevices, a wood of mossy distorted trees and prostrate trunks flung down by age and storms, scattered among the rocks, or damming the foaming waters of the little brook. The objects were the same, yet they were thrown into a wilder and more startling scene, for the black crags and the savage trees assumed a grim and threatening aspect, and close across the valley the opposing mountain confronted me, rising from the gulf for thousands of feet with its bare pinnacles and its ragged covering of pines. Yet the scene was not without its milder features. As I ascended, I found frequent little grassy terraces, and there was one of these close at hand, across which the brook was stealing, beneath the shade of scattered trees that seemed artificially planted. Here I made a welcome discovery, no other than a bed of strawberries, with their white flowers and their red fruit, close nestled among the grass by the side of the brook, and I sat down by them, hailing them as old acquaintances; for among those lonely and perilous mountains, they awakened delicious associations of the gardens and peaceful homes of far-distant New-England.

Yet wild as they were, these mountains were thickly peopled. As I climbed further, I found the broad, dusty paths made by the elk, as they filed across the mountain side. The grass on all the terraces was trampled down by deer; there were numerous tracks of wolves, and in some of the rougher and more precipitous parts of the ascent, I found foot-prints different from any that I had ever seen, and which I took to be those of the Rocky Mountain sheep. I sat down upon a rock; there was a perfect stillness. No wind was stirring, and not even an insect could be heard. I recollected the danger of becoming lost in such a place, and therefore I fixed my eye upon one of the tallest pin-

nacles of the opposite mountain. It rose sheer upright from the woods below, and by an extraordinary freak of nature, sustained aloft on its very summit a large loose rock. Such a landmark could never be mistaken, and feeling once more secure, I began again to move forward. A white wolf jumped up from among some bushes, and leaped clumsily away; but he stopped for a moment, and turned back his keen eye and his bristling muzzle. I longed to take his scalp and carry it back with me, as an appropriate trophy of the Black Hills, but before I could fire, he was gone among the rocks. Soon after I heard a rustling sound, with a cracking of twigs at a little distance, and saw moving above the tall bushes the branching antlers of an elk. I was in the midst of a hunter's paradise.

Such are the Black Hills, as I found them in July; but they wear a different garb when winter sets in, when the broad boughs of the fir tree are bent to the ground by the load of snow, and the dark mountains are whitened with it. At that season the mountain-trappers, returned from their autumn expeditions, often build their rude cabins in the midst of these solitudes, and live in abundance and luxury on the game that harbors there. I have heard them relate, how with their tawny mistresses, and perhaps a few young Indian companions, they have spent months in total seclusion. They would dig pitfalls, and set traps for the white wolves, the sables, and the martens, and though through the whole night the awful chorus of the wolves would resound from the frozen mountains around them, yet within their massive walls of logs they would lie in careless ease and comfort before the blazing fire, and in the morning shoot the elk and deer from their very door.

[From *The California and Oregon Trail: being Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life*, 1849, chapter 17, "The Black Hills." The text is that of the first edition, which is in certain respects preferable to that of the author's revised edition.]

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Of the Indian character, much has been written foolishly, and credulously believed. By the rhapsodies of poets, the cant of sentimentalists, and the extravagance of some who should have

known better, a counterfeit image has been tricked out, which might seek in vain for its likeness through every corner of the habitable earth; an image bearing no more resemblance to its original, than the monarch of the tragedy and the hero of the epic poem bear to their living prototypes in the palace and the camp. The shadows of his wilderness home, and the darker mantle of his own inscrutable reserve, have made the Indian warrior a wonder and a mystery. Yet to the eye of rational observation there is nothing unintelligible in him. He is full, it is true, of contradiction. He deems himself the centre of greatness and renown; his pride is proof against the fiercest torments of fire and steel; and yet the same man would beg for a dram of whiskey, or pick up a crust of bread thrown to him like a dog, from the tent door of the traveller. At one moment, he is wary and cautious to the verge of cowardice; at the next, he abandons himself to a very insanity of recklessness; and the habitual self-restraint which throws an impenetrable veil over emotion is joined to the unbridled passions of a madman or a beast.

Such inconsistencies, strange as they seem in our eyes, when viewed under a novel aspect, are but the ordinary incidents of humanity. The qualities of the mind are not uniform in their action through all the relations of life. With different men, and different races of men, pride, valor, prudence, have different forms of manifestation, and where in one instance they lie dormant, in another they are keenly awake. The conjunction of greatness and littleness, meanness and pride, is older than the days of the patriarchs; and such antiquated phenomena, displayed under a new form in the unreflecting, undisciplined mind of a savage, call for no special wonder, but should rather be classed with the other enigmas of the fathomless human heart. The dissecting knife of Rochefoucault might lay bare matters of no less curious observation in the breast of every man.

Nature has stamped the Indian with a hard and stern physiognomy. Ambition, revenge, envy, jealousy, are his ruling passions; and his cold temperament is little exposed to those effeminate vices which are the bane of milder races. With him revenge is an overpowering instinct; nay, more, it is a point of honor and a duty. His pride sets all language at defiance. He

loathes the thought of coercion; and few of his race have ever stooped to discharge a menial office. A wild love of liberty, an utter intolerance of control, lie at the basis of his character, and fire his whole existence. Yet, in spite of his haughty independence, he is a devout hero-worshipper; and high achievement in war or policy touches a chord to which his nature never fails to respond. He looks up with admiring reverence to the sages and heroes of his tribe; and it is this principle, joined to the respect for age springing from the patriarchal element in his social system, which, beyond all others, contributes union and harmony to the erratic members of an Indian community. With him the love of glory kindles into a burning passion; and to allay its cravings, he will dare cold and famine, fire, tempest, torture, and death itself.

These generous traits are overcast by much that is dark, cold and sinister, by sleepless distrust, and rankling jealousy. Treacherous himself, he is always suspicious of treachery in others. Brave as he is, — and few of mankind are braver, — he will vent his passion by a secret stab rather than an open blow. His warfare is full of ambuscade and stratagem; and he never rushes into battle with that joyous self-abandonment, with which the warriors of the Gothic races flung themselves into the ranks of their enemies. In his feasts and his drinking bouts we find none of that robust and full-toned mirth, which reigned at the rude carousals of our barbaric ancestry. He is never jovial in his cups, and maudlin sorrow or maniacal rage is the sole result of his potations.

Over all emotion he throws the veil of an iron self-control, originating in a peculiar form of pride, and fostered by rigorous discipline from childhood upward. He is trained to conceal passion, and not to subdue it. The inscrutable warrior is aptly imaged by the hackneyed figure of a volcano covered with snow; and no man can say when or where the wild-fire will burst forth. This shallow self-mastery serves to give dignity to public deliberation, and harmony to social life. Wrangling and quarrel are strangers to an Indian dwelling; and while an assembly of the ancient Gauls was garrulous as a convocation of magpies, a Roman senate might have taken a lesson from the grave solemnity of an

Indian council. In the midst of his family and friends, he hides affections, by nature none of the most tender, under a mask of icy coldness; and in the torturing fires of his enemy, the haughty sufferer maintains to the last his look of grim defiance.

His intellect is as peculiar as his moral organization. Among all savages, the powers of perception preponderate over those of reason and analysis; but this is more especially the case with the Indian. An acute judge of character, at least of such parts of it as his experience enables him to comprehend; keen to a proverb in all exercises of war and the chase, he seldom traces effects to their causes, or follows out actions to their remote results. Though a close observer of external nature, he no sooner attempts to account for her phenomena than he involves himself in the most ridiculous absurdities; and quite content with these puerilities, he has not the least desire to push his inquiries further. His curiosity, abundantly active within its own narrow circle, is dead to all things else; and to attempt rousing it from its torpor is but a bootless task. He seldom takes cognizance of general or abstract ideas; and his language has scarcely the power to express them, except through the medium of figures drawn from the external world, and often highly picturesque and forcible. The absence of reflection makes him grossly improvident, and unfits him for pursuing any complicated scheme of war or policy.

Some races of men seem moulded in wax, soft and melting, at once plastic and feeble. Some races, like some metals, combine the greatest flexibility with the greatest strength. But the Indian is hewn out of a rock. You can rarely change the form without destruction of the substance. Races of inferior energy have possessed a power of expansion and assimilation to which he is a stranger; and it is this fixed and rigid quality which has proved his ruin. He will not learn the arts of civilization, and he and his forest must perish together. The stern, unchanging features of his mind excite our admiration from their very immutability; and we look with deep interest on the fate of this irreclaimable son of the wilderness, the child who will not be weaned from the breast of his rugged mother. And our interest increases when we discern in the unhappy wanderer the germs of heroic virtues

mingled among his vices, — a hand bountiful to bestow as it is rapacious to seize, and even in extremest famine, imparting its last morsel to a fellow-sufferer; a heart which, strong in friendship as in hate, thinks it not too much to lay down life for its chosen comrade; a soul true to its own idea of honor, and burning with an unquenchable thirst for greatness and renown.

The imprisoned lion in the showman's cage differs not more widely from the lord of the desert, than the beggarly frequenter of frontier garrisons and dramshops differs from the proud denizen of the woods. It is in his native wilds alone that the Indian must be seen and studied. Thus to depict him is the aim of the ensuing History; and if, from the shades of rock and forest, the savage features should look too grimly forth, it is because the clouds of a tempestuous war have cast upon the picture their murky shadows and lurid fires.

[From *The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada*, 1851, chapter i, "The Indian Character." The text employed, by permission of the publishers, Little, Brown, and Co., is that of the author's revised edition of 1870.]

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC

The eventful night of the twelfth was clear and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before daybreak, thirty boats, crowded with sixteen hundred soldiers, cast off from the vessels, and floated downward, in perfect order, with the current of the ebb tide. To the boundless joy of the army, Wolfe's malady had abated, and he was able to command in person. His ruined health, the gloomy prospects of the siege, and the disaster at Montmorenci, had oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, but never impaired for a moment the promptness of his decisions, or the impetuous energy of his action. He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but borne up to a calm height of resolution. Every order had been given, every arrangement made, and it only remained to face the issue. The ebbing tide sufficed to bear the boats along, and nothing broke the silence of the night but the gurgling of the river, and the low

voice of Wolfe, as he repeated to the officers about him the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, which had recently appeared and which he had just received from England. Perhaps, as he uttered those strangely appropriate words, —

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

the shadows of his own approaching fate stole with mournful prophecy across his mind. "Gentlemen," he said, as he closed his recital, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

As they approached the landing-place the boats edged closer in towards the northern shore, and the woody precipices rose high on their left, like a wall of undistinguished blackness.

"*Qui vive ?*" shouted a French sentinel, from out the imperious gloom.

"*La France !*" answered a captain of Fraser's Highlanders, from the foremost boat.

"*A quel régiment ?*" demanded the soldier.

"*De la Reine !*" promptly replied the Highland captain, who chanced to know that the regiment so designated formed part of Bougainville's command. As boats were frequently passing down the river with supplies for the garrison, and as a convoy from Bougainville was expected that very night, the sentinel was deceived, and allowed the English to proceed.

A few moments after, they were challenged again, and this time they could discern the soldier running close down to the water's edge, as if all his suspicions were aroused; but the skilful replies of the Highlander once more saved the party from discovery.

They reached the landing-place in safety, — an indentation in the shore, about a league above the city, and now bearing the name of Wolfe's Cove. Here a narrow path led up the face of the heights, and a French guard was posted at the top to defend the pass. By the force of the current, the foremost boats, including that which carried Wolfe himself, were borne a little below the spot. The general was one of the first on shore. He looked upward at the rugged heights which towered above him in the gloom. "You can try it," he coolly observed to an officer near him; "but I don't think you'll get up."

At the point where the Highlanders landed, one of their captains, Donald Macdonald, apparently the same whose presence of mind had just saved the enterprise from ruin, was climbing in advance of his men, when he was challenged by a sentinel. He replied in French, by declaring that he had been sent to relieve the guard, and ordering the soldier to withdraw. Before the latter was undeceived, a crowd of Highlanders were close at hand, while the steeps below were thronged with eager climbers, dragging themselves up by trees, roots, and bushes. The guard turned out, and made a brief though brave resistance. In a moment, they were cut to pieces, dispersed, or made prisoners; while men after men came swarming up the height, and quickly formed upon the plains above. Meanwhile, the vessels had dropped downward with the current, and anchored opposite the landing-place. The remaining troops were disembarked, and, with the dawn of day, the whole were brought in safety to the shore.

The sun rose, and, from the ramparts of Quebec, the astonished people saw the Plains of Abraham glittering with arms, and the dark-red lines of the English forming in array of battle. Breathless messengers had borne the evil tidings to Montcalm, and far and near his wide-extended camp resounded with the rolling of alarm drums and the din of startled preparation. He, too, had had his struggles and his sorrows. The civil power had thwarted him; famine, discontent, and disaffection were rife among his soldiers; and no small portion of the Canadian militia had dispersed from sheer starvation. In spite of all, he had trusted to hold out till the winter frosts should drive the invaders from before the town; when, on that disastrous morning, the news of their successful temerity fell like a cannon shot upon his ear. Still he assumed a tone of confidence. "They have got to the weak side of us at last," he is reported to have said, "and we must crush them with our numbers." With headlong haste, his troops were pouring over the bridge of the St. Charles, and gathering in heavy masses under the western ramparts of the town. Could numbers give assurance of success, their triumph would have been secure; for five French battalions and the armed colonial peasantry amounted in all to more than seven thousand five

hundred men. Full in sight before them stretched the long, thin lines of the British forces, — the half-wild Highlanders, the steady soldiery of England, and the hardy levies of the provinces, — less than five thousand in number, but all inured to battle, and strong in the full assurance of success. Yet, could the chiefs of that gallant army have pierced the secrets of the future, could they have foreseen that the victory which they burned to achieve would have robbed England of her proudest boast, that the conquest of Canada would pave the way for the independence of America, their swords would have dropped from their hands, and the heroic fire have gone out within their hearts.

It was nine o'clock, and the adverse armies stood motionless, each gazing on the other. The clouds hung low, and, at intervals, warm light showers descended, besprinkling both alike. The coppice and cornfields in front of the British troops were filled with French sharpshooters, who kept up a distant, spattering fire. Here and there a soldier fell in the ranks, and the gap was filled in silence.

At a little before ten, the British could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and, in a few moments, all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions, shouting after the manner of their nation, and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks, not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred; and their ominous composure seemed to damp the spirits of the assailants. It was not till the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given, and the British muskets blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. Like a ship at full career, arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the ranks of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting storm of lead. The smoke, rolling along the field, for a moment shut out the view; but when the white wreaths were scattered on the wind, a wretched spectacle was disclosed; men and officers tumbled in heaps, battalions resolved into a mob, order and obedience gone; and when the British muskets were levelled for a second volley, the masses of the militia were seen to cower and shrink with uncontrollable panic. For a few minutes, the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now,

echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, trampling the dying and the dead and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced and swept the field before them. The ardor of the men burst all restraint. They broke into a run, and with unsparing slaughter chased the flying multitudes to the gates of Quebec. Foremost of all, the light-footed Highlanders dashed along in furious pursuit, hewing down the Frenchmen with their broadswords, and slaying many in the very ditch of the fortifications. Never was victory more quick or more decisive.

In the short action and pursuit, the French lost fifteen hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken. Of the remainder, some escaped within the city, and others fled across the St. Charles to rejoin their comrades who had been left to guard the camp. The pursuers were recalled by sound of trumpet; the broken ranks were formed afresh, and the English troops withdrawn beyond reach of the cannon of Quebec. Bougainville, with his corps, arrived from the upper country, and, hovering about their rear, threatened an attack; but when he saw what greeting was prepared for him, he abandoned his purpose and withdrew. Townshend and Murray, the only general officers who remained unhurt, passed to the head of every regiment in turn, and thanked the soldiers for the bravery they had shown; yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness, as the tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen.

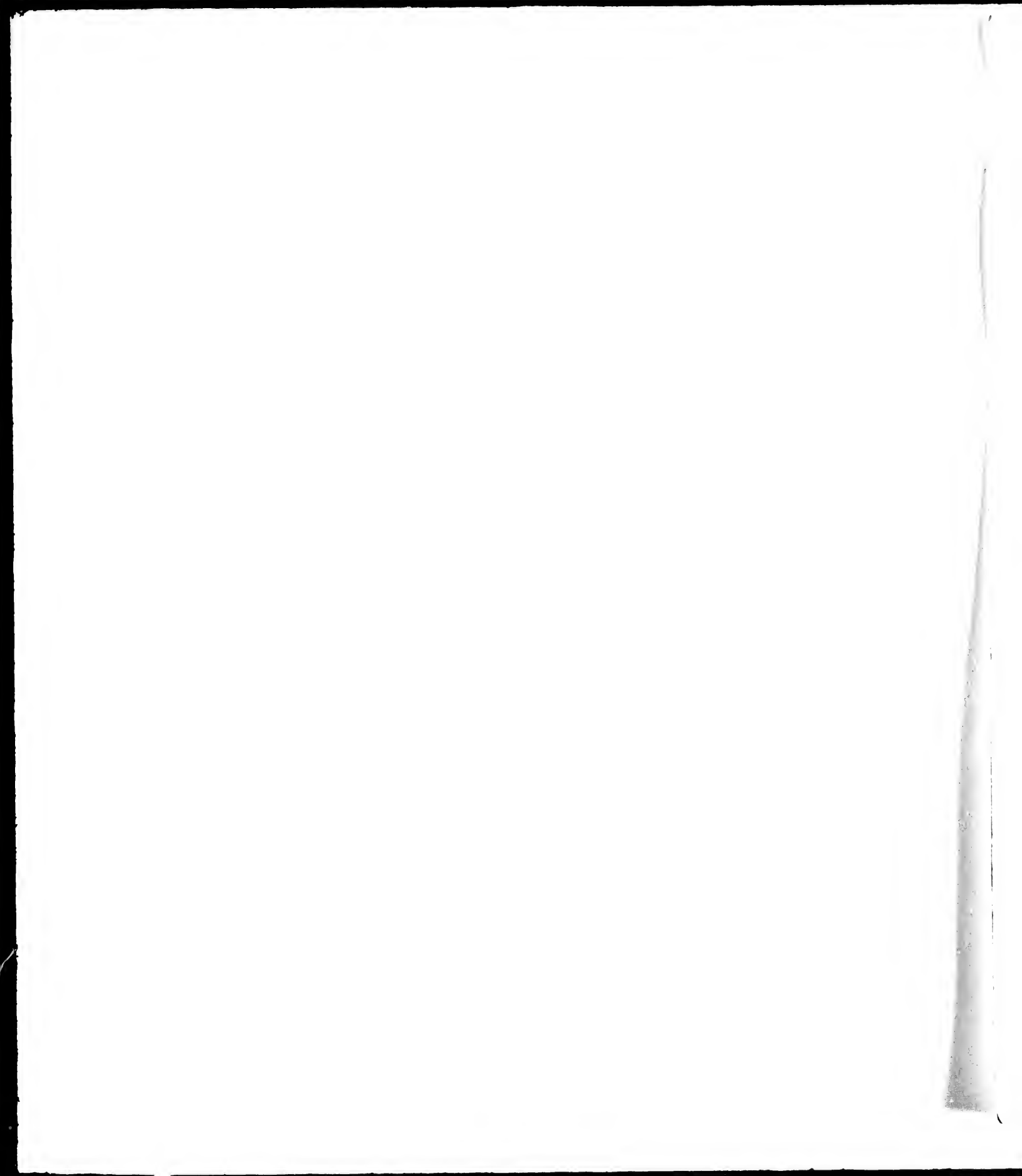
In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisburg, a bullet shattered his wrist; but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound, and showed no sign of pain. A moment more, and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward, waving his sword and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused, reeled, and, staggering to one side, fell to the earth. Brown, a lieutenant of the grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, an officer of artillery, and a private soldier, raised him together in their arms, and, bearing him to the rear, laid him softly on the grass. They asked if he would have a surgeon; but he shook his head, and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet they could not withhold their

gaze from the wild turmoil before them, and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke. "See how they run," one of the officers exclaimed, as the French fled in confusion before the levelled bayonets. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way everywhere." "Then," said the dying general, "tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," he muttered; and, turning on his side, he calmly breathed his last.

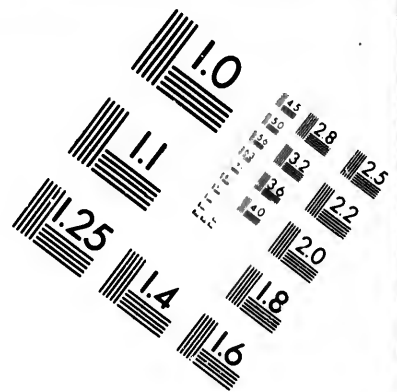
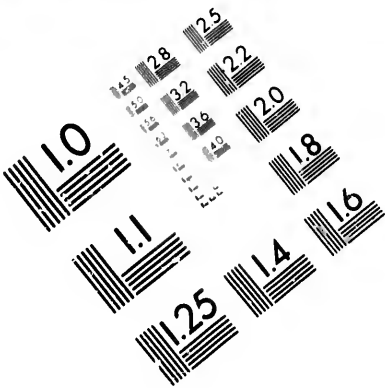
Almost at the same moment fell his great adversary, Montcalm, as he strove, with vain bravery, to rally his shattered ranks. Struck down with a mortal wound, he was placed upon a litter and borne to the General Hospital on the banks of the St. Charles. The surgeons told him that he could not recover. "I am glad of it," was his calm reply. He then asked how long he might survive, and was told that he had not many hours remaining. "So much the better," he said; "I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Officers from the garrison came to his bedside to ask his orders and instructions. "I will give no more orders," replied the defeated soldier; "I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country. My time is very short; therefore, pray leave me." The officers withdrew, and none remained in the chamber but his confessor and the Bishop of Quebec. To the last, he expressed his contempt for his own mutinous and half-famished troops, and his admiration for the disciplined valor of his opponents. He died before midnight, and was buried at his own desire in a cavity of the earth formed by the bursting of a bombshell.

The victorious army encamped before Quebec, and pushed their preparations for the siege with zealous energy; but before a single gun was brought to bear, the white flag was hung out, and the garrison surrendered. On the eighteenth of September, 1759, the rock-built citadel of Canada passed forever from the hands of its ancient masters.

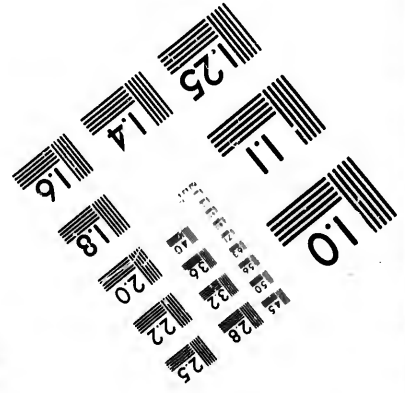
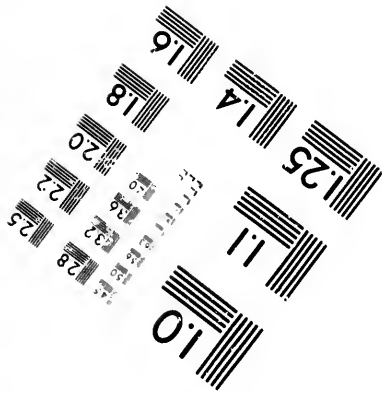
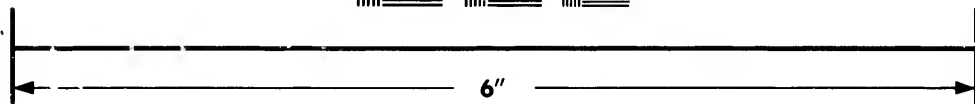
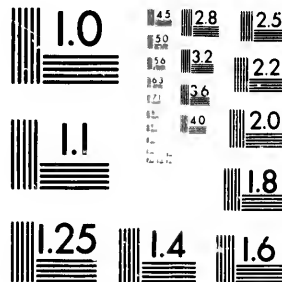
The victory on the Plains of Abraham and the downfall of Que-







**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14560
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1981

bec filled all England with pride and exultation. From north to south, the land blazed with illuminations, and resounded with the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, and the shouts of the multitude. In one village alone all was dark and silent amid the general joy; for here dwelt the widowed mother of Wolfe. The populace, with unwonted delicacy, respected her lonely sorrow, and forbore to obtrude the sound of their rejoicings upon her grief for one who had been through life her pride and solace, and repaid her love with a tender and constant devotion.

[From *The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada*, 1851, chapter 4, "Collision of the Rival Colonies." By permission of the publishers, Little, Brown, and Co., the text employed is that of the author's revised edition of 1870.]

From north to
ounded with
shouts of the
lent amid the
Wolfe. The
lonely sorrow,
ngs upon her
e and solace,
otion.

After the Conquest
By permission
d is that of the

APPENDIX

[Several remarkable passages from the older literature are here included, to indicate the temper and attitude of mind of the colonists.]

THE PILGRIMS

BEING thus ariued in a good harbor, and brought safe to land, they fell vpon their knees & blessed y^e God of heauen, who had brought them ouer y^e vast, & furious Ocean, and deliuered them from all y^e periles, & miseries thereof againe to set their feete on y^e firme and stable earth, their proper elemente. And no maruell if they were thus Ioyefull, seeing wise Seneca was so affected with sailing a few miles on y^e coast of his owne Italy; as he affirmed, that he had rather remaine twentie years on his way by land, then pass by sea to any place in a short time; so tedious, & dreadfull was y^e same vnto him.

But hear I cannot but stay, and make a pause, and stand half amazed at this poore peoples presente condition; and so I thinke will the reader too, when he well considers y^e same. Being thus passed y^e vast Ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembered by y^t which wente before) they had now no freinds to wellcome them, nor Inns to entertaine, or refresh their weatherbeaten bodys, no houses, or much less townes to repaire too, to seeke for succoure; It is recorded in scripture as a mercie to y^e apostle & his shipwaked company, y^t the sauage barbarians shewed them no smale kindnes in refreshing them, but these sauage barbarians, when they mette with them (as after will appeare) were readier to fill their sids full of arrows then otherwise. And for y^e season it was winter, and they that know y^e winters of y^t cuntrie, know them to be sharp & violent, & subiecte to cruell & feirce stormes, deangerous trailli to known places, much more to serch an vnknown coast. Besids what

could they see, but a hidious & desolate willdernes, full of wild beasts, & willd men, and what multitudes ther might be of them they knew not; nether could they (as it were) goe vp to y^e tope of pishah, to vew from this willdernes, a more goodly cuntrie to feed their hops; for which way so euer they turnd their eys (saue vpward to y^e heavens) they could haue little solace or content, in respecte of any outward objects, for sumet being done, all things stand vpon them with a wetherbeaten face; an y^e whole cuntrie (full of woods & thickets) represented a wild & sauage heiw; If they looked behind them, ther was y^e mighty Ocean which they had passed, and was now a maine barr, & goulfe, to seperate them from all y^e ciuill parts of y^e world. If it be said they had a ship to sucour them, it is trew; but what heard they daly from y^e m^r & company? but y^t with speede they should looke out a place (with their shallop) wher they would be, at some near distance; for y^e season was shuch, as he would not stirr from thence, till a safe harbor was discovered by them, wher they would be, and he might goe without danger; and that victells consumed apace, but he must & would keepe sufficient for them selues, & their returne; yea it was muttered by some that if they gott not a place in time, they would turne them, & their goods a shore, & leaue them. Let it be also considered what weake hopes of supply, & succoure, they left behinde them; y^t might bear vp their minds in this sade condition, and trialls they were vnder; and they could not but be uery smale; It is true indeed, y^e affections & loue of their brethren at Leyden was cordiall & entire towards them, but they had litle power to help them, or them selues; and how y^e case stode betwene them, & y^e marchants, at their coming away hath allready been declared. What could now sustaine them, but y^e Spirite of God & his grace? May not, & ought not the children of these fathers rightly say, our faithers were *English men which came ouer this great Ocean, and were ready to perish in this willdernes, but they cried vnto y^e Lord, and he heard their voyce, and looked on their aduersitie, &c.*

[From *History of the Plymouth Plantation*. By William Bradford. Written from about 1630 onward. The text is that of the original manuscript, as printed in Doyle's facsimile.]

WAR

If you should but see Warre described to you in a Map, especially in a Countrey, well knowne to you, nay dearely beloved of you, where you draw your first breath, where once, yea where lately you dwelt, where you have received ten thousand mercies, and have many a deare friend and Countrey-man and kinsman abiding, how could you but lament and mourne?

Warre is the conflict of enemies enraged with bloody revenge, wherein the parties opposite carry their lives in their hands, every man turning prodigall of his very heart blood, and willing to be killed to kill. The instruments are clashing swords, rattling speares, skul-dividing Holberds, murdering pieces, and thundering Cannons, from whose mouthes proceed the fire, and smell, and smoake, and terrour, death, as it were, of the very bottomlesse pit. Wee wonder now and then at the sudden death of a man: alas, you might there see a thousand men not onely healthy, but stout and strong, struck dead in the twinckling of an eye, their breath exhales without so much as, *Lora have mercy upon us.* Death heweth its way thorow a wood of men in a minute of time from the mouth of a murderer, turning a forrest into a Champion suddenly; and when it hath used these to slay their opposites, they are recompenced with the like death themselves. *O the shrill eare-piercing clangs of the Trumpets, noise of Drums, the animating voyces of Horse Captaines, and Commanders, learned and learning to destroy! There is the undaunted Horse whose neck is clothed with thunder, and the glory of whose nostrills is terrible; how doth hee lye pawing and prouncing in the valley, going forth to meete the armed men? he mocks at feare, swallowing the ground with fiercenesse and rage, and saying among the trumpets, Ha, Ha, hee smels the battell a far off, the thunder of the Captaines and the shouting.* Here ride some dead men swagging in their deepe saddles; there fall others alive upon their dead Horses; death sends a message to those from the mouth of the Muskets, these it talkes with face to face, and stabs them in the fift rib: In yonder file there is a man hath his arme struck off from his shoulder, another by him hath lost his leg, here

stands a Soldier with halfe a face, there fights another upon his stumps, and at once both kils and is killed; not far off lies a company wallowing in their sweat and goare; such a man whilst he chargeth his Musket is discharg'd of his life, and falls upon his dead fellow. Every battell of the Warriour is with confused noise and garments rouled in blood. Death reignes in the field, and is sure to have the day which side soever falls. In the meanwhile (O formidable!) the infernall fiends follow the Campe to catch after the soules of rude nefarious souldiers (such as are commonly men of that calling) who fight themselves fearlesly into the mouth of hell for reveng^e, a booty or a little revenue. How thicke and three-fold doe they speed one another to destruction? A day of battell is a day of harvest for the devill.

[From *New Englands Teares, for Old Englands Feares. Preached in a Sermon on July 23, 1640. being a day of Publike Humiliation, appointed by the Churches in behalfe of our native Country in time of feared dangers.* By William Hooke, 1641.]

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

AND therefore I cannot but admire, and indeed much pittie the dull stupidity of people necessitated in England, who rather then they will remove themselves, live here a base, slavish, penurious life; as if there were a necessity to live and to live so, choosing rather then they will forsake *England* to stuff *New-gate, Bride-well*, and other Jayles with their carkessies, nay cleave to tyburne it selfe; and so bring confusion to their souls horror and infamie to their kindred or posteritie, others itch out their wearisome lives in reliance of other mens charities, an uncertaine and unmanly expectation; some more abhorring such courses betake them selves to almost perpetuall and restlesse toyle and druggeries out of which (whilst their strength lasteth) they (observing hard diets, earlie and late houres) make hard shift to subsist from hand to mouth, untill age or sicknesse takes them off from labour and directs them the way to beggerie, and such indeed are to be pittied, relieved and provided for.

I have seriously considered when I have (passing the streets)

heard the several Cryes, and noting the commodities, and the worth of them they have carried and cryed up and down; how possibly a livelihood could be exacted out of them, as to cry Matches, Smal-Coal, Blacking, Pen and Ink, Thred-laces, and a hundred more such kinde of trifling merchandizes; then looking on the nastinesse of their linnen habits and bodies: I conclude if gain sufficient could be raised out of them for subsistance; yet their manner of living was degenerate and base; and their condition to be far below the meanest servant in *Virginia*.

[From *Leah and Rachel, or, the Two Fruitfull Sisters Virginia and Maryland*. By John Hammond, 1656.]

NEW ENGLAND

New England is said to begin at 40 and to end at 46 of Northerly Latitude, that is from *de la Ware Bay* to *New-found-Land*.

The Sea Coasts are accounted wholsomest, the East and South Winds coming from Sea produceth warm weather, the Northwest coming over land causeth extremity of Cold, and many times strikes the Inhabitants both *English* and *Indian* with that sad Disease called there the Plague of the back, but with us *Empiema*.

The Country generally is Rocky and Mountainous, and extremely overgrown with wood, yet here and there beautified with large rich Valleys, wherein are Lakes ten, twenty, yea sixty miles in compass, out of which our great Rivers have their Beginnings.

Fourscore miles (upon a direct line) to the Northwest of *Scarborow*, a Ridge of Mountains run Northwest and Northeast an hundred Leagues, known by the name of the *White Mountains*, upon which lieth Snow all the year, and is a Land-mark twenty miles off at Sea. It is rising ground from the Sea shore to these Hills, and they are inaccessible but by the Gullies which the dissolved Snow hath made; in these Gullies grow *Saven* Bushes, which being taken hold of are a good help to the climbing Discoverer; upon the top of the highest of these Mountains is a large

Level or Plain of a days journey over, whereon nothing grows but Moss; at the farther end of this Plain is another Hill called the *Sugar-Loaf*, to outward appearance a rude heap of massic stones piled one upon another, and you may ascend step from one stone to another, as if you were going up a pair of stairs, but winding still about the Hill till you come to the top, which will require half a days time, and yet it is not above a Mile, where there is also a Level of about an Acre of ground, with a pond of clear water in the midst of it; which you may hear run down, but how it ascends is a mystery. From this rocky Hill you may see the whole Country round about; it is far above the lower Clouds, and from hence we beheld a Vapour (like a great Pillar) drawn up by the Sun Beams out of a great Lake or Pond into the Air, where it was formed into a Cloud. The Country beyond these Hills Northward is daunting terrible, being full of rocky Hills, as thick as Mole-Hills in a meadow, and clothed with infinite thick Woods.

[From *New England's Rarities discovered in Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Serpents, and Plants of that Country.* John Josselyn, *Gent.*, 1672.]

THE PILHANNAW

The *Pilhannaw* or *Mechquan*, much like the description of the *Indian Ruck*, a monstrous great Bird, a kind of Hawk, some say an Eagle, four times as big as a Goshawk, white Mail'd, having two or three purple Feathers in her head as long as Geeses Feathers they make Pens of, the Quills of these Feathers are purple, as big as Swans Quills and transparent; her Head is as big as a Childs of a year old, a very Princely Bird; when she soars abroad, all sort of feathered Creatures hide themselves, yet she never preys upon any of them, but upon *Fawns* and *Jaccals*: She Ayries in the Woods upon the High Hills of *Ossapy*, and is very rarely or seldom seen.

[From the same.]

NATURE AND CHRISTIANITY

As long as *Plum Island* shall faithfully keep the commanded Post; Notwithstanding all the hectoring Words, and hard Blows of the proud and boisterous Ocean; As long as any Salmon, or Sturgeon shall swim in the streams of *Merrimack*; or any Perch, or Pickeril, in *Crane Pond*; As long as the Sea-Fowl shall know the Time of their coming, and not neglect seasonably to visit the Places of their Acquaintance; As long as any Cattel shall be fed with the Grass growing in the Meadows, which do humbly bow down themselves before *Turkie-Hill*; As long as any Sheep shall walk upon *Old-Town Hills*, and shall from thence pleasantly look down upon the River *Parker*, the fruitful *Marishes* lying beneath; As long as any free & harmless Doves shall find a White Oak, or other Tree within the Township, to perch, or feed, or build a careless Nest upon; and shall voluntarily present themselves to perform the office of Gleaners after Barley-Harvest; As long as Nature shall not grow Old and dote; but shall constantly remember to give the rows of Indian Corn their education by Pairs: So long shall Christians be born there; and being first made meet shall from thence be translated, to be made partakers of the Inheritance of the Saints in Light.

[From *Phænomena quædam apocalyptica ad aspectum novi orbis configurata. Or, some few Lines toward a description of New Heaven As It makes to those who stand upon the New Earth.* By Samuel Sewall, 1697. The text is that of the second edition, 1727.]

CAPTIVITY

AFTER this, we went up the mountain, and saw the smoke of the fires in the town, and beheld the awful desolations of Deerfield: And before we marched any farther, they killed a sucking child of the *English*. There were slain by the enemy of the inhabitants of Deerfield, to the number of *thirty-eight*, besides *nine* of the neighboring towns. We travelled not far the *first day*; God made the heathen so to pity our children, that though

they had several wounded persons of their own to carry upon their shoulders, for *thirty miles*, before they came to the river, yet they carried our children, incapable of travelling, in their arms, and upon their shoulders. When we came to our lodging place, the *first night*, they dug away the snow, and made some wigwams, cut down some small branches of the *spruce tree* to lie down on, and gave the prisoners somewhat to eat; but we had but little appetite. I was pinioned, and bound down that night, and so I was every night whilst I was with the army. Some of the enemy who brought drink with them from the town, fell to drinking, and in their drunken fit, they killed my negro man, the only dead person I either saw at the town, or in the way.

In the night an *Englishman* made his escape; in the morning [*March 1,*] I was called for, and ordered by the general to tell the *English*, that if any more made their escape, they would burn the rest of the prisoners. He that took me, was unwilling to let me speak with any of the prisoners, as we marched; but on the *morning* of the *second day*, he being appointed to guard the rear, I was put into the hands of my other master, who permitted me to speak to my wife, when I overtook her, and to walk with her to help her in her journey. On the way, we discoursed of the happiness of those who had a right to *an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens*; and *God for a father, and friend*; as also, that it was our reasonable duty, quietly to submit to the will of God, and to say, *the will of the Lord be done*. My wife told me her strength of body began to fail, and that I must expect to part with her; saying, she hoped God would preserve my life, and the life of some, if not all of our children, with us; and commended to me, under God, the care of them. She never spake any discontented word as to what had befallen us, but with suitable expressions justified God in what had happened. We soon made a halt, in which time my chief surviving master came up, upon which I was put upon marching with the foremost, and so made to take my last farewell of my dear wife, *the desire of my eyes*, and companion in many mercies and afflictions. Upon our separation from each other, we asked for each other, grace sufficient, for what God should call us to: After our being parted from one another, she spent the few remaining minutes

of her stay, in reading the holy scriptures; which she was wont personally every day to delight her soul in reading, praying, meditating on, and over, by herself, in her closet, over and above what she heard out of them in our family worship. I was made to wade over a small river, and so were all the *English*, the water above knee deep, the stream very swift; and after that to travel up a small mountain; my strength was almost spent, before I came to the top of it: No sooner had I overcome the difficulty of that ascent, but I was permitted to sit down, and be unburthened of my pack; I sat pitying those who were behind, and intreated my master to let me go down and help my wife; but he refused and would not let me stir from him. I asked each of the prisoners (as they passed by me) after her, and heard that passing through the above said river, she fell down, and was plunged over head and ears in the water; after which she travelled not far, for at the foot of that mountain, the cruel and blood-thirsty savage who took her, slew her with his hatchet at one stroke, the tidings of which were very awful: And yet such was the hard-heartedness of the adversary, that my tears were reckoned to me as a reproach. My loss, and the loss of my children was great, our hearts were so filled with sorrow, that nothing but the comfortable hopes of her being taken away in mercy, to herself, from the evils we were to see, feel, and suffer under, (and joined to the assembly of the *spirits of just men made perfect*, to rest in peace, and *joy unspeakable and full of glory*; and the good pleasure of God thus to exercise us) could have kept us from sinking under, at that time. . . .

We were again called upon to march, with a far heavier *burden on my spirits*, than on my *back*. I begged of God to overrule in his providence, that the corpse of one so dear to me, and of one whose spirit he had taken to dwell with him in glory, might meet with a christian burial, and not be left for meat to the fowls of the air, and beasts of the earth: A mercy that God graciously vouchsafed to grant. For God put it into the hearts of my neighbors, to come out as far as she lay, to take up her corpse, carry it to the town, and decently to bury it soon after. In our march they killed a sucking infant of one of my neighbors; and before night a *girl* of about *eleven* years of age. I was made to

mourn, at the consideration of my flock's being so far a flock of slaughter, many being slain in the town, and so many murdered in so few miles from the town; and from fears what we must yet expect, from such who delightfully imbrued their hands in the blood of so many of his people. When we came to our lodging place, an Indian captain from the *eastward*, spake to my master about killing me, and taking off my scalp. I lifted up my heart to God, to implore his grace and mercy in such a time of need; and afterwards I told my master, if he intended to kill me, I desired he would let me know of it; assuring him that my death, after a promise of quarter, would bring the guilt of blood upon him. He told me he would not kill me: We laid down and slept, for God sustained and kept us.

[From *The Redeemed Captive returning to Zion, or a Faithful History of Remarkable Occurrences in the Captivity and Deliverance of Mr. John Williams, Minister of the Gospel at Deerfield, who, in the Desolation which befell that Plantation, by an IncurSION of the French and Indians, was by them carried away, with his family and his Neighbourhood, into Canada.* Drawn by himself, 1707. The text is that of the sixth edition, Greenfield, Mass., 1800.]

THE FUTURE STATE OF NORTH AMERICA

THIRDLY, of the Future State of NORTH AMERICA, — Here we find a vast Stock of proper Materials for the Art and Ingenuity of Man to work upon: — Treasures of immense Worth, conceal'd from the poor ignorant aboriginal Natives! The Curious have observ'd, that the Progress of Humane Literature (like the Sun) is from the East to the West; thus has it travelled thro' *Asia* and *Europe*, and now is arrived at the Eastern Shore of *America*. As the Celestial Light of the Gospel was directed here by the Finger of God, it will doubtless, finally drive the long! long! Night of Heathenish Darkness from *America*: — So Arts and Sciences will change the Face of Nature in their Tour from Hence over the Appalachian Mountains to the Western Ocean; and as they march thro' the vast Desert, the Residence of wild Beasts will be broken up, and their obscene Howl cease for ever; — Instead of which, the Stones and Trees will dance together at

the Music of *Orpheus*, — the Rocks will disclose their hidden Gems, — and the inestimable treasures of Gold & Silver will be broken up. Huge Mountains of Iron Ore are already discovered; and vast Stores are reserved for future Generations: this Metal more useful than Gold or Silver, will employ Millions of Hands, not only to form the martial Sword, and peaceful Share, alternately; but an Infinity of Utensils improved in the Exercise of Art, and Handicraft amongst Men. Nature thro' all her Works has stamp'd Authority on this Law, namely, "that all fit Matter shall be improved to its best Purposes." — Shall not then those vast Quarries that teem with mechanic Stone, — those for Structure be piled into great Cities, — and those for Sculpture into Statues, to perpetuate the Honor of renowned Heroes; — even those who shall now save their country. *O! Ye unborn Inhabitants of America! should this Page escape its destin'd Conflagration at the Year's End, and these Alphabetical Letters remain legible, — when your Eyes behold the Sun after he has rolled the Seasons round for two or three Centuries more, you will know that in Anno Domini 1758, we dream'd of your Times.*

[From *An Astronomical Diary: or, an Almanack For the Year of our Lord Christ, 1758.* By Nathaniel Ames.]

AN AMERICAN FARMER

As you are the first enlightened European I have ever had the pleasure of being acquainted with, you will not be surpris'd that I should, according to your earnest desire and my promise, appear anxious of preserving your friendship and correspondence. By your accounts, I observe a material difference subsists between your husbandry, modes, and customs, and ours; everything is local; could we enjoy the advantages of the English farmer, we should be much happier, indeed; but this wish, like many others, implies a contradiction; and could the English farmers have some of those privileges we possess, they would be the first of their class in the world. Good and evil, I see, are to be found in all societies, and it is in vain to seek for any spot where those ingredients are not mix'd. I therefore rest satisfied, and thank

er a flock of
y murdered
we must yet
nds in the
our lodging
o my master
up my heart
ne of need;
ll me, I det
t my death,
blood upon
l down and

ful History of
Mr. John Wil-
on which befell
as by them car-
la. Drawn by
, Mass., 1800.]

RICA

, — Here we
nd Ingenuity
th, conceal'd
Curious have
like the Sun)
ro' Asia and
of America.
here by the
long! long!
So Arts and
r Tour from
stern Ocean;
ence of wild
ease for ever;
ce together at

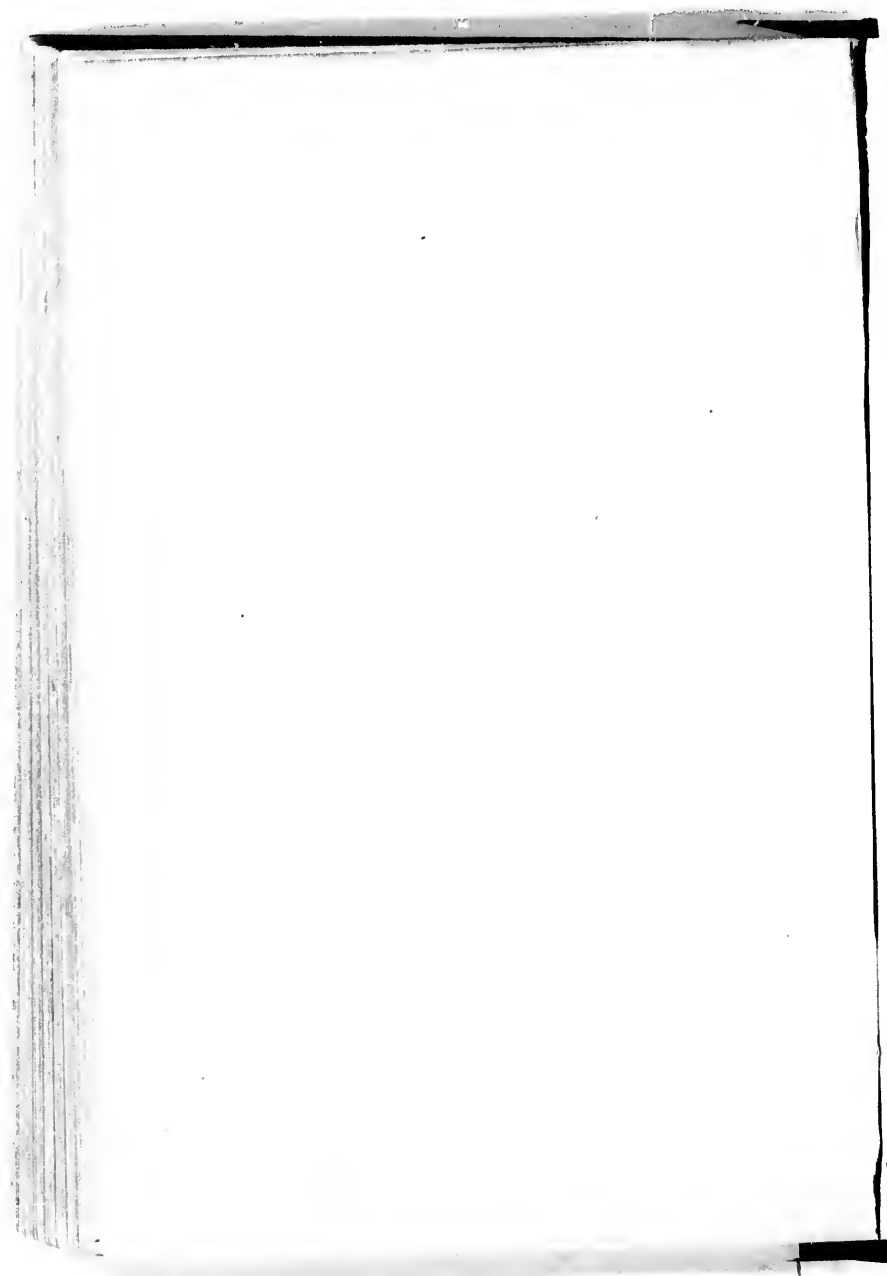
God that my lot is to be an American farmer, instead of an Russian boor, or an Hungarian peasant. I thank you kindly for the idea however dreadful, which you have given me of their lot and condition; your observations have confirmed me in the justness of my ideas, and I am happier now than I thought myself before. It is strange that misery, when viewed in others, should become to us a sort of real good, though I am far from rejoicing to hear that there are in the world, men so thoroughly wretched; they are no doubt as harmless, industrious, and willing to work as we are. Hard is their fate, to be thus condemned to a slavery worse than that of our negroes. Yet when young, I entertained some thoughts of selling my farm. I thought it afforded but a dull repetition of the same labours and pleasures. I thought the former tedious and heavy, the latter few and insipid; but when I came to consider myself as divested of my farm, I then found the world so wide, and every place so full, that I began to fear lest there should be no room for me. My farm, my house, my barn, presented to my imagination, objects from which I adduced quite new ideas; they were more forcible than before. Why should I not find myself happy, said I, where my father was before? He left me no good books, it is true; he gave me no other education than the art of reading and writing; but he left me a good farm, and his experience; he left me free from debts, and no kind of difficulties to struggle with. I married, and this perfectly reconciled me to my situation; my wife rendered my house all at once cheerful and pleasing: it no longer appeared gloomy and solitary as before; when I went to work in my fields, I worked with more alacrity and sprightliness; I felt that I did not work for myself alone, and this encouraged me much. My wife would often come with her knitting in her hand, and sit under the shady trees, praising the straightness of my furrows, and the docility of my horses; this swelled my heart and made every thing light and pleasant, and I regretted that I had not married before. I felt myself happy in my new situation; and where is that situation which can confer a more substantial system of felicity, than that of an American farmer, possessing freedom of action, freedom of thoughts, ruled by a mode of government which requires but little from us? I owe nothing, but a pepper corn to my country, a

small tribute to government, with loyalty and due respect; I know no other landlord, than the Lord of all land, to whom I owe the most sincere gratitude. My father left me three hundred and seventy-one acres of land, forty-seven of which are good timothy meadow, an excellent orchard, a good house, and a substantial barn. It is my duty to think how happy I am, that he lived to build and to pay for all these improvements; what are the labours which I have to undergo, what are my fatigues when compared to his, who had every thing to do, from the first tree he felled, to the finishing of his house? Every year I kill from 1500 to 2000 weight of pork, 1200 of beef, half a dozen of good wethers in harvest: of fowls my wife has always a great flock: what can I wish more? My negroes are tolerably faithful and healthy; by a long series of industry and honest dealings, my father left behind him the name of a good man; I have but to tread his paths to be happy and a good man like him. I know enough of the law to regulate my little concerns with propriety, nor do I dread its power; these are the grand outlines of my situation, but as I can feel much more than I am able to express, I hardly know how to proceed. When my first son was born, the whole train of my ideas was altered; never was there a charm that acted so quickly and so powerfully; I ceased to ramble in imagination through the wide world: my excursions since have not exceeded the bounds of my farm, and all my principal pleasures are now centred within its scanty limits: but, at the same time, there is not an operation belonging to it, in which I do not find some food for useful reflexions. This is the reason I suppose, that when you was here, you used, in your refined stile, to denominate me the farmer of feelings; how rude must those feelings be in him who daily holds the axe or the plough! how much more refined on the contrary those of the European, whose mind is improved by education, example, books, and by every acquired advantage! Those feelings, however, I will delineate as well as I can, agreeably to your earnest request. When I contemplate my wife, by my fireside, while she either spins, knits, darns, or suckles our child, I cannot describe the various emotions of love, of gratitude, of conscious pride, which thrill in my heart, and often overflow in involuntary tears. I feel the

necessity, the sweet pleasure of acting my part, the part of an husband and father, with an attention and propriety which may entitle me to my good fortune. It is true these pleasing images vanish with the smoke of my pipe; but though they disappear from my mind, the impression they have made on my heart is indelible. When I play with the infant, my warm imagination runs forward, and eagerly anticipates his future temper and constitution. I would willingly open the book of fate, and know in which page his destiny is delineated; alas! where is the father who in those moments of paternal extacy, can delineate one half the thoughts which dilate his heart? I am sure I cannot; then again I fear for the health of those who are become so dear to me and in their sicknesses I severely pay for the joys I experienced while they were well. Whenever I go abroad, it is always involuntarily. I never return home without feeling some pleasing emotion, which I often suppress as useless and foolish. The instant I enter on my own land, the bright idea of property, of exclusive right, of independence, exalts my mind. Precious soil, I say to myself, by what singular custom of law is it, that you wast made to constitute the riches of the freeholder? What should we American farmers be, without the distinct possession of that soil? It feeds, it clothes us; from it we draw even a great exuberancy, our best meat, our richest drink, the very honey of our bees come from this privileged spot. No wonder we should thus cherish its possession, no wonder that so many Europeans who have never been able to say, that such portion of land was theirs, cross the Atlantic to realize that happiness. This formerly rude soil has been converted by my father into a pleasant farm, and in return it has established all our rights; on it is founded our rank, our freedom, our power as citizens, our importance, as inhabitants of such a district. These images, I must confess, I always behold with pleasure, and extend them as far as my imagination can reach: for this is what may be called the true, and the only philosophy of an American farmer. Pray do not laugh in thus seeing an artless countryman tracing himself through the simple modifications of his life; remember that you have required it; therefore with candour, though with diffidence, I endeavor to follow the thread of my feelings; but I cannot tell

you all. Often when I plough my ground, I place my little boy on a chair, which screws to the beam of the plough, — its motion, and that of the horses please him; he is perfectly happy, and begins to chat. As I lean over the handle, various are the thoughts which crowd into my mind. I am now doing for him, I say, what my father formerly did for me; may God enable him to live, that he may perform the same operations, for the same purposes, when I am worn out and old! I relieve his mother of some trouble, while I have him with me; the oderiferous furrow exhilarates his spirits, and seems to do the child a great deal of good, for he looks more blooming since I have adopted that practice; can more pleasure, more dignity, be added to that primary occupation? The father thus ploughing with his child, and to feed his family, is inferior only, to the emperor of China, ploughing as an example to his kingdom.

[From *Letters from an American Farmer, describing Certain Provincial Situations, Manners, and Customs, and conveying Some Idea of the State of the People of North America*. Written to a friend in England, by J. Hector St. John [Crèvecoeur], a Farmer in Pennsylvania, 1782.]



STUDIES IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A Text-Book for
Academies and High Schools.

BY

CHARLES NOBLE,

Professor of English Language and Rhetoric in Iowa College.

12mo. Cloth. \$1.00, Net.

"It has the great text-book merit, that it is *tangible*, while at the same time it contrives to unite with this scientific quality true literary appreciation."

STOCKWELL AXSON,
Adelphi College, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"It is so preëminently a book that can be put into students' hands, that it deserves special commendation. In it Mr. Noble presents the technicalities of literary criticism in such a way that the student, unaware, must needs be developed in a power of literary appreciation. It is a book whose charm of method will find a warm endorsement among teachers of English. It is that rare thing, a good text-book."

HARRIET L. MASON,
Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

"A book full of interest, and especially rich in material on the early history of our literature."

EDWARD S. PARSONS,
Colorado College, Colorado Springs.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,

66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY

KATHARINE LEE BATES,
Wellesley College.

12mo. Cloth. Price, 1.00, net.

COMMENTS.

"It is a valuable addition to that form of literature which is half biographical and half critical, and wholly instructive. We do not recall any handbook of American Literature which breathes so distinctly the spirit and purpose of the present as this."—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

"I have no hesitation in pronouncing this thoughtful sketch that you have just published to be the best written volume that I have ever seen. The author has knowledge; the book proceeds from unusually full and accurate acquaintance with American Letters. The suggestions for classroom use seem to me admirable."—ALBERT H. SMYTH, *Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"I am delighted with the sympathetic treatment and critical insight of Bates' American Literature. The uncommon excellence of its style makes it a part of the literature it describes."—CAROLINE LADD CREW, *Friends' School, Wilmington, Del.*

"It is a pleasure to pick up such a neat little volume. It is hard to lay it down after one begins. The combination of history and literature is very happy and the development of literature, side by side with the material and political progress of the country, cannot fail to be of great service to teacher and student."—FREDERICK A. VOGT, *Principal Central High School, Buffalo, N.Y.*

"I have no doubt this book will be a great success, filling well a gap; for no small book that I am familiar with compares as well as this the authors who belong together: it seems more than simply chronological or descriptive; it weighs and balances."—FRANCIS A. MATHES, *High School, Portsmouth, N.H.*

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,
66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

RE.

h is half bio-
not recall any
the spirit and

etch that you
ve ever seen.
ually full and
ons for class-
entral High

ical insight of
s style makes
ew, Friends'

is hard to lay
erature is very
e material and
vice to teacher
High School,

ng well a gap;
ill as this the
ronological or
High School,

ANY,

ORK.

