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## SHAKESPEARE.

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### I.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was the greatest genius of our world. He left to us the richest legacy of all the dead—the treasures of the rarest soul that ever lived and loved and wrought of words the statues, pictures, robes and gems of thought. He was the greatest man who ever touched this grain of sand and tear we call the world.

It is hard to overstate the debt we owe to the men and women of genius. Take from our world what they have given, and all the niches would be empty, all the walls naked—meaning and connection would fall from words of poetry and fiction, music would go back to common air, and all the forms of subtle and enchanting Art would lose proportion, and become the unmeaning waste and shattered spoil of thoughtless Chance.

Shakespeare is too great a theme. I feel as though endeavoring to grasp a globe so large that the hand obtains no hold. He who would worthily speak of the great dramatist should be inspired by “a muse of fire that should ascend the brightest heaven of invention”—he should have “a kingdom for a stage, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene.”

More than three centuries ago, the most intellectual of the human race was born. He was not of supernatural origin. At his birth there were no celestial pyrotechnics. His father and mother were both English, and both had the cheerful habit of living in this world. The cradle in which he was rocked was canopied by neither myth nor miracle, and in his veins there was no drop of royal blood.

This babe became the wonder of mankind. Neither of his parents could read or write. He grew up in a small and ignorant village on the banks of the Avon, in the midst of the common people of three hundred years ago. There was nothing in the peaceful, quiet landscape on which he looked, nothing in the low hills, the cultivated and undulating fields, and nothing in the murmuring stream, to excite the imagination—

nothing, so far as we can see, calculated to sow the seeds of the subtlest and sublimest thought.

So there is nothing connected with his education, or his lack of education, that in any way accounts for what he did. It is supposed that he attended school in his native town—but of this we are not certain. Many have tried to show that he was, after all, of gentle blood, but the fact seems to be the other way. Some of his biographers have sought to do him honor by showing that he was patronized by Queen Elizabeth, but of this there is not the slightest proof.

As a matter of fact, there never sat on any throne, a king, queen, or emperor who could have honored William Shakespeare.

Ignorant people are apt to overrate the value of what is called education. The sons of the poor, having suffered the privations of poverty, think of wealth as the mother of joy. On the other hand, the children of the rich, finding that gold does not produce happiness, are apt to underrate the value of wealth. So the children of the educated often care but little for books, and hold all culture in contempt. The children of great authors do not, as a rule, become writers.

Nature is filled with tendencies and obstructions. Extremes beget limitations, even as a river by its own swiftness creates obstructions for itself. Possibly, many generations of culture breed a desire for the rude joys of savagery, and possibly generations of ignorance breed such a longing for knowledge, that of this desire, of this hunger of the brain, Genius is born. It may be that the mind, by lying fallow, by remaining idle for generations, gathers strength.

Shakespeare's father seems to have been an ordinary man of his time and class. About the only thing we know of him is, that he was officially reported for not coming monthly to church. This is good as far as it goes. We can hardly blame him, because at that time Richard Bifield was the minister at Stratford, and an extreme Puritan,—one who read the Psalter by Sternhold and Hopkins.

The Church was at one time Catholic, but in John Shakespeare's day it was Puritan, and in 1564, the year of Shakespeare's birth, they had the images defaced. It is greatly to the honor of John Shakespeare that he refused to listen to the "tidings of great joy" as delivered by the Puritan Bifield.

Nothing is known of his mother except her beautiful name—Mary Arden. In those days, but little attention was given to the biographies of women. They were born, married, had children, and died. No matter

how celebrated their sons became, the mothers were forgotten. In old times, when a man achieved distinction, great pains were taken to find out about the father and grandfather—the idea being that genius is inherited from the father's side. The truth is, that all great men have had great mothers. Great women have had, as a rule, great fathers.

The mother of Shakespeare was, without doubt, one of the greatest of women. She dowered her son with passion and imagination and the higher qualities of the soul, beyond all other men. It has been said that a man of genius should select his ancestors with great care—and yet there does not appear to be as much in heredity as most people think. The children of the great are often small. Pigmies are born in palaces, while over the child of genius is the roof of straw. Most of the great are like mountains, with the valley of ancestors on one side and the depression of posterity on the other.

In his day, Shakespeare was of no particular importance. It may be that his mother had some marvellous and prophetic dreams, but Stratford was unconscious of the immortal child. He was never engaged in a reputable business. Socially, he occupied a position below servants. The law described him as "a sturdy vagabond." He was neither a soldier, a noble, nor a priest. Among the half-civilized people of England he who amused and instructed them was regarded as a menial. Kings had their clowns, the people their actors and musicians. Shakespeare was scheduled as a servant. It is thus that successful stupidity has always treated genius. Mozart was patronized by an archbishop—lived in the palace,—but was compelled to eat with the scullions.

The composer of divine melodies was not fit to sit by the side of the theologian, who long ago would have been forgotten but for the fame of the composer.

We know but little of the personal peculiarities, of the daily life, or of what may be called the outward Shakespeare, and it may be fortunate that so little is known. He might have been belittled by friendly fools. What silly stories, what idiotic personal reminiscences, would have been remembered by those who scarcely saw him! We have his best—his sublimest—and we have probably lost only the trivial and the worthless. All that is known can be written on a page.

We are tolerably certain of the date of his birth, of his marriage and of his death. We think he went to London in 1586, when he was twenty-two years old. We think that three years afterwards he was part owner of Blackfriars Theatre. We have a few signatures, some of which are

supposed to be genuine. We know that he bought some land—that he had two or three law-suits. We know the names of his children. We also know that this incomparable man—so apart from, and so familiar with, all the world—lived during his literary life in London—that he was an actor, dramatist and manager—that he returned to Stratford, the place of his birth,—that he gave his writings to negligence, deserted the children of his brain—that he died on the anniversary of his birth at the age of fifty-two, and that he was buried in the church where the images had been defaced, and that on his tomb was chiseled a rude, absurd and ignorant epitaph.

No letter of his to any human being has been found, and no line written by him can be shown.

And here let me give my explanation of the epitaph. Shakespeare was an actor—a disreputable business—but he made money—always reputable. He came back from London a rich man. He bought land, and built houses. Some of the supposed great probably treated him with deference. When he died he was buried in the church. Then came a reaction. The pious thought the church had been profaned. They did not feel that the ashes of an actor were fit to lie in holy ground. The people began to say the body ought to be removed. Then it was, as I believe, that Dr. John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, had this epitaph cut on the tomb :

“ Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To digg the dust enclosed heare :  
Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,  
And curst be he yt moves my bones.”

Certainly Shakespeare could have had no fear that his tomb would be violated. How could it have entered his mind to have put a warning, a threat and a blessing, upon his grave? But the ignorant people of that day were no doubt convinced that the epitaph was the voice of the dead, and so feeling they feared to invade the tomb. In this way the dust was left in peace.

This epitaph gave me great trouble for years. It puzzled me to explain why he, who erected the intellectual pyramids,—great ranges of mountains—should put such a pebble at his tomb. But when I stood beside the grave and read the ignorant words, the explanation I have given flashed upon me.



## II.

It has been said that Shakespeare was hardly mentioned by his contemporaries, and that he was substantially unknown. This is a mistake. In 1600 a book was published called "England's Parnassus," and it contained ninety extracts from Shakespeare. In the same year was published the "Garden of the Muses," containing several pieces from Shakespeare, Chapman, Marston and Ben Jonson. "England's Helicon" was printed in the same year and contained poems from Spenser, Greene, Harvey and Shakespeare.

In 1600 a play was acted at Cambridge, in which Shakespeare was alluded to as follows: "Why, here's our fellow Shakespere who puts them all down." John Weaver published a book of poems in 1595, in which there was a sonnet to Shakespeare. In 1598 Richard Bamfield wrote a poem to Shakespeare. Francis Meres, "clergyman, master of arts in both universities, compiler of school books," was the author of the "Wits' Treasury." In this he compares the ancient and modern tragic poets, and mentions Marlowe, Peel, Kyd, and Shakespeare. So he compares the writers of comedies, and mentions Lilly, Lodge, Greene and Shakespeare. He speaks of elegiac poets, and names Surrey, Wyatt, Sidney, Raleigh and Shakespeare. He compares the lyric poets, and names Spencer, Drayton, Shakespeare and others. This same writer, speaking of Horace, says that England has Sidney, Shakespeare and others, and that "as the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet-wittie soul of Ovid lives in the mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare." He also says: "If the Muses could speak English, they would speak in Shakespeare's phrase." This was in 1598. In 1607, John Davies alludes in a poem to Shakespeare.

Of course, we are all familiar with what rare Ben Jonson wrote. Henry Chettle took Shakespeare to task because he wrote nothing on the death of Queen Elizabeth.

It may be wonderful that he was not better known. But is it not wonderful that he gained the reputation that he did in so short a time, and that twelve years after he began to write he stood at least with the first?

## III.

But there is a wonderful fact connected with the writings of Shakespeare: In the Plays there is no direct mention of any of his contemporaries. We do not know of any poet, author, soldier, sailor, statesman, priest, nobleman, king, or queen, that Shakespeare directly mentioned.

Is it not marvellous that he, living in an age of great deeds, of adventures in far off lands and unknown seas—in a time of religious wars—in the days of the Armada—the massacre of St. Bartholomew—the Edict of Nantes—the assassination of Henry III.—the victory of Lepanto—the execution of Marie Stuart—did not mention the name of any man or woman of his time? Some have insisted that the paragraph ending with the lines:

“The imperial votress passed on in maiden meditation fancy free,”

referred to Queen Elizabeth; but it is impossible for me to believe that the daubed and wrinkled face, the small black eyes, the cruel nose, the thin lips, the bad teeth, and the red wig of Queen Elizabeth could by any possibility have inspired these marvellous lines.

It is perfectly apparent from Shakespeare's writings that he knew but little of the nobility, little of kings and queens. He gives to these supposed great people great thoughts, and puts great words in their mouths and makes them speak—not as they really did—but as Shakespeare thought such people should. This demonstrates that he did not know them personally.

Shakespeare lived during the great awakening of the world, when Europe emerged from the darkness of the Middle Ages, when the discovery of America had made England, that blossom of the Gulf Stream, the centre of commerce, and during a period when some of the greatest writers, thinkers, soldiers and discoverers were produced.

Cervantes was born in 1547, dying on the same day as Shakespeare died. He was undoubtedly the greatest writer that Spain has produced. Rubens was born in 1577. Camoens, the Portuguese, the author of the “*Luciad*,” died in 1597. Giordano Bruno—greatest of martyrs—was born in 1548—visited London in Shakespeare's time—delivered lectures at Oxford, and called that institution “the widow of learning.” Drake circled the globe in 1580. Galileo was born in 1564—the same year with Shakespeare. Michael Angelo died in 1563. Kepler—he of the Three Laws—born in 1571. Calderon, the Spanish dramatist, born in 1601. Corneille, the French poet, in 1606. Rembrandt, greatest of painters, 1607. Shakespeare was born in 1564. In that year John Calvin died. What a glorious exchange!

Seventy-two years after the discovery of America Shakespeare was born, and England was filled with the voyages and discoveries written by Hakluyt, and the wonders that had been seen by Raleigh, by Drake, by

Frobisher and Hawkins. London had become the centre of the world, and representatives from all known countries were in the new metropolis. The world had been doubled. The imagination had been touched and kindled by discovery. In the far horizon were unknown lands, strange shores beyond untraversed seas. Toward every part of the world were turned the prows of adventure. All these things fanned the imagination into flame, and this had its effect upon the literary and dramatic world. And yet Shakespeare—the master spirit of mankind—in the midst of these discoveries, of these adventures, mentioned no navigator, no general, no discoverer, no philosopher.

Galileo was reading the open volume of the sky, but Shakespeare did not mention him. This to me is the most marvellous thing connected with this most marvellous man.

At that time England was prosperous—was then laying the foundation of her future greatness and power.

When men are prosperous, they are in love with life. Nature grows beautiful, the arts begin to flourish, there is work for painter and sculptor, the poet is born, the stage is erected—and this life with which men are in love, is represented in a thousand forms.

Nature, or Fate, or Chance prepared a stage for Shakespeare, and Shakespeare prepared a stage for Nature.

Famine and faith go together. In disaster and want the gaze of man is fixed upon another world. He that eats a crust has a creed. Hunger falls upon its knees, and heaven, looked for through tears, is the mirage of misery. But prosperity brings joy and wealth and leisure—and the beautiful is born.

One of the effects of the world's awakening was Shakespeare. We account for this man as we do for the highest mountain, the greatest river, the most perfect gem. We can only say: He was.

“It hath been taught us from the primal state  
That he which is was wished until he were.”

#### IV.

In Shakespeare's time the actor was a vagabond, the dramatist a disreputable person—and yet the greatest dramas were then written. In spite of law, and social ostracism, Shakespeare reared the many-colored dome that fills and glorifies the intellectual heavens.

Now the whole civilized world believes in the theatre—asks for some great dramatist—is hungry for a play worthy of the century, is anxious

to give gold and fame to any one who can worthily put our age upon the stage—and yet no great play has been written since Shakespeare died.

Shakespeare pursued the highway of the right. He did not seek to put his characters into a position where it was right to do wrong. He was sound and healthy to the centre. It never occurred to him to write a play in which a wife's lover should be jealous of her husband.

There was in his blood the courage of his thought. He was true to himself, and enjoyed the perfect freedom of the highest art. He did not write according to rules, but smaller men make rules from what he wrote.

How fortunate that Shakespeare was not educated at Oxford—that the winged god within him never knelt to the professor. How fortunate that this giant was not captured, tied and tethered by the literary Lili-putians of his time.

He was an idealist. He did not—like most writers of our time—take refuge in the real, hiding a lack of genius behind a pretended love of truth. All realities are not poetic, or dramatic, or even worth knowing. The real sustains the same relation to the ideal that a stone does to a statue, or that paint does to a painting. Realism degrades and impoverishes. In no event can a realist be more than an imitator and a copyist. According to the realist's philosophy, the wax that receives and retains an image is an artist.

Shakespeare did not rely on the stage-carpenter or the scene-painter. He put his scenery in his lines. There you will find mountains and rivers and seas, valleys and cliffs, violets and clouds, and over all "the firmament fretted with gold and fire." He cared little for plot, little for surprise. He did not rely on stage effects, or red fire. The plays grow before your eyes, and they come as the morning comes. Plot surprises but once. There must be something in a play besides surprise. Plot in an author is a kind of strategy—that is to say, a sort of cunning, and cunning does not belong to the highest natures.

There is in Shakespeare such a wealth of thought that the plot becomes almost immaterial—and such is this wealth that you can hardly know the play—there is too much. After you have heard it again and again, it seems as pathless as an untrodden forest.

He belonged to all lands. "Timon of Athens" is as Greek as any tragedy of Æschylus. "Julius Cæsar" and "Coriolanus" are perfectly Roman: and as you read, the mighty ruins rise and the Eternal City once again becomes the mistress of the world. No play is more Egyptian

than "Anthony and Cleopatra"—the Nile runs through it, the shadows of the pyramids fall upon it, and from its scenes the Sphinx gazes forever on the outstretched sands.

In "Lear" is the true pagan spirit. "Romeo and Juliet" is Italian—everything is sudden, love bursts into immediate flower, and in every scene is the climate of the land of poetry and passion.

The reason of this is, that Shakespeare dealt with elemental things, with universal man. He knew that locality colors without changing, and that in all surroundings the human heart is substantially the same.

Not all the poetry written before his time would make his sum; not all that has been written since, added to all that was written before, would equal his.

There was nothing within the range of human thought, within the horizon of intellectual effort, that he did not touch. He knew the brain and heart of man—the theories, customs, superstitions, hopes, fears, hatreds, vices and virtues of the human race. He knew the thrills and ecstasies of love, the savage joys of hatred and revenge. He heard the hiss of envy's snakes, and watched the eagles of ambition soar. There was no hope that did not put its star above his head—no fear he had not felt—no joy that had not shed its sunshine on his face. He experienced the emotions of mankind. He was the intellectual spendthrift of the world. He gave with the generosity, the extravagance of madness.

Read one play, and you are impressed with the idea that the wealth of the brain of a god has been exhausted—that there are no more comparisons, no more passions to be expressed, no more definitions, no more philosophy, beauty, or sublimity to be put in words—and yet, the next play opens as the dewy gates of another day.

The outstretched wings of his imagination filled the sky. He was the intellectual crown of the earth.

#### V.

The plays of Shakespeare show so much knowledge, thought and learning, that many people—those who imagine that universities furnish capacity—contend that Bacon must have been the author.

We know Bacon. We know that he was a scheming politician, a courtier, a time-server of church and king, and a corrupt judge. We know that he never admitted the truth of the Copernican system—that he was doubtful whether instruments were of any advantage in scientific investigation—that he was ignorant of the higher branches of mathematics, and that, as a matter of fact, he added but little to the knowledge of the

world. When he was more than sixty years of age, he turned his attention to poetry, and dedicated his verses to George Herbert.

If you will read these verses you will say that the author of "Lear" and "Hamlet" did not write them.

Bacon dedicated his work on the *Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human*, to James I., and in his dedication he stated that there had not been since the time of Christ, any king or monarch so learned in all erudition, divine or human. He placed James the First before Marcus Aurelius and all other kings and emperors since Christ, and concluded by saying that James the First had "the power and fortune of a king, the illumination of a priest, the learning and universality of a philosopher." This was written of James the First, described by Macaulay as a "stammering, slobbering, trembling coward, whose writings were deformed by the grossest and vilest superstitions—witches being the special objects of his fear, his hatred, and his persecution."

It seems to have been taken for granted that, if Shakespeare was not the author of the great dramas, Lord Bacon must have been.

It has been claimed that Bacon was the greatest philosopher of his time. And yet in reading his works we find that there was in his mind a strange mingling of foolishness and philosophy. He takes pains to tell us, and to write it down for the benefit of posterity, that "snow is colder than water, because it hath more spirit in it, and that quicksilver is the coldest of all metals, because it is the fullest of spirit."

He stated that he hardly believed that you could contract air by putting opium on top of the weather glass, and gave the following reasons :

"I conceive that opium and the like make spirits fly rather by malignity than by cold."

This great philosopher gave the following recipe for staunching blood:

"Thrust the part that bleedeth into the body of a capon, new ripped and bleeding. This will staunch the blood. The blood it seemeth sucking and drawing up by similitude of substance the blood it meeteth with, and so itself going back."

The philosopher also records this important fact :

"Divers witches among heathen and Christians have fed upon man's flesh to aid, as it seemeth, their imagination with high and foul vapors."

Lord Bacon was not only a philosopher, but he was a biologist, as appears from the following :

"As for living creatures, it is certain that their vital spirits are a sub-

stance compounded of an airy and flamy matter, and although air and flame free will not mingle, yet bound in by a body that hath some fixing, will."

Now and then the inventor of deduction reasons by analogy. He says: "As snow and ice holpen, and their cold activated by nitre or salt, will turn water into ice, so it may be it will turn wood or stiff clay into stone."

Bacon seems to have been a believer in the transmutation of metals, and solemnly gives a formula for changing silver or copper into gold. He also believed in the transmutation of plants, and had arrived at such a height in entomology that he informed the world that "insects have no blood."

It is claimed that he was a great observer, and as evidence of this he recorded the wonderful fact that "tobacco cut and dried by the fire loses weight;" that "bears in the winter wax fat in sleep, though they eat nothing;" that "tortoises have no bones;" that "there is a kind of stone, that if ground and put in water where cattle drink, the cows will give more milk;" that "it is hard to cure a hurt in a Frenchman's head, but easy in his leg; that it is hard to cure a hurt in an Englishman's leg, but easy in his head;" that "wounds made with brass weapons are easier to cure than those made with iron;" that "lead will multiply and increase, as statues buried in the ground;" and that "the rainbow touching anything causeth a sweet smell."

Bacon seems also to have turned his attention to ornithology, and says that "eggs laid in the full of the moon breed better birds," and that "you can make swallows white by putting ointment on the eggs before they are hatched."

He also informs us "that witches cannot hurt kings as easily as they can common people;" that "perfumes dry and strengthen the brain;" that "any one in a moment of triumph can be injured by another who casts an envious eye, and the injury is greatest when the envious glance comes from the oblique eye."

Lord Bacon also turned his attention to medicine, and he states that "bracelets made of snakes are good for curing cramps;" that "the skull of a wolf might cure the colic, because a wolf has great digestion;" that "eating the roasted brains of hens and hares strengthens the memory;" that "if a woman about to become a mother eats a good many quinces and considerable coriander seed, the child will be ingenious," and that "the moss which groweth on the skull of an unburied dead man is good for staunching blood."

He expresses doubt, however, "as to whether you can cure a wound by putting ointment on the weapon that caused the wound, instead of on the wound itself."

It is claimed by the advocates of the Baconian theory that their hero stood at the top of science; and yet "it is absolutely certain that he was ignorant of the law of the acceleration of falling bodies, although the law had been made known and printed by Galileo thirty years before Bacon wrote upon the subject. Neither did this great man understand the principle of the lever. He was not acquainted with the precession of the equinoxes, and as a matter of fact was ill-read in those branches of learning in which, in his time, the most rapid progress had been made."

After Kepler had discovered his third law, which was on the 15th of May, 1618, Bacon was more than ever opposed to the Copernican system. This great man was far behind his own time, not only in astronomy, but in mathematics. In the preface to the "Descriptio Globi Intellectualis," it is admitted either that Bacon had never heard of the correction of the parallax, or was unable to understand it. He complained on account of the want of some method for shortening mathematical calculations; and yet "Napier's Logarithms" had been printed nine years before the date of his complaint.

He attempted to form a table of specific gravities by a rude process of his own, a process that no one has ever followed; and he did this in spite of the fact that a far better method existed.

We have the right to compare what Bacon wrote with what it is claimed Shakespeare produced. I call attention to one thing—to Bacon's opinion of human love. It is this:

"The stage is more beholding to love than the life of man. As to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies and now and then of tragedies, but in life it doth much mischief—sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. Amongst all the great and worthy persons there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion."

The author of "Romeo and Juliet" never wrote that. It seems certain that the author of the wondrous Plays was one of the noblest of men.

Let us see what sense of honor Bacon had.

In writing commentaries on certain passages of Scripture, Lord Bacon tells a courtier, who has committed some offence, how to get back into the graces of his prince or king. Among other things, he tells him not



to appear too cheerful, but to assume a very grave and modest face; not to bring the matter up himself; to be extremely industrious, so that the prince will see that it is hard to get along without him; also to get his friends to tell the prince or king how badly he, the courtier, feels; and then he says, all these failing, "let him contrive to transfer the fault to others."

It is true that we know but little of Shakespeare, and consequently do not positively know that he did not have the ability to write the Plays; but we do know Bacon, and we know that he could not have written these Plays; consequently, they must have been written by a comparatively unknown man—that is to say, by a man who was known by no other writings. The fact that we do not know Shakespeare except through the Plays and Sonnets, makes it possible for us to believe that he was the author.

Some people have imagined that the Plays were written by several; but this only increases the wonder, and adds a useless burden to credulity.

Bacon published in his time all the writings that he claimed. Naturally, he would have claimed his best. Is it possible that Bacon left the wondrous children of his brain on the doorstep of Shakespeare, and kept the deformed ones at home? Is it possible that he fathered the failures and deserted the perfect?

Of course, it is wonderful that so little has been found touching Shakespeare; but is it not equally wonderful, if Bacon was the author, that not a line has been found in all his papers containing a suggestion or a hint, that he was the writer of these Plays? Is it not wonderful that no fragment of any scene—no line—no word—has been found?

Some have insisted that Bacon kept the authorship secret, because it was disgraceful to write Plays. This argument does not cover the Sonnets—and besides, one who had been stripped of the robes of office, for receiving bribes as a judge, could have borne the additional disgrace of having written "Hamlet." The fact that Bacon did not claim to be the author, demonstrates that he was not. Shakespeare claimed to be the author, and no one in his time or day denied the claim. This demonstrates that he was. Bacon published his works, and said to the world: This is what I have done.

Suppose you found in a cemetery a monument erected to John Smith, inventor of the Smith churn, and suppose you were told that Mr. Smith provided for the monument in his will, and dictated the inscription—

would it be possible to convince you that Mr. Smith was also the inventor of the locomotive and the telegraph ?

Bacon's best can be compared with Shakespeare's common ; but Shakespeare's best rises above Bacon's best, like a domed temple above a beggar's hut.

## VI.

Of course, it is admitted that there were many dramatists before and during the time of Shakespeare—but they were only the foot-hills of that mighty peak the top of which the clouds and mists still hide. Chapman and Marlowe, Heywood and Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher wrote some great lines, and in the monotony of declamation now and then is found a strain of genuine music—but all of them together constituted only a herald of Shakespeare. In all these Plays there is but a hint, a prophecy, of the great drama destined to revolutionize the poetic thought of the world.

Shakespeare was the greatest of poets. What Greece and Rome produced was great until his time. "Lions make leopards tame."

The great poet is a great artist. He is a painter and sculptor. The greatest pictures and statues have been painted and chiselled with words. They outlast all others. All the galleries of the world are poor and cheap compared with the statues and pictures in Shakespeare's book.

Language is made of pictures represented by sounds. The outer world is a dictionary of the mind, and the artist called the soul uses this dictionary of things to express what happens in the noiseless and invisible world of thought. First, a sound represents something in the outer world, and afterwards something in the inner ; and this sound at last is represented by a mark, and this mark stands for a picture, and every brain is a gallery, and the artists—that is to say, the souls—exchange pictures and statues.

All art is of the same parentage. The poet uses words—makes pictures and statues of sounds. The sculptor expresses harmony, proportion, passion, in marble ; the composer, in music ; the painter, in form and color. The dramatist expresses himself not only in words, not only paints these pictures, but he expresses his thought in action.

Shakespeare was not only a poet ; he was a dramatist, and expressed the ideal, the poetic, not only in words, but in action. There are the wit, the humor, the pathos, the tragedy of situation, of relation. The dramatist speaks and acts through others—his personality is lost. The poet lives in the world of thought and feeling, and to this

the dramatist adds the world of action. He creates characters that seem to act in accordance with their own natures and independently of him. He compresses lives into hours, tells us the secrets of the heart, shows us the springs of action—how desire bribes the judgment and corrupts the will—how weak the reason is when passion pleads, and how grand it is to stand for right against the world. It is not enough to say fine things,—great things, dramatic things, must be done.

Let me give you an illustration of dramatic incident accompanying the highest form of poetic expression: Macbeth, having returned from the murder of Duncan, says to his wife:

“Methought I heard a voice cry: Sleep no more,  
Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep;  
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.....  
Still it cried: Sleep no more, to all the house,  
Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more—Macbeth shall sleep no more.”

She exclaims:

“Who was it that thus cried?  
Why, worthy Thane, you do unbend your noble strength  
To think so brain-sickly of things; get some water  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
*Why did you bring the daggers from the place?*”

Macbeth was so overcome with horror at his own deed, that he not only mistook his thoughts for the words of others, but was so carried away and beyond himself, that he brought with him the daggers—the evidence of his guilt—the daggers that he should have left with the dead. This is dramatic.

In the same play, the difference of feeling before and after the commission of a crime is illustrated to perfection. When Macbeth is on his way to assassinate the king, the bell strikes, and he says, or whispers:

“Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell.”

Afterward, when the deed has been committed, and a knocking is heard at the gate, he cries:

“Wake Duncan with thy knocking. I would thou couldst.”

Let me give one more instance of dramatic action. When Antony speaks above the body of Cæsar he says:

“ You all do know this mantle : I remember  
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on—  
 ’Twas on a summer’s evening, in his tent,  
 That day he overcame the Nervii :  
 Look ! In this place ran Cassius’ dagger through :  
 See what a rent the envious Casca made !  
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed,  
 And as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it.”

## VII.

THERE are men, and many of them, who are always trying to show that somebody else chiseled the statue or painted the picture,—that the poem is attributed to the wrong man, and that the battle was really won by a subordinate.

Of course, Shakespeare made use of the work of others—and, we might almost say, of all others. Every writer must use the work of others. The only question is, how the accomplishments of other minds are used, whether as a foundation to build higher, or whether stolen to the end that the thief may make a reputation for himself, without adding to the great structure of literature.

Thousands of people have stolen stones from the Coliseum to make huts for themselves. So thousands of writers have taken the thoughts of others with which to adorn themselves. These are plagiarists. But the man who takes the thought of another, adds to it, gives it intensity and poetic form, throb and life, is in the highest sense original.

Shakespeare found nearly all of his facts in the writings of others, and was indebted to others for most of the stories of his plays. The question is not, Who furnished the stone? or Who owned the quarry? but—Who chiseled the statue?

We now know all the books that Shakespeare could have read, and consequently know many of the sources of his information. We find in Pliny’s “*Natural History*,” published in 1601, the following: “The sea Pontis evermore floweth and runneth out into the Propontis; but the sea never retireth back again with the Impontis.” This was the raw material, and out of it Shakespeare made the following:

“ Like to the Pontic Sea,  
 Whose icy current and compulsive course  
 Ne’er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
 To the Propontic and the Hellespont—  
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,

Shall ne'er turn back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up."

Perhaps we can give an idea of the difference between Shakespeare and other poets by a passage from "Lear." When Cordelia places her hand upon her father's head and speaks of the night and of the storm, an ordinary poet might have said :

"On such a night, a dog  
Should have stood against my fire."

A very great poet might have gone a step further and exclaimed :

"On such a night, mine enemy's dog  
Should have stood against my fire."

But Shakespeare said :

"Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me,  
Should have stood, that night, against my fire."

Of all the poets—of all the writers—Shakespeare is the most original. He is as original as Nature.

It may truthfully be said that "Nature wants stuff to vie strange forms with fancy, to make another."

#### VIII.

THERE is in the greatest poetry a kind of extravagance that touches the infinite, and in this Shakespeare exceeds all others. You will remember the description given of the voyage of Paris in search of Helen :

"The seas and winds, old wranglers, made a truce  
And did him service ; he touched the ports desired,  
And for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,  
He brought a Grecian queen whose youth and freshness  
Wrinkles Apollo, and makes stale the morning."

So, in *Pericles*, when the father finds his daughter, he cries out :

"O Helicanus ! strike me, honored sir ;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain,  
Lest this great sea of joys, rushing upon me,  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality."

The greatest compliment that man has ever paid to the woman he adores is this line :

"Eyes that do mislead the morn."

Nothing can be conceived more perfectly poetic.

In that marvellous play, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' is one of the most extravagant things in literature :

"Thou rememberest  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres  
To hear the sea-maid's music."

This is so marvellously told, that it almost seems probable. So the description of Mark Antony :

"For his bounty  
There was no winter in't—an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping. His delights  
Were dolphin-like—they showed his back above  
The element they lived in."

Think of the astronomical scope and amplitude of this :

"Her bed is India—there she lies a pearl."

Is there anything more intense than these words of Cleopatra ?

"Rather on Nilus mud lay me stark naked,  
And let the water-flies blow me into abhorring."

Or this of Isabella :

"The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,  
And strip myself to death as to a bed  
That longing I've been sick for, ere I yield  
My body up to shame."

Is there an intellectual man in the world who will not agree with this :

"Let me not live  
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits."

Can anything exceed the words of Troilus when parting with Cressida :

"We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
Did buy each other, most poorly sell ourselves  
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.  
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,  
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how ;  
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
With distinct breath and consigned kisses to them,  
He fumbles up into a loose adieu,  
And scants us with a single famished kiss,  
Distasted with the salt of broken tears."

Take this example, where pathos almost touches the grotesque :

“ O dear Juliet, why art thou yet so fair ?  
 Shall I believe that unsubstantial death is amorous,  
 And that the lean, abhorred monster keeps thee here  
 I' the dark, to be his paramour ? ”

Often, when reading the marvellous lines of Shakespeare, I feel that his thoughts are “ too subtle potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness, for the capacity of my ruder powers.” Sometimes I cry out, “ O churl !—write all, and leave no thoughts for those who follow after.”

## IX.

SHAKESPEARE WAS AN INNOVATOR, an iconoclast. He cared nothing for the authority of men or of schools. He violated the “ unities,” and cared nothing for the models of the ancient world.

The Greeks insisted that nothing should be in a play that did not tend to the catastrophe. They did not believe in the episode—in the sudden contrasts of light and shade—in mingling the comic and tragic. The sunlight never fell upon their tears, and darkness did not overtake their laughter. They believed that nature sympathized or was in harmony with the events of the play. When crime was about to be committed—some horror to be perpetrated—the light grew dim, the wind sighed, the trees shivered, and upon all was the shadow of the coming event.

Shakespeare knew that the play had little to do with the tides and currents of universal life—that Nature cares neither for smiles nor tears, for life nor death, and that the sun shines as gladly on coffins as on cradles.

The first time I visited the Place de la Concorde, where during the French Revolution stood the guillotine, and where now stands an Egyptian obelisk—a bird, sitting on top, was singing with all its might.—Nature forgets.

One of the most notable instances of the violation by Shakespeare of the classic model is found in the 6th Scene of Act I. of Macbeth.

When the King and Banquo approach the castle in which the King is to be murdered that night, no shadow falls athwart the threshold. So beautiful is the scene that the King says :

“ This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air  
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
 Unto our gentle senses.”

And Banquo adds :

“ This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here ; no jutting, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed  
The air is delicate.”

Another notable instance is the porter scene immediately following the murder. So, too, the dialogue with the clown who brings the asp to Cleopatra just before the suicide, illustrates my meaning.

I know of one paragraph in the Greek drama worthy of Shakespeare. This is in “ Medea.” When Medea kills her children she curses Jason, using the ordinary Billingsgate and papal curse, but at the conclusion says : “ I pray the gods to make him virtuous, that he may the more deeply feel the pang that I inflict.”

Shakespeare dealt in lights and shadows. He was intense. He put noons and midnights side by side. No other dramatist would have dreamed of adding to the pathos—of increasing our appreciation of Lear's agony, by supplementing the wail of the mad king with the mocking laughter of a loving clown.

## X.

THE ordinary dramatists—the men of talent—(and there is the same difference between talent and genius that there is between a stone-mason and a sculptor) create characters that become types. Types are of necessity caricatures—actual men and women are to some extent contradictory in their actions. Types are blown in one direction by the one wind—characters have pilots.

In real people, good and evil mingle. Types are all one way, or all the other—all good or all bad, all wise or all foolish.

Pecksniff was a perfect type, a perfect hypocrite—and will remain a type as long as language lives—a hypocrite that even drunkenness could not change. Everbody understands Pecksniff, and compared with him Tartuffe was an honest man.

Hamlet is an individual, a person, an actual being—and for that reason there is a difference of opinion as to his motives and as to his character. We differ about Hamlet as we do about Cæsar, or about Shakespeare himself.



Hamlet saw the ghost of his father and heard again his father's voice, and yet, afterwards, he speaks of "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

In this there is no contradiction. The reason outweighs the senses. If we should see a dead man rise from his grave, we would not, the next day, believe that we did. No one can credit a miracle until it becomes so common that it ceases to be miraculous.

Types are puppets—controlled from without—characters act from within. There is the same difference between characters and types that there is between springs and water-works, between canals and rivers, between wooden soldiers and heroes.

In most plays and in most novels the characters are so shadowy that we have to piece them out with the imagination.

One waking in the morning sometimes sees at the foot of his bed a strange figure—it may be of an ancient lady with cap and ruffles and with the expression of garrulous and fussy old age—but when the light gets stronger, the figure gradually changes and he sees a few clothes on a chair.

The dramatist lives the lives of others, and in order to delineate character must not only have imagination but sympathy with the character delineated. The great dramatist thinks of a character as an entirety, as an individual.

I once had a dream, and in this dream I was discussing a subject with another man. It occurred to me that I was dreaming, and I then said to myself: If this is a dream, I am doing the talking for both sides—consequently, I ought to know in advance what the other man is going to say. In my dream, I tried the experiment. I then asked the other man a question, and before he answered made up my mind what the answer was to be. To my surprise, the man did not say what I expected he would say, and so great was my astonishment that I awoke.

It then occurred to me that I had discovered the secret of Shakespeare. He did, when awake, what I did when asleep—that is, he threw off a character so perfect that it acted independently of him.

In the delineation of character Shakespeare has no rivals. He creates no monsters. His characters do not act without reason, without motive.

Iago had his reasons. In Caliban, nature was not destroyed—Lady Macbeth certifies that the woman was still in her heart, by saying:

"Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it."

Shakespeare's characters act from within. They are centres of energy.

They are not pushed by unseen hands, or pulled by unseen strings. They have objects, desires. They are persons—real, living beings.

Few dramatists succeed in getting their characters loose from the canvas—their backs stick to the wall—they do not have free and independent action—they have no background, no unexpressed motives—no untold desires. They lack the complexity of the real.

Shakespeare makes the character true to itself. Christopher Sly, surrounded by the luxuries of a lord, true to his station, calls for a pot of the smallest ale.

Take one expression by Lady Macbeth. You remember that after the murder is discovered—after the alarm bell is rung—she appears upon the scene wanting to know what has happened. Macduff refuses to tell her, saying that the slightest word would murder as it fell. At this moment Banquo comes upon the scene and Macduff cries out to him :

“ Our royal master’s murdered.”

What does Lady Macbeth then say? She in fact makes a confession of guilt. The weak point in the terrible tragedy is that Duncan was murdered in Macbeth’s castle. So when Lady Macbeth hears what they suppose is news to her, she cries :

“ What! In our house?”

Had she been innocent, her horror of the crime would have made her forget the place—the venue. Banquo sees through this, and sees through her. Her expression was a light, by which he saw her guilt—and he answers :

“ Too cruel anywhere.”

No matter whether Shakespeare delineated clown or king, warrior or maiden—no matter whether his characters are taken from the gutter or the throne—each is a work of consummate art, and when he is unnatural, he is so splendid that the defect is forgotten.

When Romeo is told of the death of Juliet, and thereupon makes up his mind to die upon her grave, he gives a description of the shop where poison could be purchased. He goes into particulars, and tells of alligators stuffed, of the skins of ill-shaped fishes, of the beggarly account of empty boxes, of the remnants of pack-thread, and old cakes of roses—and while it is hardly possible to believe that under such circumstances a man would take the trouble to make an inventory of a strange kind of drug-store, yet the inventory is so perfect—the picture is so marvellously drawn—that we forget to think whether it is natural or not.

In making the frame of a great picture—of a great scene—Shakespeare

was often careless, but the picture is perfect. In making the sides of the arch he was negligent, but when he placed the keystone, it burst into blossom. Of course there are many lines in Shakespeare that never should have been written. In other words, there are imperfections in his plays. But we must remember that Shakespeare furnished the torch that enables us to see these imperfections.

Shakespeare speaks through his characters, and we must not mistake what the characters say, for the opinion of Shakespeare. No one can believe that Shakespeare regarded life as "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." That was the opinion of a murderer, surrounded by avengers, and whose wife—partner in his crimes—troubled with thick-coming fancies—had gone down to her death.

Most actors and writers seem to suppose that the lines called "The Seven Ages" contain Shakespeare's view of human life. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The lines were uttered by a cynic, in contempt and scorn of the human race.

Shakespeare did not put his characters in the livery and uniform of some weakness, peculiarity or passion. He did not use names as tags or brands. He did not write under the picture, "This is a villain." His characters need no suggestive names to tell us what they are—we see them and we know them for ourselves.

It may be that in the greatest utterances of the greatest characters in the supreme moments, we have the real thoughts, opinions and convictions of Shakespeare.

Of all writers Shakespeare is the most impersonal. He speaks through others, and the others seem to speak for themselves. The didactic is lost in the dramatic. He does not use the stage as a pulpit to enforce some maxim. He is as reticent as Nature.

He idealizes the common and transfigures all he touches—but he does not preach. He was interested in men and things as they were. He did not seek to change them but to portray. He was Nature's mirror—and in that mirror Nature saw herself.

When I stood amid the great trees of California that lift their spreading capitals against the clouds, looking like Nature's columns to support the sky, I thought of the poetry of Shakespeare.

## XI.

WHAT a procession of men and women—statesmen and warriors—kings and clowns—issued from Shakespeare's brain. What women!

*Isabella*—in whose spotless life love and reason blended into perfect truth.

*Juliet*—within whose heart passion and purity met like white and red within the bosom of a rose.

*Cordelia*—who chose to suffer loss, rather than show her wealth of love with those who gilded lies in hope of gain.

*Hermione*—"tender as infancy and grace"—who bore with perfect hope and faith the cross of shame, and who at last forgave with all her heart.

*Desdemona*—so innocent, so perfect, her love so pure, that she was incapable of suspecting that another could suspect, and who with dying words sought to hide her lover's crime—and with her last faint breath uttered a loving lie that burst into a perfumed lily between her pallid lips.

*Perdita*—a violet dim, and sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes—"The sweetest low-born lass that ever ran on the green sward."

*Helena*—who said :

" I know I love in vain, strive against hope—  
Yet in this captious and untenable sieve  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still.  
Thus, Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more."

*Miranda*—who told her love as gladly as a flower gives its bosom to the kisses of the sun.

And *Cordelia*—whose kisses cured and whose tears restored.

And stainless *Imogen*, who cried: "What is it to be false?"

And here is the description of the perfect woman :

" To feed for aye her lamp and flame of love ;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth—  
Outliving beauty's outward with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays."

Shakespeare has done more for woman than all the other dramatists of the world.

For my part, I love the Clowns. I love *Launce* and his dog *Crabb*, and *Gobbo*, whose conscience threw its arms around the neck of his heart, and *Touchstone*, with his lie seven times removed; and dear old *Dogberry*—a pretty piece of flesh, tedious as a king. And *Bottom*, the very paragon for a sweet voice, longing to take the part to tear a cat in; and *Autolycus*, the snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, sleeping out the thought for the life to come. And great *Sir John*, without conscience, and for that reason unblamed and enjoyed—and who at the end babbles of green fields, and is almost loved. And ancient *Pistol*, the world his oyster; and *Bardolph*, with the flea on his blazing nose, putting beholders in mind of a damned soul in hell. And the poor *Fool*, who followed the mad king, and went “to bed at noon.” And the clown who carried the worm of Nilus, whose “biting was immortal.” And *Corin*, the shepherd, who described the perfect man: “I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat—get that I wear—owe no man aught—envy no man’s happiness—glad of other men’s good—content.”

And mingling in this motley throng, *Lear*, within whose brain a tempest raged until the depths were stirred, and the intellectual wealth of a life was given back to memory—and then by madness thrown to storm and night; and when I read the living lines I feel as though I looked upon the sea and saw it wrought by frenzied whirlwinds, until the buried treasures and the sunken wrecks of all the years were cast upon the shores.

And *Othello*—who like the base Indian threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe.

And *Hamlet*—thought-entangled—hesitating between two worlds.

And *Macbeth*—strange mingling of cruelty and conscience, reaping the sure harvest of successful crime—“Curses not loud but deep—mouth-honor—breath.”

And *Brutus*, falling on his sword that Cæsar might be still.

And *Romeo*, dreaming of the white wonder of Juliet’s hand. And *Ferdinand*, the patient log-man for Miranda’s sake. And *Florizel*, who, “for all the sun sees, or the close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide,” would not be faithless to the low-born lass. And *Constance*, weeping for her son, while grief “stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.”

And in the midst of tragedies and tears, of love and laughter and crime, we hear the voice of the good friar, who declares that in every human heart, as in the smallest flower, there are encamped the opposed

hosts of good and evil—and our philosophy is interrupted by the garrulous old nurse, whose talk is as busily useless as the babble of a stream that hurries by a ruined mill.

From every side the characters crowd upon us—the men and women born of Shakespeare's brain. They utter with a thousand voices the thoughts of the "myriad-minded" man, and impress themselves upon us as deeply and vividly as though they really lived with us.

Shakespeare alone has delineated love in every possible phase—has ascended to the very top and actually reached heights that no other has imagined. I do not believe the human mind will ever produce or be in a position to appreciate, a greater love-play than "Romeo and Juliet." It is a symphony in which all music seems to blend. The heart bursts into blossom, and he who reads feels the swooning intoxication of a divine perfume.

In the alembic of Shakespeare's brain the baser metals were turned to gold—passions became virtues—weeds became exotics from some diviner land—and common mortals made of ordinary clay outranked the Olympian Gods. In his brain there was the touch of chaos that suggests the infinite—that belongs to genius. Talent is measured and mathematical—dominated by prudence and the thought of use. Genius is tropical. The creative instinct runs riot, delights in extravagance and waste, and overwhelms the mental beggars of the world with uncounted gold and unnumbered gems.

Some things are immortal: The plays of Shakespeare, the marbles of the Greeks, and the music of Wagner.

## XII.

Shakespeare was the greatest of philosophers. He knew the conditions of success—of happiness—the relations that men sustain to each other, and the duties of all. He knew the tides and currents of the heart—the cliffs and caverns of the brain. He knew the weakness of the will, the sophistry of desire—and

"That pleasure and revenge have ears more deaf than adders to the voice of any true decision."

He knew that the soul lives in an invisible world—that flesh is but a mask, and that

"There is no art to find the mind's construction  
In the face."

He knew that courage should be the servant of judgment, and that

“When valor preys on reason, it eats the sword  
It fights with.”

He knew that man is never master of the event, that he is to some extent the sport or prey of the blind forces of the world, and that

“In the reproof of chance lies the true proof of men.”

Feeling that the past is unchangeable, and that that which must happen is as much beyond control as though it had happened, he says :

“Let determined things to destiny  
Hold unbewailed their way.”

Shakespeare was great enough to know that every human being prefers happiness to misery, and that crimes are but mistakes. Looking in pity upon the human race, upon the pain and poverty, the crimes and cruelties, the limping travellers on the thorny paths, he was great and good enough to say :

“There is no darkness but ignorance.”

In all the philosophies there is no greater line. This great truth fills the heart with pity.

He knew that place and power do not give happiness—that the crowned are subject as the lowest to fate and chance.

“Within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps death his court, and there the antic sits  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,  
Allowing him a brief and little scene  
To monarchize by fear and kill with looks,  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit—  
As if this flesh that walls about our life  
Were brass impregnable ; and humored thus,  
Comes at the last and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle wall—and farewell king !”

So, too, he knew that gold could not bring joy—that death and misfortune come alike to rich and poor, because :

“If thou art rich thou art poor ;  
For like an ass whose back with ingots bows  
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee.”

In some of his philosophy there was a kind of scorn—a hidden meaning that could not in his day and time have safely been expressed. You will remember that Laertes was about to kill the king, and this king was

the murderer of his own brother, and sat upon the throne by reason of his crime—and in the mouth of such a king Shakespeare puts these words :

“There’s such divinity doth hedge a king.”

So, in *Macbeth* :

“How he solicits Heaven himself best knows ; but strangely visited people  
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despairs of surgery, he cures ;  
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers : and ’tis spoken  
To the succeeding royalty—he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.”

Shakespeare was the master of the human heart—knew all the hopes, fears, ambitions, and passions that sway the mind of man ; and thus knowing, he declared that

“Love is not love that alters  
When it alteration finds.”

This is the sublimest declaration in the literature of the world.

Shakespeare seems to give the generalization—the result—without the process of thought. He seems always to be at the conclusion—standing where all truths meet.

In one of the sonnets is this fragment of a line that contains the highest possible truth :

“Conscience is born of love.”

If man were incapable of suffering, the words right and wrong never could have been spoken. If man were destitute of imagination, the flower of pity never could have blossomed in his heart.

We suffer—we cause others to suffer—those that we love—and of this fact conscience is born.

Love is the many-colored flame that makes the fireside of the heart. It is the mingled spring and autumn—the perfect climate of the soul.

### XIII.

In the realm of comparison Shakespeare seems to have exhausted the relations, parallels, and similitudes of things. He only could have said :

“Tedious as a twice-told tale  
Vexing the ears of a drowsy man.”



“Duller than a great thaw.  
Dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage.”

In the words of Ulysses, spoken to Achilles, we find the most wonderful collection of pictures and comparisons ever compressed within the same number of lines :

“Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,—  
A great-sized monster of ingratitude—  
Those scraps are good deeds passed ; which are devoured  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done ; perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honor bright ; to have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;  
For honor travels in a strait so narrow  
Where one but goes abreast ; keep then the path ;  
For emulation hath a thousand sons  
That one by one pursue ; if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by  
And leave you hindmost :  
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O’errun and trampled on : then what they do in present,  
Tho’ less than yours in past, must o’ertop yours ;  
For time is like a fashionable host  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
And with his arms outstretched as he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,  
And Farewell goes out sighing.”

So the words of Cleopatra, when Charmian speaks :

“Peace, peace :  
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast  
That sucks the nurse asleep ?”

## XIV.

Nothing is more difficult than a definition—a crystallization of thought so perfect that it emits light. Shakespeare says of suicide :

“It is great to do that thing  
That ends all other deeds,  
Which shackles accident and bolts up change.”

He defines drama to be :

"Turning the accomplishments of many years  
Into an hour glass."

Of death :

"This sensible warm motion to become a kneaded clod,  
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot."

Of memory :

"The warder of the brain."

Of the body :

"This muddy vesture of decay."

And he declares that

"Our little life is rounded with a sleep."

He speaks of Echo as :

"The babbling gossip of the air"—

Romeo, addressing the poison that he is about to take, says :

"Come, bitter conduct, come unsavory guide,  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick, weary bark."

He describes the world as

"This bank and shoal of time."

He says of rumor—

"That it doubles, like the voice and echo."

It would take days to call attention to the perfect definitions, comparisons and generalizations of Shakespeare. He gave us the deeper meanings of our words—taught us the art of speech. He was the lord of language—master of expression and compression.

He put the greatest thoughts into the shortest words—made the poor rich and the common royal.

Production enriched his brain. Nothing exhausted him. The moment his attention was called to any subject—comparisons, definitions, metaphors and generalizations filled his mind and begged for utterance.

His thoughts like bees robbed every blossom in the world, and then with "merry march" brought the rich booty home "to the tent royal of their emperor."

Shakespeare was the confidant of Nature. To him she opened her "infinite book of secrecy," and in his brain were "the hatch and brood of time."

## XV.

THERE is in Shakespeare the mingling of laughter and tears, humor and pathos. Humor is the rose, wit the thorn. Wit is a crystallization, humor an efflorescence. Wit comes from the brain, humor from the heart. Wit is the lightning of the soul.

In Shakespeare's nature was the climate of humor. He saw and felt the sunny side even of the saddest things. "You have seen sunshine and rain at once." So Shakespeare's tears fell oft upon his smiles. In moments of peril—on the very darkness of death—there comes a touch of humor that falls like a fleck of sunshine.

Gonzalo, when the ship is about to sink, having seen the boatswain, exclaims :

"I have great comfort from this fellow ;  
Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him ;  
His complexion is perfect gallows."

Shakespeare is filled with the strange contrasts of grief and laughter. While poor Hero is supposed to be dead—wrapped in the shroud of dishonor—Dogberry and Verges unconsciously put again the wedding wreath upon her pure brow.

The soliloquy of Launcelot—great as Hamlet's—offsets the bitter and burning words of Shylock.

There is only time to speak of Maria in "Twelfth Night," of Autolycus in the "Winter's Tale," of the parallel drawn by Fluellen between Alexander of Macedon and Harry of Monmouth, or of the marvellous humor of Falstaff, who never had the faintest thought of right or wrong—or of Mercutio, that embodiment of wit and humor—or of the grave-diggers who lamented that "great folk should have countenance in this world to drown and hang themselves, more than their even Christian," and who reached the generalization that "the gallows does well because it does well to those who do ill."

There is also an example of grim humor—an example without a parallel in literature, so far as I know. Hamlet, having killed Polonius, is asked :

"Where's Polonius?"

"At supper."

"At supper! where?"

"Not where he eats, but where he is eaten."

Above all others, Shakespeare appreciated the pathos of situation. Nothing is more pathetic than the last scene in "Lear." No one has

ever bent above his dead who did not feel the words uttered by the mad king,—words born of a despair deeper than tears :

“ Oh, that a horse, a dog, a rat hath life  
And thou no breath ! ”

So Iago, after he has been wounded, says :

“ I bleed, sir ; but not killed.”

And Othello answers from the wreck and shattered remnant of his life:

“ I would have thee live ;  
For in my sense it is happiness to die.”

When Troilus finds Cressida has been false, he cries :

“ Let it not be believed for womanhood ;  
Think ! we had mothers.”

Ophelia, in her madness, “ the sweet bells jangled out o’ tune,” says softly :

“ I would give you some violets ;  
But they withered all when my father died.”

When Macbeth has reaped the harvest, the seeds of which were sown by his murderous hand, he exclaims,—and what could be more pitiful ?—

“ I ’gin to be aweary of the sun.”

Richard the Second feels how small a thing it is to be, or to have been, a king, or to receive honors before or after power is lost ; and so, of those who stood uncovered before him, he asks this piteous question :

“ I live with bread, like you ; feel want,  
Taste grief, need friends ; subjected thus,  
How can you say to me I am a king ? ”

Think of the salutation of Antony to the dead Cæsar :

“ Pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth.”

When Pisanio informs Imogen that he had been ordered by Posthumus to murder her, she bares her neck and cries :

“ The lamb entreats the butcher :  
Where is thy knife ? Thou art too slow  
To do thy master’s bidding when I desire it.”

Antony, as the last drops are falling from his self-inflicted wound, utters with his dying breath to Cleopatra, this :

“ I here importune death awhile, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.”

To me, the last words of Hamlet are full of pathos :

“ I die, Horatio.  
The potent poison quite o’ercrows my spirit \* \* \*  
The rest is silence.”

## XVI.

SOME have insisted that Shakespeare must have been a physician, for the reason that he shows such knowledge of medicine—of the symptoms of disease and death—was so familiar with the brain, and with insanity in all its forms.

I do not think he was a physician. He knew too much—his generalizations were too splendid. He had none of the prejudices of that profession in his time. We might as well say that he was a musician, a composer, because we find in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" nearly every musical term known in Shakespeare's time.

Others maintain that he was a lawyer, perfectly acquainted with the forms, with the expressions familiar to that profession; yet there is nothing to show that he was a lawyer, or that he knew more about law than any intelligent man should know. He was not a lawyer. His sense of justice was never dulled by reading English law.

Some think that he was a botanist, because he named nearly all known plants. Others, that he was an astronomer, a naturalist, because he gave hints and suggestions of nearly all discoveries.

Some have thought that he must have been a sailor, for the reason that the orders given in the opening of "The Tempest" were the best that could, under the circumstances, have been given to save the ship.

For my part, I think there is nothing in the plays to show that he was a lawyer, a doctor, a botanist, or a scientist. He had the observant eye that really sees, the ear that really hears, the brain that retains all pictures, all thoughts, logic as unerring as light, the imagination that supplies defects and builds the perfect from a fragment. And these faculties, these aptitudes, working together, account for what he did.

He exceeded all the sons of men in the splendor of his imagination. To him the whole world paid tribute, and nature poured her treasures at his feet. In him all races lived again, and even those to be were pictured in his brain.

He was a man of imagination—that is to say, of genius, and having seen a leaf and a drop of water, he could construct the forests, the rivers and the seas; and in his presence all the cataracts would fall and foam, the mists rise, the clouds form and float.

If Shakespeare knew one fact, he knew its kindred and its neighbors. Looking at a coat of mail, he instantly imagined the society, the conditions, that produced it, and what it, in turn, produced. He saw the castle, the moat, the draw-bridge, the lady in the tower, and the knightly

lover spurring across the plain. He saw the bold baron and the rude retainer, the trampled serf, and all the glory and the grief of feudal life.

He lived the life of all. He was a citizen of Athens in the days of Pericles. He listened to the eager eloquence of the great orators, and sat upon the cliffs, and with the tragic poet heard "the multitudinous laughter of the sea." He saw Socrates thrust the spear of question through the shield and heart of falsehood. He was present when the great man drank hemlock, and met the night of death tranquil as a star meets morning. He listened to the peripatetic philosophers, and was unpuzzled by the Sophists. He watched Phidias as he chiselled shapeless stone to forms of love and awe.

He lived by the mysterious Nile, amid the vast and monstrous. He knew the very thought that wrought the form and features of the Sphinx. He heard great Memnon's morning song when marble lips were smitten by the sun. He laid him down with the embalmed and waiting dead, and felt within their dust the expectation of another life, mingled with cold and suffocating doubts—the children born of long delay.

He walked the ways of mighty Rome, and saw great Cæsar with his legions in the field. He stood with vast and motley throngs and watched the triumphs given to victorious men, followed by uncrowned kings, the captured hosts, and all the spoils of ruthless war. He heard the shout that shook the Coliseum's roofless walls, when from the reeling gladiator's hand the short sword fell, while from his bosom gushed the stream of wasted life.

He lived the life of savage men. He trod the forests' silent depths, and in the desperate game of life or death he matched his thought against the instinct of the beast.

He knew all crimes and all regrets, all virtues and their rich rewards. He was victim and victor, pursuer and pursued, outcast and king. He heard the applause and curses of the world, and on his heart had fallen all the nights and noons of failure and success.

He knew the unspoken thoughts, the dumb desires, the wants and ways of beasts. He felt the crouching tiger's thrill, the terror of the ambushed prey, and with the eagles he had shared the ecstasy of flight and poise and swoop, and he had lain with sluggish serpents on the barren rocks uncoiling slowly in the heat of noon.

He sat beneath the bo-tree's contemplative shade, wrapped in Buddha's mighty thought, and dreamed all dreams that light, the

alchemist, has wrought from dust and dew, and stored within the slumbrous poppy's subtle blood.

He knelt with awe and dread at every shrine—he offered every sacrifice, and every prayer—felt the consolation and the shuddering fear—mocked and worshipped all the gods—enjoyed all heavens, and felt the pangs of every hell.

He lived all lives, and through his blood and brain there crept the shadow and the chill of every death; and his soul, like Mazeppa, was lashed naked to the wild horse of every fear and love and hate.

The Imagination had a stage in Shakespeare's brain, whereon were set all scenes that lie between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and where his players bodied forth the false and the true, the joys and griefs, the careless shallows and the tragic deeps of universal life.

From Shakespeare's brain there poured a Niagara of gems spanned by Fancy's seven-hued arch. He was as many-sided as clouds are many-formed. To him giving was hoarding—sowing was harvest—and waste itself the source of wealth. Within his marvellous mind were the fruits of all thoughts past, the seeds of all to be. As a drop of dew contains the image of the earth and sky, so all there is of life was mirrored forth in Shakespeare's brain.

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death, and all the sunlight of content and love, and within which was the inverted sky lit with the eternal stars—an intellectual ocean—towards which all rivers ran, and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain.



## WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

BY SAMUEL BRAZIER.

THERE was a man : his soul was true,  
 His judgment incorrupt, his mind  
 Bowed only at the shrine of truth ;  
 His heart was warm, his manners kind.  
 He strove to do his duty well.  
 What was his creed ? I cannot tell.

At times his pure and happy life  
 A calm and even current ran ;  
 Then care, and grief, and pain, and wrong  
 Made his the common lot of man.  
 But, good or ill, he bore it well.  
 What was his creed ? I cannot tell.

For faults and errors of mankind  
 Reproaches bitter he disdained.  
 The base, the cruel and the false  
 His stern and fearless censure gained.  
 The Golden Rule he practised well.  
 What was his creed ? I cannot tell.

His love of man, active, unfeigned,  
 By narrow limits unconfined,  
 O'erspread the bounds of nation, race,  
 And faith, embracing all mankind.  
 For man as man he labored well  
 What was his creed ? I cannot tell.

A generous portion of his means  
 And time and strength he gladly gave  
 For others' weal—the poor to bless,  
 The sad to cheer, the lost to save :  
 Prizing his life to spend it well.  
 What was his creed ? I cannot tell.

Wisely he lived, and when he died  
 The stranger had a word of praise ;  
 And many heedless paused to think,  
 And many turned to better ways,  
 And those who differed loved him well.  
 What was his creed ? I cannot tell.

Like the sweet scent of flowers dead,  
 Like the soft light of sunset sky,  
 His memory lived, and many said :  
 "How sad that such a man should die!"  
 They knew his worth who knew him well.  
 What was his creed ? I cannot tell.



## THE STORY OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

BY E. W. L.

## IX.

BRUTAL and bloodthirsty were the Sepoys at Bareilly. It is customary in most of the military stations in India for the married officers to send their wives and children, during the hot months, to some cool retreat in the nearest hill country. The Bareilly officers had done this, and the Bareilly Sepoys were cognizant of the fact. The mutiny at Bareilly had been delayed on this very account. The Sepoys wished to have a big *battue*, and waited in the hope that wives and children would return from the hills and give them sport. But in this they were disappointed. Brigadier Sibbald commanded the force—all natives: two regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and a battery of artillery. The Sepoys had it all their own way; there were no European troops in or near Bareilly. On Sunday, May 31st, every preparation having been made, the Sepoys opened a murderous fire on their officers. And to make assurance doubly sure, all the gaol birds were let loose and commanded to kill and plunder. An old rascal, Khan Bahadar Khan, who had once been in the employ of the Company, proclaimed himself king, and made sundry appointments. He also ordered two European judges to be brought before him, went through the farce of trying them, and then had them hanged. After having slain all the Europeans in Bareilly, the native troops made their way to Delhi. Luckily for them, when, near the Ganges, they came into the vicinity of European soldiers, it was General Hewitt who commanded, and not a Nicholson, a Hodson or a Havelock. Hewitt had not profited by experience; he was still the General Hewitt of Meerut, the Hewitt of "Defend your lines" policy. The mutineers had to cross the Ganges on a ferry; there was some trouble and delay; General Hewitt was near at hand, and a sharp and sudden attack would have well-nigh annihilated the Sepoy force. The attack was not made, and the Sepoys crossed the sacred river safely.

General Barnard was marching on towards Delhi; mutinous Sepoys fled at his approach and made their way to the great centre of the revolt. Yet the conflagration was spreading; its lurid flames were seen almost simultaneously at about twenty places. From June 3 to June 8, beginning with Azimghur, east of Oude, they burst forth in Benares, Jhansi (Central India), Allahabad, Cawnpore, Jullundhur, Neemuch (in Rajpootana), and seven or eight other places in Oude. The three salient points to be kept in view are Delhi, Cawnpore and Lucknow. Delhi, the great centre of the mutiny; Cawnpore, whose awful tragedy was written in the blood of European women and children; and Lucknow, for ever famous for the long siege that it so gallantly endured against enormous odds.

It must be remembered that we are now in June, 1857. About fifty miles north of Lucknow is Seetapore. It was the headquarters of the Khyrabad Government; Mr George Christian was the British Commissioner. Perhaps it will be as well to state that these Commissioners, representing the British Government, directed (in a great measure, at least) the policy of the nominally independent states. Their power was enormous; but it was seldom abused. The troops at Mr. Christian's disposal were wholly native—the 41st B.N.I. and some Oude Irregulars. As elsewhere, the European officers commanding these native troops felt quite sure that *their* Sepoys could be trusted. Mr. Christian's faith wavered; he was prudent. His house stood on a bend of the river Sureyan; he persuaded all the ladies and their children to move into it. In front of the house were the Oude Irregulars, with four guns; farther to the front the 41st was stationed. Near Christian's residence the Sureyan ran through a deep ravine; but the river was fordable just behind the house. The Sepoys had the audacity to remonstrate with Mr. Christian on his action in sheltering the ladies,—it was a slur on their fidelity. On June 2 the troops were paid their salary for May; on June 3 they mutinied. As the sun rose, the men of the 41st began to muster on their own grounds. A party of them marched towards the treasury; still their colonel (Birch) trusted them. Not so the Commissioner. He ordered out the Irregulars and the four guns. Col. Birch, accompanied by Lieut. Graves, rode off to the treasury. His faithful Sepoys shot him; Graves was also shot, but not killed. Gallant fellow that he was, his first thought was, what could he do to save his brother officers and their families? Scrambling with difficulty to his saddle, he rode off amid a shower of bullets to give the warning. Those he so faithfully warned at once started for Lucknow.

The Commissioner made a mistake in trusting the Irregulars, and dearly he paid for it. The Irregulars, hearing the musketry of their comrades in arms, at once began shooting their officers. Dr. Hill, the captain commanding, and one or two others, were killed. Mr. Christian, his wife and baby, and the other inmates of the house, forded the river and tried to escape into the jungle beyond. They were seen and fired upon, and Mr. Christian fell dead. Captain Hutchinson thus describes the terrible tragedy:

“His poor wife appears to have been a little in advance of Christian, who fell on his face, shot from behind. . . . Mrs. Christian sat down beside the dead body of her husband, with the little baby in her arms. . . . The infernal din baffled all description. Her own house was in flames, casting a lurid glare on the little stream red with the blood of her countrymen. The river offered but a temporary obstacle to some 1,200 fiends, who, with an incessant yelling and shouting, rained from their muskets death upon all around her. Still, there sat the mother with her babe, unheeded and unheeding; and before her lay the body of her murdered husband.”

The respite was brief ; soon mother and babe were as lifeless as the husband. The nurse, carrying their daughter Sophy, was shot ; Sergeant-major Morton picked up the little girl, and these, with Sir M. Jackson and his sister, found their way to the Rajah of Methowlee. Here for a while they remained, but ere long they were murdered in Lucknow.

Lieutenant Lester made a bold attempt to save his life. Risking the fire of the enemy, he made a rush for the dense jungle. He found Sergeant Abbott there, and the two discussed their serious situation. A native, inclined to be friendly, made known to them the hiding-place of a white woman and her child. Sergeant Abbott recognized in them his own wife and child ! Away from the terrorism of the Sepoys, the natives were favorably disposed towards the fugitives. And so it was that those who escaped the Seetapore massacre found outside the cantonment many a sympathetic hand held out to help them ; and thus it came to pass that most of them reached Lucknow in safety. Captain Hearsey, of the Military Police, was saved from death by his men. The police also saved two ladies. Captain Hearsey and a number of other fugitives made their way northward towards the hills. On foot, in carts, swimming streams, on elephants, in boats, these poor wanderers seem to have tried every mode of locomotion that an uncivilized country can offer. Chased by Sepoys, attacked by wild beasts in the jungles and by alligators in the streams they had to ford or swim (one man was killed by an alligator), they moved amid dangers. In an attack by Sepoys, the ladies and one officer were seized and were never again heard of. As for Captain Hearsey himself, after *eight months* of wandering he came across Sir Colin Campbell's army north of Meerut !

A darker tragedy than the one at Seetapore now claims our attention. Jhansi is situated between the Betwa and the Sindu, both of which help to swell the waters of the Jumna, a tributary of the Ganges. The town of Jhansi is about 150 miles south of Agra. The province of that name was formerly an independent state, and was annexed by Lord Dalhousie. The Rajah and the Ranees of Jhansi, having no son of their own, adopted an heir. Him Lord Dalhousie refused to recognize when the Rajah died. The anger of a she-bear robbed of her whelps burned in the bosom of the Ranees when this refusal was made known to her. But she smothered her wrath and bided her time. On June 4, 1857, that time came ; and the Ranees were prepared to use it. There were stationed in Jhansi portions of two native regiments. Little coaxing did these Sepoys require to fall into the plans sketched out by the Ranees. The Europeans apprehended danger ; they provisioned a small fort outside the city, and determined to garrison it themselves. They were forestalled. On the morning of June 4 a company of Sepoys took possession of it. A parade was held ; the Sepoys behaved respectfully and vowed they would stand true to their colors. They were not believed ; the Europeans took up their quarters in a fort inside the

city walls. Forthwith the tumult began ; the cavalry setting the example. Two officers of the 12th B.N.I. were shot. The cavalry then hunted their commissioned officer ; he, well mounted, raced for dear life. He was shot at and wounded, but reached the fort. A volley from the fort killed half-a-dozen of his pursuers. One officer, Lieut Turnbull, of the artillery, was still outside the fort. He was on foot ; the chances of reaching the fort in daylight were extremely slim ; realizing the futility of making the attempt, Turnbull climbed a leafy tree and hid himself in the luxuriant foliage. A mean wretch saw him thus secrete himself ; he ran to the Sepoys and told them what he had seen. Some Sowars shot Turnbull.

In the fort were 55 Europeans, women and children included. These had to contend with enemies without the camp and traitors within. The natives inside the fort were more in number than the Europeans. Two brothers were caught opening a gate for the Sepoys ; Lieut. Powys shot one of these dead. The brother turned round and killed Powys. Captain Burgess ran up and shot the second brother. But all this availed nothing ; the fort had not been provisioned, and supplies were fast failing. Some of the garrison who made an attempt to escape were shot down ; efforts to open communication with friends outside had failed. The Ranee was biding her time ; she sent a message to the garrison, promising them her protection if they would surrender. What could the garrison do ? They left their protecting walls and marched out two by two. The native troops were drawn up to receive them, but not a Sepoy moved or made a sign. As the last European left the fort the gate was closed. Then began a fiendish work ; the men were separated from the women. They were then arranged in two rows, the men facing the women. The little ones held the hands of their mothers. A signal was given and the head of every male European fell bleeding to the ground. The children were then cut into halves before their mothers' eyes ; and last of all the women were butchered. The Ranee had bided her time !

*(To be continued.)*

I dearly love the Jews, upon my word :  
 They played the second part in our salvation.  
 Had they refused to crucify the Lord,  
 We sons of Eve had not escaped damnation ;  
 So, having thanked his Savior, who'd refuse  
 His thanks to Pontius Pilate and the Jews ?

Sunday-school Teacher—And when the prodigal son returned, his father fell upon his neck and blessed him. Why did he do that ?

Scholar—'Cause he was so glad to think he didn't come back with a wife and fam'ly, I s'pose.

## FOREKNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN EVENTS.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.

PREDICTIONS which have so far transcended the normal powers of the human mind, in the foresight exhibited, as apparently not to be explained by mere reference to the prophet's power to reason from cause to effect or from effect to cause, have been regarded as due to supernatural inspiration. Even those celebrated lines in Virgil's Fourth Eclogue referring to the approaching birth of a god-like child, which were written forty years before the birth of Jesus, impressed early Christian writers, and, we are told, contributed to the conversion of Constantine. Many prophetic expressions in the Old Testament have been regarded as of great evidential value in proving the Scripture to be a supernatural revelation. To prophecy theologians have appealed as one of the pillars of their faith. But now, when every phenomenon which has been carefully observed and studied has been divested of the special supernatural character it was once supposed to possess, the power of foreseeing coming events, even in the distant future, beyond the calculating, reasoning faculties of man, may be regarded, even though exceptional and supernormal, as being just as natural as any of the ordinary processes of the mind. Both theologians and sceptics may yet come to see that truth demands that they extend their considerations of prophecy, so that they may include the predictions of all countries and times, and not merely those of Judea some thousands of years ago, and that the predictions be considered and fairly judged without reference to the theory of special supernatural influence.

The question arises, How is it possible to foresee human actions which do not yet form any part of the order of natural events, and which in many cases have not been decided upon?

The law of causation is as true of the mental as it is of the physical world. Experience is valuable because knowledge of the past furnishes grounds for expectations in regard to the future. This is as true of experience of human conduct as of experience of the habits of the lower animals and the qualities of non-living things. The order of our thoughts is as "fixed" as the order of nature in general. This fact makes possible the lessons of history, the use of which, as an historian observes, "is only to discover the constant and universal principles of human nature, by showing men in all varieties and situations, and furnishing us with materials from which we may form our observations, and become acquainted with the regular springs of human action and behavior."

The actions of individuals sometimes appear capricious; but so appear also some of the manifestations of force in the physical world. Why should our inability to co-ordinate any given mental phenomena with the sequence of natural events be proof of the absence of causation,

when our inability thus to co-ordinate physical facts is conceded to be proof only of our ignorance? The complexity of man and his relations, the multitude of incident forces to which he is continually subject, the dependance of volition upon a great number and variety of principles,—many of them hidden by reason of their remoteness and liable to the secret opposition of numerous contrary causes,—are sufficient explanation why human volitions and actions are less calculable than the habits of animals and the operations of the inorganic world.

Only because volition which leads to action is caused, and is therefore in some degree calculable, is it possible to frame a theory of action and have a basis of morals. Were volition lawless, the wise man might at any time act like a fool and the fool like a sage. The insane man is exempted from punishment because his volition is not capable of being acted upon by fear of punishment as a deterring motive. While man is free to act as he wills, how he wills depends upon his wishes, tastes, preferences, and choice; and these are determined by his mental and moral nature, his education and surroundings. What is true of one man is true of all men, of tribes, nations, races, of mankind. The actions of men in the past were the effects of causes adequate to produce them: the actions of men in the future will equally follow antecedents. Uncertainty in regard to the future, in the domain of mental activity, exists only in our minds, and is due to our ignorance. To Omniscience the motives and the doings of men would be known, even to the smallest details, with at least as much certainty as the astronomer knows the hour of an eclipse. Human actions and affairs are calculable and knowable in advance in proportion to knowledge and prescience. Prophecy, then, in regard to human events in the affairs of men, has a natural basis in the sequent order of human actions.

But how do future events, even though they belong to such an order, present themselves to the mind when it is utterly unable by the exercise of its normal faculties to foresee them? This question suggests others. How is it possible for the mind in a clairvoyant condition to see objects and know what is occurring at a distance? How is it possible for a person writing automatically to record a series of facts, and to give detailed information in regard to matters of which the person and those present possess no knowledge? How is it possible for Mrs. Piper, for instance, in a trance, to state facts and circumstances to Prof. James in regard to a variety of things of which she could possess no normally acquired knowledge whatever? Perhaps these powers of gathering knowledge belong to the same class of supernormal faculties by which certain minds get glimpses of the future, and have, in some cases, visions of what is to occur. We certainly are without the knowledge to enable us to formulate any law concerning the facts; but, in the future, science may possibly discover the *rationale* of these supernormal previsions, which we may regard as being as much a part of the orderly, natural workings of mind as any other of its powers and achievements.

Awakened from a hypnotic trance, a subject in a perfectly normal condition will do what he was directed to do in the trance, never doubting that he is all this time acting from his own volition. This fact alone is sufficient to warrant the question whether a man's acts, those determined upon and performed by his ordinary self, are not initiated by some stratum of self, so to speak, which lies outside of the conscious will, which forms no part of the stream of consciousness, in which he habitually lives. In that obscure region wherein are initiated the acts of man may also reside the power of foreseeing to some extent the outcome of those acts. Knowledge acquired by supernormal means, communicated to the ordinary consciousness, is sometimes surprising and apparently miraculous.

Socrates, the wisest man of the ancient world, was guided by a monitory voice, which gave proof of knowledge and wisdom greater than he was conscious of possessing. It was not dependent upon his observation or conscious experience. Did the daemon represent a higher intellectual and moral plane than that of the conscious life which was directed by the mysterious voice, even in the face of death? Says Sir William Hamilton, "The infinitely greater part of our spiritual nature lies beyond the sphere of our own consciousness, hid in the obscure recesses of the mind." The human mind has capacities, it is certain, not dreamed of in the old philosophies and psychologies. There is, perhaps, as Mr. F. W. H. Myers suggests, a larger life, in which the various consciousnesses that, superficially considered, make man appear to be a whole platoon of personalities, are merged in an individual unity which comprehends all those mysterious powers which belong to the "dark continent within."

We speak of the past and the future, as though time were an objective reality,—something outside of the mind which separates events; but the world's great thinkers agree that time should be regarded merely as a mental form, a subjective condition of sensibility and thought. What we understand by time exists only for beings that have sensible experiences. Because it is one of the formal conditions, *a priori*, of all phenomena, time necessarily enters into all our cognitions and conceptions of events; and without it, constituted as we are, we could have no history, and age would have no meaning. Yet, if time is not objective, but a formal condition of the mind, then the succession of events exists only in the mind; and, while it may be, must be, symbolical of some actual mode of existence, there is no ground for the belief that past, present and future represent any real distinctions like those which these words connote to us. There would seem to be "one eternal now," divided only in thought by the necessities of our present mode of thinking, subject to our organically imposed limitations. If it shall exist, freed from physical conditions, the soul may have no further need of what is now so essential,—time and space. It may perceive truth under conditions and by methods of which it is impossible for us to form a repre-

sentative idea. And in supernormal states, in conditions where clairvoyant and prophetic powers are exhibited, the soul may be *en rapport*, to some extent, with that ultimate order of being in which the past, present, and future exist in one indivisible unity, wherein is seen, as in a picture, we will suppose, those events which to us now appear to be separated by definite periods of duration. We conceive our position "between two eternities"; but there is only one eternity, and that we may assume is the time of the *eternal present*.

If these considerations do not help us to understand how the mind can perceive events which, from our point of view, have not yet occurred, they may help us to see that conceivability is not the limit of possibility. Under conditions that are inconceivable, but possible,—and some thinkers would say probable,—the soul may know the future as well as the past. As we approach or come under the influence of these conditions, even while the mind is partially eclipsed by the opaqueness of the body, we may catch glimpses of the future, and thereby obtain knowledge which no mere study of the calculable order of nature can give.

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### THE DEATH OF DAY.

BY ALONZO LEORA RICE, RAY'S CROSSING, INDIANA.

"Sweet day! so calm, so cool, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;  
For thou must die." —*Herbert.*

An hour ago two giants met in strife,—  
Two giants, Day and Night, and Night has won;  
For all the west is crimson with the tide  
Of fair and stately Day, that smiled serene  
On all the world from his gay chariot.

His reign was one of plenteousness. The birds.  
Saluted his high coming in the east,  
With countless songs of charming eloquence;  
The loyal dewdrops, at his kingly touch,  
Paid tribute with a million sparkling gems.  
And, in his glance, the yellow-belted bees  
Hummed in their Eldorado of sweet bloom,  
While mists of morning built their altars high,  
And offered up oblations of the world!

The streams run crimson that at noontide flashed  
The burnished beauty of his golden shield;  
The hills whereat he tossed his sunny spears.  
Lift far on high their reddened peaks; the field  
Incarnadines the panes that westward look.



The first pale watcher o'er the tomb of Day  
 Has set its watch within the western deep ;  
 And multitudes of lesser lights peep out,  
 Then silently withdraw, for he has gone  
 For whose wide bounty they were pensioners !  
 Through cloudy corridors, fair Luna comes  
 From Oceanus' sacred stream ; awhile she looks,  
 And then withdraws behind the curtained mist  
 To weep alone, unseen.

In those far worlds  
 Of love and light, grief finds no utterance ;  
 Through silent leagues that lengthen out between,  
 No sign of weeping reaches me ; but here,  
 In his first ecstasy of grief, the Wind  
 Moans wildly on and will not be consoled !  
 I hear him stride along the distant hill  
 In his hoarse, tuneless melancholy, then  
 Along the willowed margin of the stream,  
 I hear his sadness weep itself to sleep ;  
 To wake again in sorrow and despair  
 That no kind ministration can assuage.

The Day is dead ! and in the featureless gloom  
 Of tall cathedral grasses by the way,  
 The dark-cowled crickets chant his requiem.

I stand amid the darkness, knowing that  
 Beyond the hills, where fades the crimson glow,  
 Some hopes depart to never come again.  
 I hear the Wind renew his song of woe  
 Along the hill ; the crickets now intone  
 Their mournful minstrelsy with my sad heart !

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### WHERE IS THE HAGGIS?

BY SALADIN.

How difficult it is to justly appraise motives ! It requires profound analysis to enable us to really, at times, know our own personal motives, never to speak of the motives of others. Chemical analysis is not without its importance ; but ethical analysis, especially of the personal order, is of infinitely higher importance. " Let a man examine himself." Let him constantly take stock of his motives, eliminating the selfish and ignoble, and trying every impulse by the highest criterion of his moral being. Then, if he approve of himself, it should be of little concern who disapproves.

" One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
 Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas."

I wonder, when, on the other side of Styx, Radamanthus weighs our souls and poses the evenly-balanced scales in the unbiassed vacuum of Eternity, how sordid some of our heroes shall turn out to have been, and how noble certain of our "traitors."

Here, there is difficulty in appraising our own motives, and well-nigh insuperable difficulty in appraising those of our neighbour, *Exempli gratia*. I cannot forget how, in a past experience, Watty Weir was the laziest and the most mischievous boy in the whole school. Whenever anything went wrong, Watty was sure to be blamed for it. One day the dominie missed his spectacles. He remembered having put them on his desk a few minutes before. He threatened to punish every jack boy in the class in case the spectacles were not forthcoming.

"Now, boys, for the last time I ask whoever took those spectacles to come forward and own that he did so. If he doesn't, the whole class will be kept in for an hour after school."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then Watty held up his hand and asked in an uncertain sort of voice what the boy who took the spectacles would get.

"A good sound thrashing!" thundered the dominie.

"Please, sir, I took the specs and lost them," said Watty.

A painful scene ensued. At last the dominie got through with the flagellation, and, out of breath, was about to take his seat, when the door opened, and his servant entered, bringing the spectacles.

"You left the spectacles at home in the parlor," said the servant, "and I thought I would bring them over, as you can't see well without them."

"What! the spectacles!" exclaimed the dominie in astonishment.

Yes, there were his spectacles beyond a doubt.

Just then Watty broke out in a dismal wail, saying between his sobs:

"Oh, Jiminy! oh, Jiminy! and I hae been whacked half tae death for them very specs!"

"But, Watty," said the astonished dominie, "how did you come to say you took the specs and lost them? It is a noble trait in your character, my boy, to sacrifice yourself for the good of the whole class, particularly when you are innocent. You'll be a man yet. We'll all be proud of you. You'll be a hero. You'll be a Sir Wully Wallace."

"That's not why I said I took the specs," exclaimed Watty. "If I hadna said I did it," he explained, "I wad hae been keepit in wi' the hale class, an' when I'm keepit in I don't get ony denner, an' we've got haggis at hame for denner the day."

Had those spectacles not been found, what a heroic reputation would have hung over Watty Weir, like an aureole over the brow of a saint! Not only myself, but all the other witnesses of Weir's torture-skip under the application of the *tavse* would have remembered his vicarious sacrifice, and how he jumped and yelled and rubbed his tear-bathed face with his dirty hands that we might be free, that we might get out to exult in the sunshine, and not sit penally, incarcerated in the dingy school-room!

I admit that I, myself, had the heroic illusion only been kept up, would never have heard of Quintius Curtius, for the salvation of Rome leaping into the abyss in the forum without correlating with him as compeer the magnanimous Watty Weir who, that we of the third geography class might be free, voluntarily suffered for us that we might be permitted to bound out of school to shout and romp among the bumble bees, the dandelions and the gowans. But his own admission and that sordid haggis ruined all.

The revelation imparted to me an unwonted tinge of misanthropy and pessimism. Ever since, when I have beheld the grandly-suffer-and-nobly-die sort of persons, I have been apt to ask, "And where is the haggis?" And, the melancholy thing is that, in most cases, the haggis has been discovered—the mean object in the dark that was real, and the divine aspiration in the light which was a sham. But, in spite of all this, integrity and self-sacrifice and truth and heroism have not left the earth; but the man who has come through the world's bitter experiences will take time to distinguish virtues from the mere simulation.

—*Agnostic Journal*.

### THE PONTIUS PILATE AND JESUS CHRIST FORGERY.

THE following letter in reference to the recent republication of an old bogus document will be read with interest:

"To the Editor of *The Sun* :

"SIR,—One of your contemporaries, on Nov. 7, made a great splurge in publishing an alleged 'report' of Pontius Pilate, and tried to fortify its claim as to its genuineness by citing the opinions, or the alleged opinions, of prominent ecclesiastics (among whom, strangely, Brother Talmage figures). It is curious that all these ecclesiastics fight shy of giving a decided opinion, confining themselves mainly to saying that the document is 'important, if true.' By another singular coincidence, they all seem to be consumed with a thirst to examine the original manuscript before committing themselves. Now, as none of the gentlemen named have any standing as paleographers, it is certainly queer that they should wish to run into an unknown and an untried field. If they really understand their trade, it is certainly singular that they were unable to give a decided opinion at once, if, as they claim, they read the 'report' carefully.

"Now, I would like to show how easy it is to prove that this document, notwithstanding the confident assertions of its alleged translator, Dr. Mahan, is an impudent forgery, by the most certain of all proofs, internal evidence.

"In the first place, the length of the 'report' is a condemnation in itself. Roman officials were men of action, not men of words, and their reports were brief and to the point. Consult any authentic report, such as Pliny's letter to Emperor Trajan, and it will be seen that these officials were instructed to confine themselves to such points as interested Rome, and that they told their stories without needless comment. From the point of view of Rome, the execution of Christ was a very insignificant affair, which Pilate could (and probably did) dispose of in a few brief paragraphs.

"That Pilate made a report I do not deny. It is probable he did, and it is possible that it may be discovered, but the alleged 'report' published is certainly not the genuine article, for :

"In the second place, Pilate is made to speak of things that happened after his procuratorship expired (1) He speaks of 'Christians'—a name that was not used until years after his death. (2) He speaks of Dionysius the Areopagite's saying at the time of the Crucifixion. Now, in this statement there are two impossibilities : (a) how could Pilate know what Dionysius said at the Crucifixion, since that philosopher was in Egypt at the time? Did they have "long distance telephones" in the Apostolic age? (b) His title 'the Areopagite,' was not suitable until he was a member of the 'Areopagus' in Athens, which honor was not conferred upon him until long after the Crucifixion.

"In the third place, Pilate reports to the Emperor that his secretary, Manilius, was the grandson of the chief of the conspirators in the time of Cataline. It is difficult to understand why this superfluous information, which had no bearing on the case in hand, should have been embodied in an official report. What did Tiberius care about the antecedents of a servant of his procurator? And if he did care he had his own records to inform him. It looks as if the forger put in this bit of local color to give, as Pooh Bah says, 'an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unattractive narrative.' Let us analyze it. The conspiracy of Cataline was in B.C. 63, and a 'chief' conspirator must have been at least 30 years of age, to command any respect. The Crucifixion, according to the consensus of Biblical chronologists, was in A.D. 30; hence we have (30 plus 63 plus 29) 122 years from the birth of Manilius *grandpere* to the secretaryship of his grandson. Let us say Manilius III. was only 20 years of age, in A.D. 30; then we have (122 minus 20) 102 years for two generations, or an average of 51 years for each! In a warm climate like Italy, where the toga virilis was assumed at 14 years of age at this time, this is simply absurd.

"In the fourth place, Pilate says that the crucifixion was about the time of the ides of March; that is, on March 15. Now it is a well-established fact that the Jews did not celebrate their Passover (at which festival Christ was crucified) before the vernal equinox, which fell, by the Roman calendar, at this time, on March 25. Still perhaps it may not be fair to press this point too literally. The Church fathers who profess to quote from the acts of Pilate are quite unanimous in saying that in that document the Crucifixion was declared to be on March 25. Let us give the new 'report' the benefit of the doubt and assume that March 25 was the date intended. Now, unless we are prepared to throw overboard all we know about the Hebrew calendar of this period, March 25 could not possibly have been the date of the Crucifixion in any possible year in which scholars have placed that event. For if the Hebrew calendar was, as is supposed, lunar, and if the crucifixion was on the 14th day of the first lunar month (as is universally believed), and on a Friday (as the Gospels unmistakably declare), then it is certain that the 14th day of the first Hebrew month could not have fallen on a Friday, and on March 25, in any year from 26 to 36 A.D., during which Pilate ruled, and during which period alone was the Crucifixion possible.

"From this evidence it is clear that this 'report' is only another example of the many 'pious frauds' with which the Christian world was deluged during the first 300 years of its existence.

"J. SCHWARTZ, Librarian.

"Free Library G. S. M. and T., 18 East Sixteenth St."