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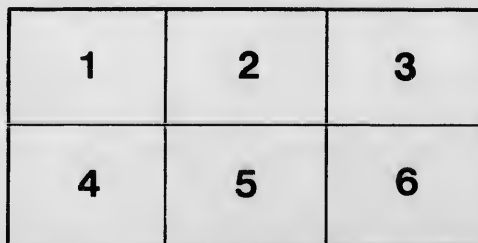
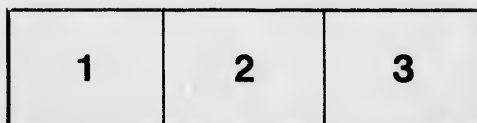
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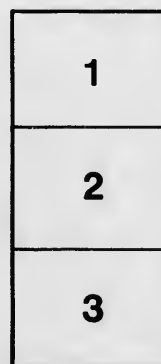
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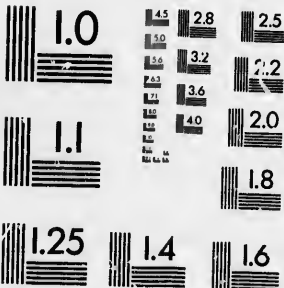
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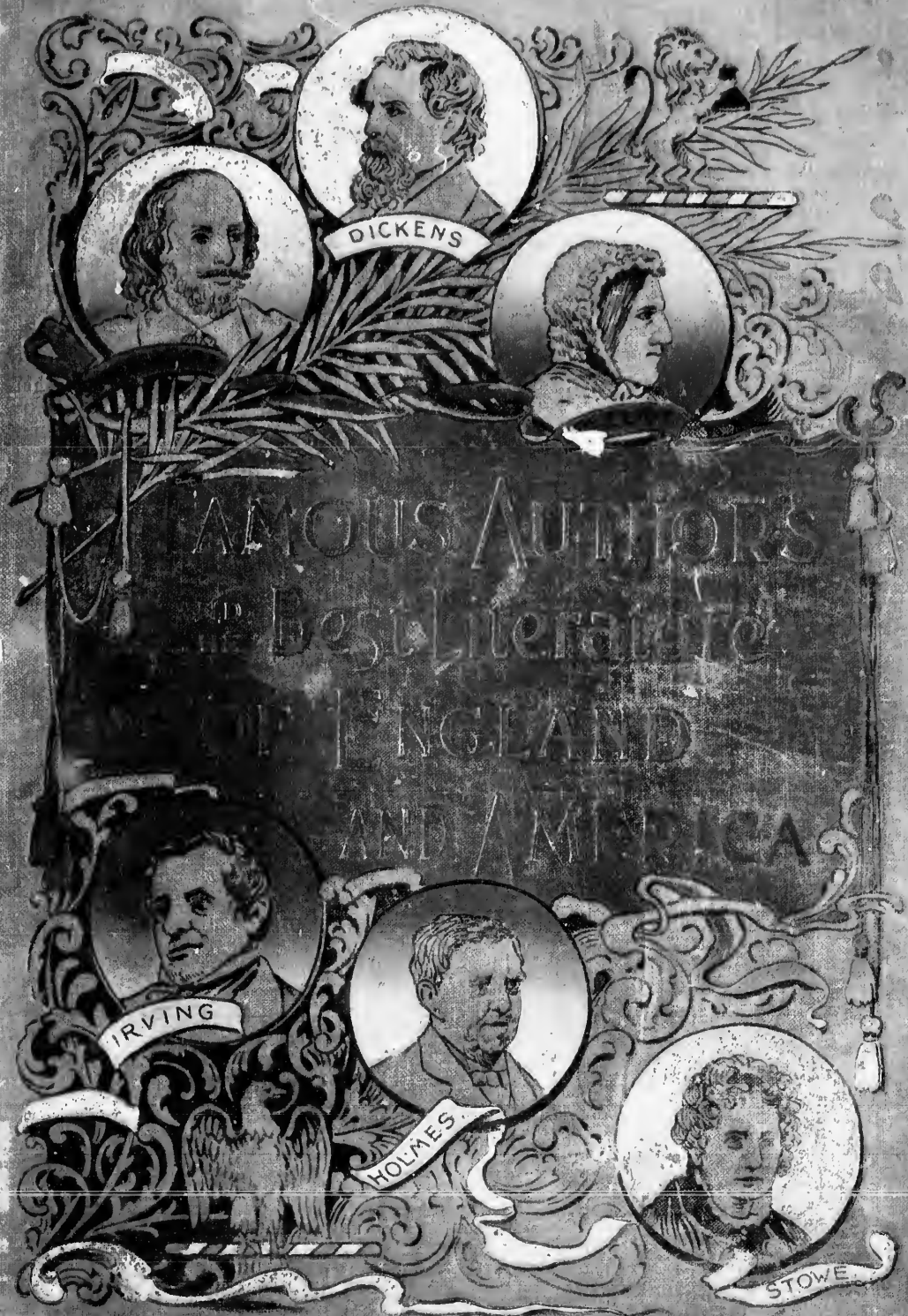
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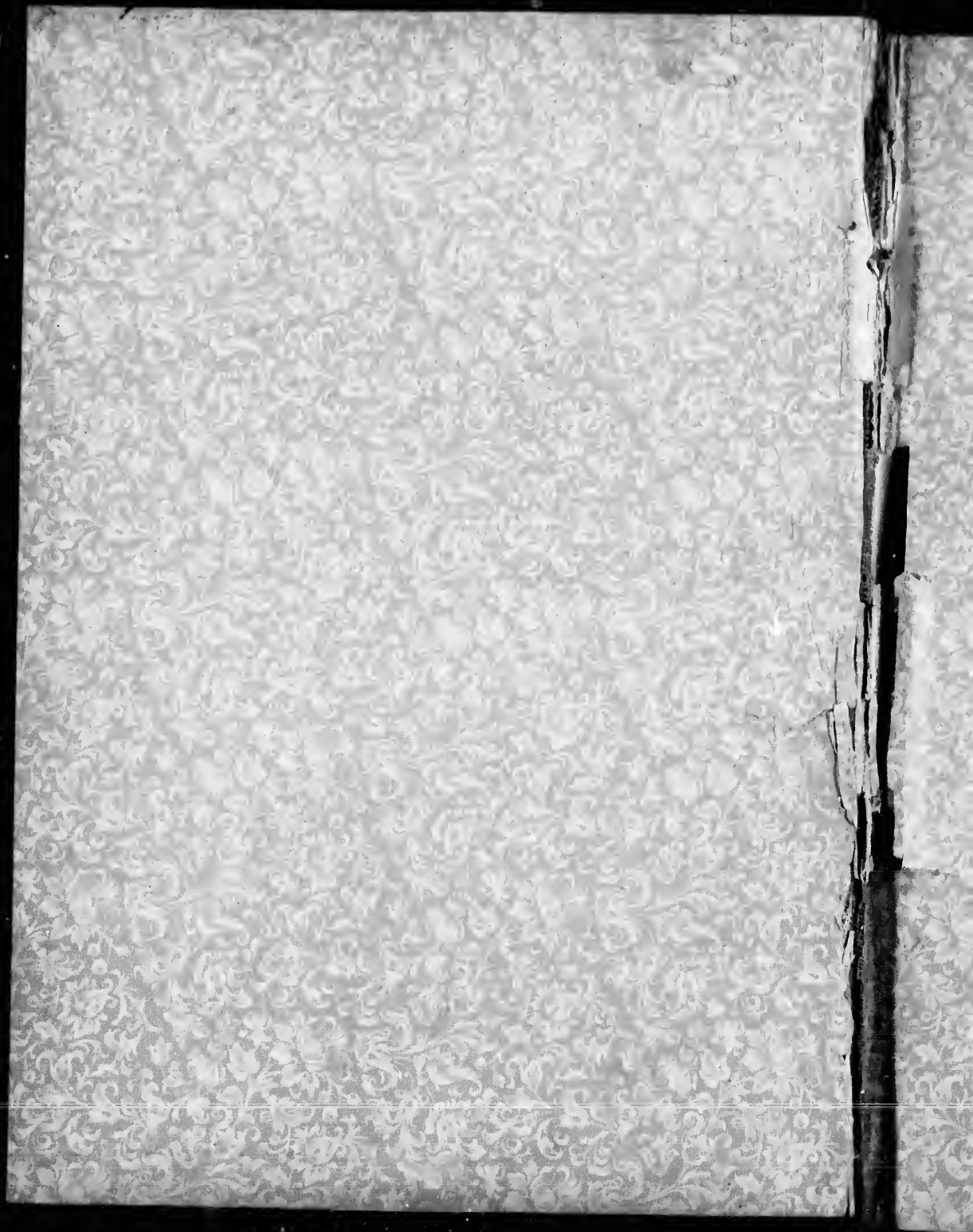


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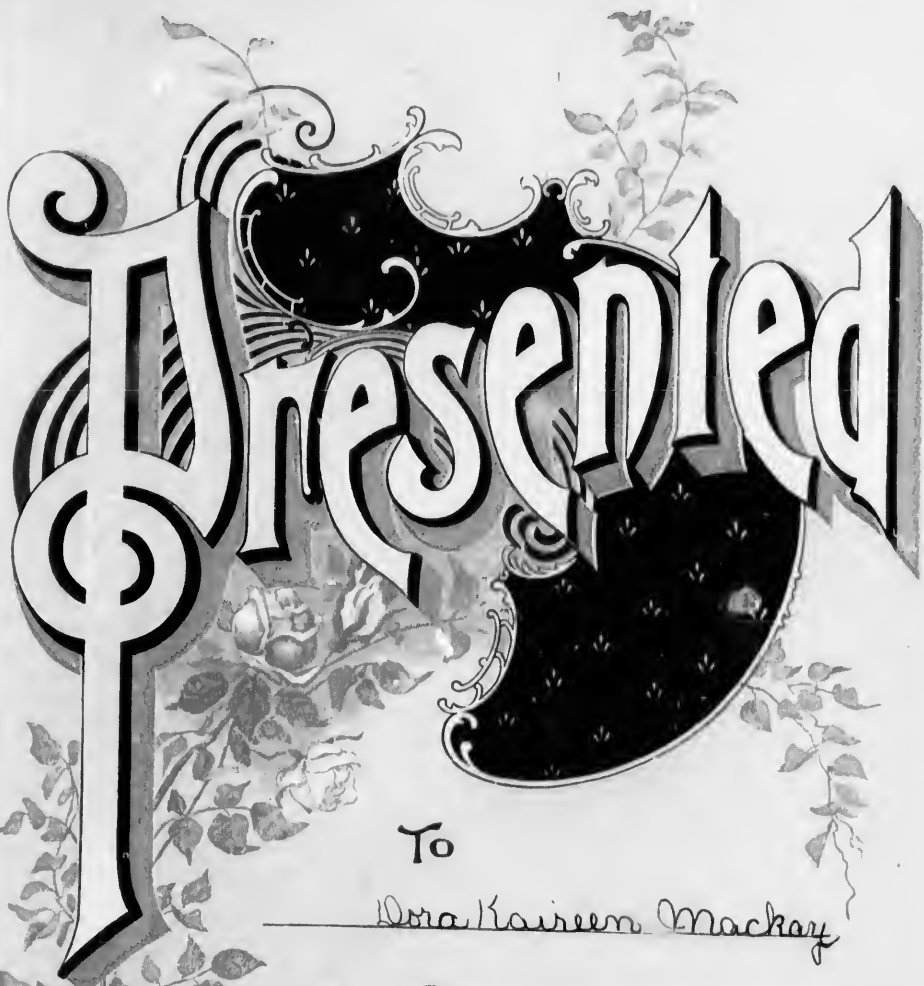




A. Bryan







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To

Dora Kaireem Mackay

BY

Mother.

189





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Portland.

Study.

Home
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Monument in
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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

FAMOUS AUTHORS

AND THE
BEST LITERATURE OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA

CONTAINING

THE LIVES OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS IN STORY FORM. THEIR
PORTRAITS, THEIR HOMES AND THEIR PERSONAL TRAITS.
HOW THEY WORKED AND WHAT THEY WROTE

TOGETHER WITH

CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WRITINGS

EMBRACING

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PEOPLE, GREAT ORATORS AND PUBLIC LECTURERS

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ALSO HALF-TONE PORTRAITS, PHOTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS' HOMES
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THE BRADLEY-GARRETSON CO., Ltd.,
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INTRODUCTION.

E
 HE most priceless possession of the people of England and America is their literature. By their inheritance from their ancestors, and by the work of their own genius, they are, in this respect, the richest people on whom the sun has ever shone. There are great epic poems in Greek and Latin; Germany has produced great poets and far-seeing philosophers; France has given to the world historians and novelists; and every nation has contributed to make up the sum of literature worthy of a place in the world's library of masterpieces. But in the English language have been written the stories which best portray the human character, the sweetest songs, the most noble poems; the English historian has seen most deeply into the mists and darkness which shroud the ages of the past; the English philosopher has most clearly understood the forces which move men to action and the laws which control their minds; and all these—poet, historian, traveler, novelist, and philosopher—have poured out their souls in a language whose range and compass express better than any other human tongue all the varying thoughts, emotions, and purposes of man. To know English literature is a liberal education; to love the poems of Milton and Shakespeare, of Longfellow and Tennyson; to take fire at the burning words of Carlyle or to be moved by the noble periods of Emerson; to be stirred by the eloquence of Pitt or Webster; to strive with Gladstone to solve the questions of scholarship or the weightier problems of statesmanship; or to be lifted by Farrar or Spurgeon or MacLaren or Beecher to higher planes of spiritual life and thought, is to be in touch with the

greatest souls that have ever lived, to partake of their best, to be of their company, and at one with them. This is the opportunity which opens to every reader of this book. Here are presented the choicest portions of all that has been written in English. To read this book is to get a glimpse into the mind of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton, and to see by what steps our language rescued itself from chaos and took on regularity and systematic form; here are gathered gems from every great poet who has sung in our language; here the reader may see with the eyes of Dickens the whimsical side of common life, or feel with him the pathos of want and suffering; here may be found the masterpieces of our American literature—the stately verse of Bryant, the stirring lines of Whittier, Longfellow's pathetic story of Evangeline, the typical American poetry of Bret Harte and Whitcomb Riley and Will Carleton. Within these pages may be seen how noble is the achievement of our own countrymen, and how well the fruits of the hundred years of English culture. But while it may be well for some purposes to distinguish between American and English literature, and while there is a special meed of praise due to the genius of those great Americans whose works, here represented, compare so favorably with the best Old England's sons have produced, still it is to be remembered that English and Americans have a common language; that Shakespeare and Milton and Tennyson are a part of the inheritance of every American, while Whittier and Bryant and Longfellow are claimed as their own by our kin beyond the sea.

It is the purpose of this volume to present this literature of the two greatest nations of the world as far as may be in its entirety. To this end every author whose works deserve a place of honor on the tables in our American homes is here represented by a sketch of his life, an account of his principal works, a statement of his standing as a writer, and by choice selections from his writings. The work has been divided into *two parts*, because of the special interest that attaches to our distinctively American literature; but it is not intended by this means to suggest that there is any real difference between the work of Americans and that of Englishmen.

It has been well said that all true history is biography, and in the lives of English and American authors may be read not only the story of how our literature has grown from the abortive attempts at poetry in which our Saxon forefathers endeavored to express themselves, but also the history of the thought of our race. No story could be more interesting or more ennobling. This is not the history of wars, of statecraft, or of intrigue. Here are accounts of the lives of men and women who have bequeathed to us our noblest inheritance; here may be seen how they lived, what manner of people they were, by what means they grew to such stature as to overtop their fellows; what were their thoughts, what the objects for which they strove; how they succeeded and in what they failed. This may really be called a *history of the activity of the human mind*. Wolfe declared that he would rather be the writer of Gray's "Elegy" than the conqueror of Quebec, and if his estimate of the comparative values of military glory and literary renown be the correct one, then this story of how the masterpieces of literature have been written deserves to rank as the noblest form of history.

Coupled with these biographies are selections from the writings of each author, the purpose being to provide in compact and accessible form as much of the best that has been written as can be crowded within the covers of a single book.

In thus joining the biographies of writers with extracts from their works, it is believed that several distinct advantages have been gained. In the first place, the book is made far more interesting. It is true that "if you understand the character of an author the comprehension of his writings becomes easy," and it is also true that "every author portrays himself in his works, even though it be against his will"; and so the union of writings and biography will not only give a better and more complete picture of the author, but will enable the reader to take up his writings with greater interest and with a better comprehension. It may reasonably be hoped, therefore, that this book will do much to further the cause of good literature. It will not only be read with interest; it will furnish the mind of the reader with more knowledge of authors and of literature. Here is spread out some share of all the feast that has been prepared; here is some of every sort; the reader may not only enjoy that with which he is familiar, but he will learn what else is to be had; he may not only gratify the taste which is already his, but it may reasonably be expected that he will cultivate a liking for new forms of literature. Herein is one of the greatest uses which any book can serve, and to which this book is especially adapted. Here is not only the literature which entertains, but here is also the literature which refines and ennobles. If the reader is led to read the book by love of the former, his greatest thanks will be for providing him with the latter. And, further, this book will be the "open sesame" which, by spreading before the reader a vision of all that the world of literature affords, will open to him the door and admit him to wander at will. Helping him to form a taste, it will enable him to gratify it by telling him what is to be had outside its covers.

Here, then, the publishers have endeavored to provide accounts of the lives and writings of English and American authors, with a large portion of their best work, in the belief that there will come to the reader instruction as well as enjoyment, the culture of a taste for good literature, and the incentive to further explore the enticing realms of which a glimpse is here afforded. To further this purpose they have liberally illustrated these pages with portraits of authors, pictures of their homes, and of the scenes in which they lived. The cottage where Will Shakespeare courted Ann Hathaway; the noble ruins whose fame is celebrated in the immortal works of Walter Scott; the tomb where "rests his head upon the lap of earth," the author of the unequalled "Elegy"; the homes of Hawthorne and Longfellow; with many other pictures equally significant, will lend to these pages an interest impossible to obtain in any other way.

An Index of Authors and a Table of Contents have been added, with a List of Illustrations and one of selections suitable for Recitation. The mechanical execution is most excellent, and the book is now offered to the public with the hope that it may not only be of real service to the cause of literature, but promote the truest happiness and pleasure in the HOME.

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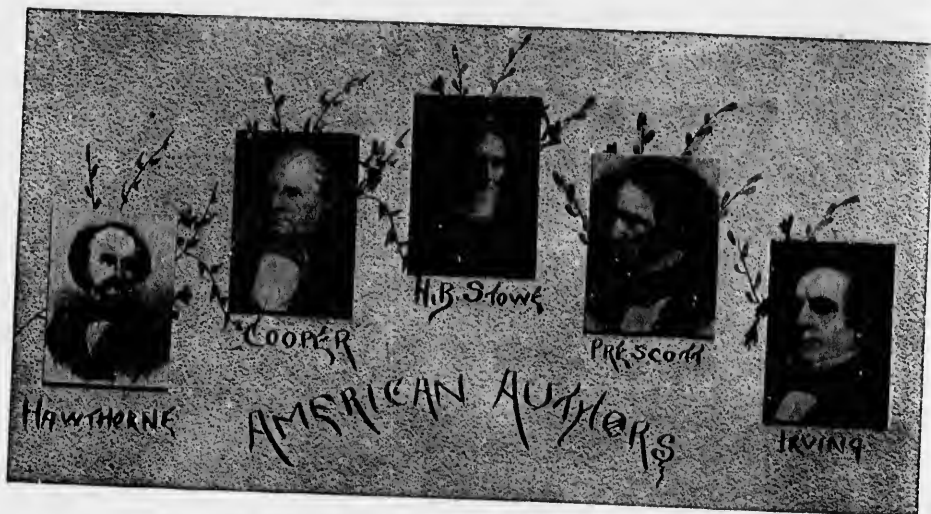
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| Barr, Amelia E. | Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. |
| Bill Nye (<i>Edgar Wilson Nye</i>). | Lowell, James Russell. |
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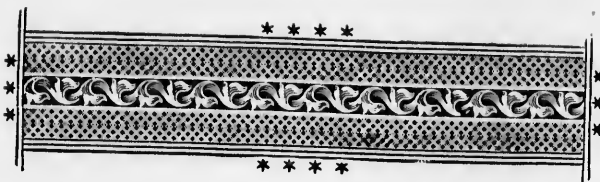
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PIONEERS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE,
THE FATHER OF ENGLISH PROSE.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER,
THE FIRST GREAT POET OF ENGLAND.

That renowned Poet,
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled
On Fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be fyled.—*Spenser*.



It was not until the fourteenth century that there began to be, in any true sense, an English language. Until this time the Norman-French of the nobles and the Saxon of the lower orders had marked the differences of thought and feeling between the conquerors and the conquered race, but gradually they were coming to be one people, and their union is well indicated by the changes of language which resulted in our mother-tongue. This fusion of language has been well described by Sir Walter Scott in the opening chapter of "Ivanhoe." The Saxon swineherd and Wamba, the jester, are talking of their hardships:

"Why, how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?" demanded Wamba.

"Swine, fool, swine," said the herd; "every fool knows that."

"And swine is good, Saxon," said the jester; "but how call you the sow when she is flayed and drawn and quartered, and hung up by the heels like a traitor?"

"Pork," answered the swineherd.

"I am very glad every fool knows that, too," said Wamba, "and pork, I think, is good Norman-French; and so when the brute lives, and is in charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the castle-hall to feast among the nobles; what dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?"

"It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into a fool's pate!"

"Now I can tell you more," said Wamba, in the same tone; "there is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes Beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau in the like manner; he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment."

It was in just such ways as are here outlined that the two elements of Saxon and Norman formed one language. There had been poetry in England before

the Norman conquest, and the names of Cædmon and Bede have come down to us, with fragments of their writings in what is, to us, an entirely foreign tongue; but until the passage of three centuries had molded the people into one, giving them common thoughts and a common speech, there could be no real English literature. Sir John Mandeville has been called, whether rightly or not, the father of English prose. His book of travels, published about 1356, may properly, perhaps, be called the earliest English book. It is an account of the author's experiences in his travels, which occupied thirty-four years, and carried him over many parts of the world. Some of the stories are absurd in the extreme; but as few Englishmen had traveled abroad they were very generally accepted as true, and were so popular that of no book excepting the Scriptures can more manuscripts of that time be found.



"A merchant was there with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat."

But the real father of English literature was Geoffrey Chaucer. His respect for English may be inferred from the lines in the "Testament of Love": "Let clerks indite in Latin, and the Frenchmen in their French also indite their quaint terms, for it is kindly to their mouths; and let us show our fantasies in such words as we learned of our mother's tongue." He was the first to honor the English language by framing in it a great literary masterpiece, and his service to posterity is not only this contribution to literature and the impulse he gave to literary effort: he, more than any other, helped to fix the forms of the language, and, singular as his words may now appear, to inaugurate a definite spelling. It was only the beginning of this movement, which the invention of printing was to carry rapidly forward,—but to Chaucer belongs very much of the credit.

Chaucer was attached to the court in some way, probably during most of his life. We know that he filled several public offices; that he was sent on some commission to Italy; that he married the sister of the wife of John of Gaunt, and was identified with the party of the Duke of Lancaster. He was appointed clerk of the king's works in 1389, which office he held only for two years. His death

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took place in 1400, when he was probably something over seventy years of age. His principal poems are the "Romaunt of the Rose," the "Court of Love," the "Assembly of Fowls," the "Cuckoo and the Nightingale," the "Flower and the Leaf," "Chaucer's Dream," the "Boke of the Duchesse," the "House of Fame," the "Legende of Goode Women," "Troilus and Creseide," "Anclýdu and Arcyte," and the unique "Canterbury Tales," by which he is most known, and which is now by far the most read of all his works. This has furnished the plan upon which many later poets have built their work. It is the story of a company of "wel and nyne twenty" pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, gathering at the "hostelrie" of the Tabard Inn at Southwark. They come together by accident, and agree to travel together for purposes of good cheer and defense. Here are the host of the Tabard, who suggests that they beguile the way by each relating a story,—a knight, a squire, a yeoman, a prioress, a nun, three priests, a monk, a friar, a merchant, a clerk or student, and the rest—representing all the different classes or kinds of persons who made up the English people.

The stories they told and the charming setting in which they are placed, makes this the masterpiece of early English.



FROM THE PROLOGUE TO MANDEVILLE'S BOOK.

AND for als moche¹ as it is longe tyme passed,
that ther was no generalle Passage ne

Vyage over the See; and many Men des-
sire for to here speke of the holy Lond, and
han² thereof gret Solace and Comfort; I John
Maundeville, Knyght, alle be it I be not worthi,
that was born in Englonde, in the Town of Seynt
Albones, passed the See, in the Zeer of our Lord
Jesu Crist MCCCXXII, in the Day of Seynt
Michelle; and hidre to³ have been longe tyme
over the See, and have seyn and gon thorghe
manye dyverse Londes, and many Provynces and
Kingdomes and Iles, and have passed thorghe
Tartarye, Percy, Ermony⁴ the litylle and the
grete; thorghe Lybye, Caldee and a gret partie
of Ethiopie; thorghe Amazoyne, Inde the lasse
and the more, a gret partie; and thorghe out
many others Iles, that ben abouten Inde; where
dwellen many dyverse Folkes, and of dyverse
Maneres and Lawes, and of dyverse Schappes⁵ of
men. Of whiche Londes and Iles, I schalle speke
more pleynly hereafre. And I schalle devise zou
sum partie of thinges that there ben, whan time

schalle ben, afre it may best come to my mynde;
and specyally for hem, that wyll and are in pur-
pos for to visite the Holy Citee of Jerusalem, and
the holy Places that are thereabout. And I
schalle telle the Weye, that thei schulle holden
thidre. For I have often tymes passed and ryden⁶
the way, with gode Companye of many Lordes:
God be thonked.

And zee schulle⁷ undirstonde, that I have put
this Boke out of Latyn into Frensche, and trans-
lated it azen⁸ out of Frensche into Englyssche,
that every Man of my Nacioun may undirstonde
it. But Lordes and Knyghtes and othere noble
and worthi Men, that conne⁹ Latyn but litylle,
and han ben bezonde the See, knowen and undir-
stonden, zif I erre in devisyng, for forzetyng,¹⁰
or elles¹¹; that thei mowe¹² redresse it and amende
it. For thinges passed out of longe tyme from a
Mannes mynde or from his syght, turnen sone in
forzetyng: Because that Mynde of Man ne may
not ben comprehended ne withholden, for the
Freelte of Mankynde.

⁶ Ridden.

⁷ Should.

⁸ Again.

⁹ Know.

¹⁰ Forgetting.

¹¹ Else.

¹² May.

¹ As much. ² Have. ³ Hitherto. ⁴ Armenia. ⁵ Shapes.

THE CHINESE.

THE gret Kyng haths every day, 50 fair Damyseles, alle Maydenes, that serven him everemore at his Mete. And whan he is at the Table, thei bryngen him hys Mete at every tyme, 5 and 5 to gedre. And in bryngynge hire Servyse, thei syngen a Song. And afre that, thei kутten his Mete, and putten it in his Mouthe: for he touchethe no thing ne handlethe nought, but holdethe evere more his Hondes before him, upon the Table. For he haths so longe Nayles, that he may take no thing, ne handle no thing. For the Noblesse of that Contree is to have longe Nayles, and to make hem grown alle weys to ben as longe as men may. And there ben manye in that Contree, that han hire Nayles so longe, that thei envyrone alle the Hond: and that is a gret Noblesse. And the

Noblesse of the Wōmen, is for to haven smale Feet and litille: and therefore anon as thei ben born, they leet bynde hire Feet so streyte, that thei may not grown half as nature wolde: And alle weys theise Damyseles, that I spak of befor, syngen alle the tyme that this riche man etethe: and when that he etethe no more of his firste Cours, thanne other 5 and 5 of faire Damyseles bryngen him his seconde Cours, alle weys syngynge, as thei dide befor. And so thei don contynuelly every day, to the ende of his Mete. And in this manere he ledethe his Lif. And so dide thei before him, that weren his Auncestres; and so schulle thei that comen afre him, with outen doynge of ony Dedes of Armes: but lyven evere more thus in ese, as a Swyn, that is fedde in Sty, for to ben made fatte.

FROM THE PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES. *

MHANNÈ that Aprilè with his shourès sote¹
The droughte of March hath perced to
the rote,²

And bathed every veine in swiche³ licour,
Of whiche vertè engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sotè brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethè
The tendre croppès and the yongè sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfè cours yronne,⁴
And smalè foudès maken melodie,
That slepen allè night with open eye,
So prikeith hem⁵ nature in hir⁶ corages;⁷
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,
To servè⁸ halweys⁹ couthe¹⁰ in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shirès ende
Of Engielond, to Canterbury they wende,¹¹
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
That hem bath holpen, whan that they were
seke.¹²

Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,

- ¹ Sweet. ² Root. ³ Such. ⁴ Run. ⁵ Them.
⁶ Their. ⁷ Inclination. ⁸ To keep. ⁹ Holidays.
¹⁰ Known. ¹¹ Go. ¹² Sick.

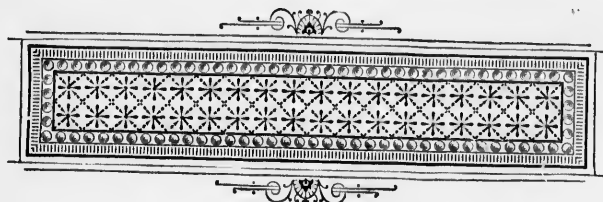
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute coràge,
At night was come into that hostellerie
Wel nine and twenty in a campagnie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle¹³
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden¹⁴ ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed attè beste.

And shortly, whan the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on¹⁵
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And madè forword erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther as I you devise.

But natheles, while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this talè pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to resòn,
To tellen you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eke in what araie that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.

- ¹³ Fallen. ¹⁴ Would. ¹⁵ Every one.

* Little difficulty will be experienced in reading Chaucer if it is borne in mind that many words derived from the French were, in his time, given their French pronunciation, and that final *e* and *ed* are almost always separate syllables.



PRINTING AND THE BIBLE.

WILLIAM CAXTON,
JOHN WYCLIF,
WILLIAM TYNDALE,

MILES COVERDALE,
THOMAS CRANMER,
JAMES I, KING OF ENGLAND.



THE two events which were of greatest moment in familiarizing the English people with the forms of their language, and in making these forms permanent, were the introduction of printing and the translation of the Bible.

To William Caxton belongs the credit of setting up the first printing press in England. In 1455 Gutenberg had printed a Latin Bible in Germany, but the first book to issue from Caxton's press was entitled the "Game and Playe of Chesse," and was published in 1491. Caxton printed ninety-nine books, most of them in English, partly translations and partly original works. He wrote a great many prefaces and translated a number of books, and may fairly be said to hold a real place in the history of English literature, aside from the unique service which he rendered it in establishing printing in England.

As soon as the inauguration of printing made it easy for the general public to be possessed of books there was a great and general demand for the English Bible. More than a century had elapsed since John Wyclif had translated the Book of Books into his mother-tongue. This remarkable man, who was the first to open the whole Scriptures to those of his countrymen who could not read Latin, was of almost equal importance in the literary and political history of his country. He attained to a position of considerable influence, but, being abandoned by his great friends, lost all his preferments. It was now that he began his translation of the Bible, which he completed about the year 1380.

A hundred years later such changes had been wrought in the language that few Englishmen could read the Wyclif version. The nation was agitated upon religious subjects, and The Reformation was about to dawn, when William Tyndale, an Oxford graduate of great learning, undertook to provide a translation of the Bible, not from the Latin, as was Wyclif's, but from the original Hebrew and Greek.

The spirit of the English clergy and Tyndale's determination are well shown in the story of his encounter with a popish divine. His argument in favor of a Bible which could be read by the common people was so conclusive that, unable

to answer him, his opponent exclaimed, "We had better be without God's law than the Pope's." Tyndale's indignant reply was, "I defy the Pope and all his laws; and if God gives me life, ere many years the ploughboys of England shall know more of the Scriptures than you do." And he kept his word. He was compelled to become an exile to accomplish his task, and in 1526 he printed in Antwerp a New Testament in English. Great numbers of copies were imported into England, though the importers were prosecuted, and the author, after being compelled to remain in hiding while he prepared a new edition of his great work, especially adapted to agricultural laborers and other ignorant classes, was finally betrayed by spies of Henry VIII, and sentenced to the dreadful penalty of burning at the stake. The prayer embodied in his last words, "O Lord, open the King of England's eyes," met with early fulfilment, for almost immediately the capricious tyrant ordered that the Bible should be placed in every church for the free use of the people.

Besides the New Testament, Tyndale had translated the five books of Moses and the book of Job.

The battle was now won. In 1535 Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, published the first printed edition of the whole Bible in English. John Rogers, who had been a co-worker with Tyndale, was the real translator, though a fictitious name was given in the book. In 1540 this same Bible, bearing a preface by Archbishop Cranmer, and hence known by his name, was authorized as the only version of the Scriptures to be used in the English Church. From "Cranmer's Bible" were taken the passages of Scripture used in the English prayer-book. It lacked the simplicity and energy of Tyndale's version, but continued in general use until, early in the following century, King James I assembled a company of forty-seven of the greatest scholars in the land, who prepared the most remarkable of all Bible translations, the "Authorized Version," which holds its place in the hearts of the English-speaking people until the present time.

Scholars have not ceased to frame new translations, and the "Revised Version," published, the New Testament in 1881 and the Old Testament in 1885, although correcting many manifest errors, has not yet been able to displace the great work which has been the main text-book for the spiritual instruction of the English-speaking people for nearly three centuries.



MATTHEW, CHAPTER V.

FROM WYCLIF'S BIBLE.

AND Jhesus seyng the peple, went up into an hil; and whanne he was sett, his disciplis camen to him. And he openyde his mouthe, and taughte hem; and seide, Blessid be pore men in spirit; for the kyngdom of hevenes is herun. Blessid ben mylde men: for thei schulen weelde the erthe. Blessid ben thei that

mournen; for thei schal be counfortid. Blessid be thei that hungren and thirsten rightwisnesse: for thei schal be fulfilled. Blessed ben merciful men: for they schul gete mercy. Blessed ben thei that ben of clene herte: for thei schulen se God. Blessid ben pesible men: for they schulen be clepid goddis children. Blessid ben thei that

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suffren persecucion for rightwisnesse: for the kyndgom of hevenes is hern. Ye schul be blessid whanne men schul curse you, and schul pursue you: and schule seye al yvel agens you liynge for me. Joie ye and be ye glade: for your meede is plenteous in hevenes: for so thei han pursued also prophetis that weten bfore you. Ye ben salt of the erthe, that if the salt vanishe away wherynne schal it be salted? to nothing it is worth over, no but it be cast out, and be defoulid of men. Ye ben light of the world, a citee set on an hill may not be hid. Ne men teendith not a lanterne and puttith it undir a bushel: but on a candilstik that

it give light to alle that ben in the hous. So, schyne your light bfore men, that thei see your gode workis, and glorifie your fadir that is in hevenes. Nyle ghe deme that I cam to undo the Lawe or the prophetis, I cam not to undo the lawe but to fulfille. Forsothe I sey to you till hevne and erthe passe, oon lettre, or oon title, schal not passe fro the Lawe til alle thingis be don. Therefore he that brekith oon of these leeste maundementis, and techith thus men, schal be clepid the Leest in the rewme of hevenes: but he that doth, and techith, schal be clepid greet in the kyngdom of hevenes.

PARABLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

FROM TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT.

AND marke' A Certayne Lawere stode vp' and tempted hym sayinge: Master what shall I do' to inheret eternall lyfe? He sayd vnto him: What ys written in the lawe? Howe redest thou? And he answered and sayde: Thou shalt love thy lorde god' wyth all thy hert' and wyth all thy syle' and with all thy strength' and wyth all thy mynde; and thy neighbour as thy sylfe. And he sayd vnto hym: Thou hast answered right. This do and thou shalt live. He wyllynge to iustifie hym sylfe' sayde vnto Jesus: Who ys then my neighbour?

Jesus answered and sayde: A certayne man descended from Jerusalem into Jericho' And fell into the hondes off theves' whych robbed hym off his rayment and wonded hym' and departed levynge hym halfe deed. And yt chaunsed that there cam a certayne preste that same waye' and sawe

hym' and passed by. And lyke wyse a levite when he was come neye to the place' went and loked on hym and passed by. Then a certayne Samaritane as he iornyed cam neye vnto hym and behelde hym and had compassion on hym and cam to hym and bounde vppe hys wondes and poured in wyne and oyle and layed him on his beaste and brought hym to a common hostry and drest him. And on the morowe when he departed he toke out two pence and gave them to the host and said vnto him, Take care of him and whatsoever thou spendest above this when I come agayne I will recompence the. Which nowe of these thre thynkest thou was neighbour unto him that fell into the theves hondes? And he answered: He that shewed mercy on hym. Then sayd Jesus vnto hym, Goo and do thou lyke wyse.

MATTHEW'S GOSPEL, CHAPTER VIII.

FROM TYNDALE'S NEW TESTAMENT.

WHEN Jesus was come downe from the mountayne, moch people followed him. And lo, there cam a lepre, and worsheped him saynge, Master, if thou wylt, thou canst make me clene. He putt forthe his hond and touched him saynge: I will, be clene, and immediatly his

leprosy was censed. And Jesus said vnto him. Se thou tell no man, but go and shewe thysilf to the preste and offer the gyfte, that Moses commaunded to be offred, in witness to them. When Jesus was entered in to Capernaum, there cam vnto him a certayne Centurion, besechyng him

And saynge: Master, my servaunt lyeth sicke at home off the palsye, and is grevously payned. And Jesus sayd vnto him. I will come and cure him. The Centurion answered and saide: Syr I am not worthy that thou shuldest com vnder the rofe of my housse, but speake the worde only and my servaunt shalbe healed. For y also my selfe am a man vndre power, and have sowdeeres vndre me, and y saye to one, go, and he goeth; and to anothere, come, and he cometh: and to my servaunt, do this, and he doeth it. When Jesus herde these saynges: he marveyled, and said to

them that followed him: Verely y say vnto you, I have not founde so great fayth: no, not in Israell. I say therfore vnto you, that many shall come from the east and weest, and shall rest with Abraham, Ysaac and Jacob, in the kyngdom of heven: And the children of the kingdom shalbe cast out in to the vtmoost dereknes, there shalbe wepinge and gnasshing of tethe. Then Jesus said vnto the Centurion, go thy waye, and as thou hast believed so be it vnto the. And his servaunt was healed that same houre.

THE TWO MASTERS OF ARTS.

TOLD BY CAXTON AT THE END OF ÆSOP'S FABLES.

NOW then I will finish all these fables with this tale that followeth, which a worshipful priest and a parson told me late: He said that there were dwelling at Oxenford two priests, both Masters of Arts—of whom that one was quick and could put himself forth; and that other was a good simple priest. And so it happened that the master that was pert and quick was anon promoted to a benefice or twain, and after to prebends, and for to be a dean of a great prince o' chapel, supposing and weening that his fellow, the simple priest, should never be promoted, but be always an annual, or, at the most, a parish priest. So after a long time that this worshipful man, this dean, came running into a good parish with five or seven horses, like a prelate, and came into the church of the said parish, and found there this good simple man, sometime his fellow, which came and welcomed him lowly. And that other bade him "Good morrow, Master John," and took him slightly by the hand, and axed him where he dwelt.—And the good man said, "In this parish," "How," said he, "are ye here a sole priest, or a parish priest?" "Nay, sir," said he, "for lack of a better, though I be not able nor worthy, I am parson and curate of this

parish." And then that other vailed [lowered] his bonnet, and said, "Master Parson, I pray you to be not displeased; I had supposed ye had not been beneficed. But, master," said he, "I pray you what is this benefice worth to you a year?" "Forsooth," said the good simple man, "I wot never; for I never make accompts thereof, how well I have had it four or five years." "And know ye not," said he, "what is it worth?—it should seem a good benefice." "No, forsooth," said he, "but I wot well what it shall be worth to me." "Why," said he, "what shall it be worth?" "Forsooth," said he, "if I do my true dealing in the cure of my parishes in preaching and teaching, and do my part belonging to my cure, I shall have heaven therefore. And if their souls be lost, or any of them, by my default, I shall be punished therefore. And hereof I am sure." And with that word the rich dean was abashed: and thought he should be the better, and take more heed to his cures and benefices than he had done. This was a good answer of a good priest and an honest. And herewith I finish this book, translated and imprinted by me, William Caxton.

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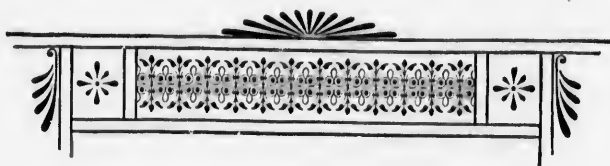
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EDMUND SPENSER.

ILLUSTRIOUS AUTHOR OF "THE FAERIE QUEENE."



TWO centuries had passed since the time of Chaucer before England could boast of a poet worthy to succeed the author of the "Canterbury Tales," and Edmund Spenser is the only non-dramatic poet of the Elizabethan age whose works can be compared with the best that a later time has produced.

He was born in London, of poor parents, about 1553, and was educated as a charity student at Cambridge. He spent two years with relatives in the north of England, where he wrote the "Shepherd's Calendar." He was now invited by a college friend to London, and was introduced to Sir Philip Sidney, who treated him with great kindness, and encouraged his literary ambition. He revised his poem, and, calling it the "Poet's Year," dedicated it to Sidney. He was finally brought to the notice of Queen Elizabeth, and received an appointment in Ireland in 1580. Some years later he was granted Kilcolman Castle, with some three thousand acres of confiscated land near Cork. Here he composed most of his poems.

In 1590 Spenser was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, and with him went to England. In 1594 he was married to a certain Elizabeth (surname unknown), of lowly origin. "She was certes but a country lasse," but "so sweet, so lovely, and so mild." In 1598 Tyrone's Rebellion broke out in southern Ireland. No English residents were safe, and Spenser had, as sheriff of Cork, somehow rendered himself particularly obnoxious. His castle was attacked, and set on fire, and his wife and child perished in the flames. Spenser returned to England, but survived his troubles only until the first of the following year, when he died. His remains found a fitting resting-place near the tomb of Chaucer, in Westminster Abbey. Beside the "Shepherd's Calendar," his principal poems are the "Epithalamion," "The Faerie Queene," a collection of lesser poems, entitled "Complaints," and four "Hymns." He also wrote in prose a "View of Ireland." Spenser's fame, however, rests upon "The Faerie Queene." This is described as the latest and most brilliant poetical expression of the sentiments of chivalry. It was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and was intended to typify her and her splendid reign. It is composed of six books, though twelve were intended. Each book was to represent a virtue, portrayed in the person and adventures of a knight.

The several allegorical characters, beside representing virtues, personated historic characters; thus, the "Faerie Queene" symbolizes Elizabeth, and the

Queen of Scots, the Catholic Church, and the Church of England, among many others, are nobly, if somewhat obscurely, symbolized.

Spenser is now very little read, but in every age there will be some who will say with Pope: "There is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth."



AT THE ALTAR.

FROM "THE EPITHALAMION."

OPEN the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due.
That cometh in to you.

With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view;
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers with joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain;
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governéd with goodly modesty.
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluja sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

UNA AND THE LION.

FROM "THE FAERIE QUEENE," BOOK I.

ONE day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside; her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunéd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushéd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse;
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuagéd with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

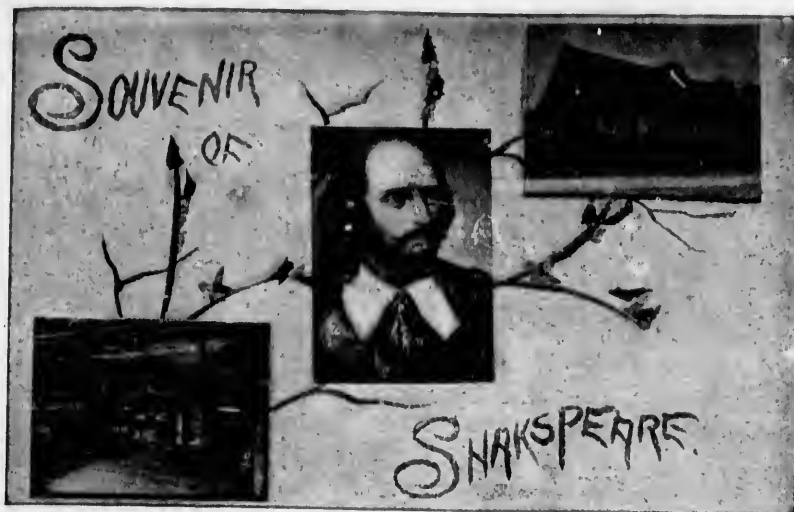
Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue,
As he her wrongéd innocence did weat.
Oh, how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had markéd long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion;
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak doth yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate.
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him loved, and ever most adored
As the god of my life? Why hath he me abhorred?"

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THE GREATEST ENGLISH POET.

"He was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it, too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there."—*Dryden*.



WE know almost nothing of the details of the life of William Shakespeare. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, perhaps on April 23, 1564. The precise day of his birth is not fixed with certainty, but as he was baptized on April 26, the date traditionally assigned is at least approximately correct. The authenticated facts in the life of Shakespeare may be very briefly told. His father was an apparently well-to-do tradesman—a wool-comber or glover—but there is evidence that he fell into reduced circumstances while his son was yet a boy. William Shakespeare, the eldest son who survived childhood, was sent to the grammar school at Stratford, where, according to Ben Jonson, he acquired "small Latin and less Greek." There is no evidence that he was ever able to read easily or to speak any language except his own. Tradition says that he was for a time an assistant in his father's shop. But of the youth and early manhood of Shakespeare nothing is known, except that six months before he had entered upon his nineteenth year he was hastily married to Anne Hathaway, a woman some seven years his senior, whose home was at Shottery, a village near-by Stratford; and that within eighteen months, first a daughter, and then a boy and a girl, twins, were born to them.

When about twenty-three Shakespeare left Stratford for London. Tradition says that this departure was somehow connected with his having been arrested for deerstealing in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy. He soon became connected with the Metropolitan theater. One tradition has it that he got his living for a while by

holding the horses of gentlemen at the door of the theater; another has it that he was for a while stage-prompter. There is good reason to believe that these stories are entire fabrications; for within less than half-a-dozen years we find incidental mention made of him, showing that he was already known as a man of parts, and of good social repute. His connection with the London theater could hardly have been a merely accidental one. The London players were wont to visit Stratford: Thomas Green, one of the best of them, was a native of the town; and Richard Burbage, afterward the friend of Shakespeare, was from the same part of the country. We can not doubt that Shakespeare had become favorably known to them, and that he went up to London upon no uncertain adventure. At all events, it was not long before he was regularly installed as "playwright" to the company. A part of his duty was undoubtedly that of "touching up" the works of others;



ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT SHOTTERY.

but it was not long before he began to produce original dramas. He also bore a part in the representation of his own plays; the part of "the ghost" in *Hamlet* being especially mentioned as one of those which were enacted by him. That he thrived in a pecuniary point of view is clear. As early as 1597, when he was thirty-three, we find him with money which he could afford to invest in landed property in his native place, and he retained, besides, large interests in the London theaters, from which he received a very ample income—estimated as equivalent to about five thousand dollars of our money now. Though he lived in familiar intercourse with the nobles, the wits, and the poets of his day, he looked forward to the time when he should retire to his native town, and with this view he purchased New Place, the principal house in Stratford, with more than a hundred acres of ground attached. "The year 1612 has been assigned as the date of his final retirement

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to the country. In the fulness of his fame, with a handsome competency, and before age had chilled the enjoyment of life, the poet returned to his native town to spend the remainder of his days among the quiet scenes and the friends of his youth. Four years were spent by Shakespeare in this dignified retirement, and the history of literature scarcely presents another such picture of calm felicity and satisfied ambition."

He was evidently a shrewd man of business, farming his own lands, disposing of their product, and looking to it that the purchasers paid what they owed; for in 1604 we find him bringing action against one Philip Rogers for about forty-five dollars for "malt sold and delivered to him."

He died somewhat suddenly, in 1616, of a fever, and was buried in the parish church, where a contemporary bust of him still exists, which must be regarded as the best-authenticated likeness of the poet. His wife survived him seven years. His only son, Hamnet, died at the age of twelve; his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, both married, and one of them had three sons, but they all died without issue, so that a quarter of a century after his death there was no living descendant of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare must early have won a high place in the esteem of the most accomplished noblemen of Queen Elizabeth's court, for as early as 1594 he dedicated his poem, the "Rape of Lucrece," to the Earl of Southampton, in terms which demonstrate the existence of mutual respect of a high degree between the author and his patron. It is said that Southampton once presented Shakespeare with a sum of money equivalent to twenty-five thousand dollars in our day, but of this



ACTOR AND AUTHOR.
DAVID GARRICK AND THE BUST OF SHAKESPEARE.

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there is no conclusive evidence. It is certain, however, that the noble earl was glad to serve the popular writer and player, and that he was the means of procuring for "William Kempe, William Shakespeare, and Richarde Burbage, servauntes to the Lord Chamberleyne," an invitation to present before the Court "twoe severall comedies or enterludes," for which they received twenty pounds.

That Shakespeare had written more or less before he went up to London is altogether probable; that "Venus and Adonis" was "the first fruits of his invention," in any other sense than that of being the first to be printed, is not probable. That he was certainly employed as playwright or adapter of dramas for the stage before this time is unquestionable, and it is most likely that as a poet he had attracted the notice of the author of the "Faerie Queene," who was his senior by eleven years.



FOUNTAIN AND CLOCK TOWER ERECTED BY GEO. W. CHILDS AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The productive literary life of Shakespeare, as far as we can date it, covers the twenty years preceding 1612, when at the age of forty-eight he retired to his native Stratford-on-Avon, after which we have no proof that he wrote anything.

Shakespeare's dramas, according to the all but universally accepted canon, number thirty-seven. There is no good reason to suppose that any of his plays have been lost, or that he had any considerable share in the composition of any others. He undoubtedly availed himself somewhat of the works of earlier playwrights, and in his historical plays made large use

of the chroniclers, from whom he took not merely the historical outlines, but page after page of their very words, only throwing into dramatic form the continuous narrative of his authorities. Scene after scene in "Macbeth" is to be found in the "Chronicles" of Holinshed, themselves a translation from the Latin of Hector Boece, which had been published only a few years; and some of the most dramatic scenes in "Richard III." are reproductions from "The Union of the Two Noble and Illust Families of Lancastre and Yorke," by Edward Hall.

The dates of the production of the dramas are mainly conjectural; although it is pretty well settled that "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," was one of the earliest, and "The Tempest" one of the latest; that "Romeo and Juliet" was an early play and "Cymbeline" a late one. Twelve plays at least, and doubtless several more, had been produced before Shakespeare reached his thirty-fourth year. His

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greatest works are of later date. "Hamlet" was certainly produced as early as 1604, and "Macbeth" previous to 1610.

About a dozen of the plays of Shakespeare seem to have been printed during his lifetime, probably not by his procurement. The entire plays were first put forth in a folio volume in 1623, seven years after his death. It has a preface and dedication by his fellow-players, Heminge and Condell, and was undoubtedly printed from the stage copies, which could hardly have failed to have been sanctioned by Shakespeare.

Aside from his dramas, Shakespeare would rank with Spenser and Milton as an imaginative poet. His one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, some of which were probably among his earliest productions, are sometimes imagined to express his deepest personal feelings, and to reveal, in great measure, the story of his life; but as Shakespeare wrote to please his reader, and with very little apparent thought of himself, such conclusions must be accepted with great caution. The wonderful dramas so far surpass his other poems that the latter are now but little read.

Shakespeare's actual observation of the world was probably limited to the territory within a distance of fifty miles from the highway, itself a hundred miles in length, which leads from Stratford to London; but by some marvel of endowment he was enabled to touch the mind and heart of men of every land and every generation, and it has been well said that no poet has ever written on any topic but it can be found better done in Shakespeare

MERCY.

"MERCHANT OF VENICE," Act IV, Scene 2.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice
blessed;

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this scepteréd sway;
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

SONNET XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnéd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:

The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or color it had stolen from thee.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ABUSE OF AUTHORITY.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE," Act II, Scene 2.

To have a giant's strength; but it is excellent
To use it like a giant.

O, it is excellent
But it is tyrannous

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but
thunder.

Could great men thunder
For every pelting, petty officer

Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: But man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,—
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep: who, with our spleens
Would all themselves laugh mortal.



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE WITCHES.

"MACBETH," Act IV, Scene 1.

A dark cave. In the middle, a caldron boiling. Thunder.

Enter the three Witches.

1st Witch. Thrice the brinded cat has mewed.

2d Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig
whined.

3d Witch. Harpier cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.

1st Witch. Round about the caldron go;

In the poisoned entrails throw.

Toad, that under the cold stone,

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Sweltered venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

2d Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble;
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

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DEATH OF QUEEN KATHERINE.

"HENRY VIII," Act IV, Scene 4.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his
goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daugh-
ter:

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on
her!

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble, modest nature;

I hope she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity

Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have followed both my fortunes faithfully:

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,

For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,

A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have

them.

The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—

That they may have their wages duly paid them,

And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents:—And, good my
lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:

Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I blessed

him,

For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, patience,

You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good

wench,

Let me be used with honor; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueened, yet like

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," Act V, Scene 1.

I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven,

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

THE FAIRY TO PUCK.

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," Act II, Scene 1.

Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander everywhere,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

As I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green:

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favors,

In those freckles live their savors;

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.



"IN A COWSLIP'S BELL I LIE."

ARIEL'S SONG.

"THE TEMPEST," Act V, Scene 1.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

OBERON'S VISION.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," Act II, Scene 2.

Obe. My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
Puck. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft

Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now, purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I showed thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

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FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

"HENRY VIII," Act III, Scene 2.

Cardinal Wolsey, after his fall from the favor of Henry VIII, thus soliloquizes, and afterward confers with his servant Cromwell:

Wolsey. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter Cromwell, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed at my misfortunes; can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, and you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured
me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor:
O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have; I am able now, methinks
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome.
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me
down. O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Crom-
well;

I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun I pray may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art; he will advance
thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish, too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
Forever, and forever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me,
Cromwell;

And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught
thee;

Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
 O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king,
 And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in :

There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,
 Cromwell,
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.



"COME APACE, GOOD AUDREY: I WILL FETCH UP YOUR GOATS, AUDREY."

TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY.

"AS YOU LIKE IT," Act III, Scene 3.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

When a man's verses can not be understood,

nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what "poetical" is; is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

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Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

THE SEVEN AGES.

"As YOU LIKE IT," Act II, Scene 7.

The banished duke, with Jaques and other lords, are in the forest of Arden, sitting at their plain repast. Orlando, who has been wandering in the forest in quest of food for an old servant, Adam, who can "go no further," suddenly comes upon the party, and with his sword drawn, exclaims:

Orlando. Forbear, I say;
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answer'd.

Jaques. An you will not
Be answer'd with reason, I must die.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orla. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;

I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke Sen. True it is that we have seen better days;

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first sufficed,—

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till your return.

Orla. I thank ye: and be bless'd for your good comfort. [*Exit.*]

Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:

This wide and universal theater
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side:
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything



"THERE IS A WILLOW GROWS ASLANT A BROOK."

OPHELIA.

"HAMLET," Act IV, Scene 7.

THERE is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy
stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

MACBETH'S IRRESOLUTION BEFORE THE MURDER OF DUNCAN.

"MACBETH," Act I, Scene 7.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all, here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,

Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no
spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

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And let me

ANTONY'S ORATION AT CÆSAR'S FUNERAL.

"JULIUS CÆSAR," Act III, Scene 2.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:

You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
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 stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what I weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honor-
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
months,

And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SHYLOCK AND ANTONIO.

"MERCHANT OF VENICE," Act I, Scene 3.

Antonio, to oblige his friend Bassanio, becomes his surety for repayment of a loan.

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.

Shylock (aside). How like a fawning publican

he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him.

Antonio. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow

By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.

Shy. Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep—

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,

Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

Shy. Signior Antonio, many time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my money and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go too, then; you come to me and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys:" you say so;
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
Say this: "Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;

You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me
with,

Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear
me:

This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.

Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in such condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content j' faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not sign to such a bond for me.

I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months—that's a month before
This bond expires—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians
are,

Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this?
If he should break his day, what should I gain?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;

And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond

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Shy. Then meet me henceforth at the notary's;
Give him directions for this money bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard

Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
The Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

"HAMLET," Act III, Scene 1.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the

rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurs
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would these fardels

bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

HAMLET AND THE GHOST.

"HAMLET," Act I, Scene 4.

Enter GHOST.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend
us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
hell.

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we
do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impairment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. It wafts me still:—

Go on, I'll follow thee.
Where wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no
further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;

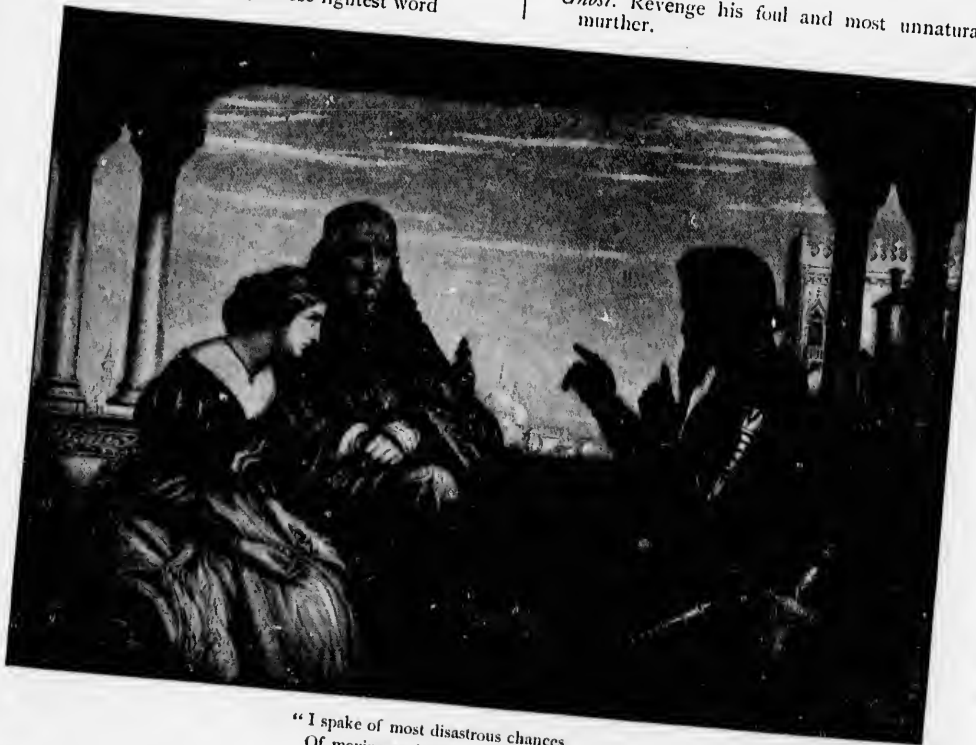
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood:—List, Hamlet, O list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.



"I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,"

OTHELLO'S WOOING.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signeurs,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's
daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending

Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my
speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

'Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,

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And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
charms,

What conjuration and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charged withal,
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look
on!

It is a judgment main'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider or more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak;
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Othello. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And importance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch
heaven,

It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline,
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—it faith, 't was strange, 't was passing
strange;

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man: she
thank'd me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
spake;

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.





BEN JONSON.

THE COMPANION AND FRIEND OF SHAKESPEARE.

"Many were the wit-combats betwixt Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."—*Fuller's Worthies* (1662).



AMONG the galaxy of great dramatic poets which adorned the age of Elizabeth, Ben Jonson shines only less bright than Shakespeare. Forced by his step-father to follow the trade of a bricklayer, his love of learning induced him to carry books in his pocket and to dip into the classical authors in the intervals of his labor. It is said that this attracted the attention of a lawyer when Jonson was working on a building at Lincoln's Inn, and resulted in his being sent to Cambridge.

He spent a short time in military service in the Low Countries, but : eturning to London, attached himself to one of the minor theaters. He did not succeed as an actor, and got into serious trouble over a duel. He probably began his literary work by recasting old plays, and his first original piece, the comedy, "Every Man in His Humor," probably appeared in 1596. It is said that it was only by the help of Shakespeare, and after being revised in accordance with his suggestions, that this play became a success. Thus was established the sincere and enduring attachment between Jonson and Shakespeare, of which many delightful anecdotes are told. From this time for a quarter of a century Jonson held high rank among literary men of his time. He was frequently employed to arrange the splendid *masques* which furnished entertainment to the Court, and in this work employed all his powers of invention and his profound and elegant scholarship. He became Poet Laureate in 1616, and remained in high favor until the death of James I, in 1625. Notwithstanding his high position, he became involved in debt; he was extravagant and given too much to drink, and gradually he lost his art of pleasing, and his later plays were not uniformly successful.

He died, in 1637, at the age of sixty-four, and was buried in an upright posture in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

The most complete edition of Jonson's works contains seventeen plays, and more than thirty *masques* and interludes, beside many miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse. Among the latter are a number of poems of exquisite beauty. His most important plays are, "Every Man in His Humor," "Sejanus," "Cataline," "Volpone, or the Foxe," "Epicaene, or the Silent Woman," and "The Alchemist."

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CUPID.

BEAUTIES, have ye seen this toy,
 Called love! a little boy
 Almost naked, wanton, blind,
 Cruel now, and then as kind?
 If he be amongst ye, say!
 He is Venus' runaway.

He hath of marks about him plenty,
 You shall know him among twenty:
 All his body is a fire,
 And his breath a flame entire,
 That, being shot like lightning in,
 Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

He doth bear a golden bow,
 And a quiver, hanging low,
 Full of arrows, that outbrave

Dian's shafts, where, if he have
 Any head more sharp than other,
 With that first he strikes his mother.

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
 Seldom with his heart do meet,
 All his practice is deceit,
 Every gift is but a bait:
 Not a kiss but poison bears,
 And most treason in his tears.

If by these ye please to know him,
 Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
 Though ye had a will to hide him,
 Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.
 Since ye hear his falser play,
 And that he's Venus' runaway.

HYMN TO CYNTHIA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep:
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made

Heaven to clear, when day did close
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver;
 Give unto the flying heart
 Space to breathe, how short soever:
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

SONG.—TO CELIA.

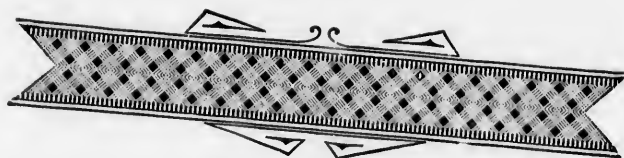
DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee.

ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

THIS morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
 I thought to form unto my zealous muse,
 What kind of creature I could most desire
 To honor, serve, and love, as Poets use.
 I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
 Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
 I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
 Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
 I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,

Hating that solemn vice of greatness—pride;
 I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
 Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
 Only a learned and manly soul
 I purposed her: that should, with even powers,
 The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
 Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
 Such, when I meant to feign, and wished to see.
 My Muse bade BEDFORD, write, and that was she!



JOHN MILTON.

THE IMMORTAL AUTHOR OF "PARADISE LOST."



AR above all the poets of his own age, and, in learning, invention, and sublimity, without an equal in the whole range of English literature, stands John Milton. He was born in London, December 9, 1608. His father, who was a scrivener, or, as we would say, conveyancer, and who had suffered much for conscience' sake, doubtless infused into his son those principles of religious freedom which made him, in subsequent years, the bulwark of that holy cause in England. He was also early instructed in music, to which may doubtless be attributed that richness and harmony of versification which distinguished him as much as his learning and imagination. His early education was conducted with great care. At sixteen he entered the University of Cambridge. After leaving the university, where he was distinguished for his scholarship, he retired to the house of his father, who had relinquished business, and had purchased a small property at Horton in Buckinghamshire. Here he lived five years, devoting his time most assiduously to classic literature, making the well-known remark that he "cared not how late he came into life, only that he came fit." While in the university he had written his grand "Hymn on the Nativity," any one verse of which was sufficient to show that a new and great light was about to rise on English poetry, and there, at his father's, he wrote his "Comus" and "Lycidas," his "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," and his "Arcades."

In 1638 he went to Italy, the most accomplished Englishman that ever visited her classic shores. Here his society was courted by "the choicest Italian wits," and he visited Galileo, then a prisoner in the Inquisition. On his return home, he opened a school in London, and devoted himself with great assiduity to the business of instruction. In the meantime he entered into the religious disputes of the day, engaging in the controversy single-handed against all the royalists and prelates; and, though numbering among his antagonists such men as Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher, proving himself equal to them all. In 1643 he married the daughter of Richard Powell, a high royalist; but the connection did not prove a happy one, his wife being utterly incapable of appreciating the loftiness and purity of the poet's character. In 1649 he was appointed foreign secretary under Cromwell, which office he held until the death of Cromwell, 1658.

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For ten years Milton's eyesight had been failing, owing to the "wearisome studies and midnight watchings" of his youth. The last remains of it were sacrificed in the composition of his "*Defensio Populi*" (Defense of the People of England), and by the close of the year 1652 he was totally blind: "Dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon." At the Restoration he was obliged to conceal himself until the publication of the act of oblivion released him from danger. He then devoted himself exclusively to study, and especially to the composition of "*Paradise Lost*." The idea of this unequalled poem was probably conceived as early as 1642. It was published in 1667. For the first and second editions the blind poet received but the sum of five pounds each! In 1671 he produced his "*Paradise Regained*" and "*Samson Agonistes*." A long sufferer from gout, his life was now drawing to a close. His mind was calm and bright to the last, and he died without a struggle on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1674.

Milton has left to us a description of himself as he had been in early manhood and as he was later. He says:

"My stature certainly is not tall; but it rather approaches the middle than the diminutive. Nor, though very thin, was I ever deficient in courage or in strength; and I was wont constantly to exercise myself in the use of the broadsword as long as it comported with my habit and my years. Armed with this weapon, as I usually was, I should have thought myself quite a match for any one, though much stronger than myself. At this moment I have the same courage, the same strength, though not the same eyes. Yet so little do they betray any external appearance of injury, that they are as unclouded and bright as the eyes of those who most distinctly see. Though I am more than forty-five years old, there is scarcely any one to whom I do not appear ten years younger than I really am."

Milton was a Puritan, but not of that narrow-minded, ascetic variety whose peculiarities we usually connect with the name. When Charles II came to the throne it was to be expected that Milton would be one of those for whom there would be no mercy. He had been accessory, both before and after the fact, to the execution of Charles I, and had filled an important post under Cromwell. His name, however, was not on the long list of those excluded from the benefits of the Bill of Indemnity, and when it was published, in August, 1660, he emerged from the hiding-place in which he had been for some time concealed.

His prose writings pertained to the political and theological questions of his time, and are now no longer read. His beautiful odes to mirth and melancholy, "*L'Allegro*" and "*Il Penseroso*"; the "*Masque of Comus*," prepared for what we would call an amateur theatrical entertainment; his "*Samson Agonistes*"; his "*Hymn to the Nativity*," and, above all, the "*Paradise Lost*," continue to be studied by every lover of noble literature.

We should not, however, allow our admiration for Milton's poetry to cause us to forget his services to the cause of civil and religious liberty. It is not to be expected that many people will ever read his tracts against the pretensions of the Church, justifying the execution of the king, or even the powerful argument by which he attempted to prevent the recall of the Stuarts and to perpetuate the Commonwealth after Cromwell's death. Their phraseology seems to us stilted and the style antiquated and verbose, but if we will remember the changes which two cen-

turies and a half have caused in our manner of expression, we shall be able to appreciate the grace and force of the language, the vast learning and high purpose of the author, and we will understand their great influence on the thought of Milton's time. In 1644 he addressed to Parliament the most masterly of his prose writings, the "Areopagitica; a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." It is, perhaps, the most able argument ever produced upon the subject, and not only for this reason, but because of its noble statement of the value of good books, deserves to be read and reread by every thinking person.

EVE'S ACCOUNT OF HER CREATION.

PARADISE LOST, IV.

THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep I first awaked, and found myself reposed, Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound Of waters issued from a cave, and spread Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved, Pure as the expanse of heaven: I thither went With unexperienced thought, and laid me down On the green bank, to look into the clear Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite A shape within the watery gleam appear'd.
Bending to look on me: I started back.
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon, with answering looks Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: "What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes; but follow me,

And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming and thy soft embraces; he Whose image thou art: him thou shalt enjoy Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd Mother of human race." What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed, and tall,
Under a platane; yet, methought, less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
Thou, following, criest aloud, "Return, fair Eve,
Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear.
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim,
My other half." With that, thy gentle hand
Seized mine: I yielded; and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

PARADISE LOST, III.

LIGHT, holy Light! offspring of heaven first born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam.
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,

Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night:

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Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
 So were I equal'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move

Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her
 powers
 Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

FROM L'ALLEGRO.



"From betwixt two aged oaks
 Where Corydon and Thyriss met."—*L'Allegro*.

HASTE thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods and Becks, and wreath'd Smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled care derides,
 And laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it, as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And, if I give thee honordue,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unprovoked pleasures free.
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull Night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweet-brier or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack or the barn door
 Stoutly struts his dames before.

And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse;
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
 The melting voice through mazes running,

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear

Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydicé.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

A BOOK NOT A DEAD THING.

"AREOPAGITICA."

I DENY not but that it is of the greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it

were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men; how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed—sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to a whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal essence, the breath of reason itself—slays an immortality rather than a life.

FROM THE HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

IT was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger
lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;

And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was
by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,

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Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them
go.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they, than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy
keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasures loathe to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
close.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiv-
ing.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No mighty trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic
cell.

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent:
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs, in twilight shade of tangled thickets,
mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Iars and Lemures moan with midnight
plaint.
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted
seat.

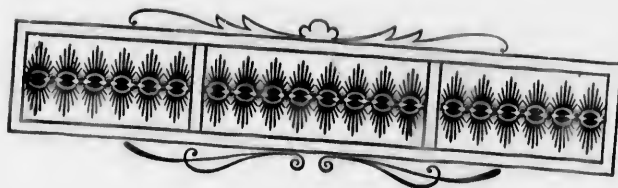
But see, the Virgin bless'd
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here have
ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd ear,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid *amp* attend-
ing,
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

THE DEPARTURE FROM EDEN.

"PARADISE LOST." Book XII.

SO spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard,
Well pleased, but answered not; for now
too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteors, as the evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the laborer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced
The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapor as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime. Whereat

In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them
soon:
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.



ALEXANDER POPE.

THE POET OF SOCIETY.

"If Pope must yield to other poets in point of fertility of fancy, yet in point of propriety, closeness, and elegance of diction he can yield to none."—*Joseph Warton.*



HE merits of Pope's works have long been a fertile subject of critical discussion. If his "rhymes too often supply the defects of his reasons," it is nevertheless true that few poets have furnished so many well-known lines which express in apt and concise language an elevating, philosophic thought.

He was so deformed that he was known by the nickname of "The Interrogation Point," and so small that he used a high chair at table; so weak and sickly that he must be continually tied up in bandages; and so sensitive to cold that he was always wrapped in furs and flannels, and encased his feet in three pairs of stockings. But his dress was fastidious and his manners elegant, though he must continually bear the coarse jests about his afflictions which the rude manners of the time allowed to pass as wit.

Pope's sickly youth prevented his being educated like other boys, and his training was received at home and was very irregular. Before he was twelve years old he had written a number of poems, most of which he afterward destroyed.

"As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
I lisped in numbers and the numbers came,"

He had already published his "Pastorals" and "Messiah," and the "Essay on Criticism," when, in 1713, he took up the study of painting in his native city of London. His eyes failed, however, and he abandoned his purpose of becoming an artist.

He now issued proposals for publishing a translation of Homer's "Iliad," in six volumes, at a guinea a volume. The project was favorably received, and a large number of copies were subscribed for. The volumes appeared at various times, from 1715 to 1720, and yielded the author a magnificent return, equal to about ninety thousand dollars of our money. He was thus enabled to purchase the lease of an attractive villa at Twickenham, which was his home during his remaining years. He died in 1744, at the age of fifty-six.

Beside those already mentioned, his principal works are an "Epistle of Eloise to Abelard," an edition of Shakespeare, a translation of the "Odyssey," "The Dunciad," and the "Essay on Man."

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"The Dunciad" is a sarcastic reply to a host of critics who had attacked him, and of most of whom the only remembrance is their names preserved in this work, which was said to have fallen among his opponents like an exterminating thunderbolt.



ADDRESS TO BOLINGBROKE.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

COME, then, my Friend, my Genius, come
along;

O master of the poet and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please,
O! while, along the stream of time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,

Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy
foes,

Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urged by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
Show'd erring pride, whatever is, is right?
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That Virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know!



TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book
of fate,

All but the page prescribed—their present
state;

From brutes what men, from men what spirits,
know;

Or who could suffer, being here below?
The lamb that looks not doomed to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions
soar;

Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives thee not to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never *is* but always *to be* blest.
The soul (uneasy, and confined) from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.



PRIDE.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON CRITICISM."

IF all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the
mind,

What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride!
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with
wind.

Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defense,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,

While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes.
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

THE SCALE OF BEING.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

AS Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass;
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood;
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense, so subtly true,

From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How Instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier!
Forever separate, yet forever near!
Remembrance and Reflection, how allied;
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all, subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these powers in one?

SOUND AN ECHO TO THE SENSE.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON CRITICISM."

IS not enough no harshness gives offense,
The sound must seem an Echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns;
To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

NATURAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite ?

Steals my senses, shuts my sight ?
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 Oh Grave ! where is thy Victory ?
 Oh Death ! where is thy Sting ?

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! in every age,
 In every clime adored,—
 By saint, by savage, or by sage—
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou first great Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this : that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill ;
 And binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the human Will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This teach me more than hell to shun,
 That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
 Let me not cast away ;
 For God is paid when man receives :
 To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or Thee the Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume Thy bolts to throw,

And deal damnation round the land
 On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

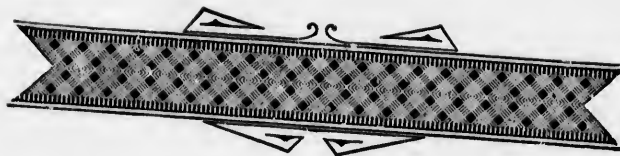
Save me alike from foolish pride
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught Thy wisdom has denied
 Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quickened by Thy breath ;
 Oh, lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot :
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou knowest it best, bestowed or not,
 And let Thy will be done !

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all being raise ;
 All Nature's incense rise.



ISAAC WATTS.

WRITER OF CHRISTIAN HYMNS.



HE "Hymns," "Psalms," and "Songs for Children" of Dr. Watts have been more read and committed to memory, have exerted more holy influences, and made more lasting impressions for good upon the human heart than the productions of any other writer of verse. But Isaac Watts does not hold high rank as a poet, and during his lifetime was quite as much known as a philosopher and theologian as for his poetical works. Indeed, his "Logic" and "Improvement of the Mind" may still be regarded as standard books. His poems are all of a religious character, many of them having been written for children. He versified the entire book of Psalms, and many of his "Hymns" find a place in the hymn-books of all Christian denominations. It is their ready adaptation to musical rendering, their broad Christian spirit, and their beautiful and tender simplicity, rather than their artistic merits as poems, which have endeared these hymns to so many and such widely different people.

Isaac Watts was a precocious child; he composed verses, as we are told, before he was three years old, began to study Latin at four, and could read easy authors at five. Being a Dissenter, he could not enter one of the Universities, but received a thorough education, and became tutor in a private family. In 1698 he was chosen assistant minister of the Independent congregation in Mark Lane, London, of which he became pastor in 1702. Owing to feeble health he resigned this charge, and in 1712 was invited by Sir Thomas Abney, of Abney Park, near London, to become an inmate of his family. Here he remained during the remaining thirty-six years of his life, preaching not infrequently and writing many books in prose and verse. He continued to receive from his congregation the salary which they insisted upon his accepting, and there were many and continuous evidences of the love and esteem in which he was held, not only by those of his immediate circle, but by the general public. He died in 1748, at the age of seventy-four.

"It is the plain promises of the Gospel," said he, near his death, "that are my support; and I bless God they are plain promises, and do not require much labor and pains to understand them, for I can do nothing now but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that."

"He is one of the few poets," says Dr. Johnson, "with whom youth and

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ignorance may be safely pleased ; and happy will be that reader whose mind is disposed, by his verses or his prose, to copy his benevolence to man and his reverence to God."



THE ROSE.

HOW fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May !
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an
hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field ;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colors
lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the
rose ;
But all our fond cares to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my
beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade ;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty ;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.



THE EARNEST STUDENT.

INFINITE Truth, the life of my desires,
Come from the sky, and join thyself to
me :
I'm tired with hearing, and this reading
tires ;
But never tired of telling thee,
'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

"Speak to my soul, alone ; no other hand
Shall mark my path out with delusive art :
All nature, silent in His presence, stand ;
Creatures, be dumb at his command,
And leave his single voice to whisper to my
heart.

"Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,
Away from sense and every outward show :
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes
aspire ;
My knowledge now on wheels of fire,
May mount and spread above, surveying all
below."

The Lord grows lavish of His heavenly light,
And pours whole floods on such a mind as
this :
Fled from the eyes, she gains a piercing sight,
She dives into the infinite,
And sees unutterable things in that unknown
abyss.



THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh ! could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

LOOKING UPWARD.

THE heavens invite mine eye,
The stars salute me round ;
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus groveling on the ground.

My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly ;
I wish aloud for wings of love
To raise me swift and high.

Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls ;

They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.

Vain world, farewell to you ;
Heaven is my native air :
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

I feel my powers released
From their old fleshy clod ;
Fair guardian, bear me up in haste,
And set me near my God.

MY DEAR REDEEMER.

MY DEAR Redeemer, and my Lord !
I read my duty in Thy word ;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer :
The desert Thy temptations knew—
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

COME, WE THAT LOVE THE LORD.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in the song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
But favorites of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;

Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

PSALM LXXII.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does its successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His Head ;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings around where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In Him the tribe of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen !

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.

COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys !

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;

Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie,
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great !

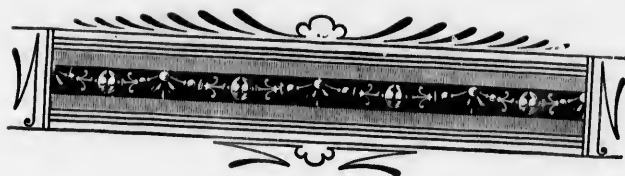
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

FROM ALL THAT DWELL.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land by every tongue !

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord :
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.





THOMAS GRAY.

AUTHOR OF THE IMMORTAL ELEGY.



SINGLE noble masterpiece, the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" is the foundation of the fame of Thomas Gray. He won distinction at Cambridge, and traveled abroad with Horace Walpole, who complained that Gray "was too serious a companion for me; he was for antiquities, etc., while I was for balls and plays. The fault was mine."

Returning to England after the death of his father, Gray spent the rest of his life at Cambridge. He was offered the post of poet laureate in 1757, but declined it. He became Professor of History at Cambridge, but was unfit for the office and delivered no lectures.

The "Elegy" was printed in 1750. Few poems were ever so popular. It ran through eleven editions, and has ever since been one of those few favorite pieces that every one has by heart. His other poems contain a great number of famous lines, but are themselves little known. He died in 1771, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

Gray was small and delicate in person, handsome and refined, fond of fashionable dress, and preferred to be known as a "gentleman" rather than as a poet. Lowell says that the "Elegy" won its popularity, not through any originality of thought, but far more through originality of sound. Its simple language and the depth and sincerity of emotion which it expresses have given it a prominent place among the finest monuments of our literature.



ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

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Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering
heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;



GRAY'S MONUMENT IN THE CHURCHYARD AT STOKE POGES.

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
 vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 O Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark untathom'd caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
 deck'd
 Implore the passing tribute of a sigh.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove:
 Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with Care, or cross'd in hopeless
 Love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him
 borne:
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth, to Fortune and to Fame un-
 known;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send.

He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a
 friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

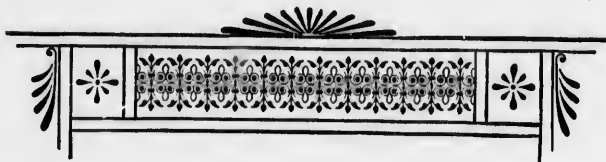
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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE MOST CHARMING AND VERSATILE WRITER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



O writer of English is more universally loved and appreciated than the shiftless little Irishman who claimed to be a physician, but who picked up a precarious living by writing, and who was the butt of the brilliant company, Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, and others, who formed a famous literary club. Dr. Johnson says, "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand or more wise when he had;" and the humorous epitaph, composed to tease him by his friends, "Who wrote like an angel, but talked like 'Poor Poll,'" correctly represents the esteem in which they held him.

Goldsmith was born in County Longford, Ireland, in 1728. His father was a clergyman of the Established Church and very poor; but some of his relatives were in comfortable circumstances: they contributed funds to send him to Dublin University as a *sizar*, or "poor scholar." He entered in 1744 and took his degree five years after. He went home, ostensibly to study for the Church. In two years he presented himself as a candidate for ordination, but was rejected. He tried tutorship, and several other things, with no result. An uncle gave him £50 to go to London, where he proposed to study law. He got as far as Dublin, where he lost all his money at the gaming-table, and went back to his friends for a while. Toward the end of 1752 they sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine. He ran through his money and fled to the Continent, where he made an extended tour, with little or no means of support except his fiddle.

Early in 1756, Goldsmith, now about twenty-eight, made his way back to London, ragged and penniless. During the next two or three years we catch glimpses of him as assistant to an apothecary; as a "corrector of the press" for Richardson, the novelist; as usher in a school; and finally as a "hack-writer" for the *Monthly Review*. Once we find him an unsuccessful applicant at the College of Surgeons for the position of hospital-mate. Somehow he managed to keep his head above water, for in 1759 he published a small volume entitled "An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." This attracted some notice, and made the author known among literati and publishers. He wrote for several newspapers, among others for the *Public Ledger*, to which he furnished a series of "Chinese Letters," which were soon republished under the title of "The Citizen of the World." Goldsmith was now able to escape from his humble garret.

He made the acquaintance of men of the highest rank in literary circles, notable among whom were Garrick, Burke, and Johnson. He now earned a fair income by literary work; but he always managed to spend more than he earned.

About the middle of 1761 he found himself considerably in arrears to his widowed landlady, who gave him the choice between three courses: to pay his bill, to go to prison, or to marry her. Goldsmith applied to Dr. Johnson to extricate him from this predicament, and put in his hand a bundle of manuscript. The Doctor took the manuscript, sold it to a bookseller, and handed the money to Goldsmith, thus saving him from going to prison or marrying the widow Fleming. That manuscript, which was not published until six years after, was "The Vicar of Wakefield." During the last dozen years of his life Goldsmith performed an immense amount of literary labor. Among these works—mainly compilations—are a "History of England," a "History of Greece," a "History of Rome," the "History of Animated Nature," "Life of Beau Nash," a "Short English Grammar," and a "Survey of Experimental Philosophy." He also wrote several very clever comedies, among which is "She Stoops to Conquer." Goldsmith's fame, however, rests chiefly upon "The Vicar of Wakefield," and the two poems, "The Traveler" and "The Deserted Village." These are read wherever the English language is spoken, and will continue the cherished possession of generation after generation.

THE TRAVELER.

AS SOME lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, re-counts it
o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still,
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country, ever is at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to ail mankind;
As different good, by Art or Nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
Those rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent,
Wealth, Commerce, Honor, Liberty, Content:
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where Wealth and Freedom reign, Contentment
fails,
And Honor sinks where Commerce long pre-
vails.
Hence every State, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends,
Till, carried to excess, in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

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THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,

Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed!
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed,
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;

And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a village stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weary way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;

Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand—

Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Scenes at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

It was the sound when oft at evening's close
I under hill the village murmur rose;
Thence, as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmur fluctuates in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy blush of life is fled.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;

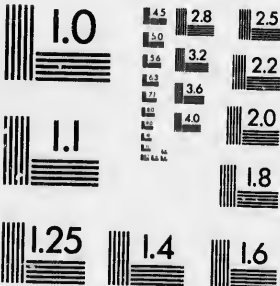
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;

Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;



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The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,

And quite forget their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

A CITY NIGHT-PIECE.

"LETTERS OF A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD."

THE clock had just struck two; the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber; the laborious and the happy are at rest; and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl; the robber walks his midnight round; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever-changing, but a few hours past, walked before me—where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is

heard but of the chiming clock or the distant watch-dog; all the bustle of human pride is forgotten. An hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded, and with short-sighted presumption promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some; the sorrowful traveler wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.



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BEST LOVED OF SCOTTISH POETS.



HE life of Robert Burns was not a model one. In some ways, and those the most important, its story is more useful for the warnings it conveys than for the example it affords. But we shall not be able to understand his poems if we do not know the story of his life, and not to know and love the poetry of Robert Burns is to miss the rarest, most touching, most thoroughly human note in English verse.

The son of a hard-working, unsuccessful peasant farmer, his early years were spent in the monotonous toil of a laborer on a sterile Scottish farm. He had little education except that which he acquired from his father, who, as is often the case among Scotch peasants, was a man of serious mind, somewhat cultivated, and of noble character.

Burns early began to rhyme and to make love, two occupations which seem to have gone on together all through his life. His poems were handed around in manuscript, and he acquired in this way considerable fame. The death of his father, in 1784, laid upon the young man of twenty-five the cares of the head of the family, a burden which he bravely assumed, but which was somehow always too heavy for him. Removing to a farm at Mossgiel, he fell in love with Jean Armour, the daughter of a mason. His difficulties on the farm, and the unpopularity into which his relations with Jean Armour brought him, thoroughly discouraged him. He determined to emigrate to the West Indies, and to procure the necessary funds, published, by subscription, a volume of his poems. This attracted the attention of literary people in Edinburgh, and on their invitation he gave up his proposed emigration and visited that city. His reception was most cordial. He, the uncultured peasant, captivated at once the refined and intelligent people among whom he was thrown. No poet was ever so quickly recognized. He published a new and enlarged edition of his poems, which yielded him nearly five hundred

pounds; his new celebrity enabled him to secure the post of exciseman in Dumfriesshire, where he took a farm, having advanced nearly half of his returns from the poems to ease the burdens of his mother and brother, whom he left at Mossiel.

He was married to Jean Armour, and built, largely with his own hands, the cottage in which they were to live at Ellisland, in Dumfries. Here, "to make a happy fireside chime to weans and wife," he labored with an energy which promised better things, and all the circumstances seemed to indicate that a happy and prosperous life lay before the young poet.



The De'il cam fiddlin thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' the exciseman,
And ilka wife cry'd, "Auld Mahaun,
We wish you luck o' the prize, man."

As poet, farmer, and exciseman, he led a busy life, but he was not a successful farmer, and his office of exciseman favored his indulgence in drink. He gave up the farm and removed to Dumfries; his infirmities grew upon him, and he became unpopular; his health failed, and he died in 1796, not yet thirty-eight years old.

His poetry is not English, but Scottish. Its rollicking fun, as in "Tam O'Shanter's Ride," its touching sentiment, as in "On Turning up a Mouse's Nest

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with the Plough," the truth and beauty of its descriptions of homely life, as in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," have rarely been equaled in the poems of any language.

Burns wrote for the people. He knew all their life, their every emotion; he stirred their patriotism by such poems as "Scots Wha ha wi' Wallace Bled," or their affection for Scotland by "Ye Banks and Braes," and moralized in "The Twa Dogs," and many others, upon the circumstances of their life, and well deserves to be called "the greatest poet that ever sprung from the bosom of the people and lived and died in an humble condition."



MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;

Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North!

The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow!

Farewell to the straths and green valleys below!
Farewell to the forests with wild-hanging woods!
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;

Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.



THE BANKS O' DOON.

THE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?

How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return!



"Wilt thou be my dearie?"

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my false lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

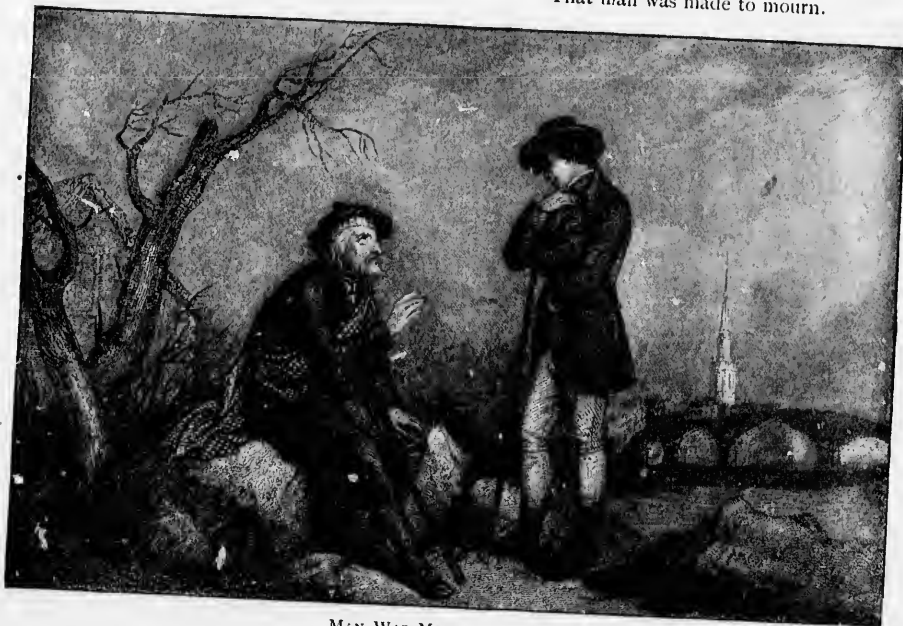
MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary'd, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
 (Began the reverend sage;)
 Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,

And every time has added proots
 That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!
 Mis-spending all thy precious hours
 Thy glorious youthful prime!
 Alternate follies take the sway;
 Licentious passions burn;
 Which tenfold force give Nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.



MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

Or youthful pleasures rage?
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began,
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn
 The miseries of man!

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labor to support
 A haughty lordling's pride;
 I've seen yon weary winter-sun
 Twice forty times return;

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might:
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right.
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want, oh! ill-matched pair!
 Show man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
 Inwoven with our frame!
 More pointed still we make ourselves,

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Regret, remorse, and shame !
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast :
 This partial view of human-kind
 Is surely not the last !
 The poor, oppressed, honest man,

Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn !

O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best !
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest !
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn ;
 But, oh ! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn !



"THE SMITH AND THEE GAT ROARING FOU."

TAM O'SHANTER.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
 And market days are wearing late,
 An' folks begin to tak' the gate ;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonnie lasses).
 O Tam ! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice !
 She tauld thee well thou was a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober ;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;

That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.

She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon ;

Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld hunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ; it gars me greet,
To think how many counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises !

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN.

SCOTS wha hae wi Wallace bled,
Scots whom Bruce has often led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie !

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
See the front o' battle lour ;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor-knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
By our sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do or die !

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

NOVEMBER chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;
The shortening winter day is near a
close ;

The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose ;
The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes :
This night his weekly toil is at an end ;
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-
ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flitterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifftie wife's smile,
The lispin infant prattlin on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor and his
toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new
gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears :
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars and claes look amaisht as weel's the
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The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

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But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
 With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his
 name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak:
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worth-
 less rake;

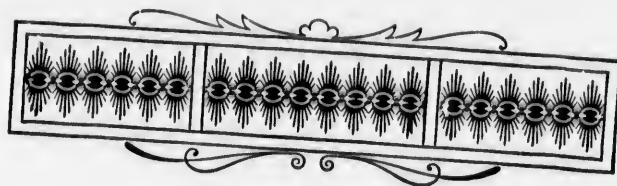
O, happy love, where love like this is found!
 O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 "If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the even-
 ing gale."



"The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride."

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,
 A strappan youth, he taks the mother's eye;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en:
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye:
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What maks the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like
 the lave.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They round the ingle form a circle wide:
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearin' thin an' bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And "Let us worship God," he says, wi' solemp
 air.



WILLIAM COWPER.

POET OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.



ONE of the most pathetic characters in English literature is William Cowper. A sensitive child, his mother died when he was six years of age, and he suffered brutal persecution in boarding-schools. He was apprenticed to an attorney, and obtained an appointment in the House of Lords; but the terror with which the prospect of a formal examination affected him drove him into insanity. He was confined for some time, and on his release placed himself under the care of Mr. Unwin, a clergyman in Huntingdon. The genial companionship of these kind friends was a constant help and support to the sensitive spirit of Cowper. In this family, and frequently at the suggestion of Mrs. Unwin, he wrote all his principal poems, including "Table Talk," "The Progress of Error," "Truth," "Hope," and a great many others.

Another friend, Lady Austen, urged him to write in a lighter strain, and it was at her suggestion that the delightful ballad, "John Gilpin," and his most famous poem, "The Task," were written. Insanity recurred several times during his life, and he never was able to escape from its shadow. He died, in 1800, at the age of sixty-nine. He was quite successful in translations from the classics; but it was in his "Letters" that he most excelled. They show him in his most amiable light, and Southey has pronounced him "the best of English letter-writers."

ON SLAVERY.

FROM "THE TASK."

FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax

That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own, and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed,
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys.

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And worse than all, and most to be deplored
 As human Nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
 With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
 Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
 And having human feelings, does not blush
 And hang his head, to think himself a man?

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
 No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
 Just estimation prized above all price,
 I had much rather be myself the slave
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

IMAGINARY VERSES OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK DURING HIS SOLITARY
 ABODE ON JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey—
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the center all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech—
 I start at the sound of my own;
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man!
 O, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!

My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth—
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more!
 My friends—do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How sweet is the glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

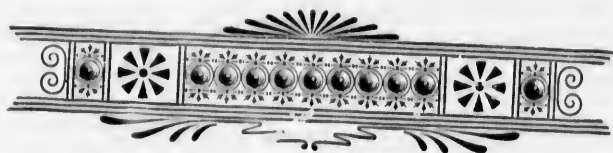
Deep in unfathomable mines,
 With never-failing skill,
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain;
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



HE writer of some of the most delicately beautiful verse in the English language, Shelley passed his short life in continual rebellion against the most commonly accepted social laws. He was a sensitive child, and went to Oxford full of abhorrence of the hateful tyranny he had witnessed in boys' schools, and which he imagined was typical of the cruelty and bigotry pervading civilized life. He was expelled from the University for publishing a tract avowing atheistic principles, and, his father refusing to receive him, he ran away with Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of a retired publican, and was married to her in Scotland. After two or three years he heartlessly abandoned his wife and children, and lived the remainder of his life abroad—much of the time with Byron. He was drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia, the sail-boat in which he had embarked having been caught in a sudden squall. His body was washed ashore, and here, on the eighteenth of July, 1822, in accordance with the quarantine laws of the place, was burned.

In the thirty years of his life he had made many friends and broken many hearts. His admirers considered that he ushered in a new era of English poetry, and many of his pieces can be compared only with the work of the very greatest poets.

His longer works are, however, little read, and his fame rests upon his exquisite short poems, particularly the "Skylark," "The Cloud," "The Sensitive Plant," and "Adonais," a lament for the early death of the poet Keats.



THE SENSITIVE PLANT.



SENSITIVE plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the
light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere,
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odor sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers, and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

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And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense ;

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath address,
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,

Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Maenad, its moonlight-color'd cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
And all rare blossoms, from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

FROM "ODE TO A SKYLARK."

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pour'st thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher and still higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever
singingest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is
overflowed.

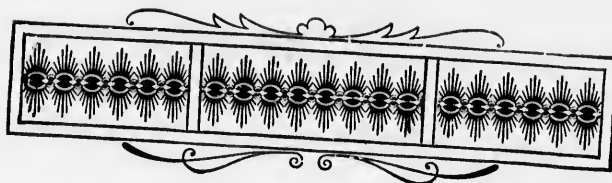
What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting
flowers
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I can not die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex
gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from
the tomb,
I rise and unbuild it again.



GEORGE GORDON BYRON.

THE POET OF SCORN, MISANTHROPY, AND DESPAIR.



O writer of English has aroused more controversy, possessed more devoted friends and admirers, nor encountered more hostile criticism and deserved censure, than has Lord Byron. His descriptive poetry is probably unequaled, and he sometimes embodies noble thought in such beautiful form as to make the reader ready to forget the too generally vicious tone of his writings, his contempt for virtue, and the miserable vice in which he lived.

He was an over-sensitive, wayward child, alternately indulged to excess and violently abused by his foolish mother. His father was a worthless spendthrift, who abandoned his wife and child when the latter was two years old.

One of Byron's feet was somewhat twisted, and the deformity seems to have been a great cause of disgust and offense to his mother, and a constant humiliation to him. His early life was passed in Scotland, in comparative poverty; but in his eleventh year the death of a grand-uncle put him in possession of a considerable estate, and made him, when he should come of age, a member of the House of Lords. He spent two years at Cambridge, and published a volume of poems, entitled "Hours of Idleness," as the principal result of his university life. These poems are chiefly remembered because of the harsh criticism with which they were greeted by the *Edinburgh Review*, and the vigorous, over-caustic reply which Byron published in the poetical satire called "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Although he was, some years later, in a certain way, very popular, he was never again really on good terms with his fellows. He traveled abroad, and on his return to England published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold." It is difficult now to understand the fact, but the poem immediately achieved an unheard-of degree of popularity. Byron tells the whole story in a note in his diary: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." In the four following years he wrote a number of poems, "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth," and "Parisina." His marriage to Miss Milbank resulted in a separation after a single year, and when his wife's family discarded him he was no longer received in English society, and almost immediately went abroad. He lived, an embittered man, in Switzerland and in different Italian cities, a life of vice and profligacy too disgusting to relate.

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In 1823 he took up the cause of the Greeks, then rebelling against their Turkish masters. It is usually thought of as a generous effort on behalf of human freedom, which should to some extent atone for the selfish wickedness of his life. There is reason, however, to believe that he hoped to reap a reward in being made king of the Greeks, and thus enabled to exult over his enemies and critics in England. He was seized with a fever, and died, in April, 1824, in his thirty-seventh year. His best known works, besides those mentioned, are "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Manfred," "Mazeppa," "Sardanapalus," "Cain," and the unfinished long poem, "Don Juan," in which he embodied his spirit of revolt against all the laws of social morality and religion.



THE LAND OF THE EAST.

FROM "THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS."

NOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in
their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the
turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever
shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with
perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,

And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of
the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?—
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the Land of the
Sun:
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have
done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales
which they tell.



THE EVE OF THE BATTLE.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

The battle of Quatre Bras is here referred to, not that of Waterloo, which took place two days after. On the night previous to the action, a ball was given at Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and
brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a ris-
ing knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure
meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once
more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts; and choking
 sighs,
 Which ne'er might be repeated: who could
 guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
 rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the
 steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering
 car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
 And, near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They
 come! they come!"

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo farther west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;

For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one arise,—we come, we come!"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells;
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells;
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

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DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,—
Without a grave, unkenn'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee:—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?

Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay

Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime,—
The image of Eternity,—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers,—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane,—as I do here.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

POET, PHILOSOPHER, CRITIC, AND THEOLOGIAN.

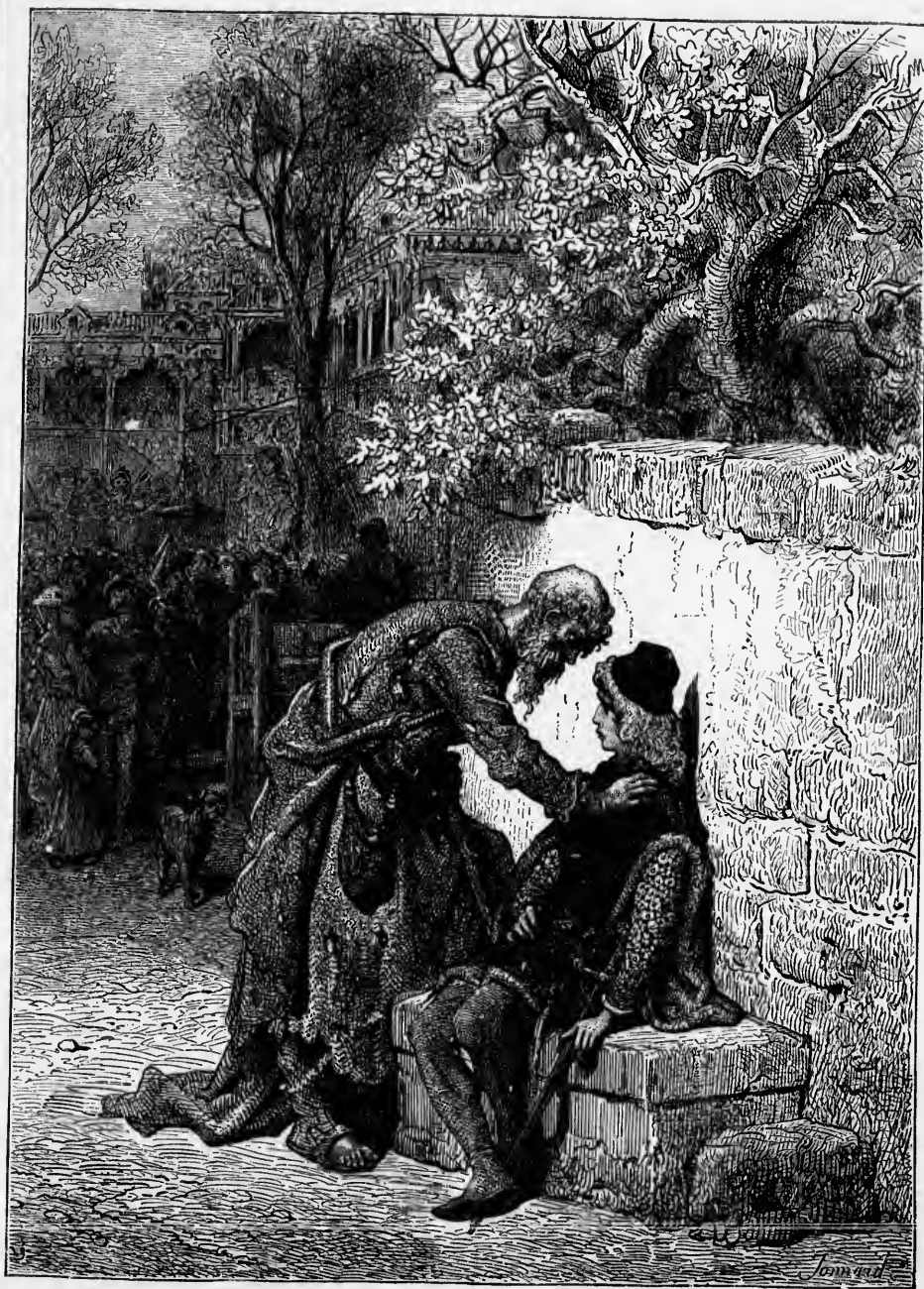


COLERIDGE was one of the strangest men who have made their mark in literature. Carlyle has described him in these words: "Brow and head were round and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute; his deep eyes of light hazel were as full of sorrow as inspiration; the whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, heavy laden, highly aspired, and full of much suffering and meaning." Coleridge could read the Bible at three years; at six he delighted in "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Arabian Nights." He was entered as a charity pupil at Christ's Hospital, London, and his later education was obtained at Cambridge. Finding himself slightly in debt, he left the University and enlisted in the dragoons under an assumed name; but after a few months' service his friends obtained his discharge. With Southey he planned an ideal republic, to be located on the Susquehanna, and to be called "The Pantisocracy"; but as not one of the directors had money sufficient to transport him to America, they abandoned their Utopian project.

He married a Miss Fricker, a sister to Mrs. Southey, and for a time lived in the neighborhood of Wordsworth, near Grasmere. Here he wrote most of his best poetry, including "The Ode to the Departing Year," "The Ancient Mariner," and "Christabel." Coleridge was at this time a Unitarian in religion, and used to preach without compensation for the congregations of that faith. Receiving an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds from wealthy admirers, he was enabled to travel in Germany. On his return he issued a periodical called *The Friend*, which, however, endured for less than a year. Some years before he had begun the use of opium to allay his sufferings from neuralgia, and he had now come completely under the dominion of the drug, so that when he tried to lecture in Bristol he was unable to keep his engagement. So complete was his failure that

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HE CAN NOT CHUSE BUT HEAR.

he at last placed himself under the care of a physician in a suburb of London, where he passed in retirement the remaining nineteen years of his life. He had some years before abandoned his wife and three children to the care of Southey.

The opium habit appears to have been overcome, and in his later years he wrote much prose, including the "Lay Sermons," "Biographia Literaria," and "Aids to Reflection." The house of Dr. Gillman became a great resort of cultivated people, who delighted in the brilliant talk of Coleridge. He was always so delightful a talker that in his youthful days, Lamb tells us, his landlord was ready to give him free entertainment because his conversation attracted so many customers. His manner was always animated and sometimes violent; as Wordsworth says:

"His limbs would toss about him with delight
Like branches when strong winds the trees annoy."

The literary character of Coleridge has been said to resemble some vast unfinished palace. His mind was dreamy. No man probably ever thought more or more intensely; but few of his works are really worthy of his genius.



THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IT IS an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.

"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He can not chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

FROM "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky!

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;

It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;

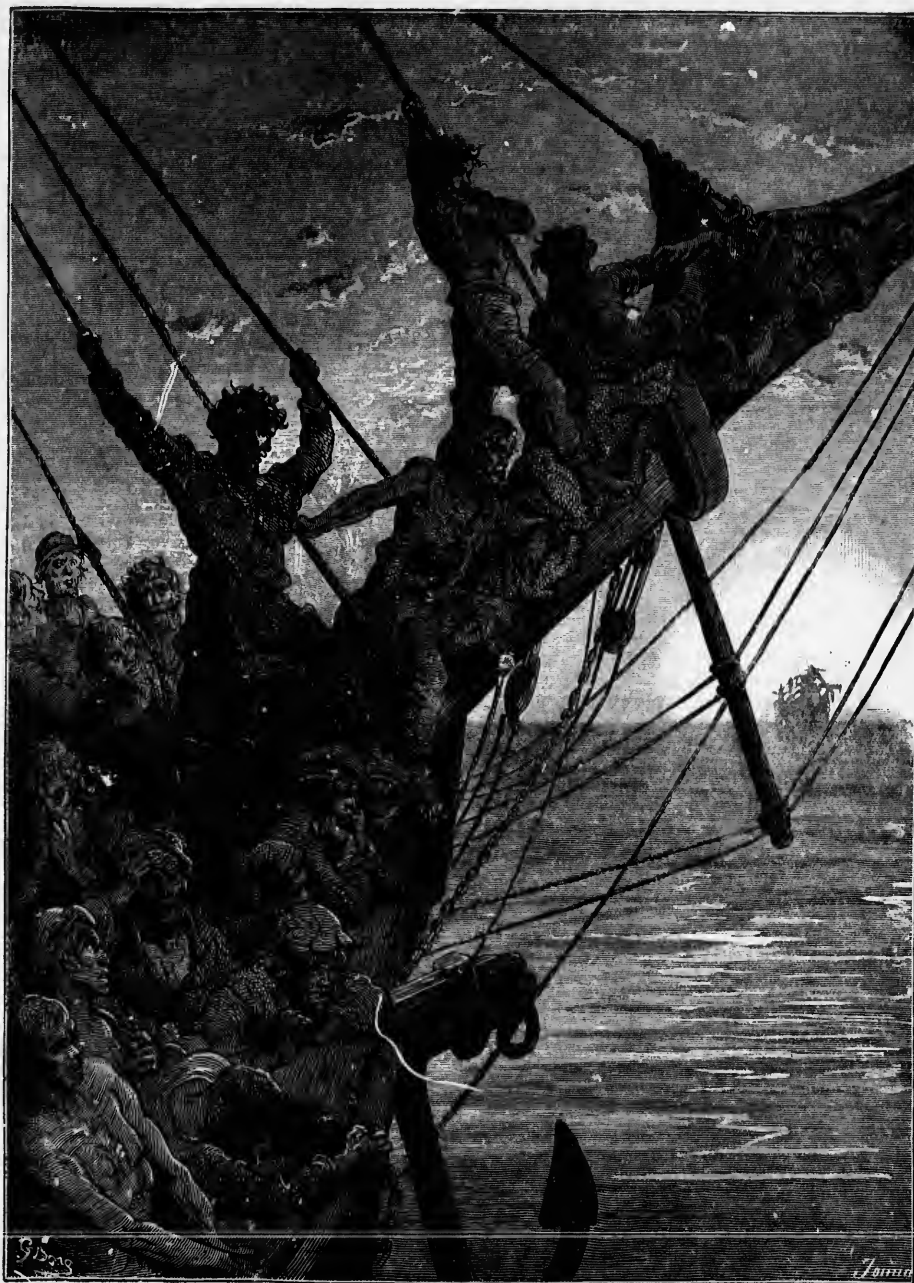


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A SPECK, A MIST, A SHAPE, I WIST!

Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail, a sail !

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal ;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun ;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace !)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres ?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that Woman all her crew ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that Woman's mate ?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
"The game is done ! I've won, I've won !"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white .
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornéd Moon, with one bright star,
Within the nether tip.

THE ADIEU OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

FORTHWITH this frame of mine was
wrenched
With a woeful agony
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns ;
And till my ghostly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land,
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding guests are there,

But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are :
And hark ! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to pray.

"O wedding guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea :
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company !

"To walk together to the kirk
And all together pray,



THE MARINER . . . IS GONE.

While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;

For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."—

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the wedding guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

A CALM ON THE EQUATOR.

FROM "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

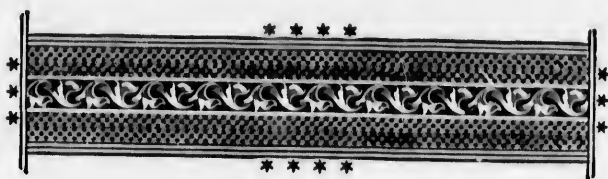
The very deep did rot—O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night,
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.



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THOMAS HOOD.

HUMORIST AND POET.



ALTHOUGH Thomas Hood is chiefly remembered by his three poems, "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," and "Eugene Aram," he was one of the most copious writers of his time. He was apprenticed in his youth to a wood-engraver, and had some success as a comic draughtsman. He began very early to write verses for periodicals, and, in 1822, became assistant editor of *The London Magazine*. He was now thrown into the company of a most brilliant circle of literary men, including DeQuincey, Hazlitt, and Lamb. He married in 1824, and, with the aid of his brother-in-law, published a small volume of "Odes and Addresses to Great People." A short time afterward he wrote a series of magazine articles called "Whims and Oddities," illustrated by himself, and soon became a very popular writer. In 1830 Hood began the publication of the *Comic Annual*, which continued for eleven years. The failure of a business house with which he was connected involved him in great financial difficulty, and, refusing to take advantage of legal bankruptcy, he resolved, in order to live with greater economy, to remove to Coblenz in Germany, and, like Sir Walter Scott, pay his indebtedness by the work of his pen. He resided abroad for five years, returning to London in 1840, where he was editor of the *New Monthly* for two or three years. A pension was granted him in 1844, but he lived to enjoy it only until the following year. Hood has been regarded too exclusively as a humorist. In his best poems the element of humor is entirely wanting, but in most of his work there is a wonderful blending of humor and pathos. "He tempts men to laugh, and then leads them to pity and relieve." Though his wit was caustic, it was never coarse, and no single suggestion of impurity can be found in any of his writings.



THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If THIS is Christian work!"

"Work—work—work !
 Till the brain begins to swim ;
 Work—work—work !
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
 Scabb, and gus, and band,
 Band, and set, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in my dream !

"But why do I talk of death,
 That phantom of grisly bone ?
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own—
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fast I keep :
 Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap !



"Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap !"

"Oh ! men with sisters dear !
 Oh ! men with mothers and wives !
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives !
 Stitch—stitch—stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A SHROUD as well as a shirt !

"Work—work—work !
 My labor never flags ;
 And what are its wages ? A bed of straw.
 A crust of bread—and rags :
 A shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there !

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Work—work—work !
 From weary chime to chime ;
 Work—work—work !
 As prisoners work for crime !
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Till the heart is sick and the brain benumb'd,
 As well as the weary hand !

“ Work—work—work !
 In the dull December light :
 And work—work—work !
 When the weather is warm and bright :
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the spring.

“ Oh ! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet ;
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet :

For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want,
 And the walk that costs a meal !

“ Oh ! but for one short hour !
 A respite, however brief !
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief !
 A little weeping would ease my heart,—
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread ! ”

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread ;
 Stitch—stitch—stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt ;
 And still with a voice of dolorous woe,—
 Would that its tone could reach thine ear !—
 She sung this “ Song of the Shirt ”

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

“ Drown'd ! Drown'd ! ” —HAMLET.

 NE more unfortunate,
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care ;
 Fashion'd so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
 Clinging like cerements ;
 While the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing ;
 Take her up instantly,
 Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully ;
 Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly ;
 Not of the stains of her,
 All that remains of her
 Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
 Into her mutiny
 Rash and undutiful ;

Past all dishonor,
 Death has left on her
 Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
 One of Eve's family,—
 Wipe those poor lips of hers,
 Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses
 Escaped from the comb,
 Her fair auburn tresses ;
 Whilst wonderment guesses,
 Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
 Who was her mother ?
 Had she a sister ?
 Had she a brother ?
 Or was there a dearer one
 Still, and a nearer one
 Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun !

Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home had she none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,



"Take her up tenderly ;
Lift her with care."

Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river :
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it.
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute Man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth, and compose them.
And her eyes close them,
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest,—
Cries her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour,

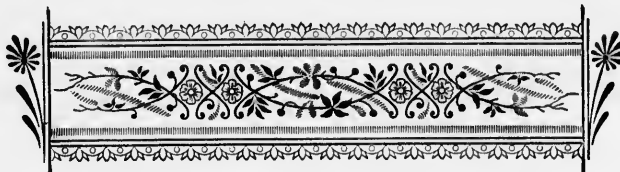


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THOMAS MOORE.

FAMOUS WRITER OF IRISH SONGS.



OM MOORE, the Irish poet, was one of the most popular men of his time. He graduated from the Dublin University, and had filled a post in the West Indies and traveled extensively before, in 1811, he married Miss Dyke, an actress of many attractions and high character. He lived for some years in Paris, but his principal residence was in London. He was famous as a brilliant talker, a good singer, and his poems were very widely read. His early works have been almost forgotten, but his "Irish Songs and Melodies" retain their popularity, and some of them are veritable gems of lyric poetry. His longest poem, "Lalla Rookh," an Oriental romance, has been said to be more Eastern than the East itself. His thought and feeling were of a somewhat superficial character, and it was in elegance of verse and in airy wit that he excelled. His prose writings were of importance, and comprised several biographies, a history of Ireland, and one or two romances. He was intrusted with Byron's autobiography, but yielded to the pressure of that poet's friends and allowed it to be destroyed. He had already received two thousand guineas for the manuscript, and this sum he repaid to the prospective publishers, and would not accept reimbursement from Byron's family. In his later years his faculties decayed, and he died, in 1852, at the age of seventy-three.



COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,

Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,—
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not cure."

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts *he* can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us,—
"Earth has no sorrow that God can not heal."

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

FROM "LALLA ROOKH."

NONE morn a Peri at the gate
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
 And as she listened to the Springs
 Of Life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings
 Through the half-open portal glowing,
 She wept to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place!
 "How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
 "Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
 'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
 Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
 And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
 One blossom of Heaven outblossoms them all!
 Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
 With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
 And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;
 Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
 And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
 Yet—O! 'tis only the Blest can say
 How the waters of Heaven outshine them
 all!"

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
 From world to luminous world, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
 Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
 And multiply each through endless years,
 One minute of Heaven is worth them all."
 The glorious Angel, who was keeping
 The gates of Light, beheld her weeping!
 And, as he nearer drew and listened
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies
 On the blue flower, which—Bramins say—
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise!
 "Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
 Gently he said—"One hope is thine,
 'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
*The Peri yet may be forgiven
 Who brings to this Eternal gate
 The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!*
 Go seek it, and redeem thy sin—
 'Tis sweet to let the Pardoned in!"

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

FORGET not the field where they perished,
 The truest, the last of the brave,
 All gone—and the bright hope we cher-
 ished
 Gone with them, and quenched in their grave!

O, could we from death but recover
 Those hearts as they bounded before,
 In the face of high Heaven to fight over
 That combat for freedom once more;

Could the chain for an instant be riven
 Which Tyranny flung round us then,

No, 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
 To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and, though blazoned in story
 The name of our victor may be,
 Accurst is the march of that glory
 Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
 Illumed by one patriot name,
 Than the trophies of all, who have risen
 On Liberty's ruins to fame.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even;
 And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom

Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,—
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven;
 And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way,—
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

TIS THE last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away!
And many a heart, that then was gay,

Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells!

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

AN IDEAL HONEYMOON.

THE moon—the moon, so silver and
cold—
Her fickle temper has oft been told,
Now shady, now bright and sunny;
But, of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shows most fickle and strange
And takes the most eccentric range,
Is the moon—so-called—of honey!

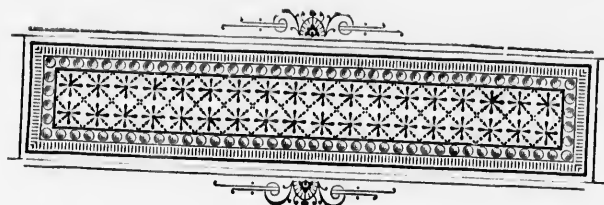
To some a full-grown orb revealed,
As big and as round as Norval's shield,
And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted;
To others as dull, and dingy, and damp
As any oleaginous lamp,
Of the regular old parochial stamp,
In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,
That makes earth's commonest things appear
All poetic, romantic, and tender;
Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,
And investing a common post or a pump,
A currant-bush or gooseberry-clump,
With a halo of dreamlike splendor.

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest thing most precious and dear
When the magic of love is present:
Love that lends a sweetness and grace
To the humblest spot and the plainest face;
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,
And Garlic Hill to Mount Pleasant.

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree
With the coarsest boarding and bedding;
Love, that no golden ties can attach,
But nestles under the humblest thatch,
And will fly away from an emperor's match
To dance at a penny wedding!

O, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
When such a bright planet governs the fate
Of a pair of united lovers!
'Tis theirs in spite of the serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss
With as much of the old original bliss
As mortality ever recovers.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE FOUNDER OF THE LAKE SCHOOL OF POETRY.



It was the mission of Wordsworth to bring back the art of poetry to nature. He contended that the ordinary affairs of daily life are fit subjects for poetry, and that the language of the poet should be that really used by men. He thus violated all the established rules of poetic diction, encountered the most hostile criticism, and drew upon himself and those with whom he was associated showers of ridicule. It was only after fifty years that he was recognized as the first poet of his age. There can be no doubt that he erred upon the side of simplicity, descending at times even to triviality, and so justified the ridicule with which the first critics of his age received his poems. On the other hand, there are golden veins of real poetry running throughout everything he has written, and in some places, as in his "Ode on Immortality," he rises to the perfection of human utterance.

His parents were of the middle class, and he was intended for the church, but as he came near the time when he should have definitely prepared himself for the ministry, he found himself more and more inclined to devote his life to poetry. In this resolution he persevered, and the measure of his devotion may be judged from the fact that for the sake of his chosen vocation he resolutely faced a life of poverty, and contrived to live with his sister for about eight years upon the income of a legacy of nine hundred pounds left him by a friend of his youth. A debt of some three thousand pounds due his father being finally paid, the poet was placed beyond pecuniary difficulty.

In 1798 Wordsworth and his sister made a tour of Germany in company with Coleridge. Returning, he took up his residence at Grasmere, in the Lake region, and afterward at Rydal Mount, which was his home during the remainder of his uneventful life. Coleridge and Southey also made their home in the Lake region, and thus the three came to be known, somewhat in derision, as the "Lake Poets."

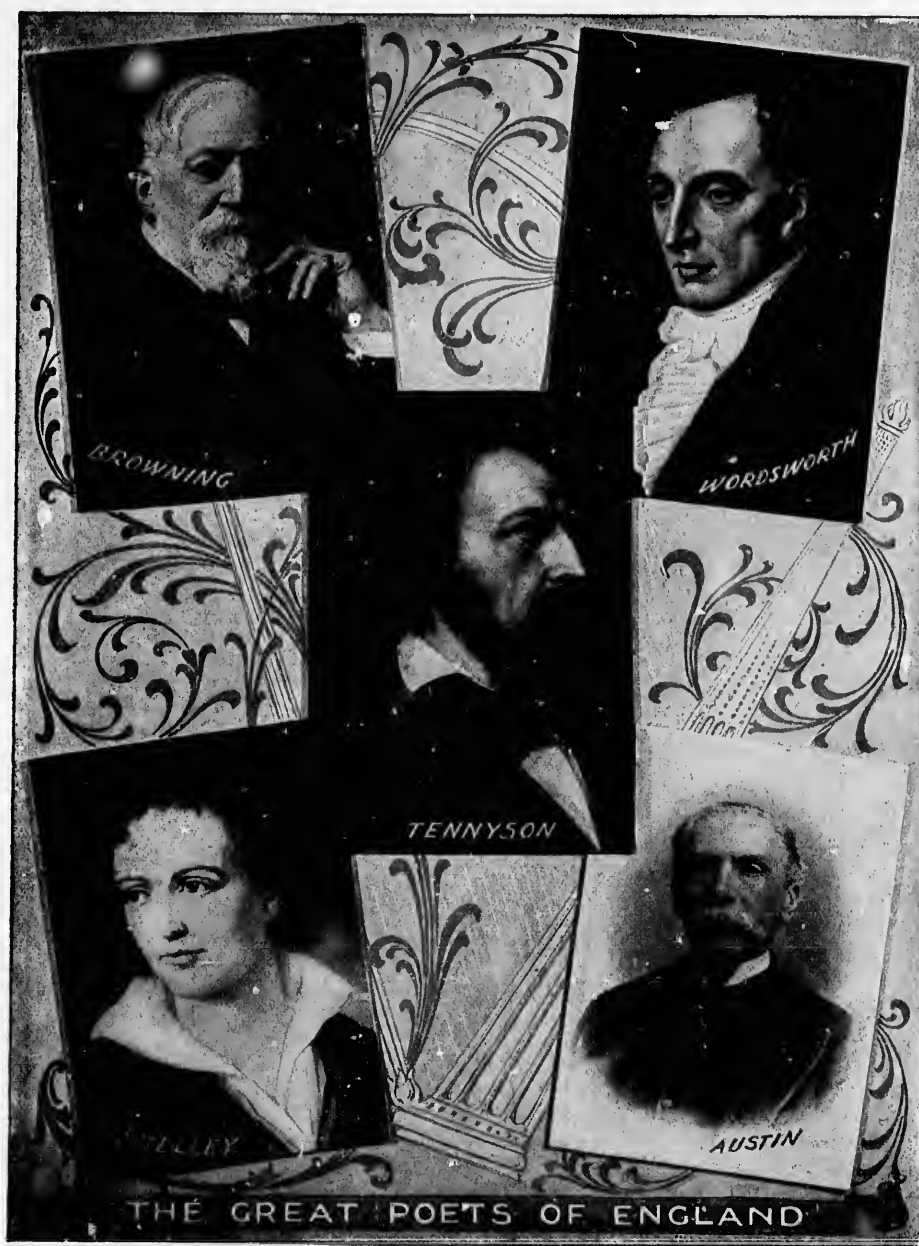
Wordsworth's most extensive work, "The Excursion," appeared in 1814. It was intended to be only a part of an extended poem to be entitled "The Recluse," having for its principal subject "The Sensations and Opinions of a Poet Living in Retirement." It was to be composed of three parts: "The Prelude," not published until 1850, "The Excursion," and a third which was never written. "The Excur-

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sion" was received by the critics with the greatest hostility. "This will never do," wrote Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, "it is longer, weaker, and tamer than any of Mr. Wordsworth's other selections, with less boldness of originality and less even of that extreme simplicity and lowliness of tone which wavered so prettily in the 'Lyrical Ballads' between silliness and pathos." But others have not agreed with Jeffrey, and he himself was led in later years to modify his views.

Wordsworth filled for many years the office of distributor of stamps for Westmoreland, and in 1843 succeeded Southey as poet laureate. His domestic life was unclouded and happy. He had received a pension of three hundred pounds a year, and, resigning his office of stamp distributor to his son, he lived in the quiet seclusion of the beautiful region in which he had fixed his home until his death in 1850.

His best-known poems are "The Excursion," "Heart-leap Well," the "Ode on Immortality," "She Was a Phantom of Delight," and "We are Seven." Those which have been most ridiculed are "Peter Bell," "The Idiot Boy," "Alice Fell," and "The Blind Highland Boy."

Wordsworth brought back into popularity the sonnet, which since Milton's day had fallen out of English poetry. His fame seems to grow with the lapse of time, and his place among famous poets is a high one.



THE TOMB OF WORDSWORTH.



OUR IMMORTALITY.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.



OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,

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And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains doth thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hopes still fluttering in his
breast:—

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listless, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

TO A SKYLARK.

UP with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the
clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary;

Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There's madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,

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To haunt,

I saw her,
A Spirit,
Her house
And steps
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Drunken Lark ! thou wouldst be loath
To be such a Traveler as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain River
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both !

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind ;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when Life's day is
done.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a Light to guide, a Rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if Thine eye
Le on them—who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
Who do Thy work, and know it not :
Long may the kindly impulse last !
But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to
stand fast !

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon Thy face ;
Flowers laugh before Thee on their beds ;
And Fragrance in Thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call Thee : I myself commend
Unto Thy guidance from this hour :
Oh, let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth Thy bondman let me
live !

TO HIS WIFE.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair,
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;
A dancing Shade, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too ;
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet

Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE FIRST OF MODERN POETS.



OTHER poets have written for particular classes; Browning for the philosophers, Wordsworth for those whose intense love of nature can see beauty and needed truth in the commonest and simplest objects and events. But Tennyson has written for every one who loves the beautiful in nature or the noble in action, or whose heart can be moved by the story of great deeds set to the stirring music of perfect verse. Tennyson was the son of an English clergyman, and was born in Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809. The father was distinguished by a love of learning, and by his devotion to music, painting, and literature. These qualities, as well as his fondness for out-door living, were inherited by his children, and two of Alfred's brothers wrote poetry; indeed, at one time his brother Charles gave greater promise of excelling than did he. Tennyson was educated in Trinity College, Cambridge, where his poem, "Timbuctoo," gained the Chancellor's medal. He did not complete his college course, and very little is known of the details of his life. He always exhibited an intense dislike for publicity in any form, which effectually kept people away. He once wrote to a friend that he "thanked God Almighty with his whole heart and soul that he knew nothing, and that the world knew nothing, of Shakespeare but his writings, and that he knew nothing of Jane Austen, and that there were no letters preserved either of Shakespeare or of Jane Austen."

Tennyson's earliest published volume was a little book, the joint work of his brother Charles and himself, entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." In 1830 appeared another volume, "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," which contained the promise of much of his best work.

The first reference to the legends of King Arthur, which furnished the subject of so much of his later work, occurs in the volume published in 1832. Among these poems were "The Lady of Shalott," and "The Miller's Daughter," the chief beauty of which lay in the songs included in it, one of which, the most charming, is—

Love that hath us in a net,
Can he pass and we forget?
Many suns arise and set.
Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt.

Even so.

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Love is hurt with joy and fret.
 Love is made a vain regret.
 Eyes with idle tears are wet.
 Idle habit links us yet.
 What is love? for we forget;
 Ah, no! no!

Tennyson's two volumes, "English Idyls and Other Poems," appeared in 1842, and made him famous. He treated the question of the position of woman in society in "The Princess: A Medley," a poem containing many noble passages, but which has been chiefly valued for the songs it contains. His best known work, "In Memoriam," is an elaborate elegy for his early friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, a young man of marked literary ability, who was betrothed to Tennyson's sister, and who died in 1833. The book is composed of one hundred and twenty-nine short poems, some of which are of surpassing beauty. It appeared in 1850, and seven years later it was followed by "Maud, and Other Poems," which, while admired by many, and containing much very noble verse, was, for some reason, a disappointment to the lovers of Tennyson. In 1859 he published the first of the "Idyls of the King," which were followed later by a number of others, all relating to the Arthurian myth. From this time every year or two added something to his list of poems which, while of unequal merit, well sustained the reputation of the poet.

In 1850 Tennyson had succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate, and he enjoyed for many years a pension of two hundred pounds a year, granted him when he was comparatively unknown. Mr. Milnes, who was expected to secure this pension, was one day visiting Carlyle, who asked him when it would be done. "My dear Carlyle," replied Milnes, "the thing is not so easy as you suppose. What will my constituents say, if I do get a pension for Tennyson? They know nothing about him or his poetry, and they will probably think he is some poor relation of my own, and that the whole affair is a job."

"Richard Milnes," answered Carlyle, "on the Day of Judgment, when the Lord asks you why you did n't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is you that will be damned." Peel was prime minister, and asked advice as to whether he should give such a pension to Tennyson or to Sheridan Knowles, saying, "I don't know either of them." "What!" said Milnes. "Have you never seen the name of Knowles on a play-bill?" "No." "And never read one poem of Tennyson's?" "No." Milnes sent him "Locksley Hall" and "Ulysses," and advised him to give the pension to Knowles, if it were charity, but if it were for the promotion of English literature, to give it to Tennyson.

Carlyle wrote to Emerson in 1844 that Tennyson was: "One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive, aquiline face—most massive, yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free, and easy—smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical-metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous. I do not meet in these last decads such company over a pipe."

Tennyson lived in and about London until his fortieth year, when he married Emily Sellwood, and took up his residence at Twickenham, until he removed, in the early fifties, to Faringford, in the Isle of Wight, where he lived for many years. About 1869 he purchased a place at Petersfield, Hampshire, and, afterward, Aldworth House, near Haslemere, Surrey, where he continued to live until he died from old age, October 6, 1892.

His physician, Sir Andrew Clark, says of his deathbed: "In all my experience I have never witnessed anything more glorious. There were no artificial lights in the chamber, and all was in darkness save for the silvery light of the moon at its full. The soft beams of light fell upon the bed and played upon the features of the dying poet like a halo of Rembrandt."

SONG OF THE BROOK.

COME from haunts of coot and hern :
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorns, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

PRELUDE TO "IN MEMORIAM."

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we can not prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest life, man and brute ;
Thou madest death ; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust ;
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And thou hast made him : thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they,

We have but faith : we can not know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;

And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock thee, when we do not fear ;
But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help thy vain world to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me ;
What seem'd my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth ;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

"IN MEMORIAM."

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the sky ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the time ;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

ON either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the world and meet the sky;
 And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-towered Camelot;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
 From the river winding clearly
 Down to tower'd Camelot;



"Out flew the web and floated wide;
 The mirror crack'd from side to side."

And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

There she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colors gay.
 She has heard a whisper say,
 A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
 The knights come riding two and two;
 She hath no royal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling through the leaves
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A redcross knight forever kneeled
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

His broad, clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
 From underneath his helmet flow'd
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 From the bank and from the river
 He flashed into the crystal mirror,
 "Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces thro' the room,
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web and floated wide;
 The mirror crack'd from side to side;
 "The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods are waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining,
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot;

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Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
A corse between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharves they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,

And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer:
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights of Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space:
He said, "She has a lovely face:
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

SWEET AND LOW.

A LULLABY.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep

THE HERE AND THE HEREAFTER.

"IN MEMORIAM."

YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything,
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every Winter change to Spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife?
That Nature tends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

"ENGLISH IDYLS."

AND answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:

"My end draws nigh: 'tis time that I were gone.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere



"An arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake."

Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words.
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

But as he walk'd King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick,
quick!

I fear it is too late, and I shall die!"

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge

Clothed with his breath and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were 'ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream. By
these

Three Queens with crowns of gold; and from
them rose

A cry that shivered to the tingling stars;
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills

All night in a waste land where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the
barge,"

And to the barge they came. There these three
Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and
wept.

But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his
hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was
white

And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves, and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parched with
dust;

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mixed with the nightly growth that fringed his
lips.

So like a shatter'd column lay the King.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?

For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light hath led
The Holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved,
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,

And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail nor rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan,
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

BUGLE SONG.

"THE PRINCESS."

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

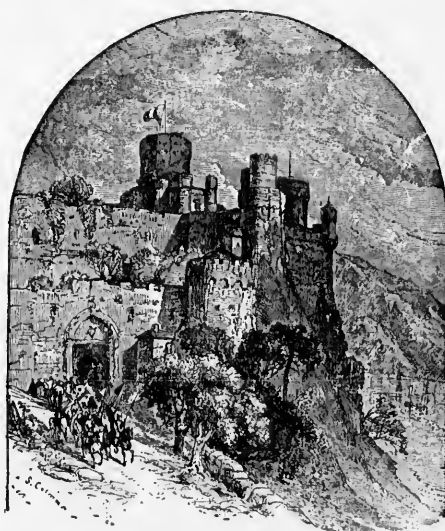
O hark, O hear; how thin, how clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor-lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!



"The splendor falls on castle walls."

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

GARDEN SONG.

"MAUD."

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, Night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
To faint in his light and die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night hath the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancer's dancing in tune,
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay;
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;

Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, running over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near,"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

"THE PRINCESS."

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they
mean:
Tears from the depths of some divine
despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild as all regret;
O death in Life! the days that are no more.



ROBERT BROWNING.

POETIC STUDENT OF HUMAN NATURE.



O great poet has been less understood by his own generation than was Robert Browning. His earlier writings aimed at lofty themes, which they did not interpret so successfully as to be comprehended by the reading public. His "Sordelo" has been likened to a house built by a young architect who forgot that a staircase was necessary. The author, a boy little beyond twenty, essayed a high thing, in which he partially failed, and for more than forty years the British public remembered it to his discredit, and seemed never weary of ridiculing and abusing it. Even in this, however, was the promise of Browning's best work.

He was the son of a clerk in the Bank of England, but had the entire sympathy and support of his father in his choice of literature as a profession. His life is almost without incident, and its details are not much known.

He lived from the time of his marriage, in 1846, principally abroad. After the death of Mrs. Browning, in 1861, he again lived in London in the winter; but died at Venice in 1889. The subtlety of Browning's poetry, the depth of meaning which is buried sometimes under the most trilling narrative, and sometimes so deeply hidden as to dismay any but the most determined student, has always prevented him from becoming a popular poet. For those, however, who will bestow upon them the necessary thought and study, his poems yield the richest returns. His best-known works are "Paracelsus," "Bells and Pomegranates," "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" "Pippa Passes," "Men and Women," and "The Ring and the Book." Many of his shorter poems are more popular, and among these "The Ride from Ghent to Aix" is a masterpiece in action and intensity.

THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.



SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped
all three;

"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew;

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;

Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing
our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the
bit;
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned
clear;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechlen church-steeple we heard the
half-chime—

So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood, black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear
bent back
For my horse, and the other pricked out on his
track;

And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes, which aye and
anon

His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and stag-
gering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble
like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop!" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in
sight!

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment
his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let
fall,

Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without
peer;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise
bad or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground;

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!

Sit and watch by her side an hour.

That is her book-shelf, this her bed;

She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass.

Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass

Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;

It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,

Duties enough, and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,—
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?

What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,

Made you of spirit, fire, and dew,—
And just because I was thrice as old,

And our paths in the world diverge so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?

We were fellow-mortals, naught beside?

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No, indeed ! for God above
 Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
 And creates the love to reward the love :
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake !
 Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few :
 Much is to learn and much to forget
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall
 say,
 In the lower earth, in the years long still,
 That body and soul so pure and gay ?
 Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
 And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
 And what you would do with me, in fine,
 In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
 Given up myself so many time—
 Gained me the gains of various men,
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;
 Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
 Either I missed or itself missed me—
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope !
 What is the issue ? let us see !

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while !
 My heart seemed full as it could hold—
 There was place and to spare for the frank young
 smile
 And the red young month and the hair's young
 gold.
 So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—
 See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
 There, that is our secret ! go to sleep ;
 You will wake, and remember, and understand.

THE BOOK.

FROM "THE RING AND THE BOOK."

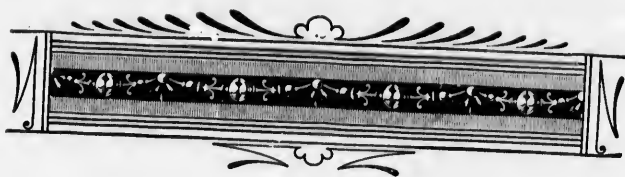
DO you see this square old yellow Book, I toss
 I' the air, and catch again, and twirl
 about
 By the crumpled vellum covers—pure crude fact
 Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
 And brains, high-blooded, ticked two centuries
 since ?
 Examine it yourselves ? I found this book,
 Gave a *lira* for it, eight pence English, just.
 Here it is, this I toss and take again ;
 Small-quarto size, part print, part manuscript :
 A book in shape, but, really pure crude fact
 Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
 And brains high-blooded, ticked two centuries
 since. . . .

I had mastered the contents, knew the whole truth
 Gathered together, bound up in this book,
 Print three-fifths, written supplement the rest.
 "*Romana Homicidiorum*"—nay,
 Better translate—"A Roman Murder-case :
 Position of the entire criminal cause
 Of Guido Franceschini, nobleman,
 With certain Four the cut-throats in his pay,
 Tried, all Five, and found guilty and put to death
 By heading or hanging as befitted ranks,
 At Rome of February Twenty-two,
 Since our salvation Ninety-eight :
 Wherein it is disputed, if and when,
 Husbands may kill adulterous wives, yet 'scape
 The customary forfeit."

Word for word,
 So ran the title-page ; murder, or else

Legitimate punishment of the other crime,
 Accounted murder by mistake—just that
 And no more, in a Latin cramp enough
 When the law had her eloquence to launch,
 But interbilleted with Italian streaks
 When testimony stooped to mother tongue—
 That, was this old square yellow book about.

Now, as the ingot ere the Ring was forged,
 Lay gold (beseech you, hold that figure fast !),
 So in this Book lay absolutely truth,
 Fanciless fact, the documents indeed,
 Primary lawyer-pleadings for, against,
 The aforesaid Five ; real summed-up circumstance
 Adduced in proof of these on either side,
 Put forth and printed, as the practice was,
 At Rome, in the Apostolic Chamber's type,
 And so submitted to the eye o' the Court
 Presided over by His Reverence
 Rome's Governor and Criminal Judge—the trial
 Itself, to all intents, being then, as now,
 Here in this book, and nowise out of it ;
 Seeing, there properly was no judgment bar,
 No bringing of accuser face to face
 Before some court, as we Conceive of Courts.
 There was a Hall of Justice ; that came last :
 For Justice had a chamber by the hall
 Where she took evidence first, summed up the
 same,
 Then sent accuser and accused alike,
 In person of the advocate of each,
 To weigh that evidence's worth, arrange, array
 The battle.



ALFRED AUSTIN.

POET LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.



HE English-speaking world was taken by surprise when, after the death of Tennyson, Lord Salisbury called to the vacant laureateship Mr. Alfred Austin. He had written much in both prose and verse, and he had all the qualities of a poet except the gift of genius which would enable him to touch the hearts and set the imagination of his readers on fire.

Mr. Austin has done varied and strenuous work as a journalist. He served as a reporter in the Franco-German War, and also at the last great Vatican Council, for the *London Standard*, and has for many years been an editorial writer upon that paper. His three novels have attracted little attention; but it was as a critic that he first became known to the reading world. His "Essays on the Poetry of the Period" brought him into considerable note, and he did not spare even Tennyson and Browning, calling upon them for more power, more passion, and more real strength. How amusing it is that this irreconcilable critic should himself produce poetry lacking in exactly the qualities which he demanded of others! He has written two really delightful books of prose—"The Garden That I Love" and "Monica's Garden." In these he has done his best work, for the subjects are the flowers, hedges, secluded walks, and all the varying beauties of the landscape which he knows and loves. He is a scholarly, intelligent, and cultivated Englishman, a lover of the beautiful English scenery, and master of all the arts of the pen which can be cultivated. It is unfortunate for him that he came to the laureateship after Tennyson and Wordsworth; but it is to be remembered that only four of the laureates—Jonson, Dryden, Wordsworth, and Tennyson—have been the leading poets of their time. Mr. Austin's best poetry is written of the seasons, and it has been well said that he may in a special sense be styled the Laureate of the English Seasons.

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

WHEN piped the love-warm throstle shrill,
And all the air was laden
With scent of dew and daffodil,
I saw a youth and maiden,
Whose color, Spring-like, came and fled,
'Mong purple copses straying,

While birchen tassels overhead
Like marriage-bells kept swaying;
Filled with that joy that lingers still,
Which Eve brought out of Aiden,—
With scent of dew and daffodil
When all the air was laden.

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When primrose banks turn pale and fade,
 And meads wax deep and golden,
 And in lush dale and laughing glade
 Summer's gay Court is holden,
 Then, nestling close, again I saw,
 Affianced girl and lover,
 She looking up with eyes of awe
 To burning gaze above her ;
 Playing anew the part oft played,
 Sung by the poets olden,—
 When primrose banks turn pale and fade,
 And meads wax deep and golden.

When autumn woods began to glow,
 And autumn sprays to shiver,
 Once more I saw them walking slow,
 By sedgy-rustling river.
 The season's flush was on her cheek,
 The season's sadness o'er him :

He stroked her hand, and bade her speak
 Of all the love she bore him.
 That only made her tears to flow,
 And chill his heart to quiver,—
 While autumn woods began to glow,
 And autumn sprays to shiver.

When winter fields stretched stiff and stark,
 And wintry winds shrilled eerie,
 I saw him creep, alone, at dark,
 Into the churchyard dreary.
 He laid him down against the stone,
 'Neath which she aye lay sleeping,
 Kissed its cold face with many a moan,
 Then loudly fell a-weeping :
 " Oh ! let me in from lonely cark,
 Or come thou back, my dearie ! "
 But the wintry fields stretched stiff and stark,
 And the wintry winds shrieked eerie !

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

IADY, in this night of June,
 Fair like thee and holy,
 Art thou gazing at the moon
 That is rising slowly ?
 I am gazing on her now ;
 Something tells me, so art thou.

Night hath been when thou and I
 Side by side were sitting,
 Watching o'er the moonlit sky
 Fleecy cloudlets flitting.
 Close our hands were linked then,
 When will they be linked again ?

What to me the starlight still,
 Or the moonbeam's splendor,
 If I do not feel the thrill
 Of thy fingers slender ?
 Summer nights in vain are clear,
 If thy footstep be not near.

Roses slumbering in their sheaths
 O'er my threshold clamber,
 And the honeysuckle wreathes
 Its translucent amber
 Round the gables of my home :
 How is it thou dost not come ?

If thou camest, rose on rose
 From its sleep would waken ;
 From each flower and leaf that blows

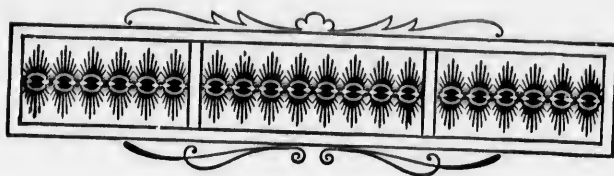
Spices would be shaken ;
 Floating down from star and tree,
 Dreamy perfumes welcome thee.

I would lead thee where the leaves
 In the moon-rays glisten ;
 And, where shadows fall in sheaves,
 We would lean and listen
 For the song of that sweet bird
 That in April nights is heard.

And when weary lids would close,
 And thy head was drooping,
 Then, like dew that steepes the rose,
 O'er thy languor stooping,
 I would, till I woke a sigh,
 Kiss thy sweet lips silently.

I would give thee all I own,
 All thou hast would borrow ;
 I from thee would keep alone
 Fear and doubt and sorrow.
 All of tender that is mine,
 Should most tenderly be thine.

Moonlight ! into other skies,
 I beseech thee wander.
 Cruel, thus to mark mine eyes ;
 Idle, thus to squander
 Love's own light on this dark spot :—
 For my lady cometh not !



SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE GREATEST FIGURE IN THE LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



NO great man of the preceding century do we know so much as to the details of his life as of Samuel Johnson. His biography by Boswell is made up in great part of his conversation, and tells us so much of his life that it has been said "everything about him—his wig, his figure, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked the approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish sauce and veal pie with plums, his inexhaustible thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his wit, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates—old Mr. Levitt and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge, and the negro Frank—all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood."

Johnson was educated at Oxford, and his father becoming insolvent, he attempted to gain a living as an usher in a school. He did not succeed, however, and turned to literature as a means of support. The way was hard to make, and the labors that he performed have probably never been equaled. He first attracted the attention of literary men by a poem entitled "London," for which he received ten guineas. His greatest work was his "English Dictionary," which occupied him for nearly eight years. During the same time the forty members of the French Academy were engaged upon a similar work, which was not, however, equal to Johnson's. The writings by which he is best known are those contained in his periodical paper, *The Rambler*; his "Vanity of Human Wishes"; the delightful story of "Rasselas," which was written to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and the periodical called the *Idler*.

"The characteristic peculiarity of Johnson's intellect," says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "was the union of great powers with low prejudices. If we judge him by the best part of his mind, we should place him almost as high as he was placed by the idolatry of Boswell; if by the worst parts of his mind, we should place him even below Boswell himself."

Johnson enjoyed, during the latter years of his life, a pension of three hundred pounds granted him by the government. He died in London in 1784, the most distinguished figure among the literary men of his time.

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LETTER TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD.—I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself the conqueror of the conqueror of the world, that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act

of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and can not enjoy it; till I am solitary, and can not impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed, though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord, your Lordship's most humble,

Most obedient servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE DUTY OF FORGIVENESS.

RAMBLER, NO. 185.

A WISE man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of statagem, can not surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity, a combination of a passion which all endeavor to avoid with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage; whose

thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of

malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we can not be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellency at which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determined pursuit of

virtue, without regard to present dangers or advantages; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whose sentence is, therefore, of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence; he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal Sovereign, has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind: whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

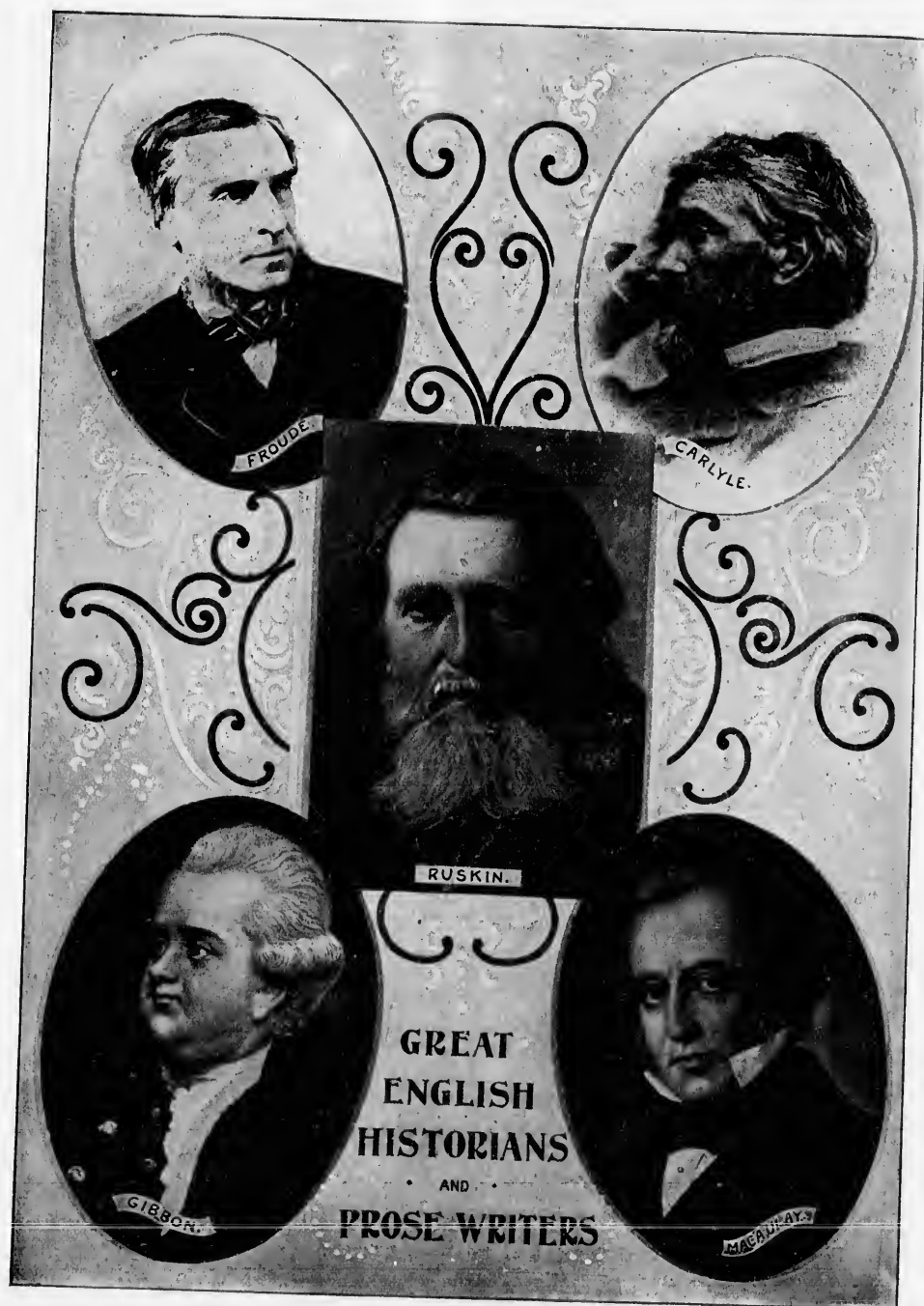
Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is, therefore, superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.



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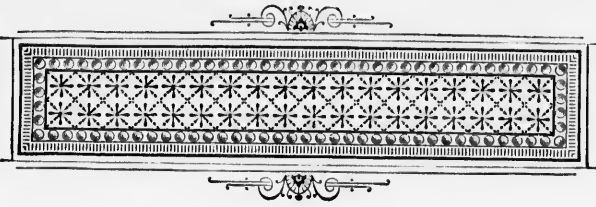
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THOMAS CARLYLE.

ESSAYIST, BIOGRAPHER, AND HISTORIAN.



THOMAS CARLYLE was in many respects the most interesting character among English men of letters of the century. The son of a Scotch stone mason and farmer, he never lost the respect for honest labor so characteristic of his countrymen, and his tender love for his peasant father and mother was the most beautiful phase of his contradictory character. "If I had had all the mothers in the world to choose from," writes he after her death, "I should have chosen my own." There are few scenes in the biographies of great men more touching than Carlyle and his mother sitting and smoking together far into the night, while the famous son tries in tender words to explain to the admiring but anxious mother, whose life of hard labor has shut her out from the world in which he moves, how it is that his religion and hers can be really one and the same, while he must reject all the forms in which she expresses it.

Carlyle was born in Ecclefechan, Scotland, December 4, 1794, and died in London, February 5, 1881. By dint of economy almost beyond belief in our self-indulgent generation, he was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and afterward taught school for several years. He was private tutor in a wealthy London family for two years, and then returned to Edinburgh. His first literary work of note was a "Life of Schiller," and translations from the German. He was married in 1826 to Jane Welsh, a young lady of good family and of unusual abilities, who might herself have made a name in literature had she not devoted her life to Carlyle. After a year or two in Edinburgh, the Carlyles removed to a wild moorland farm at Craigenputloch belonging to Mrs. Carlyle's mother. It was a dreary spot, a mile from any other habitation, and here Mrs. Carlyle suffered for six years all the miseries of loneliness and hard labor and narrow circumstances. Here Carlyle did some of his best work, including most of his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, a series of papers comprising a "History of German Literature," and that wonderful criticism of life and manners called "Sartor Resartus." Money, however, did not come in satisfactorily, and at last they removed to London, taking up their residence in Chelsea, where they continued to live during both their lives.

Here he wrote the "History of the French Revolution," "Past and Present," the "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell," the "History of Frederick the Great," and a long list of essays and review articles.

For three successive years he delivered courses of lectures in London on literary subjects; but public speaking was very distasteful to him, and he unwillingly consented to do so as a means of obtaining much-needed money. For the last thirty years of his life Carlyle was a celebrity. His writings had wielded immense influence both in England and America, and his house in Cheyne Row continues to be the Mecca of many literary pilgrimages. Carlyle's intense honesty to some degree excused his harshness and frequent injustice. The vigor of his thought was clothed in a style which has been the occasion of many fierce debates. It has been said that in writing the "French Revolution" he painted the picture of that terrible conflict "in lightning flashes."

Underneath his frequent errors of judgment and his harsh expression there was a soul of exquisite tenderness, and beneath the dyspeptic growling and constant surface discouragement, a high and noble courage. When he had loaned the manuscript of the first volume of the "French Revolution" to James Mill, and a careless servant had burned it, "it was," he says, "as if the great Teacher had torn my copy when I showed it, and said, 'No, boy; thou must write it better.'"

The life of Thomas Carlyle is full of interest. No biography should be more thoughtfully or more generally studied. His writings have the rare faculty of awakening thought, and if the intellectual forces of our time are moving in a higher plane to nobler ends, it is largely due to the life and labors of this great man.

ENGLAND AFTER CROMWELL.

"CROMWELL," Conclusion.

THEIR works follow them: as I think this Oliver Cromwell's works have done and are still doing! We have had our "Revolutions of Eighty-eight," officially called "glorious"; and other Revolutions not yet called glorious; and somewhat has been gained for poor Mankind. Men's ears are not now slit off by rash Officiality; Officiality will, for long henceforth, be more cautious about men's ears. The tyrannous Star-Chambers, branding-irons, chimerical Kings and Surplices at All-hallowtide, they are gone, or with immense velocity going. Oliver's works do follow him! The works of a man, bury them under what guano-mountains and obscene owl-droppings you will, do not perish, can not perish. What of Heroism, what of Eternal Light was in a Man and his Life, is with very great exactness added to the Eternities; remains forever a new divine portion of the Sum of Things; and no owl's voice, this way or that, in

the least avails in the matter—But we have to end here.

Oliver is gone: and with him England's Puritanism, laboriously built together by this man, and made a thing far-shining, miraculous to its Century, and memorable to all the Centuries, soon goes. Puritanism, without its King, is *kingless*, anarchic; falls into dislocation, self-collision; staggers, plunges into ever deeper anarchy; King, Defender of the Puritan Faith, there can now none be found;—and nothing but to recall the old discrowned Defender with the remnant of his Four Surplices, and two Centuries of *Hypocrisy* (or Play-acting *not* so-called), and put up with all that, the best we may. The Genius of England no longer soars Sunward, world-defiant, like an Eagle through the storms, "mewing her mighty youth," as John Milton saw her do: the Genius of England, much like a greedy Ostrich intent on provender and a whole

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skin mainly, stands with its *other* extremity Sunward, with its Ostrich-head stuck into the readiest bush, of old Church-tippets, King-cloaks, or what other "sheltering Fallacy" there may be, and so awaits the issue. The issue has been slow; but it is now seen to have been inevitable. No Ostrich,

intent on gross terrene provender, and sticking its head into Fallacies, but will be awakened one day—in terrible *a-posteriori* manner, if not otherwise!—Awake before it come to that; gods and men bid us awake! The Voices of our Fathers, with thousand-fold stern monition to one and all, bid us awake.

CARLYLE ON HIS DYSPEPSIA.

FOR one or two or three and twenty years of my mortal life I was not conscious of the ownership of that diabolical arrangement called a Stomach. I had been destined by my father and my father's minister to be myself a Minister of the Kirk of Scotland. But, now that I had gained the years of man's estate, I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father's Kirk, and it was needful that I should now settle it. And so I entered into my chamber and closed the door. And around about me there came a troop—throng of phantoms dire, from the abysmal

depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, Fear, Unbelief, Mockery, and Scoffing were there, and I wrestled with them in the travail and agony of spirit. Thus was it for weeks. Whether I ate I know not; whether I slept I know not; but I only know that when I came forth again beneath the glimpses of the moon, it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical apparatus called a Stomach. And I never have been free from that knowledge from that hour to this; and I suppose that I never shall be until I am laid away in my grave.

HONEST STUDY.

FROM AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

IF you will believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden season of life. As you have heard it called, so it verily is,—the seed-time of life, in which, if you do not sow, or if you sow tares instead of wheat, you can not expect to reap well afterward,—you will bitterly repent when it is too late. The habits of study acquired at universities are of the highest importance in after-life. At the season when you are young in years, the whole mind is, as it were, fluid, and is capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind pleases to let it, or order it to form itself into. Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. Keep an actual separation between what you have really come to know in your own minds and what is still unknown. Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence. There is such a thing as a man endeavoring to persuade himself, and endeavoring to persuade others, that he knows about things, when he does not know more than

the outside skin of them; and yet he goes flourishing about with them. Avoid all that as entirely unworthy of an honorable mind. Gradually see what kind of work you can do; for it is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe.

A man is born to expend every particle of strength that God has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for—to stand up to it to the last breath of life and to do his best. We are called upon to do that; and the reward we all get is that we have got the work done, or, at least, that we have tried to do the work. For this is a great blessing in itself; and, I should say, there is not very much more reward than that going in this world. If the man gets meat and clothes, what matters it whether he have ten thousand pounds or seventy pounds a year? He can get meat and clothes for that; and he will find very little difference, intrinsically, if he is a wise man.

Finally, gentlemen, I have one advice to give

you, which is practically of very great importance,—that health is a thing to be attended to continually,—that you are to regard that as the very highest of all temporal things. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What to it are nuggets and millions? The French financier said, "Alas! why is there no sleep to be sold?" Sleep is not in

the market at any quotation. It is a curious thing that the old word for "holy"—in the German language, *heilig*—also means "healthy." Look, then, always at the *heilig*, which means "healthy" as well as "holy." Stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and be not afraid of it,—not in sorrows or contradiction to yield, but push on toward the goal.

CLOTHES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

"SARTOR RESARTUS."

ALL visible things are Emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken, it is not there at all. Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea, and *body* it forth. Hence Clothes, despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. Clothes, from the King's mantle downward, are Emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory over Want. On the other hand, all Emblematic things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven. Must not the Imagination weave Garments, visible Bodies, wherein the else invisible creations and inspirations of our Reason are, like Spirits, revealed, and first become all-powerful; the rather if, as we often see, the Hand, too, aid her, and (by wool Clothes or otherwise) reveal such even to the outward eye? Men are said to be clothed with Authority, clothed with

Beauty, with Curses, and the like. Nay, if you consider it, what is Man himself and his whole terrestrial Life, but an Emblem; a Clothing or visible Garment for that divine *Me* of his, cast hither, like a light-particle, down from Heaven. Thus is he said also to be clothed with a Body. . . . Why multiply instances? It is written, The Heavens and the Earth shall fade away like a Vesture; which indeed they are: the Time-vesture of the Eternal. Whatsoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents Spirit to Spirit, is properly a Clothing, a suit of Raiment, put on for a season, and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant subject of *Clothes*, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done, and been. The whole External Universe, and what it holds, is but Clothing; and the essence of all Science lies in the *Philosophy of Clothes*.

THE EVERLASTING YEA.

"SARTOR RESARTUS."

MAN'S Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he can not quite bury under the Finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsters and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one Shoeblock *happy*? They can not accomplish it, above an hour or two; for the Shoeblock also has a Soul quite other than his Stomach; and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, and no less; *God's infinite Universe altogether to*

himself therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hochheimer, a Throat like that of Ophiuchus: speak not of them; to the infinite Shoeblock they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grumbles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarreling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men. Always there is a black spot in our sunshine: it is even, as I said, the *Shadow of Ourselves*. "But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus. By certain valuations, and averages,

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of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires neither thanks nor complaint: only such *overplus* as there may be do we account Happiness; any *deficit* again is Misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of Self-conceit there is in each of us,—do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way, and many a Blockhead cry: See there, what a payment; was ever worthy gentleman so used!—I tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy Vanity; of what thou *fanciest* those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot; fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.

"So true it is, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator*. Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity*. Make thy claim of wages zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the Wisest of our time write: 'It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin.'

"*Es leuchtet mir ein*, I see a glimpse of it!' cries he elsewhere: 'there is in a man a *Higher* than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the *Everlasting Yea*, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.'"

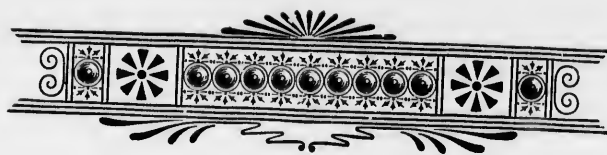
ORATORY AND LITERATURE.

"LATTER DAY," Pamphlet V.

LET the young English soul, in whatever logic shop and nonsense-verse establishment he may be getting his young idea taught how to speak and spout, and print sermons and review articles, and thereby show himself and his fond patrons that it *is* an idea—lay this solemnly to heart; this is my deepest counsel to him! The idea you have once spoken, even if it were an idea, is no longer yours; it is gone from you; so much life and virtue is gone, and the vital circulations of yourself and your destiny and activity are henceforth deprived of it. If you could not get it spoken, if you could still constrain it into silence, so much the richer are you. Better keep your idea while you can; let it circulate in your blood, and there fructify; inarticulately inciting you to good activities; giving to your whole spiritual life a ruddier health. . . Be not a Public Orator, thou brave young British man, thou that art now growing up to be something; not a Stump-Orator if thou canst help it. Appeal not to the vulgar, with its long ears and seats in the Cabinet; not by spoken words to the vulgar; *hate* the profane vulgar, and bid it begone.

Appeal by silent work, by silent suffering, if there be no work, to the gods, who have nobler seats than in the Cabinet for thee.

Talent for Literature, thou hast such a talent? Believe it not, be slow to believe it! To speak or write, Nature did not peremptorily order thee; but to work she did. And know this: there never was a talent even for real Literature—not to speak of talents lost and damaged in doing sham Literature, but was primarily a talent for doing something infinitely better of the silent kind. Of Literature, in all ways, be shy rather than otherwise at present. There where thou art, work, work; whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it—with the hand of a man, not of a phantasm; be that thy unnoticed blessedness and exceeding great reward. Thy words,—let them be few, and well-ordered. Love silence rather than speech in these days, when, for very speaking, the voice of man has fallen inarticulate to man; and hearts, in this loud babbling, sit dark and dumb toward one another. Witty: above all, O be not witty; none of us is bound to be witty, under penalties; to be wise and true we all are, under the terriblest penalties!



JOHN RUSKIN.

CRITIC OF ART, AND MEN, AND MANNERS.



HE prose of John Ruskin is probably the smoothest and most musical in the language. He himself says that he has been compelled to guard against his faculty of "stringing words somewhat prettily together," believing that he was thus in danger of sacrificing the strength and force of his statements; but the reader must acknowledge that the beauty of expression and the melodious sound of his pages give them a quality all their own, and, far from weakening them, give them a new power and effect. Ruskin has written principally upon painting and architecture, though his later works, many of which were originally delivered as lectures, are chiefly devoted to morals, and sometimes to political economy. In the last field he has been less fortunate than in either of the others. To speak of his books as criticisms of art and architecture is, however, very misleading, for his real interest was in ethics and philosophy, and these are the topics which are of vital importance in his writings, whether he talks of buildings or pictures or crystallization. His principal work has been to call attention to the merits of the school of modern painters, of which Turner is the chief; to elevate and ennoble popular conceptions of art and architecture; and to do much to form good taste in literature in the very wide circles of those who have read his books or heard his lectures.

He was born in London in 1819, and was the son of a prosperous wine merchant. He gained the prize at Oxford for English poetry, and in his early manhood wrote no little verse. His principal works have been "Modern Painters," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "The Stones of Venice," "King of a Golden River: a Fairy Tale," "Edinburgh Lectures on Architecture," "The Two Paths," "Unto this Last," "Munera Pulveris," "Sesame and Lilies," "The Ethics of the Dust," "Crown of Wild Olives," "Fors Clavigera," "Arata Pentelici," and "Præterita." He has held lectureships on the fine arts at both Cambridge and Oxford, but in recent years his mental vigor has given away.

The book "Sesame and Lilies" is two lectures, the first of which is upon the general topic of books and reading; *sesame* being the magic word to open, and the lecture being intended to open the *king's treasuries*, as he calls them, of good books locked up in our libraries. In "The Ethics of the Dust" are ten lectures on crystallization delivered to a girls' school.

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BOOKS AND THEIR USES.

FROM "SESAME AND LILIES."

NEARLY all our associations are determined by chance or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We can not know whom we would; and those whom we know, we can not have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet those momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers, in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation; talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it; kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our book-case shelves,—we make no account of that company; perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; engrave it

on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate; and drank, and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing"; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is, a "Book."

Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men; by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know if you read this, that you can not read that—that what you lose to-day you can not gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the dead.

"The place you desire," and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this: it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there.

There is but brief question: "Do you deserve to enter?" "Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we can not stoop to you."

The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerable pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognize our presence."

HOME VIRTUES.

FROM "THE ETHICS OF THE DUST."

The lecturer is seated in the library with the children about him.

YOU might think Miss Edgeworth meant that the right was to be done mainly because one is always rewarded for doing it. It is an injustice to her to say that; her heroines always do right simply for its own sake, as they should; and her examples of conduct and motive are wholly admirable. But her representation of events is false and misleading. Her good characters never are brought into the deadly trial of goodness,—the doing right, and suffering for it, quite finally. And that is life, as God arranges it. "Taking up one's cross" does not at all mean having ovations at dinner parties, and being put over everybody else's head.

Dora. But what *does* it mean then? That is just what we could n't understand, when you were telling us about not sacrificing ourselves, yesterday.

L. My dear, it means simply that you are to go the road which you see to be the straight one; carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and stoutly as you can; without making faces, or calling people to come and look at you. Above all, you are neither to load, nor unload, yourself; nor cut your cross to your own liking. Some people think it would be better for them to have it large; and many, that they could carry it much faster if it were small; and even those who like it largest are usually very particular about its being ornamental, and made of the best ebony. But all that you have really to do is to keep your back as straight as you can; and not think about what is upon it—above all, not to boast of what is upon it. The real and essential meaning of

"virtue" is in that straightness of back. Yes; you may laugh, children, but it is. You know I was to tell you about the words that began with V. Sibyl, what does "virtue" mean literally?

Sibyl. Does it mean courage?

L. Yes; but a particular kind of courage. It means courage of the nerve; vital courage. That first syllable of it, if you look in Max Müller, you will find really means "nerve," and from it come "vis," and "vir," and "virgin" (through vireo), and the connected word "virga"—"a rod";—the green rod, or springing bough of a tree, being the type of perfect human strength, both in the use of it in the Mosaic story, when it becomes a serpent, or strikes the rock; or when Aaron's bears its almonds; and in the metaphorical expressions, the "Rod out of the stem of Jesse," and the "Man whose name is the Branch," and so on. And the essential idea of real virtue is that of a vital human strength, which instinctively, constantly, and without motive, does what is right. You must train men to this by habit, as you would the branch of a tree; and give them instincts and manners (or morals) of purity, justice, kindness, and courage. Once rightly trained, they act as they should, irrespective of all motive, of fear, or of reward. It is the blackest sign of putrescence in a national religion, when men speak as if it were the only safeguard of conduct; and assume that, but for the fear of being burned, or for the hope of being rewarded, everybody would pass their lives in lying, stealing, and murdering.

Violet (after long pause). But, then, what con-

tinual threat are!

L. And with all of and promise law, and of

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tinual threatenings, and promises of reward there are!

Z. And how vain both! with the Jews, and with all of us. But the fact is, that the threat and promise are simple statements of the Divine law, and of its consequences. The fact is truly

told you,—make what use you may of it: and as collateral warning, or encouragement, comfort, the knowledge of future consequences may often be helpful to us; but helpful chiefly to the better state when we can act without reference to them.

ART ROOTED IN MAN'S MORAL NATURE.

FROM "MODERN PAINTERS."

IN these books of mine, their distinctive character as essays on art is their bringing everything to a root in human passion or human hope. Arising first not from any desire to explain the principles of art, but in the endeavor to defend an individual painter from injustice, they have been colored throughout—nay, continually altered in shape, and even warped and broken—by digressions respecting social ques-

tions which had for me an interest tenfold greater than the work I had been forced into undertaking. Every principle of painting which I have stated is traced to some vital or spiritual fact; and in my works on architecture the preference accorded finally to one school over another is founded on their influence on the life of the workman—a question by all the other writers on the subject of architecture wholly forgotten or despised.

TRUTHFULNESS IN ART.

FROM "MODERN PAINTERS."

IF it were possible for Art to give *all* the truths of Nature, it ought to do it. But this is not possible. Choice must always be made of some facts, which *can* be represented, from among others which must be passed by in silence, or even, in some respects, misrepresented. The inferior artist chooses unimportant and scattered truths; the great artist chooses the most necessary first, and afterward the most consistent with these, so as to obtain the greatest possible and most harmonious *sum*. For instance, Rembrandt always chooses to represent the exact force with which the light on the most illuminated part of an object is opposed to its obscurer portions. In order to obtain this in most cases not very important truth, he sacrifices the light and color of five-sixths of his picture; and the expression of every character of objects which depends on tenderness of shape or tint. But he obtains his single truth, and what picturesque and forcible expression is dependent upon it, with magnificent skill and subtlety.

Veronese, on the contrary, chooses to represent

the great relations of visible things to each other, to the heaven above, and to the earth beneath them. He holds it more important to show how a figure stands relieved from delicate air, or marble wall; how, as a red, or a purple, or a white figure, it separates itself, in clear discernibility, from things not red, nor purple, nor white; how infinite daylight shines round it; how innumerable veils of faint shadow invest it; how its blackness and darkness are, in the excess of their nature, just as limited and local as its intensity of light; all this, I say, he feels to be more important than merely showing the exact *measure* of the spark of sunshine that gleams on a dagger-hilt, or glows on a jewel. All this, however, he feels to be harmonious—capable of being joined in one great system of spacious truth. And with inevitable watchfulness, inestimable subtlety, he unites all this in tenderest balance, noting in each hair's-breadth of color not merely what is rightness or wrongness in itself, but what its relation is to every other on his canvas.



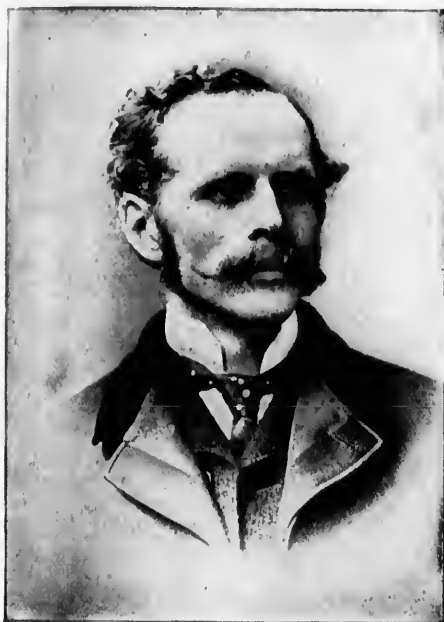
FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR.

DEAN OF CANTERBURY, AUTHOR OF THE MOST POPULAR "LIFE OF CHRIST."



OUR age is frequently described as one of skepticism, if not of infidelity; but a truer reading of the signs of the times leads to the conclusion that it is rather an age of broader and more genuine Christianity—the age in which the so-called conflict between science and religion has ended, and men are coming to see the unity of truth. No man has done more to bring about this result than Dean Farrar. He was born in Bombay in 1831, and was educated at King William's College, Isle of Man, King's College, London, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was admitted to priest's orders in 1857, and was an assistant master at the famous school of Harrow for several years. He then became head-master of Marlborough College, where he remained until he was appointed canon in Westminster Abbey, in 1876. He became Archdeacon of Westminster in 1883, and, later, Dean of Canterbury. He has sketched the story of his school life on the Isle of Man in the story of "Eric, or Little by Little," which was his first book, the proposal to write which came to him unsought, and made him an author, as he says, by accident. The book has passed through twenty-six editions. He has written two other works of fiction, the popular romances, "Darkness and Dawn" and "Gathering Clouds"; many volumes of sermons and theological papers; three learned books, "The Origin of Language," "Chapters on Language," and "Families of Speech"; a course of lectures on the "Witness of History to Christ"; a great volume on the doctrines of judgment and a future state; besides the three books by which he is chiefly known, the "Life of Christ," "Life and Work of St. Paul," and "Beginnings of Christianity." He is a voluminous and most acceptable writer in religious papers, and his literary work seems to be nowhere near completion.

Any American visiting England should not fail, if possible, to hear a sermon by the eloquent Rector of St. Margaret's, the Dean of Canterbury. To his oriental birthplace some of the vivid rhetoric and pictorial imagination which mark both his books and sermons may be owing. He has more than once aroused great controversy by the announcement of theological views at variance with those held as rigidly "orthodox." This has apparently died out as religious thought has advanced, and Dean Farrar's latest writings dealing with the authority and interpretation of the Scriptures have met with little hostile criticism.



HENRY DRUMMOND



REV. JOHN WATSON (IAN MACLAREN.)



CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.



FREDERICK W. FARRAR.

WRITERS OF RELIGIOUS CLASSICS.

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THE HILL OF NAZARETH.

FROM "THE LIFE OF CHRIST."

IT has been implied that there are but two spots in Palestine where we may feel an absolute moral certainty that the feet of Christ have trod—namely, the well-side at Shechem, and the turning of that road from Bethany over the Mount of Olives from which Jerusalem first bursts upon the view. But to these I would add at least another—the summit of the hill on which Nazareth is built. That summit is now unhappily marked, not by any Christian monument, but by the wretched, ruinous, crumbling *wely* of some obscure Mohammedan saint. Certainly there is no child of ten years old in Nazareth now, however dull and unimpressible he may be, who has not often wandered up to it; and certainly there could have been no boy at Nazareth in olden days who had not followed the common instinct of humanity by climbing up those thymy hill-slopes to the lovely and easily accessible spot which gives a view of the world beyond. The hill rises six hundred feet above the level of the sea. Four or five hundred feet below lies the happy valley. The view from this spot would in any country be regarded as extraordinarily rich and lovely; but it receives a yet more indescribable charm from our belief that here, with his feet among the mountain flowers, and the soft breeze lifting the hair from his temples, Jesus must often have watched the eagles poised in the cloudless blue, and have gazed upwards as He heard overhead the rushing plumes of the long line of pelicans, as they winged their way from the streams of Kishon to the Lake of Galilee. And what a vision would be outspread before Him, as He sat at spring-time on the green and thyme-besprinkled turf! To Him every field and fig-tree, every palm and garden, every house and synagogue, would have been a familiar object; and most fondly of all among the square, flat-roofed houses would his eye single out the little dwelling-place of the village carpenter. To the north, just beneath them, lay the narrow and fertile plan of Asochis, from which rise the wood-crowned hills of Naphthali, and conspicuous on one of them was Safed, "the city set upon a hill"; beyond these, on the

far horizon, Hermon upheaved into the blue the huge splendid mass of his colossal shoulder, white with eternal snows. Eastward, at a few miles' distance, rose the green and rounded summit of Tabor, clothed with terebinth and oak. To the west He would gaze through that diaphanous air on the purple ridge of Cannel, among whose forests Elijah had found a home; and on Caifa and Accho, and the dazzling line of white sand which fringes the waves of the Mediterranean, dotted here and there with the white sails of the "ships of Chittim." Southward, broken only by the graceful outlines of Little Hermon and Gilboa, lay the entire plain of Esdraelon, so memorable in the history of Palestine and of the world, across which lay the southward path to that city which had ever been the murderess of the prophets, and where it may be that even then, in the dim forshadowing of prophetic vision, He foresaw the agony in the garden, the mockings and scourgings, the cross, and the crown of thorns.

The scene which lay there outspread before the eyes of the youthful Jesus, was indeed a central spot in the world which He came to save. It was in the heart of the Land of Israel, and yet—separated from it only by a narrow boundary of hills and streams—Phœnicia, Syria, Arabia, Babylonia, and Egypt lay close at hand. The Isles of the Gentiles, and all the glorious regions of Europe, were almost visible over the shining waters of that western sea. The standards of Rome were planted on the plain before Him; the language of Greece was spoken in the towns below. And however peaceful it then might look, green as a pavement of emeralds, rich with its gleams of vivid sunlight, and the purpling shadows which floated over it from the clouds of the latter rain, it had been for centuries a battlefield of nations. Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Emirs and Arsacids, Judges and Consuls, had all contended for the mastery of that smiling tract. It had glittered with the lances of the Amalekites; it had trembled under the chariot-wheels of Sesostris; it had echoed the twanging bowstrings

of Sennacherib; it had been trodden by the phalanxes of Macedonia; it had clashed with the broadswords of Rome; it was destined hereafter to ring with the battle-cry of the Crusaders, and thunder with the artillery of England and of France. In that plain of Jezreel, Europe and

Asia, Judaism and Heathenism, Barbarism and Civilization, the Old and the New Covenant, the history of the past and the hopes of the present, seemed all to meet. No scene of deeper significance for the destinies of humanity could possibly have arrested the youthful Saviour's gaze.

THE GREATNESS OF ST. PAUL.

FROM "LIFE AND WORK OF ST. PAUL."

NOW little did men recognize his greatness! Here was one to whom no single man that has ever lived, before or since, can furnish a perfect parallel. If we look at him only as a writer, how immensely does he surpass, in his most casual Epistles, the greatest authors, whether Pagan or Christian, of his own and succeeding epochs. The younger Pliny was famous as a letter writer, yet the younger Pliny never produced any letter so exquisite as that to Philemon. Seneca, as a moralist, stood almost unrivalled, yet not only is clay largely mingled with his gold, but even his finest moral aphorisms are inferior in breadth and intensity to the most casual of St. Paul's. Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius furnish us with the purest and noblest specimens of stoic loftiness of thought, yet St. Paul's chapter on charity is worth more than all they ever wrote. If we look at the Christian world, the very greatest worker in each realm of Christian service does but present an inferior aspect of one phase only of Paul's many-sided pre-eminence. As a theologian, as one who formulated the doctrines of Christianity, we may compare him with St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Aquinum; yet how should we be shocked to find in him the fanciful rhetoric and dogmatic bitterness of the one, or the scholarly aridity of the other! If we look at him as a

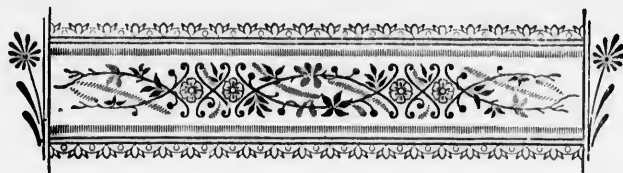
moral reformer, we may compare him with Savonarola; but in his practical control of even the most thrilling spiritual impulses—in making the spirit of the prophet subject to the prophet—how grand an exemplar might he not have furnished to the impassioned Florentine! If we consider him as a preacher, we may compare him to St. Bernard; yet St. Paul would have been incapable of the unnatural asceticism and heresy-hunting hardness of the great abbot of Clairvaux. As a reformer who altered the entire course of human history, Luther alone resembles him; yet how incomparably is the Apostle superior to Luther in insight, in courtesy, in humility, in dignity, in self-control! As a missionary we might compare him to Xavier, as a practical organizer to St. Gregory, as a fervent lover of souls to Whitefield, and to many other saints of God in many of his endowments; but no saint of God has ever attained the same heights in so many capacities, or received the gifts of the Spirit in so rich an outpouring, or borne in his mortal body such evident brand-marks of the Lord. In his lifetime he was no whit behind the very chiefest of the Apostles, and he towers above the very greatest of all the saints who have since striven to follow the example of his devotion to the Lord.



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CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST PREACHER.



HE life of Charles Haddon Spurgeon extended through the fifty-eight years from 1834 to 1892. During this comparatively short lifetime he built up the most remarkable congregation that ever united under one pastor; collected the money by which this congregation was housed in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, which has been one of the sights of London for more than thirty years; brought about the reclamation of a large district, including "some of the worst, most degraded, and most dangerous spots in London"; published more than two thousand sermons, edited a monthly magazine, and wrote books which, including the magazine, number nearly a hundred volumes. Besides all this, his work as an organizer of important enterprises for the spread of religion would have seemed to be sufficient for one man, however great his energy and ability. He was the originator and active head of a pastors' college, which, in 1890, had sent out nearly a thousand preachers and missionaries; he founded an orphanage which cares for five hundred children, and administered a group of almshouses for the aged poor in which there is also provision for a school of four hundred children of the lowest class; his Colportage Association employs fifty men in the distribution of religious books; the Tabernacle Building Fund loans money without interest to assist in the erection of churches; a Book Fund supplies needy ministers with literature; a Church Poor Fund gives away the sum of five thousand dollars annually, and there are some twenty-five or thirty missions connected with the Tabernacle.

Mr. Spurgeon was a native of Kelvedon, in England, and both his father and grandfather were ministers. He was educated at Colchester and Maidstone, and at the age of sixteen became usher in a school at Newmarket. He soon joined the Baptist Church, and before he was eighteen was pastor of a little church at Waterbeach, a village five miles from Cambridge. At nineteen he was called to the New Park Street Church, in Southwark, London, which was the scene of his future labors until the erection of the great Metropolitan Tabernacle at Newington, which was completed in 1861. This great edifice quite readily accommodated six thousand persons in the auditorium, and provided a proportionate space for the school-rooms, etc.

Mr. Spurgeon's preaching was characterized by the greatest earnestness, and

was absolutely free from conventionality. He possessed a wonderful voice, and sometimes spoke without inconvenience to audiences of twelve thousand persons, and on at least one occasion to twenty thousand. The popularity of his published sermons has given him an audience far outnumbering that of any other English preacher, and extended his influence throughout the English-speaking world. His noble Christian spirit and his devotion to the spread of religion and of practical philanthropy gave him a high place among the greatest spirits of his time, and an influence hardly second to that of any religious teacher of the century.



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FROM A SERMON ON THE TEXT "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN," *Luke 11, 14.*

NEXT, I have to present to you some *emotional thoughts*. Friends, doth not this verse, this song of angels, stir your hearts with happiness? When I read that, and found the angels singing it, I thought to myself, "Then if the angels ushered in the gospel's great Head with singing, ought I not to preach with singing? And ought not my hearers to live with singing? Ought not their hearts to be glad and their spirits to rejoice?" Well, thought I, there be some sadder religionists who were born in a dark night in December that think a smile upon the face is wicked, and believe that for a Christian to be glad and rejoice is to be inconsistent. Ah! I wish these gentlemen had seen the angels when they sang about Christ; for if angels sang about His birth, though it was no concern of theirs, certainly men ought to sing about it as long as they live, sing about it when they die, and sing about it when they live in heaven forever. I do long to see in the midst of the Church more of a singing Christianity. The last few years have been breeding in our midst a groaning and unbelieving Christianity. Now, I doubt not its sincerity, but I do doubt its healthy character. I say it may be true and real enough; God forbid I should say a word against the sincerity of those who practise it; but it is a sickly religion.

Watts hit the mark when he said:

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

It is designed to do away with some of our pleasures, but it gives us many more, to make up for what it takes away; so it does not make them less. O ye that see in Christ nothing but a subject to stimulate your doubts and make the tears run down your cheeks; O ye that always say,

"Lord, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supplies,"

come ye hither and see the angels. Do they tell their story with groans, and sobs, and sighs? Ah, no; they shout aloud, "Glory to God in the highest." Now, imitate them, my dear brethren. If you are professors of religion, try always to have a cheerful carriage. Let others mourn; but

"Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?"

Anoint your head and wash your face; appear not unto men to fast. Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say unto you rejoice. Specially this week be not ashamed to be glad. You need not think it a wicked thing to be happy. Penance and whipping and misery are no such very virtuous things, after all. The damned are miserable; let the saved be happy. Why should you hold fellowship with the lost by feelings of perpetual mourning? Why not rather anticipate the joys of heaven, and begin to sing on earth that song which you will never need to end? The first emotion then that we ought to cherish in our hearts is the emotion of *joy and gladness*.

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Well, what next? Another emotion is that of *confidence*. I am not sure that I am right in calling that an emotion, but still in me it is so much akin to it that I will venture to be wrong if I be so. When these angels came from heaven they told the news just as if they believed it; and though I have often wickedly doubted my Lord's good will, I think I never could have doubted it while I heard those angels singing. No; I should say, "The messengers themselves are proof of the truth, for it seems they have heard it from God's lips; they have no doubt about it, for see how joyously they tell the news." Now, poor soul, thou that art afraid lest God should destroy thee, and thou that thinkest God will never have mercy upon thee, look at the singing angels and doubt if thou dardest. Do not go to the synagogue of long-faced hypocrites to hear the minister who preaches with a nasal twang, with misery in his face, whilst he tells you that God has good will toward men; I know you won't believe what he says, for he does not preach with joy in his countenance; he is telling you good news with a grunt, and you are not likely to receive it. But go straightway to the plain where Bethlehem shepherds sat by night, and when you hear the angels singing out the gospel, by the grace of God upon you, you can not help believing that they manifestly feel the preciousness of telling. Blessed Christmas, that brings such creatures as angels to confirm our faith in God's good will to men!

I must now bring before you the third point. There are some *prophetic utterances* contained in these words. The angels sang "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." A few more years, and he that lives them

out shall see why angels sang; a few more years, and He that will come shall come, and will not tarry. Christ the Lord will come again, and when He cometh He shall cast the idols from their thrones; He shall dash down every fashion of heresy and every shape of idolatry; He shall reign from pole to pole with illimitable sway: He shall reign, when, like a scroll, yon blue heavens have passed away. No strife shall vex Messiah's reign, no blood shall then be shed; they'll hang the useless helmet high, and study war no more. The hour is approaching when the temple of Janus shall be shut forever, and when cruel Mars shall be hooted from the earth. The day is coming when the lion shall eat straw like the ox, when the leopard shall lie down with the kid; when the weaned child shall put his hand upon the cockatrice den and play with the asp. The hour approacheth; the first streaks of the sunlight have made glad the age in which we live. Lo, He comes, with trumpets and with clouds of glory; He shall come for whom we look with joyous expectation, whose coming shall be glory to His redeemed, and confusion to His enemies. Ah! brethren, when the angels sang this there was an echo through the long aisles of a glorious future. That echo was:

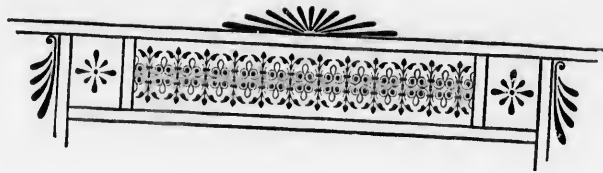
"Hallelujah! Christ the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign."

Ay, and doubtless the angels heard by faith the fulness of the song:

"Hark! the song of jubilee
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore."

"Christ the Lord Omnipotent reigneth."





DR. JOHN WATSON.

"IAN MACLAREN."



It is very rarely indeed that a man nearly forty-three years old, absorbed in the labors of an arduous profession in which he has achieved distinction, comes suddenly into world-wide fame in an entirely different field. The publication of the sketches grouped together under the title "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" brought to Dr. Watson the fame of a master of literary art. His skill as a delineator of character, his wonderful power of penetrating the interior of the shell with which men surround their inner selves, the delicacy of his intuitions, no less than the inherent interest of his subjects and his skill in selecting them, have given Dr. Watson a place in the affections of his readers probably not possessed by any other living author.

John Watson was the only child of Scottish parents, being born in England during their temporary residence in that country. His mother's maiden name, Maclaren, and the gaelic form of his name, John, give us his pen name, "Ian Maclaren." His boyhood home was in the Scottish town of Perth. His school and college vacations were largely spent at farm-houses in Scotland, among his maternal relatives, and in those summer weeks of unfettered country life he gathered wonderful knowledge of Scottish peasants, of "roups" and "tacks," of "horses, pleughs, and kye." His parents removed to Stirling, and later made their last home in Edinburgh, where John was in the university. Among his fellow-students were Robert Louis Stevenson and Henry Drummond, and of the three Watson seems to have been the closest and most faithful student. In 1870 he entered upon the study of theology at Edinburgh, and spent one or two of his long vacations at Würtemberg. Even in these days Mr. Watson excelled in the social accomplishment of story-telling, and no one could equal him in the power of producing humorous caricatures of his classmates, or even of his professors. At the close of his student career, and after serving for a few months as assistant in a large and influential congregation in Edinburgh, he surprised his friends by accepting a call to be minister of the Free Church of Logiealmond in Perthshire. In this secluded place, where, for a population of less than six hundred, there were three Presbyterian churches, representing the Established Church, the Free Church, and the United Presbyterian, he devoted himself to the service of his congregation, which numbered less than one hundred communicants. They were humble people, laboring-men, just as he has described them in the "Bonnie Brier Bush," and he

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was quickly in touch with all their life. His knowledge of crops and cattle and markets won their sympathy and respect even before his learning and power as a preacher and his devotion to the work of a pastor secured their affections. Here he labored until 1877, when he became the colleague of Doctor Samuel Miller in St. Matthew's Church in Glasgow. The religious atmosphere in this old Scotch city was not, however, congenial to Mr. Watson. Its thought was too narrow, its sympathies too contracted, and it was, therefore, a relief, both to himself and his friends, when he was called to the leading Presbyterian church in Liverpool, where he soon built up a reputation as a preacher of unusual power, and where he has since remained.

It was in 1893 that Dr. Robertson Nicholl induced him to send a sketch or two to the *British Weekly*. The "Lad of Pairts" convinced everybody that either J. M. Barrie was writing in a new vein or that Ian Maclaren was another Scotch writer of equal gifts. The sketches were promptly gathered together into the volume "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" soon followed. "The Mind of the Master" is his best-known book of sermons, and he has written one novel, entitled "Kate Carnegie," which well maintained his reputation.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Mr. Watson by the University of St. Andrews in 1896, and in the autumn of that year he paid a visit to America (to deliver a course of lectures in one of the theological seminaries), and was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. He delivered lectures and read from his books in the principal eastern cities, and frequently occupied the pulpits in Presbyterian and other churches, receiving more than one flattering invitation to take up a permanent residence in America. His return to the Sefton Park Church in Liverpool was greeted with a display of affection which must have touched his heart, and he announced to his congregation his intention to remain with them. Soon after his return a charge of heresy was brought against him; but it is pleasant to know that it was dismissed almost without consideration by the church authorities.



IN MARGET'S GARDEN.

FROM "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH."

THE cart track to Whinnie Knowe was commanded by a gable window, and Whinnie boasted that Marget had never been taken unawares. Tramps, finding every door locked, and no sign of life anywhere, used to express their minds in the "close," and return by the way they came, while ladies from Kildrummie, fearful lest they should put Mrs. Howe out, were met at

the garden gate by Marget in her Sabbath dress, and brought in to a set tea as if they had been invited weeks before.

Whinnie gloried most in the discomfiture of the Tory agent, who had vainly hoped to coerce him in the stackyard without Marget's presence, as her intellectual contempt for the Conservative party knew no bounds.

"Sall, she saw him slip aff the road afore the last stile, and wheep roond the fit o' the gairden wa' like a tod (fox) aifter the chickens.

"'It's a het day, Maister Anderson,' says Marget frae the gairden, lookin' doon on him as calm as ye like. 'Yir surely nae gaein' to pass oor hoose without a gless o' milk?'

"Wud ye believe it, he wes that upset he left withoot sayin' 'vote,' and Drumsheugh telt me next market that his langidge aifterwards cadna be printed."

When George came home for the last time, Marget went back and forward all afternoon from his bedroom to the window, and hid herself beneath the laburnum to see his face as the cart stood before the stile. It told her plain what she had feared, and Marget passed through her Gethsemane with the gold blossoms falling on her face. When their eyes met, and before she helped him down, mother and son understood.

"Ye mind what I told ye o' the Greek mothers the day I left? Weel, I wud hae liked to have carried my shield, but it wasna to be, so I've come home on it." As they went slowly up the garden walk: "I've got my degree, a double first, mathematics and classics."

"Ye've been a gude soldier, George, and faithfu'."

"Unto death, a'm dootin', mother."

"Na," said Marget, "unto life."

Drumtochy was not a heartening place in sickness, and Marget, who did not think our thoughts, endured much consolation at her neighbors' hands. It is said that in cities visitors congratulate a patient on his good looks, and deluge his family with instances of recovery. This would have seemed to us shallow and unfeeling, besides being a "temptin' o' Providence," which might not have intended to go to extremities, but on a challenge of this kind had no alternative. Sickness was regarded as a distinction tempered with judgment, and favored people found it difficult to be humble. I always thought more of Peter McIntosh when the mysterious "tribble" that needed the Perth doctor made no difference in his manner, and he passed his snuff-box across the seat before the long prayer as usual; but in

this indifference to privileges Peter was exceptional.

You could never meet Kirsty Stewart on equal terms, although she was quite affable to any one who knew his place.

"Ay," she said, on my respectful allusion to her experience, "a've seen mair than most. It doesna become me to boast, but tho' I say it as sudna, I hae buried a' my ain fouk."

Kirsty had a "way" in sick visiting, consisting in a certain cadence of the voice and arrangement of the face, which was felt to be soothing and complimentary.

"Yir aboot again, a'm glad to see," to me after my accident, "but yir no dune wi' that leg; na, na. Jeems, that was ma second man, scrapit his shin aince, tho' no so bad as ye've dune, a'm hearing (for I had denied Kirsty the courtesy of an inspection). It's sax year syne noo, and he got up and wes traivellin' fell hearty like yersel'. But he begoon to dwam (sicken) in the end of the year, and sougled awa' in the spring. Ay, ay, when tribble comes ye never ken hoo it'll end. A' thought I wud come up and speir for ye. A body needs comfort gin he's sober (ill)."

When I found George wrapped in his plaid beside the brier bush, whose roses were no whiter than his cheeks, Kirsty was already installed as comforter in the parlor, and her drone came through the open window.

"Ay, ay, Marget, sae it's come to this. Weel, we daurna complain, ye ken. Be thankfu' ye haena lost your man and five sons besides twa sisters and a brither, no to mention cousins. That wud be something to speak aboot, and Losh keep's, there's nae saying but he micht hang on a whilie. Ay, ay, it's a sair blow aifter a' that wes in the papers. I wes feared when I heard o' the papers; 'Lat weel alane,' says I to the dominie; 'ye 'ill bring a judgment on the laddie wi' yir blawing.' But ye micht as weel hae spoken to the hills. Domsie's a thraun body at the best, and he was clean infatuat' wi' George. Ay, ay, it's an awfu' lesson, Marget, no to mak' idols o' our bairns, for that's naethin' else than provokin' the Almighty."

It was at this point that Marget gave way and

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scandalized Drumtochty, which held that obtrusive prosperity was an irresistible provocation to the higher powers, and that a skilful depreciation of our children was a policy of safety.

"Did ye say the Almichty? I'm thinkin' that's ower grand a name for your God, Kirsty. What wud ye think o' a faither that brocht hame some bonnie thing frae the fair for ane o' his bairns, and when the puir bairn wes pleased wi' it tore it oot o' his hand and slung it into the fire? Eh, wumman, he wud be a meeserable, cankered, jealous body. Kirsty, wumman, when the Almichty sees a mither bound up in her laddie, I tell ye He is sair pleased in His heaven, for mind ye hoo He loved His ain Son. Besides, a'm judgin' that nane o' us can love anither without lovin' Him, or hurt anither without hurtin' Him.

"Oh, I ken weel that George is gaein' to leave us; but it's no because the Almichty is jealous o' him or me, no likely. It cam' to me last nicht that He needs my laddie for some grand wark in the ither world, and that's hoo George has his bukes brocht oot tae the garden and studies a' the day. He wants to be ready for his kingdom, just as he trachled in the bit schule o' Drumtochty for Edinboro'. I hoped he wud hae been a minister o' Christ's Gospel here, but he 'ill be judge over many cities yonder. A'm no denyin', Kirsty, that it's a trial, but I hae licht on it, and naethin' but gude thochts o' the Almichty."

Drumtochty understood that Kirsty had dealt faithfully with Marget for pride and presumption; but all we heard was, "Losh keep us a'."

When Marget came out and sat down beside her son, her face was shining. Then she saw the open window.

"I didna ken."

"Never mind, mither, there's nae secrets atween us, and it gar'd my heart leap to hear ye speak up like yon for God. Div ye mind the nicht I called for ye, mother, and ye gave me the Gospel about God?"

Marget slipped her hand into George's, and he let his head rest on her shoulder. The likeness flashed upon me in that moment, the earnest, deep-set gray eyes, the clean-cut, firm jaw, and the ten-

der, mobile lips, that blend of apparent austerity and underlying romance that make the pathos of a Scottish face.

"There had been a revival man here," George explained to me, "and he was preaching on hell. As it grew dark a candle was lighted, and I can still see his face as in a picture a hard-visaged man. He looked down at us laddies in the front and asked us if we knew what-like hell was. By this time we were that terrified none of us could speak, but I whispered 'No.'"

"Then he rolled up a piece of paper and held it in the flame, and we saw it burn and glow and shrivel up and fall in black dust.

" 'Think,' said he, and he leaned over the desk, and spoke in a gruesome whisper which made the cold run down our backs, 'that yon taper was your finger, one finger only of your hand, and it burned like that forever and ever, and think of your hand and your arm and your whole body all on fire, never to go out.' We shuddered that you might have heard the form creak. 'That is hell, and that is where ony laddie will go who does not repent and believe.'"

"It was like Dante's Inferno, and I dared not take my eyes off his face. He blew out the candle, and we crept to the door trembling, not able to say one word.

"That night I could not sleep, for I thought I might be in the fire before morning. It was harvest time, and the moon was filling the room with cold clear light. From my bed I could see the stooks standing in rows upon the field, and it seemed like the judgment day.

"I was only a wee laddie, and I did what we all do in trouble, I cried for my mother.

"Ye hae no forgotten, mither, the fricht that was on me that nicht?"

"Never," said Marget, "and never can; it's hard wark for me to keep frae hating that man, dead or alive. Geordie gripped me wi' baith his wee arms round my neck, and he cries over and over and over again, 'Is yon God?'"

"Ay, and ye kissed me, mither, and ye said (it's like yesterday), 'Yir safe with me,' and ye told me that God might punish me to mak me better if I was bad, but that He wud never torture

ony puir soul, for that cud dae nae guid, and was the devil's wark. Ye asked me :

" 'Am I a guid mother tae ye?' and when I could dae naethin' but hold, ye said, 'Be sure God maun be a hantle kinder.'

"The truth came to me as with a flicker, and I cuddled down into my bed, and fell asleep in His love, as in my mother's arms.

"Mither," and George lifted up his head, "that was my conversion, and, mither dear, I hae longed a' thro' the college studies for the day when ma mooth wud be opened wi' this evangel."

Marget's was an old-fashioned garden, with pinks and daisies and forget-me-nots, with sweet-scented wall-flower and thyme and moss roses, where nature had her way, and gracious thoughts could visit one without any jarring note. As George's voice softened to the close, I caught her saying: "His servants shall see His face," and the peace of Paradise fell upon us in the shadow of death.

The night before the end George was carried out to his corner, and Domsie, whose heart was nigh unto the breaking, sat with him the afternoon. They used to fight the college battles over again, with their favorite classics beside them, but this time none of them spoke of books. Marget was moving about the garden, and she told me that George looked at Domsie wistfully, as if he had something to say and knew not how to do it.

After awhile he took a book from below his pillow, and began, like one thinking over his words:

"Maister Jamieson, ye hae been a gude freend tae me, the best I ever hed aifter my mither and faither. Wull ye tak this buik for a keepsake o' yir grateful scholar? It's a Latin 'Imitation,'

dominie, and it's bonnie printin'. Ye mind hoo ye gave me yir ain Virgil, and said he was a kind o' Pagan sanct. Noo herē is my sanct, and div ye ken I've often thocht Virgil saw his day afar off, and was glad. Wull ye read it, dominie, for my sake, and maybe ye'll come to see—" and George could not find words for more.

But Domsie understood. "Ma laddie, ma laddie, that I luve better than onythin' on earth, I'll read it till I die, and, George, I'll tell ye what livin' man does na ken. When I was your verra age I had a cruel trial, and ma heart was turned frae faith. The classics hae been my Bible, though I said naethin' to ony man against Christ. He aye seemed beyond man, and noo the veesion o' Him has come to me in this gairden. Laddie, ye hae dune far mair for me than I ever did for you. Wull ye mak a prayer for yir auld dominie afore we part?"

There was a thrush singing in the birches and a sound of bees in the air, when George prayed in a low, soft voice, with a little break in it.

"Lord Jesus, remember my dear maister, for he's been a kind freend to me and mony a puir laddie in Drumtochty. Bind up his sair heart and give him licht at eventide, and may the maister and his scholars meet some mornin' where the schule never skails, in the kingdom o' oor Father."

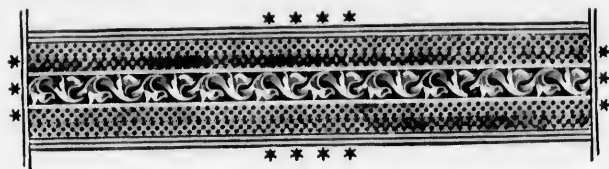
Twice Domsie said Amen, and it seemed as the voice of another man, and then he kissed George upon the forehead; but what they said Marget did not wish to hear.

When he passed out at the garden gate, the westering sun was shining golden, and the face of Domsie was like unto the face of a little child.



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HENRY DRUMMOND.

AUTHOR OF "NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD."



PROFESSOR Drummond is one of the most widely known writers upon religious topics. "For several years," he says, "it has been my privilege to address regularly two very different audiences on two very different themes. On week-days I have lectured to a class of students on the natural sciences, and on Sundays to an audience, consisting for the most part of working-men, on subjects of a moral and religious character. For a time I succeeded in

keeping the science and the religion shut off from one another in two separate compartments of my mind. But gradually the wall of separation showed symptoms of giving way. The fountains of knowledge also slowly began to overflow, and finally their waters met and mingled, and I found the truth running out to my audiences on Sundays by the week-day outlets. In other words, the subject matter of religion had taken on the method of expression of science, and I discovered myself enunciating spiritual law in the exact terms of biology and physics." The result of this change of thought and expression is manifest in his later works. This was first evident in his great book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," which was more widely read, perhaps, than any other previous work of its kind. It has been translated into at least four European languages, and is as popular in America as abroad.

"The Greatest Thing in the World" is an address delivered to the students at Northfield, Massachusetts, from the text "Love Never Faileth," and attained a popularity different in kind but even more universal. An address called "First," delivered to the Boy's Brigades in Glasgow, has been widely read, as has also "Pax Vobiscum." In 1894 he published "The Ascent of Man," which has met with hostile criticism from certain scientists, but which has been very generally acceptable; and his book on travels, "Tropical Africa," excels in simplicity and directness of statement, and describes the dark continent in a way which brings it more clearly before the mind of the reader than, perhaps, any other book among the many which have been written upon that topic.

His lecture tours in Canada, Australia, and the United States, his scientific journeys to the Rocky Mountains and to South Africa, as well as his books, had brought him into intimate contact with very large numbers of people, and his popularity and influence showed no promise of decline when, early in 1897, the

news of his death came as a shock to the English-speaking world. "It could be said of him, as of the early Apostles, that 'men took knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus.'"

CONFORMITY TO TYPE.

FROM "NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD."

IF the botanist be asked to find a difference between an oak, a banana tree, and a lichen, he will declare that they are separated from one another by the broadest line known to classification. Without taking into account the outward differences of size and form, the variety of flower and fruit, the peculiarities of leaf and branch, he sees even in their general architecture types of structure as distinct as Norman, Gothic, and Egyptian. But if the first young germs of these three plants are placed before him, and he is called upon to define the difference, he finds it impossible. He can not even say which is which. Examined under the highest powers of the microscope, they yield no clue. Analyzed by the chemist, with all the appliances of his laboratory, they keep their secret. The same experiment can be tried with the embryos of animals. Take the *ovule* of the worm, the eagle, the elephant, and of man himself. Let the most skilled observer apply the most searching tests to distinguish the one from the other, and he will fail. But there is something more surprising still. Compare the next two sets of germs—the vegetable and the animal—and there is no shade of difference. Oak and palm, worm and man, all start in life together. No matter into what strangely different forms they may afterward develop—no matter whether they are to live on sea or land, creep or fly, swim or walk, think or vegetate—in the embryo, as it first meets the eye of Science, they are indistinguishable. The apple which fell in Newton's garden, Newton's dog Diamond, and Newton himself, began life at the same point.

If we analyze this material point at which all life starts, we shall find it to consist of a clay,

structureless, jelly-like substance resembling albumen, or white of egg. It is made of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen: its name is *Protoplasm*. And it is not only the structural unit with which all living bodies start in life, but with which they are subsequently built up. "Protoplasm," says Huxley, "simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life: it is the clay of the potter. . . . Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polyp, are all composed of structural units of the same character—namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus."

What, then, determines the difference between different animals? What makes one little speck of protoplasm grow into Newton's dog Diamond, and another—exactly the same—into Newton himself? It is a mysterious Something which has entered into this protoplasm. No eye can see it; no science can define it. There is a different Something for Newton's dog, and a different Something for Newton, so that though both use the same matter, they build up in these widely different ways. Protoplasm being the clay, this Something is the potter. And as there is only one clay, and yet all these curious forms are developed out of it, it follows that the difference lies in the potters. There must, in short, be as many potters as there are forms. There is the potter who segments the worm, and the potter who builds up the form of the dog, and the potter who moulds the man. The artist who operates upon matter in this subtle way, and carries out this law, is *Life*. There are a great many different kinds of *Life*. If one might give the broader meaning to the words of the Apostle, "All life is not the same life. There is one

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kind of life of men, another life of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds"—there is the Life of the Artist, or the potter who segments the worm, the potter who forms the dog, the potter who moulds the man.

What goes on, then, in the animal kingdom is this: The Bird-life seizes upon the bird-germ, and builds it up into a bird, the image of itself. The Reptile-life seizes upon another germinal speck, assimilates surrounding matter, and fashions it into a reptile. The Reptile-life thus simply makes an incarnation of itself; the visible bird is simply an incarnation of the invisible Bird-life.

Now we are nearing the point where the spiritual analogy appears. It is a very wonderful analogy—so wonderful that one almost hesitates to put it into words. Yet nature is reverent: and it is her voice to which we listen. These lower phenomena of life, she says, are but an allegory. There is another kind of Life of which Science as yet has taken little cognizance. It obeys the same laws. It builds up an organism into its own form. It is the Christ-life. As the Bird-life builds up a bird, the image of itself, so the Christ-life builds up a Christ, the image of Himself. When a man becomes a Christian, the natural process is this: The Living Christ enters into his soul. Development begins. The quickening Life seizes upon the soul, assimilates surrounding elements, and begins to fashion it. According to the great Law of Conformity to Type this fashioning takes a specific form. It is that of the Artist who fashions. And all through Life

this wonderful, mystical, glorious, yet perfectly definite process, goes on "until Christ be formed" in it.

The Christian Life is not a vague effort after righteousness—an ill-defined pointless struggle for an ill-defined pointless end. Religion is no disheveled mass of aspiration, prayer, and faith. There is no more mystery in Religion, as to its processes, than in Biology. There is much mystery in Biology. We know all but nothing of Life yet—nothing of Development. There is the same mystery in the Spiritual Life. But the great lines are the same—as decided, as luminous; and the laws of Natural and Spiritual are the same—is unerring, as simple. Will everything else in the natural world unfold its order, and yield to Science more and more a vision of harmony, and Religion—which should complement and perfect all—remain a chaos? From the standpoint of Revelation no truth is more obscure than Conformity to Type. If science can furnish a companion phenomena from an every-day process of the natural life, it may at least throw this most mystical doctrine of Christianity into thinkable form. Is there any fallacy in speaking of the Embryology of the New Life? Is the analogy invalid? Are there not vital processes in the Spiritual as well as in the Natural world? The Bird being an incarnation of the Bird-life, may not the Christian be a spiritual incarnation of the Christ-life? And is there not a real justification in the processes of the New-Birth for such a parallel?

FOOTPATHS IN THE AFRICAN FOREST.

FROM "TROPICAL AFRICA."

IT may be a surprise to the unenlightened to learn that probably no explorer, in forcing his passage through Africa, has ever for more than a few days at a time, been off some beaten track. Probably no country in the world, civilized or uncivilized, is better supplied with paths than this unmapped continent. Every village is connected with some other village, every tribe with the next tribe, every state with its

neighbor, and therefore, with all the rest. The explorer's business is simply to select from this network of tracks, keep a general direction, and hold on his way. Let him begin at Zanzibar, plant his foot on a native footpath, and set his face toward Tanganyika. In eight months he will be there. He has simply to persevere. From village to village he will be handed on, zigzagging it may be sometimes, to avoid the impassable

barriers of nature, or the rarer perils of hostile tribes, but never taking to the woods, never guided solely by the stars, never, in fact, leaving a beaten track, till hundreds and hundreds of miles are between him and the sea, and his interminable footpath ends with a canoe on the shores of Tanganyika. Crossing the lake, landing near some native village, he picks up the thread once more. Again he plods on and on, now on foot, now by canoe, but always keeping his line of villages, until, one day, suddenly, he sniffs the seabreeze again, and his faithful foot-wide guide lands him on the Atlantic seaboard.

Nor is there any art in finding out these successive villages with their intercommunicating links. He must find them out. A whole army of guides, servants, carriers, soldiers, and camp-followers accompany him in his march, and this nondescript regiment must be fed. Indian corn, cassava, mawere, beans, and bananas—these do not grow wild even in Africa. Every meal has to be bought and paid for in cloth and beads; and scarcely three days can pass without a call having to be made at some village where the necessary supplies can be obtained. A caravan, as a rule, must live from hand to mouth, and its march becomes simply a regulated procession through a chain of markets—there are neither bazaars nor stores in native Africa. Thousands of the villages through which the traveler eats his way may never have victualled a caravan before. But, with their chief's consent, which is usually easily purchased for a showy present, the villagers unlock their larders, the women flock to the grinding stones, and basketfuls of food are swiftly exchanged for unknown equivalents in beads and calico.

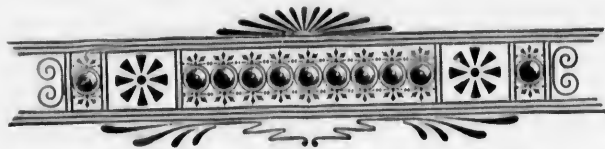
The native tracks are veritable footpaths, never over a foot in breadth, beaten as hard as adamant, and rutted beneath the level of the forest bed by centuries of native traffic. As a rule, these footpaths are marvelously direct. Like the roads of the old Romans, they run straight on through everything, ridge and mountain and valley, never

shying at obstacles, nor anywhere turning aside to breathe. Yet within this general straightforwardness there is a singular eccentricity and indirectness in detail. Although the African footpath is on the whole a bee-line, no fifty yards of it are ever straight. And the reason is not far to seek. If a stone is encountered no native will ever think of removing it. Why should he? It is easier to walk round it. The next man who comes that way will do the same. He knows that a hundred men are following him; he looks at the stone; a moment, and it might be unearthed and tossed aside, but no; he also holds on his way. It is not that he resents the trouble, it is the idea that is wanting. It would no more occur to him that the stone was a displaceable object, and that for the general weal he might displace it, than that its feldspar was of the orthoclase variety. Generations and generations of men have passed that stone, and it still waits for a man with an altruistic idea. But it would be a very stony country indeed—and Africa is far from stony—that would wholly account for the aggravating obliqueness and indecision of the African footpath. Probably each four miles, on an average path, is spun out, by an infinite series of minor sinuosities, to five or six. Now these deflections are not meaningless. Each has some history—a history dating back perhaps a thousand years, but to which all clue has centuries ago been lost. The leading cause probably is fallen trees. When a tree falls across a path no man ever removes it. As in the case of the stone, the native goes around it. It is too green to burn in his hut; before it is dry, and the white ants have eaten it, the new detour has become part and parcel of the path. The smaller irregularities, on the other hand, represent the trees and stumps of the primeval forest where the track was made at first. But whatever the cause, it is certain that for persistent straightforwardness in the general, and utter vacillation and irresolution in the particular, the African roads are unique in engineering.



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DANIEL DEFOE.

THE FOUNDER OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.



ALTHOUGH the fame of Defoe now rests upon a single work, which is known as the favorite of every enterprising boy who can read the English language, Defoe's labors extended over the field of politics as well as that of literature. He wrote a number of works of fiction, two or three of which pretend to be circumstantial accounts of historical occurrences. Thus, his "Journal of the Great Plague in London" tells the story of that horrible experience with so much detail and apparent faithfulness to truth that it would impose upon any person who was not definitely informed of its fictitious character. Another experiment of this sort is "True Relation of the Apparition of a One Mrs. Veal," which so completely imposed upon the public mind that searching inquiries were instituted to determine its truth, and yet his one object in telling the story was to obtain a market for an otherwise dull and unsalable book, and by this means the whole edition of "Drelincourt in Debt" was successfully disposed of. But it was as a political writer that Defoe was most famous in his own time, and in 1702 he published a pamphlet called "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," in which he stated the sentiments of the extreme High-church Englishmen with brutal candor, proposing to hang the Dissenting ministers and banish the people. When the House of Commons pronounced the pamphlet a libel, and sentenced him to the pillory, he coolly wrote his "Ode to the Pillory," describing it as—

"The Hieroglyphic state machine,
Condemned to punish fancy in."

"The True-born Englishman," a poem defending William of Orange against the prejudices of the English public, was so popular that eighty thousand copies were sold in the streets of London. During his long imprisonment on account of "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," he used his time by writing a number of books. After his release he was taken into the service of the government, and received a pension. He energetically promoted the union of England and Scotland, living in Edinburgh for several years for this purpose, where his unpopularity was so great that his life was really in danger. The large number of his political tracts are now of no interest, and he will continue to be known as the immortal author of "Robinson Crusoe." This delightful book is one of the few that some-

how seem to have embodied an essential element of interest. The second part is quite inferior, being merely an attempt to reap a harvest from the great popularity of the first, but of this, a very large majority of English-speaking people will say with Dr. Johnson, that "Nobody ever laid it down without wishing it were longer."



THE FOOTPRINT IN THE SAND.

nally Foe, and it was not until about his fortieth year that he changed his signature from D. Foe to Defoe. He was educated for a minister, but decided not to enter that profession, and was at two periods of his life unsuccessfully engaged in business. He died in 1731, at the age of seventy.

It was published in 1719, and was so extraordinarily successful that Defoe was induced to write numerous other stories of a somewhat similar character. He was, in all, the author of two hundred and ten books and pamphlets. His style is admirably simple and his English pure and unpretending. He was the inventor of the leading article, or the newsletter of weekly comment on current affairs, and possessed quite a modern instinct in the art of advertising. When the infamous Jack Sheppard was condemned, Defoe wrote his "Life," and induced the highwayman, standing under the gallows, to send for a copy and deliver it as his last speech and dying confession.

Defoe was the son of a London butcher. His name was origi-

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ROBINSON CRUSOE DISCOVERS THE FOOTPRINT.

IT happened one day about noon, going toward my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand: I stood like one thunder-struck, or as if I had seen an apparition: I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one, I could see no other impression but that one: I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused, and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground. I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes an affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder, at first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I can not remember; for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

How strange a chequer-work of Providence is the life of man! And by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about, as differing circumstances present! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow

we fear—nay, even tremble at the apprehension of. This was exemplified in me at this time in the most lively manner imaginable: for I, whose only affliction was that I seemed banished from human society; that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I call a silent life; that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of his creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow; I say, that I should now tremble at the very apprehension of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot on the island!

Such is the uneven state of human life; and it afforded me a great many curious speculations afterward, when I had a little recovered my first surprise. I considered that this was the station of life the infinitely wise and good providence of God had determined for me; that as I could not foresee what the ends of divine wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute his sovereignty, who, as I was his creature, had an undoubted right by creation to govern and dispose of me absolutely as he thought fit; and who, as I was a creature who had offended him, had likewise a judicial right to condemn me to what punishment he thought fit; and that it was my part to submit to bear his indignation, because I had sinned against him.

I then reflected that God, who was not only righteous, but omnipotent, as he had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me, so he was able to deliver me; that if he did not think fit to do it, it was my unquestioned duty to resign myself absolutely and entirely to his will: and, on the other hand, it was my duty also to hope in him, pray to him, and quietly to attend the dictates and directions of his daily providence.



POET, NOVELIST, AND HISTORIAN.



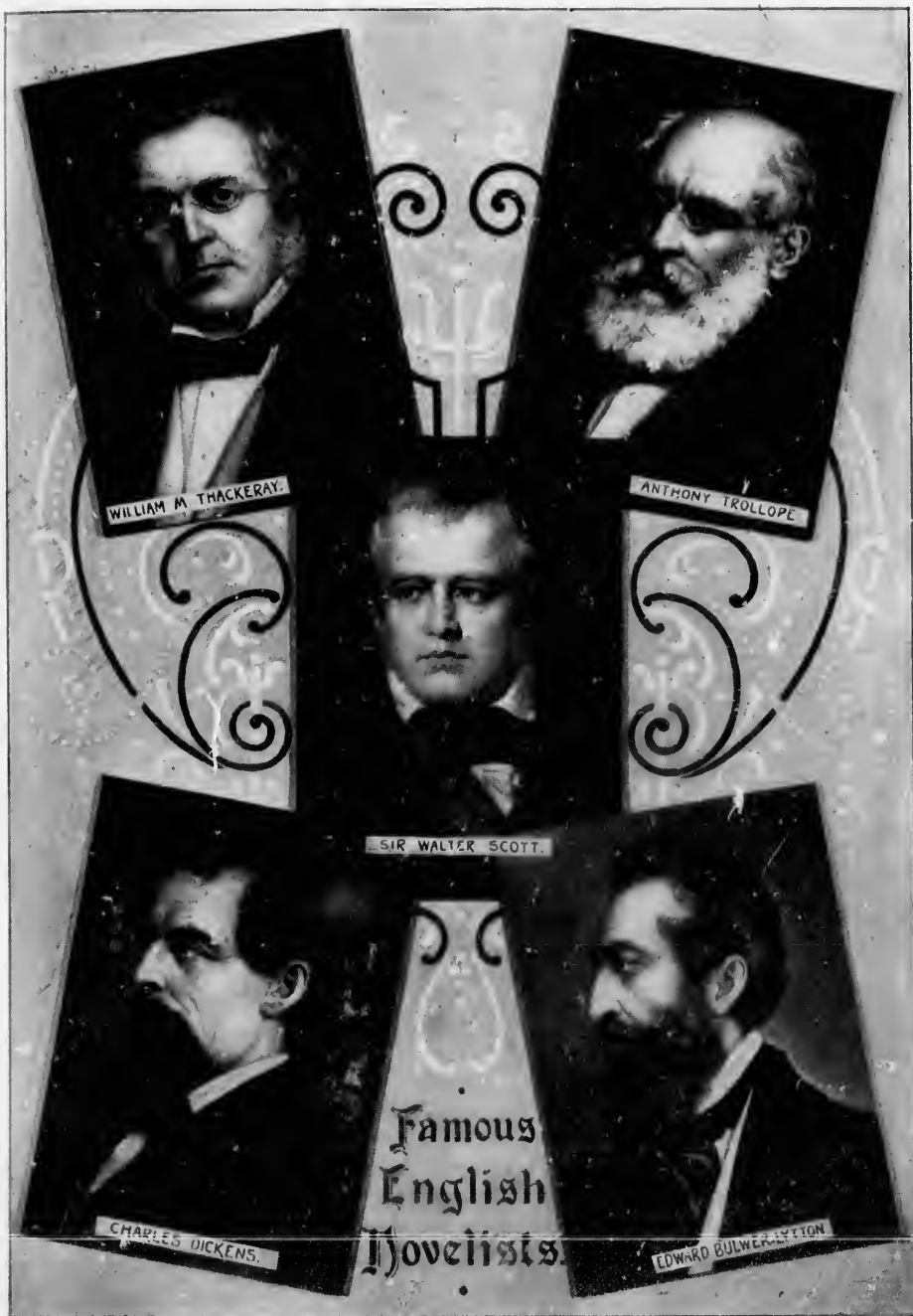
ALTER SCOTT was a born teller of stories. It mattered very little whether he was talking to his delighted mates in the Edinburgh High School, or writing "The Lady of the Lake," or "Waverly," or "The Life of Napoleon," still he was simply telling stories for the pleasure of audiences which went on increasing more and more, until he became the writer of English most universally read, a distinction which he now probably shares only with Dickens.

Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771. His father was a man of standing as an attorney, and after studying at the High School the son entered the father's office as a clerk, and was called to the bar in 1792. He was a sturdy boy, of great strength and endurance, particularly as a pedestrian, although an accident had made him lame from childhood. When he was eighteen years old he became sheriff of Selkirkshire, which office yielded him an income of £300 a year.

He was married in 1797 to Miss Margaret Carpenter, the daughter of a French refugee, and the story of their early married life in their cottage at Lasswade, on the banks of the Esk, is a delightful picture of domestic happiness. In 1802 he published "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which gave him considerable reputation as a historical poet. In 1803 he came to the final resolution of quitting his profession, observing, "There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance." In 1805 he published "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which was composed at the rate of a canto a week, and for which he obtained £600. In 1808 appeared his "Marmion," which he sold for £1000, the extraordinary success of which induced him, he says, for the first and last time of his life, to feel something approaching to vanity. This was succeeded by an edition of Dryden's works, in eighteen volumes, with notes historical and explanatory, and a life of the author. In 1810 he composed his "Lady of the Lake," which was a great success, and which has

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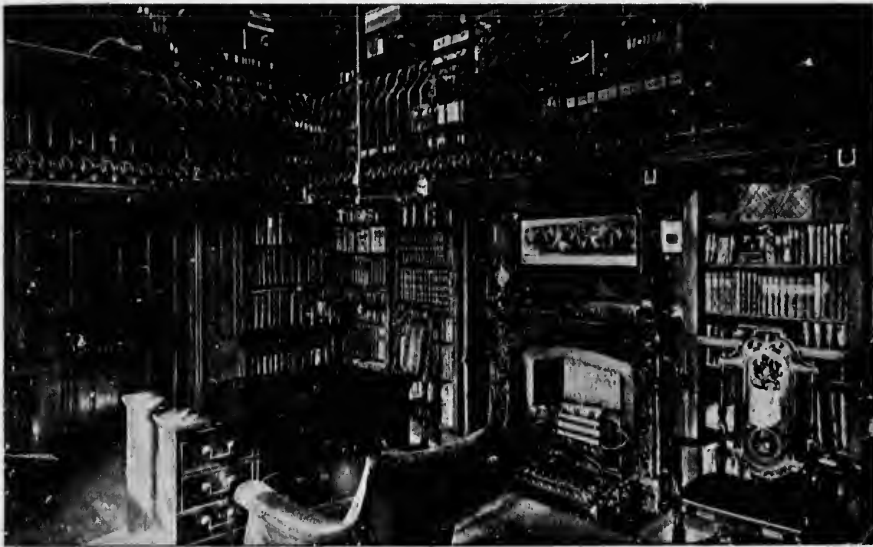


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been characterized by some as the finest specimen of his poetical genius. Within four years after this appeared his "Vision of Don Roderick," "Rokeby," and "The Lord of the Isles."

The fame of Byron now seemed likely to overshadow Scott, and his last poems failed, perhaps deservedly, to win the popularity of his earlier ones. He therefore began writing in prose, and published his story of "Waverly" without attaching his name. The novel was instantly successful, and for some years he continued to write anonymously, and the question of the identity of the "Great Unknown" was eagerly discussed in every literary circle. Following "Waverly," came in rapid succession "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Black Dwarf," "Old Mortality," "Heart of Midlothian," etc., about thirty novels in all. They are



SCOTT'S STUDY AT ABBOTSFORD.

mainly historical, and give a very correct picture of the times they represent. "The Monastery" and "The Abbot" are concerning Mary Queen of Scots; "Kenilworth" gives a fair picture of Elizabeth's times; "The Fortunes of Nigel" gives the reign of James I; "Woodstock," the Civil War and the Commonwealth; "Peveril of the Peak," the reign of Charles II; "Waverly," the period of the Pretender's attempt to secure the throne in 1745; while "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," and "Count Robert of Paris," are concerning the Crusaders.

Scott was now able to gratify his ambition by the purchase of a large landed property. So, on the banks of his favorite Tweed, near the ruins of Melrose Abbey, he purchased his estate, and gave it the name of Abbotsford. Here his happy family sprang up around him, and here in 1820 he received from George IV the coveted

title of baronet. No greater instance of pecuniary success was ever recorded than that of Scott, and no greater instance of pecuniary failure. The great publishing firm of Ballantyne & Co., in which Scott had a heavy interest, failed, involving Scott to the amount of more than a hundred thousand pounds. He retired immediately to Edinburgh and set courageously to work to pay off the immense debt by his pen. With so much success did he labor that in four years he had reduced the debt by one-half. He wrote the "Life of Napoleon," "Tales of a Grandfather," "Letters on Demonology," "Woodstock," and several other works, but now, in 1830, he began to break down: a stroke of paralysis foretold the end. He spent a year abroad in the attempt to recover his health, but turned homeward to die. He was brought, almost unconscious, to Abbotsford, where he passed away September 21, 1832. His two sons, two daughters, and several grandchildren survived him. His son-in-law, Lockhart, received his parting words: "Be a good man; be virtuous, be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will comfort you when you come to lie here."

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

"MARMION."

NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered, in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu.—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manor, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion class."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An' 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!"

And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her State,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate.
And, Douglas, more, I tell thee here,
E'en in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord of Scotland here,
Lowland or highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth,—"And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall!
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bride of Bethwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder; ho!"

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The bars,

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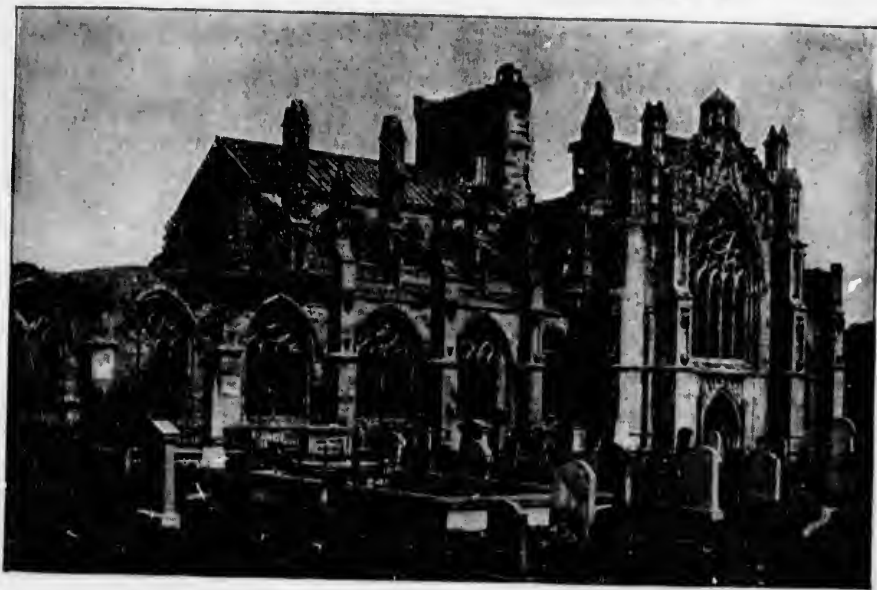
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Let the portcullis fall."—
 Lord Marmion turned—well was his need—
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,
 The ponderous gate behind him rung:
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Nor lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim;
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,

And shouts of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
 "Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and
 chase!"

But soon he reined his fury's pace:
 "A royal messenger he came,
 Though most unworthy of the name.
 St. Mary mend my fiery mood!
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood,
 I thought to slay him where he stood.—
 'Tis pity of him, too," he cried:
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
 I warrant him a warrior tried."—
 With this his mandate he recalls,
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.



MELROSE ABBEY.

MELROSE ABBEY.

"THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

IF THOU wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
 For the gay beams of lightsome day
 Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
 When the broken arches are black in night,
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruined central tower;
 When buttress and buttress, alternately,

Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
 When silver edges the imagery,
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave
 Then go—but go alone the while—
 Then view St. David's ruined pile;
 And, home returning, soothly swear,
 Was never scene so sad and fair!

BOAT SONG.

"THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances !
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green
Pine !

Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,

Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the
mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her
shade.

Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,

Echo his praise agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Proudly our pillbroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her
side.

Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe !
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine !
O ! that the rosebud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to
twine !

O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might
grow !

Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from the deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

SOLDIER, REST.

"THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er.
Sleep the sleep that knows not break-
ing ;

Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall.

Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more :
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pillbroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping ;
Yet the lark's shrill life may come

At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here ;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,
While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;
Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ;
Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

THE FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

"THE ANTIQUARY."

MR. Oldbuck soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-Crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and though the day was fine and the season favorable, the chant which is used by the fishers when at sea was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother as she sits mending her nets at the door. A few of the neighbors—some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected—stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting "till the body was lifted." As the Laird of Monk-barns approached they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

Inside the cottage the body was laid within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten, countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind, with that stony feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world and all that remain in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had been withheld only by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without any possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong toward the coffin, as an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the questions which were occasionally put to him were brief, harsh, and almost fierce.

His family had not yet dared to address to him a word either of sympathy or consolation. His

masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolutely mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself, on all ordinary occasions, was by this great loss terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favorite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next was to snatch up the boy, and devour him with kisses. "Ye'll be a braw fellow an' ye be spared, Patie; but ye'll never—never can be—what he was to me! He has sailed his coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there was na the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchanness. They say folks maun submit; I will try." And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer necessary questions.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron which she had flung over it, sat the mother,—the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands and the convulsive agitations of her bosom which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavoring to stem the grief which they could not console. The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unwonted display of wheaten bread and wine which the poorest peasant or fisher offers to his guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendor of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle when to look toward her bosom for the distaff, although

both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck at the black color of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded. Then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. He had no sooner received the mute and melancholy salutation of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself toward the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavor to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was as yet incapable of receiving either. He nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions; but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply. The minister next



KENILWORTH CASTLE, SCENE OF SCOTT'S FAMOUS NOVEL.

alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear; nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. There she sat among the funeral assembly like a link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually as if he was afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered, at each pause in his speech—

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gude! Nae doubt, nae doubt! It's our duty to submit! But, O dear! My poor Steenie! the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely; and a help to his family and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him! O my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! what is thou lying there? and eh! what for am I here to greet for ye!"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female attendants whispered, and the men held their bonnets to their faces, and spoke apart with each other.

Mr. Oldbuck observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relations of the family made sign to the carpenter—who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker—to proceed with his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon hand-spikes by the nearest relatives, now only awaited the father to support the head, as

is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he answered only by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment the friends, who considered this an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them that he himself, landlord and master to the deceased, would "carry his head to the grave."

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by beards or saulies, with their batons, miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of the grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. The procession to the churchyard, at about half a mile distant, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions. The body was consigned to its parent earth; and when the labor of the grave-diggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in mournful silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

THE NECESSITY AND DIGNITY OF LABOR.

FROM A LETTER TO HIS SON.

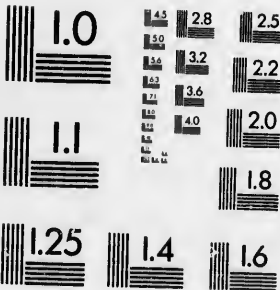
RELY upon it that you are now working hard in the classical mine, getting out the rubbish as fast as you can, and preparing yourself to collect the ore. I can not too much impress upon your mind that *labor* is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life,—there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow, to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his ennui. The only difference betwixt them is, that the poor man labors to get a dinner to his appetite, the rich man to get an appetite to his dinner. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor than a field of wheat

can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is, indeed, this great difference, that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies; and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use. Labor, my dear boy, therefore, and improve the time. In youth our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up. But if we neglect our spring, our summer will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of our old age unrespected and desolate.



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SIR WALTER RALEIGH SPREADS HIS CLOAK FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH.

FROM "KENILWORTH."

THEY were soon launched on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth in all its splendor.

"There are two things scarce matched in the universe," said Walter to Blount,—"the sun in heaven, and the Thames on the earth."

"The one will light us to Greenwich well enough," said Blount, "and the other would take us there a little faster if it were ebb tide."

"And this is all thou think'st, all thou carest, all thou deem'st the use of the king of elements and the king of rivers,—to guide three such poor caitiffs as thyself and me and Tracy upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony!"

"It is no errand of my seeking, faith!" replied Blount; "and I could excuse both the sun and the Thames the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go, and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble. And by my honor," he added, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labor in vain; for, see, the queen's barge lies at the stairs, as if her majesty were about to take water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the queen's watermen richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance on the royal person. The yeomen of the guard—the tallest and most handsome men whom England could produce—guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace-gate to the river side, and all seemed in readiness for the queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

"By my faith, this bodes us no good!" said Blount; "it must be some perilous cause puts her grace in motion thus untimously. By my counsel, we were best put back again, and tell the earl what we have seen."

"Tell the earl what we have seen!" said Walter; "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jenkins and halberds in their

hands? Let us do his errand, and tell him what the queen says in reply."

So saying, he caused the boat to be pulled toward a landing-place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not at that moment have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as her majesty was in the act of coming forth. The gentlemen used the name of the Earl of Sussex; but it proved no charm to subdue the officer, who alleged, in reply, that it was as much as his post was worth to disobey in the least tittle the commands which he had received.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount. "Do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

"Thou art mad, stark mad, by the mass!" answered Blount.

"And thou," said Walter, "art turned coward of the sudden. I have seen thee face half a score of shag-headed Irish kernes to thy own share of them, and now thou wouldst blink and go back to shun the frown of a fair lady!"

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and what would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the

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person of his sovereign ; and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, kept pulling him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently and let his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder,—a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye,—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, sir coxbomb," said Blount ; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a footcloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old drab-de-bure, which despises all colors."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long; if you learn not a little more economy, we shall have you in *cuervo* soon, as the Spaniard says."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the young cavalier, "are the man ; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount ; "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger ; "my orders are directly from her majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind,—Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation,—"Who the good jere would have thought this?"—and, shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water-side by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect,—a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river with the advantage of that flood-tide of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his associates.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition, at the signal of the gentleman pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length, one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with

graceful agility at the forepart of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence,—the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The mudded cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord!" said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head, and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe-keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose"—

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said

the queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayest be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be — It shall be gold, if thou wilt; but thou shalt answer to me for the use on 't."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the queen; "neither gold nor garment? What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, ma'am,—if it is not asking too high an honor,—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when your majesty's foot touched it, it became a mantle fit for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed, and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

THE STORMING OF FRONT-DE-BŒUF'S CASTLE.

FROM "IVANHOE."

AND I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hands of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight,

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the men who shoot them."

"That can not endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is so will the followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

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"He blanches not! he blanches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades, they hew down the barriers with axer. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush on—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. —They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again; there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth and almost immediately exclaimed—"Holy Prophets of the Law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand in the breach amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with those who strike for the cause of the oppressed and the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed—"He is down! he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar; their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls,"

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca; "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall. Some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other. . . . Down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads; and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe, "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push them away?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight. "Do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca; "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals you may hear above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down upon the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers."

"By Saint Joan of Arcie," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows; they rush in—the out-work is won. O God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! O men,—if indeed ye be men,—spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed. Few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle; the shrieks and the cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."



THE GREATEST ENGLISH NOVELIST.



HAS not only pleased us—he has softened the hearts of a whole generation. He made charity fashionable; he awakened pity in the hearts of sixty millions of people. He made a whole generation keep Christmas with acts of helpfulness to the poor; and every barefooted boy and girl in the streets of England and America to-day fares a little better, gets fewer cuffs and more pudding, because Charles Dickens wrote."

It may be questioned whether the benefit here described is greater to the poor or to those whose hearts have been taught to open to the call of suffering and distress; but surely the man who has wrought this change, not by formal preaching, or lecturing, or scolding, but by the most delightful books ever written in any language,—certainly he may be counted one of the great forces in human progress.

Charles Dickens was the son of a clerk in the English navy pay-office, a man of little ability and no means, whose family suffered by his improvidence, and whose portrait his son has drawn as Mr. Micawber. The father was finally confined for debt in the Marshalsea prison, and his family experienced the hardships of extreme poverty. Charles was employed between the ages of nine and eleven in pasting labels on blacking boxes, at which irksome occupation he earned six shillings a week. He began thus early to practise the art of composition, in so far, at least, as that name can be given to the making-up and telling of imaginative stories to his companions in the warehouse. A small legacy somewhat relieved the family, and Charles was sent to school. He was later engaged as a lawyer's clerk, and afterward acquired shorthand and became a reporter; first in the law courts, then of parliamentary debates, and finally for the newspaper press.

In 1834 appeared Dickens's first published sketch, "Mrs. Porter, Over the Way." This was succeeded by others, with the signature of "Boz," the short-

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ened form of a name given in sport to a younger brother, in allusion to the son of the Vicar of Wakefield: first "Moses," it became "Boses," and then "Boz." The sketches were well received, and at the end of the year the editor of the *Chronicle* engaged him to continue them in that paper, where they attracted much attention. In 1836 they were published collectively in two volumes, illustrated by Cruikshank.



BIRTHPLACE OF DICKENS, PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.

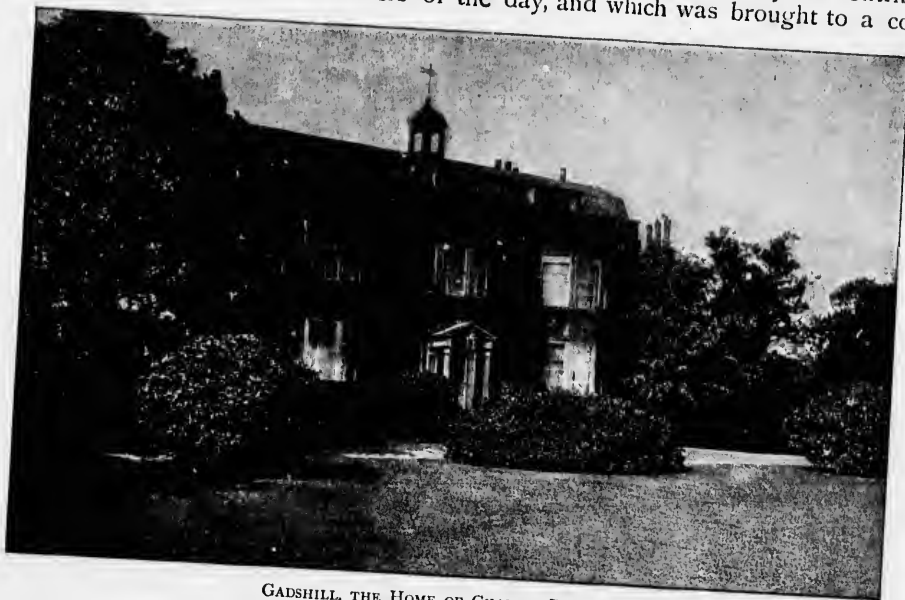
About this time, at the invitation of Chapman and Hall, Dickens began writing "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

The first numbers were not successful, but the appearance of Sam Weller gained many readers, and the author was soon the most popular writer of the day. Before the completion of "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist" was begun in *Bentley's Magazine*. "Pickwick" appeared in book form in 1837, "Oliver Twist" in 1838, and "Nicholas Nickleby" in 1839. Under the general title of "Master Humphrey's Clock," "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" were published in monthly numbers in 1840 and 1841.

For forty-three years from the appearance of "Pickwick" there was no cessation in the literary activity of Dickens. His visit to America in 1843 was followed by the publication of his "American Notes," which held up to ridicule the manners and customs of the Americans in such a

way as to alienate many of his admirers in this country. "Martin Chuzzlewit," published a year later, contains more of the same criticism. In 1843 appeared the "Christmas Carol," the first of the series of delightful stories adapted to that time of peace and good-will, the remaining ones being "The Chimes," "The Cricket on the Hearth," and "The Haunted Man," written at intervals up to 1848.

In 1845 the *Daily News* was started under the editorial auspices of Dickens, and to its columns he contributed the sketches called "Pictures of Italy." But the position was not congenial to his tastes, and he soon withdrew from it and returned to his own loved walk. "Dombey and Son," the story of a purse-proud merchant, appeared in 1847; "David Copperfield," depicting the career of a young literary man struggling up to fame, in 1849; "Bleak House," founded on the miseries of a suit in Chancery, in 1853; "Little Dorritt," the story of a young girl's devotion to a father in prison for debt, in 1856; "A Tale of Two Cities," in 1859; "Great Expectations," in 1861; and "Our Mutual Friend," in 1865. In 1850 he started *Household Words*, a weekly periodical, which was enriched by the contributions of some of the ablest writers of the day, and which was brought to a con-



GADSHILL, THE HOME OF CHARLES DICKENS.

clusion in 1859. The next year succeeded *All the Year Round*, similar in plan and form. A number of Christmas stories were written in collaboration with others, and "Our Mutual Friend" was printed in 1865. He had begun "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," which was being published in serial form, when he died at his home, Gadshill Place, in 1870.

Besides the more important works which have been mentioned, Dickens contributed to the magazines a great number of stories and sketches. About twelve years before his death he began to give public readings in London. They gave such great satisfaction to the immense audiences by which they were greeted, and were a source of so great profit to him, that they were continued in all the leading cities of England, and during a visit to America in 1868.

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No man has ever ministered more to the delighted pleasure of his friends than did Charles Dickens. He delighted in entertaining his intimates at Gadshill, and the stories of the unconventional, happy times that there transpired are both numerous and enjoyable. He has rarely been equaled as an after dinner speaker, and he took the greatest pleasure in acting upon the amateur stage, in plays of his own composition. Probably no other author, except Shakespeare, has created so large a number of characters universally known, and symbolizing some definite human frailty or human virtue. Pickwick, Micawber, Captain Cuttle, Peggotty, Little Nell, Uriah Heep, Mr. Dick, Barkis, Little Em'ly, Paul Dombey—how much we would miss were these and the others who live in the pages of Dickens to drop out of our life. It is this large place filled by the children of his genius in the thought and feeling of the world that justifies the title we have given him,—the Greatest English Novelist.

BARDELL VERSUS PICKWICK.

FROM "PICKWICK PAPERS."

SERJEANT BUZFUZ now rose with more importance than he had ever exhibited, if that were possible, and vociferated, "Call Samuel Weller."

It was quite unnecessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped briskly into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and, placing his hat on the floor, and his arms on the rail, took a bird's-eye view of the bar, and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

"What's your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?" inquired the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replied Sam. "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life; but I spells it with a 'V.'"

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud, "Quite right, too, Samevil,—quite right. Put it down a we, my lord; put it down a we."

"Who is that, who dares to address the court?" said the little judge, looking up. "Usher!"

"Yes, my lord."

"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my lord."

But as the usher did n't find the person, he did n't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said, "Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I do n't, my lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge.

Sam bowed his acknowledgments, and turned with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance towards Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam. "I am in the service of that 'ere gen'l'm'n, and a very good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, with jocularity.

"O, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said when they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man said, sir," interposed the judge; "it's not evidence."

"Very good, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant; eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Yes, I do, sir," replied Sam.

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'ler new fit-out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'm'n of the jury," said Sam; "and that was a very partickler and uncommon circumstance with me in those days."

Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said, "You had better be careful, sir."

"So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord," replied Sam; "and I was very careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes,—very careful indeed, my lord."

The judge looked sternly at Sam for full two minutes; but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that the judge said nothing, and motioned Serjeant Buzfuz to proceed.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, folding his arms emphatically, and turning half round to the jury, as if in mute assurance that he would bother the witness yet—"do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not," replied Sam. "I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there."

"Now, attend, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of frightening Sam with a show of taking down his answer. "You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was

going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam; "and that 's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double-million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'r'aps I might be able to see



"Mr. Pickwick was the personification of kindness and humanity."

through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see my vision's limited."

At this answer, which was delivered without the slightest appearance of irritation, and with the most complete simplicity and equanimity of manner, the spectators tittered, the little judge smiled, and Serjeant Buzfuz looked particularly foolish.

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After a short consultation with Dodson and Fogg, the learned Serjeant again turned toward Sam, and said, with a painful effort to conceal his vexation, "Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please."

"If you please, sir," said Sam, with the utmost good humor.

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house one night in November last?"

"O, yes, very well."

"O, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits; "I thought we should get at something at last."

"I rayther thought that, too, sir," replied Sam; and at this the spectators tittered again.

"Well, I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial,—ch, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury.

"I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talkin' about the trial," replied Sam.

"O, you did get a talking about the trial," said Serjeant Buzfuz, brightening up with the anticipation of some important discovery. "Now, what passed about the trial? Will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"Vith all the pleasure in life, sir," replied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant observations from the two wirtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a very great state o' admiration at the honorable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg,—them two gen'l'm'n as is settin' near you now." This of course drew general

attention to Dodson and Fogg, who looked as virtuous as possible.

"The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz. "Well, they spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes," said Sam; "they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec. and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

At this very unexpected reply the spectators tittered again, and Dodson and Fogg, turning very red, leant over to Serjeant Buzfuz, and in a hurried manner whispered something in his ear.

"You are quite right," said Serjeant Buzfuz aloud, with affected composure. "It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir."

"Would any other gen'l'm'n like to ask me anythin'?" inquired Sam, taking up his hat, and looking around most deliberately.

"Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you," said Serjeant Snubbin, laughing.

"You may go down, sir," said Serjeant Buzfuz, waving his hand impatiently. Sam went down accordingly, after doing Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's case as much harm as he conveniently could, and saying just as little respecting Mr. Pickwick as might be, which was precisely the object he had had in view all along.

THROUGH THE STORM.

FROM "DAVID COPPERFIELD."

IN the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long, curling

hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge. The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends toward the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprang wildly over and turned toward the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne toward us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes. They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach,

and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him—as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea—exactly the same



CAPTAIN CUTTLE.

"Had been a pilot, or a skipper, or a privateer's-man, or all three perhaps; and was a very salt looking man indeed."

look as I remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms, and implored the men with whom I had been speaking not to listen to him, not

to do much that sand I

Another wreck, which beat off the triumph round the mast.

Against nation as was already present, I wind. "Me by boat come. If you, and be a-going off."

Ham was silence of a storm before wave, where held the rope he dashed in ing with the with the v drawn again.

He was where I stood. He seemed for leaving the motion.

And now the hills, far ragged foam on toward The distance sea and with he neared to one more clinging to of water, m ship, he seemed bound, and

Some ed a mere cask spot where was in even feet—insens

to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sea, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 'tan't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm a-going off!" . . .

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the ragged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it—when, a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving in shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the

nearest house; and—no one prevented me now—I remained near him, busy; while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

As I sat beside the bed when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me:

"Has a body come ashore?"

He said, "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then.

He answered nothing.

But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

No need, O Steerforth, to have said, when we last spoke together, in that hour which I so little deemed to be our parting hour—no need to have said, "Think of me at my best!" I had done that ever; and could I change now, looking on this sight! They brought a hand-bier, and laid him on it, and covered him with a flag, and took him up and bore him on toward the house. All the men who carried him had known him, and gone sailing with him, and seen him merry and bold. They carried him through the wild roar, a hush in the midst of the tumult; and took him to the cottage where Death was already. But when they set the bier down on the threshold, they looked at one another, and at me, and whispered. I know why. They felt as if it were not right to lay him down in the same quiet room.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

FROM "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put

ness were born,—imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there



DICKENS' "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

near me something that has loved the light and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her; but peace and perfect happi-

had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile,—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

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She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast,—the garden she had tended,—the eyes she had gladdened,—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour,—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday,—could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is compared with the World to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly; for she often said, "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face,—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget,—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

She had never murmured or complained, but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered,—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them,—faded like the light upon a summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there almost as soon as it was day, with an offer-

ing of dried flowers which he begged them to lay upon her breast. It was he who had come to the window overnight and spoken to the sexton; and they saw in the snow traces of small feet, where he had been lingering near the room in which she lay before he went to bed. He had a fancy, it



MR. MICAWBER.

"With a certain indescribable air of doing something genteel."

seemed, that they had left her there alone; and could not bear the thought.

He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear

his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young brother all day long, when *he* was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word, and was in his childish way a lesson to them all.

Up to that time the old man had not spoken once,—except to her,—or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on which they must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old,—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in

many shapes and forms,—to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now,—pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it,—whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window,—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place,—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and, most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave,—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them,—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

FROM "PICKWICK PAPERS."

SAM had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of

the door and the entrance of his parent. "Vell, Sammy," said the father. "Vell, my Proosian Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen.

"But wot's that you're a-doin' of—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh, Sammy?"

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"I've done now," said Sam with slight embarrassment; "I've been a-writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why, it's no use a-sayin' it a'n't," replied Sam. "It's a valentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I did n't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiually seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I did n't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I did n't think you'd ha' done it!"

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I a'n't a-goin' to get married, do n't fret yourself about that. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air: "'Lovely'"—

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur,'" repeated Sam.

"Ta'n't in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin ag'in, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows: "'Lovely creetur i feel myself a damned——'"

"That a'n't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it a'n't 'damned,'" observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—I feel myself ashamed."



SAM WELLER.

"We eats our billed mutton without capers, and don't care for horse-radish wen we can get beef."

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—I forget what this here word is,'" said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why do n't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a-lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a *c* and a *i* and a *d*."

"Circumwented, p'r'aps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it a'n't that," said Sam; "'circum-scribed'; that's it."

"That a'n't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But do n't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"Feel myself ashamed and completely circum-scribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it."

"That's a very pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is that there a'n't no callin' names in it—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a King's Arms at once, which is very well known to be a collection of fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows: "'Afore I see you I thought all women was alike,'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"But now," continued Sam, "'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there a'n't nobody like you though I like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up. Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed. "'So I take the privilege of the day, Mary, my dear, to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my h'art in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the profeel machine, altho' it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No, it do n't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point—"Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your valentine, and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude." That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, a'n't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

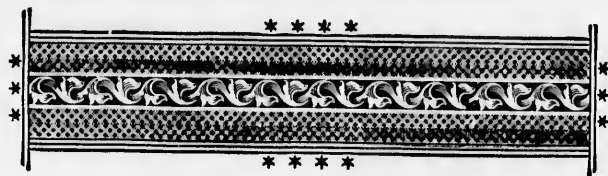
"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll wisl there was more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."



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WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE GREAT HUMORIST AND NOVELIST.

IT is long since England lost such a son," wrote a distinguished critic, soon after the death of Thackeray. "It will be long before she has such another to lose. He was indeed emphatically English,—English as distinct from Scotch, no less than English as distinct from Continental. The highest purely English novelist since Fielding, he combined Addison's love of virtue with Johnson's hatred of cant; Horace Walpole's lynx eye for the mean and the ridiculous, with the gentleness and wide charity for mankind, as a whole, of Goldsmith. He will be remembered in his due succession with these men for ages to come, as long as the hymn of praise rises in the old Abbey of Westminster, and wherever the English tongue is native to men, from the banks of the Ganges to those of the Mississippi."

Thackeray's father was a wealthy officer in the Indian service, and the great novelist was born in Calcutta in 1811. He was early sent to England, to be educated at the school of the Charter House, which he describes under the name of Greyfriars in his stories. He entered Cambridge, but coming into his property on the death of his father, he left college, and spent some time in Italy and Germany in the study of art, intending to become a painter. He never acquired any great degree of skill, but he was very apt in outline drawing, and made frequent use of this ability in illustrating his later work, especially his contributions to *Punch*. He invested most of his means in setting up a daily newspaper, *The Constitutional*, which lived a year and then disappeared, and with it all of Thackeray's wealth. He probably counted this event a grave misfortune, but to it the world owes a great number of delightful sketches, and at least five of the most famous novels in the English language. He began to write for *Fraser's Magazine* under the names of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" and "George Fitz-Boodle, Esq.," and for *Punch* under the title "Fat Contributor." To the latter he contributed the inimitable "Jeames's Diary" and "The Snob Papers." "If satire could do aught to check the pride of the vulgar upstart, or shame social hypocrisy into truth and simplicity, these writings would accomplish the end."

Thackeray's name now became known and his writings sought after. In 1846 appeared his first, and perhaps greatest, novel, "Vanity Fair," which gave him rank at once as one of the greatest living writers of fiction. Nowhere is Thack-

eray's peculiar power more concentrated than in this novel, and the heroine—the cool “woman of the world” Becky Sharp, an unprincipled governess, elbowing her way into fashionable life—will long remain the type of feminine intellect without virtue. In 1849 appeared “Pendennis,” the hero of which is an accomplished, gentleman-like “man of the world,” without much moral principle to guide him.



MAJOR PENDENNIS.

as they lived, and endowed with the warm human reality of the lecturer's Dobbins, and Warringtons, and Pendennises.

Toward the close of 1852 appeared “Esmond,” who introduces us to the society of Addison and Steele; and after that Thackeray came over to our country

In 1851 Thackeray delivered at “Willis's Rooms” a course of six lectures on the “English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century,” commencing the course with Swift and ending with Goldsmith. All that was most brilliant in the capital was assembled to hear him. Amidst a throng of nobles and beauties and men of fashion were Carlyle and Macaulay, Hallam with his venerable head, and Charlotte Brontë, whose own fame was just at its height, and who saw in the lecturer her ideal of an elevated and high-minded master of literary art. The lectures were thoroughly appreciated. Everybody was delighted to see the great masters of English of a past age brought to life again in their habits

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and delivered his lectures upon "The Four Georges." He was everywhere received with great enthusiasm, and his lectures were numerous attended, and elicited the warmest commendations. On his return, "The Newcomes" and "The Virginians" appeared, and a new set of lectures on "The Four Georges." In 1860 he became the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which rapidly attained a degree of success without example in English magazine literature. "Lovel the Widower" and "The Adventures of Philip" appeared in its pages; but they are not to be compared with his previous novels. The last of his published works was "Roundabout Papers," consisting of twenty papers which appeared from time to time in the *Cornhill*, and in which are seen much of the irony, humor, and shrewdness of the author. Several of Thackeray's best novels were published as serials, and he continued his connection with the magazines until within a short time of his death, which occurred in 1863; but he broke off his connection with *Punch* in 1854, apparently because he thought the tone of that humorous paper not what it should be.

A dark shadow had early fallen upon his domestic life. His young wife, after giving birth to two daughters, was stricken with a mental malady, from which she never recovered. His daughters, who grew up to be the joy of his life, were placed with his mother at Paris, while he lived a lonely life in London lodgings. It was under these circumstances that "Vanity Fair" was begun early in 1847. It is the most widely known of all his works, although "The Newcomes" is regarded as the best of his novels.

The other works of Thackeray consist mainly of his contributions to *Fraser* and the *Cornhill*, several volumes of foreign sketches, small Christmas books, and a volume of clever "Ballads." Among these works are: "The Book of Snobs," "The Yellowplush Papers," "The Fitz-Boodle Papers," "The Paris Sketch Book," "The Irish Sketch Book," "A Jouruey from Cornhill to Cairo," "Cox's Diary," "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," "A Legend of the Rhine," "The Kickleburys on the Rhine," "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," "Our Street," "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," and "The Rose and the Ring." In 1887 was published a "Collection of the Letters of Thackeray," written between 1847 and 1855 to his close friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield. These present our best picture of the noble and lovable character of the man.

Thackeray was a keen critic, and held up to ridicule the foibles and weaknesses of mankind with a satire severe but mellowed with kindness. It was for the arrogant and deceitful in fashionable society that he reserved his keenest shafts, and no man was ever more charitable to weakness when not concealed by deception. It has been said that in Dickens's characters we see our neighbor's faults reflected; in Thackeray's we recognize our own. However this may be, certain it is that few of the famous writers have contributed more to the opening of the eyes of society to its own failings. He plied the lash unmercifully, but in a way that held the victim in spite of himself. He has not written solely to please, but his novels will continue to delight until men cease to enjoy the lifelike portraiture of the society in which their fathers moved.

THE FOTHERINGAY OFF THE STAGE.

FROM "PENDENNIS."

AS Pen followed his companion up the creaking old stairs his knees trembled under him. He could hardly see when he entered, following the Captain, and stood in the room—her room. He saw something black before him, and waving as if making a courtesy; and heard, but quite indistinctly, Costigan making a speech over him, in which the Captain, with his habitual magniloquence, expressed to "me child" his wish to make her known to "his dear and admirable young friend, Mr. Authur Pindennis, a young gentleman of property in the neighborhood, a person of reformed moind and amiable manners, a sincere lover of poethry; and a man possest of a feeling and affectionate heart."

"It is very fine weather," Miss Fotheringay said, with an Irish accent, and a deep, rich, melancholy voice.

"Very," said Mr. Pendennis.

"And very warm," continued this Empress and Queen of Sheba. . . .

The conversation thus begun rolled on. She asked Costigan whether he had had a pleasant evening at the George, and he recounted the supper and the tumblers of punch. Then the father asked her how she had been employed during the morning.

"Bows came," said she, "at ten, and we studied Ophaylia. It's for the twenty-fourth, when I hope, Sir, we shall have the honor of seeing ye."

"Indeed you will," Mr. Pendennis cried; wondering she should say "Ophaylia," and speak with an Irish inflection of voice naturally, who had not the least Hibernian accent on the stage.

"I've secured 'um for your benefit, dear," said the Captain, tapping his waistcoat pocket, wherein lay Pen's sovereigns, and winking at Pen, with one eye, at which the boy blushed.

"Mr. —, the gentleman's very obleeing," said she.

"My name is Pendennis," said Pen, blushing. "I—I—hope you'll—you'll remember it." His heart thumped so as he made this audacious declaration, that he almost choked in uttering it.

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"Pendennis," she answered slowly, and looking him full in the eyes with a glance so straight, so clear, so bright, so killing, with a voice so sweet, so round, so low, that the word transfixed him with pleasure.

"I never knew the name was so pretty before," Pen said.

"'Tis a very pretty name," Ophelia said. "Pentweazle's not a pretty name. Remember, papa, when we were on the Norwich Circuit, young Pentweazle, who used to play second old man, and married Miss Raney, the Columbine? They're both engaged in London now, at the Queen's, and get five pounds a week. Pentweazle was n't his real name. 'Twas Jedkin gave it to him—I don't know why. His name was Harrington; that is, his real name was Potts; fawther a clergyman, very respectable. Harrington was in London, and got into debt. Ye remember, he came out in Falkland, to Mrs. Bunce's Julia."

"And a pretty Julia she was," the Captain interposed; "a woman of fifty, and a mother of ten children. 'Tis you who ought to have been Julia, or my name's not Jack Costigan."

"I did n't take the leading business then," Miss Fotheringay said modestly. "I was n't fit for 'till Bows taught me."

"True for you, my dear," said the Captain; and bending to Pendennis, he added: "Rejueed in circumstances, sir, I was for some time a fencing-master in Dublin;—there's only three men in the empire could touch me with the foil once, but Jack Costigan's getting old and stiff now, sir—and my daughter had an engagement at the thayer there; and 'twas there that my friend, Mr. Bows, gave her lessons, and made her what ye see. What have ye done since Bows went, Emily?"

"Sure, I've made a pie," Emily said, with perfect simplicity. She pronounced it *Poy*.

"If ye'll try it at four o'clock, sir, say the word," said Costigan, gallantly. "That girl, sir, makes the best veal-and-ham pie in England; and I think I can promise ye a glass of punch of the right flavor."

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Pen had promised to be home at dinner at six o'clock; but the usual thought he could accommodate pleasure and duty in this point, and was only too eager to accept this invitation. He looked on with wonder and delight whilst Ophelia busied herself about the room, and prepared for the dinner. She arranged the glasses, and laid and smoothed the little cloth, all which duties she performed with a quiet grace and good humor which enchanted her guest more and more. The "Poy" arrived from the baker's at the proper hour, and at four o'clock Pen found himself at dinner—actually at dinner with the handsomest woman in creation—with his first and only love, whom he had adored ever since, when?—ever since yesterday, ever since forever. He ate a crust of her making; he poured her out a glass of beer; he saw her drink a glass of punch—just one wine-glassful out of the tumbler which she mixed for her papa. She was perfectly good-natured, and offered to mix one for Pendennis, too. It was prodigiously strong; Pen had never in his life drunk so much spirits-and-water. Was it the punch or the punch-maker who intoxicated him?

Pen tried to engage her in conversation about poetry and about her profession. He asked her what she thought of Ophelia's madness, and whether she was in love with Hamlet or not. "In love with such a little ojus wretch as that stunted maneger of a Bingley!" She bristled with indignation at the thought. Pen explained that it was not her of whom he spoke, but of the Ophelia of the play. "Oh, indeed, if no offense was meant, none was taken; but as for Bingley, indeed, she did not value him—not that glass of punch!"

Pen next tried her on Kotzebue. "Kotzebue? Who was he?" "The author of the play in which she had been performing so admirably?" "She did not know that—the man's name at the beginning of the book was Thompson," she said. Pen laughed at her adorable simplicity.

"What was that he was talking about, the madness of Hamlet, and the theory of the great German critic on the subject?" Emily asked of her father.

"Deed then, I don't know, Milly dear," an-

swered the Captain. "We'll ask Bows when he comes."

"Anyhow, he's a nice, fair-spoken, pretty young man," the lady said. "How many tickets did he take of you?"

"Faith, then, he took six, and gev me two guineas, Milly," the Captain said. "I suppose them young chaps is not too flush of coin."

"He's full of book-learning," Miss Fotheringay continued. "Kotzebue! He, he, what a droll name, indeed, now; and the poor fellow killed by sand, too! Did ye ever hear such a thing? I'll ask Bows about it, papa dear."

"A queer death, sure enough," ejaculated the Captain, and changed the painful theme. "'Tis an elegant mare the young gentleman rides," Costigan went on to say, and a grand breakfast, intirely, that young Mr. Foker gave us."

"He's good for two private boxes, and at least twenty tickets, I should say," cried the daughter.

"I'll go bail of that," answered the papa. And so the conversation continued for a while, until the tumbler of punch was finished; and their hour of departure soon came too; for at half-past six Miss Fotheringay was to appear at the theater again, whither her father always accompanied her; and stood, as we have seen, in the side-scene watching her, and drinking spirits-and-water in the green-room with the company there. . . .

"How beautiful she is," thought Pen, cantering homewards. "How simple and how tender! How charming it is to see a woman of her genius busying herself with the humble offices of domestic life, cooking dishes to make her old father comfortable, and brewing him drink! How rude it was of me to begin to talk about professional matters, and how well she turned the conversation! By-the-way, she talked about professional matters herself; but then with what fun and humor she told the story of her comrade, Pentweazle, as he was called! There is no humor like Irish humor. Her father is rather tedious, but thoroughly amiable; and how fine of him giving lessons in fencing, after he quitted the army, where he was the pet of the Duke of Kent! Fencing! I should like to continue my fencing, or I shall forget what Angelo taught me. Uncle Arthur always liked

me to fence; he says it is the exercise of a gentleman. Hang it! I'll take some lessons of Captain Costigan. Goalong, Rebecca—up the hill,

old lady! Pendennis, Pendennis—, how she spoke the word! Emily, Emily! how good, how noble, how beautiful, how perfect she is!"

MISS REBECCA SHARP.

FROM "VANITY FAIR."

MISS SHARP'S father was an artist, and in that quality had given lessons of drawing at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man; a pleasant companion, a careless student; with a great propensity for running into debt, and a partiality for the tavern. When he was drunk he used to beat his wife and daughter; and the next morning, with a headache, he would rail at the world for its neglect of his geruins, and abuse, with a good deal of cleverness, and sometimes with perfect reason, the fools, his brother painters. As it was with the utmost difficulty that he could keep himself, and as he owed money for a mile about Soho, where he lived, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman of the French nation, who was by profession an opera-girl. The humble calling of her female parent Miss Sharp never alluded to, but used to state subsequently that the Entrechats were a noble family of Gascony, and took great pride in her descent from them. And curious it is that as she advanced in life this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendor.

Rebecca's mother had had some education somewhere, and her daughter spoke French with purity, and a Parisian accent. It was in those days rather a rare accomplishment, and led to her engagement with the orthodox Miss Pinkerton. For the mother being dead, her father finding himself not likely to recover after his third attack of *delirium tremens*, wrote a manly and pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection; and so descended to the grave, after two bailiffs had quarreled over his corpse. Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articted pupil; her duties being to talk French, and her privileges to live scot-free, and with a few guineas a year to gather scraps of knowl-

edge from the professors who attended the school.

She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down; when they looked up, they were very large, odd, and attractive; so attractive, that the Reverend Mr. Crisp, fresh from Oxford, and curate to the Vicar of Chiswick, Reverend Mr. Flowerdew, fell in love with Miss Sharp, being shot dead by a glance from her eyes which were fired all the way across Chiswick Church, from the school-pew to the reading-desk. This infatuated young man used sometimes to take tea with Miss Pinkerton, to whom he had been presented by his mamma, and actually proposed something like marriage in an intercepted note, which the one-eyed apple woman was charged to deliver. Mrs. Crisp was summoned from Buxton, and abruptly carried off her darling boy; but the idea even of such an eagle in the Chiswick dovecote caused a great flutter in the breast of Miss Pinkerton, who would have sent away Miss Sharp but that she was bound to her under a forfeit; and who never could thoroughly believe the young lady's protestations that she had never exchanged a single word with Mr. Crisp, except under her own eyes on the two occasions when she had met him at tea.

By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to, and turned away from her father's door; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good humor, and into the granting of one meal more. She sat commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit, and heard the talk of many of his wild companions—often ill-suited for a girl to hear. But she had never been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was

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eight years old. Oh, why did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage.

The fact is, the old lady believed Rebecca to be the meekest creature in the world; so admirably, on the occasions when her father brought her to Chiswick, used Rebecca to perform the part of an *ingénue*, and only a year before the arrangement by which Rebecca had been admitted into her house, and when Rebecca was sixteen years old, Miss Pinkerton majestically, and with a little speech, made her a present of a doll—which was, by the way, the confiscated property of Miss Swindle, discovered surreptitiously nursing it in school-hours.

How the father and daughter laughed as they trudged home together after the evening party; and how Miss Pinkerton would have raged had she seen the caricature of herself which the little mimic, Rebecca, managed to make out of her doll. Becky used to go through dialogues with it; it formed the delight of Newman Street, Gerard Street, and the artists' quarters; and the young painters, when they came to take their gin-and-water with their lazy, dissolute, clever, jovial senior, used regularly to ask if Miss Pinkerton was

at home. Once Rebecca had the honor to pass a few days at Chiswick, after which she brought back *Jemima*, and erected another doll as Miss

Jemmy; for though that honest creature had made and given her jelly and cake enough for three children, and a seven-shilling piece at part-



BECKY SHARP.

ing, the girl's sense of ridicule was far stronger than her gratitude, and she sacrificed Miss *Jemmy* quite as pitilessly as her sister.

THOMAS NEWCOME ANSWERS.

FROM "THE NEWCOMES."

SO, weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned

time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed and he was a youth again: a youth all love and hope—a stricken old man with a beard as white as snow covering his

noble, care-worn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady. Anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and good-will dwelt in it.

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fall. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by his bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and the Gray Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played



COLONEL NEWCOME.

his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Morac; at which he would like to see the game; he had played

many a game. He grew excited, the friend, away he ran into a fort, match out.

After that he began to yell louder; he Hindustani French rapidly and crying Ethel's name and the nurse came in, crying apart from with my wife woman's company. "He the nurse constantly on his

Some time his scared face for you again.

A CRO from tree a pool under eyes were green which appeared amoor, where wretch with to crows. browsing; meadow, or there.

Who showed field but a wolf in sheep's clothing know master the wolf had her skin over

many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited. Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command; spoke Hindustanee, as if to his men. Then he spoke French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying "*Toujours, toujours!*" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him. The nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham. At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad; he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterward Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said to Madame de

Florac, who was still kneeling; "and said just now he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot. The old man within it talked on rapidly for a while; then he would sigh and be still. Once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him while I am in India," and then with a heart-rending voice he called out "*Léonore, Léonore!*" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "*Adsum!*" and fell back. It was the word we used at school when the names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

OLD FABLES WITH A NEW PURPOSE.

INTRODUCTION TO "THE NEWCOMES."

 CROW, who had flown away with a cheese from a dairy window, sat perched on a tree, looking down at a great, big frog in a pool underneath him. The frog's hideous, large eyes were goggling out of his head in a manner which appeared quite ridiculous to the old black-amoor, who watched the splay-footed, slimy wretch with that peculiar grim humor belonging to crows. Not far from the frog a fat ox was browsing; while a few lambs frisked about the meadow, or nibbled the grass and buttercups there.

Who should come into the farther end of the field but a wolf! He was so cunningly dressed up in sheep's clothing that the very lambs did not know master wolf; nay, one of them, whose dam the wolf had just eaten, after which he had thrown her skin over his shoulders, ran up innocently

toward the devouring monster, mistaking him for mamma.

"He-he!" says a fox, sneaking round the hedge-paling, over which the tree grew whereupon the crow was perched, looking down on the frog who was staring with his goggle eyes fit to burst with envy, and croaking abuse at the ox. "How absurd those lambs are! Yonder silly little knock-kneed baah-ling does not know the old wolf dressed in the sheep's fleece. He is the same old rogue who gobbled up little Red Riding Hood's grandmother for lunch, and swallowed little Red Riding Hood for supper. He-he!"

An owl, that was hidden in the hollow of the tree, woke up. "O ho, master fox," says she, "I can not see you, but I smell you! If some folks like lambs, other folks like geese," says the owl.

"And your ladyship is fond of mice," says the fox.

"The Chinese eat them," says the owl, "and I have read that they are very fond of dogs," continued the old lady.

"I wish they would exterminate every cur of them off the face of the earth," said the fox.

"And I have also read in works of travel that the French eat frogs," continued the owl. "Aha, my friend Crapaud! are you there? That was a very pretty concert we sang together last night."

"If the French devour my brethren, the English eat beef," croaked out the frog—"great, big, brutal, bellowing oxen!"

"Ho, whoo!" says the owl, "I have heard that the English are toad-eaters, too!"

"But who ever heard of them eating an owl or a fox, madam?" says Reynard, "or their sitting down and taking a crow to pick," adds the polite rogue, with a bow to the old crow, who was perched above them with the cheese in his mouth. "We are privileged animals, all of us; at least, we never furnish dishes for the odious orgies of man."

"I am the bird of wisdom," says the owl; "I was the companion of Pallas Minerva; I am frequently represented in the Egyptian monuments."

"I have seen you over the British barn-doors," said the fox, with a grin. "You have a deal of scholarship, Mrs. Owl. I know a thing or two myself; but am, I confess it, no scholar—a mere man of the world—a fellow that lives by his wits—a mere country gentleman."

"You sneer at scholarship," continues the owl, with a sneer on her venerable face. "I read a good deal of a night."

"When I am engaged deciphering the cocks and hens at roost," says the fox.

"It's a pity for all that you can't read; that board nailed over my head would give you some information."

"What does it say?" says the fox.

"I can't spell in the daylight," answered the owl; and, giving a yawn, went back to sleep till evening in the hollow of her tree.

"A fig for her hieroglyphics!" said the fox,

looking up at the crow in the tree. "What airs our slow neighbor gives herself!"

The little lambkin was lying unsuspectingly at the side of the wolf in fleecy hosiery, who did not as yet molest her, being replenished with the mutton, her mamma. But now the wolf's eyes began to glare, and his sharp, white teeth to show, and he rose up with a growl, and began to think he should like lamb for supper.

"What large eyes you have got!" bleated out the lamb, with rather a timid look.

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"What large teeth you have got!"

"The better to—"

At this moment such a terrific yell filled the field that all its inhabitants started with terror. It was from a donkey, who had somehow got a lion's skin, and now came in at the hedge, pursued by some men and boys with sticks and guns.

When the wolf in sheep's clothing heard the bellow of the ass in the lion's skin, fancying that the monarch of the forest was near, he ran away as fast as his disguise would let him. When the ox heard the noise, he dashed round the meadow ditch, and with one trample of his hoof squashed the frog who had been abusing him. When the crow saw the people with guns coming, he instantly dropped the cheese out of his mouth, and took to wing. When the fox saw the cheese drop, he immediately made a jump at it (for he knew the donkey's voice, and that his asinine bray was not a bit like his royal master's roar), and, making for the cheese, fell into a steel-trap, which snapped off his tail; without which he was obliged to go into the world, pretending, forsooth, that it was the fashion not to wear tails any more, and that the fox-party were better without 'em.

Meanwhile, a boy with a stick came up, and belabored master donkey until he roared louder than ever. The wolf, with the sheep's clothing dragging about his legs, could not run fast, and was detected and shot by one of the men. The blind old owl, whirring out of the hollow tree, quite amazed at the disturbance, flounced into the face of a plow-boy, who knocked her down with a pitchfork. The butcher came and quietly led off the ox and the lamb; and the farmer, finding the

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fox's brush in the trap, hung it over his mantel-piece and always bragged that he had been in at his death.

This, then, is to be a story, may it please you, in which jackdaws will wear peacock's feathers, and awaken the just ridicule of the peacocks; in which, while every justice is done to the peacocks themselves, the splendor of their plumage, the gorgeousness of their dazzling necks, and the magnificence of their tails, exception will yet be taken to the absurdity of their rickety strut, and the foolish discord of their pert squeaking; in which lions in love will have their claws pared by sly virgins; in which rogues will sometimes triumph, and honest folks, let us hope, come by their own; in which there will be black crape and

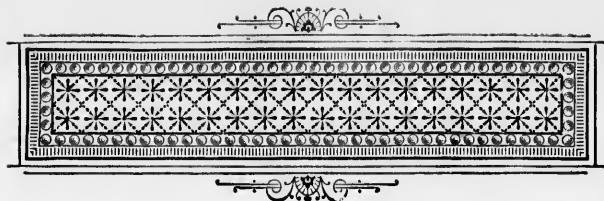
white favors; in which there will be tears under orange-flower wreaths and jokes in mourning coaches; in which there will be dinners of herbs with contentment and without; and banquets of stalled oxen where there is care and hatred—ay, and kindness and friendship, too, along with the feast. It does not follow that all men are honest because they are poor; and I have known some who were friendly and generous, although they had plenty of money. There are some great landlords who do not grind down their tenants; there are actually bishops who are not hypocrites; there are liberal men even among the Whigs, and the Radicals themselves are not all aristocrats at heart.

LOYALTY TO TRUTH.

On account of his severe strictures upon the Georges, Thackeray was accused of disloyalty. This charge he thus confuted at a dinner given to him in Edinburgh in 1857.

 HAD thought that in these lectures I had spoken in terms not of disrespect or unkindness, and in feelings and in language not un-English, of Her Majesty the Queen; and wherever I have had to mention her name, whether it was upon the banks of the Clyde or upon those of the Mississippi, whether it was in New England or in Old England, whether it was in some great hall in London to the artisans of the suburbs of the metropolis, or to the politer audiences of the western end,—wherever I had to mention her name it was received with shouts of applause and with the most hearty cheers. And why was this? It was not on account of the speaker; it was on account of the truth; it was because the English and the Americans—the people of New Orleans a year ago, the people of Aberdeen a week ago—all received and acknowledged with due allegiance the great claims to honor which that lady has who worthily holds that great and awful situation which our Queen occupies. It is my loyalty that is called in ques-

tion, and it is my loyalty that I am trying to plead to you. Suppose, for example, in America—in Philadelphia or in New York—that I had spoken about George IV in terms of praise and affected reverence: do you believe they would have hailed his name with cheers, or have heard it with anything like respect? They would have laughed in my face if I had so spoken of him. They know what I know and you know, and what numbers of squeamish loyalists who affect to cry out against my lectures know,—that that man's life was not a good life; that that king was not such a king as we ought to love, or regard, or honor. And I believe, for my part, that in speaking the truth, as we hold it, of a bad sovereign, we are paying no disrespect at all to a good one. Far from it. On the contrary, we degrade our own honor and the sovereign's by unduly and unjustly praising him; and the mere slaverer and flatterer is one who comes forward, as it were, with flash notes, and pays with false coin his tribute to Cæsar.



EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

NOVELIST, POET, AND DRAMATIST.



EDWARD BULWER was born in Norfolk, England, in 1805. He was a petted child of delicate health, and was prepared for Cambridge by his mother. At college he won the chancellor's medal by a poem, and throughout his early life wrote continually, principally poems and stories, which have now fallen out of public notice. His first work to attract attention was "Pelham," a novel which was published when he was twenty-three years old.

He was married in 1827, but unhappiness resulted. He separated from his wife nine or ten years later. He was a thorough scholar and wrote with the greatest care, supplying in this way what he is thought to have lacked in genius. He entered Parliament in 1852, and filled a post in the government for some years, and was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton in 1866.

His most famous works are his historical novels, "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Rienzi"; his plays, "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money." His last published novel, "Kenelm Chillingly," is thought by most critics to be his best work, although "The Last Days of Pompeii" is far better known. At his death, in 1873, he had published some fifty volumes, and left a mass of material, including the incomplete story "Pausanias the Spartan," which was edited by his son.



IN THE ARENA.

FROM "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII."

Glaucus, an Athenian, falsely convicted of murder, has been condemned to face the lion in the Roman amphitheater armed only with the little "stilus" with which he is supposed to have slain Apæcides.

THE door swung gratingly back—the gleam of spears shot along the wall.

"Glaucus the Athenian, thy time has come," said a loud and clear voice; "the lion awaits thee."

"I am ready," said the Athenian. "Brother

and co-mate, one last embrace! Bless me—and farewell!"

The Christian opened his arms; he clasped the young heathen to his breast; he kissed his forehead and cheek; he sobbed aloud; his tears flowed fast and hot over the features of his new friend.

"Oh! could I have converted thee, I had not wept. Oh, that I might say to thee, 'We two shall sup this night in Paradise!'"

"It may be so yet," answered the Greek, with a tremulous voice. "They whom death parts now may yet meet beyond the grave; on the earth—oh! the beautiful, the beloved earth, farewell forever! Worthy officer, I attend you."

Glaucus tore himself away; and when he came forth into the air, its breath, which though sunless was hot and arid, smote witheringly upon him. His frame, not yet restored from the effects of the deadly draught, shrank and trembled. The officers supported him.

"Courage," said one; "thou art young, active, well knit. They give thee a weapon! Despair not, and thou mayst yet conquer."

Glaucus did not reply; but ashamed of his infirmity, he made a desperate and convulsive effort and regained the firmness of his nerves. They annointed his body, completely naked save by a cincture round his loins, placed the stilus (vain weapon) in his hand, and led him into the arena.

And now, when the Greek saw the eyes of thousands and tens of thousands upon him, he no longer felt that he was mortal. All evidence of fear, all fear itself, was gone. A red and haughty flush spread over the paleness of his features; he towered aloft to the full of his glorious stature. In the elastic beauty of his limbs and form; in his intent but unfrowning brow; in the high disdain and in the indomitable soul which breathed visibly, which spoke audibly, from his attitude, his lip, his eye,—he seemed the very incarnation, vivid and corporeal, of the valor of his land; of the divinity of its worship; at once a hero and a god!

The murmur of hatred and horror at his crime which had greeted his entrance died into the silence of involuntary admiration and half-compassionate respect; and with a quick and convulsive sigh, that seemed to move the whole mass of life as if it were one body, the gaze of the spectators turned from the Athenian to a dark, uncouth object in the center of the arena. It was the grated den of the lion.

"By Venus, how warm it is!" said Fulvia,

"yet there is no sun. Would that those stupid sailors could have fastened up that gap in the awning!"

"Oh, it is warm indeed. I turn sick—I faint!" said the wife of Pansa; even her experienced stoicism giving way at the struggle about to take place.

The lion had been kept without food for twenty-four hours, and the animal had, during the whole morning, testified a singular and restless uneasiness, which the keeper had attributed to the pangs of hunger. Yet its bearing seemed rather that of fear than of rage; its roar was painful and distressed; it hung its head—snuffed the air through the bars—then lay down—started again—and again uttered its wild and far-resounding cries. And now in its den it lay utterly dumb and mute, with distended nostrils forced hard against the grating, and disturbing with a heaving breath the sand below on the arena.

The editor's lip quivered, and his cheek grew pale; he looked anxiously around—hesitated—delayed; the crowd became impatient. Slowly he gave the sign; the keeper, who was behind the den, cautiously removed the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar of release. The keeper hastily retreated through the grated passage leading from the arena, and left the lord of the forest—and his prey.

Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapon raised on high, in the faint hope that *one* well-directed thrust (for he knew that he should have time but for *one*) might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe.

But to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal.

At the first moment of its release it halted abruptly in the arena, raised itself half on end, snuffing the upward air with impatient signs, then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half-speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking some avenue of escape; once or twice it

endeavored to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and on falling uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. It evinced no sign either of wrath or hunger; its tail drooped along the sand instead of lashing its gaunt sides, and its eye, though it wandered at times at Glaucus, rolled again listlessly from him. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion soon grew converted into resentment at its cowardice; and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their disappointment.

The editor called to the keeper: "How is this? Take the goad, prick him forth, and then close the door of the den."

As the keeper with some fear, but more astonishment, was preparing to obey, a loud cry was heard at one of the entrances of the arena; there was a confusion, a bustle,—voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and suddenly silenced at the reply. All eyes turned, in wonder at the interruption, toward the quarter of the disturbance; the crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair disheveled—breathless—heated—half exhausted. He cast his eye hastily around the ring. "Remove the Athenian!" he cried; "haste—he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces the Egyptian—he is the murderer of Apæcides!"

"Art thou mad, O Sallust!" said the prætor, rising from his seat. "What means this raving?"

"Remove the Athenian!—Quick! or his blood be on your head. Prætor, delay, and you answer with your own life to the emperor! I bring with me the eye-witness to the death of the priest Apæcides. Room there, stand back, give way. People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces; there he sits! Room there for the priest Calenus!"

Pale, haggard, fresh from the jaws of famine and of death, his face fallen, his eyes dull as a vulture's, his broad frame gaunt as a skeleton, Calenus was supported into the very row in which Arbaces sat. His releasers had given him sparingly of food;

but the chief sustenance that nerved his feeble limbs was revenge!

"The priest Calenus—Calenus!" cried the mob. "It is he! No—it is a dead man!"

"It is the priest Calenus," said the prætor, gravely. "What hast thou to say?"

"Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apæcides, the priest of Isis; these eyes saw him deal the blow. It is from the dungeon into which he plunged me—it is from the darkness and horror of a death by famine—that the gods have raised me to proclaim his crime! Release the Athenian—he is innocent!"

"It is for this, then, that the lion spared him. A miracle! a miracle!" cried Pansa.

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people; "remove the Athenian—*Arbaces to the lion!*"

And that shout echoed from hill to vale—from coast to sea—"Arbaces to the lion!"

"Officers, remove the accused Glaucus—remove, but guard him yet," said the prætor. "The gods lavish their wonders upon this day."

The waves of the human sea halted for a moment to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom! In despair, and in terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eye over the rolling and rushing crowd; when, right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition; he beheld, and his craft restored his courage.

He stretched his hand on high; over his lofty brow and royal features there came an expression of unutterable solemnity and command.

"Behold!" he shouted with a voice of thunder, which stilled the roar of the crowd: "Behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!"

The eyes of the crowd followed the gestures of the Egyptian, and beheld with dismay a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius in the form of a gigantic pine tree; the trunk, blackness—the branches, fire!—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues every moment, now fiercely luminous, now

of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!

There was a dead, heart-sunken silence, through which there suddenly broke the roar of a lion, which was echoed back from within the building with the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow-beast. Dread seers were they of the Burden of the Atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come!

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake under their feet; the walls of the theater trembled; and beyond in the distance they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more, and the mountain cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheater itself; far and wide with many a

mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower!

No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly—each dashing, pressing, crushing against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen, amid groans and oaths and prayers and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly? Some, anticipating another earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their more costly goods and escape while it was yet time; others, dreading the showers of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds—shelter of any kind—for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker, and larger, and mightier spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon!





ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

A PAINTER OF ACTUAL MEN AND MANNERS.



ANTHONY TROLLOPE was the most productive writer of fiction of his time; and it is the judgment of most critics that perhaps a dozen of his best novels are exceeded in merit only by three or four of the best works of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. He differs from these great writers in selecting for his characters, not unusual or strangely individualized personalities, but ordinary men and women. There are no deep-dyed villains in his books and no astonishing prodigies of intelligence or virtue; his characters are the men and women, particularly clergymen and their families, who can be met with every day in English society.

He was the son of Mrs. Frances Trollope, a somewhat successful novelist, and by her influence obtained a position in the postal service. Here he showed unusual capacity, and rose to a position of considerable importance. He was a keen sportsman, and delighted in combining his duties as inspector of the postal service with the enjoyment of the hunt, and he tells in his "Autobiography" some interesting stories of the devices by which he could bring this about.

He wrote several books of travel, describing the countries which he visited in the postal service, among which are, "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," "North America," and "Australia." The first of his novels to come into general notice was "The Warden," which was followed by some forty others, among which, perhaps, "Orley Farm," "La Vendée," "The Bertrams," "Is He Popenjoy?" and the so-called "Clerical Series," beginning with "The Warden" and closing with "The Last Chronicle of Barset," and including "Barchester Towers," represent his best works. He died in 1883.



A LESSON IN PHILOSOPHY.

FROM "THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET."

HE was sitting saturated with rain,—saturated also with thinking,—and was unob-servant of anything around him, when he was accosted by an old man from Hoggie End,

with whom he was well acquainted. "Thee be wat, Master Crawley," said the old man. "Wet!" said Crawley, recalled suddenly back to the realities of life, "Well,—yes. I am wet. That's

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because it's raining." "Thee be teeming o' wat. Had n't thee better go whome?" "And are not you wet also?" said Mr. Crawley, looking at the old man, who had been at work in the brickfield, and who was soaked with mire, and from whom there seemed to come a steam of muddy mist. "Is it me, yer reverence? I'm wat in course. The loikes of us is always wat,—that is, barring the insides of us. It comes to us natural to have the rheumatics. How is one of us to help hisself against having on 'em? But there ain't no call for the loikes of you to have the rheumatics." "My friend," said Crawley, who was standing on the road,—and as he spoke he put out his arm and took the brickmaker by the hand, "there is a worse complaint than rheumatism,—there is indeed." "There's what they call the collerer," said Giles Hoggett, looking up into Mr. Crawley's face. "That ain't a-got a-hold of yer?" "Ay, and worse than the cholera. A man is killed all over when he is struck in his pride;—and yet he lives." "Maybe that's bad enough, too," said Giles, with his hand still held by the other. "It is bad enough," said Mr. Crawley, striking his breast with his left hand; "it is bad enough." "Tell 'ee what, Master Crawley,—and yer reverence must n't think as I means to be preaching,—there ain't nowt a man can't bear if he'll only be dogged. You go whome, and think o' that, and make it'll do ye a good yet." It's dogged as does it. It ain't thinking about it." Then Giles Hoggett withdrew his hand



"IT'S DOGGED AS DOES IT."

THE REVEREND MR. SLOPE.

FROM "BARCHESTER TOWERS."

MR. SLOPE soon comforted himself with the reflection that, as he had been selected as chaplain to the Bishop, it would probably be in his power to get the good things in the Bishop's gift without troubling himself about the Bishop's daughter; and he found himself able to

endure the pangs of rejected love. As he sat himself down in the railway carriage, confronting the Bishop and Mrs. Proudie, as they started on their first journey to Barchester, he began to form in his own mind a plan of his future life. He knew well his patron's strong points, but he knew the weak ones as well. He understood correctly enough to what attempts the new Bishop's high spirit would soar, and he rightly guessed that public life would better suit the great man's taste than the small details of diocesan duty.

He, therefore,—he, Mr. Slope,—would in effect be Bishop of Barchester. Such was his resolve; and, to give Mr. Slope his due, he had both courage and spirit to bear him out in his resolution. He knew that he should have a hard battle to fight, for the power and patronage of the see would be equally coveted by another great mind; Mrs. Proudie would also choose to be Bishop of Barchester. Slope, however, flattered himself that he could out-manuever the lady. She must live much in London, while he would be always on the spot. She would necessarily remain ignorant of much, while he would know everything belonging to the diocese. At first, doubtless, he must flatter and cajole, perhaps yield in some things; but he did not doubt of ultimate triumph. If all other means failed, he could join the Bishop against his wife, inspire courage into the unhappy man, lay an axe to the root of the woman's power, and emancipate the husband.

Such were his thoughts as he sat looking at the sleeping pair in the railway carriage, and Mr. Slope is not the man to trouble himself with such thoughts for nothing. He is possessed of more than average abilities, and is of good courage. Though he can stoop to fawn—and stoop low indeed, if need be—he has still within him the power to assume the tyrant; and with the power he has certainly the wish. His acquirements are not of the highest order; but such as they are, they are completely under control, and he knows

the use of them. He is gifted with a certain kind of pulpit eloquence, not likely indeed to be persuasive with men, but powerful with the softer sex. In his sermons he deals greatly in denunciations, excites the minds of his weaker hearers with a not unpleasant terror, and leaves the impression on their minds that all mankind are in a perilous state—and all womankind, too, except those who attend regularly to the evening lectures in Baker Street.

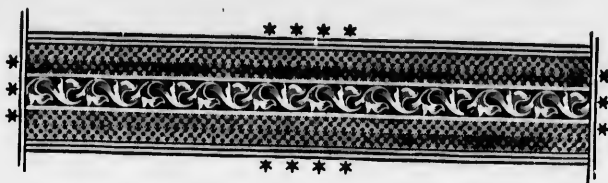
Mr. Slope is tall, and not ill-made. His feet and hands are large, as has ever been the case with all his family; but he has a broad chest and wide shoulders to carry off these excrescences; and on the whole his figure is good. His countenance, however, is not specially prepossessing. His hair is lank, and of a dull, pale reddish hue. It is always formed into three straight lumpy masses, each brushed with admirable precision, and cemented with much grease; two of them adhere closely to the sides of his face, and the other lies at right-angles above them. He wears no whiskers, and is always scrupulously shaven. His face is nearly of the same color as his hair, though perhaps a little redder. It is not unlike beef; beef, however, one would say, of a bad quality. His forehead is capacious and high, but square and heavy, and unpleasantly shining. His mouth is large, though pale and bloodless; and his big prominent eyes inspire anything but confidence. His nose, however, is his redeeming feature; it is pronounced, straight, and well-formed; though I myself should have liked it better did it not possess a somewhat spongy, porous appearance, as though it had been cleverly formed out of a red-colored cork.

I never could endure to shake hands with Mr. Slope. A cold, clammy perspiration exudes from him; the small drops are ever to be seen on his brow, and his friendly grasp is unpleasant.—Such is Mr. Slope.



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WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS.

A GENIUS IN STORY-TELLING.



HAVE always held the old-fashioned opinion," says Wilkie Collins, "that the primary object of a work of fiction should be to tell a story"; and it is as a story-teller that he achieved his success.

He was born in 1824, and received his education at Highbury. He lived in Italy, however, for two years in his teens, and during that time acquired a knowledge of French and Italian. His father was a distinguished landscape painter, and he was closely related to other noted artists. Collins tried business for a few years, and afterward studied law, but never practised the profession. His first novel was not successful, and it was not until he formed a close friendship with Charles Dickens that he really began to make his way in literature. Dickens invited him to join in the work upon "Household Words," and encouraged him in many ways. At one time he undertook to promote social reform, and wrote "Man and Wife," "The New Magdalen," and "Heart and Science," with this view in mind. They were not successful, either from a philanthropic or an artistic point of view, and the critic Swinburne has commented upon them in the jocular couplet:

"What brought good Wilkie's genius nigh perdition?
Some demon whispered—'Wilkie have a mission.'"

The intricacy of his plots is likened to a game of chess. His stories usually turn upon the discovery of a secret, the tracing of a crime, or the regaining of a fortune. His novels have two sets of characters—one pursuing, the other opposing the accomplishment of the purpose. The plan is well carried out, and perhaps no novelist has been read more widely or with greater pleasure. He died in 1889.

Collins's masterpieces are "The Moonstone" and "The Woman in White." Some others are "No Name," "Armada," "Man and Wife," "Heart and Science," and "I Say No!" A number of his books have been translated into French, Italian, Danish, and Russian, and continue as popular abroad as at home.

THE COUNT AND COUNTESS FOSCO.

FROM "THE WOMAN IN WHITE."

NEVER before have I beheld such a change produced in a woman by her marriage as has been produced in Madame Fosco. As Eleanor Fairlie (aged seven-and-thirty), she was always talking pretentious nonsense, and always worrying the unfortunate men with every small exaction which a vain and foolish woman can impose on long-suffering male humanity. As Madame Fosco (aged three-and-forty), she sits for hours together without saying a word, frozen up in the strangest manner in herself. The hideously ridiculous love-locks which used to hang on either side of her face are now replaced by stiff little rows of very short curls, of the sort that one sees in old-fashioned wigs. A plain, matronly cap covers her head, and makes her look, for the first time in her life, since I remember her, like a decent woman. . . . Clad in quiet black or gray gowns, made high round the throat, dresses that she would have laughed at, or screamed at, as the whim of the moment inclined her, in her maiden days—she sits speechless in corners; her dry white hands (so dry that the pores of her skin look chalky) incessantly engaged either in monotonous embroidery work, or in rolling up endless little cigarettes for the Count's own particular smoking.

On the few occasions when her cold blue eyes are off her work, they are generally turned on her husband, with the look of mute submissive inquiry which we are all familiar with in the eyes of a faithful dog. The only approach to an inward thaw which I have yet detected under her outer covering of icy constraint, has betrayed itself, once or twice, in the form of a suppressed tigerish jealousy of any woman in the house (the maids included) to whom the Count speaks, or on whom he looks with anything approaching to special interest or attention. Except in this one particular, she is always—morning, noon, and night, indoors, and out, fair weather or foul—as cold as a statue, and as impenetrable as the stone out of which it is cut.

For the common purposes of society, the extraordinary change thus produced in her is beyond

all doubt a change for the better, seeing that it has transformed her into a civil, silent, unobtrusive woman, who is never in the way. How far she is really reformed or deteriorated in her secret self is another question. I have once or twice seen sudden changes of expression on her pinched lips, and heard sudden inflections of tone in her calm voice, which have led me to suspect that her present state of suppression may have sealed up something dangerous in her nature, which used to evaporate harmlessly in the freedom of her former life. And the magician who has wrought this wonderful transformation—the foreign husband who has tamed this once wayward Englishwoman till her own relations hardly know her again—the Count himself! What of the Count?

This, in two words: He looks like a man who could tame anything. If he had married a tigress instead of a woman, he would have tamed the tigress. . . . How am I to describe him? There are peculiarities in his personal appearance, his habits, and his amusements, which I should blame in the boldest terms, or ridicule in the most merciless manner, if I had seen them in another man. What is it that makes me unable to blame them, or to ridicule them in *him*?

For example, he is immensely fat. Before this time I have always especially disliked corpulent humanity. I have always maintained that the popular notion of connecting excessive grossness of size and excessive good-humor as inseparable allies, was equivalent to declaring, either that no people but amiable people ever got fat, or that the accidental addition of so many pounds of flesh has a directly favorable influence over the disposition of the person on whose body they accumulate. I have invariably combated both these absurd assertions by quoting examples of fat people who were as mean, vicious, and cruel, as the leanest and the worst of their neighbors. . . . Here, nevertheless, is Count Fosco, as fat as Henry the Eighth himself, established in my favor, at one day's notice, without let or hindrance from his now odious corpulence. Marvelous indeed!

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OZIAS MIDWINTER.

FROM "ARMADALE."

WHEN I awoke in the morning, I found a sturdy old man with a fiddle sitting on one side of me, and two performing dogs

in the throat. Many is the beating we three took together; many is the hard day's dancing we did together on the cold hillside. I'm

on the other. Experience had made me too sharp to tell the truth when the man put his first questions. He didn't press them—he gave me a good breakfast out of his knapsack and he let me romp with the dogs. 'I'll tell you what,' he said, when he had got my confidence in this manner, 'you want three things, my man: You want a new father, a new family, and a new name. I'll be your father; I'll let you have the dogs for your brothers; and, if

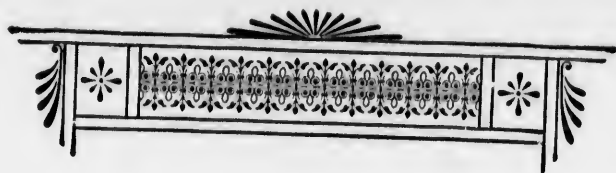
you'll promise to be very careful of it, I'll give you my own name into the bargain. Ozias Midwinter, junior, you have had a good breakfast—if you want a good dinner, come along with me!' He got up, the dogs trotted after him, and I trotted after the dogs. Who was my new father? you will ask. A half-breed gypsy, sir; a drunkard, a ruffian, and a thief—and the best friend I have ever had! Isn't a man your friend when he gives you your food, your shelter, and your education? Ozias Midwinter taught me to dance the Highland fling, to throw somersaults, to walk on stilts, and to sing songs to his fiddle. Sometimes we roamed the country and performed at fairs. Sometimes we tried the large towns, and enlivened bad company over its cups. I was a nice, lively little boy of eleven years old—and bad company, the women especially,

took a fancy to me and my little feet. I was vagabond enough to like the life. The dogs and I lived together, ate and drank and slept together. I can't think of those poor little four-footed brothers of mine, even now, without a choking

trying to distress you, sir; I'm only telling you the truth. The life with all its hardships was a life that fitted me, and the half-breed gypsy who gave me his name, ruffian as he was, was a ruffian I liked."



OZIAS MIDWINTER, SENIOR AND JUNIOR.



WILLIAM BLACK.

NOVELIST OF THE SCOTTISH FIORDS AND ISLANDS



PERHAPS no living novelist writes for a larger circle of delighted readers than does William Black. Since his twenty-third year his home has been in London, but he was born in Glasgow, in 1841, and from his youth displayed that love of nature and close observation of natural phenomena which has filled his books with the most accurate descriptions of nature in her various moods that can be found in all literature.

He spent about ten years of his life as an editor and correspondent of newspapers, before devoting himself entirely to literature. He traveled much, and devoted himself with enthusiasm to out-door sports. His love for yachting in Scottish waters made him so familiar with that complicated coast-line that a Scotch skipper once told him that should literature fail him he could make a living as pilot in the western highlands. The fidelity of his descriptions of northern Scotland has brought to that country an army of tourists, who have, to some extent, robbed it of its attractions. He has written many novels, the most successful of which are: "A Princess of Thule," "A Daughter of Heth," "In Far Lochaber," "Mac-leod of Dare," and "Madcap Violet." "White Wings," the "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," and "Shandon Bells," are also widely known.

Mr. Black's style is always the same, and it could almost be said that the same characters, under different names, move through his different stories; but they are none the less delightful, and if his young ladies are a little too perfect, and their aged guardians a trifle over-indulgent, and the Scotch Highlanders miraculously true and loyal, they are the kind of people whom we like to know, and we come to wish that we could have them in real life as well as in Black's novels.



A RIDE OVER SCOTTISH MOORS.

FROM "ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON."



HAT was a pretty drive through Annandale.

As you leave Moffat the road gradually ascends into the region of the hills; and

down below you lies a great valley, with the river Annan running through it, and the town of Moffat itself getting smaller in the distance. You catch

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a glimmer of the blue peaks of Westmoreland lying far away in the blue south, half hid amidst silver haze. The hills around you increase in size, and yet you would not recognize the bulk of the great round slopes but for those minute dots that you can make out to be sheep, and for an occasional wasp-like creature that you can suppose to be a horse.

The evening draws on. The yellow light on the slopes becomes warmer. You arrive at a great circular chasm which is called by the country folks the Devil's Beech-tub—a mighty hollow, the western sides of which are steeped in a soft purple shadow, while the eastern slopes burn yellow in the sunlight. Far away, down in that misty purple, you can see tents of gray, and these are masses of slate uncovered by grass. The descent seems too abrupt for cattle, and yet there are faint specks which may be sheep. There is no house, not even a farm-house, near; and all traces of Moffat and its neighborhood have long been left out of sight.

But what is the solitude of this place to what of the wild and lofty region you enter when you reach the summit of the hill? Far away on every side of you stretch miles of lonely moorland, with the shoulders of the more distant hills reaching down in endless succession into the western sky. There is no sign of life in this wild place. The stony road over which you drive was once a mail-coach road; now it is overgrown with grass. A few old stakes, rotten and tumbling, show where it was necessary at one time to place a protection against the sudden descents on the side of the road; but now the road itself seems lapsing back into moorland. It is up in this wilderness of heather and wet moss that the Tweed takes its rise; but we could hear no trickling of any stream

to break the profound and melancholy silence. There was not even a shepherd's hut visible; and we drove on in silence, scarcely daring to break the charm of the utter loneliness of the place.

The road twists round to the right. Before us a long valley is seen, and we guess that it receives the waters of the Tweed. Almost immediately afterward we come upon a tiny rivulet some two feet in width—either the young Tweed itself or one of its various sources; and as we drive on in the gathering twilight, toward the valley, it seems as though we were accompanied by innumerable streamlets trickling down to the river. The fire of sunset goes out in the west, but over there in the clear green-white of the east a range of hills still glows with a strange roseate purple. We hear the low murmuring of the Tweed in the silence of the valley. We get down among the lower-lying hills, and the neighborhood of the river seems to have drawn to it thousands of wild creatures. There are plover calling and whirling over the marshy levels. There are black-cock and gray-hen dusting themselves in the road before us, and waiting until we are quite near them before they wing their straight flight up to the heaths above. Far over us, in the clear green of the sky, a brace of wild ducks go swiftly past. A weasel glides out and over the gray stones by the roadside; and farther along the bank there are young rabbits watching, and trotting, and watching again, as the phaeton gets nearer to them. And then as the deep rose-purple of the eastern hills fades away, and all the dark-green valley of the Tweed lies under the cold silver-gray of the twilight, we reach a small and solitary inn, and are almost surprised to hear once more the sound of a human voice.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

FROM "A DAUGHTER OF HETH."

NEXT morning there was a great commotion in Saltcoats. Despite the fierce gusts of wind that were still blowing, accompanied by squally showers of rain, numbers of people

were out on the long stretch of brown sand lying south of the town. Mischief had been at work on the sea over night. Fragments of barrels, bits of spars, and other evidences of a wreck were being

knocked about on the waves; and two smacks had even put out to see if any larger remains of the lost vessel or vessels were visible. Mr. M'Henry was early abroad; for he had gone into the town to get a messenger, and so he heard the news. At last, amid the gossiping of the neighbors, he learned that a lad had just been summoned by a certain Mrs. Kilbride to go upon an errand to Airlie, and he resolved to secure his services to carry the message. Eventually he met the lad on his way to the moorland village; and then it turned out that the errand was merely to carry a letter to Miss Cassilis, at the Manse.

"But Miss Cassilis is at my house," said Mr. M'Henry; "give me the letter, and gang ye on to the Manse, and ask Mr. Cassilis to come doon here."

So the lad departed, and the letter was taken up and placed on the table where Coquette was to have her breakfast. She came down, looking very pale, but would give no explanation of how she came to be out on such a night. She thanked them for having sent for her uncle, and sat down at the table, but ate nothing. Then she saw the letter, and, with a quick, pained flush of color leaping to her cheeks, she took it up, and opened it with trembling fingers. Then she read these words:

"Dearest: I can not exact from you the sacrifice of your life. Remorse and misery for all the rest of our years would be the penalty to both of us by your going with me to-night, even though you might put a brave face on the matter, and conceal your anguish. I can not let you suffer that, Coquette. I will leave for America by myself; and I will never attempt to see you again. That promise I have broken before; but it will not be broken this time. Good-bye, Coquette. My earnest hope is that you will not come to Saltcoats to-night; and in that case, this letter will be forwarded to you in the morning. Forgive me, if you can, for all the suffering I have caused you. I will never forget you, darling, but I will never see England or you again.

"EARLTHORPE."

There was almost a look of joy on her face. "So I did not vex him," she thought, "by keeping him waiting. And he has conquered too: and he will think better of himself, and of me,

away over there for many years to come, if he does not forget all about Airlie."

And this reference to Airlie recalled the thought of her uncle, and of his meeting with her. As the time drew near for his approach, she became more and more downcast. When at last the old man came into the room where she was sitting alone, her eyes were fixed on the ground, and she dared not raise them. He went over to her, and placed his hand on her head.

"What is all this, Catherine? Did you miss your way last night? What made ye go out on such a night, without saying a word to anyone?"

She replied in a low voice, which was yet studiously distinct, "Yesterday afternoon I went away from the Manse, not intending to go back."

The minister made a slight gesture as if some twinge had shot across his heart, and then, looking at her in a sad and grave way, he said:

"I did not think I had been unkind to you, Catherine."

This was too much for Coquette. It broke down the obduracy with which she had been vainly endeavoring to fortify herself; and she fell at the feet of her uncle, and, with wild tears and sobs, told him all that had happened, and begged him to go away and leave her, for she had become a stranger and an outcast.

Stunned as the old man was by these revelations, he forgot to express his sense of her guilt. He saw only before him the daughter of his own brother—a girl who had scarce a friend in the world but himself, and she was at his feet in tears and shame, bitter distress. He raised her, and put her head on his breast, and tried to still her sobbing.

"Catherine," he said, with his own voice broken, "you shall never be an outcast from my house, so long as you care to accept its shelter."

"But I can not go back to Airlie—I can not go back to Airlie!" she said almost wildly. "I will not bring disgrace upon you, uncle; and have the people talk of me, and blame you for taking me back. I am going away—I am not fit to go back to Airlie, uncle. You have been very good to me—far better than I deserve; but I can not tell you now that I love you for all your kindness to me—

for now it is one——"

"Hush, Coquette, do not despair, penitent has yet to fear. They that go forth, have not their neighbors were lightened. 'This poor man and saved his go back to Airlie do not feel a long time. I am told ye France, just they said, 'I down; yea, But maybe I lightsome e Catherine; if ye will tel to ye——"

"Oh, uncle, your kindness none of it—"

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"Ye must until Leezib ye."

for now it is a disgrace for me to speak to any one——"

"Hush, Catherine," he said. "It is penitence, not despair, that must fill your heart. And the penitent has not to look to man for pardon, nor yet to fear what may be said of him in wrath. They that go elsewhere for forgiveness and comfort, have no reason to dread the ill-tongues of their neighbors. 'They looked unto Him, and were lightened; and their faces were not ashamed.' 'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.' You will go back to Airlie with me, my girl. Perhaps you do not feel at home there yet; three years is not a long time to get accustomed to a new country. I am told ye sometimes cried in thinking about France, just as the Jews in captivity did, when they said, 'By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.' But maybe I have erred in not making the house lightsome enough for ye. I am an old man, Catherine; and the house is dull, perhaps. But if ye will tell me how we can make it pleasanter to ye——"

"Oh, uncle, you are breaking my heart with your kindness!" she sobbed; "and I deserve none of it—none of it!"

It was with great difficulty that the minister persuaded her to go back with him to the Manse. At length, however, a covered carriage was procured, and Coquette and her uncle were driven up to Airlie. The girl sat now quite silent and impassive, only when she saw any one of the neighbors passing along the road she seemed nervously anxious to avoid scrutiny. When they got up to the gate of the Manse, which was open, she walked quietly and sadly by her uncle's side across the bit of garden into the house, and was then for going upstairs by herself. Her uncle prevented her.

"Ye must come and sit wi' me for a little while, until Leezibeth has got some breakfast ready for ye."

"I do not want anything to eat," said Coquette; and she seemed afraid of the sound of her own voice.

"Nevertheless," said the minister, "I would inquire further into this matter, Catherine. It is but proper that I should know what measure of guilt falls upon that young man in endeavoring to wean away a respectable girl from her home and her friends."

Coquette drew back with some alarm on her face.

"Uncle, I can not tell you now. Some other time perhaps; but not now. And you must not think him guilty, uncle; it is I who am guilty of it all. He is much better than any of you think, and now he is away in America, and no one will defend him if he is accused."

At the moment that she spoke, Lord Earlthorpe was beyond the reach of accusation and defense. The Saltcoats people, toward the close of the afternoon, discovered the lid of a chest floating about, and on it was painted in white letters the word *Caroline*. Later there came a telegram from Greenock to the effect that during the preceding night the schooner yacht *Caroline* had been run down and sunk in mid-channel by a steamer going to Londonderry, and that of all on board the yacht, the steamer had been able to pick up only the steward. And that same night the news made its way up to Airlie, and circulated through the village, and at length reached the Manse. Other rumors accompanied it. For a moment no one dared to tell Coquette of what had happened; but none the less was her flight from the Manse connected with this terrible judgment; and even Leezibeth, struck dumb with shame and grief, had no word of protest when Andrew finished his warnings and denunciations.

"There is no healing of thy bruise," said Leezibeth to herself sadly, in thinking of Coquette. "Thy wound is grievous; all that hear the bruit thereof shall clap their hands over thee."



GEORGE MACDONALD.

POET, NOVELIST, AND PREACHER.



AMONG the most popular writers of stories is George MacDonald, a Scotch independent minister. He is a native of Aberdeenshire, and was born at Huntley, in 1824. After completing his education at the University of Aberdeen, and preparing for the ministry in the Independent College, in London, he entered upon the work of a pastor, in which he continued for a number of years. Then, however, he resigned his ministry, and, settling in London, began his career as a writer. Some years later he made a lecturing tour in the United States, and in recent years he and his family have resided principally in Italy.

His first work was a dramatic poem entitled "Within and Without," which was published in 1856. Two or three other books of poems followed before the appearance of his first novel, "David Elginbrod," in 1862. He has since written more than twenty volumes, some of which have been quite widely popular. His stories usually deal with some phase of Scotch life, and add to the interest which always seems to attach to the character of that hardy people and the scenes of their rugged life, the merits of a good literary style and a quite unusual power of word-painting. Among the most notable of his novels are: "Alec Forbes of Howglen," "The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," "Robert Falconer," "Malcolm," "The Marquis of Lossie," "Donald Grant," and "What's Mine's Mine." Besides these, he has written several tales for the young.



IN THE BELL-TOWER.

FROM "ROBERT FALCONER."

ROBERT wandered about till he was so weary that his head ached with weariness. At length he came upon the open space before the cathedral, whence the poplar-spire rose aloft into a blue sky flecked with white clouds. It was near sunset, and he could not see the sun, but the

upper half of the spire shone glorious in its radiance. From the top his eye sank to the base. In the base was a little door, half open. Might not that be the lowly narrow entrance through the shadow up to the sun-filled air? He drew near with a kind of tremor, for never before had he

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gazed upon visible grandeur growing out of the human soul, in the majesty of everlastingness—a tree of the Lord's planting. Where had been but an empty space of air and light and darkness, had risen, and had stood for ages, a mighty wonder, awful to the eye, solid to the hand. He peeped through the opening of the door; there was the foot of a stair—marvelous as the ladder of Jacob's dream—turning away toward the unknown. He pushed the door and entered. A man appeared, and barred his advance. Robert put his hand in his pocket and drew out some silver. The man took one piece, looked at it, turned it over, put it in his pocket, and led the way up the stair. Robert followed, and followed, and followed.

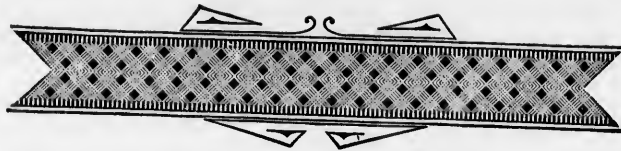
He came out of stone walls upon an airy platform whence the spire ascended heavenwards. His conductor led upward still, and he followed, winding within a spiral network of stone, through which all the world looked in. Another platform, and yet another spire springing from its basement. Still up they went, and at length stood on a circle of stone surrounding like a coronet the last base of the spire which lifted its apex untrodden. Then Robert turned and looked below. He grasped the stones before him. The loneliness was awful.

There was nothing between him and the roofs of the houses, four hundred feet below, but the spot where he stood. The whole city with its red roofs lay under him. He stood uplifted on the genius of the builder, and the town beneath him was a toy.

He turned and descended, winding through the network of stone which was all between him and space. The object of the architect must have been to melt away the material from before the eyes of the spirit. He hung in the air in a cloud of stone. As he came in his descent within the ornaments of one of the basements, he found himself looking through two thicknesses of stone lace on the nearing city. Down there was the beast of prey and his victim; but for the moment he was above the region of sorrow. His weariness and his headache had vanished utterly. With his mind tossed on its own speechless delight, he was slowly descending still, when he saw on his left

hand a door ajar. He would look what mystery lay within. A push opened it. He discovered only a little chamber lined with wood. In the center stood something—a bench-like piece of furniture, plain and worn. He advanced a step; peered over the top of it; saw keys white and black; saw pedals below; it was an organ! Two strides brought him in front of it. A wooden stool, polished and hollowed with centuries of use, was before it. But where was the bellows? That might be down hundreds of steps below, for he was half-way only to the ground. He seated himself musingly, and struck, as he thought, a dumb chord. Responded up in the air, far overhead, a mighty booming clang. Startled, almost frightened, even as if Mary St. John had said she loved him, Robert sprang from the stool, and, without knowing why, moved only by the chastity of delight, flung the door to the post. It banged and clicked. Almost mad with the joy of the Titanic instrument, he seated himself again at the keys, and plunged into a tempest of clanging harmony. One hundred bells hang in that temple of wonder—an instrument for a city, nay, for a kingdom. Often had Robert dreamed that he was the galvanic center of a thunder-cloud of harmony, flashing off from every finger the willed lightning tone: such was the unexpected scale of this instrument—so far aloft in the sunny air rang the responsive notes—that his dream appeared almost realized.

He did not know that only on grand, solemn, worldwide occasions, such as a king's birthday, or a ball at the Hotel de Ville, was such music on the card. When he flung the door to, it had closed with a spring lock, and for the last quarter of an hour three gendarmes, commanded by the sacristan of the tower, had been thundering thereat. He waited only to finish the last notes of the wild Orcadian chant, and opened the door. He was seized by the collar, dragged down the stair into the street, and through a crowd of wondering faces. Poor unconscious dreamer! it will not do to think on the housetop even, and you had been dreaming very loud indeed in the church spire; away to the bureau of the police.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WELL-BELOVED NOVELIST AND POET.



HERE was a quality in the character of Robert Louis Stevenson which created for him a circle of personal friends whose number and devotion can hardly be equaled. His quick sympathy, which was shown in his love for children and his comprehension of them, and in the power which, in the closing years of his life, he acquired over the untutored natives of the Samoan Islands; his acute intelligence; and his noble character, made him, perhaps, the best-loved among contemporary men of letters. Coming of a race of hard-headed, practical men (his father and grandfather were engineers and famous builders of lighthouses), he determined from the first to turn his back on the more practical professions and devote himself to literature. Deferring to the wish of his father, he studied law, and was actually called to the Bar, but he never engaged in the practice of the profession. In 1873, at the age of twenty-three, his health broke down, and he was no longer able to endure for any length of time the rigorous climate of his native Edinburgh, but passed the remaining years of his life in an almost constant and courageous battle with pulmonary trouble. He lived in the south of France, in Southern California, at Bournemouth in England, in the Adirondacks, and finally sailed away with his American wife and her family to the South Seas, where, in the Samoan Islands, he established himself, and, until his death in 1894, lived in continuous literary activity, and free from the frequent relapses and acute suffering which he experienced elsewhere. The story of his life in this remote corner of the world,—how he won the confidence of the natives, the part he took in their affairs, and the succession of exquisite stories, essays, and poems which came to tell the rest of the world that his productiveness had not ceased—all this forms one of the most delightful stories which our literary history affords.

His published works include some thirty titles—poems, volumes of essays, stories for children, and novels. The most famous of his works is the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which was one of the most talked of books of its time, and still retains its position as a triumph of invention and artistic work. The vivid portrayal of the two characters assumed at will by the one man,—the high-minded, noble Dr. Jekyll, and the base, degraded, vicious Mr. Hyde, the despair of the miserable man as he discovers that it is more and more difficult, and finally impossible for him to throw off his lower character, and that he must face and suffer

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the consequences of being Mr. Hyde, is a most admirable example of Stevenson's keen insight, imaginative power, and command of language. His own opinion was that "Kidnapped" was his best work; but the "Master of Ballantrae," particularly its first part, is unsurpassed in its kind. The best known of his other works are: "Treasure Island," "The Black Arrow," "Prince Otto," "Merry Men," two volumes of essays, "Virginibus Puerisque," and "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," and a book of poems, "Underwoods."

He is buried on the summit of Mount Vaca, a precipitous peak near his Samoan home, where his monument will be visible for great distances at sea, like the lighthouses of his fathers. After his death, the chiefs and people of the Samoans came in large numbers to kiss his hand and to bring their customary funeral offering of mats for the burial of their friend, "the Story Teller," and in this character Stevenson's fame will be secure.



THE TWO PHILOSOPHERS.

FROM "MERRY MEN."

NONE of the posts before Tentaillon's carriage entry he espied a little dark figure perched in a meditative attitude, and immediately recognized Jean-Marie.

"Aha," he said, stopping before him humorously, with a hand on either knee. "So we rise early in the morning, do we? It appears to me that we have all the vices of a philosopher."

The boy got to his feet and made a grave salutation.

"And how is our patient?" asked Deprez.

It appeared the patient was about the same.

"And why do you rise early in the morning?" he pursued.

Jean-Marie, after a long silence, professed that he hardly knew.

"You hardly know?" repeated Deprez. "We hardly know anything, my man, until we try to learn. Interrogate your consciousness. Come, push me this inquiry home. Do you like it?"

"Yes," said the boy, slowly; "yes, I like it."

"And why do you like it?" continued the doctor. (We are now pursuing the Socratic method.) "Why do you like it?"

"It is quiet," answered Jean-Marie; "and I have nothing to do; and then I feel as if I were good."

Doctor Deprez took a seat on the post at the opposite side. He was beginning to take an interest in the talk, for the boy plainly thought before he spoke, and tried to answer truly.

"It appears you have a taste for feeling good," said the Doctor. "Now, then, you puzzle me extremely; for I thought you said you were a thief; and the two are incompatible."

"Is it very bad to steal?" asked Jean-Marie.

"Such is the general opinion, little boy," replied the Doctor.

"No; but I mean as I stole," exclaimed the other. "For I had no choice. I think it is surely right to have bread; it must be right to have bread, there comes so plain a want of it. And then they beat me cruelly if I returned with nothing," he added. "I was not ignorant of right and wrong; for before that I had been well taught by a priest, who was very kind to me." (The Doctor made a horrible grimace at the word "priest.") "But it seemed to me, when one had nothing to eat and was beaten, it was a different affair. I would not have stolen for tartlets, I believe; but anyone would steal for bread."

"And so, I suppose," said the Doctor, with a rising sneer, "you prayed God to forgive you, and explained the case to Him at length."

"Why, sir?" asked Jean-Marie. "I do not see."

"Your priest would see, however," retorted Deprez.

"Would he?" asked the boy, troubled for the first time. "I should have thought God would have known."

"Eh!" snarled the Doctor.

"I should have thought God would have understood me," replied the other. "You do not see; but then it was God that made me think so, was it not?"

"Little boy, little boy," said Deprez, "I told you already you had the vices of philosophy; if you display the virtues also, I must go. I am a student of the blessed laws of health, an observer of plain and temperate nature in her common walks; and I can not preserve my equanimity in the presence of a monster. Do you understand?"

"No, sir," said the boy.

"I will make my meaning clear to you," replied the Doctor. "Look there at the sky—behind the belfry first, where it is so light, and then up and up, turning your chin back, right to the top of the dome, where it is already as blue as at noon. Is not that a beautiful color? Does it not please the heart? We have seen it all our lives, until it has grown in with our familiar thoughts. Now," changing his tone, "suppose that sky to become suddenly of a live and fiery amber, like the color of clear coals, and growing scarlet toward the top—I do not say it would be any the less beautiful; but would you like it as well?"

"I suppose not," answered Jean-Marie.

"Neither do I like you," returned the Doctor, roughly. "I hate all odd people, and you are the most curious little boy in all the world."

Jean-Marie seemed to ponder for a while, and then he raised his head again and looked over at the Doctor with an air of candid inquiry. "But are you not a very curious gentleman?" he asked.

The Doctor threw away his stick, bounded on the boy, clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him on both cheeks. "Admirable, admirable imp!" he cried.

"What a morning, what an hour for a theorist of forty-two! No," he continued, apostrophizing heaven, "I did not know that such boys existed; I was ignorant they made them so; I had doubted of my race; and now! It is like," he added, picking up his stick, "like a lover's meeting. I have bruised my favorite staff in that moment of enthusiasm. The injury, however, is not grave." He caught the boy looking at him in obvious wonder, embarrassment, and alarm. "Hello!" said he, "Why do you look at me like that? Egad, I believe the boy despises me. Do you despise me, boy?"

"O, no," replied Jean-Marie, seriously; "only I do not understand."

"You must excuse me, sir," returned the Doctor, with gravity; "I am still so young. O, hang him!" he added to himself. And he took his seat again, and observed the boy sardonically. "He has spoiled the quiet of my morning," thought he. "I shall be nervous all day, and have a febricula when I digest. Let me compose myself." And so he dismissed his preoccupations by an effort of the will which he had long practised, and let his soul roam abroad in the contemplation of the morning. He inhaled the air, tasting it critically as a *connoisseur* tastes a vintage, and prolonging the expiration with hygienic gusto. He counted the little flecks of cloud along the sky. He followed the movements of the birds around the church tower—making long sweeps, hanging poised, or turning airy somersaults in fancy, and beating the wind with imaginary pinions. And in this way he regained peace of mind and animal composure, conscious of his limbs, conscious of the sight of his eyes, conscious that the air had a cool taste, like a fruit, at the top of his throat; and at last, in complete abstraction, he began to sing. The Doctor had but one air—"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre": even with that he was on terms of mere politeness; and his musical exploits were always reserved for moments when he was alone and entirely happy.

He was recalled to earth rudely by a pained expression on the boy's face: "What do you think of my singing?" he inquired, stopping in the middle of a note; and then, after he had

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waited some little while, and received no answer, "What do you think of my singing?" he repeated, imperiously.

"I do not like it," faltered Jean-Marie.

"Oh, come!" cried the Doctor. "Possibly you are a performer yourself?"

"I sing better than that," replied the boy.

The Doctor eyed him for some seconds in stupefaction. He was aware that he was angry, and blushed for himself in consequence, which made him angrier.

"If this is how you address your master!" he said at last, with a shrug and a flourish of his arms.

"I do not speak to him at all," returned the boy. "I do not like him."

"Then you like me?" snapped Doctor Deprez, with unusual eagerness.

"I do not know," answered Jean-Marie.

The Doctor rose. "I shall wish you a good morning," he said. "You are too much for me. Perhaps you have blood in your veins, perhaps celestial ichor, or perhaps you circulate nothing more gross than respirable air; but of one thing I am inexpugnably assured—that you are no human

being. No, boy!"—shaking his stick at him—"you are not a human being. Write, write it in your memory—"I am not a human being—I have no pretension to a human being—I am a dive, a dream, an angel, an acrostic, an illusion—what you please, but not a human being." And so accept my humble salutations and farewell!"

And with that the Doctor made off along the street in some emotion, and the boy stood, mentally gaping, where he left him. . . .

"Never!" cried Madame. "Never, Doctor, with my consent. If the child were my own flesh and blood, I would not say no. But to take another person's indiscretion on my shoulders—my dear friend, I have too much sense."

"Precisely," replied the Doctor. "We both had. And I am all the better pleased with our wisdom, because—because——" He looked at her sharply.

"Because what?" she asked, with a faint premonition of danger.

"Because I have found the right person," said the Doctor, firmly, "and shall adopt him this afternoon."

TRUTH OF INTERCOURSE.

FROM "VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE."

AMONG sayings that have a currency in spite of being wholly false upon the face of them, for the sake of a half-truth upon another subject which is accidentally combined with the error, one of the grossest and broadest conveys the monstrous proposition that it is easy to tell the truth and hard to tell a lie. I wish heartily it were. But the truth is one; it has first to be discovered, then justly and exactly uttered. Even with instruments specially contrived for such a purpose—with a foot rule, a lever, or a theodolite—it is not easy to be exact; it is easier, alas! to be inexact. From those who mark the divisions on a scale to those who measure the boundaries of empires or the distance of the heavenly stars, it is by careful method and minute, unwearying attention that men rise even to material or to sure knowledge, even of external and con-

stant things. But it is easier to draw the outline of a mountain than the changing appearance of a face; and truth in human relations is of this more intangible and dubious order: hard to seize, harder to communicate.

"It takes," says Thoreau, in the noblest and most useful passage I remember to have read in any modern author, "two to speak truth—one to speak and another to hear." He must be very little experienced, or have no great zeal for truth, who does not recognize the fact. A grain of anger or a grain of suspicion produces strange acoustic effects, and makes the ear greedy to remark offense. Hence we find those who have once quarreled carry themselves distantly, and are ever ready to break the truce. To speak truth there must be moral equality or else no respect; and hence between parent and child intercourse is

apt to degenerate into a verbal fencing bout, and misapprehensions to become ingrained. And there is another side to this, for the parent begins with an imperfect notion of the child's character, formed in early years or during the equinoctial gales of youth; to this he adheres, noting only the facts which suit his preconception; and wherever a person fancies himself unjustly judged, he at once and finally gives up the effort to speak truth. With our chosen friends, on the other hand, and still more between lovers (for mutual understanding is love's essence), the truth is easily indicated by the one and aptly comprehended by the other. A hint taken, a look understood, conveys the gist of long and delicate explanations; and where the life is known even *yea* and *nay* become luminous. In the closest of all relations—that of a love well founded and equally shared—speech is half discarded, like a roundabout, infantile process or a ceremony of formal etiquette; and the two communicate directly by their pres-

ences, and with few looks and fewer words contrive to share their good and evil and uphold each other's hearts in joy. For love rests upon a physical basis: it is a familiarity of nature's making and apart from voluntary choice. Understanding has in some sort outrun knowledge, for the affection perhaps began with the acquaintance; and as it was not made like other relations, so it is not, like them, to be perturbed or clouded. Each knows more than can be uttered; each lives by faith, and believes by a natural compulsion; and between man and wife the language of the body is largely developed and grown strangely eloquent. The thought that prompted and was conveyed in a caress would only lose to be set down in words, ay, although Shakespeare himself should be the scribe.

Yet it is in these dear intimacies, beyond all others, that we must strive and do battle for the truth. Let but a doubt arise, and alas! all the previous intimacy and confidence is but another charge against the person doubted.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

FROM "UNDERWOODS."

A NAKED house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit
And poplars at the garden foot:
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again,
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendor; here

The army of the stars appear.
The neighboring hollows, dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset;
And oft the morning muses see
Larks rising from the broomy lea,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded.
When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime;
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful;
And when snow-bright the moor expands,
How shall your children clap their hands!

To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

REQUIEM.

FROM "UNDERWOODS."

U NDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.



SIR WALTER BESANT.

NOVELIST AND REFORMER.



PROBABLY no writer of novels except Charles Dickens has done so much by his books to better the conditions of human life as has Sir Walter Besant. Surely the man who in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" so painted the picture of the misery of the east of London that society responded by founding the wonderful enterprise known as the "People's Palace"—surely he can claim a position second to none in all the world of letters.

He was born in Portsmouth, England, in 1838, and after taking mathematical honors at Cambridge, taught for seven years in the Royal College of Mauritius; but being compelled to return to England for his health, he took up literature as a profession. In 1869 he became a contributor to *Once a Week*, then edited by Mr. James Rice, with whom Besant formed a literary partnership. They wrote a number of brilliant books, including "Ready-Money Mortiboy," "My Little Girl," "The Seamy Side," and "The Chaplain of the Fleet." After the death of Mr. Rice, Besant published "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." "The Children of Gibeon," and "The World Went Very Well Then," had the same philanthropic purpose. In 1895 he was made a baronet. In all, he has written some thirty novels, displaying a knowledge of men and of the world hardly equaled among contemporary writers. Some of his best-known books are: "Let Nothing You Dismay," "All in a Garden Fair," "Dorothy Forster," "In Luck at Last," and "Armored of Lyonesse." His skill as a teller of stories shows no sign of decrease, and few men of our time have ministered so acceptably or in so many and various ways, not only to the entertainment and delight, but to the elevation of their fellows.



PRESENTED BY THE SEA.

FROM "ARMORED OF LYONESSE."



PETER!" cried Armored in the farm-yard, "Peter! Peter! Wake up! Where is the boy? Wake up and come quick!"

The boy was not sleeping, however, and came forth slowly, but obediently, in rustic fashion. He was a little older than most of those who still per-

mit themselves to be called boys; unless his looks deceived one, he was a great deal older, for he was entirely bald, save for a few long scattered hairs, which were white. His beard and whiskers also consisted of nothing but a few sparse white hairs. He moved heavily, without the spring of boyhood in his feet. Had Peter jumped or run, one might in haste have inferred a condition of drink or mental disorder. As for his shoulders, too, they were rounded, as if by the weight of years, a thing which is rarely seen in boys. Yet Armored called this antique person the boy, and he answered to the name without remonstrance.

"Quick, Peter!" she cried. "There's a boat drifting on White Island Ledge, and the tide's running out strong, and there are two men in her, and they've got no oars in the boat. Ignorant trippers, I suppose. They will both be killed to a certainty, unless— Quick!"

Peter followed her flying footsteps with a show of haste and a movement of the legs approaching alacrity. But then he was always a slow boy, and one who loved to have his work done for him. Therefore, when he reached the landing-place, he found that Armored was well before him, and that she had already shipped mast and sail and oars, and was waiting for him to shove off.

Peter was slow on land; at sea, however, he is slow who does not know what can be got out of a boat, and how it can be got. Peter did possess this knowledge; all the islanders, in fact, have it. They are born with it. They also know that nothing at sea is gained by hurry. It is a maxim which is said to rule or govern their conduct on land as well as afloat. Peter, therefore, when he had pushed off, sat down and took an oar with no more appearance of hurry than if he were taking a boat-load of boxes filled with flowers across to the Port. Armored took the other oar.

"They are drifting on White Island Ledge," repeated Armored, "and the tide is running out fast."

Peter made no reply—Armored expected none—but dipped his oar. They rowed in silence for ten minutes. Then Peter found utterance and spoke slowly:

"Twenty years ago—I remember it well—a

boat went ashore on that very ledge. The tide was running out, strong, like to-night. There were three men in her. Visitors they were, who wanted to save the boatman's pay. Their bodies were never found."

Then both pulled on in silence and doggedly.

In ten minutes or more they had rounded the point at a respectful distance, for reasons well known to the navigator and the nautical surveyor of Scilly. Peter, without a word, shipped his oar. Armored did likewise. Then Peter stepped the mast and hoisted the sail, keeping the line in his own hand, and looked ahead, while Armored took the helm.

"It's Jinkins's boat," said Peter, because they were now in sight of her. "What'll Jinkins say when he hears that his boat's gone to pieces?"

"And the two men? Who are they? Will Jinkins say nothing about the men?"

"Strangers they are; gentlemen, I suppose. Well—if the breeze doesn't soon—Ah! here it is!"

The wind suddenly filled the sail. The boat heeled over under the breeze, and a moment after was flying through the water straight up the broad channel between the two Minaltos and Samson.

The sun was very low now; between them and the west lay the boat they were pursuing, a small black object with two black silhouettes of figures clear against the crimson sky. And now Armored perceived that they had by this time gotten an inkling, at least, of their danger, for they no longer sat passive, but had torn up a plank from the bottom with which one, kneeling in the bow, was working, as with a paddle, but without science; the boat yawed this way and that, but still kept on her course, drifting to the rocks.

"If she touches the ledge, Peter," said Armored, "she will be in little bits in five minutes. The water is rushing over it like a mill-stream."

This she said ignorant of mill-streams, because there are none on Scilly; but the comparison served.

"If she touches," Peter replied, "we may just go home again. For we shall be no good to nobody."

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Beyond the boat they could plainly see the waters breaking over the ledge; the sun lighted up the white foam that leaped and flew over the black rocks just showing their teeth above the water as the tide went down.

Here is a problem—you may find plenty like it in every book of algebra: Given a boat drifting upon a ledge of rocks with the current and the tide; given a boat sailing in pursuit with a fair wind ast; given, also, the velocity of the current and the speed of the boat and the distance of the first boat from the rocks; at what distance must the second boat commence the race in order to catch up the first boat before it drives upon the rocks?

This second boat, paying close attention to the problem, came up hand over hand, rapidly overtaking the first boat, where the two men not only understood at last the danger they were in, but also that an attempt was being made to save them. In fact, one of them, who had some tincture or flavor of the mathematics left in him from his school-days, remembered the problems of this class, and would have given a great deal to have been back again in school working out one of them.

Presently the boats were so near that Peter hailed, "Boat ahoy! Back her! Back her, or you'll be upon the rocks! Back her all you know!"

"We've broken our oars," they shouted.

"Keep her off!" Peter bawled again.

Even with a plank taken from the bottom of the boat a practised boatman would have been able to keep her off long enough to clear the rocks; but these two young men were not used to the ways of the sea.

"Put up your hellum," said Peter, quietly.

"What are you going to do?" The girl obeyed first, as one must do at sea, and asked the question afterward.

"There's only one chance. We must cut across her bows. Two lubbers! They ought not to be trusted with a boat. There's room." He looked at the ledge ahead and at his own sail. "Now—steady." He tightened the rope, the boat changed her course. Then Peter stood up

and called again, his hand to his mouth, "Back her! Back her! Back her all you know!" He sat down and said quietly, "Now, then—luff it is—luff—all you can."

The boat turned suddenly. It was high time. Right in front of them—only a few yards in front—the water rushed as if over a cascade, boiling and surging among the rocks. At high tide there would have been the calm, unruffled surface of the ocean swell; now, there were roaring floods and swelling whirlpools. The girl looked round, but only for an instant. Then the boat crossed the bows of the other, and Armored, as they passed, caught the rope that was held out to her.

One moment more and they were off the rocks, in the deep water, towing the other boat after them.

Then Peter arose, lowered the sail, and took down his mast.

"Nothing," he said, "between us and Min-carlo. Now, gentlemen, if you will step into this boat we can tow yours along with us. So—take care, sir. Sit in the stern beside the young lady. Can you row, either of you?"

At nine o'clock the little bar parlor of Tregarthen's was nearly full. It is a very little room, low as well as little, therefore it is easily filled. And though it is the principal club-room of Hugh Town, where the better sort and the notables meet, it can easily accommodate them all.

Presently, one after the other, the company got up and went out. There is no sitting late at night in Scilly. There was left of all only the permanent official.

"I hear, gentlemen," he said, "that you have had rather a nasty time this evening."

"We should have been lost," said the artist, "but for a young lady, who saw our danger and came to us."

"Armored. I saw her towing in your boat and landing you. Yes, it was a mighty lucky job that she saw you in time. There's a girl! Not yet sixteen years old! Yet I'd rather trust myself with her in a boat, especially if she had the boy Peter with her, than with any boatman of the islands. And there's not a rock or an islet, not a bay or a headland in this country of bays and

capcs and rocks, that she does not know. She could find her way blindfold by the feel of the wind and the force of the current. But it's in her blood. Father to son—father to son and daughter too—the Roseveans are born boatmen."

"She saved our lives," repeated the artist. "That is all we know of her. It is a good deal to know, perhaps, from our own point of view."

"She belongs to Samson. They've always lived on Samson. Once there were Roseveans, Tryeths, Jenkinsses, and Woodcocks on Samson. Now they are nearly all gone—only one family of Rosevean left, and one of Tryeth."

"She said that nobody else lived there."

"Well, it is only her own family. They've started a flower-farm lately on Holy Hill, and I hear it's doing pretty well. It's a likely situation, too, facing the southwest and well sheltered. You should go and see the flower-farm. Armored will be glad to show you the farm, and the island too. Samson has got a good many curious things—more curious, perhaps, than she knows, poor child!"

He paused for a moment, and then continued: "There's nobody on the island now but themselves. There's the old woman, first—you should see her, too. She's a curiosity by herself—Ursula Rosevean—she was a Traverse, and came from Bryher to be married. She married Methusalem Rosevean, Armored's great-great-grandfather—that was nigh upon eighty years ago; she's close upon a hundred now; and she's been a widow since—when was it? I believe she'd only been a wife for twelve months or so. He was drowned on a smuggling run—his brother Emanuel, too. Widow used to look for him from the hill-top every night for a year and more afterward. A wonderful old woman. Go and look at her. Perhaps she will talk to you. Sometimes, when Armored plays the fiddle, she will brighten up and talk for an hour. She knows how to cure all diseases, and she can foretell the future. But she's too old now, and mostly she's asleep. Then there's Justinian Tryeth, and Dorcas, his wife—they're over seventy, both of them, if they're a day. Dorcas was a St. Agnes girl—that's the reason why her name was Hicks; if she'd come from Bryher she'd have been a Traverse; if from

Tresco she'd have been a Jenkins. But she was a Hicks. She's as old as her husband, I should say. As for the boy, Peter——"

"She called him the boy, I remember. But he seemed to me——"

"He's fifty, but he's always been the boy. He never married, because there was nobody left on Samson for him to marry, and he's always been too busy on the farm to come over here after a wife. And he looks more than fifty, because once he fell off the pier, head first, into the stern of a boat, and after he'd been unconscious for three days all his hair fell off except a few stragglers, and they'd turned white. Looks most as old as his father. Chessun's nearly fifty-two."

"Who is Chessun?"

"She's the girl. She's always been the girl. She's never married, just like Peter, her brother, because there was no one left on Samson for her. And she never leaves the island except once or twice a year, when she goes to the afternoon service at Bryher. Well, gentlemen, that's all the people left on Samson."

"It is ten o'clock—I must go. Did you ever hear the story, gentlemen, of the Scillonian sailor?" He sat down again. "I believe it must have been one of the Roseveans. He was on board a West Indiaman, homeward bound, and the skipper got into a fog and lost his reckoning. Then he asked this man if he knew the Scilly Isles. 'Better nor any book,' says the sailor. 'Then,' says the skipper, 'take the wheel.' In an hour crash went the ship upon the rocks. 'Damn your eyes!' says the skipper, 'you said you knew the Scilly Isles.' 'So I do,' says the man. 'This is one of 'em.' The ship went to pieces, and near all the hands were lost. But the people of the islands had a fine time with the flotsam and the jetsam for a good many days afterward."

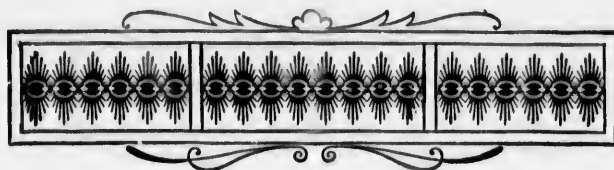
In the night a vision came to Roland Lee. He saw Armored once more sailing to his rescue. And in his vision he was seized with a mighty terror and a shaking of the limbs, and his heart sunk and his cheek blanched. And he cried aloud, as he sunk beneath the cold waters: "Oh, Armored, you have come too late! Armored, you can not save me now!"



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JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.

POPULAR WRITER OF SCOTCH DIALECT SKETCHES.



HERE seems to be something in the Scotch speech and character which appeals to the deepest and tenderest sentiments of the heart. It is for this reason that the dialect sketches and stories of Barrie and others have found their way into such universal popularity, and that the homely people who appear in "A Window in Thrums," "The Little Minister," and "Sentimental Tommy," are as familiar to us as the characters of Dickens or Thackeray.

James M. Barrie was the son of a Scotch physician, whose portrait he has lovingly drawn as "Dr. McQueen," and was born at Kirriemuir, in 1860. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and devoted himself at first to journalism. Having published the series of sketches, "Auld Licht Idylls," in *St. James's Gazette*, he removed to London in 1885, and has since resided in that city. He has published a number of stories, but none of them have been so popular as those in the Scotch dialect already mentioned. In this Barrie may well be termed a literary artist of the first rank.

He has written several plays, one of which, "The Professor's Love Story," has been very successful, and has added to his reputation, and while the judgment of contemporaries is not often conclusive, it may be safely assumed that much of Mr. Barrie's work will find a permanent place in literature.



PREPARING TO RECEIVE COMPANY.

FROM "A WINDOW IN THRUMS."

LEEBy was at the fire brandering a quarter of steak on the tongs, when the house was flung into consternation by Hendry's casual remark that he had seen Tibbie Mealmaker in the town with her man.

"The Lord preserve 's!" cried Leeby.

Jess looked quickly at the clock.

"Half fower!" she said, excitedly.

"Then it canna be dune," said Leeby, falling despairingly into a chair, "for they may be here ony meenute."

"It's most michty," said Jess, turning on her husband, "'at ye should tak a pleasure in bringin' this hooose to disgrace. Hoo did ye no tell's suner?"

"I fair forgot," Hendry answered; "but what's a' yer steer?"

Jess looked at me (she often did this) in a way that meant, "What a man is this I'm tied to!"

"Steer!" she exclaimed. "Is't no time we was makkin' a steer? They'll be in for their tea ony meenute, an' the room no sae nuckle as sweepit. Ay, an' me lookin' like a sweep; an' Tibbie Mealmaker, 'at's sae partikler genteel, seein' you sic a sicht as ye are!"

Jess shook Hendry out of his chair, while Leebie began to sweep with the one hand, and agitatedly to unbutton her wrapper with the other.

"She didna see me," said Hendry, sitting down forlornly on the table.

"Get aff that table!" cried Jess. "See haud o' the besom," she said to Leebie.

"For mercy's sake, mother," said Leebie, "gie yer face a dicht, an' put on a clean mutch."

"I'll open the door if they come afore you're ready," said Hendry, as Leebie pushed him against the dresser.

"Ye daur to speak aboot openin' the door, an' you sic a mess!" cried Jess, with pins in her mouth.

"Havers!" retorted Hendry. "A man canna be aye washin' at 'imself'."

Seeing that Hendry was as much in the way as myself, I invited him upstairs to the attic, whence we heard Jess and Leebie upbraiding each other shrilly. I was aware that the room was speckless; but for all that Leebie was turning it upside down.

"She's aye taen like that," Hendry said to me, referring to his wife, "when she's expectin' company. Ay, it's a peety she canna tak things cannier."

"Tibbie Mealmaker must be some one of importance?" I asked.

"Ou, she's naething by the ord'nar'; but ye see she was mairit to a Tilliedrum man no lang syne, an' they're said to hae a mighty grand establishment. Ay, they've a wardrobe spleet new; an' what think ye Tibbie wears ilka day?"

I shook my head.

"It was Chirsty Miller 'at put it through the toon," Hendry continued. "Christy was in

Tilliedrum last Teisday or Wednesday, an' Tibbie gae her a cup o' tea. Ay, weel, Tibbie telt Chirsty 'at she wears hose ilka day."

"Wears hose?"

"Ay. It's some mighty grand kind o' stockin'. I never heard o't in this toon. Na, there's nae-body in Thrums 'at wears hose."

"And who did Tibbie get?" I asked; for in Thrums they say, "Wha did she get?" and "Wha did he tak?"

"His name's Davit Curly. Ou, a crittur fu' o' maggots, an' nae great match, for he's juist the Tilliedrum bill-sticker."

At this moment Jess shouted from her chair (she was burnishing the society tea-pot as she spoke), "Mind, Hendry McQumph, 'at upon nae condition are ye to mention the bill-stickin' afore Tibbie!"

"Tibbie," Hendry explained to me, "is a terrible vain tid, an' doesna think the bill-stickin' genteel. Ay, they say 'at if she meets Davit in the street wi' his paste-pot an' the brush in his hands, she pretends no to ken 'im."

Every time Jess paused to think, she cried up orders, such as:

"Dinna call her Tibbie, mind ye. Always address her as Mistress Curly."

"Shak' hands wi' baith o' them, an' say ye hope they're in the enjoyment o' guid health."

"Dinna put yer feet on the table."

"Mind, you're no' to mention 'at ye kent they were in the toon."

"When onybody passes ye yer tea say, 'Thank ye.'"

"Dinna stir yer tea as if ye was churnin' butter, nor let on 'at the scones is no our ain bakin'."

"If Tibbie says onything aboot the china, yer no' to say 'at we dinna use it ilka day."

"Dinna lean in the big chair, for it's broken, an' Leebie's gi'en it a lick o' glue this meenute."

"When Leebie gies ye a kick aneath the table that'll be a sign to ye to say grace."

Hendry looked at me apologetically while these instructions came up.

"I winna dive my head wi' sic nonsense," he said; "it's no' for a man body to be sae crammed fu' o' manners."

"Come awa doon," Jess shouted to him, "an' put on a clean dickey."

"I'll better do't to please her," said Hendry, "though for my ain part I dinna like the feel o' a dickey on week-days. Na, they mak's think it's the Sabbath."

Ten minutes afterward I went downstairs to see how the preparations were progressing. Fresh muslin curtains had been put up in the room. The grand footstool, worked by Leeby, was so placed that Tibbie could not help seeing it; and a fine cambric handkerchief, of which Jess was very proud, was hanging out of a drawer as if by accident. An antimacassar lying carelessly on the seat of a chair concealed a rent in the horse-hair, and the china ornaments on the mantelpiece were so placed that they looked whole. Leeby's black merino was hanging near the window in a good light, and Jess's Sabbath bonnet, which was never worn, occupied a nail beside it. The tea-things stood on a tray in the kitchen bed, whence they could be quickly brought into the room, just as if they were always ready to be used daily. Leeby, as yet in dishabille, was shaving her father

at a tremendous rate, and Jess, looking as fresh as a daisy, was ready to receive the visitors. She was peering through the tiny window-blind looking for them.

"Be cautious, Leeby," Hendry was saying, when Jess shook her hand at him. "Wheesht!" she whispered; "they're comin'."

Hendry was hustled into his Sabbath coat, and then came a tap at the door—a very genteel tap. Jess nodded to Leeby, who softly shoved Hendry into the room.

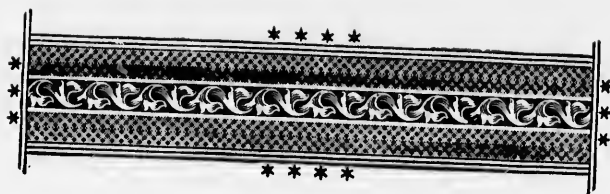
The tap was repeated, but Leeby pushed her father into a chair and thrust Barrow's "Sermons" open into his hand. Then she stole about the house, and swiftly buttoned her wrapper, speaking to Jess by nods the while. There was a third knock, whereupon Jess said, in a loud, Englishy voice:

"Was that not a chap [knock] at the door?"

Hendry was about to reply, but she shook her fist at him. Next moment Leeby opened the door. I was upstairs, but I heard Jess say:

"Dear me, if it's not Mrs. Curly—and Mr. Curly. And hoo are ye? Come in, by. Weel, this is, indeed, a pleasant surprise!"





FOUR MODERN NOVELISTS.

GEORGE DU MAURIER,
RUDYARD KIPLING,

A. CONAN DOYLE,
T. HALL CAINE.



NOTWITHSTANDING the advice so frequently given and insisted upon by the wise and learned, never to read a book less than a hundred years old, there will always be the greatest manifestation of interest in the literature that is new and fresh, and, by reason of its subject matter or its style, particularly adapted to the tastes of the present time. Among the men who have contributed largely to the pleasure of the reading public during the last ten years, the four whose names head this article fill a most important place. They are grouped together, not on account of any similarity in their writings, for four men could hardly write in more widely different strains; but they are alike in the possession of some masterful quality which seizes and maintains the interest of the reader in a degree hardly equaled by any other contemporary writers.

George Du Maurier was the son of a Frenchman, who married an Englishwoman in Paris. The family removed to Belgium, and thence to London. The elder Du Maurier was an amateur of science, and it is said that by some unsuccessful experiments he greatly reduced the family fortunes. He had set his heart upon attaching his son to scientific pursuits, and the boy was therefore put to study chemistry under Doctor Williamson, in London. His tastes, however, lay so strongly in a different direction that he did little good in the laboratory.

At his father's death, in 1856, when he was twenty-two years old, Du Maurier devoted himself to art, studying in the British Museum, and afterward in Paris, where he lived the life of an art student, which he afterward described so delightfully in "Trilby." Going to Antwerp, in 1857, he devoted himself so closely to his studies that his sight was seriously impaired, and he finally lost the use of his left eye and endured two years of enforced idleness. He obtained employment, however, in drawing for various illustrated magazines, and, in 1864, was regularly attached to the staff of *Punch*, for which periodical he continued to work until his death in 1896. His subjects were drawn almost exclusively from society. Artists, professional people, and successful merchants, with an occasional figure from the more aristocratic circles, furnish almost all the subjects for Du Maurier's pictures. He had never written a book until the production of

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"Peter Ibbetson," which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1891; but it may be fairly said that he had considerable literary experience, for he used to spend as much time upon the construction of the dialogues which accompanied his pictures as upon the pictures themselves. "Peter Ibbetson" was a great popular success. It was followed, in 1894, by "Trilby," published in the same magazine, of which two hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold. Du Maurier had sold the book for two thousand pounds; but its success was so great that the publishers felt justified in giving him a royalty, paying him at one time forty thousand dollars, and sharing with him the income which they received from the dramatization of the work. For the "Martian," completed just before his death, he received ten thousand pounds. These three books comprise the literary work of George Du Maurier. They did not deal with high themes, and his books have met with severe criticism; but there is in them a keenness of vision, an intimate knowledge of human nature, and a grasp of certain elements of beauty in character, which have been equaled by no other writer, and seem to promise permanence for his work.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Another writer who has violated the canons of literary art, and in this violation been supported by the united voice of the greater number of critics, as well as by the multitude of readers, is Rudyard Kipling.

Kipling was born in 1865, and, as astonishing as it may seem, has, since 1885, published twenty-six different volumes of prose and verse. His facility, his grace, the ease and beauty of his verse, his disregard for certain conventionalities, and his audacity, have perhaps all contributed to his undoubted great success. He has somehow had the penetration to discover a new mine of literary material, and has worked in it, not only with success, but to the satisfaction of the world at large.

Rudyard Kipling was born in Calcutta, and, after his school-days in England, returned to India, and entered upon newspaper work as subeditor and war correspondent. He began at twenty-one to publish verses, taking the subject-matter from Indian life. "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "The Gadsbys," "In Black and White," "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," and "Wee Willie Winkie," all appeared within a single year and appealed to the English public with such freshness and vigor that when Kipling returned to England, in 1889, he found himself already famous. In 1891 he formed the friendship of Wolcott Balestier, with whom he wrote "Naulahka," and whose sister he married. For three years he lived near the Balestier home in Vermont and then returned to London.

Kipling is intensely fond of out-door life. He is not a great hunter, but is exceedingly fond of fishing, and when he was preparing "Captain Courageous," a story of New England fisherman life, he spent some weeks at Gloucester, making an intimate acquaintance with the actual life he was to portray. But perhaps no books of Kipling's are so widely known as the two collections of stories of animal life called the "Jungle Books." The wolves, the tiger, the elephants, and the oxen in these jungle stories talk and act in a way that makes the reader almost ready to believe that they are actually true. The imaginary republic of animals which Kip-

ling has portrayed, the laws of the wolf-pack, their contempt for mankind, their characteristic virtues, and their crimes against the law and order of their community, are all worked out with a vividness and truth which stamps their author as a genius indeed. A recent critic has said that Kipling is a poet of highly magnetized metal which attracts or repels alike very strongly, so those who insist that literature must be serious, dignified, and ceremonious, who think of Spenser as the model poet, will be repelled by Kipling's familiarity and his lack of reverence. Those who appreciate the musical quality in poetry, and an insight into the laws of nature, can not but acknowledge that he is not only a genius but a genuine artist.

Besides those already mentioned, some of his most important books are "The City of Dreadful Night and Other Places," "Departmental Ditties," "The Light that Failed," "Many Inventions," and "My First Book."

A. CONAN DOYLE.

Like Du Maurier and Kipling, Doyle had excelled in a field of his own; but the likeness to them is only in this singularity and in the popularity of his work. Dr. Doyle would like to be judged by the serious and laborious work of his historic romances; but, in spite of himself, his fame will rest upon his creation of Sherlock Holmes, the wonderful detective who reasoned out from the smallest fragments the whole structure of the crime which he is to decipher.

Dr. Doyle is the son of an artist, and was born in Edinburgh in 1859. He studied medicine, but in his early twenties definitely devoted himself to literature. His industry and studiousness are no less remarkable than his constructive faculty, and for his romance of "The White Company" he is said to have read more than two hundred books, and he devoted to it over two years of labor. He has described in his historical novels the England of the time of Edward III, James II, and of to-day; the Scotland of George III; the France of Edward III, of Louis XIV, and of Napoleon, and the America of Frontenac, and his fidelity to historical detail is no less marked than his success as a story-teller. His other famous works are "The Great Shadow" and "Micah Clarke"; but, as we have already said, he is most widely known by the series of detective stories which related the adventures and achievements of Sherlock Holmes.

THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE.

Hall Caine has had the good fortune to find in the life of his native island the literary material upon which he has based his most successful work. He is the contemporary writer most distinguished by the elaborate care with which his work is done. Of the writing of his first story, "The Shadow of a Crime," he says, "Shall I ever forget the agonies of the first efforts? It took me nearly a fortnight to start that novel, sweating drops as of blood at every fresh attempt." It is said that the first half of this book was written at least four times, and after it was completed, more than half of the book was destroyed in order to use a fresh suggestion. If it is true that genius is a capacity for infinitely taking pains, then certainly Hall Caine is a genius; but such a proof as this is truly superfluous, for no one can read "The

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Deemster," "The Bondman," "The Scapegoat," "The Last Confession," "Cap'n Davy's Honeymoon," or "The Manxman" without acknowledging that here is the work of a master hand and the evidence of genius unexcelled in the art of our time.

Mr. Hall Caine is a native of the Isle of Man, and began his career as an architect in Liverpool. In 1871, when he was eighteen years old, he had already done some literary work, and a little later he earned ten pounds by writing for some one else an alleged autobiography. He has interested himself in behalf of the persecuted Jews in Russia, and in 1895 came to the United States and Canada, representing the English Society of Authors, and obtained some important copyright concessions from the Canadian Parliament. His principal home is at Greeba Castle on the Isle of Man, and he is much beloved by the people among whom he lives.

Beside the stories which have been mentioned, he has written "Recollection of Rossetti," "Sonnets of Three Centuries," "Cobwebs of Criticism," "The Life of Coleridge," and "The Christian," and it is reasonable to believe that his great literary work is nowhere near completed.



HOW WEE WILLIE WINKIE WON HIS SPURS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

WERY early the next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river—dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy—the almost almighty Coppy—had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins—a most wonderful tale of a land where the Goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the

river were inhabited by Goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the Bad Men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the Bad Men who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the Earth, lived the Bad Men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the Goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's Princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then—broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden-paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him in the hush

of the dawn that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib, and went out at a foot-pace, stepping on the soft mould of the flower-borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of Humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a Waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the Police-post, when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river-bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too-hastily-assumed authority, had told her overnight that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You did n't ought to be here."

"I do n't know," said Miss Allardyce ruefully, ignoring the reproach. "Good gracious, child, what are *you* doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody—not even Coppy—

must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard, but you would n't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and—I've bwoken my awwest! I've bwoken my awwest!"

The future Colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Coppy. Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You did n't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoken my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed toward the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming—one of ve Bad Men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the Goblins wont to steal out

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and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden, he had seen the picture, and thus had they frightened the Princess' nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pushto (dialect) that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the Bad Men. They were only natives after all.

They came up to the bowlders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the Dominant Race, aged six and three-quarters, and said briefly and emphatically "*Jao!*" The pony had crossed the river-bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till, soon, Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you—I, the Colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These *were* the Bad Men—worse than Goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's *ayah*, would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future Colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little *Sahib Bahadur*," said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterward."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly,—"*And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?*"

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying: "O foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breast-bone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child they will fire, and rape, and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their God, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the Colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "*wegiment*," his own "*wegiment*," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade-ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play Spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the Color Sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms, kicking up each Room Corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! There's

something happened to the Colonel's son," he shouted.

"He could n't fall off! S'elp me, 'e *could n't* fall off," blubbered a drummer-boy. "Go an' hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd do n't look for 'im in the nullahs! Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river—sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt-sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring Sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river-bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's Bad Men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahommed. "There is the warning! The *pultun* are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, silently as they had appeared.

"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie, confidently, to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwyl!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

THE SCIENCE OF DEDUCTION.

FROM "THE SIGN OF THE FOUR." BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

SHERLOCK HOLMES took his bottle from the corner of the mantelpiece, and his hypodermic syringe from its neat morocco case. With his long, white, nervous fingers he adjusted the delicate needle, and rolled back his left shirt-cuff. For some little time his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the sinewy forearm and wrist, all dotted and scarred with innumerable puncture-marks. Finally he thrust the sharp point home, pressed down the tiny piston, and sunk back into the velvet-lined arm-chair with a long sigh of satisfaction.

Three times a day for many months I had witnessed this performance, but custom had not reconciled my mind to it. On the contrary, from day to day I had become more irritable at the sight, and my conscience swelled nightly within me at the thought that I had lacked the courage to protest. Again and again I had registered a vow that I should deliver my soul upon the subject, but there was that in the cool, nonchalant air of my companion which made him the last man with whom one would care to take anything approaching to a liberty. His great

powers, his masterly manner, and the experience which I had had of his many extraordinary qualities, all made me diffident and backward in crossing him.

Yet upon that afternoon, whether it was the claret which I had taken with my lunch, or the additional exasperation produced by the extreme deliberation of his manner, I suddenly felt that I could hold out no longer.

"Which is it to-day?" I asked. "Morphine or cocaine?"

He raised his eyes languidly from the old black-letter volume which he had opened. "It is cocaine," he said; "a seven per cent. solution. Would you care to try it?"

"No, indeed," I answered, brusquely. "My constitution has not got over the Afghan campaign yet. I can not afford to throw any extra strain upon it."

He smiled at my vehemence. "Perhaps you are right, Watson," he said. "I suppose that its influence is physically a bad one. I find it, however, so transcendently stimulating and clarifying to the mind that its secondary action is a matter of small moment."

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"But consider!" I said, earnestly. "Count the cost! Your brain may, as you say, be roused and excited, but it is a pathological and morbid process, which involves increased tissue-change, and may at last leave a permanent weakness. You know, too, what a black reaction comes upon you. Surely the game is hardly worth the candle. Why should you, for a mere passing pleasure, risk the loss of those great powers with which you have been endowed? Remember that I speak not only as one comrade to another, but as a medical man to one for whose constitution he is to some extent answerable."

He did not seem offended. On the contrary, he put his finger-tips together and leaned his elbows on the arms of his chair, like one who has a relish for conversation.

"My mind," he said, "rebels at stagnation. Give me problems, give me work, give me the most abstruse cryptogram, or the most intricate analysis, and I am in my own proper atmosphere. I can dispense then with artificial stimulants. But I abhor the dull routine of existence. I crave for mental exaltation. That is why I have chosen my own particular profession—or rather created it, for I am the only one in the world."

"The only unofficial detective?" I said, raising my eyebrows.

"The only unofficial consulting detective," he answered. "I am the last and highest court of appeal in detection. When Gregson, or Lestrade, or Athelney Jones are out of their depths—which, by the way, is their normal state—the matter is laid before me. I examine the data, as an expert, and pronounce a specialist's opinion. I claim no credit in such cases. My name figures in no newspaper. The work itself, the pleasure of finding a field for my peculiar powers, is my highest reward. But you have yourself had some experience of my methods of work in the Jefferson Hope case."

"Yes, indeed," said I, cordially. "I was never so struck by anything in my life. I even embodied it in a small brochure with the somewhat fantastic title of 'A Study in Scarlet.'"

He shook his head sadly. "I glanced over it," said he. "Honestly, I can not congratulate you

upon it. Detection is, or ought to be, an exact science, and should be treated in the same cold and unemotional manner. You have attempted to tinge it with romanticism, which produces much the same effect as if you worked a love story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid."

"But the romance was there," I remonstrated. "I could not tamper with the facts."

"Some facts should be suppressed, or at least a just sense of proportion should be observed in treating them. The only point in the case which deserved mention was the curious analytical reasoning from effects to causes by which I succeeded in unraveling it."

"My practice has extended recently to the Continent," said Holmes, after a while, filling up his old brier-root pipe. "I was consulted last week by Francois le Villard, who, as you probably know, has come rather to the front lately in the French detective service. He has all the Celtic power of quick intuition, but he is deficient in the wide range of exact knowledge which is essential to the higher developments of his art. The case was concerned with a will, and possessed some features of interest. I was able to refer him to two parallel cases; the one at Riga in 1857, and the other at St. Louis in 1871, which have suggested to him the true solution. Here is the letter which I had this morning acknowledging my assistance." He tossed over, as he spoke, a crumpled sheet of foreign note-paper. I glanced my eyes down it, catching a profusion of notes of admiration, with stray "magnifiques," "coup-de-maitres," and "tours-de-force," all testifying to the ardent admiration of the Frenchman.

"He speaks as a pupil to his master," said I.

"Oh, he rates my assistance too highly," said Sherlock Holmes, lightly. "He has considerable gifts himself. He possesses two out of the three qualities necessary for the ideal detective. He has the power of observation and that of deduction. He is only wanting in knowledge; and that may come in time. He is now translating my small works into French."

"Your works?"

"Oh, did n't you know?" he cried, laugh-

ing. "Yes, I have been guilty of several monographs. They are all upon technical subjects. Here, for example, is one 'Upon the Distinction Between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos.' In it I enumerate a hundred and forty forms of cigar, cigarette, and pipe tobacco, with colored plates illustrating the difference in the ash. It is a point which is continually turning up in criminal trials, and which is sometimes of supreme importance as a clew. If you can say definitely, for example, that some murder has been done by a man who was smoking an Indian lunkah, it obviously narrows your field of search. To the trained eye there is as much difference between the black ash of a Trinchinopoly and the white fluff of bird's-eye as there is between a cabbage and a potato."

"You have an extraordinary genius for minutiae," I remarked.

"I appreciate their importance. Here is my monograph upon the tracing of footsteps, with some remarks upon the uses of plaster of paris as a preserver of impresses. Here, too, is a curious little work upon the influence of a trade upon the form of the hand, with lithotypes of the hands of slaters, sailors, cork-cutters, compositors, weavers, and diamond-polishers. That is a matter of great practical interest to the scientific detective—especially in cases of unclaimed bodies, or in discovering the antecedents of criminals. But I weary you with my hobby."

"Not at all," I answered, earnestly. "It is of the greatest interest to me, especially since I have had the opportunity of observing your practical application of it. But you spoke just now of observation and deduction. Surely the one to some extent implies the other."

"Why, hardly," he answered, leaning back luxuriously in his arm-chair, and sending up thick blue wreaths from his pipe. "For example, observation shows me that you have been to the Wigmore Street post-office this morning, but deduction lets me know that when there you dispatched a telegram."

"Right!" said I. "Right on both points! But I confess that I don't see how you arrived at it. It was a sudden impulse on my part, and I have mentioned it to no one."

"It is simplicity itself," he remarked, chuckling at my surprise; "so absurdly simple that an explanation is superfluous; and yet it may serve to define the limits of observation and of deduction. Observation tells me that you have a little reddish mold adhering to your instep. Just opposite the Wigmore Street office they have taken up the pavement and thrown up some earth which lies in such a way that it is difficult to avoid treading in it in entering. The earth is of this peculiar reddish tint which is found, so far as I know, nowhere else in the neighborhood. So much is observation. The rest is deduction."

"How, then, did you deduce the telegram?"

"Why, of course I knew that you had not written a letter, since I sat opposite to you all the morning. I see also in your open desk there that you have a sheet of stamps and a thick bundle of post-cards. What could you go into the post-office for, then, but to send a wire? Eliminate all other factors, and the one which remains must be the truth."

"In this case it certainly is so," I replied, after a little thought. "The thing, however, is, as you say, of the simplest. Would you think me impertinent if I were to put your theories to a more severe test?"

"On the contrary," he answered, "it would prevent me from taking a second dose of cocaine. I should be delighted to look into any problem which you might submit to me."

"I have heard you say that it is difficult for a man to have any object in daily use without leaving the impress of his individuality upon it in such a way that a trained observer might read it. Now, I have here a watch which has recently come into my possession. Would you have the kindness to let me have an opinion upon the character or habits of the late owner?"

I handed him the watch with some slight feeling of amusement in my heart, for the test was, as I thought, an impossible one, and I intended it as a lesson against the somewhat dogmatic tone which he occasionally assumed. He balanced the watch in his hand, gazed hard at the dial, opened the back, and examined the works, first with his naked eyes and then with a powerful convex lens.

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I could hardly keep from smiling at his crestfallen face, when he finally snapped the case to and handed it back.

"There are hardly any data," he remarked. "The watch has been recently cleaned, which robs me of my most suggestive facts."

"You are right," I answered. "It was cleaned before being sent to me." In my heart I accused my companion of putting forward a most lame and impotent excuse to cover his failure. What data could he expect from an uncleaned watch?

"Though unsatisfactory, my research has not been entirely barren," he observed, staring up at the ceiling with dreamy, lack-luster eyes. "Subject to your correction, I should judge that the watch belonged to your elder brother, who inherited it from your father."

"That you gather, no doubt, from the H. W. upon the back?"

"Quite so. The W. suggests your own name. The date of the watch is nearly fifty years back, and the initials are as old as the watch; so it was made for the last generation. Jewelry usually descends to the eldest son, and he is most likely to have the same name as his father. Your father has, if I remember right, been dead many years. It has, therefore, been in the hands of your eldest brother."

"Right, so far," said I. "Anything else?"

"He was a man of untidy habits—very untidy and careless. He was left with good prospects, but he threw away his chances, lived for some time in poverty, with occasional short intervals of prosperity, and finally, taking to drink, he died. That is all I can gather."

I sprang from my chair and limped impatiently about the room with considerable bitterness in my heart.

"This is unworthy of you, Holmes," I said. "I could not have believed that you would have descended to this. You have made inquiries into the history of my unhappy brother, and you now pretend to deduce this knowledge in some fanciful way. You can not expect me to believe that you have read all this from his old watch! It is unkind, and, to speak plainly, has a touch of charlatanism in it."

"My dear doctor," said he, kindly, "pray accept my apologies. Viewing the matter as an abstract problem, I had forgotten how personal and painful a thing it might be to you. I assure you, however, that I never even knew that you had a brother until you handed me the watch."

"Then how in the name of all that is wonderful did you get all these facts? They are absolutely correct in every particular."

"Ah, that is good luck. I could only say what was the balance of probability. I did not at all expect to be so accurate."

"But it was not mere guesswork?"

"No, no; I never guess. It is a shocking habit—destructive to the logical faculty. What seems strange to you is only so because you do not follow my train of thought or observe the small facts upon which large inferences may depend. For example, I began by stating that your brother was careless. When you observe the lower part of that watchcase, you notice that it is not only dented in two places, but it is cut and marked all over from the habit of keeping other hard objects, such as coins or keys, in the same pocket. Surely it is no great feat to assume that a man who treats a fifty-guinea watch so cavalierly must be a careless man. Neither is it a very far fetched inference that a man who inherits one article of such value is pretty well provided for in other respects."

I nodded to show that I followed his reasoning.

"It is very customary for pawnbrokers in England, when they take a watch, to scratch the number of the ticket with a pin-point upon the inside of the case. It is more handy than a label, as there is no risk of the number being lost or transposed. There are no less than four such numbers visible to my lens on the inside of this case. Inference—that your brother was often at low water. Secondary inference—that he had occasional bursts of prosperity, or he could not have redeemed the pledge. Finally, I ask you to look at the inner plate, which contains the keyhole. Look at the thousands of scratches all round the hole—marks where the key has slipped. What sober

man's key could have scored those grooves? But you will never see a drunkard's watch without them. He winds it at night, and he leaves these

traces of his unsteady hand. Where is the mystery in all this?"

"It is as clear as daylight," I answered.

HYMN BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

ON THE OCCASION OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE, JULY, 1897.

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart.
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday

Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
Amen.

THE GOOD BISHOP.

FROM "THE DEEMSTER." BY T. HALL CAINE.

A SECOND month went by; the second eight hundred bushels were consumed, and the famine showed no abatement. The bishop waited for vessels from Liverpool, but no vessels came. He was a poor priest, with a great title, and he had little money; but he wrote to England, asking for a thousand bushels of grain and five hundred kischen of potatoes, and promised to pay at six days after the next annual revenue. A week of weary waiting ensued, and every day the bishop cheered the haggard folk that came to Bishop's Court with accounts of the provisions that were coming; and every day they went up onto the head of the hill, and strained their bleared eyes seaward for the sails of an English ship. When patience was worn to despair, the old "King Orry" brought the bishop a letter saying that the drought had been general, that the famine was felt throughout the kingdom, and that an embargo had been put on all food to forbid traders to send it from English shores.

Then the voice of the hungry multitudes went up in one deep cry of pain. "The hunger is on us," they moaned. "Poor once, poor forever," they muttered; and the voice of the bishop was silent.

Just at that moment a further disaster threatened the people. Their cattle, which they could not sell, they had grazed on the mountains, and the milk of the cows had been the chief food of the children, and the wool of the sheep the only clothing of their old men. With parched meadows and curraghs, where the turf was so dry that it would take fire from the sun, the broad tops of the furze-covered hills were the sole resource of the poor. At daybreak the shepherd with his six ewe lambs and one goat, and the day laborer with his cow, would troop up to where the grass looked greenest, and at dusk they would come down to shelter, with weary limbs and heavy hearts. "What's it sayin'," they would mutter, "a green hill when far from me; bare, bare, when it is near."

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At this crisis it began to be whispered that the Deemster had made an offer to the lord to rent the whole stretch of mountain land from Ramsey to Peeltown. The rumor created consternation, and was not at first believed. But one day the Deemster, with the Governor of the Grand Inquest, drove to the glen at Sulby and went up the hillside. Not long after, a light cart was seen to follow the highroad to the glen beyond Ballaugh and then turn up toward the mountains by the cart-track. The people who were grazing their cattle on the hills came down and gathered with the people of the valleys at the foot, and there were dark faces and firm set lips among them, and hot words and deep oaths were heard. "Let's off to the bishop," said one, and they went to Bishop's Court. Half an hour later the bishop came from Bishop's Court at the head of a dragged company of men, and his face was white and hard. They overtook the cart half-way up the side of the mountain, and the bishop called on the driver to stop, and asked what he carried, and where he was going. The man answered that he had provisions for the governor, the Deemster and the grand inquest, who were surveying the tops of the mountains.

The bishop looked round, and his lip was set, and his nostrils quivered. "Can any man lend me a knife?" he asked with a strained quietness.

A huge knife was handed to him, such as shepherds carry in the long legs of their boots. He stepped to the cart and ripped up the harness, which was rope harness; the shafts fell and the horse was free. Then the bishop turned to the driver and said, very quietly:

"Where do you live, my man?"

"At Sulby, my lord," said the man, trembling with fear.

"You shall have leather harness to-morrow."

Then the bishop went on, his soiled and dragged company following him, the cart lying helpless in the cart-track behind them.

When they got to the top of the mountain they could see the governor and the Deemster and their associates stretching the chain in the purple distance. The bishop made in their direction, and when he came up with them he said:

"Gentlemen, no food will reach you on the mountains to-day; the harness on your cart has been cut, and cart and provisions are lying on the hillside."

At this Thorkell turned white with wrath, and clinched his fists, and stamped his foot on the turf, and looked piercingly into the faces of the bishop's followers.

"As sure as I'm Deemster," he said, with an oath, "the man who has done this shall suffer. Do n't let him deceive himself—no one, not even the bishop himself, shall step in between that man and the punishment of the law."

The bishop listened with calmness, and then said: "Thorkell, the bishop will not intercede for him. Punish him if you can."

"And so by God I will," cried the Deemster, and his eye traversed the men behind his brother.

The bishop then took a step forward. "I am that man," he said, and then there was a great silence.

Thorkell's face flinched, his head fell between his shoulders, his manner grew dogged, he said not a word, his braggadocio was gone.

The bishop approached the governor. "You have no more right to rent these mountains than to rent yonder sea," he said, and he stretched his arm toward the broad blue line to the west. "They belong to God and to the poor. Let me warn you, sir, that as sure as you set up one stone to inclose these true God's acres I shall be the first to pull that stone down."

The grand inquest broke up in confusion, and the mountains were saved to the people.

It blew hard on the hill-top that day, and the next morning the news spread through the island that a ship laden with barley had put in from bad weather at Douglas Harbor. "And a terrible, wonderful sight of corn, plenty for all, plenty, plenty," was the word that went round. In three hours' time hundreds of men and women trooped down to the quay with money to buy. To all comers the master shook his head, and refused to sell.

"Sell, man—sell, sell," they cried.

"I can't sell. The cargo is not mine. I'm a poor man myself," said the master.

"Well, and what's that it's sayin', 'When one poor man helps another poor man, God laughs.'"

The bishop came to the ship's side and tried to treat for the cargo.

"I've given bond to land it all at Whitehaven," said the master.

Then the people's faces grew black, and deep oaths rose to their lips, and they turned and looked into each other's eyes in their impotent rage. "The hunger is on us—we can't starve—let every herring hang by its own gill—let's board her," they muttered among themselves.

And the bishop heard their threats. "My people," he said, "what will become of this poor island unless God averts His awful judgments, only God Himself can know; but this good man has given his bond, and let us not bring on our heads God's further displeasure."

There was a murmur of discontent, and then one long sigh of patient endurance, and then the bishop lifted his hands, and down on their knees on the quay the people with famished faces fell around the tall, drooping figure of the man of God, and from parched throats, and hearts well-nigh as dry, sent up a great cry to Heaven to grant them succor lest they should die.

About a week afterward another ship put in by contrary winds at Castletown. It had a cargo of Welsh oats bound to Dumfries, on the order of the provost. The contrary winds continued, and the corn began to heat and spoil. The hungry populace, enraged by famine, called on the master to sell. He was powerless. Then the bishop walked over his "Pyrenees," and saw that the food for which his people hungered was perishing before their eyes. When the master said "No" to him, as to others, he remembered how in old time David, being an hungered, did that which was not lawful in eating of the shewbread, and straightway he went up to Castle Rushen, got a company of musketeers, returned with them to the ship's side, boarded the ship, put the master and crew in irons, and took possession of the corn.

What wild joy among the people! What shouts were heard; what tears rolled down the stony cheeks of stern men!

"Patience!" cried the bishop. "Bring the market weights and scales."

The scales and weights were brought down to the quay and every bushel of the cargo was exactly weighed, and paid for at the prime price according to the master's report. Then the master and crew were liberated, and the bishop paid the ship's freight out of his own purse. When he passed through the market-place on his way back to the Bishop's Court the people followed with eyes that were almost too dim to see, and they blessed him in cheers that were sobs.

And then God remembered His people, and their troubles passed away. With the opening spring the mackerel nets came back to the boats in shining silver masses, and peace and plenty came again to the hearth of the poorest.

The Manxman knew his bishop now; he knew him for the strongest soul in the dark hour, the serenest saint in the hour of light and peace. That hoary old dog, Billy the Gawk, took his knife and scratched "B. M." and the year of the Lord on the inside of his cupboard to record the advent of Bishop Mylrea.

A mason from Ireland, a Catholic named Patrick Looney, was that day at work building the square tower of the church of the market-place, and when he saw the bishop pass under he went down on his knees on the scaffold and dropped his head for the good man's blessing.

A little girl of seven with sunny eyes and yellow hair stood by at that moment, and for love of the child's happy face the bishop touched her head and said, "God bless you, my sweet child."

The little one lifted her innocent eyes to his eyes, and answered, with a courtesy, "And God bless you, too, sir."

"Thank you, child, thank you," said the bishop. "I do not doubt that your blessing will be as good as mine."

Such was Gilerist Mylrea, Bishop of Man.

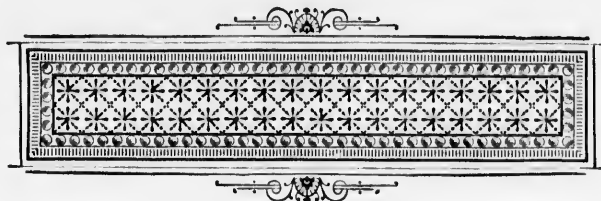


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EDWARD GIBBON.

HISTORIAN OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.



GIBBON'S masterpiece has been described as the only history written in the eighteenth century which has withstood the criticism of the nineteenth. However this may be, it is a work whose monumental and enduring character is recognized throughout the world, and which has had no small part in forming the judgment of mankind upon the great period which it describes.

Gibbon was born near London in 1737. He was a delicate child, and his early education was irregular. During his youth he was converted to the Roman Catholic faith, and for this reason was expelled from Oxford. Being put under the care of a Swiss theologian, he returned to the Protestant Church, but seems from this time to have been really indifferent to matters of faith.

While in Switzerland he formed an attachment for the daughter of a Swiss clergyman; but his father objecting to the match, he says he "sighed as a lover, but obeyed as a son." The young lady did not break her heart, for she married Necker, the great French financier, and was the mother of Madame de Staël.

He traveled in Southern Europe in 1764, and while "musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol" at Rome, he conceived the idea of his great historical work. It was not, however, until eleven years later that the first volume appeared, and the entire work occupied him until 1787. The style is elaborate, if not stilted. It lacks simplicity, but its accuracy of description, the immense knowledge of its author, and his general faithfulness to historic truth, have made it the greatest historical masterpiece in the language. Of the many editions, that of Dean Milman is acknowledged to be the best; and whoever would understand the causes which led to her downfall—that great nation which bequeathed to us the great body of our laws, and which was the true mother of modern civilization—must study the glowing pages of "The Decline and Fall."

For some years Gibbon was a member of Parliament, and took great interest in the political questions of the day, but his nature was so timid that he never summoned courage to address the House. During much of his later life he lived in Switzerland, but returning to England, died in London in 1794.

CONCEPTION AND COMPLETION OF HIS HISTORY.

FROM HIS "AUTOBIOGRAPHY."

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

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias,

which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious. I will add two facts, which have seldom occurred in the composition of six, or at least of five quartos. 1. My first rough manuscript, without any intermediate copy, has been sent to the press. 2. Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author and the printer; the faults and the merits are exclusively my own.

CHARLEMAGNE.

FROM "THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE."

THE appellation of *Great* has been often bestowed, and sometimes deserved, but Charlemagne is the only prince in whose favor the title has been indissolubly blended with the name. That name, with the addition of saint, is inserted in the Roman calendar; and the saint, by a rare felicity, is crowned with the praises of the historians and philosophers of an enlightened age. His real merit is doubtless enhanced by the barbarism of the nation and the times from which he emerged: but the apparent magnitude of an object is likewise enlarged by an unequal comparison; and the ruins of Palmyra derive a casual splendor from the nakedness of the surrounding desert. Without injustice to his fame I may discern some blemishes in the sanctity and greatness of the restorer of the western empire. . . . I shall be scarcely permitted to accuse the ambition of a conqueror; but in a day of equal retribu-

tion the sons of his brother Carloman, the Merovingian princes of Aquitain, and the four thousand five hundred Saxons who were beheaded on the same spot, would have something to allege against the justice and humanity of Charlemagne. His treatment of the vanquished Saxons was an abuse of the right of conquest: his laws were not less sanguinary than his arms, and in the discussion of his motives whatever is subtracted from bigotry must be imputed to temper. The sedentary reader is amazed by his incessant activity of mind and body; and his subjects and enemies were not less astonished at his sudden presence at the moment when they believed him at the most distant extremity of the empire; neither peace nor war, nor summer nor winter, were a season of repose; and our fancy can not easily reconcile the annals of his reign with the geography of his expeditions. But this activity was a national rather

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than a personal virtue; the vagrant life of a Frank was spent in the chase, in pilgrimage, in military adventures; and the journeys of Charlemagne were distinguished only by a more numerous train and a more important purpose. . . . I touch with reverence the laws of Charlemagne, so highly applauded by a respectable judge. They compose not a system but a series of occasional and minute edicts, for the correction of abuses, the reformation of manners, the economy of his farms, the care of his poultry, and even the sale of his eggs. He wished to improve the laws and the character of the Franks; and his attempts, however feeble and imperfect, are deserving of praise: the inveterate evils of the times were suspended or mollified by his government; but in his institutions I can seldom discover the general views and the immortal spirit of a legislator, who survives himself for the benefit of posterity. The union and stability of his empire depended on the life of a single man: he imitated the dangerous practice of dividing his kingdoms amongst his sons; and after numerous diets the whole constitution was left to fluctuate between the disorders of anarchy and despotism. His esteem for the piety and knowledge of the clergy tempted him to intrust that aspiring order with temporal dominion and civil jurisdiction; and his son Lewis, when he was stripped and degraded by the bishops, might

accuse, in some measure, the imprudence of his father. His laws enforced the imposition of tithes, because the demons had proclaimed in the air that the default of payment had been the cause of the last scarcity.

The literary merits of Charlemagne are attested by the foundation of schools, the introduction of arts, the works which were published in his name, and his familiar connection with the subjects and strangers whom he invited to his court to educate both the prince and the people. His own studies were tardy, laborious, and imperfect; if he spoke Latin and understood Greek, he derived the rudiments of knowledge from conversation rather than from books; and in his mature age the emperor strove to acquire the practice of writing, which every peasant now learns in his infancy. The grammar and logic, the music and astronomy, of the times were only cultivated as the handmaids of superstition; but the curiosity of the human mind must ultimately tend to its improvement, and the encouragement of learning reflects the purest and most pleasing luster on the character of Charlemagne. The dignity of his person, the length of his reign, the prosperity of his arms, the vigor of his government, and the reverence of distant nations, distinguish him from the royal crowd; and Enrope dates a new era from his restoration of the western empire.

MAHOMET.

FROM "THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE."

ACCORDING to the tradition of his companions, Mahomet was distinguished by the beauty of his person—an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. In the familiar offices of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremoni-

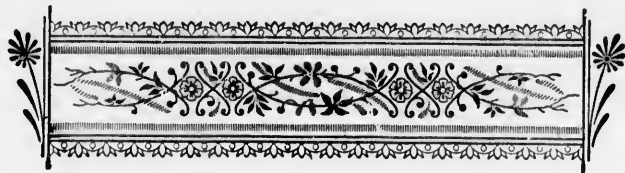
ous politeness of his country: his respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca: the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views; and the habits of courtesy were imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence. His memory was capacious and retentive, his wit easy and social, his imagination sublime, his judgment clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action; and although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission

bears the stamp of an original and superior genius. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia; and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence. With these powers of eloquence, Mahomet was an illiterate barbarian; his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing: the common ignorance exempted him from shame or reproach, but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence, and deprived of those faithful mirrors which reflect to our minds the minds of sages and heroes. Yet the book of nature and of man was open to his view; and some fancy has been indulged in the political and philosophical observations which are ascribed to the Arabian traveler. He compares the nations and religions of the earth; discovers the weakness of the Persian and Roman monarchies; beholds with pity and indignation the

degeneracy of the times; and resolves to unite, under one God and one king, the invincible spirit and primitive virtues of the Arabs. Our more accurate inquiry will suggest that, instead of visiting the courts, the camps, the temples of the east, the two journeys of Mahomet into Syria were confined to the fairs of Bostra and Damascus; that he was only thirteen years of age when he accompanied the caravan of his uncle, and that his duty compelled him to return as soon as he had disposed of the merchandise of Cadijah. In these hasty and superficial excursions, the eye of genius might discern some objects invisible to his grosser companions; some seeds of knowledge might be cast upon a fruitful soil; but his ignorance of the Syriac language must have checked his curiosity, and I can not perceive in the life or writings of Mahomet that his prospect was far extended beyond the limits of the Arabian world.



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THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THE MOST VERSATILE WRITER OF THE CENTURY.



ONE of the most delightful books in the world is "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," by his nephew, George O. Trevelyan. It is delightful because Macaulay was one of the most wonderful characters that ever lived. As a child he exhibited the most phenomenal ability, reading with the utmost avidity books far beyond the capacity of any ordinary boy, acquiring languages with the greatest ease, and, while his manner exhibited some oddities, due to his familiarity with "grown-up" forms of expression, retaining, nevertheless, his boyish interest in play and all the child-life in the large family of which he was a member. When four or five years old he was at tea, with others of his family, at the house of a friend, when an awkward maid spilled hot coffee over his legs. His compassionate hostess presently inquired if he were better, and he replied, with perfect simplicity, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated."

Macaulay was the son of a West India merchant who was associated with Wilberforce and others in the battle against slavery. He was born at Rothley, in Leicestershire, in 1800. He won distinction at Cambridge, and, after studying law, was called to the bar in 1826, but never did more than enter upon legal practice. He had already begun to contribute to the magazines, articles both in prose and verse having appeared in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. Macaulay began his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* in 1825, and continued to write for it for nearly twenty years. These essays were collected and edited by himself, and published in three volumes, which contain much of the finest prose in the language.

He wrote a number of articles for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, notable among which were those upon Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Pitt. He entered political life in 1830, when he was elected to Parliament, and took at once an important part in public affairs. His father having become financially embarrassed, Macaulay was from this time burdened with the care of his brother and sisters. He was fortunate in obtaining government posts, and in 1834 was sent to India as a member of the Supreme Council, his special charge being to draw up a new Penal Code for India. This work occupied him four years, and from it he returned to England with a fair competence. He was Secretary of War in 1839, and in 1845 was made Paymaster-General. He had, however, incurred great hostility by his favorable treat-

ment of the Roman Catholics, and in 1847 he failed to be re-elected to Parliament. He now devoted himself to his "History of England from the Accession of James II," at which he labored until his death. He completed four volumes, bringing the story down to the death of Queen Mary in 1695, and had prepared notes for the fifth, which was afterward published in this incomplete form by his sister, Lady Trevelyan. He was again elected to Parliament, and was raised to the peerage in 1857; but he took no further part in public affairs.

Macaulay's poems while they were formerly much read, and compare favorably with the work of many famous writers of verse, are so far outshone by his prose that they have dropped out of public attention. No other book of the century was received with enthusiasm equal to that which greeted the "History." Within a generation after its appearance more than a hundred and forty thousand copies of the "History" have been sold in the United Kingdom alone. No history ever had such a sale in America, and it was translated into almost every European language. The author received a hundred thousand dollars as part of his returns for a single year, and certainly it went far to deserve its reception.

It is what a history ought to be,—a history of the people. It is written in a style of great clearness, force, and eloquence; and the scenes he describes he places, by the vividness of his portrayal, directly before your eyes. You see them and feel them too. The third chapter of this great work, wherein he describes the advance of the people, for the last three centuries, from ignorance to knowledge, from barbarism to civilization, from serfdom to freedom, should be read by all,—especially by those elderly gentlemen whose chief delight is to praise the "good old times."

With all its great merits it has its imperfections, of course, as its author was subject to like passions and infirmities with other men. He has been accused of partiality and exaggeration, and of gratifying his passion for epigram at the expense of truth; and it must be acknowledged that his views are sometimes biased (and whose are not?) by personal antipathies: such as his description of Scotland; his account of the massacre of Glencoe; his delineation of the character of the English Puritans and the Scotch Covenanters; and especially his portraiture of William Penn.

It must always be a matter of supreme regret that to Macaulay's masterly power of making the scenes of the past spring again into life before the mind of the reader, he did not join that respect for the truth of history that would have cleared him from the accusation that he preferred to sacrifice the facts of the case with which he had to deal rather than to mar the beauty of a rounded period.

In the "Essays" all his excellences appear, while his failures as a historian can not frequently mar his work. His reviews of Hallam's "Constitutional History," and of the memoirs of Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir William Temple, Sir Walter Raleigh, etc., contain a series of brilliant and copious historical retrospects unequalled in our literature. His eloquent papers on Lord Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, Horace Walpole's Letters, Boswell's Johnson, Addison's Memoirs, and other philosophical and literary subjects, are also of first-rate excellence. Whatever topic he takes up he fairly exhausts: nothing is left to the imagination, and the most ample curiosity is gratified.

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For many years he held a social position which has been enjoyed by very few Englishmen. One can not wonder that he grew to be something of an autocrat; not, perhaps, after the order of Samuel Johnson, but something like it nevertheless. His positive way of expressing his views is well indicated in the remark of a great contemporary: "I wish I could be as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything."

He delighted in liberal giving, and used the great income, which was the fruit of his own genius, in helping everyone who had the shadow of a claim upon him. He was particularly munificent in bestowing pecuniary aid upon any needy author, and if he was sometimes imposed upon he was rather amused than chagrined.

In 1859 the great man was laid to rest in the poets' corner in Westminster Abbey. The affection of his family and friends amounted almost to idolatry, and few even of the famous men whose earthly remains keep company with his have better deserved a lasting renown.



FALLACIOUS DISTRUST OF LIBERTY.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MILTON."

 RIOSTO tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterward revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She growls, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory.

There is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces—and that cure is free-

dom! When a prisoner leaves his cell, he can not bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors or to recognize faces. But the remedy is not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinion subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to conflict, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water until he had learned to swim! If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

FROM THE *Edinburgh Review*.

WE had indeed left none his like behind him. There still remained, indeed, in his party many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, half fanatic, half buffoon, whose talents, discerned as yet by only one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which at such a crisis were necessary to save the State—the valor and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the human moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sydney.

Others might possess all the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; Hampden alone had both the

power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skilful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights over Dunbar. But it was when to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendancy and burning for revenge; it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolution furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.

THE PURITANS.

WE would first speak of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced.

Those who roused the people to resistance—who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years; who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had even seen; who trampled down king, church, and aristocracy; who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth—were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive; we regret that a body, to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations, had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles I, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles II was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's

head and the Fool's head, and fix our choice on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes

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were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but His favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God; if their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life; if their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language,—nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them

was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged,—on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest,—who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which shortsighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen and flourished and decayed; for his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe; he had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

THE characteristic peculiarity of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. There are some good allegories in Johnson's works, and some of still higher merit by Addison. In these performances there is, perhaps, as much wit and ingenuity as in the "Pilgrim's Progress." But the pleasure which is produced by the Vision of Mirza, or the Vision of Theodore, the genealogy of Wit, or the contest between Rest and Labor, is exactly similar to the pleasure which we derive from one of Cowley's odes, or from a canto of "Hudibras." It is a pleasure which belongs wholly to the understanding, and in which the feelings have no part whatever. Nay, even Spenser himself, though assuredly one of the greatest poets that ever lived, could not succeed in the attempt to make allegory interesting. It was in vain that he lavished the riches of his mind on the House of Pride and the House of Temperance. One unpardonable fault—the fault of tediousness—

pervades the whole of the "Faerie Queen." We become sick of Cardinal Virtues and Deadly Sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast. If the last six books, which are said to have been destroyed in Ireland, had been preserved, we doubt whether any heart less stout than that of a commentator would have held out to the end.

It is not so with the "Pilgrim's Progress." That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor Johnson—all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through—made an exception in favor of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work, he said, was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of tories. In the wildest parts of

Scotland the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favorite than "Jack the Giant-Killer." Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius,—that things which are not should be as though they were; that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turnstile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction; the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it; the Interpreter's house and all its air shows; the prisoner in the iron cage; the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold; the cross and the sepulcher; the steep hill and the pleasant arbor; the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside; the low green Valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks,—are all as well known to us as the sights of our own street. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where, afterward, the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on, amidst the

snare and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley, he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones and ashes of those whom they had slain.

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. *For magnificence*, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working-men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language; no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

Cowper said, forty or fifty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. To our refined forefathers, we suppose Lord Roscommon's "Essay on Translated Verse," and the Duke of Buckinghamshire's "Essay on Poetry," appeared to be compositions infinitely superior to the allegory of the preaching tinker. We live in better times; and we are not afraid to say that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of those minds produced the "Paradise Lost"; the other, the "Pilgrim's Progress."



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JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

HISTORIAN AND ESSAYIST.



FR. FROUDE is perhaps the most popular of the modern school of English historians which bases its work upon the careful study of original historical documents, and endeavors thus to frame an accurate conception of the scenes and personages which form its subject-matter.

Mr. Froude was the son of a clergyman and, after graduating at Oxford, was ordained a deacon. His earliest publications, however, showed that he had lost his hold upon the commonly received orthodoxy, and, although he did not for some years lay down his office of deacon, this change of view lost him his fellowship at Exeter and also an appointment he had received as teacher in Tasmania. He now settled himself to literature as a profession, and in the interval between 1856 and 1870 appeared his greatest work—"The History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada." Some of his other principal works are "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century"; "The Life of Carlyle"; "Short Studies of Great Subjects"; "The Divorce of Catharine of Aragon"; "English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century"; "The Life and Letters of Erasmus," and "The Council of Trent." He wrote several novels, but in them the essayist so predominated over the story-teller that they have not achieved any great success. He died in 1894.

The most striking characteristic of his works is their elegance of diction, together with their historical accuracy and vividness in portraying men and events. There has been great controversy between Mr. Froude and other historians as to his faithfulness to historic truths, but it seems to be the conclusion that the omissions with which he has been charged are not made for the suppression of facts, but because Froude believed that by means of broader characteristics and without going further into details he had conveyed the truth. He has also been frequently criticized for the publication of "Carlyle's Letters" with a fullness which included many expressions of the great philosopher which wounded living persons and really gave an exaggerated idea of the bitterness of Carlyle's judgment of man. There can be no question, however, as to Froude's power as an historian, and it may be said that his final vindication was his appointment as Professor of History at Oxford to succeed Freeman, who had been one of his severest critics.

EXECUTION OF MARY.

FROM "THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

BRIEFLY, solemnly, and sternly, the Commissioners delivered their awful message.

They informed her that they had received a commission under the great seal to see her executed, and she was told that she must prepare to suffer on the following morning. She was dreadfully agitated. For a moment she refused to believe them. Then, as the truth forced itself upon her, tossing her head in disdain, and struggling to control herself, she called her physician, and began to speak to him of money that was owed to her in France. At last it seems that she broke down altogether, and they left her with a fear either that she would destroy herself in the night, or that she would refuse to come to the scaffold, and that it might be necessary to draw her there by violence.

The end had come. She had long professed to expect it, but the clearest expectation is not certainty. The scene for which she had affected to prepare she was to encounter in its dread reality, and all her busy schemes, her dreams of vengeance, her visions of a revolution, with herself ascending out of the convulsion and seating herself on her rival's throne—all were gone. She had played deep, and the dice had gone against her.

At eight in the morning the provost-marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked, and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his return with the sheriff, however, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall, majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendor. The plain gray dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coif, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled paternosters was attached to her girdle. Led by two

of Paulet's gentlemen, the sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence in which she had been tried, where Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury, and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, who had been master of her household, was kneeling in tears. "Melville," she said, "you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland, and so, good Melville, farewell." She kissed him, and turning, asked for her chaplain Du Preau. He was not present. There had been a fear of some religious melodrama which it was thought well to avoid. Her ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also. She could not afford to leave the account of her death to be reported by enemies and Puritans, and she required assistance for the scene which she meditated. Missing them, she asked the reason of their absence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attempt perhaps to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. "The queen," she said, "would never deny her so slight a request"; and when Kent still hesitated, she added, with tears, "You know I am cousin to your Queen, of the blood of Henry the Seventh, a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland."

It was impossible to refuse. She was allowed to take six of her own people with her, and select them herself. She chose her physician Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies, Elizabeth Kennedy and Curle's young wife, Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptized. "*Allons donc*," she then said, "let us go"; and passing out attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gen-

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lemen of the country had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fireplace, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square, and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides, to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots, as she swept in, seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed, and took their places, the sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform, and read the warrant aloud.

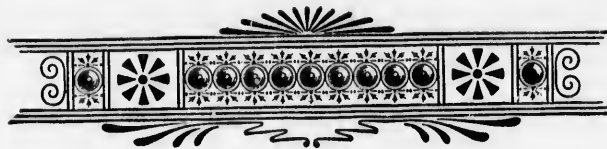
She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot. Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way; spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. "*Ne cries vous*," she said, "*j'ay promis pour*

vous." Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn, and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with her handkerchief. "*Adieu*," she said, smiling for the last time, and waving her hand to them; "*adieu, au revoir*." They stepped back from off the scaffold, and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the psalm, "*In te, Domine, confido*," "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust." Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the ears being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white wand, and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and laying down her head, muttered: "*In manus, Domine, tuas, commendo animam meam*." The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the tower. His aim wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and the false plaits. The labored illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

"So perish all enemies of the Queen," said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud amen rose over the hall. "Such end," said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, "to the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies."



FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE MOST FEMININE WRITER OF THE AGE.



WO generations of English-speaking women found in the poetry of Mrs. Hemans the harmonious expression of their own emotions and sentiments. Her poems have for some years been less read, but many of them are known by heart by multitudes of people who learned them from the school readers in their youth.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Liverpool, in 1793, but passed her childhood and youth in Wales. She was early noted for her "extreme beauty and precocious talents," and at the age of fourteen published her first poems. At eighteen she made an unhappy marriage with Captain Hemans, of the British army, who went abroad six years later, leaving to her the care of their five sons. Mrs. Hemans took up her residence in Rhyllyn, Wales, where most of her literary work was done. In 1829 she visited Sir Walter Scott, whose admiration for her did not extend to her poetry. He thought her verses bore "too many flowers and too little fruit," while the great critic, Jeffrey, thought her "beyond all comparison the most touching and accomplished writer of occasional verses that our literature has yet to boast of." Wordsworth also admired her greatly, saying that "in quickness of mind she had, within the range of his acquaintance, no equal." Before her death, in 1835, she had published eighteen separate volumes. Her last years were spent in Dublin, at the house of her brother, where she was the center of a brilliant circle of literary people.



THE HOUR OF PRAYER.



HILD, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Call'd thy harvest work to leave ;
Pray, ere yet the dark hours be,—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Traveler, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;

Captive, in whose narrow celi
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun ;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain ;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see,—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

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THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and
cells,

Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious
Main?—

Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in
vain.—

Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more! What wealth
untold

Far down, and shining through their stillness,
lies?

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.—

Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful
Main!

Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the Depths have more! Thy waves
have rolled

Above the cities of a world gone by!

Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,

Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!

Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play—

Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the Billows and the Depths have
more!

High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,

The battle-thunders will not break their rest;—

Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy
grave—

Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom

The place was kept at board and hearth so long,

The prayer went up through midnight's breathless
gloom,

And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!

Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'er-
thrown,—

But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,

Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,

O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery
crown:—

Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the Dead!

Earth shall reclaim her precious things from
thee—

Restore the Dead, thou Sea!

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high

On a stern and rock-bound coast.

And the woods against a stormy sky

Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark

The hills and waters o'er,

When a band of exiles moored their bark

On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,

They the true-hearted came;

Not with the roll of stirring drums

And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,

In silence and in fear:—

They shook the depths of the desert gloom

With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,

Till the stars heard and the sea;

And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang

To the anthem of the free:

The ocean-eagle soared

From his nest by the white wave's foam,

And the rocking pines of the forest roared;

Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair

Amid that Pilgrim band;—

Why had they come to wither there,

Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,

Lit by her deep love's truth;

There was manhood's brow serenely high,

And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?—

Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—

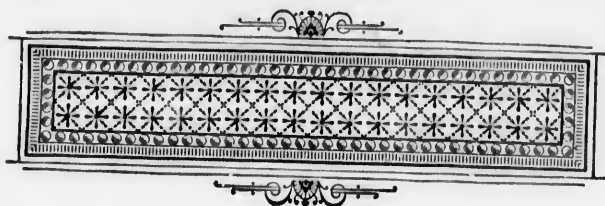
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Yes; call that holy ground,

The soil where first they trod.

They have left unstained what there they found

Freedom to worship God.



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MOST MELODIOUS OF POETS AMONG WOMEN.



THIRTY years ago the poems of Mrs. Browning were everywhere read. The sweetness and beauty of her verse, the wide range as well as the accuracy and completeness of her mental grasp, her devotion to the cause of civil freedom and moral elevation, made her one of the most popular poets of the time. Elizabeth Barrett was born in Durham, England, in 1809, and passed her childhood in her father's country house in Herefordshire. She was very remarkable for the precocity of her mind. It is said that she could read Greek at eight years, and at seventeen she translated the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, and published an "Essay on the Mind." In her day little English girls did not receive the broad and somewhat free education given to their brothers, but Elizabeth Barrett was exempted from the restrictions of her sex and given the education of a boy. Her friend, Miss Mitford, has thus described her:

"She certainly was one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her said the same, so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translator of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, the authoress of the 'Essay on Mind,' was old enough to be introduced into company—in technical language, was *out*."

When she was twenty-eight she ruptured a blood-vessel in her lungs which did not heal, and which made her for nine years a confirmed invalid whose life was constantly despaired of by her friends. In the meantime, however, in her darkened room, she pursued her labors, at study and in composition, and published two small volumes of verse, and later a collection of all her poems which she thought worthy of preservation. This collection contained the following lines, which led to her meeting Robert Browning:

Or at times a modern volume: Wordsworth's solemn idyll,
Howitt's ballad verse, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie;
Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.

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Mr. Browning was a stranger to her, but called to offer thanks for the compliment contained in the last couplet, and by a mistake of the servant was shown into Miss Barrett's room, to which only her most intimate friends were admitted. The acquaintance thus begun resulted in their marriage in 1846. The bride rose from her couch to be married, but her health improved, and during the remainder of her life continued reasonably good, although she was never strong.

The Brownings resided, during almost their entire married life, at Florence. In 1839 Mrs. Browning published "*Sonnets from the Portuguese*," which, contrary to the apparent meaning of the title, are original poems, and not translations. "*Casa Guidi Windows*," as the author says, "contains the impressions of the writer upon events in Tuscany of which she was a witness. It is a simple story of personal impressions, whose only value is in the intensity with which they were received, or in proving her warm affection for a beautiful and unfortunate country. The sincerity with which they are related indicates her own good faith and freedom from partisanship."

In 1856 appeared the longest of her poems, "*Aurora Leigh*," which she characterized as "the most mature of my works, and the one into which my highest convictions upon life and art have entered." This novel in verse was, at least in part, written in England, whither the Brownings returned for a short time after a residence of eight years in Florence. Returning to Italy, Mrs. Browning put forth, in 1860, a little volume originally entitled "*Poems before Congress*," afterward published, with additions, under the title, "*Napoleon III in Italy, and other Poems*." She died in Florence in 1861.

"Can't you imagine," said her husband, in comparing his work with hers, "a clever sort of angel, who plots, and plans, and tries to build up something he wants to make you see as he sees it, shows you one point of view, carries you off to another, hammering into your head the thing he wants you to understand; and whilst this bother is going on, God Almighty turns you off a little star,—that's the difference between us. The true creative power is hers, not mine."



THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

HERE is no God," the foolish saith,
But none, "There is no sorrow";
And nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow;
Eyes which the preacher could not school
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
Who ne'er said, "God be praised."
Be pitiful, O God!

We meet together at the feast—
To private mirth betake us—
We stare down in the winecup, lest
Some vacant chair should shake us!
We name delight, and pledge it round—
"It shall be ours to-morrow!"
God's seraphs! do your voices sound
As sad in naming sorrow?
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit together, with the skies,
 The steadfast skies, above us;
 We look into each other's eyes,
 "And how long will you love us?"
 The eyes grow dim with prophecy,
 The voices, low and breathless—
 "Till death us part!"—O words, to be
 Our *best* for love the deathless!
 Be pitiful, dear God!

We pray together at the kirk,
 For mercy, mercy, solely—
 Hands weary with the evil work,
 We lift them to the Holy!

The corpse is calm below our knee—
 Its spirit bright before Thee—
 Between them, worse than either, we
 Without the rest of glory!
 Be pitiful, O God!

And soon all vision waxeth dull—
 Men whisper, "He is dying";
 We cry no more, "Be pitiful!"—
 We have no strength for crying:
 No strength, no need! Then, Soul of mine,
 Look up and triumph rather—
 Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,
 The Son adjoins the Father—
 Be pitiful, O God!

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—*Ps. cxviii, 2.*

IF all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne inward into souls afar
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,
 Now tell me if that any is,
 For gift or grace surpassing this—
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
 The hero's heart to be unmoved,
 The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
 The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
 The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
 He giveth His beloved sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
 A little faith all undisproved,
 A little dust to overweep,
 And bitter memories to make
 The whole earth blasted for our sake.
 He giveth His beloved sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
 Who have no tune to charm away
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
 But never doleful dream again
 Shall break the happy slumber when
 He giveth His beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
 O men, with wailing in your voices!
 O delved gold the wailers heap!

O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
 God strikes a silence through you all,
 And giveth His beloved sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
 His cloud above it sail-eth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and reap;
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated over head,
 He giveth His beloved sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man
 Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
 But angels say,—and through the word
 I think their happy smile is *heard*,—
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

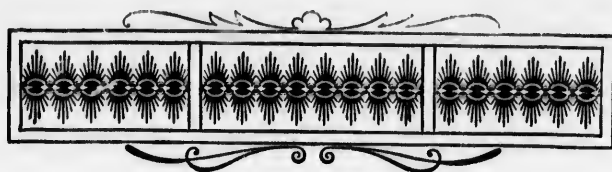
For me, my heart that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the mummers leap,
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would child-like on His love repose,
 Who giveth His beloved sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one most loving of you all
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
 'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"



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GEORGE ELIOT.

THE GREATEST NOVELIST OF THE ANALYTICAL SCHOOL.



AMONG the novelists since Dickens and Thackeray no one can compare with George Eliot in native force and vigor, in ability to read, through the indications of their outward lives and actions, the underlying forces which form the character of men and women. Other writers have put before us the surface of life; George Eliot depicts for her readers the very souls of her characters. It is this ability to go deep into the inner lives of men, to see, and so to picture, the real beings who move within this outer shell we call ourselves, which gave her so strong a hold upon the public and imparted to her books a quality peculiarly their own.

Marian Evans was of Welsh descent, but she was born at South Farm, near Griff, in Warwickshire, England, in 1819. Her father, whose portrait she has drawn in the character of Adam Bede, was a land agent, but had started in life as a carpenter. He was a man of great ability, and was entrusted with the management of the estates of several large landowners in Warwickshire. His family, therefore, occupied a social position equal that of any of the professional people of the vicinity, and the circumstances of his life gave his gifted daughter the opportunity of gaining that wonderfully intimate knowledge of widely different classes of people which is shown in her novels. Mrs. Evans died when Marian had arrived at the age of fifteen, and after the marriage of an elder sister the management of the household fell upon her. She had received a good education, and was proficient in French, German, and music. After her father retired from active work, in 1841, she studied Latin and Greek, and became absorbed in philosophy, particularly in its relation to religion. Her first literary work was the translation of Strauss' "Life of Jesus," and was followed by similar work upon Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity," and Spinoza's "Ethics." Mr. Evans dying in 1849, his daughter was induced to spend some months with her kind friends, the Brays and the family of the Artist D'Albert, abroad. Returning, she became sub-editor of the *Westminster Review*, and a member of the most brilliant literary circle of the time, numbering among her intimate friends Herbert Spencer, James and Harriet Martineau, and others of equal fame.

Beside her work as sub-editor, she contributed to the *Review* a number of the most remarkable essays that appeared in its pages. Among these were "Carlyle's

Life of Sterling," "Margaret Fuller," "Women in France," "Evangelical Teaching," and "Worldliness and Otherworldliness."

She continued in this work until 1854, when she assumed the duties of a wife to Mr. George Henry Lewes, and of a mother to his sons. In 1857 she published a volume of short stories entitled "Scenes from Clerical Life," over the name of George Eliot, which she attached to all her later works, and which, until it became famous as that of the leading novelist of the time, effectually concealed her identity. It was at once evident to all who were in the secret that she was a true novelist, and she henceforth put all her energies into the works which will remain as classical specimens of English fiction. Her fame grew with the appearance of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," and "Middlemarch"; "Daniel Deronda" did not increase her reputation, but well maintained it; "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such" has, however, been less read. After the death of Mr. Lewes she was married to Mr. John W. Cross, who had for many years been a close and faithful friend, but before the end of the year, 1880, she died. Opinion will always be divided as to which is her best book and which her finest character, but the woman who has enriched our literature with the high-souled carpenter, Adam Bede, and the pure unworldliness of Dinah Morris, who has brought us face to face with the doubts and fears, and, better, with the certainties, which filled the soul of Savonarola, may well be described as "an expression of the spirit of the age out of which she grew," or the "exponent of the thought of the third quarter of the nineteenth century." As such she will take her place among the strongest characters and the ablest minds that have given of their best for the benefit of mankind.



FLORENCE IN 1794.

FROM "ROMOLA."

IN 1493 the rumor spread, and became louder and louder, that Charles the Eighth of France was about to cross the Alps with a mighty army; and the Italian populations, accustomed, since Italy had ceased to be the heart of the Roman Empire, to look for an arbitrator from afar, began vaguely to regard his coming as a means of avenging their wrongs and redressing their grievances.

And in that rumor Savonarola had heard the assurance that his prophecy was being verified. What was it that filled the ears of the prophets of old but the distant tread of foreign armies, coming to do the work of justice? He no longer looked vaguely to the horizon for the coming storm: he

pointed to the rising cloud. The French army was that new deluge which was to purify the earth from iniquity; the French king, Charles VIII, was the instrument elected by God, as Cyrus had been of old, and all men who desired good rather than evil were to rejoice in his coming. For the scourge would fall destructively on the impenitent alone. Let any city of Italy—let Florence above all—Florence, beloved of God, since in its ear the warning voice had been especially sent—repent and turn from its ways, like Nineveh of old, and the storm-cloud would roll over it and leave only refreshing rain-drops.

Fra Girolamo's word was powerful; yet now that the new Cyrus had already been three months

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in Italy, and was not far from the gates of Florence, his presence was expected there with mixed feelings, in which fear and distrust certainly predominated. At present it was not understood that he had redressed any grievances; and the Florentines certainly had nothing to thank him for. He held their strong frontier fortresses, which Piero de' Medici had given up to him without securing any honorable terms in return; he had done nothing to quell the alarming revolt of Pisa, which had been encouraged by his presence to throw off the Florentine yoke; and "orators," even with a prophet at their head, could win no assurance from him, except that he would settle everything when he was once within the walls of Florence. Still, there was the satisfaction of knowing that the exasperating Piero de' Medici had been fairly pelted out for the ignominious surrender of the fortresses, and in that act of energy the spirit of the Republic had recovered some of its old fire.

The preparations for the equivocal guests were not those of a city resigned to submission. Behind the bright drapery and banners symbolic of joy, there were preparations of another sort made with

common accord by the government and people. Well hidden within walls there were hired soldiers of the Republic, hastily called in from the surrounding districts; there were old arms duly furnished, and sharp tools and heavy cudgels laid carefully at hand, to be snatched up on short notice; there were excellent boards and stakes to form barricades upon occasion, and a good supply of stones to make a surprising hail from the upper windows. Above all, there were people very strongly in the humor of fighting any personage who might be supposed to have designs of hectoring over them, they having lately tasted that new pleasure with much relish. This humor was not diminished by the sight of occasional parties of Frenchmen, coming beforehand to choose their quarters, with a hawk, perhaps, on their left wrist, and, metaphorically speaking, a piece of chalk in their right hand to mark Italian doors withal; especially as creditable historians imply that many sons of France were at that time characterized by something approaching to a swagger, which must have whetted the Florentine appetite for a little stone-throwing.

A PASSAGE AT ARMS.

FROM "ADAM BEDE."

BARTLE MASSEY returned from the fire-place, where he had been smoking his first pipe in quiet, and broke the silence by saying, as he thrust his forefinger into the canister, "Why, Adam, how happened you not to be at church on Sunday? answer me that, you rascal. The anthem went limping without you. Are you going to disgrace your schoolmaster in his old age?"

"No, Mr. Massey," said Adam. "Mr. and Mrs. Poyser can tell you where I was. I was in no bad company."

"She's gone, Adam, gone to Snowfield," said Mr. Poyser, reminded of Dinah for the first time this evening. "I thought you'd ha' persuaded her better. Nought 'ud hold her but she must go yesterday forenoon. The missis has hardly got

over it. I thought she'd ha' no sperrit for th' harvest supper."

Mrs. Poyser had thought of Dinah several times since Adam had come in, but she had had "no heart" to mention the bad news.

"What!" said Bartle with an air of disgust. "Was there a woman concerned! Then I give you up, Adam."

"But it's a woman you've spoke well on, Bartle," said Mr. Poyser. "Come, now, you canna draw back; you said once as women would n't ha' been a bad invention if they'd all been like Dinah."

"I meant her voice, man—I meant her voice, that was all," said Bartle. "I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I dare say she's like the rest

o' the women—thinks two and two 'll come to make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it."

"Ay, ay!" said Mrs. Poyser, "one 'ud think, an' hear some folks talk, as the men war' cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn door, *they* can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little this side on't."

Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and winked at Adam as much as to say the school-master was in for it now.

"Ah!" said Bartle, sneeringly, "the women are quick enough, they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself."

"Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser, "for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting's tongue ready; an' when he outs wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on't. It's your dead chicks takes the longest hatchin'. However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

"Match!" said Bartle; "ay, as vinegar matches one's teeth. If a man says a word, his wife 'll match it with a contradiction; if he's a mind for hot meat, his wife 'll match it with cold bacon; if he laughs, she 'll match him with whimpering. She's such a match as th' horse-fly is to th' horse; she's got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with."

"Yes," said Mrs. Poyser, "I know what the men like—a poor soft, as 'ud simper at 'em like the pictur o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an' say thank you for a kick, an' pretend

she didna know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That's what a man wants in a wife, mostly; he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'll tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do wi'out that—they think so much o' themselves 'ready; an' that's how it is there's old bachelors."

"Come, Craig," said Mr. Poyser, jocosely, "you mun get married pretty quick, else you 'll be set down for an old bachelor; an' you see what the women 'll think on you."

"Well," said Mr. Craig, willing to conciliate Mrs. Poyser, and setting a high value on his own compliments, "I like a cleverish woman—a woman o' sperrit—a managin' woman."

"You're out there, Craig," said Bartle, dryly; "you're out there. You judge o' your garden-stuff on a better plan than that; you pick the things for what they can excel in—for what they can excel in. You don't value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now, that's the way you should choose women; their cleverness 'll never come to much—never come to much; but they make excellent simpletons, ripe and strong-flavored."

"What dost say to that?" said Mr. Poyser, throwing himself back and looking merrily at his wife.

"Say!" answered Mrs. Poyser, with dangerous fire kindling in her eye; "why, I say as some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside."

Mrs. Poyser would probably have brought her rejoinder to a further climax, if everyone's attention had not at this moment been called to the other end of the table.

THE POYSER FAMILY GO TO CHURCH.

FROM "ADAM BEDE."

THERE'S father a standing at the yard gate," said Martin Poyser. "I reckon he wants to watch us down the field. It's wonderful what sight he has, and him turned seventy-five."

"Ah! I often think it's wi' th' old folks as it is

wi' the babbies," said Mrs. Poyser; "they're satisfied wi' looking, no matter what they're looking at. It's God Almighty's way o' quietening 'em, I reckon, afore they go to sleep."

Old Martin opened the gate as he saw the

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family procession approaching, and held it wide open, leaning on his stick—pleased to do this bit of work; for, like all old men whose life has been spent in labor, he liked to feel that he was still useful—that there was a better crop of onions in the garden because he was by at the sowing, and that the cows would be milked the better if he staid at home on a Sunday afternoon to look on. He always went to church on Sacrament Sundays, but not very regularly at other times; on wet Sundays, or whenever he had a touch of rheumatism, he used to read the three first chapters of Genesis instead.

"They'll ha putten Thias Bede i' the ground afore ye get to the churchyard," he said, as his son came up. "It 'ud ha' been better luck if they'd ha' buried him i' the forenoon, when the rain was fallin'; there's no likelihoods of a drop now, an' the moon lies like a boat there, dost see? That's a sure sign of fair weather; there's many as is false, but that's sure."

"Ay, ay," said the son, "I'm in hopes it'll hold up now."

"Mind what the parson says—mind what the parson says, my lads," said grandfather to the black-eyed youngsters in knee-breeches, conscious of a marble or two in their pockets, which they looked forward to handling a little, secretly, during the sermon.

And when they were all gone, the old man leaned on the gate again, watching them across the lane, along the Home Close, and through the far gate, till they disappeared behind a bend in the hedge. For the hedgerows in those days shut out one's view, even on the better-managed farms; and this afternoon the dog-roses were tossing out their pink wreaths, the night-shade was in its yellow and purple glory, the pale honeysuckle grew out of reach, peeping high up out of a holly bush, and, over all, an ash or a sycamore every now and then threw its shadow across the path.

There were acquaintances at other gates who had to move aside and let them pass; at the gate of the Home Close there was half the dairy of cows standing one behind the other, extremely slow to understand that their large bodies might

be in the way; at the far gate there was the mare holding her head over the bars, and beside her the liver-colored foal with its head toward its mother's flank, apparently still much embarrassed by its own straggling existence. The way lay entirely through Mr. Poyser's own fields till they reached the main road leading to the village, and he turned a keen eye on the stock and the crops as they went along, while Mrs. Poyser was ready to supply a running commentary on them all. The woman who manages a dairy has a large share in making the rent, so she may well be allowed to have her opinion on stock and their "keep"—an exercise which strengthens her understanding so much that she finds herself able to give her husband advice on most other subjects.

"There's that short-horned Sally," she said, as she entered the Home Close, and she caught sight of the meek beast that lay chewing the cud, and looking at her with a sleepy eye. "I begin to hate the sight o' the cow; and I say now what I said three weeks ago, the sooner we get rid of her th' better, for there's that little yallow cow as does n't give half the milk and yet I've twice as much butter from her."

"Why, thee't not like the women in general," said Mr. Poyser; they like the short-horns, as give such a lot of milk. 'There's Chowne's wife wants him to buy no other sort."

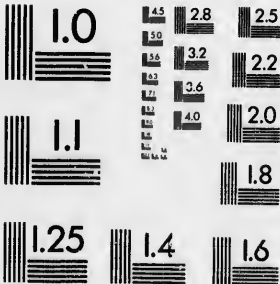
"What's it sinni'y what Chowne's wife likes? a poor, soft thing, wi' no more head-piece nor a sparrow. She'd take a big cullender to strain her lard wi', and then wander as the scratchin's run through. I've seen enough of her to know as I'll niver take a servant from her house again—all huggermugger—and you'd niver know, when you went in, whether it was Monday or Friday, the wash draggin' on to th' end o' the week; and as for her cheese, I know well enough it rose like a loaf in a tin last year. An' then she talks o' the weather bein' i' fault, as there's folks 'ud stand on their heads and then say the fault was i' their boots."

"Well, Chowne's been wanting to buy Sally, so we can get rid of her, if thee lik'st," said Mr. Poyser, secretly proud of his wife's superior power of putting two and two together; indeed, on re-



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cent market days, he had more than once boasted of her discernment in this very matter of short-horns.

"Ay, them as choose a soft for a wife may's well buy up the short-horns, for, if you get your head stuck in a bog, your legs may's well go after it. Eh! talk o' legs, there's legs for you," Mrs. Poyser continued, as Totty, who had been set down now the road was dry, toddled on in front of her father and mother. "There's shapes! An' she's got such a long foot, she'll be her father's own child."

"Ay, she'll be welly such a one as Hetty i' ten years time, ony she's got thy colored eyes. I niver remember a blue eye i' my family; my mother had eyes as black as sloes, just like Hetty's."

"The child 'ull be none the worse for having summat as isn't like Hetty. An' I'm none for having ner so over pretty. Though, for the matter o' that, there's people wi' light hair an' blue eyes as pretty as them wi' black. If Dinah had got a bit o' color in her cheeks, an' did n't stick that Methodist cap on her head, enough to frighten the crows, folks 'ud think her as pretty as Hetty."

"Nay, nay," said Mr. Poyser, with rather a contemptuous emphasis, "thee dostna know the pints of a woman. The men 'ud niver run after Dinah as they would after Hetty."

"What care I what the men 'ud run after? It's well seen what choice the most of 'em know how to make, by the poor drabble-tails o' wives you see, like bits o' gauze ribbin, good for nothing when the color's gone."

"Well, well, thee canstna say but what I know'd how to make a choice when I married thee," said Mr. Poyser, who usually settled little conjugal disputes by a compliment of this sort, "and thee was twice as buxom as Dinah ten years ago."

"I niver said as a woman had need to be ugly to make a good missis of a house. There's Chowne's wife ugly enough to turn the milk an' save the rennet, but she'll niver save nothing any other way. But as for Dinah, poor child, she's niver likely to be buxom as long as she'll make her dinner o' cake and water, for the sake o' giving to them as want. She provoked me past bearing sometimes; and, as I told her, she went clean

again' the Scriptur, for that says, 'Love your neighbor as yourself'; but I said, 'if you loved your neighbor no better nor you do yourself, Dinah, it's little enough you'd do for him. You'd be thinking he might do well enough on a half-empty stomach.' Eh, I wonder where she is this blessed Sunday! sitting by that sick woman, I daresay, as she'd set her heart on going to all of a sudden."

"Ah! it was a pity she should take such megrims int' her head, when she might ha' stayed wi' us all summer, and eaten twice as much as she wanted, and it 'd niver ha' been missed. She made no odds in th' house at all, for she sat as still at her sewing as a bird on the nest, and was uncommon nimble at running to fetch anything. If Hetty gets married, thee'dst like to ha' Dinah wi' thee constant."

"It's no use thinkin' o' that," said Mrs. Poyser. "You might as well beckon to the flyin' swallow, as ask Dinah to come an' live here comfortable like other folks. If any thing could turn her I should ha' turned her, for I've talked to her for an hour on end, and scolded her too; for she's my own sister's child, and it behooves me to do what I can for her. But eh, poor thing, as soon as she'd said us 'good-bye,' an' got into the cart, an' looked back at me with her pale face, as is welly like her Aunt Judith come back from heaven, I begun to be frightened to think o' the set downs I'd given her; for it comes over you sometimes as if she'd a way o' knowing the rights o' things more nor other folks have. But I'll niver give in as that's 'cause she's a Methodist, nor more nor a white calf's white 'cause it eats out o' the same bucket wi' a black un."

"Nay," said Mr. Poyser, with as near an approach to a snarl as his good-nature would allow; "I've no opinion o' the Methodists. It's only trades-folks as turn Methodists; you niver knew a farmer bitten wi' them maggots. There's maybe a workman now and then, as is n't over cliver at's work, takes to preachin' an' that, like Seth Bede. But you see Adam, as has got one of the best head-pieces hereabout, knows better; he's a good Churchman, else I'd niver encourage him for a sweetheart for Hetty."



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MRS. MARGARET OLIPHANT.

THE MOST VERSATILE WOMAN IN ENGLISH LETTERS.



MARGARET ORME OLIPHANT was born in Liverpool, in 1831, and very early in life began to write stories. Her first novel, "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Meitland, of Sunnyside," appeared in 1849, and for nearly a half-century afterward she continued to pour forth in a continuous stream most delightful work in fiction, history, biography, and criticism. Her early works appeared principally in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which has an enviable distinction among English periodicals for discovering new and brilliant contributors.

Mrs. Oliphant soon took a high place in the world of letters, and no other woman has written so successfully in so many different departments. Among her novels are: "Adam Graeme of Mossgray," "The Minister's Wife," "A Rose in June," "The Ladies Lindores," "The Second Son," "Joyce," "A Poor Gentleman," and her last book, published early in 1897, just before her death, "The Ways of Life." She has written much biography, and contributed very many critical articles to English magazines. Her "Life of Edward Irving," "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II," "The Makers of Florence," "The Literary History of England," "The Makers of Venice," and a "Biography of Laurence Oliphant," are among her best-known works.

Her death has called forth expressions of regret and admiration from literary people throughout the English-speaking world.



AN ENGLISH RECTOR AND RECTORY.

FROM "A ROSE IN JUNE."

MARTHA, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. Let the child alone—she will never be young again if she should live a hundred years."

These words were spoken in the garden of

Dinglefield Rectory on a very fine summer day a few years ago. The speaker was Mr. Damerel, the Rector, a middle-aged man, with very fine, somewhat worn features, a soft, benignant smile, and, as everybody said who knew him, the most

charming manner in the world. He was a man of very elegant mind, as well as manners. He did not preach often, but when he did preach all the educated persons of his congregation felt that they had very choice fare indeed set before them. I am afraid the poor people liked the curate best; but then the curate liked them best, and it mattered very little to any man or woman of refinement what sentiment existed between the cottage and the curate. Mr. Damerel was perfectly kind and courteous to everybody, gentle and simple, who came in his way, but he was not fond of poor people in the abstract. He disliked everything that was unlovely; and, alas! there are a great many unlovely things in poverty.

The rectory garden at Dinglefield is a delightful place. The house is on the summit of a little hill, or rather tableland, for in the front, toward the green, all is level and soft, as becomes an English village; but on the other side the descent begins toward the lower country, and from the drawing-room windows and the lawn the view extended over a great plain, lighted up with links of river, and fading into unspeakable hazes of distance, such as were the despair of every artist, and the delight of the fortunate people who lived there, and were entertained day by day with the sight of all the sunsets, the midday splendors, the flying shadows, the soft, prolonged twilights. Mr. Damerel was fond of saying that no place he knew so lent itself to idleness as this. "Idleness! I speak as the foolish ones speak," he was wont to say; "for what occupation could be more ennobling than to watch those gleams and shadows—all nature spread out before you, and demanding attention, though so softly that only those who have ears hear. I allow, my gentle nature here does not shout at you, and compel your regard, like her who dwells among the Alps, for instance. My dear, you are always so practical; but so long as you leave me my landscape I want little more."

Thus the Rector would discourse. It was only a very little more he wanted—only to have his garden and lawn in perfect order, swept and trimmed every morning, like a lady's boudoir,

and refreshed with every variety of flower; to have his table not heavily loaded with vulgar English joints, but daintily covered, and oh! so delicately served; the linen always fresh, the crystal always fine; the ladies dressed as ladies should be; to have his wine—of which he took very little—always fine, of choice vintage, and with a *bouquet* which rejoiced the heart; to have plenty of new books; to have quiet, undisturbed by the noise of the children, or any other troublesome noise which broke the harmony of nature; and especially undisturbed by bills and cares, such as, he declared, at once shorten life and take all pleasure out of it. This was all he required, and surely never man had tastes more moderate, more innocent, more virtuous and refined.

The little scene to which I have thus abruptly introduced the reader took place in the most delicious part of the garden. The deep stillness of noon was over the sunshiny world; part of the lawn was brilliant in light; the very insects were subdued out of the buzz of activity by the spell of the sunshine; but here, under the lime-tree, there was a grateful shade, where everything took breath. Mr. Damerel was seated in a chair which had been made expressly for him, and which combined the comfort of soft cushions with such a rustic appearance as became its habitation out of doors; under his feet was a soft Persian rug, in colors blended with all the harmony which belongs to the Eastern loom; at his side a pretty, carved table, with a raised rim, with books upon it, and a thin Venice glass, containing a rose.

Another rose—the Rose of my story—was half-sitting, half-lying on the grass at his feet—a pretty, light figure in a soft muslin dress, almost white, with bits of soft rose-colored ribbons here and there. She was the eldest child of the house. Her features I do not think were at all remarkable, but she had a bloom so soft, so delicate, so sweet, that her father's fond title for her, "a Rose in June," was everywhere acknowledged as appropriate. A rose of the very season of roses was this Rose. Her very smile, which went and came like breath, never away for two minutes together, yet never lasting beyond the time you took to look at her, was flowery too—I can scarcely tell

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why. For my own part, she always reminded me not so much of a garden rose in its glory, as of a bunch of wild roses, all blooming and smiling from the bough—here pink, here white, here with

a dozen ineffable tints. In all her life she had never had occasion to ask herself was she happy. Of course she was happy! Did she not live, and was not that enough?

EDWARD IRVING.

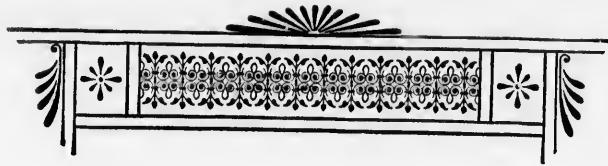
FROM "A LITERARY HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

CHALMERS and Irving were, with the exception of Robert Hall, the two greatest preachers of their day. Irving had passed a year or two as Chalmers' assistant at Glasgow before he went to London, in 1822, and where the world found him out, and in his obscure chapel he became almost the most noted of all the notabilities of town. Even now, when his story is well known, and his own journals and letters have proved the nobleness and sincerity of the man, it is difficult for the world to forget that it once believed him after having followed and stared at him as a prodigy—an impostor or a madman. And it is well known that the too lofty and unworldly strain of his great mind separated him from that homely standing-ground of fact upon which alone our mortal footsteps are safe; and from the very exaltation of his aspiring soul brought him down into humiliation, subjection to pettier minds, and to the domination of a sect created by his impulse, yet reigning over him.

The eloquence of Irving was like nothing else known in his day. Something of the lofty parallelism of the Hebrew, something of the noble English of our Bible, along with that solemn national form of poetic phraseology, "such as grave lovers do in Scotland use," composed the altogether individual style in which he wrote and spoke. It was no assumed or elaborated style, but the natural utterance of a mind cast in other moulds than those common to the men of the nineteenth century, and in himself at once a primitive prophet, a medieval leader, and a Scotch Borderer, who had never been subject to the trimming and chopping influence of society. It is said that a recent publication of his sermons has

failed to attract the public; and this is comprehensible enough, for large volumes of sermons are not popular literature. But the reader who takes the trouble to overcome the disinclination which is so apt to arrest us on the threshold of such a study, will find himself carried along by such a lofty simplicity, by such a large and noble manliness of tone, by the originality of a mind incapable of doubt taking God at His word, instinct with that natural faith in all things divine which is, we think, in its essence, one of the many inheritances of genius—though sometimes rejected and disowned—that he will not grudge the pains. He who held open before the orphan that grand refuge of the "fatherhood of God," which struck the listening statesman with wondering admiration; he who, in intimating a death, "made known to them the good intelligence that our brother has had a good voyage, so far as we could follow him or hear tidings of him," saw everything around him with magnified and ennobled vision, and spoke of what he saw with the grandeur yet simplicity of a seer—telling his arguments and his reasonings as if they had been a narrative, and making a great poetic story of the workings of the mind and its labors and consolations.

In the most abstruse of his subjects this method continues to be always apparent. The sermon is like a sustained and breathless tale, with an affinity to the minute narrative of Defoe or of the primitive historians. The pauses are brief, the sentences long, but the interest does not flag. Once afloat upon the stream, the reader—and in his day how much more the hearer!—finds it difficult to release himself from the full-flowing tide of interest in which he loots for the accustomed breaks and breathing-places in vain.



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED LIVING WRITER OF ENGLISH NOVELS.



MARY Augusta Arnold was born in Tasmania in 1851. Her father was a younger brother of Matthew Arnold, the distinguished critic and man of letters, and filled the station of a government officer in Tasmania. He afterward became a professor in the Roman Catholic University of Dublin, but because of a change of faith he left it and settled at Oxford, devoting himself to literary work. His daughter married Mr. Humphry Ward, author of a number of biographical and historical books.

Mrs. Ward has written several articles in *Macmillan's Magazine* over the signature "M. A. W."; but she is best known by the name of her husband, signing herself in her principal books "Mrs. Humphry Ward." Her earlier works, "Millie and Ollie," "Miss Bretherton," and a translation of "Amiel's Journal," gained her considerable reputation, but it is to the novel, "Robert Elsmere," published in 1888, that she owes her greatest fame. The book well deserves the reputation it immediately gained. It is a powerfully drawn picture of the intellectual life of a scholarly young Englishman, who gradually finds himself swept away from his orthodox beliefs, and compelled by his unflinching integrity to resign his position as rector in an English parish where he is doing a noble work, and to take up the struggle of life amid new surroundings. The great majority of Christian people will not agree with Robert Elsmere's later views; but it is to be conceded that the character is a noble one, and that, as a piece of artistic work, the book has few equals among our English novels. Mrs. Ward's latest work is "The Story of Sir George Trassady," which, in dramatic power and the delineation of character, stands only second to her former great book.



OXFORD.

FROM "MISS BRETHERTON."

THE weather was all that the heart of man could desire, and the party met on Paddington platform with every prospect of another successful day. Forbes turned up punc-

tual to the moment, and radiant under the combined influence of the sunshine and of Miss Bretherton's presence; Wallace had made all the arrangements perfectly, and the six friends found

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themselves presently journeying along to Oxford. At last the "dreaming spires" of Oxford rose from the green, river-threaded plain, and they were at their journey's end. A few more minutes saw them alighting at the gate of the new Balliol, where stood Herbert Sartoris looking out for them. He was a young don with a classical edition on hand which kept him working up after term, within reach of the libraries, and he led the way to some pleasant rooms overlooking the inner quadrangle of Balliol, showing in his well-bred look and manner an abundant consciousness of the enormous good fortune which had sent him Isabel Bretherton for a guest. For at that time it was almost as difficult to obtain the presence of Miss Bretherton at any social festivity as it was to obtain that of royalty. Her Sundays were the objects of conspiracies for weeks beforehand on the part of those persons in London society who were least accustomed to have their invitations refused, and to have and to hold the famous beauty for more than an hour in his own rooms, and then to enjoy the privilege of spending five or six long hours on the river with her, were delights which, as the happy young man felt, would render him the object of envy to all at least of his fellow-dons below forty.

Instreamed the party, filling up the book-lined rooms and startling the two old scouts in attendance into unwonted rapidity of action. Miss Bretherton wandered around, surveyed the familiar Oxford luncheon-table, groaning under the time-honored summer fare, the books, the engravings, and the sunny, irregular, quadrangle outside, with its rich adornings of green, and threw herself down at last on to the low window seat with a sigh of satisfaction.

"How quiet you are! how peaceful! how delightful it must be to live here! It seems as if one were in another world from London. Tell me what that building is over there; it's too new, it ought to be old and gray like the colleges we saw coming up here. Is everybody gone away—'gone down' you say? I should like to see all the learned people walking about for once."

"I could show you a good many if there were time," said young Sartoris, hardly knowing, how-

ever, what he was saying, so lost was he in admiration of that marvelous changing face. "The vacation is the time they show themselves; it's like owls coming out at night. You see, Miss Bretherton, we don't keep many of them; they are in the way in term time. But in vacation they have the colleges and the parks and the Bodleian to themselves, and their umbrellas, under the most favorable conditions."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Bretherton, with a little scorn, "people always make fun of what they are proud of. But I mean to believe that you are all learned, and that everybody here works himself to death, and that Oxford is quite, quite perfect!"

"Did you hear what Miss Bretherton was saying, Mrs. Stuart," said Forbes, when they were seated at luncheon. "Oxford is perfect, she declares already; I don't think I quite like it; it's too hot to last."

"Am I such a changeable creature, then?" said Miss Bretherton, smiling at him. "Do you generally find my enthusiasms cool down?"

"You are as constant as you are kind," said Forbes, bowing to her. . . . "Oh! the good times I've had up here—much better than he ever had"—nodding across at Kendal, who was listening. "He was too proper behaved to enjoy himself; he got all the right things, all the proper first-classes and prizes, poor fellow! But, as for me, I used to scribble over my note-books all lecture-time, and amuse myself the rest of the day. And then, you see, I was up twenty years earlier than he was, and the world was not as virtuous then as it is now, by a long way."

Kendal was interrupting, when Forbes, who was in one of his maddest moods, turned around upon his chair to watch a figure passing along the quadrangle in front of the bay-window.

"I say, Sartoris, is n't that Camden, the tutor who was turned out of Magdalen a year or two ago for that atheistical book of his, and whom you took in, as you do all the disreputables? Ah, I knew it!"

"By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes."

That's not mine, my dear Miss Bretherton; it's

Shakespeare's first, Charles Lamb's afterward. But look at him well—he's a heretic, a real, genuine heretic. Twenty years ago it would have been a thrilling sight; but now, alas! it's so common that it's not the victim but the persecutors who are the curiosity."

"I don't know that," said young Sartoris. "We liberals are by no means the cocks of the walk that we were a few years ago. You see, now we have got nothing to pull against, as we were. So long as we had two or three good grievances, we could keep the party together, and attract all the young men. We were Israel going up against the Philistines, who had us in their grip. But now, things are changed; we've got our way all round, and it's the Church party who have the grievances and the cry. It is we who are the Philistines, and the oppressors in our turn, and, of course, the young men as they grow up are going into the opposition."

"And a very good thing, too!" said Forbes. "It's the only thing that prevents Oxford becoming as dull as the rest of the world. All your picturesqueness, so to speak, has been struck out of the struggle between the two forces. The Church force is the one that has given you all your buildings and your beauty, while, as for you liberals, who will know such a lot of things that you're none the happier for knowing—well, I suppose you keep the place habitable for the plain man who doesn't want to be bullied. But it's a very good thing the other side are strong enough to keep you in order."

Then they strolled into the quiet cathedral,

delighted themselves with its irregular bizarre beauty, its unexpected turns and corners, which gave it a capricious fanciful air for all the solidity and business-like strength of its Norman framework, and as they rambled out again Forbes made them pause over a window in the northern aisle—a window by some Flemish artist of the fifteenth century, who seems to have embodied in it at once all his knowledge and all his dreams. In front sat Jonah under his golden-tinted gourd—an ill-tempered Flemish peasant—while behind him the indented roofs of the Flemish town climbed the whole height of the background. It was probably the artist's native town; some roof among those carefully-outlined gables sheltered his household Lares. But the hill on which the town stood, and the mountainous background and the purple sea, where the hills and the sea met of Belgium, but of a dream-country—of Italy, perhaps, the medieval artist's paradise.

"Happy man!" said Forbes, turning to Miss Bretherton; "look, he put it together four centuries ago, all he knew and all he dreamt of. And there it is to this day, and beyond the spirit of that window there is no getting. For all our work, if we do it honestly, is a compound of what we know and what we dream."

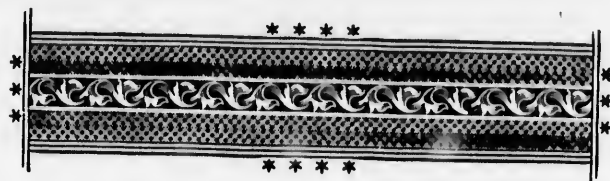
They passed out into the cool and darkness of the cloisters, and through the new buildings, and soon they were in the broad walk, trees as old as the commonwealth bending overhead, and in front the dazzling green of the June meadows, the shining river in the distance, and the sweep of cloud-flecked blue arching in the whole.



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JEAN INGELOW.

LYRICAL POET AND NOVELIST.



HEN at the death of Tennyson it was necessary to seek a successor in the office of Poet Laureate, it was the feeling of a very large portion of the English public that the place should be filled by this sweet and noble woman who for nearly forty years had held so large a place in the heart of every lover of beautiful poetry.

Jean Ingelow was a native of the old English town of Boston.

Her father was a banker, and she was a member of a large family. She was not thought the brightest of the eleven children, and received her entire education under her father's roof. "My favorite retreat," says she, "was a lofty room in the old house where there was a low window which overlooked the river. The windows had the good old-fashioned shutters which folded back against the walls. I would open these shutters, write my verses and songs on them, and fold them back again. My mother came in one day and discovered them; many of them were transmitted to paper and preserved."

Her first volume of poems, "Tales of Orris," was published in 1860, when Miss Ingelow was thirty years old. It was so popular that it passed through four editions in the first year, and has now attained its twenty-sixth. Three years later she published another volume of poems, and continued to write until near the close of her life in June, 1897. Her most famous poem is "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire." In 1873 she published "Off the Skellings," a novel whose merits would have attracted attention had the fame of its author not insured it a hearing. "Fated to be Free"; "Mopsa the Fairy," a story for children; "Sarah de Berenger," and "Don John" are her other most successful novels. This last was published in 1881.

Miss Ingelow lived during her closing years in Kensington, London, although her health compelled her to pass the winters in the south of France. Her life was simple and uneventful, and the line from her most famous poem may well be applied to herself:

"Sweeter woman ne'er drew breath."

SONGS OF SEVEN.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

EXULTATION.

 HERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,

There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is
failing,—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in
heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

ROMANCE.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your
changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he
ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And the bells have forgotten their old art of
telling
The fortune of future days.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are
over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught dis-
cover;
You leave the story to me.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds can not sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells can not ring it, but long years, oh bring
it,
Such as I wish it to be.

SEVEN TIMES THREE.

LOVE.

I lean'd out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one
lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale,
wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and
nearer,
A cluster of stars hang like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the river comes sweeter, comes
clearer:
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou
see?
Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims
over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glow-worms, shine out, and the pathway
discover

To him that comes darkling along the rough
steep.

Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

“Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one
lover,

I’ve conn’d thee an answer, it waits thee to-
night.”

By the sycamore pass’d he, and through the
white clover,

Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took
flight;

But I’ll love him more, more
Than e’er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

SEVEN TIMES FIVE.

WIDOWHOOD.

I sleep and rest, my heart makes moan
Before I am well awake;

“Let me bleed! O let me alone,
Since I must not break!”

For children wake, though fathers sleep
With a stone at foot and head;
O sleepless God, forever keep,
Keep both living and dead!

I lift mine eyes and what to see,
But a world happy and fair?
I have not wished it to mourn with me—
Comfort is not there.

Oh, what anear but golden brooms,
And a waste of reedy rills!
Oh, what afar but the fine glooms
On the rare blue hills!

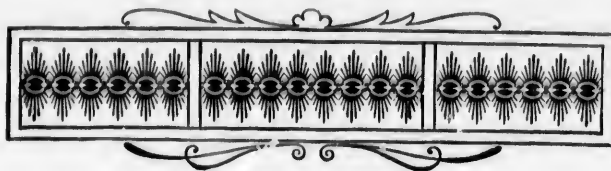
I shall not die, but live forlorn;
How bitter it is to part!
Oh, to meet thee, my love, once more!
Oh, my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see;
Oh, that an echo might wake,
And waft one note of thy psalm to me
Ere my heart-strings break!

I should know it how faint soe’er,
And with angel-voices blent;
Oh, once to feel thy spirit anear,
I could be content!

Or once between the gates of gold,
While an angel entering trod,
But once—thee sitting to behold
On the hills of God!





WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

THE GREAT COMMONER.



AMONG the famous orators of the eighteenth century, none has conferred so many benefits upon America as the great statesman who stood her friend and fought her battles almost alone in the Parliament of England.

William Pitt was educated at Oxford; but severe attacks of gout, to which he was subject almost throughout his life, caused him to leave college and travel in the south of Europe. On his return he entered the army, but was chosen a member of Parliament in 1735. He rapidly came to occupy a leading position, although his independence and his criticism of the ministers of George II retarded his promotion to office. He became premier, however, in 1757, but held office only for a few months, the dislike of the King causing him to be dismissed. He was, however, the most popular statesman in England, and he soon returned to office. His health breaking down, he resigned; but returned to public life in 1771, and took a prominent part in opposition to the oppression of America. In a famous address, a portion of which is given below, he not only predicted the repeal of the Boston Port Bill and the other offensive measures, but did much to bring that repeal about. One of his most memorable speeches was that delivered in 1777, against employing Indians to fight against the Americans. His ill-health kept him from taking a very active part in the debates; but he insisted on making a speech in May, 1778, in the midst of which he suffered an apoplectic stroke. He lingered only a few weeks.

"His eloquence," says Brougham, "was of the very highest order. Vehement, fiery, close to the subject, concise, and sometimes boldly figurative, it was original and surprising, yet quite natural, to find passages or felicitous hints in which the popular assemblies took boundless delight. Some fragments of his speeches have been handed down to us; but these bear so small a proportion to the prodigious fame which his eloquence has left behind it, that far more is manifestly lost than has reached us."

In public office he was an example of disinterested independence, and in an age when public life was almost universally corrupt, he convinced the public that he was proof against all sorts of temptation. His reputation was made in the House of Commons, and he was almost idolized by the people, who called him The Great Commoner; but he sacrificed some of his popularity when, in 1766, he was raised to the peerage as Earl of Chatham.

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REPEAL CLAIMED BY AMERICANS AS A RIGHT.

FROM "THE SPEECH AGAINST THE BOSTON PORT BILL."

IT is not repealing this or that act of Parliament,—it is not repealing a piece of parchment,—that can restore America to our bosom. You must repeal her fears and her resentments; and you may then hope for her love and gratitude. But now, insulted by an armed force at Boston, irritated by a hostile array before her eyes, her concessions, if you *could* force them, would be suspicious and insecure,—the dictates of fear, and the extortions of force! But it is more than evident that you *can not* force them, principled and united as they are, to your unworthy terms of submission. Repeal, therefore, my Lords, I say! But bare repeal will not satisfy this enlightened and spirited people. You must go through the work. You must declare you have no right to tax. Then they may trust you. There is no time to be lost. Every moment is big with dangers. While I am speaking, the decisive blow may be struck, and millions involved in the consequence. The very first drop of blood shed in civil and unnatural war will make a wound which years, perhaps ages, may not heal. It will be *immedicabile vulnus*.

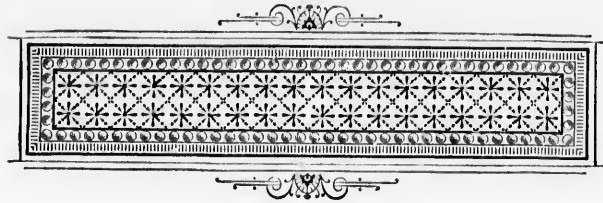
When your Lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America,—when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom,—you can not but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. I must declare and avow, that, in the master states of the world, I know not the people nor the Senate, who, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the delegates of America assembled in General Congress at Philadelphia. For genuine sagacity, for singular moderation, for solid wisdom, manly spirit, sublime sentiments, and simplicity of language,—for everything respectable and honorable,—they stand unrivaled.

I trust it is obvious to your Lordships that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty Continental Nation, must be vain, must be fatal. This wise people speak out. They do not hold the language of slaves. They tell you what they mean. They do not ask you to repeal your laws as a favor. They claim it as right—they demand it. They tell you they will not submit to them. We shall be forced ultimately to retract. Let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent, oppressive acts. They must be repealed. You *will* repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will, in the end, repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed.

Avoid, then, this humiliating, this disgraceful necessity. Every motive of justice and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America, by a removal of your troops from Boston, by a repeal of your acts of Parliament. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend, to deter you from perseverance in your present ruinous measures;—foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread,—France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting the maturity of your errors!

To conclude, my Lords; if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the King, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from the Crown, but I will affirm that they will make his Crown not worthy his wearing; I will not say that the King is betrayed, but I will announce that the Kingdom is undone!





BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.



OTHER great English statesmen have contributed to the more serious departments of literature, but it is Disraeli alone among the prime ministers of England who takes rank among the writers of great novels.

Of Jewish descent, he was born in 1805, received a private education, and prepared for the law; but decided upon literature instead. When he had barely reached the years of manhood, he produced a novel, "Vivian Gray," which was not only well received in England, but was translated into several other languages. Several other novels followed during the years between 1828 and 1834, and he then turned his attention to politics, preparing several pamphlets, one of which was "A Vindication of the English Constitution." A series of political letters in the *London Times*, under the signature of Runnymede, followed these.

Disraeli had made several efforts to enter Parliament, but it was only in 1837 that he succeeded. He seems to have been exceedingly awkward in his early attempts at oratory. His first speech in the House of Commons was received with such shouts of laughter that he could not go on. The stern stuff of which the future prime minister was made became evident in the defiant words with which he took his seat. "I have begun several times many things, and have succeeded at last. I will sit down now; but the time will come when *you will* hear me." Ten years later he was acknowledged as one of the strongest speakers in the House of Commons. His reputation was established by his attacks on the free-trade policy of Sir Robert Peel. His political course can not be called a consistent one, but his wonderful ability enabled him to obtain and to maintain a hold upon the conservative party, which continued throughout his life, and he became a great favorite of Queen Victoria. He became prime minister in 1868, and again in 1874, and was raised to the peerage as Earl of Beaconsfield in 1877. Besides those already mentioned, his most famous novels are "Coningsby Tancred; or the New Crusade," "Lothair," published in 1870, and which had an enormous circulation, and "Endymion," which was his last literary work. Disraeli's literary power was very great, but the quality of his novels is by no means uniform. Several of them were of a flimsy character, and it is sometimes objected to his work that an air of cold insincerity is manifest throughout his pictures of society.

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WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.



JOHN BRIGHT.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI.



WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

ENGLISH STATESMEN IN LITERATURE.

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MR. PHŒBUS'S VIEWS OF ART AND EDUCATION.

FROM "LOTHAIR."

MR. PHŒBUS was the most successful, not to say the most eminent, painter of the age. He was the descendant of a noble family of Gascony that had emigrated to England from France in the reign of Louis XIV. Unquestionably they had mixed their blood frequently during the interval and the vicissitudes of their various life; but in Gaston Phœbus Nature had chosen to reproduce exactly the original type.

"It is presumption in my talking about such things," said Lothair; "but might I venture to ask what you may consider the true principles of art?"

"Aryan principles," said Mr. Phœbus; "not merely the study of Nature, but of beautiful Nature; the art of design in a country inhabited by a first-rate race, and where the laws, the manners, the customs, are calculated to maintain the health and beauty of a first-rate race. In a greater or less degree, these conditions obtained from the age of Pericles to the age of Hadrian in pure Aryan communities; but Semitism began then to prevail, and ultimately triumphed. Semitism has destroyed Art; it taught man to despise his own body, and the essence of art is to honor the human frame."

"I am afraid I ought not to talk about such things," said Lothair, "but, if by Semitism you mean religion, surely the Italian painters, inspired by Semitism, did something."

"Great things," said Mr. Phœbus; "some of the greatest. Semitism gave them subjects, but the Renaissance gave them Aryan art, and it gave that art to a purely Aryan race. But Semitism rallied in the shape of the Reformation, and swept all away. When Leo the Tenth was pope, popery was pagan; popery is now Christian, and Art is extinct."

"I can not enter into such controversies," said Lothair. "Every day I feel more and more I am extremely ignorant."

"Do not regret it," said Mr. Phœbus. "What you call ignorance is your strength. By ignorance you mean a want of knowledge of books. Books are fatal; they are the curse of the human

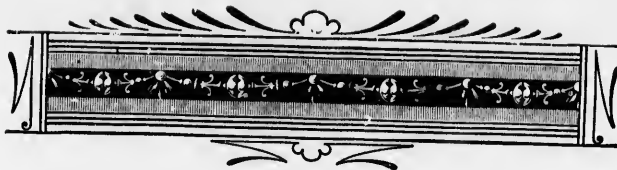
race. Nine-tenths of existing books are nonsense, and the clever books are the refutation of that nonsense. The greatest misfortune that ever befell man was the invention of printing. Printing has destroyed education. Art is a great thing, and Science is a great thing; but all that Art and Science can reveal can be taught by man and by his attributes—his voice, his hand, his eye. The essence of education is the education of the body. Beauty and health are the chief sources of happiness. Men should live in the air; their exercises should be regular, varied, scientific. To render his body strong and supple is the first duty of man. He should develop and completely master the whole muscular system. What I admire in the order to which you belong is that they do live in the air; that they excel in athletic sports; that they can only speak one language; and that they never read. It is not a complete education, but it is the highest education since the Greek."

"What you say I feel encouraging," said Lothair, "for I myself live very much in the air, and am fond of all sports; but I confess I am often ashamed of being so poor a linguist, and was seriously thinking that I ought to read."

"No doubt every man should combine an intellectual with a physical training," replied Mr. Phœbus; "but the popular conception of the means is radically wrong. Youth should attend lectures on art and science by the most illustrious professors, and should converse together afterward on what they have heard. They should learn to talk; it is a rare accomplishment, and extremely healthy. They should have music always at their meals. The theater, entirely remodeled and reformed, and under a minister of state, should be an important element of education. I should not object to the recitation of lyric poetry. That is enough. I would not have a book in the house, or even see a newspaper."

"These are Aryan principles?" said Lothair.

"They are," said Mr. Phœbus; "and of such principles I believe a great revival is at hand. We shall both live to see another Renaissance."



JOHN BRIGHT.

THE QUAKER STATESMAN.



O true American can fail to be interested in the great Englishman who, by the magic of his eloquence and the power of his name, did so much to retain for us the sympathy of the working-classes of his country during our civil war. John Bright is the English statesman who, more than any other, has demonstrated that in high places in the government, personal honor, absolute integrity, and open candor, are the best rules of conduct. He never made a "deal" to secure office, or found it necessary to sacrifice his individual sense of right to the exigencies of the public service. He was by nature a democrat, and had full faith in popular feeling as opposed to the aristocracy. His public life was devoted to temperance, the cause of peace, the removal of the burdens imposed by the corn-laws upon the English working-classes, and to the extension and protection of popular rights.

Born in 1811, the son of a prosperous manufacturer of Rochdale, he was a member of the Society of Friends, and consistently advocated its principles throughout his life. About 1839 he formed the intimate friendship of Richard Cobden and joined in the anti-corn-law agitation, whose final victory was due to Bright only in a less degree than to Cobden. He entered Parliament in 1843, and continued a member for nearly forty years. He had naturally an ungraceful manner and a bad delivery, but his ready speech and terrible earnestness overcame all obstacles and made him one of the most effective orators of his time. "He is endowed," said a London paper during the Reform Bill agitation of 1866, "with a voice that can discourse most eloquent music, and with a speech that can equally sound the depths of pathos or scale the heights of indignation," and the *Times* declared that "no orator of the century has stirred the heart of the country in so short a time, or so effectually, by his own unaided intellect." The compelling force of his sense of personal honor is well illustrated in his leaving the Gladstone Cabinet in 1882 on account of the bombardment of Alexandria, and Mr. Gladstone, while radically differing from him, has declared this to be the action of all his life most deserving of honor.

Mr. Bright did not follow Gladstone in his advocacy of home rule for Ireland, but believed that policy to be contrary to the interests, not only of England, but of Ireland as well. He died in 1889, and perhaps no more fitting eulogium could be pronounced upon his life and labors than to say of them, as did the *Lon*

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don Spectator of his speech on Ireland in 1868, that it "did more to draw the noblest men of all parties nearer to each other than long years of discussion had effected before." Higher praise could no man have than that he was an instrument in bringing together the conflicting opinions of his countrymen; helping right-minded men to see the real truth which so often lies midway between the partial views of shallower thinkers. This is the praise that belongs to the great Quaker Statesman of England.



FROM THE SPEECH ON THE CORN-LAWS.

IT MUST not be supposed, because I wish to represent the interest of the many, that I am hostile to the interest of the few.

But is it not perfectly certain that if the foundation of the most magnificent building be destroyed and undermined, the whole fabric itself is in danger? Is it not certain, also, that the vast body of the people who form the foundation of the social fabric, if they are suffering, if they are trampled upon, if they are degraded, if they are discontented, if "their hands are against every man, and every man's hands are against them," if they do not flourish as well, reasonably speaking, as the classes who are above them, because they are richer and more powerful,—then are those classes as much in danger as the working-classes themselves?

There never was a revolution in any country which destroyed the great body of the people. There have been convulsions of a most dire character, which have overturned old-fashioned monarchies and have hurled thrones and scepters to the dust. There have been revolutions which have brought down most powerful aristocracies, and swept them from the face of the earth forever; but never was there a revolution yet which destroyed the people. And whatever may come as the consequence of the state of things in this country, of this we may rest assured: that the common people, that the great bulk of our countrymen, will remain and survive the shock, though it may be that the Crown, and the aristocracy, and the Church may be leveled with the dust, and rise no more. In seeking to represent the working-

classes, and in standing up for their rights and liberties, I hold that I am also defending the rights and liberties of the middle and richer classes of society. Doing justice to one class can not inflict injustice on any other class, and "justice and impartiality to all" is what we all have a right to from government. And we have a right to clamor; and so long as I have breath, so long will I clamor against the oppression which I see to exist, and in favor of the rights of the great body of the people.

I have seen the emblems and symbols of affliction such as I did not expect to see in this city. Ay! and I have seen those little children who at not a distant day will be the men and women of this city of Durham; I have seen their poor little wan faces and anxious looks, as if the furrows of old age were coming upon them before they have escaped from the age of childhood. I have seen all this in this city, and I have seen far more in the neighborhood from which I have come. You have seen, in all probability, people from my neighborhood walking your streets and begging for that bread which the corn-laws would not allow them to earn.

"Bread-taxed weaver, all can see
What the tax hath done for thee,
And thy children, vilely led,
Singing hymns for shameful bread,
Till the stones of every street
Know their little naked feet."

This is what the corn-law does for the weavers of my neighborhood, and for the weavers and artisans of yours.

FROM THE SPEECH ON INCENDIARISM IN IRELAND (1844).

THE great and all-present evil of the rural districts is this: you have too many people for the work to be done. And you, the landed proprietors, are alone responsible for this state of things; and, to speak honestly, I believe many of you know it. I have been charged with saying out-of-doors that this House is a club of landowners legislating for landowners. If I had not said it, the public must long ago have found out that fact. My honorable friend, the member for Stockport, on one occasion proposed that before you passed a law to raise the price of bread, you should consider how far you had the power to raise the rates of wages. What do you say to that? You said that the laborers did not understand political economy, or they would not apply to Parliament to raise wages; that Parliament could not raise wages. And yet the very next thing you did was to pass a law to raise the price of produce of your own land, at the expense of the very class whose wages you confessed your inability to increase.

What is the condition of the county of Suffolk? Is it not notorious that the rents are as high as they were fifty years ago, and probably much higher? But the return for the farmer's capital is much lower, and the condition of the laborer is very much worse. The farmers are subject to the laws of competition, and rents are thereby raised from time to time, so as to keep their profits down to the lowest point, and the laborers, by the competition amongst them, are reduced to the point at which life can not be maintained. Your tenants and laborers are being devoured by this excessive competition, while you, their magnanimous landlords, shelter yourselves from all competition by the corn-law yourselves have passed, and make the competition of all other classes serve still more to swell your rentals. It was for this object the corn-law was passed, and yet in the face of your countrymen you dare call it a law for the protection of native industry.

Again, a rural police is kept up by the gentry; the farmers say for the sole use of watching game

and frightening poachers, for which formerly they had to pay watchers. Is this true, or is it not? I say, then, you care everything for the rights—and for something beyond the rights—of your own property, but you are oblivious to its duties. How many lives have been sacrificed during the year to the childish infatuation of preserving game? The noble lord, the member for North Lancashire, could tell of a gamekeeper killed in an affray on his father's estate in that county. For the offense one man was hanged, and four men are now on their way to penal colonies. Six families are thus deprived of husband and father, that this wretched system of game-preserving may be continued in a country densely peopled as this. The Marquis of Normanby's gamekeeper has been murdered also, and the poacher who shot him only escaped death by the intervention of the Home Secretary. At Godalming, in Surrey, a gamekeeper has been murdered; and at Buckhill, in Buckinghamshire, a person has recently been killed in a poaching affray. This insane system is the cause of a fearful loss of life; it tends to the ruin of your tenantry, and is the fruitful cause of the demoralization of the peasantry. But you are caring for the rights of property; for its most obvious duties you have no concern. With such a policy, what can you expect but that which is now passing before you?

It is the remark of a beautiful writer that "to have known nothing but misery is the most portentous condition under which human nature can start on its course." Has your agricultural laborer ever known anything but misery? He is born in a miserable hovel, which in mockery is termed a house or a home; he is reared in penury; he passes a life of hopeless and unrequited toil, and the jail or the union house is before him as the only asylum on this side of the pauper's grave. Is this the result of your protection to native industry? Have you cared for the laborer till, from a home of comfort, he has but a hovel for shelter, and have you cherished him into starvation and rags? I tell you what your boasted protection is—it is a protection of native idleness at the expense of the impoverishment of native industry.



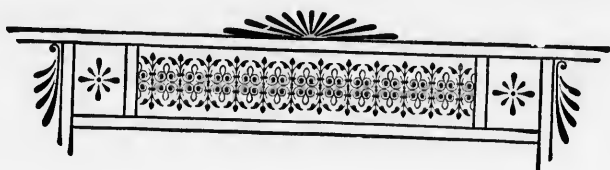
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WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

THE "GRAND OLD MAN" OF ENGLISH POLITICS.



EW other men have filled so large a place, both in politics and in literature, as the aged man who has for more than half a century been a leading figure in the English House of Commons, and has found time, amidst the absorbing occupations of a Prime Minister, and in the intervals of political campaigns, to write learned books upon theology and critical essays on Homeric literature. Few men have so well deserved the title "Statesman in Literature": perhaps no other great statesman has chosen the same literary field.

Gladstone is the fourth son of a wealthy Liverpool merchant, and was born in that city in 1809. He distinguished himself at Oxford, where he took the highest honors, and where he was the most remarkable graduate of his generation.

From the university Mr. Gladstone carried away two passions—for Greek literature and for Christian theology. He entered Parliament almost immediately after leaving college, and became a member of Sir Robert Peel's government, as Under Secretary for Colonial Affairs, in 1834. The government being defeated the following year, he retired from office, to come in again when Sir Robert formed another government in 1841.

He early distinguished himself by financial skill and knowledge of commercial affairs. He supported Sir Robert Peel in the repeal of the corn-laws in 1846, and opposed with all his strength the Crimean War and the Chinese War of 1857.

Gladstone's gradual change from the Tory to the Liberal party, his fierce advocacy of the union of Church and State in his early career, and his later support of the bill which disestablished the Irish Church, and the change of front which made him in his last years a supporter of home rule for Ireland, have successively astonished the world. In each case he was accused of inconstancy, if not of treachery. He is one of the few great men who have been able and willing, with the progress of the times, to change their minds and to reverse their positions.

Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister in 1868, and was one of the most popular and influential that ever ruled over the English people. For more than thirty years he was at the head of the Liberals, while Disraeli led the Conservatives; and the contests under these two masters of parliamentary tactics were sometimes amongst the most important and exciting in the history of government by assemblies.

The government of Ireland, the extension of the elective franchise, and the multitude of questions arising out of the complicated colonial and foreign relations of England, furnished the bones of contention for the two parties, causing the two great leaders to succeed each other as Prime Minister at almost regular intervals.

Mr. Gladstone has now retired from official life, but his interest in public affairs has not abated, and upon every question of State policy which involves the national honor the voice of the old man is still heard, speaking with no uncertain sound, arousing the consciences of his countrymen as no other voice can do.

Mr. Gladstone's principal books are: "The State, in its Relations with the Church," his "Chapter of Autobiography," "Church Principles Considered in Their Results," "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age," "The Gods and Men of the Heroic Age," and "Homeric Synchronisms." Part of his numerous reviews and contributions to periodicals have been collected in seven volumes, under the title "Gleanings of Past Years." Gladstone's fame, however, will rest, not on his theology nor his scholarship, but upon his power as a leader of men.

He is considered the greatest of British financiers, and as an orator in the House of Commons had no equal except John Bright. Of his speech on the Budget of 1860, the *London Quarterly Review* declares: "We find ourselves in the enchanted region of pure Gladstonism—that terrible combination of relentless logic and dauntless imagination. We soar into the empyrean of finance. Everything is on a colossal scale of grandeur—all-embracing free trade, abysses of deficit, and mountains of income tax."

Mr. Gladstone's home at Hawarden Castle is visited by great numbers of tourists, and the public interest in his life, in his favorite exercise of chopping down trees in his forest, and in everything concerning him or his family, extends not only throughout England, but to every corner of the civilized world.



ANTICIPATIONS FOR THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

FROM "CHURCH PRINCIPLES CONSIDERED IN THEIR RESULTS."

AND here I close this interview of the religious position of the Church of England under the circumstances of the day [1840]: of course not venturing to assume that these pages can effect in any degree the purpose with which they are written, of contributing to her security and peace; but yet full of the most cheerful anticipations of her destiny, and without the remotest fear either of schism among her children, or of any permanent oppression from the State, whatever may befall the State herself. She has endured for ten years, not only without essential injury, but with a decided and progressive growth in her general influence as well as in her

individual vigor, the ordeal of public discussion, and the brunt of many hostile attacks, in a time of great agitation and disquietude, and of immense political changes. There was a period when her children felt no serious alarms for her safety: and then she was in serious peril. Of late their apprehensions have been violently and constantly excited; but her dangers have diminished: so poor a thing, at best, is human solicitude. Yes, if we may put any trust in the signs that are within her and upon her—if we may at all rely upon the results of the patient and deliberate thought of many minds, upon the consenting testimony of foes and friends—the hand of her

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Lord is over her for good, to make her more and more a temple of His spirit and an organ of His will. Surely He will breathe into her anew, and more and more, the breath of life, and will raise up in her abundantly power in the midst of weakness, and the sense of power in the midst of the sense of weakness—of weakness in so far as she is an earthen vessel; of power inasmuch as He is

a heavenly treasure abiding therein. The might that none can withstand, the wisdom that none can pierce, the love that none can fathom, the revelation of truth whose light faileth not, the promise that never can be broken—those are the pillars of her strength whereon she rests, we may trust, not more conspicuous by their height than secure upon their deep foundations.



GLADSTONE'S STUDY.

SOME AFTERTHOUGHTS.

FROM "A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY."

BELIEVE that the foregoing passages describe fairly, if succinctly, the main propositions of "The State in its Relations with the Church," so far as the book bears upon the present controversy. They bound me hand and foot; they hemmed me in on every side. My opinion of the Established Church of Ireland is now the direct opposite of what it was then. I then thought it reconcilable with civil and national justice; I now think the maintenance of it grossly unjust. I then thought its action was

favorable to the interests of the religion which it teaches; I now believe it to be opposed to them.

An establishment that does its work in much, and has the hope and likelihood of doing it in more; an establishment that has a broad and living way open to it into the hearts of the people; an establishment that can command the services of the present by the recollections and traditions of a far-reaching past; an establishment able to appeal to the active zeal of the greater portion of

the people and to the respect or scruples of almost the whole; whose children dwell chiefly on her actual living work and service, and whose adversaries—if she have them—are in the main content to believe that there will be a future for them and their opinion—such an establishment should surely be maintained.

But an establishment that neither does nor has the hope of doing work except for a few—and those few the portion of the community whose claim to public aid is the smallest of all; an establishment severed from the mass of the people by an impassable gulf, and by a wall of brass; an

establishment whose good offices, could she offer them, would be intercepted by a long, unbroken chain of painful and shameful recollections; an establishment leaning for support upon the extraneous aid of a State, which becomes discredited with the people by the very act of lending it—such an establishment will do well for its own sake, and for the sake of its creed, to divest itself as soon as may be of gauds and trappings, and to commence a new career, in which, renouncing at once the credit and the discredit of the civil sanction, it shall seek its strength from within, and put a fearless trust in the message that it bears.

AN ESTIMATE OF MACAULAY.

FROM "GLEANINGS OF PAST YEARS."

THE truth is that Macaulay was not only accustomed, like many more of us, to go out hobby-riding, but from the portentous vigor of the animal he mounted was liable more than the most of us to be run away with. His merit is that he could keep his seat in the wildest steeplechase; but as the object in view is arbitrarily chosen, so it is reached by cutting up the fields, spoiling the crops, and spoiling or breaking down the fences needful to secure for labor its profit, and to man at large the full enjoyment of the fruits of the earth. Such is the overpowering glow of color, such is the fascination of the grouping in the first sketches which he draws, that when he has grown hot upon his work he seems to lose all sense of the restraints of fact and the laws of moderation; he vents the strangest paradoxes, sets up the most violent caricatures, and handles the false weight and measure as effectively as if he did it knowingly. A man so able and so upright is never indeed wholly wrong. He never for a moment consciously pursues anything but the truth. But truth depends, above all, on proportion and relation. The preterhuman vividness with which Macaulay sees his object, absolutely casts a shadow upon what lies around; he loses his perspective; and imagination, impelled headlong by the strong consciousness of honesty in purpose, achieves the work of fraud. All things

for him stand in violent contrast to one another. For the shadows, the gradations, the middle and transition touches, which make up the bulk of human life, character, and action, he has neither eye nor taste. They are not taken account of in his practice, and they at length die away with the ranges of his vision.

In Macaulay all history is scenic; and philosophy he scarcely seems to touch, except on the outer side, where it opens into action. Not only does he habitually present facts in forms of beauty, but the fashioning of the form predominates over, and is injurious to, the absolute and balanced presentation of the subject. Macaulay was a master in execution, rather than in what painting or music terms expression. He did not fetch from the depths, nor soar to the heights; but his power upon the surface was rare and marvelous, and it is upon the surface that an ordinary life is passed and that its imagery is found. He mingled, then, like Homer, the functions of the poet and the chronicler: but what Homer did was due to his time; what Macaulay did, to his temperament.

The "History" of Macaulay, whatever else it may be, is the work not of a journeyman but of a great artist, and a great artist who lavishly bestowed upon it all his powers. Such a work, once committed to the press, can hardly die. It is not be

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cause it has been translated into a crowd of languages, nor because it has been sold in hundreds of thousands, that we believe it will live; but because, however open it may be to criticism, it has in it the character of a true and very high work of art.

Whether he will subsist as a standard and supreme authority is another question. Wherever and whenever read, he will be read with fascination, with delight, with wonder. And with copious instruction too; but also with copious reserve,

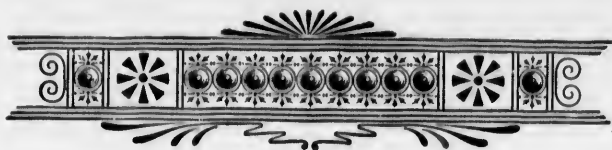
problems. Yet they will obtain, from his marked and telling points of view, great aid in solving them. We sometimes fancy that ere long there will be editions of his works in which his readers may be saved from pitfalls by brief, respectful, and judicious commentary; and that his great achievements may be at once commemorated and corrected by men of slower pace, of drier light, and of more tranquil, broad set, and comprehensive judgment. For his works are in many respects among the prodigies of literature; in some, they



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE, THEIR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN.

with questioning scrutiny, with liberty to reject, and with much exercise of that liberty. The contemporary mind may in rare cases be taken by storm; but posterity, never. The tribunal of the present is accessible to influence; that of the future is incorrupt. The coming generations will not give Macaulay up, but they will probably attach much less value than we have done to his *ipse dixit*. They will hardly accept from him his net solutions of literary, and still less of historic,

have never been surpassed. As lights that have shone through the whole universe of letters, they have made their title to a place in the solid firmament of fame. But the tree is greater and better than its fruit; and greater and better yet than the works themselves are the lofty aims and conceptions, the large heart, the independent, manful mind, the pure and noble career, which in this biography have disclosed to us the true figure of the man who wrote them.



JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

THE IRISH PATRIOT AND MAN OF LETTERS.



IN the great conflicts in which the government or misgovernment of Ireland has involved every recent British administration, Justin McCarthy has, for twenty years, taken an important part. He had been the champion of his country long before he entered Parliament, and as an editor, and in lectures and speeches both in the United Kingdom and in America, he had distinguished himself not only by his devotion to the cause of Ireland, but by the intelligence, force, and, what was too rare among the Irish leaders, the good judgment which he displayed.

Born in the city of Cork in 1830, the young McCarthy early entered journalism in his native place, but afterward went to Liverpool, and in 1860 was attached as parliamentary reporter to the staff of the London *Morning Star*, of which, from 1864 to 1866, he was editor. He spent a number of years in America, and, returning to his own country, was, in 1879, returned to Parliament from the Irish county of Longford. He became one of the trusted lieutenants of Charles Stewart Parnell, and after the decline from power and the death of that great leader, he occupied a sort of middle position between the two hostile factions into which the Irish party separated, and probably did as much as any one man to bring them together. McCarthy has written a number of novels, among which are "Paul Mesie," "My Enemy's Daughter," "Lady Judith," "Dear Lady Disdain," "Miss Misanthrope," "The Comet of a Season," and "Camiola." He has also published a large number of essays on political and literary subjects, one volume of which bears the title, "Con Amore." It is in his historical writings, however, that he chiefly excels. A number of these essays are included in the volume called "The Epoch of Reform," and he has published a "History of Ireland," but the work upon which his fame seems likely chiefly to rest is his "History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria," which has recently been brought down from 1880 to the present time. This is a most admirable account of the longest reign in English history, and excels in the lively pictures it presents of the marvelous progress which the great British empire has made within the most wonderful sixty years of modern times. There is probably no other book which tells the story so completely or so well, or which better deserves the wide circle of readers it has had. He published his "Life of Gladstone," in 1897.

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM CABUL.

FROM "A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES."

THE withdrawal from Cabul began. It was the heart of a cruel winter. The English had to make their way through the awful pass of Koord Cabul. This stupendous gorge runs for some five miles between mountain ranges so narrow, lofty, and grim, that in the winter season the rays of the sun can hardly pierce its darkness even at the noontide. Down the center dashed a precipitous mountain torrent, so fiercely that the stern frost of that terrible time could not stay its course. The snow lay in masses on the ground, the rocks and stones that raised their heads above the snow in the way of the unfortunate travelers were slippery with frost. Soon the white snow began to be stained and splashed with blood. Fearful as this Koord Cabul Pass was, it was only a degree worse than the road which for two whole days the English had to traverse to reach it. The army which set out from Cabul numbered more than four thousand fighting men, of whom Europeans formed but a small proportion; and some twelve thousand camp-followers of all kinds. There were also many women and children.

The winter journey would have been cruel and dangerous enough in time of peace; but this journey had to be accomplished in the midst of something far worse than common war. At every step of the road, every opening of the rocks, the unhappy crowd of confused and heterogeneous fugitives were beset by bands of savage fanatics, who with their long guns and long knives were murdering all they could reach. It was all the way a confused constant battle against a guerilla enemy of the most furious and merciless temper, who were perfectly familiar with the ground, and could rush forward and retire exactly as suited their tactics. The English soldiers, weary, weak, and crippled by frost, could make but a poor fight against the savage Afghans. "It was no longer," says Sir J. W. Kaye, "a retreating army; it was a rabble in chaotic fight." Men, women, and children; horses, ponies, camels; the wounded, the dying, the dead; all crowded together in almost inextricable confusion among the

snow and amid the relentless enemies. "The massacre," to quote again from Sir J. W. Kaye, "was fearful in this Koord Cabul Pass. Three thousand men are said to have fallen under the fire of the enemy, or to have dropped down paralyzed and exhausted to be slaughtered by the Afghan knives. And amidst these fearful scenes of carnage, through a shower of matchlock balls, rode English ladies on horseback or in camel panniers, sometimes vainly endeavoring to keep their children beneath their eyes, and losing them in the confusion and bewilderment of the desolating march."

Was it for this, then, that our troops had been induced to capitulate? Was this the safe-conduct which the Afghan chiefs had promised in return for their accepting the ignominious conditions imposed on them? Some of the chiefs did exert themselves to the utmost to protect the unfortunate English. It is not certain what the real wish of Akbar Khan may have been. He protested that he had no power to restrain the hordes of fanatical Ghilzyes, whose own immediate chiefs had not authority enough to keep them from murdering the English whenever they got a chance. The force of some few hundred horsemen whom Akbar Khan had with him was utterly incapable, he declared, of maintaining order among such a mass of infuriated and lawless savages. Akbar Khan constantly appeared on the scene during this journey of terror. At every opening or break of the long straggling flight he and his little band of followers showed themselves on the horizon: trying still to protect the English from utter ruin, as he declared; come to gloat over their misery, and to see that it was surely accomplished, some of the unhappy English were ready to believe. Yet his presence was something that seemed to give a hope of protection.

Akbar Khan at length startled the English by a proposal that the women and children who were with the army should be handed over to his custody, to be conveyed by him in safety to Peshawur. There was nothing better to be done. The only modification of his request, or com-

mand, that could be obtained, was that the husbands of the married ladies should accompany their wives. With this agreement the women and children were handed over to the care of this dreaded enemy, and Lady Macnaghten had to undergo the agony of a personal interview with the man whose own hand had killed her husband. Akbar Khan was kindly in his language, and declared to the unhappy widow that he would give his right arm to undo, if it were possible, the deed that he had done.

The women and children, and the married men whose wives were among this party, were taken from the unfortunate army and placed under the care of Akbar Khan. As events turned out, it was the best thing that could be done. Not one of these women and children could have lived through the horrors of the journey which lay before the remnant of what had once been a British force. The march was resumed; new horrors set in; new heaps of corpses stained the snow; and then Akbar Khan presented himself, with a fresh proposition. In the treaty made at Cabul between the English authorities and the Afghan chiefs there was an article which stipulated that "the English force at Jellalabad shall march for Peshawur before the Cabul army arrives, and shall not delay on the road." Akbar Khan was especially anxious to get rid of the little army at Jellalabad at the near end of the Kyber Pass. He desired above all things that it should be on the march home to India; either that it might be out of his way, or that he might have a chance of destroying it on its way. It was in great measure as a security for its moving that he desired to have the women and children under his care. It is not likely that he meant any harm to the women and children; it must be remembered that his father and many of the women of his family were under the control of the British Government as prisoners in Hindostan. But he fancied that if he had the English women in his hands the army at Jellalabad could not refuse to obey the conditions set down in the article of the treaty. Now that he had

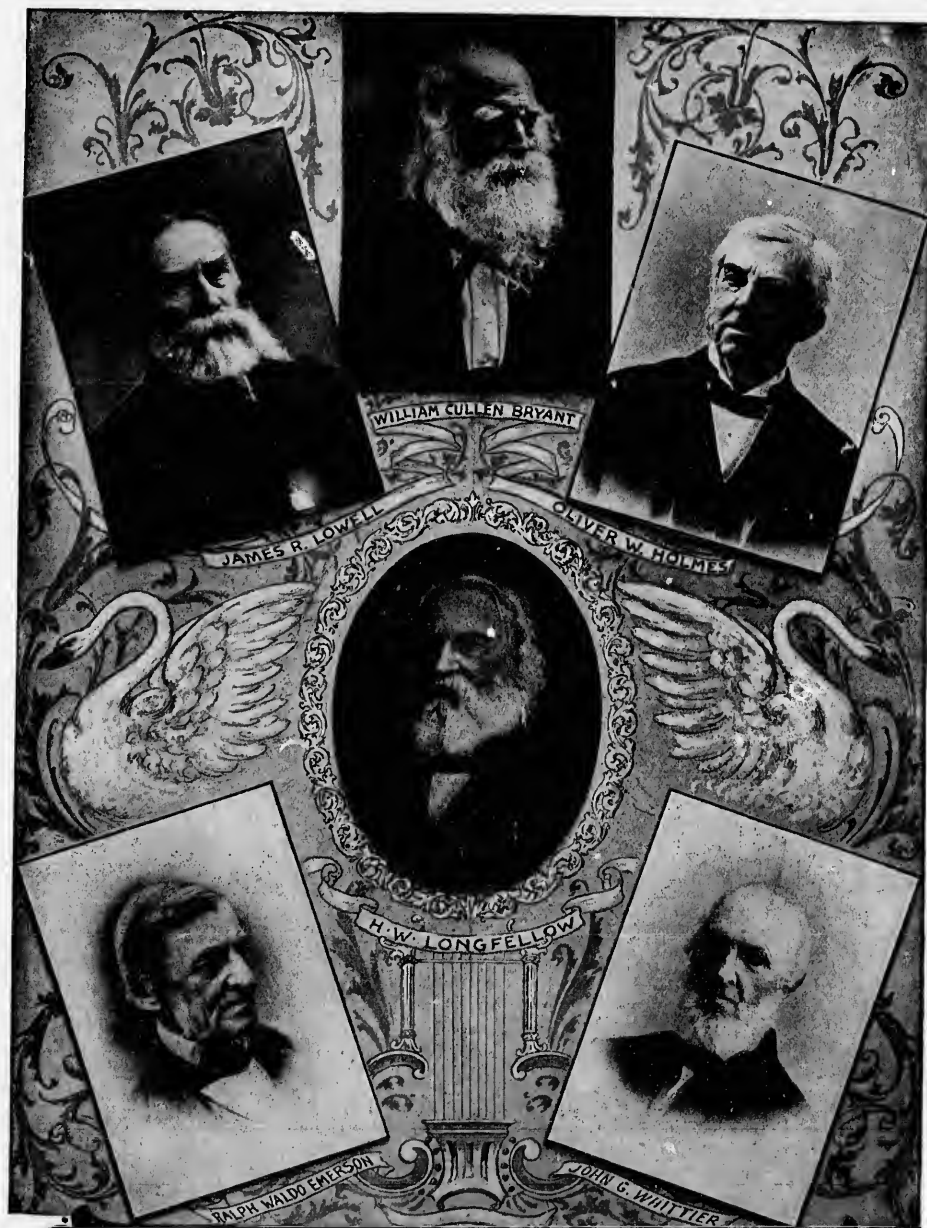
the women in his power, however, he demanded other guarantees, with openly acknowledged purpose of keeping these latter until Jellalabad should have been evacuated. He demanded that General Elphenstone, the commander, with his second in command, and also one other officer, should hand themselves over to him as hostages. He promised if this were done to exert himself more than before to restrain the fanatical tribes, and also to provide the army in the Koord Cabul Pass with provisions. There was nothing for it but to submit; and the English general himself became, with the women and children, a captive in the hands of the inexorable enemy.

Then the march of the army, without a general, went on again. Soon it became the story of a general without an army; before long there was neither general nor army. It is idle to lengthen a tale of mere horrors. The struggling remnant of an army entered the Jugdulluk Pass, a dark, steep, narrow, ascending path between crags. The miserable toilers found that the fanatical implacable tribes had barricaded the pass. All was over. The army of Cabul was finally extinguished in that barricaded pass. It was a trap; the British were taken in it. A few mere fugitives escaped from the scene of actual slaughter, and were on the road to Jellalabad, where Sale and his little army were holding their own. When they were within sixteen miles of Jellalabad the number was reduced to six. Of these six, five were killed by straggling marauders on the way. One man alone reached Jellalabad to tell the tale. Literally one man, Dr. Brydon, came to Jellalabad out of a moving host which had numbered in all some sixteen thousand when it set out on its march. The curious eye will search through history or fiction in vain for any picture more thrilling with the suggestions of an awful catastrophe than that of this solitary survivor, faint and reeling on his jaded horse, as he appeared under the walls of Jellalabad, to bear the tidings of our Thermopylæ of pain and shame.

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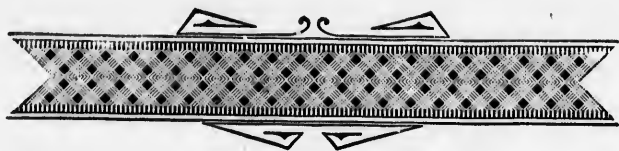
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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE POET OF NATURE.



It is said that "genius always manifests itself before its possessor reaches manhood." Perhaps in no case is this more true than in that of the poet, and William Cullen Bryant was no exception to the general rule. The poetical fancy was early displayed in him. He began to write verses at nine, and at ten composed a little poem to be spoken at a public school, which was published in a newspaper. At fourteen a collection of his poems was published in 12 mo. form by E. G. House of Boston. Strange to say the longest one of these, entitled "The Embargo" was political in its character setting forth his reflections on the Anti-Jeffersonian Federalism prevalent in New England at that time. But it is said that never after that effort did the poet employ his muse upon the politics of the day, though the general topics of liberty and independence have given occasion to some of his finest efforts. Bryant was a great lover of nature. In the Juvenile Collection above referred to were published an "Ode to Connecticut River" and also the lines entitled "Drought" which show the characteristic observation as well as the style in which his youthful muse found expression. It was written July, 1807, when the author was thirteen years of age, and will be found among the succeeding selections.

"Thanatopsis," one of his most popular poems, (though he himself marked it low) was written when the poet was but little more than eighteen years of age. This production is called the beginning of American poetry.

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Hampshire Co., Mass., November 3rd, 1784. His father was a physician, and a man of literary culture who encouraged his son's early ability, and taught him the value of correctness and compression, and enabled him to distinguish between true poetic enthusiasm and the bombast into which young poets are apt to fall. The feeling and reverence with which Bryant cherished the memory of his father whose life was

"Marked with some act of goodness every day,"

is touchingly alluded to in several of his poems and directly spoken of with pathetic eloquence in the "Hymn to Death" written in 1825:

Alas! I little thought that the stern power
Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus

Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
 For he is in his grave who taught my youth
 The art of verse, and in the bud of life
 Offered me to the Muses. Oh, cut off
 Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
 Ripened by years of toil and studious search
 And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
 Thy hand to practise best the lenient art
 To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
 And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth
 Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes,
 And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill
 Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale
 When thou wert gone. This faltering verse, which thou
 Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have
 To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope
 To copy thy example.

Bryant was educated at Williams College, but left with an honorable discharge before graduation to take up the study of law, which he practiced one year at Plainfield and nine years at Great Barrington, but in 1825 he abandoned law for literature, and removed to New York where in 1826 he began to edit the "Evening Post," which position he continued to occupy from that time until the day of his death. William Cullen Bryant and the "Evening Post" were almost as conspicuous and permanent features of the city as the Battery and Trinity Church.

In 1821 Mr. Bryant married Frances Fairchild, the loveliness of whose character is hinted in some of his sweetest productions. The one beginning

"O fairest of the rural maids,"

was written some years before their marriage; and "The Future Life," one of the noblest and most pathetic of his poems, is addressed to her:—

"In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing wind,
 In the resplendence of that glorious sphere
 And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
 Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?"

"Will not thy own meek heart demand me there,—
 That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
 My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
 And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?"

Among his best-known poems are "A Forest Hymn," "The Death of the Flowers," "Lines to a Waterfowl," and "The Planting of the Apple-Tree." One of the greatest of his works, though not among the most popular, is his translation of Homer, which he completed when seventy-seven years of age.

Bryant had a marvellous memory. His familiarity with the English poets was

such that when at sea, where he was always too ill to read much, he would beguile the time by reciting page after page from favorite authors. However long the voyage, he never exhausted his resources. "I once proposed," says a friend, "to send for a copy of a magazine in which a new poem of his was announced to appear. 'You need not send for it,' said he, 'I can give it to you.' 'Then you have a copy with you?' said I. 'No,' he replied, 'but I can recall it,' and thereupon proceeded immediately to write it out. I congratulated him upon having such a faithful memory. 'If allowed a little time,' he replied, 'I could recall every line of poetry I have ever written.'"

His tenderness of the feelings of others, and his earnest desire always to avoid the giving of unnecessary pain, were very marked. "Soon after I began to do the duties of literary editor," writes an associate, "Mr. Bryant, who was reading a review of a little book of wretchedly halting verse, said to me: 'I wish you would deal very gently with poets, especially the weaker ones.'"

Bryant was a man of very striking appearance, especially in age. "It is a fine sight," says one writer, "to see a man full of years, clear in mind, sober in judgment, refined in taste, and handsome in person. . . . I remember once to have been at a lecture where Mr. Bryant sat several seats in front of me, and his finely-sized head was especially noticeable . . . The observer of Bryant's capacious skull and most refined expression of face cannot fail to read therein the history of a noble manhood."

The grand old veteran of verse died in New York in 1878 at the age of eighty-four, universally known and honored. He was in his sixth year when George Washington died, and lived under the administration of twenty presidents and had seen his own writings in print for seventy years. During this long life—though editor for fifty years of a political daily paper, and continually before the public—he had kept his reputation unspotted from the world, as if he had, throughout the decades, continually before his mind the admonition of the closing lines of "Thanatopsis" written by himself seventy years before.



THANATOPSIS.*

The following production is called the beginning of American poetry.

That a young man not yet 19 should have produced a poem so lofty in conception, so full of chaste language and delicate and striking imagery, and, above all, so pervaded by a noble and cheerful religious philosophy, may well be regarded as one of the most remarkable examples of early maturity in literary history.

TO him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice.—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods,—rivers that move

In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings,—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite *pleasure*; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gather'd to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WAITING BY THE GATE.

BESIDES the massive gateway built up in
years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal
shadow lie,

While streams the evening sunshine on the quiet
wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait until the hinges turn for
me.

* The following copyrighted selections from Wm. Cullen Bryant are inserted by permission of D. Appleton & Co., the publishers of his works.

The tree tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
I hear the woodthrush piping one mellow descant
more,

And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of
day is o'er.

Behold the portals open and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a wearied one with pale and furrowed
brow;

His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness, then, I ponder how quickly fleets the
hour

Of human strength and action, man's courage and
his power.

I muse while still the woodthrush sings down the
golden day,

And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves wonderfully away from amid the young and
fair.

Oh, glory of our race that so suddenly decays!

Oh, crimson flush of morning, that darkens as we
gaze!

Oh, breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we know not
where.

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and
then withdrawn;

But still the sun shines round me; the evening birds
sing on;

And I again am soothed, and beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and
wait.

Once more the gates are opened, an infant group go
out,

The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the
sprightly shout.

Oh, frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward
strews

Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that
blows!

So from every region, so enter side by side,

The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of
pride,

Steps of earth's greatest, mightiest, between those
pillars gray,

And prints of little feet, that mark the dust away.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are
blank with fear,

And some whose temples brighten with joy are draw-
ing near,

As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious
eye

Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terrors; yet these, within my
heart,

Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to
depart;

And, in the sunshine streaming of quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait until the hinges turn for me.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."



DEEM not they are blest alone

Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;

The Power who pities man has shown

A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again

The lids that overflow with tears;

And weary hours of woe and pain

Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest

For every dark and troubled night;

And grief may bide an evening guest,

But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,

Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,

Hope that a brighter, happier sphere

Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,

Though life its common gifts deny,—

Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,

And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,

And numbered every secret tear,

And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay

For all his children suffer here.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

THERE are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled
pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses; here
the ground

Was never touch'd by spade, and flowers
spring up

Unsovn, and die ungather'd. It is sweet
To linger here, among the fitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass
A fragrance from the cedars thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of Liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crown'd his slave,
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Arm'd to the teeth, art thou: one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarr'd
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong and struggling. Power at thee has
launch'd

His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee
bound,

The links are shiver'd, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birth-right was not given by human hands:

Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes: and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
The enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obey'd,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebleness;
Feebler, yet subtler; he shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His wither'd hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on
thread,

That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains conceal'd in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword, nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps.
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of the new Earth and Heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

TO A WATERFOWL.

HITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps
of day,

Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly limn'd upon the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,

Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers, while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half-forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

DROUGHT.

DLUNGED amid the limpid waters,
Or the cooling shade beneath,
Let me fly the scorching sunbeams,
And the southwind's sickly breath!

Sirius burns the parching meadows,
Flames upon the embrowning hill,
Dries the foliage of the forest,
And evaporates the rill.

Scarce is seen the lonely floweret,
Save amid the embowering wood;
O'er the prospect dim and dreary,
Drought presides in sullen mood!

Murky vapours hung in ether,
Wrap in gloom, the sky serene;

Nature pants distressful—silence
Reigns o'er all the sultry scene.

Then amid the limpid waters,
Or beneath the cooling shade,
Let me shun the scorching sunbeams
And the sickly breeze evade.

THE PAST.

No poet, perhaps, in the world is so exquisite in rhythm, or classically pure and accurate in language, so appropriate in diction, phrase or metaphor as Bryant. He dips his pen in words as an inspired painter his pencil in colors. The following poem is a fair specimen of his deep vein in his chosen serious themes. Pathos is pre-eminently his endowment but the tinge of melancholy in his treatment is always pleasing.

THOU unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark
domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, Manhood, Age that draws us to the ground,
And, last, Man's Life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears,—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back;—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain:—thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back,—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown:—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gather'd, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,
Unpublish'd charity, unbroken faith,—
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and falter'd not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unutter'd, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappear'd.

Thine for a space are they:—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perish'd—no!
Kind words, remember'd voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat,

All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave,—the beautiful and young.

THE MURDERED TRAVELER.

WHEN spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again;
The murdered traveler's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead;
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole,
The northern dawn was red,

The mountain-wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

Long, long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again.
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

THE BATTLEFIELD.

Soon after the following poem was written, an English critic, referring to the stanza beginning—"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,"—said: "Mr. Bryant has certainly a rare merit for having written a stanza which will bear comparison with any four lines as one of the noblest in the English language. The thought is complete, the expression perfect. A poem of a dozen such verses would be like a row of pearls, each beyond a king's ransom."



NCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encounter'd in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gush'd the life-blood of her brave,—
Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouth'd gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry:
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;

A wild and many-weapon'd throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

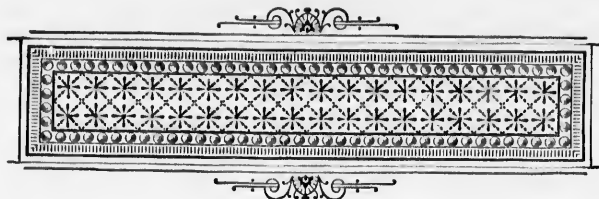
Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not,

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who help'd thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.



EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THE WEIRD AND MYSTERIOUS GENIUS.



EDGAR ALLEN POE, the author of "The Raven," "Annabel Lee," "The Haunted Palace," "To One in Paradise," "Israfel" and "Lenore," was in his peculiar sphere, the most brilliant writer, perhaps, who ever lived. His writings, however, belong to a different world of thought from that in which Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier and Lowell lived and labored. Theirs was the realm of nature, of light, of human joy, of happiness, ease, hope and cheer. Poe spoke from the dungeon of depression. He was in a constant struggle with poverty. His whole life was a tragedy in which sombre shades played an unceasing role, and yet from out these weird depths came forth things so beautiful that their very sadness is charming and holds us in a spell of bewitching enchantment. Edgar Fawcett says of him :—

"He loved all shadowy spots, all seasons drear;
All ways of darkness lured his ghastly whim;
Strange fellowships he held with goblins grim,
At whose demoniac eyes he felt no fear.

By desolate paths of dream where fancy's owl
Sent long lugubrious hoots through sombre air,
Amid thought's gloomiest caves he went to prowl
And met delirium in her awful lair."

Edgar Poe was born in Boston February 19th, 1809. His father was a Marylander, as was also his grandfather, who was a distinguished Revolutionary soldier and a friend of General Lafayette. The parents of Poe were both actors who toured the country in the ordinary manner, and this perhaps accounts for his birth in Boston. Their home was in Baltimore, Maryland.

When Poe was only a few years old both parents died, within two weeks, in Richmond, Virginia. Their three children, two daughters, one older and one younger than the subject of this sketch, were all adopted by friends of the family. Mr. John Allen, a rich tobacco merchant of Richmond, Virginia, adopted Edgar (who was henceforth called Edgar Allen Poe), and had him carefully educated, first in England, afterwards at the Richmond Academy and the University of Virginia,

and subsequently at West Point. He always distinguished himself in his studies, but from West Point he was dismissed after one year, it is said because he refused to submit to the discipline of the institution.

In common with the custom in the University of Virginia at that time, Poe acquired the habits of drinking and gambling, and the gambling debts which he contracted incensed Mr. Allen, who refused to pay them. This brought on the beginning of a series of quarrels which finally led to Poe's disinheritor and permanent separation from his benefactor. Thus turned out upon the cold, unsympathetic world, without business training, without friends, without money, knowing not how to make money—yet, with a proud, imperious, aristocratic nature,—we have the beginning of the saddest story of any life in literature—struggling for nearly twenty years in gloom and poverty, with here and there a ray of sunshine, and closing with delirium tremens in Baltimore, October 7th, 1849, at forty years of age.

To those who know the full details of the sad story of Poe's life it is little wonder that his sensitive, passionate nature sought surcease from disappointment in the nepenthe of the intoxicating cup. It was but natural for a man of his nervous temperament and delicacy of feeling to fall into that melancholy moroseness which would chide even the angels for taking away his beautiful "Annabel Lee;" or that he should wail over the "Lost Lenore," or declare that his soul should "nevermore" be lifted from the shadow of the "Raven" upon the floor. These poems and others are but the expressions of disappointment and despair of a soul alienated from happy human relations. While we admire their power and beauty, we should remember at what cost of pain and suffering and disappointment they were produced. They are powerful illustrations of the prodigal expense of human strength, of broken hopes and bitter experiences through which rare specimens of our literature are often grown.

To treat the life of Edgar Allen Poe, with its lessons, fully, would require the scope of a volume. Both as a man and an author there is a sad fascination which belongs to no other writer, perhaps, in the world. His personal character has been represented as pronouncedly double. It is said that Stevenson, who was a great admirer of Poe, received the inspiration for his novel, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" from the contemplation of his double character. Paul Hamilton Hayne has also written a poem entitled, "Poe," which presents in a double shape the angel and demon in one body. The first two stanzas of which we quote:—

"Two mighty spirits dwelt in him :
One, a wild demon, weird and dim,
The darkness of whose ebon wings
Did shroud unutterable things :
One, a fair angel, in the skies
Of whose serene, unshadowed eyes
Were seen the lights of Paradise.

To these, in turn, he gave the whole
Vast empire of his brooding soul ;
Now, filled with strains of heavenly swell,
Now thrilled with awful tones of hell :
Wide were his being's strange extremes,
"Twixt nether glooms, and Eden gleams
Of tender, or majestic dreams."

It must be said in justice to Poe's memory, however, that the above idea of his being both demon and angel became prevalent through the first biography published of him, by Dr. Rufus Griswold, who no doubt sought to avenge himself on the dead poet for the severe but unanswerable criticisms which the latter had passed upon his and other contemporaneous authors' writings. Later biographies, notably those of J. H. Ingram and Mrs. Sarah Ellen Whitman, as well as published statements from his business associates, have disproved many of Griswold's damaging statements, and placed the private character of Poe in a far more favorable light before the world. He left off gambling in his youth, and the appetite for drink, which followed him to the close of his life, was no doubt inherited from his father who, before him, was a drunkard.

It is natural for admirers of Poe's genius to contemplate with regret akin to sorrow those circumstances and characteristics which made him so unhappy, and yet the serious question arises, was not that character and his unhappy life necessary to the productions of his marvelous pen? Let us suppose it was, and in charity draw the mantle of forgetfulness over his misguided ways, covering the sad picture of his personal life from view, and hang in its place the matchless portrait of his splendid genius, before which, with true American pride, we may summon all the world to stand with uncovered heads.

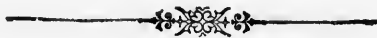
As a writer of short stories Poe had no equal in America. He is said to have been the originator of the modern detective story. The artful ingenuity with which he works up the details of his plot, and minute attention to the smallest illustrative particular, give his tales a vivid interest from which no reader can escape. His skill in analysis is as marked as his power of word painting. The scenes of gloom and terror which he loves to depict, the forms of horror to which he gives almost actual life, render his mastery over the reader most exciting and absorbing.

As a poet Poe ranks among the most original in the world. He is pre-eminently a poet of the imagination. It is useless to seek in his verses for philosophy or preaching. He brings into his poetry all the weirdness, subtlety, artistic detail and facility in coloring which give the charm to his prose stories, and to these he adds a musical flow of language which has never been equalled. To him poetry was music, and there was no poetry that was not musical. For poetic harmony he has had no equal certainly in America, if, indeed, in the world. Admirers of his poems are almost sure to read them over and over again, each time finding new forms of beauty or charm in them, and the reader abandons himself to a current of melodious fancy that soothes and charms like distant music at night, or the rippling of a nearby, but unseen, brook. The images which he creates are vague and illusive. As one of his biographers has written, "He heard in his dreams the tinkling footfalls of angels and seraphim and subordinated everything in his verse to the delicious effect of musical sound." As a literary critic Poe's capacities were of the greatest. "In that large part of the critic's perceptions," says Duyckinck, "in knowledge of the mechanism of composition, he has been unsurpassed by any writer in America."

Poe was also a fine reader and elocutionist. A writer who attended a lecture by him in Richmond says: "I never heard a voice so musical as his. It was full of the sweetest melody. No one who heard his recitation of the 'Raven' will ever forget the beauty and pathos with which this recitation was rendered. The

audience was still as death, and as his weird, musical voice filled the hall its effect was simply indescribable. It seems to me that I can yet hear that long, plaintive "nevermore."

Among the labors of Poe, aside from his published volumes and contributions to miscellaneous magazines, should be mentioned his various positions from 1834 to 1848 as critic and editor on the "Literary Messenger" of Richmond, Virginia, the "Gentleman's Magazine" of Philadelphia, "Graham's Magazine" of Philadelphia, the "Evening Mirror" of New York, and the "Broadway Journal" of New York, which positions he successively held. The last he gave up in 1848 with the idea of starting a literary magazine of his own, but the project failed, perhaps on account of his death, which occurred the next year. His first volume of poems was published in 1829. In 1833 he won two prizes, one for prose and one for poetic composition, offered by the Baltimore "Saturday Visitor," his "Manuscript Found in a Bottle" being awarded the prize for prose and the poem "The Coliseum" for poetry. The latter, however, he did not receive because the judges found the same author had won them both. In 1838 Harper Brothers published his ingenious fiction, "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket." In 1840 "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" were issued in Philadelphia. In 1844 he took up his residence at Fordham, New York, where his wife died in 1847, and where he continued to reside for the balance of his life. His famous poem the "Raven" was published in 1845, and during 1848 and 1849 he published "Eureka" and "Ulalume," the former being a prose poem. It is the crowning work of his life, to which he devoted the last and most matured energies of his wonderful intellect. To those who desire a further insight into the character of the man and his labors we would recommend the reading of J. H. Ingram's "Memoir" and Mrs. Sarah Ellen Whitman's "Edgar Poe and His Critics," the latter published in 1863.



LENORE.

Mrs. Whitman, in her reminiscences of Poe, tells us the following incident which gave rise to the writing of these touching lines. While Poe was in the Academy at Richmond, Virginia,—as yet a boy of about sixteen years,—he was invited by a friend to visit his home. The mother of this friend was a singularly beautiful and withal a most kindly and sympathetic woman. Having learned that Poe was an orphan she greeted him with the motherly tenderness and affection shown toward her own son. The boy was so overcome that it is said he stood for a minute unable to speak and finally with tears he declared he had never before known his loss in the love of a true and devoted mother. From that time forward he was frequently a visitor, and the attachment between him and this kind-hearted woman continued to grow. On Poe's return from Europe when he was about twenty years of age, he learned that she had died a few days before his arrival, and was so overcome with grief that he went nightly to her grave, even when it was dark and rainy, spending hours in fancied communion with her spirit. Later he idealized in his musings the embodiment of such a spirit in a young and beautiful woman, whom he made his lover and whose untimely death he imagined and used as the inspiration of this poem.



H, broken is the golden bowl,
The spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll!
A saintly soul

Floats on the Stygian river;
And, GUY DE VERE,
Hast thou no tear?
Weep now or never more!
See, on yon drear
And rigid bier
Low lies thy love, LENORE!
Come, let the burial-rite be read—
The funeral-song be sung!—
An anthem for the queenliest dead
That ever died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead,
In that she died so young!

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth,
And hated her for her pride;
And when she fell in feeble health,
Ye bless'd her—that she died!
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read?
The requiem how be sung
By you—by yours, the evil eye—
By yours the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence
That died, and died so young?"

Peccavimus;
But rave not thus!
And let a sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly, the dead may feel no
wrong!

The sweet LENORE
Hath "gone before,"
With Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild
For the dear child
That should have been thy bride—
For her, the fair
And *debonair*,
That now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair
But not within her eyes—
The life still there,
Upon her hair—
The death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! to-night
My heart is light.
No dirge will I upraise,
But wait the angel on her flight
With a psalm of old days!
Let no bell toll!—
Lest her sweet soul,
Amid its hallow'd mirth,
Should catch the note,
As it doth float—
Up from the damned earth.
To friends above, from fiends below,
The indignant ghost is riven—
From hell unto a high estate
Far up within the heaven—
From grief and groan,
To a golden throne,
Beside the King of Heaven."

THE BELLS.

This selection is a favorite with reciters. It is an excellent piece for voice culture. The musical flow of the metre and happy selection of the words make it possible for the skilled speaker to closely imitate the sounds of the ringing bells.



EAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody
foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells.

On the future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarm bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear, it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
 bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody
 compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright,
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
 A paean from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the paean of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the paean of the bells—
 Of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the tolling of the bells,—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE RAVEN.

This poem is generally allowed to be one of the most remarkable examples of a harmony of sentiment with rhythmical expression to be found in any language. While the poet sits musing in his study, endeavoring to win from books "surcease of sorrow for the lost Lenore," a raven—the symbol of despair—enters the room and perches upon a bust of Pallas. A colloquy follows between the poet and the bird of ill omen with its haunting croak of "Nevermore."



THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
"Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—

For the rare and raidant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—

Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,

Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating,

" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-
door,—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-
door;

That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no
longer,

"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore;

But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you
came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber-door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened
wide the door:

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there,
wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to
dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave
no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word, "Lenore!"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word, "LENORE!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within
me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than
before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my
window-lattice;

Let me see then what thereat is and this mystery
explore,—

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery
explore:—

" 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days
of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute
stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber-door,—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my cham-
ber-door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
it wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I
said, "art sure no craven;

Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the
nightly shore,

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plu-
tonian shore?"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse
so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy
bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
Chamber-door,

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber-door

With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke
only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then
he fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends
have flown before,

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have
flown before.

Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,

"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
and store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful
disaster

Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one
burden bore,

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden
bore,

Of—'Never—nevermore!'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird
and bust and door,

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
of yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and omi-
nous bird of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor,
“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee,—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Lenore!”
Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

Prophet!” cried I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”
Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

“Prophet!” cried I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!”
Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

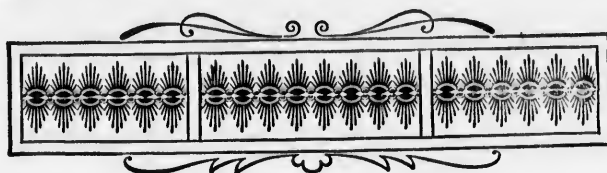
“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting,—
“Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore.
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”
Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!



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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE POET OF THE PEOPLE.

"He who sung to one clear harp in divers tones."



IN an old square wooden house upon the edge of the sea" the most famous and most widely read of all American poets was born in Portland, Maine, February 7th, 1807.

In his personality, his wide range of themes, his learning and his wonderful power of telling stories in song, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow stood in his day and still stands easily in front of all other poets who have enriched American literature. Admitting that he was not rugged and elemental like Bryant and did not possess the latter's feelings for the colossal features of wild scenery, that he was not profoundly thoughtful and transcendental like Emerson, that he was not so earnestly and passionately sympathetic as Whittier, nevertheless he was our first artist in poetry. Bryant, Emerson and Whittier commanded but a few stops of the grand instrument upon which they played; Longfellow understood perfectly all its capabilities. Critics also say that "he had not the high ideality or dramatic power of Tennyson or Browning." But does he not hold something else which to the world at large is perhaps more valuable? Certainly these two great poets are inferior to him in the power to sweep the chords of daily human experiences and call forth the sweetness and beauty in common-place every day human life. It is on these themes that he tuned his harp without ever a false tone, and sang with a harmony so well nigh perfect that the universal heart responded to his music. This common-place song has found a lodgement in every household in America, "swaying the hearts of men and women whose sorrows have been soothed and whose lives raised by his gentle verse."

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

Longfellow's life from the very beginning moved on even lines. Both he and William Cullen Bryant were descendants of John Alden, whom Longfellow has made famous in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The Longfellows were a family in comfortable circumstances, peaceful and honest, for many generations back.

The poet went to school with Nathaniel P. Willis and other boys who at an early age were thinking more of verse making than of pleasure. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825 with Nathaniel Hawthorne, John S. C. Abbott, and others who afterwards attained to fame. Almost immediately after his graduation he was requested to take the chair of Modern Languages and Literature in his *alma mater*, which he accepted; but before entering upon his duties spent three years in Germany, France, Spain and Italy to further perfect himself in the languages and literature of those nations. At Bowdoin College Longfellow remained as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature until 1835, when he accepted a similar position in Harvard University, which he continued to occupy until 1854, when he



THE WAYSIDE INN.

Scene of Longfellow's Famous "*Tales of the Wayside Inn*."

resigned, devoting the remainder of his life to literary work and to the enjoyment of the association of such friends as Charles Sumner the statesman, Hawthorne the romancer, Louis Agassiz the great naturalist, and James Russell Lowell, the brother poet who succeeded to the chair of Longfellow in Harvard University on the latter's resignation.

The home of Longfellow was not only a delightful place to visit on account of the cordial welcome extended by the companionable poet, but for its historic associations as well; for it was none other than the old "Cragie House" which had been Washington's headquarters during the Revolutionary War, the past tradition and recent hospitality of which have been well told by G. W. Curtis in his "*Homes of American Authors*." It was here that Longfellow surrounded himself with a

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magnificent library, and within these walls he composed all of his famous productions from 1839 until his death, which occurred there in 1882 at the age of seventy-five. The poet was twice married and was one of the most domestic of men. His first wife died suddenly in Europe during their sojourn in that country while Longfellow was pursuing his post graduate course of study before taking the chair in Bowdoin College. In 1843 he married Miss Frances Appleton, whom he had met in Europe and who figures in the pages of his romance "Hyperion." In 1861 she met a most tragic death by stepping on a match which set fire to her clothing, causing injuries from which she died. She was buried on the 19th anniversary of their marriage. By Longfellow's own direction she was crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms commemorative of the day. The poet was so stricken with grief that for a year afterwards he did practically no work, and it is said neither in conversation nor in writing to his most intimate friends could he bear to refer to the sad event.

Longfellow was one of the most bookish men in our literature. His knowledge of others' thoughts and writings was so great that he became, instead of a creator in his poems, a painter of things already created. It is said that he never even owned a style of his own like Bryant and Poe, but assimilated what he saw or heard or read from books, reclothing it and sending it out again. This does not intimate that he was a plagiarist, but that he wrote out of the accumulated knowledge of others. "Evangeline," for instance, was given him by Hawthorne, who had heard of the young people of Acadia and kept them in mind, intending to weave them into a romance. The forcible deportation of 18,000 French people touched Hawthorne as it perhaps never could have touched Longfellow except in literature, and also as it certainly never would have touched the world had not Longfellow woven the woof of the story in the threads of his song.

"Evangeline" was brought out the same year with Tennyson's "Princess" (1847), and divided honors with the latter even in England. In this poem, and in "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and other poems, the pictures of the new world are brought out with charming simplicity. Though Longfellow never visited Acadia or Louisiana, it is the real French village of Grand Pré and the real Louisiana, not a poetic dream that are described in this poem. So vivid were his descriptions that artists in Europe painted the scenes true to nature and vied with each other in painting the portrait of Evangeline, among several of which there is said to be so striking a resemblance as to suggest the idea that one had served as a copy for the others. The poem took such a hold upon the public, that both the poor man and the rich knew Longfellow as they knew not Tennyson their own poet. It was doubtless because he, though one of the most scholarly of men, always spoke so the plainest reader could understand.

In "The Tales of a Wayside Inn" (1863), the characters were not fictions, but real persons. The *musician* was none other than the famous violinist, Ole Bull; Professor Luigi Monte, a close friend who dined every Sunday with Longfellow, was the *Sicilian*; Dr. Henry Wales was the *youth*; the *poet* was Thomas W. Parsons, and the *theologian* was his brother, Rev. S. W. Longfellow. This poem shows Longfellow at his best as a story teller, while the stories which are put into the mouth of these actual characters perhaps could have been written by no other living man, for they are from the literature of all countries, with which Longfellow was so familiar.

Thus, both "The Tales of a Wayside Inn" and "Evangeline"—as many other of Longfellow's poems—may be called compilations or rewritten stories, rather than creations, and it was these characteristics of his writings which Poe and Margaret Fuller, and others, who considered the realm of poetry to belong purely to the imagination rather than the real world, so bitterly criticised. While they did not deny to Longfellow a poetic genius, they thought he was prostituting it by forcing it to drudge in the province of prosaic subjects; and for this reason Poe predicted that he would not live in literature.

It was but natural that Longfellow should write as he did. For thirty-five years he was an instructor in institutions of learning, and as such believed that poetry should be a thing of use as well as beauty. He could not agree with Poe that poetry was like music, only a pleasurable art. He had the triple object of stimulating to research and study, of impressing the mind with history or moral truths, and at the same time to touch and warm the heart of humanity. In all three directions he succeeded to such an extent that he has probably been read by more people than any other poet except the sacred Psalmist; and despite the predictions of his distinguished critics to the contrary, such poems as "The Psalm of Life," (which Chas. Sumner allowed, to his knowledge, had saved one man from suicide), "The Children's Hour," and many others touching the every day experiences of the multitude, will find a glad echo in the souls of humanity as long as men shall read.

THE PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

This poem has gained wide celebrity as one of Mr. Longfellow's most popular pieces, as has also the poem "Excelsior," (hereafter quoted). They strike a popular chord and do some clever preaching and it is in this their chief merit consists. They are by no means among the author's best poetic productions from a critical standpoint. Both these poems were written in early life.



TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat;

He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell
 When the evening sun is low.



THEY LOVE TO SEE THE FLAMING FORGE,
 AND HEAR THE BELLOWS ROAR,
 AND CATCH THE BURNING SPARKS THAT FLY
 LIKE CHAFF FROM THE THRESHING-FLOOR.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door;
 They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;

Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
For the lesson thou hast taught!

Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

THE BRIDGE.

A favorite haunt of Longfellow's was the bridge between Boston and Cambridge, over which he had to pass, almost daily. "I always stop on the bridge," he writes in his journal. "Tide waters are beautiful," and again, "We leaned for a while on the wooden rails and enjoyed the silvery reflections of the sea, making sundry comparisons." Among other thoughts, we have these cheering ones, that "The old sea was flashing with its heavenly light, though we saw it only in a single track; the dark waves are dark provinces of God; illuminous though not to us." The following poem was the result of one of Longfellow's reflections, while standing on this bridge at midnight.



STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower;

And like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thought came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me,
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;

And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each having his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old, subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

RESIGNATION.



HERE is no flock, however watched and
tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'r defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,

Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again unfold her,
She will not be a child:

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

GOD'S ACRE.



LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping
dust.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again

At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God!
This is the place where human harvests grow!

EXCELSIOR.



THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;

Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not to Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,

But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark dreary.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

The writing of the following poem, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," was occasioned by the news of a ship-wreck on the coast near Gloucester, and by the name of a reef—"Norman's Woe"—where many disasters occurred. It was written one night between twelve and three o'clock, and cost the poet, it is said, hardly an effort.

TWAS the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little
daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main:
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so,
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"Oh father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say what may it be?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"Oh, father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed, through the gleaming snow,
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept,
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared.

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And, from its station in the hall,
An ancient timepiece says to all,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay, in his shroud of snow;
And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

All are scattered now, and fled,—
Some are married, some are dead:
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah!” when shall they all meet again?

As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

The writing of this famous ballad was suggested to Mr. Longfellow by the digging up of a mail-clad skeleton at Fall-River, Massachusetts—a circumstance which the poet linked with the traditions about the Round Tower at Newport, thus giving to it the spirit of a Norse Viking song of war and of the sea. It is written in the swift leaping meter employed by Drayton in his “Ode to the Cambro Britons or, their Harp.”



PEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretch'd, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?”

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

“I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

“Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimm'd the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair
Track'd I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Fill'd to o'erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning out tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I woo'd the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosen'd vest
Flutter'd her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleam'd upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I ask'd his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrel stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaff'd
Loud then the champion laugh'd,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blush'd and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launch'd they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind fail'd us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hail'd us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veer'd the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water.

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies:
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seam'd with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skål! to the Northland! skål!"*
—Thus the tale ended.

*Skål! is the Swedish expression for "Your Health."



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE LIBERATOR OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.



To classify Emerson is a matter of no small difficulty. He was a philosopher, he was an essayist, he was a poet—all three so eminently that scarcely two of his friends would agree to which class he most belonged. Oliver Wendell Holmes asks:

Where in the realm of thought whose air is song
Does he the Buddha of the west belong?
He seems a winged Franklin sweetly wise,
Born to unlock the secret of the skies."

But whatever he did was done with a poetic touch. Philosophy, essay or song, it was all pregnant with the spirit of poetry. Whatever else he was Emerson was pre-eminently a poet. It was with this golden key that he unlocked the chambers of original thought, that liberated American letters.

Until Emerson came, American authors had little independence. James Russell Lowell declares, "We were socially and intellectually bound to English thought, until Emerson cut the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers and glories of blue waters. He was our first optimistic writer. Before his day, Puritan theology had seen in man only a vile nature and considered his instincts for beauty and pleasure, proofs of his total depravity." Under such conditions as these, the imagination was fettered and wholesome literature was impossible. As a reaction against this Puritan austerity came Unitarianism, which aimed to establish the dignity of man, and out of this came the further growth of the idealism or transcendentalism of Emerson. It was this idea and these aspirations of the new theology that Emerson converted into literature. The indirect influence of his example on the writings of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier and Lowell, and its direct influence on Thoreau, Hawthorne, Chas. A. Dana, Margaret Fuller, G. W. Curtis and others, formed the very foundation for the beautiful structure of our representative American literature.

Emerson was profoundly a thinker who pondered the relation of man to God and to the universe. He conceived and taught the noblest ideals of virtue and a spiritual life. The profound study which Emerson devoted to his themes and his philosophic cast of mind made him a writer for scholars. He was a prophet who, without argument, announced truths which, by intuition, he seems to have perceived; but the thought is often so shadowy that the ordinary reader fails to catch it. For

this reason he will never be like Longfellow or Whittier, a favorite with the masses. Let it not be understood, however, that all of Emerson's writings are heavy or shadowy or difficult to understand. On the contrary, some of his poems are of a popular character and are easy of comprehension. For instance, "The Hymn," sung at the completion of the Concord Monument in 1836, was on every one's lips at the time of the Centennial celebration, in 1876. His optimistic spirit is also beautifully and clearly expressed in the following stanza of his "Voluntaries:"

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

These are but two instances of many that may be cited. No author is, perhaps, more enjoyed by those who understand him. He was a master of language. He never used the wrong word. His sentences are models. But he was not a logical or methodical writer. Every sentence stands by itself. His paragraphs might be arranged almost at random without essential loss to the essays. His philosophy consists largely in an array of golden sayings full of vital suggestions to help men make the best and most of themselves. He had no compact system of philosophy.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, within "A kite-string of the birth place of Benjamin Franklin" with whom he is frequently compared. The likeness, however, consists only in the fact that they were both decidedly representative Americans of a decidedly different type. Franklin was prose, Emerson poetry; Franklin common sense, real; Emerson imaginative, ideal. In these opposite respects they both were equally representative of the highest type. Both were hopeful, kindly and shrewd. Both equally powerful in making, training and guiding the American people.

In his eighth year young Emerson was sent to a grammar school, where he made such rapid progress, that he was soon able to enter a higher department known as a Latin school. His first attempts at writing were not the dull efforts of a school boy; but original poems which he read with real taste and feeling. He completed his course and graduated from Harvard College at eighteen. It is said that he was dull in mathematics and not above the average in his class in general standing; but he was widely read in literature, which put him far in advance, perhaps, of any young man of his age. After graduating, he taught school for five years in connection with his brother; but in 1825, gave it up for the ministry. For a time he was pastor of a Unitarian Congregation in Boston; but his independent views were not in accordance with the doctrine of his church, therefore, he resigned in 1835, and retired to Concord, where he purchased a home near the spot on which the first battle of the Revolution was fought in 1775, which he commemorated in his own verse:—

"There first the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

In this city, Emerson resided until the day of his death, which occurred in Concord, April 27, 1882, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

It was in Concord that the poet and essayist, as the prophet of the advanced thought of his age, gathered around him those leading spirits who were dissatisfied with the selfishness and shallowness of existing society, and, who had been led by him to dream of an ideal condition in which all should live as one family. Out of this grew the famous "Brook Farm Community." This was not an original idea of Emerson's, however. Coleridge and Southey, of England, had thought of founding such a society in Pennsylvania, on the Susquehanna River. Emerson regarded this community of interests as the clear teachings of Jesus Christ; and, to put into practical operation this idea, a farm of about two hundred acres was bought at Roxbury, Mass., and a stock company was formed under the title of "The Brook Farm Institution of Agriculture and Education." About seventy members joined



HOME OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, CONCORD, MASS.

in the enterprise. The principle of the organization was coöperative, the members sharing the profits. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the greatest of romancers, Chas. A. Dana, of the New York Tribune, Geo. W. Curtis, of Harper's Monthly, Henry D. Thoreau, the poet naturalist, Amos Bronson Alcott, the transcendental dreamer and writer of strange shadowy sayings, and Margaret Fuller, the most learned woman of her age, were prominent members who removed to live on the farm. It is said that Emerson, himself, never really lived there; but was a member and frequent visitor, as were other prominent scholars of the same school. The project was a failure. After five years of experience, some of the houses were destroyed by fire, the enterprise given up, and the membership scattered.

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But the Brook Farm served its purpose in literature by bringing together some of the best intellects in America, engaging them for five years in a common course of study, and stimulating a commerce of ideas. The breaking up of the community was better, perhaps, than its success would have been. It dispersed and scattered abroad the advanced thoughts of Emerson, and the doctrine of the society into every profession. Instead of being confined to the little paper, "The Dial," (which was the organ of the society) its literature was transferred into a number of widely circulated national mediums.

Thus, it will be seen how Emerson, the "Sage of Concord," gathered around him and dominated, by his charming personality, his powerful mind, and his wholesome influence, some of the brightest minds that have figured in American literature; and how, through them, as well as his own writings, he has done so much, not only to lay the foundation of a new literature, but to mould and shape leading minds for generations to come. The Brook Farm idea was the uppermost thought in Edward Bellamy's famous novel, "Looking Backward," which created such a sensation in the reading world a few years since. The progressive thought of Emerson was father to the so-called "New Theology," or "Higher Criticism," of modern scholars and theologians. It is, perhaps, for the influence which Emerson has exerted, rather than his own works, that the literature of America is mostly indebted to him. It was through his efforts that the village of Concord has been made more famous in American letters than the city of New York.

The charm of Emerson's personality has already been referred to,—and it is not strange that it should have been so great. His manhood, no less than his genius was worthy of admiration and of reverence. His life corresponded with his brave, cheerful and steadfast teachings. He "practiced what he preached." His manners were so gentle, his nature so transparent, and his life so singularly pure and happy, that he was called, while he lived, "the good and great Emerson;" and, since his death, the memory of his life and manly example are among the cherished possessions of our literature.

The reverence of his literary associates was little less than worship. Amos Bronson Alcott,—father of the authoress, Louisa M. Alcott,—one of the Brook Farm members, though himself a profound scholar and several years Emerson's senior, declared that it would have been his great misfortune to have lived without knowing Emerson, whom he styled, "The magic minstrel and speaker! whose rhetoric, voiced as by organ stops, delivers the sentiment from his breast in cadences peculiar to himself; now hurling it forth on the ear, echoing them; then,—as his mood and matter invite it—dying like

Music of mild lutes
Or silver coated flutes.

such is the rhapsodist's cunning in its structure and delivery."

Referring to his association with Emerson, the same writer acknowledges in a poem, written after the sage's death:

Thy fellowship was my culture, noble friend:
By the hand thou took'st me, and did'st condescend
To bring me straightway into thy fair guild;
And life-long hath it been high compliment

By that to have been known, and thy friend styled,
Given to rare thought and to good learning bent;
Whilst in my straits an angel on me smiled.
Permit me, then, thus honored, still to be
A scholar in thy university.

HYMN SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD MONUMENT, 1836.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit that made those heroes dare
To die or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THE RHODORA.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black waters with their beauty gay;
Young RAPHAEL might covet such a school;
The lively show beguiled me from my way.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why

This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why, thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew,
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought
you.

THE TRUE HERO.

AN EXTRACT FROM "VOLUNTARIES."

The following story is told of the manner in which the poem, "Voluntaries," obtained its title. In 1863, Mr. Emerson came to Boston and took a room in the Parker House, bringing with him the unfinished sketch of a few verses which he wished Mr. Fields, his publisher, to hear. He drew a small table to the centre of the room and read aloud the lines he proposed giving to the press. They were written on separate slips of paper which were flying loosely about the room. (Mr. Emerson frequently wrote in such independent paragraphs, that many of his poems and essays might be rearranged without doing them serious violence.) The question arose as to title of the verses read, when Mr. Fields suggested "Voluntaries," which was cordially accepted by Mr. Emerson.

WELL for the fortunate soul
Which Music's wings unfold,
Stealing away the memory
Of sorrows new and old!
Yet happier he whose inward sight,
Stayed on his subtle thought,
Shuts his sense on toys of time,
To vacant bosoms brought;
But best befriended of the God
He who, in evil times,
Warned by an inward voice,

Heeds not the darkness and the dread,
Biting by his rule and choice,
Telling only the fiery thread,
Leading over heroic ground
Walled with immortal terror round,
To the aim which him allures,
And the sweet heaven his deed secures.
Peril around all else appalling,
Cannon in front and leaden rain,
Him duty through the clarion calling
To the van called not in vain.

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON AND HIS BROOK FARM FRIENDS.



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Stainless soldier on the walls,
Knowing this,—and knows no more,—
Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before;—
And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain

Forever : but his erring foe,
Self-assured that he prevails,
Looks from his victim lying low,
And sees aloft the red right arm
Redress the eternal scales.
He, the poor for whom angels foil,
Blind with pride and fooled by hate,
Writhes within the dragon coil,
Reserved to a speechless fate.

MOUNTAIN AND SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little
Prig."

Bun replied :
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.

And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

THE SNOW STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the
fields,

Seems nowhere to alight : the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopp'd, the courier's feet
Delay'd, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unscen quarry evermore
Furnish'd with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.

Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Meekly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are number'd, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonish'd Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

THE PROBLEM.

LIKE a church, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul,
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles,
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowl'd churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?
Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell

The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature roll'd
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe.
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groin'd the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity.
Himself from God he could not free;

He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;
And morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's Abbeys bends the sky
As on its friends with kindred eye;
For, out of Thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air,
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass,
Art might obey but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand

To the vast Soul that o'er him plann'd,
And the same power that rear'd the shrine.
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken,
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sybils told
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the Fathers wise,—
The book itself before me lies,—
Old *Chrysostom*, best *Augustine*,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or *mines*,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines;
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowed portrait dear,
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

TRAVELING.

HAVE no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Traveling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, and embark on the sea, and at last wake up at Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions; but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

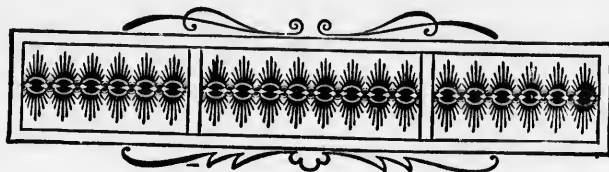
But the rage of traveling is itself only a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intel-

lectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and the universal system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the traveling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our whole minds, lean to and follow the past and the distant as the eyes of a maid follow her mistress. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.



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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

"THE POET OF FREEDOM."

IN A solitary farm house near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in the valley of the Merrimac, on the 17th day of December, 1807, John Greenleaf Whittier was born. Within the same town, and Amesbury, nearby, this kind and gentle man, whom all the world delights to honor for his simple and beautiful heart-songs, spent most of his life, dying at the ripe old age of nearly eighty-five, in Danvers, Massachusetts, September 7th, 1892. The only distinguishing features about his ancestors were that Thos. Whittier settled at Haverhill in 1647, and brought with him from Newberry the first hive of bees in the settlement, that they were all sturdy Quakers, lived simply, were friendly and freedom loving. The early surroundings of the farmer boy were simple and frugal. He has pictured them for us in his masterpiece, "Snowbound." Poverty, the necessity of laboring upon the farm, the influence of Quaker traditions, his busy life, all conspired against his liberal education and literary culture. This limitation of knowledge is, however, at once to the masses his charm, and, to scholars, his one defect. It has led him to write, as no other poet could, upon the dear simplicity of New England farm life. He has written from the heart and not from the head; he has composed popular pastorals, not hymns of culture. Only such training as the district schools afforded, with a couple of years at Haverhill Academy comprised his advantages in education.

In referring to this *alma mater* in after years, under the spell of his muse, the poet thus writes:—

"Still sits the school house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And black-berry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife carved initial."

It was natural for Whittier to become the poet of that combination of which Garrison was the apostle, and Phillips and Sumner the orators. His early poems were published by Garrison in his paper, "The Free Press," the first one when Whittier

was nineteen years of age and Garrison himself little more than a boy. The farmer lad was elated when he found the verses which he had so timidly submitted in print with a friendly comment from the editor and a request for more. Garrison even visited Whittier's parents and urged the importance of giving him a finished education. Thus he fell early under the spell of the great abolitionist and threw himself with all the ardor of his nature into the movement. His poems against slavery and disunion have a ringing zeal worthy of a Cromwell. "They are," declares one writer, "like the sound of the trumpets blown before the walls of Jericho."

As a Quaker Whittier could not have been otherwise than an abolitionist, for that denomination had long since abolished slavery within its own communion. Most prominent among his poems of freedom are "The Voice of Freedom," published in 1849, "The Panorama and Other Poems," in 1856, "In War Times," in 1863, and "Ichabod," a pathetically kind yet severely stinging rebuke to Daniel Webster for his support of the Fugitive Slave Law. Webster was right from the standpoint of law and the Constitution, but Whittier argued from the standpoint of human right and liberty. "Barbara Frietchie,"—while it is pronounced purely a fiction, as is also his poem about John Brown kissing the Negro baby on his way to the gallows,—is perhaps the most widely quoted of his famous war poems.

Whittier also wrote extensively on subjects relating to New England history, witchcraft and colonial traditions. This group includes many of his best ballads, which have done in verse for colonial romance what Hawthorne did in prose in his "Twice-Told Tales" and "Scarlet Letter." It is these poems that have entitled Whittier to be called "the greatest of American ballad writers." Among them are to be found "Mabel Martin," "The Witch of Wenham," "Marguerite" and "Skipper Ireson's Ride." But it is perhaps in the third department of his writings, namely, rural tales and idyls, that the poet is most widely known. These pastoral poems contain the very heart and soul of New England. They are faithful and loving pictures of humble life, simple and peaceful in their subject and in their style. The masterpieces of this class are "Snowbound," "Maud Muller," "The Barefoot Boy," "Among the Hills," "Telling the Bees," etc. The relation of these simple experiences of homely character has carried him to the hearts of the people and made him, next to Longfellow, the most popular of American poets. There is a pleasure and a satisfaction in the freshness of Whittier's homely words and homespun phrases, which we seek in vain in the polished art of cultivated masters. As a poet of nature he has painted the landscapes of New England as Bryant has the larger features of the continent.

Whittier was never married and aside from a few exquisite verses he has given the public no clew to the romance of his youth. His home was presided over for many years by his sister Elizabeth, a most lovely and talented woman, for whom he cherished the deepest affection, and he has written nothing more touching than his tribute to her memory in "Snowbound." The poet was shy and diffident among strangers and in formal society, but among his friends genial and delightful, with a fund of gentle and delicate humor which gave his conversation a great charm.

Aside from his work as a poet Whittier wrote considerable prose. His first volume was "Legends of New England," published in 1831, consisting of prose and verse. Subsequent prose publications consisted of contributions to the slave controversy,

biographical sketches of English and American reformers, studies of scenery and folk-lore of the Merrimac valley. Those of greatest literary interest were the "Supernaturalisms of New England," (1847,) and "Literary Recreations and Miscellanies," (1852.)

In 1836 Whittier became secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and he was all his life interested in public affairs, and wrote much for newspapers and periodicals. In 1838 he began to edit the "Pennsylvania Freeman" in Philadelphia, but in the following year his press was destroyed and his office burned by a pro-slavery mob, and he returned to New England, devoting the larger part of his life, aside from his anti-slavery political writings, to embalming its history and legends in his literature, and so completely has it been done by him it has been declared: "If every other record of the early history and life of New England were lost the story could be constructed again from the pages of Whittier. Traits, habits, facts, traditions, incidents—he holds a torch to the dark places and illumines them every one."

Mr. Whittier, perhaps, is the most peculiarly American poet of any that our country has produced. The woods and waterfowl of Bryant belong as much to one land as another; and all the rest of our singers—Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and their brethren—with the single exception of Joaquin Miller, might as well have been born in the land of Shakespeare, Milton and Byron as their own. But Whittier is entirely a poet of his own soil. All through his verse we see the elements that created it, and it is interesting to trace his simple life, throughout, in his verses from the time, when like that urchin with whom he asserts brotherhood, and who has won all affections, he ate his

* * * "milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude.
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple curtains fringed with gold
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;"

and, when a little older his fancy dwelt upon the adventures of Chalkley—as

"Following my plough by Merrimac's green shore
His simple record I have pondered o'er
With deep and quiet joy."

In these reveries, "The Barefoot Boy" and others, thousands of his countrymen have lived over their lives again. Every thing he wrote, to the New Englander has a sweet, warm familiar life about it. To them his writings are familiar photographs, but they are also treasury houses of facts over which the future antiquarian will pour and gather all the close details of the phase of civilization that they give.

The old Whittier homestead at Amesbury is now in charge of Mrs. Pickard, a niece of the poet. She has recently made certain changes in the house; but this has been done so wisely and cautiously that if the place some day becomes a shrine—as it doubtless will—the restoration of the old estate will be a simple matter. The library is left quite undisturbed, just as it was when Whittier died.

MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth Hill,
 Their song was soft and low;
 The blossoms in the sweet May wind
 Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
 The orchard birds sang clear;
 The sweetest and the saddest day
 It seemed of all the year,

For more to me than birds or flowers,
 My playmate left her home,
 And took with her the laughing spring,
 The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
 She laid her hand in mine:
 What more could ask the bashful boy
 Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
 The constant years told o'er
 The seasons with as sweet May morns,
 But she came back no more.

I walk with noiseless feet the round
 Of uneventful years;
 Still o'er and o'er I sow the Spring
 And reap the Autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
 Her summer roses blow;
 The dusky children of the sun
 Before her come and go.

There haply with her jeweled hands
 She smooths her silken gown,—
 No more the homespun lap wherein
 I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
 The brown nuts on the hill,
 And still the May-day flowers make sweet
 The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
 The birds build in the tree,
 The dark pines sing on Ramoth Hill
 The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
 And how the old time seems,—
 If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
 Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice;
 Does she remember mine?
 And what to her is now the boy
 Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
 For other eyes than ours,—
 That other hands with nuts are filled,
 And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
 Our mossy seat is green,
 Its fringing violets blossom yet,
 The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
 A sweeter memory blow;
 And there in spring the veeries sing
 The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
 Are moaning like the sea,—
 The moaning of the sea of change
 Between myself and thee!

THE CHANGELING.

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton
 They needed not to search,
 Who saw young Anna Favor
 Come walking into church,—

Or bringing from the meadows,
 At set of harvest-day,
 The frolic of the blackbirds,
 The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,
 The saddest two-years bride,
 She scowls in the face of her husband,
 And spurns her child aside.

"Rake out the red coals, goodman,
 For there the child shall lie,
 Till the black witch comes to fetch her,
 And both up chimney fly.

"It's never my own little daughter,
It's never my own," she said;
"The witches have stolen my Anna,
And left me an hup instead.

"O, fair and sweet was my baby,
Blue eyes, and ringlets of gold;
But this is ugly and wrinkled,
Cross, and cunning, and old.

"I hate the touch of her fingers
I hate the feel of her skin;
It's not the milk from my bosom,
But my blood, that she sucks in.

"My face grows sharp with the torment;
Look! my arms are skin and bone!—
Rake open the red coals, goodman,
And the witch shall have her own.

"She'll come when she hears it crying,
In the shape of an owl or bat,
And she'll bring us our darling Anna
In place of her screeching brat."

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,
Laid his hand upon her head:
"Thy sorrow is great, O woman!
I sorrow with thee," he said.

"The paths to trouble are many,
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it:
My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,
"Thy daughter is weak and blind;
Let her sight come back, and clothe her
Once more in her right mind.

"Lead her out of this evil shadow,
Out of these fancies wild;
Let the holy love of the mother,
Turn again to her child.

"Make her lips like the lips of Mary,
Kissing her blessed Son;
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,
Rest on her little one.

"Comfort the soul of thy handmaid,
Open her prison door,
And thine shall be all the glory
And praise forevermore.

Then into the face of its mother,
The baby looked up and smiled;
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
And she knew her little child.

A beam of slant west sunshine
Made the wan face almost fair,
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder:
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,
She kissed it on cheek and chin;
And she bared her snow-white bosom
To the lips so pale and thin.

O, fair on her bridal morning
Was the maid who blushed and smiled
But fairer to Ezra Dalton
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness
He stooped to her worn young face
And the nursing child and the mother
He folded in one embrace.

"Now mount and ride, my goodman
As lovest thine own soul!
Woe's me if my wicked fancies
Be the death of Goody Cole!"

His horse he saddled and bridled,
And into the night rode he,—
Now through the great black woodland;
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,
He came to the ferry wide,
And thrice he called to the boatman
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,
He swam to Newburg town,
And he called up Justice Sewall
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice,
Upon whose soul be peace!
Set his name to the jailer's warrant
For Goody Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats
Went sounding like a flail:
And Goody Cole at cock crow
Came forth from Ipswich jail.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

THE ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour the glittering treasures out
Which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain-shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;

They lean above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,
E'en as repentant love;
Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurl'd,
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on,
The altar-fires of Heaven!

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!
From my heart I give thee joy;
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art—the grown-up man,
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollar'd ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye:
Outward sunshine, inward joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy.

O! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools:
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,

How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Part and parcel of her joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy.

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day, and through the night:
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,

Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too,
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy

Waited on the barefoot boy!
Cheerily, then, my little man!
Live and laugh as boyhood can;
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil,
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

MAUD MULLER.



MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid.

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!"

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

MEMORIES.



BEAUTIFUL and happy girl
With step as soft as summer air,
And fresh young lip and brow of pearl
Shadow'd by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair:

A seeming child in every thing
Save thoughtful brow, and ripening
 charms,
As nature wears the smile of spring
When sinking into summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful bower,
Leaf after leaf serenely bright
And stainless in its holy white
Unfolding like a morning flower:
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute
With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
Of memory at the thought of thee!—
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams come thronging back again,
And boyhood lives again in me;
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I lean'd to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again arise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes
With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear than they!

Ere this thy quiet eye hath smiled
My picture of thy youth to see,
When half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
And folly's self seem'd wise in thee.
I too can smile, when o'er that hour
The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's power
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have pass'd on, and left their trace
Of graver care and deeper thought;
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
Of woman's pensive beauty brought,
On life's rough blasts for blame or praise
The schoolboy's name has widely flown;
Thine in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
Our still diverging thoughts incline,
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
While answers to my spirit's need
The Yorkshire peasant's simple line.
For thee the priestly rite and prayer,
And holy day and solemn psalm,
For me the silent reverence where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress time has not worn out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past, I see
Lingering even yet thy way about;
Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours,
Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eye
The clouds about the present part,
And, smiling through them, round us lie
Soft hues of memory's morning sky—
The Indian summer of the heart,
In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
Our early dreams not wholly vain!

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

LOOK on him—through his dungeon-grate,
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight.
Reeling on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head—
His bloodless cheek is seam'd and hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, dishevell'd locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,—
And yet the winter's breath is chill:

And o'er his half-clad person goes
The frequent ague-thrill!
Silent—save ever and anon,
A sound, half-murmur and half-groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip:
O, sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chain'd and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?
A murderer shares his prison-bed,
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,
Gleam on him fierce and red;

And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear,
And, or in wakefulness or sleep
Nerve, flesh, and fibre thrill and creep,
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crimson'd with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-hair'd prisoner done?
Has murder stain'd his hands with gore?
Not so: his crime's a fouler one:

God made the old man poor!
For this he shrinks a shivering slave—
The fittest earthly type of hell!
For this—the boon for which he pour'd
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost—
His blood-gain'd liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, pour'd thy blood for naught
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars!
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument uprear'd to thee—
Piled granite and a prison cell—
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;

Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle-shout:
Let boasted eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With "glory" for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise, "our glorious liberty!"

And when the patriot cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind, and fall—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer!
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul, and chain'd of limb,
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the law that binds him thus!
Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind!
Open the prisoner's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code,
To the free sun and air of God!
No longer dare as crime to brand,
The chastening of the Almighty's hand!

THE STORM.

FROM "SNOW-BOUND."

Snow-bound is regarded as Whittier's master-piece, as a descriptive and reminiscent poem. It is a New England Fireside Idyl, which in its faithfulness recalls, "The Winter Evening," of Cowper, and Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night"; but in sweetness and animation, it is superior to either of these. Snow-bound is a faithful description of a winter scene, familiar in the country surrounding Whittier's home in Connecticut. The complete poem is published in illustrated form by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., by whose permission this extract is here inserted.

UNWARNED by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines

Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sight of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;

A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridge-post an old man sat
With long flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy

Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through,
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.

ICHABOD.

The following poem was written on hearing of Daniel Webster's course in supporting the "Compromise Measure," including the "Fugitive Slave Law". This speech was delivered in the United States Senate on the 7th of March, 1850, and greatly incensed the Abolitionists. Mr. Whittier, in common with many New Englanders, regarded it as the certain downfall of Mr. Webster. The lines are full of tender regret, deep grief and touching pathos.



O fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

Revile him not,—the Tempter hath
A snare for all!
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall.

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now,

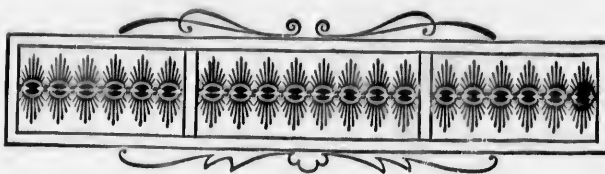
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim
Dishonor'd brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honor'd, nought
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

POET, ESSAYIST AND HUMORIST.



HIS distinguished author, known and admired throughout the English speaking world for the rich vein of philosophy, good fellowship and pungent humor that runs through his poetry and prose, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29th, 1809, and died in Boston, October 27th 1894, at the ripe old age of eighty-five—the “last leaf on the tree” of that famous group, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Bryant, Poe, Willis, Hawthorne, Richard Henry Dana, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller and others who laid the foundation of our national literature, and with all of whom he was on intimate terms as a co-laborer at one time or another.

Holmes graduated at Harvard College in 1829. His genial disposition made him a favorite with his fellows, to whom some of his best early poems are dedicated. One of his classmates said of him:—“He made you feel like you were the best fellow in the world and he was the next best.” Benjamin Pierce, the astronomer, and Rev. Samuel F. Smith, the author of our National Hymn, were his class-mates and have been wittily described in his poem “The Boys.” Dr. Holmes once humorously said that he supposed “the three people whose poems were best known were himself, one Smith and one Brown. As for himself, everybody knew who he was; the one Brown was author of ‘I love to Steal a While Away,’ and the one Smith was author of ‘My Country ‘Tis of Thee.’”

After graduation Holmes studied medicine in the schools of Europe, but returned to finish his course and take his degree at Harvard. For nine years he was Professor of Physiology and Anatomy at Dartmouth College, and in 1847 he accepted a similar position in Harvard University, to which his subsequent professional labors were devoted. He also published several works on medicine, the last being a volume of medical essays, issued in 1883.

Holmes' first poetic publication was a small volume published in 1836, including three poems which still remain favorites, namely, “My Aunt,” “The height of the Ridiculous” and “The Last Leaf on the Tree.” Other volumes of his poems were issued in 1846, 1850, 1861, 1875 and 1880.

Dr. Holmes is popularly known as the poet of society, this title attaching because most of his productions were called forth by special occasions. About one hundred of them were prepared for his Harvard class re-unions and his fraternity (Phi Beta Kappa) social and anniversary entertainments. The poems which will preserve his fame, however, are those of a general interest, like “The Deacon's Masterpiece,”

in which the Yankee spirit speaks out, "The Voiceless," "The Living Temple," "The Chambered Nautilus," in which we find a truly exalted treatment of a lofty theme; "The Last Leaf on the Tree," which is a remarkable combination of pathos and humor; "The Spectre Pig" and "The Ballad of an Oysterman," showing to what extent he can play in real fun. In fact, Dr. Holmes was a many-sided man, and equally presentable on all sides. It has been truthfully said of him, "No other American versifier has rhymed so easily and so gracefully. We might further add, no other in his personality, has been more universally esteemed and beloved by those who knew him.

As a prose writer Holmes was equally famous. His "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," "Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "Poet at the Breakfast Table," published respectively in 1858, 1859 and 1873, are everywhere known, and not to have read them is to have neglected something important in literature. The "Autocrat" is especially a masterpiece. An American boarding house with its typical characters forms the scene. The Autocrat is the hero, or rather leader, of the sparkling conversations which make up the threads of the book. Humor, satire and scholarship are skilfully mingled in its graceful literary formation. In this work will also be found "The Wonderful One Horse Shay" and "The Chambered Nautilus," two of the author's best poems.

Holmes wrote two novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," which in their romance rival the weirdness of Hawthorne and show his genius in this line of literature. "Mechanism in Thought and Morals" (1871), is a scholarly essay on the function of the brain. As a biographer Dr. Holmes has also given us excellent memoirs of John Lothrop Motley, the historian, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Among his later products may be mentioned "A Mortal Antipathy," which appeared in 1885, and "One Hundred Days in Europe" (1887).

Holmes was one of the projectors of "The Atlantic Monthly," which was started in 1857, in conjunction with Longfellow, Lowell and Emerson, Lowell being its editor. It was to this periodical that the "Autocrat" and "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" were contributed. These papers did much to secure the permanent fame of this magazine. It is said that its name was suggested by Holmes, and he is also credited with first attributing to Boston the distinction of being the "Hub of the solar system," which he, with a mingling of humor and local pride, declared was "located exactly at the Boston State House."

Unlike other authors, the subject of this sketch was very much himself at all times and under all conditions. Holmes the man, Holmes the professor of physiology, the poet, philosopher, and essayist, were all one and the same genial soul. His was the most companionable of men, whose warm flow of fellowship and good cheer the winters of four score years and five could not chill,—"The last Leaf on the Tree," whose greenness the frost could not destroy. He passed away at the age of eighty-five still verdantly young in spirit, and the world will smile for many generations good naturedly because he lived. Such lives are a benediction to the race.

Finally, to know Holmes' writings well, is to be made acquainted with a singularly lovable nature. The charms of his personality are irresistible. Among the poor, among the literary, and among the society notables, he was ever the most welcome of guests. His geniality, humor, frank, hearty manliness, generosity and readiness

to amuse and be amused, together with an endless store of anecdotes, his tact and union of sympathy and originality, make him the best of companions for an hour or for a lifetime. His friendship is generous and enduring. All of these qualities of mind and heart are felt as the reader runs through his poems or his prose writings. We feel that Holmes has lived widely and found life good. It is precisely for this reason that the reading of his writings is a good tonic. It sends the blood more courageously through the veins. After reading Holmes, we feel that life is easier and simpler and a finer affair altogether and more worth living for than we had been wont to regard it.

The following paragraph published in a current periodical shortly after the death of Mr. Holmes throws further light upon the personality of this distinguished author:

"Holmes himself must have harked back to forgotten ancestors for his brightness. His father was a dry as dust Congregational preacher, of whom some one said that he fed his people sawdust out of a spoon. But from his childhood Holmes was bright and popular. One of his college friends said of him at Harvard, that 'he made you think you were the best fellow in the world, and he was the next best.'"

Dr. Holmes was first and foremost a conversationalist. He talked even on paper. There was never the dullness of the written word. His sentences whether in prose or verse were so full of color that they bore the charm of speech.

One of his most quoted poems "Dorothy Q," is full of this sparkle, and carries a suggestion of his favorite theme:

Grandmother's mother: her age I guess
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
So they painted the little maid.

* * * * *

What if a hundred years ago
Those close shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that looked so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another to nine tenths me?

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BILL AND JOE.

OME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With HON. and LL.D.,
In big brave letters, fair to see—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray;
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad poor old boys! That's what it means"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar! what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show—
Till all at once his pulses thrill:
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,—
In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

UNION AND LIBERTY.

RLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illuminated in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame.
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While t'rough the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
Empire unscathed! What foe shall assail thee
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?

Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!
Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must
draw,
Then with the arms to thy million united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us the MANY in ONE!

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

OLD IRON SIDES.

The following poem has become a National Lyric. It was first printed in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," when the Frigate "Constitution" lay in the navy-yard at Charlestown. The department had resolved upon breaking her up; but she was preserved from this fate by the following verses, which ran through the newspapers with universal applause; and, according to "Benjamin's American Monthly Magazine," of January, 1837, it was printed in the form of hand-bills, and circulated in the city of Washington.

AY, tear her tatter'd ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
 Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquish'd foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquer'd knee;
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shatter'd hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,—
 The lightning and the gale!

MY AUNT.

MY aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
 Long years have o'er her flown;
 Yet still she strains the aching clasp
 That binds her virgin zone;
 I know it hurts her,—though she looks
 As cheerful as she can:
 Her waist is ampler than her life,
 For life is but a span.

My aunt, my poor deluded aunt!
 Her hair is almost gray;
 Why will she train that winter curl
 In such a spring-like way?
 How can she lay her glasses down,
 And say she reads as well,
 When, through a double convex lens,
 She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
 This erring lip its smiles—
 Vow'd she would make the finest girl
 Within a hundred miles.
 He sent her to a stylish school;
 'Twas in her thirteenth June;
 And with her, as the rules required,
 "Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
 To make her straight and tall;
 They laced her up, they starved her down,
 To make her light and small;
 They pinch'd her feet, they singed her hair,
 They screw'd it up with pins,—
 Oh, never mortal suffer'd more
 In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
 My grandsire brought her back
 (By daylight, lest some rabid youth
 Might follow on the track);
 "Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
 Some powder in his pan,
 "What could this lovely creature do
 Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
 Nor bandit cavalcade
 Tore from the trembling father's arms
 His all-accomplish'd maid.
 For her how happy had it been!
 And Heaven had spared to me
 To see one sad, ungather'd rose
 On my ancestral tree.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I WROTE some lines once on a time
 In wondrous merry mood,
 And thought, as usual, men would say
 They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
 I laugh'd as I would die;
 Albeit, in the general way,
 A sober man am I.

I call'd my servant, and he came:
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaim'd
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watch'd,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth, his waistband split;
The sixth, he burst five buttons off.
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watch'd that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadow'd main.—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled
wings

In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wreck'd is the ship of pearl!
And every chamber'd cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies reveal'd.—
Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unseal'd!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

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

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

OLD AGE AND THE PROFESSOR.

Mr. Holmes is as famous for his prose as for his poetry. The following sketches are characteristic of his happy and varied style.

OLD AGE, this is Mr. Professor; Mr. Professor, this is Old Age.

Old Age.—Mr. Professor, I hope to see you well. I have known you for some time, though I think you did not know me. Shall we walk down the street together?

Professor (drawing back a little).—We can talk more quietly, perhaps, in my study. Will you tell

me how it is you seem to be acquainted with everybody you are introduced to, though he evidently considers you an entire stranger?

Old Age.—I make it a rule never to force myself upon a person's recognition until I have known him at least *five years*.

Professor.—Do you mean to say that you have known me so long as that?

Old Age.—I do. I left my card on you longer ago than that, but I am afraid you never read it; yet I see you have it with you.

Professor.—Where?

Old Age.—There, between your eyebrows,—three straight lines running up and down; all the probate courts know that token,—“Old Age, his mark.” Put your forefinger on the inner end of one eyebrow, and your middle finger on the inner end of the other eyebrow; now separate the fingers, and you will smooth out my sign manual; that’s the way you used to look before I left my card on you.

Professor.—What message do people generally send back when you first call on them?

Old Age.—*Not at home.* Then I leave a card and go. Next year I call; get the same answer; leave another card. So for five or six—sometimes ten—years or more. At last, if they don’t let me in, I break in through the front door or the windows.

We talked together in this way some time. Then *Old Age* said again,—Come, let us walk down the street together,—and offered me a cane,—an eye-glass, a tippet, and a pair of overshoes.—No, much obliged to you, said I. I don’t want those things, and I had a little rather talk with you here, privately, in my study. So I dressed myself up in a jaunty way and walked out alone;—got a fall, caught a cold, was laid up with a lumbago, and had time to think over this whole matter.

MY LAST WALK WITH THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

I CAN’T say just how many walks she and I had taken before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favorable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came, played, shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good-morning to me from the schoolhouse steps. * * *

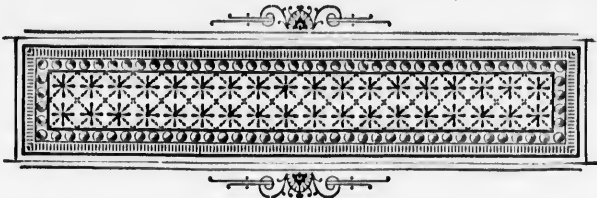
The schoolmistress had tried life. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all which this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her; the routine of labor and the loneliness of almost friendless city-life were before her. Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness which was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love,—unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

It was on the Common that we were walking. The *mall*, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question,—Will you take the long path with me? Certainly,—said the schoolmistress,—with much pleasure. Think,—I said,—before you answer: if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more! The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by,—the one you may still see close by the Gingko-tree. Pray, sit down,—I said. No, no,—she answered softly,—I will walk the *long path* with you!

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



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

POET, CRITIC, AND ESSAYIST.



WHILE the popularity of Lowell has not been so great as that of Whittier, Longfellow or Holmes, his poetry expresses a deeper thought and a truer culture than that of any one of these; or, indeed, of any other American poet, unless the exception be the "transcendental philosopher," Emerson. As an anti-slavery poet, he was second only to Whittier.

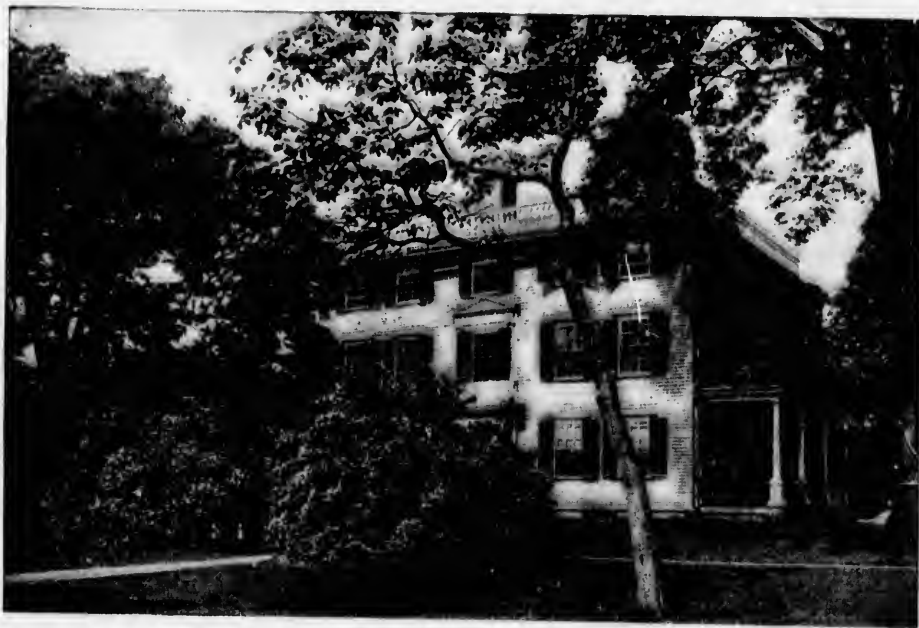
James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819, and died in the same city on August 12, 1891, in the seventy-third year of his age. He was the youngest son of the Rev. Charles Lowell, an eminent Congregational clergyman, and was descended from the English settlers of 1639. He entered Harvard in his seventeenth year and graduated in 1838, before he was twenty. He began to write verses early. In his junior year in college he wrote the anniversary poem, and, in his senior year, was editor of the college magazine. Subsequently, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1840; but, it seems, never entered upon the practice of his profession. If he did it is doubtful if he ever had even that *first client* whom he afterwards described in a humorous sketch.

His first appearance in literature was the publication, in 1839, of the class poem which he had written, but was not permitted to recite on account of his temporary suspension from College for neglect of certain studies in the curriculum for which he had a distaste. In this poem he satirized the Abolitionists, and the transcendental school of writers, of which Emerson was the prophet and leader. This poem, while faulty, contained much sharp wit and an occasional burst of feeling which portended future prominence for its author.

Two years later, in 1841, the first volume of Lowell's verse appeared, entitled "A Year's Life." This production was so different from that referred to above that critics would have regarded it as emanating from an entirely different mind had not the same name been attached to both. It illustrated entirely different feelings, thoughts and habits, evinced a complete change of heart and an entire revolution in his mode of thinking. His observing and suggestive imagination had caught the tone and spirit of the new and mystical philosophy, which his first publication had ridiculed. Henceforth, he aimed to make Nature the representative and minister of his feelings and desires. Lowell was not alone, however, in showing how capricious a young author's character may be. A notable parallel is found in the great

Englishman, Carlyle whose "Life of Schiller" and his "Sator Resartus," are equally as unlike himself as were Lowell's first two publications. In 1844, came another volume of poems, manifesting a still further mark of advancement. The longest in this collection—"The Legend of Brittany"—is, in imagination and artistic finish, one of his best and secured the first general consent for the author's admission into the company of men of genius.

During this same year (1844) Mr. Lowell married the poetess, Maria White, an ardent Abolitionist, whose anti-slavery convictions influenced his after career. Two of Mrs. Lowell's poems, "The Alpine Sheep" and the "Morning Glory" are especially popular. Lowell was devotedly attached to his singularly beautiful and



HOME OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

sympathetic poet wife and made her the subject of some of his most exquisite verses. They were both contributors to the "Liberty Bell" and "Anti-slavery Standard," thus enjoying companionship in their labors.

In 1845, appeared Lowell's "Conversation on Some Old Poets," consisting of a series of criticisms, and discussions which evince a careful and delicate study. This was the beginning of the critical work in which he afterward became so famous, that he was styled "The First Critic of America."

Lowell was also a humorist by nature. His irrepressible perception of the comical and the funny find expression everywhere, both in his poetry and prose. His

"Fable for Critics" was a delight to those whom he both satirized and criticised in a good-natured manner. Bryant, Poe, Hawthorne and Whittier, each are made to pass in procession for their share of criticism—which is as excellent as amusing—and Carlyle and Emerson are contrasted admirably. This poem, however, is faulty in execution and does not do its author justice. His masterpiece in humor is the famous "Biglow Papers." These have been issued in two parts; the first being inspired by the Mexican War, and the latter by the Civil War between the states. Hosea Biglow, the country Yankee philosopher and supposed author of the papers, and the Rev. Homer Wilber, his learned commentator and pastor of the first church at Jaalem, reproduce the Yankee dialect, and portray the Yankee character as faithfully as they are amusing and funny to the reader.

In 1853, Mrs. Lowell died, on the same night in which a daughter was born to the poet Longfellow, who was a neighbor and a close friend to Lowell. The coincident inspired Longfellow to write a beautiful poem, "The Two Angels," which he sent to Mr. Lowell with his expression of sympathy:

" 'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine
Uttered a word that had a sound like death.

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And slowly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

"Angels of life and death alike are His;
Without His leave, they pass no threshold o'er:
Who then would wish, or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?"

Quite in contrast with Lowell, the humorist, is Lowell, the serious and dignified author. His patriotic poems display a courage and manliness in adhering to the right and cover a wide range in history. But it is in his descriptions of nature that his imagination manifests its greatest range of subtilty and power. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" is, perhaps, more remarkable for its descriptions of the months of June and December than for the beautiful story it tells of the search for the "Holy Grail" (the cup) which held the wine which Christ and the Apostles drank at the last supper.

Lowell's prose writings consist of his contributions to magazines, which were afterwards gathered in book form, and his public addresses and his political essays. He was naturally a poet, and his prose writings were the outgrowth of his daily labors, rather than a work of choice. As a professor of modern languages in Harvard College (in which position he succeeded the poet Longfellow); as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," on which duty he entered at the beginning of that magazine, in 1857, his editorial work on the "North American Review" from 1863 to 1872, together with his political ministry in Spain and England, gave him, he says, "quite enough prosaic work to do."

It was to magazines that he first contributed "Fireside Travels," "Among My Books," and "My Study Window," which have been since published in book form. These publications cover a wide field of literature and impress the reader with a spirit of inspiration and enthusiasm. Lowell, like Emerson and Longfellow, was an optimist of the most pronounced type. In none of his writings does he express a syllable of discontent or despair. His "Pictures from Appledore" and "Under the Willows" are not more sympathetic and spontaneous than his faith in mankind, his healthful nature, and his rosy and joyful hope of the future.

In 1877, Mr. Lowell was appointed minister to Spain by President Hayes, and, in 1880, was transferred, in the same capacity to London. This position he resigned in 1885 and returned to America to resume his lectures in Harvard University. While in England, Mr. Lowell was lionized as no other minister at that time had been and was in great demand as a public lecturer and speaker. Oliver Wendell Holmes thus writes of his popularity with the "British Cousins:"

By what enchantment, what alluring arts,
Our truthful James led captive British hearts,—
* * * * *

Like honest Yankees we can simply guess;
But that he did it, all must needs confess."

He delivered a memorial address at the unveiling of the bust of the poet Coleridge in Westminster Abbey. On his return to America, this oration was included with others in his volume entitled "Democracy and Other Addresses." (1887).

As a public man, a representative of the United States Government, in foreign ports, he upheld the noblest ideals of the republic. He taught the purest lessons of patriotism—ever preferring his country to his party—and has criticised, with energy, and indignation, political evils and selfishness in public service, regarding these as the most dangerous elements threatening the dignity and honor of American citizenship.

Among scholars, Lowell, next to Emerson, is regarded the profoundest of American poets; and, as the public becomes more generally educated, it is certain that he will grow in popular favor. To those who understand and catch the spirit of the man, noticeable characteristics of his writings are its richness and variety. He is at once, a humorist, a philosopher, and a dialectic verse writer, an essayist, a critic, and a masterful singer of songs of freedom as well as of the most majestic memorial odes.

Unlike Longfellow and Holmes, Lowell never wrote a novel; but his insight into character and ability to delineate it would have made it entirely possible for him to assay, successfully, this branch of literature. This power is seen especially in his "Biglow Papers" as well as in other of his character sketches. The last of Lowell's works published was "Latest Literary Essays and Addresses," issued in 1892, after his death.

THE GOTHIC GENIUS.

FROM "THE CATHEDRAL."

THEM SEEM to have heard it said by learned folk,
 Who drench you with aesthetics till you feel
 As if all beauty were a ghastly bore,
 The fancet to let loose a wash of words,
 That Gothic is not Grecian, therefore worse;
 But, being convinced by much experiment
 How little inventiveness there is in man,
 Grave copier of copies, I give thanks
 For a new relish, careless to inquire
 My pleasure's pedigree, if so it please—
 Nobly I mean, nor renegade to art.
 The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
 Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
 The one thing finished in this hasty world—
 For ever finished, though the barbarous pit,
 Fanatical as hearsay, stamp and shout
 As if a miracle could be encoered.

But ah! this other, this that never ends,
 Still climbing, luring Fancy still to climb,
 As full of morals half divined as life,
 Graceful, grotesque, with ever-new surprise
 Of hazardous caprices sure to please;
 Heavy as nightmare, airy-light as fern,
 Imagination's very self in stone!
 With one long sigh of infinite release
 From pedantries past, present, or to come,
 I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth.
 Your blood is mine, ye architects of dream.
 Builders of aspiration incomplete,
 So more consummate, souls self-confident,
 Who felt your own thought worthy of record
 In monumental pomp! No Grecian drop
 Rebukes these veins that leap with kindred thrill,
 After long exile, to the mother tongue.

THE ROSE.

I.

IN his tower sat the poet
 Gazing on the roaring sea,
 "Take this rose," he sighed, "and throw it
 Where there's none that loveth me.
 On the rock the billow bursteth,
 And sinks back into the seas,
 But in vain my spirit thirsteth
 So to burst and be at ease.

Take, O sea! the tender blossom
 That hath lain against my breast;
 On thy black and angry bosom
 It will find a surer rest,
 Life is vain, and love is hollow,
 Ugly death stands there behind,
 Hate, and scorn, and hunger follow
 Him that toileth for his kind."

Forth into the night he hurled it,
 And with bitter smile did mark
 How the surly tempest whirled it
 Swift into the hungry dark.
 Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
 And the gale, with dreary moan,
 Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,
 Through the breaking, all alone.

II.

Stands a maiden, on the morrow,
 Musing by the wave-beat strand,

Half in hope, and half in sorrow
 Tracing words upon the sand:
 "Shall I ever then behold him
 Who hath been my life so long,—
 Ever to this sick heart fold him,—
 Be the spirit of his song?"

"Touch not, sea, the blessed letters
 I have traced upon thy shore,
 Spare his name whose spirit fetters
 Mine with love forever more!"
 Swells the tide and overflows it,
 But with omen pure and meet,
 Brings a little rose and throws it
 Humbly at the maiden's feet.

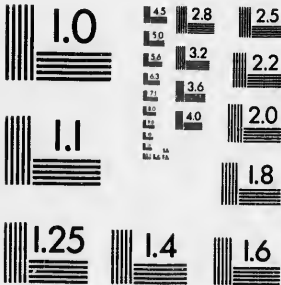
Full of bliss she takes the token,
 And, upon her snowy breast,
 Soothes the ruffled petals broken
 With the ocean's fierce unrest.
 "Love is thine, O heart! and surely
 Peace shall also be thine own,
 For the heart that trusteth purely
 Never long can pine alone."

III.

In his tower sits the poet,
 Blisses new, and strange to him
 Fill his heart and overflow it
 With a wonder sweet and dim.



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Up the beach the ocean slideth
With a whisper of delight,
And the moon in silence glideth
Through the peaceful blue of night.

Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder
Flows a maiden's golden hair,
Maiden lips, with love grown bolder,
Kiss his moonlit forehead bare.
"Life is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,

Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.

Hope is truth, the future giveth
More than present takes away,
And the soul forever liveth
Nearer God from day to day."
Not a word the maiden muttered,
Fullest hearts are slow to speak,
But a withered rose-leaf fluttered
Down upon the poet's cheek.

THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoy'd with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,

Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learn'd of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-fill'd past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

ACT FOR TRUTH.

THE busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task mark'd
out

Shall die and leave his errand unfulfill'd.
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds;
Reason and Government, like two broad seas,
Yearn for each other with outstretched arms
Across this narrow isthmus of the throne,
And roll their white surf higher every day.
One age moves onward, and the next builds up
Cities and gorgeous palaces, where stood
The rude log huts of those who tamed the wild,
Rearing from out the forests they had fell'd
The goodly framework of a fairer state;
The builder's trowel and the settler's axe
Are seldom wielded by the selfsame hand;
Ours is the harder task, yet not the less
Shall we receive the blessing for our toil
From the choice spirits of the after-time.
The field lies wide before us, where to reap
The easy harvest of a deathless name,
Though with no better sickles than our swords.
My soul is not a palace of the past.
Where outworn creeds, like Rome's gray senate,
quake,
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,
That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change;
Then let it come: I have no dread of what

Is call'd for by the instinct of mankind;
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less.
Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour:
Her mirror is turn'd forward, to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
He who would win the name of truly great
Must understand his own age and the next,
And make the present ready to fulfil
Its prophecy, and with the future merge
Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.
The future works out great men's destinies;
The present is enough for common souls,
Who, never looking forward, are indeed
Mere clay wherein the footprints of their age
Are petrified forever: better those
Who lead the blind old giant by the hand
From out the pathless desert where he gropes,
And set him onward in his darksome way.
I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
Let us speak plain: there is more force in names
Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.
Let us all call tyrants *tyrants*, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God.
And all that comes not by His grace must fall;
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
 "The snow that husheth ail,
 Darling, the merciful Father
 Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
 And she, kissing back, could not know
 That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
 Folded close under deepening snow.

FOURTH OF JULY ODE.

I.
 UR fathers fought for liberty,
 They struggled long and well,
 History of their deeds can tell—
 But did they leave us free?

II.
 Are we free from vanity,
 Free from pride, and free from self,
 Free from love of power and pelf,
 From everything that's beggarly?

III.
 Are we free from stubborn will,
 From low hate and malice small,
 From opinion's tyrant thrall?
 Are none of us our own slaves still?

IV.
 Are we free to speak our thought,
 To be happy, and be poor,
 Free to enter Heaven's door,
 To live and labor as we ought?

V.
 Are we then made free at last
 From the fear of what men say,
 Free to reverence To-day,
 Free from the slavery of the Past?

VI.
 Our fathers fought for liberty,
 They struggled long and well,
 History of their deeds can tell—
 But *ourselves* must set us free.

THE DANDELION.

 EAR common flower, that grow'st beside the
 way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
 An Eldorado in the grass have found,
 Which not the rich earth's ample round
 May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
 Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
 Through the primeval bush of Indian seas,
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
 'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
 Though most hearts never understand
 To take it at God's value, but pass by
 The offer'd wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my trophies and mine Italy;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
 The eyes thou givest me
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
 Not in mid June the golden-cuirass'd bee
 Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment
 In the white lily's breezy tint,
 His conquer'd Sybaris, than I, when first
 From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
 Where, as the breezes pass,
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
 Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
 Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue
 That from the distance sparkle through
 Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
 Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.
 My childhood's earliest thoughts are link'd with
 thee;
 The sight of thee calls back the robin;
 Who, from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
 And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listen'd as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he did bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
 When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
 Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
 Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of God's book.

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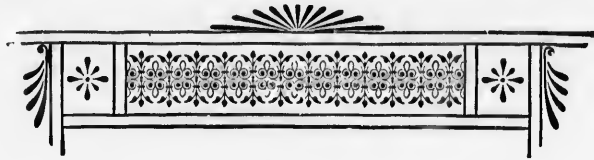
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WELL-KNOWN WESTERN POETS.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"THE HOOSIER POET."

NO poet of the modern times has obtained a greater popularity with the masses than the Indianian, James Whitcomb Riley, who has recently obtained the rank of a National Poet, and whose temporary hold upon the people equals, if it does not exceed, that of any living verse writer. The productions of this author have crystallized certain features of life that will grow in value as time goes by. In reading "The Old Swimmin' Hole," one almost feels the cool refreshing water touch the thirsty skin. And such poems as "Griggsby's Station," "Airly Days," "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin," "That Old Sweetheart of Mine," and others, go straight to the heart of the reader with a mixture of pleasant recollections, tenderness, humor, and sincerity, that is most delightful in its effect.

Mr. Riley is particularly a poet of the country people. Though he was not raised on a farm himself, he had so completely imbibed its atmosphere that his readers would scarcely believe he was not the veritable Benjamin F. Johnston, the simple-hearted Boone County farmer, whom he honored with the authorship of his early poems. To every man who has been a country boy and "played hookey" on the school-master to go swimming or fishing or bird-nesting or stealing water-melons, or simply to lie on the orchard grass, many of Riley's poems come as an echo from his own experiences, bringing a vivid and pleasingly melodious retrospect of the past.

Mr. Riley's "Child Verses" are equally as famous. There is an artless catching sing-song in his verses, not unlike the jingle of the "Mother Goose Melodies." Especially fine in their faithfulness to child-life, and in easy rhythm, are the pieces describing "Little Orphant Annie" and "The Raggedy Man."

An' Little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bug in dew is all squenched away,—
You better mind yer parents and yer teacher fond an' dear,
An' cherish them 'at loves you and dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the poor an' needy ones 'at cluster all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you—don't—watch—out.

James Whitcomb Riley was born in Greenfield, Indiana, in 1853. His father was a Quaker, and a leading attorney of that place, and desired to make a lawyer

of his son; but Mr. Riley tells us, "Whenever I picked up 'Blackstone' or 'Greenleaf,' my wits went to wool-gathering, and my father was soon convinced that his hopes of my achieving greatness at the bar were doomed to disappointment." Referring to his education, the poet further says, "I never had much schooling, and what I did get, I believe did me little good. I never could master mathematics, and history was a dull and juiceless thing to me; but I always was fond of reading in a random way, and took naturally to the theatrical. I cannot remember when I was not a declaimer, and I began to rhyme almost as soon as I could talk."

Riley's first occupation was as a sign painter for a patent-medicine man, with whom he traveled for a year. On leaving this employment he organized a company of sign painters, with whom he traveled over the country giving musical entertainments and painting signs. In referring to this he says, "All the members of the company were good musicians as well as painters, and we used to drum up trade with our music. We kept at it for three or four years, made plenty of money, had lots of fun, and did no harm to ourselves or any one else. Of course, during this sign painting period, I was writing verses all the time, and finally after the Graphic Company's last trip I secured a position on the weekly paper at Anderson." For many years Riley endeavored to have his verses published in various magazines, "sending them from one to another," he says, "to get them promptly back again." Finally, he sent some verses to the poet Longfellow, who congratulated him warmly, as did also Mr. Lowell, to whose "New England Dialectic Poems" Mr. Riley's "Hoosier Rhymes" bore a striking resemblance. From this time forward his success was assured, and, instead of hunting publishers, he has been kept more than busy in supplying their eager demands upon his pen.

Mr. Riley's methods of work are peculiar to himself. His poems are composed as he travels or goes about the streets, and, once they are thought out, he immediately stops and transfers them to paper. But he must work as the mood or muse moves him. He cannot be driven. On this point he says of himself, "It is almost impossible for me to do good work on orders. If I have agreed to complete a poem at a certain time, I cannot do it at all; but when I can write without considering the future, I get along much better." He further says, with reference to writing dialect, that it is not his preference to do so. He prefers the recognized poetic form; "but," he adds, "dialectic verse is natural and gains added charm from its very commonplaceness. If truth and depiction of nature are wanted, and dialect is a touch of nature, then it should not be disregarded. I follow nature as closely as I can, and try to make my people think and speak as they do in real life, and such success as I have achieved is due to this."

The first published work of the author was "The Old Swimmin' Hole" and "Leven More Poems," which appeared in 1883. Since that date he published a number of volumes. Among the most popular may be mentioned, "Armazindy," which contains some of his best dialect and serious verses, including the famous Poe Poem, "Leonainie," written and published in early life as one of the lost poems of Poe, and on which he deceived even Poe's biographers, so accurate was he in mimicking the style of the author of the "Raven;" "Neighborly Poems;" "Sketches in Prose," originally published as "The Boss Girl and Other Stories;" "After-whiles," comprising sixty-two poems and sonnets, serious, pathetic, humorous and

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dialectic; "Pipes O' Pan," containing five sketches and fifty poems; "Rhymes of Childhood;" "Flying Islands of the Night," a weird and grotesque drama in verse; "Green Fields and Running Brooks," comprising one hundred and two poems and sonnets, dialectic, humorous and serious.

The poet has never married. He makes his home in Indianapolis, Indiana, with his sister, where his surroundings are of the most pleasant nature; and he is scarcely less a favorite with the children of the neighborhood than was the renowned child poet, Eugene Field, at his home. The devotion of Mr. Riley to his aged parents, whose last days he made the happiest and brightest of their lives, has been repeatedly commented upon in the current notices of the poet. Mr. Riley has personally met more of the American people, perhaps, than any other living poet. He is constantly "on the wing." For about eight months out of every twelve for the past several years he has been on the lecture platform, and there are few of the more intelligent class of people in the leading cities of America, who have not availed themselves, at one time or another, to the treat of listening to his inimitable recitation of his poems. His short vacation in the summer—"his loafing days," as he calls them—are spent with his relatives, and it is on these occasions that the genial poet is found at his best.

A BOY'S MOTHER.*

FROM "POEMS HERE AT HOME."

MY mother she's so good to me,
Ef I wuz good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, *sir!*—
Can't *any* boy be good as *her!*

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;
She loves me when I'm good er bad;
An', what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me.—
That don't hurt,—but it hurts to see

Her cryin'.—Nen I cry; an' nen
We *both* cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
An' grabs me an' pats my head;
An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa,
An' love him purt'nigh much as Ma.

THOUGHTS ON THE LATE WAR.*

FROM "POEMS HERE AT HOME."

WAS for Union—you, ag'in' it.
'Pears like, to me, each side was winner,
Lookin' at now and all 'at's in it.
Le' 's go to dinner.

Le' 's kind o' jes' set down together
And do some pardnership forgittin'—
Talk, say, for instance, 'bout the weather,
Or somepin' fittin'.

The war, you know, 's all done and ended,
And ain't changed no p'int's o' the compass;
Both North and South the health 's jes' splendid
As 'fore the rumpus.

The old farms and the old plantations
Still ockipies the'r old positions.
Le' 's git back to old situations
And old ambitions.

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Le' 's let up on this blame', infernal
Tongue-lashin' and lap-jacket vauntin'
And git back home to the eternal
Ca'm we're a-wantin'.

Peace kind o' sort o' suits my diet—
When women does my cookin' for me,
Ther' was n't overly much pie et
Durin' the army.

OUR HIRED GIRL.*

FROM "POEMS HERE AT HOME."



OUR hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann;
An' she can cook best things to eat!
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
An' pours in somepin' at 's good an'
sweet;

An' nen she salts it all on top
With cinnamon; an' nen she 'll stop
An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow,
In th' old cook-stove, so 's 't wont slop
An' git all spilled; nen bakes it, so
It 's custard-pie, first thing you know!
An' nen she 'll say,

"Clear out o' my way!
They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

When our hired girl 'tends like she 's mad,
An' says folks got to walk the chalk
When she's around, er wisht they had!
I play out on our porch an' talk
To th' Raggedy Man 't mows our lawn;
An' he says, "Whew!" an' nen leans on
His old crook-scythe, and blinks his eyes,

An' sniffs all 'round an' says, "I swawn!
Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,
It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!"
An' nen he 'll say,
"Clear out o' my way!
They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
Er she cain't git no cookin' done!"

Wunst our hired girl, when she
Got the supper, an' we all et,
An' it wuz night, an' Ma an' me
An' Pa went wher' the "Social" met,—
An' nen when we come home, an' see
A light in the kitchen-door, an' we
Heerd a maccordeun, Pa says, "Lan'-
O'-Gracious! who can *her* beau be?"
An' I marched in, an' 'Lizabuth Ann
Wuz parebin' corn fer the Raggedy Man!

Better say,
"Clear out o' the way!
They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take the hint, an' run, child, run!
Er we cain't git no courtin' done!"

THE RAGGEDY MAN.*

FROM "POEMS HERE AT HOME."



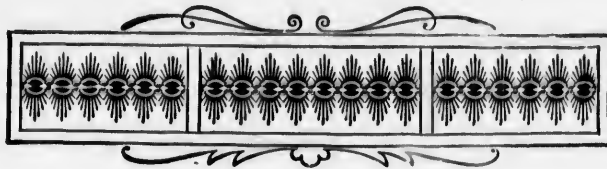
THE Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Ain't he a awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, the Raggedy Man—he 's ist so good,
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 't *boys* can't do.—
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer the Raggedy Man.—
Ain't he a awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers themselves!
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time, when he
Wuz makin' a little bow'n'-orry fer me,
Says, "When you 're big like your Pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—
Er what air you go' to be, goodness knows?"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says, "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—
I 'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

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FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

THE POET OF THE MINING CAMP AND THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS.



HE turbulent mining camps of California, with their vicious hangers-on, have been embalmed for future generations by the unerring genius of Bret Harte, who sought to reveal the remnants of honor in man, and loveliness in woman, despite the sins and vices of the mining towns of our Western frontier thirty or forty years ago. His writings have been regarded with disfavor by a religious class of readers because of the frequent occurrence of rough phrases and even profanity which he employs in his descriptions. It should be remembered, however, that a faithful portrait of the conditions and people which he described could hardly have been presented in more polite language than that employed.

Bret Harte was born in Albany, New York, in 1839. His father was a scholar of ripe culture, and a teacher in the Albany Female Seminary. He died poor when Bret was quite young, consequently the education of his son was confined to the common schools of the city. When only seventeen years of age, young Harte, with his widowed mother, emigrated to California. Arriving in San Francisco he walked to the mines of Sonora and there opened a school which he taught for a short time. Thus began his self-education in the mining life which furnished the material for his early literature. After leaving his school he became a miner, and at odd times learned to set type in the office of one of the frontier papers. He wrote sketches of the strange life around him, set them up in type himself, and offered the proofs to the editor, believing that in this shape they would be more certain of acceptance. His aptitude with his pen secured him a position on the paper, and in the absence of the editor he once controlled the journal and incurred popular wrath for censuring a little massacre of Indians by the leading citizens of the locality, which came near bringing a mob upon him.

The young adventurer,—for he was little else at this time,—also served as mounted messenger of an express company and as express agent in several mountain towns, which gave him a full knowledge of the picturesque features of mining life. In 1857 he returned to San Francisco and secured a position as compositor on a weekly literary journal. Here again he repeated his former trick of setting up and submitting several spirited sketches of mining life in type. These were accepted and soon earned him an editorial position on the "Golden Era." After this he made many contributions to the daily papers and his tales of Western life began to attract attention in the East. In 1858, he married, which put an end to his wanderings.

He attempted to publish a newspaper of his own, "The Californian," which was bright and worthy to live, but failed for want of proper business management.

In 1864 Mr. Harte was appointed Secretary of the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco, and during his six years of service in this position found leisure to write some of his popular poems, such as "John Burns, of Gettysburg," "How Are You, Sanitary?" and others, which were generally printed in the daily newspapers. He also became editor of the "Overland Monthly" when it was founded in 1868, and soon made this magazine as great a favorite on the Atlantic as on the Pacific Coast, by his contribution to its columns of a series of sketches of California life which have won a permanent place in literature. Among these sketches are "The Luck of Roaring Camp," telling how a baby came to rule the hearts of a rough, dissolute gang of miners. It is said that this masterpiece, however, narrowly escaped the waste-basket at the hands of the proofreader, a woman, who, without noticing its origin, regarded it as utter trash. "The Outcast of Poker Flat," "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," "An Idyl of Red Gulch," and many other stories which revealed the spark of humanity remaining in brutalized men and women, followed in rapid succession.

Bret Harte was a man of the most humane nature, and sympathized deeply with the Indian and the Chinaman in the rough treatment they received at the hands of the early settlers, and his literature, no doubt, did much to soften and mollify the actions of those who read them—and it may be safely said that almost every one did, as he was about the only author at that time on the Pacific Slope and very popular. His poem, "The Heathen Chinee," generally called "Plain Language from Truthful James," was a masterly satire against the hue and cry that the Chinese were shiftless and weak-minded settlers. This poem appeared in 1870 and was wonderfully popular.

In the spring of 1871 the professorship of recent literature in the University of California was offered to Mr. Harte, on his resignation of the editorship of the "Overland Monthly," but he declined the proffer to try his literary fortunes in the more cultured East. He endeavored to found a magazine in Chicago, but his efforts failed, and he went to Boston to accept a position on the "Atlantic Monthly," since which time his pen has been constantly employed by an increasing demand from various magazines and literary journals. Mr. Harte has issued many volumes of prose and poetry, and it is difficult to say in which field he has won greater distinction. Both as a prose writer and as a poet he has treated similar subjects with equal facility. His reputation was made, and his claim to fame rests upon his intuitive insight into the heart of our common humanity. A number of his sketches have been translated into French and German, and of late years he has lived much abroad, where he is, if any difference, more lionized than he was in his native country.

From 1878 to 1885 Mr. Harte was United States Consul successively to Creffield and Glasgow. Ferdinand Freiligrath, one of his German translators, and himself a poet, pays this tribute to his peculiar excellence:

"Nevertheless he remains what he is—the Californian and the gold-digger. But the gold for which he has dug, and which he found, is not the gold in the bed of rivers—not the gold in veins of mountains; it is the gold of love, of goodness, of

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idelity, of humanity, which even in rude and wild hearts—even under the rubbish of vices and sins—remains forever unmediated from the human heart. That he there searched for this gold, that he found it there and triumphantly exhibited it to the world—that is his greatness and his merit."

His works as published from 1867 to 1890 include "Condensed Novels," "Poems," "The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches," "East and West Poems," "Poetical Works," "Mrs. Skaggs' Husbands," "Echoes of the Foothills," "Tales of the Argonauts," "Gabriel Conroy," "Two Men of Sandy Bar," "Thankful Blossom," "Story of a Mine," "Drift from Two Shores," "The Twins of Table Mountain and Other Stories," "In the Carquinez Woods," "On the Frontier," "By Shore and Ledge," "Snowbound at Eagles," "The Crusade of the Excelsior," "A Phyllis of the Sierras." One of Mr. Harte's most popular late novels, entitled "Three Partners; or, The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill," was published as a serial in 1897. Though written while the author was in Europe, the vividness of the description and the accurate delineations of the miner character are as strikingly real as if it had been produced by the author while residing in the mining country of his former Western home.

SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS.



RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name
is Truthful James;

I am not up to small deceit or any sinful
games;

And I'll tell in simple language what I
know about the row

That broke up our Society upon the Stanislaw.

But first, I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on
him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same
Society,

Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of
Jones.

Then Brown, he read a paper, and he reconstructed
there,

From those same bones, an animal that was extremely
rare;

And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of
the rules,

Till he could prove that those same bones was one of
his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, an' said he was
at fault,

It seems he had been trespassing on Jones's family
vault;

He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean, of Angel's, raised a point of order,
when

A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the
abdomen;

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up
on the floor,

And the subsequent proceedings interested him no
more;

For, in less time than I write it, every member did
engage

In a warfare with the remnants of the paleozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils, in their anger,

was a sin,
'Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head
of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truth-

ful James;

And I've told in simple language what I knew about
the row

That broke up our Society upon the Stanislaw.

DICKENS IN CAMP.



BOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below ;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form, that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth

'Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while shadows 'round them gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was the youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English
meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so, in mountain solitudes, o'ertaken
As by some spell divine,
Their cares drop from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire,
And he who wrought that spell ;
Ah ! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell !

Lost is that camp ! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense, all the pensive glory
That thrills the Kentish hills ;

And on that grave, where English oak and holly,
And laurel-wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
This spray of Western pine !



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EUGENE FIELD.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND AND POET.



ON the fourth day of November, 1895, there was many a sad home in the city of Chicago and throughout America. It was on that day that Eugene Field, the most congenial friend young children ever had among the literary men of America, died at the early age of forty-five. The expressions of regard and regret called out on all sides by this untimely death, made it clear that the character in which the public at large knew and loved Mr. Field best was that of the "Poet of Child Life." What gives his poems their unequalled hold on the popular heart is their simplicity, warmth and genuineness. This quality they owe to the fact that Mr. Field almost lived in the closest and fondest intimacy with children. He had troops of them for his friends and it is said he wrote his child-poems directly under their suggestions and inspiration.

We might fill far more space than is at our command in this volume relating incidents which go to show his fondness for little ones. It is said that on the day of his marriage, he delayed the ceremony to settle a quarrel between some urchins who were playing marbles in the street. So long did he remain to argue the question with them that all might be satisfied, the time for the wedding actually passed and when sent for, he was found squatted down among them acting as peace-maker. It is also said that on one occasion he was invited by the noted divine, Dr. Gunsaulus, to visit his home. The children of the family had been reading Field's poems and looked forward with eagerness to his coming. When he arrived, the first question he asked the children, after being introduced to them, was, "Where is the kitchen?" and expressed his desire to see it. Child-like, and to the embarrassment of the mother, they led him straight to the cookery where he seized upon the remains of a turkey which had been left from the meal, carried it into the dining-room, seated himself and made a feast with his little friends, telling them quaint stories all the while. After this impromptu supper, he spent the remainder of the evening singing them lullabies and reciting his verses. Naturally before he went away, the children had given him their whole hearts and this was the way with all children with whom he came into contact.

The devotion so unflinching in his relation to children would naturally show itself in other relations. His devotion to his wife was most pronounced. In all the world she was the only woman he loved and he never wished to be away from her. Often

she accompanied him on his reading tours, the last journey they made together being in the summer of '95 to the home of Mrs. Field's girlhood. While his wife was in the company of her old associates, instead of joining them as they expected, he took advantage of her temporary absence, hired a carriage and visited all of the old scenes of their early associations during the happy time of their love-making.

His association with his fellow-workers was equally congenial. No man who had ever known him felt the slightest hesitancy in approaching him. He had the happy faculty of making them always feel welcome. It was a common happening in the Chicago newspaper office for some tramp of a fellow, who had known him in the days gone by, to walk boldly in and blurt out, as if confident in the power of the name he spoke—"Is 'Gene Field here? I knew 'Gene Field in Denver, or I worked with 'Gene Field on the 'Kansas City Times.'" These were sufficient passwords and never failed to call forth the cheery voice from Field's room—"That's all right, show him in here, he's a friend of mine."

One of Field's peculiarities with his own children was to nickname them. When his first daughter was born he called her "Trotty," and, although she is a grown-up woman now, her friends still call her "Trotty." The second daughter is called "Pinny" after the child opera "Pinafore," which was in vogue at the time she was born. Another, a son, came into the world when everybody was singing "Oh My! Ain't She a Daisy." Naturally this fellow still goes by the name of "Daisy." Two other of Mr. Field's children are known as "Googhy" and "Posy."

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis, Missouri, September 2, 1850. Part of his early life was passed in Vermont and Massachusetts. He was educated in a university in Missouri. From 1873 to 1883 he was connected with various newspapers in Missouri and Colorado. He joined the staff of the Chicago "Daily News" in 1883 and removed to Chicago, where he continued to reside until his death, twelve years later. Of Mr. Field's books, "The Denver Tribune Primer" was issued in 1882; "Culture Garden" (1887); "Little Book of Western Friends" (1889); and "Little Book of Profitable Tales" (1889).

Mr. Field was not only a writer of child verses, but wrote some first-class Western dialectic verse, did some translating, was an excellent newspaper correspondent, and a critic of no mean ability; but he was too kind-hearted and liberal to chastise a brother severely who did not come up to the highest literary standard. He was a hard worker, contributing daily, during his later years, from one to three columns to the "Chicago News," besides writing more or less for the "Syndicate Press" and various periodicals. In addition to this, he was frequently traveling, and lectured or read from his own writings. Since his death, his oldest daughter, Miss Mary French Field ("Trotty"), has visited the leading cities throughout the country, delivering readings from her father's works. The announcement of her appearance to read selections from the writings of her genial father is always liberally responded to by an appreciative public.

OUR TWO OPINIONS.*

TS two wuz boys when we fell out—
 Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;
 Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about,
 Some small difference, I'll allow,
 Lived next neighbors twenty years,
 A-hatin' each other, and Jim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Grew up together, 'nd wouldn't speak,
 Courted sisters, and marr'd 'em, too
 'Tended same meetin' house onct a week,
 A-hatin' each other, through 'nd through.
 But when Abe Linkern asked the West
 F'r soldiers, we answered—me 'nd Jim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Down in Tennessee one night,
 Ther was sound uv firin' fur away,
 'Nd the sergeant allowed ther'd be a fight
 With the Johnnie Rebs some time next day;

'Nd as I was thinkin' of Lizzie 'nd home,
 Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
 Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him—
 Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
 But never a word from me or Jim!
 He went his way, and I went mine,
 'Nd into the battle's roar went we—
 I havin' my opinyin uv Jim
 'Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me!

Jim never come back from the war again,
 But I haint forgot that last, last night
 When waitin' f'r orders, us two men
 Made up and shuck hands, afore the fight;
 'Nd, after it all, it's soothin' to know
 That here I be, 'nd yonder's Jim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

LULLABY.*

AIR is the castle up on the hill—
 Hushaby, sweet my own!
 The night is fair and the waves are still,
 And the wind is singing to you and me
 In this lowly home beside the sea—
 Hushaby, sweet my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—
 Hushaby, sweet my own!
 And revellers drink to a little one's health;
 But you and I bide night and day
 For the other love that has sailed away—
 Hushaby, sweet my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep
 Ghostlike, O my own!
 Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;

Oh, see them not and make no cry,
 'Till the angels of death have passed us by—
 Hushaby, sweet my own!

Ah, little they reck of you and me—
 Hushaby, sweet my own!
 In our lonely home beside the sea;
 They seek the castle up on the hill,
 And there they will do their ghostly will—
 Hushaby, O my own!

Here by the sea, a mother croons
 "Hushaby, sweet my own;"
 In yonder castle a mother swoons
 While the angels go down to the misty deep,
 Bearing a little one fast asleep—
 Hushaby, sweet my own!

A DUTCH LULLABY.*

BLYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
 Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
 Sailed on a river of misty light
 Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
 The old moon asked the three.
 "We have to come to fish for the herring-fish
 That live in this beautiful sea;

* From "A Little Book of Western Verse" (1889). Copyrighted by Eugene Field, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Nets of silver and gold have we,
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
And they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea;
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afear'd are we"—
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.

'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea.
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

THE NORSE LULLABY.*

FROM "A LITTLE BOOK OF WESTERN VERSE" (1889).

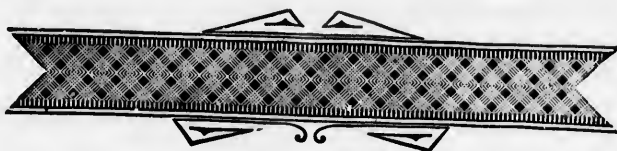
THE sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north
to-night,
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep!"
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep!"

On yonder mountain-side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing

And only the vine can hear her sing:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep—
What shall you fear when I am here?
Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song I sing the best:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
Weary thou art, anext my heart,
Sleep, little one, sleep."

* Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons.



WILL CARLETON.

AUTHOR OF "BETSY AND I ARE OUT."

FEW writers of homely verse have been more esteemed than Will Carleton. His poems are to be found in almost every book of selections for popular reading. They are well adapted to recitation and are favorites with general audiences. With few exceptions they are portraiture of the humorous side of rural life and frontier scenes; but they are executed with a vividness and truth to nature that does credit to the author and insures their preservation as faithful portraits of social conditions and frontier scenes and provincialisms which the advance of education is fast relegating to the past.

Will Carleton was born in Hudson, Michigan, October 21, 1845. His father was a pioneer settler who came from New Hampshire. Young Carleton remained at home on the farm until he was sixteen years of age, attending the district school in the winters and working on the farm during the summers. At the age of sixteen he became a teacher in a country school and for the next four years divided his time between teaching, attending school and working as a farm-hand, during which time he also contributed articles in both prose and verse to local papers. In 1865 he entered Hillsdale College, Michigan, from which he graduated in 1869. Since 1870 he has been engaged in journalistic and literary work and has also lectured frequently in the West. It was during his early experiences as a teacher in "boarding round" that he doubtless gathered the incidents which are so graphically detailed in his poems.

There is a homely pathos seldom equalled in the two selections "Betsy and I Are Out" and "How Betsy and I Made Up" that have gained for them a permanent place in the affections of the reading public. In other of his poems, like "Makin' an Editor Outen Him," "A Lightning Rod Dispenser," "The Christmas Baby," etc., there is a rich vein of humor that has given them an enduring popularity. "The First Settler's Story" is a most graphic picture of pioneer life, portraying the hardships which early settlers frequently endured and in which the depressing homesickness often felt for the scenes of their childhood and the far-away East is pathetically told.

Mr. Carleton's first volume of poems appeared in 1871, and was printed for private distribution. "Betsy and I Are Out" appeared in 1872 in the "Toledo Blade." It was copied in "Harper's Weekly," and illustrated. This was really the author's first recognition in literary circles. In 1873 appeared a collection of his

poems entitled "Farm Ballads," including the now famous selections, "Out of the Old House, Nancy," "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," "Gone With a Handsomer Man," and "How Betsy and I Made Up." Other well-known volumes by the same author are entitled "Farm Legends," "Young Folk's Centennial Rhymes," "Farm Festivals," and "City Ballads."

In his preface to the first volume of his poems Mr. Carleton modestly apologizes for whatever imperfections they may possess in a manner which gives us some insight into his literary methods. "These poems," he writes, "have been written under various, and in some cases difficult, conditions: in the open air, with team afield; in the student's den, with ghosts of unfinished lessons hovering gloomily about; amid the rush and roar of railroad travel, which trains of thought are not prone to follow; and in the editor's sanctum, where the dainty feet of the muses do not often deign to tread."

But Mr. Carleton does not need to apologize. He has the true poetic instinct. His descriptions are vivid, and as a narrative versifier he has been excelled by few, if indeed any depicter of Western farm life.

Will Carleton has also written considerable prose, which has been collected and published in book form, but it is his poetical works which have entitled him to public esteem, and it is for these that he will be longest remembered in literature.

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.*

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
For things at home are cross-ways, and
Betsy and I are out,—

We who have worked together so long as
man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our
nat'ral life.

"What is t... ater," says you? I swan it's hard to
tell!

Most of the years behind us we've passed by very
well;

I have no other woman—she has no other man;
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked
with me;

And we've agreed together that we can never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible
crime;

We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a
time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two
apart;

I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone.
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of
her own.

The first thing, I remember, whereon we disagreed,
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our
creed;

We arg'd the thing at breakfast—we arg'd the
thing at tea—

And the more we arg'd the question, the more we
couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a
cow;

She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the question
was only—How?

I held my opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us
was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But for full a week it lasted and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I fretted because she broke
a bowl;

And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any
soul.

* From "Farm Ballads." Copyright 1873, 1882, by Harper & Brothers.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way ;

Always somethin' to ar'ge and something sharp to say,—

And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o' dozen strong,

And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing along.

And there have been days together—and many a weary week—

When both of us were cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak ;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the summer and fall,

If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I've talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me ;

And we have agreed together that we can never agree ;

And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine ;

And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—

Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half ;

For she has helped to earn it through many a weary day,

And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead ; a man can thrive and roam.

But women are wretched critters, unless they have a home.

And I have always determined, and never failed to say,

That Betsy never should want a home, if I was taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's drawin' tol'able pay,

A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,—

Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at ;

Put in another clause there, and give her all of that.

I see that you are smiling, sir, at my givin' her so much ;

Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such ;

True and fair I married her, when she was blythe and young,

And Betsy was always good to me exceptin' with her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart, perhaps,

For me she mitteden a lawyer, and several other chaps ;

And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,

And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—

I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—

Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight ;

She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,

Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen,

And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,

Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer ; and I'll go home to-night,

And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right ;

And then in the morning I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—

And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur ;

That when I am dead at last she will bring me back to her,

And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,

When she and I was happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me ;

And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then agree ;

And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer

If we loved each other the better because we've quarreled here.

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.*

(FROM "FARM BALLADS.")

JOHN.



VE worked in the field all day, a plowin' the "stony streak ;"

I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse ;

I've tramped till my legs are weak ;

I've choked a dozen swears, (so's not to tell Jane fibs,)

When the plow-pint struck a stone, and the handles punched my ribs.

* Copyright, 1873, 1882, by Harper & Brothers.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their
sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin'
feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a
meal.

Well said! the door is locked! out here she's left the
key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off
pell-mell;
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will
tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-bye, for I'm a going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've
been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man
than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much
to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every
day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the
han'some kind;
But a *loven'er* man than I was, I guess she'll never
find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoken be changed to
scorpion stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my
heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's
blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I, she'll some time rue
this day;
She'll some time learn that hate is a game that two
can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was
born,
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down
to scorn.

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time
when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man
than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one, can be the same with
two.
And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes
grow dim,

And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly
count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she
has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in
her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left
behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—
but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have
it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or
other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't
last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried 'em
in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter
worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my
curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I
can,—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that
han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes
blur;
It seems when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her
week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown; I wonder she didn't
take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her
"dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise
here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a
spell!

Good-bye! I wish that death had severed us two
apart.
You've lost a worshiper here, you've crushed a lovin'
heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn
to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel, before you run away.
And if I thought I could bring my words on Heaven
to bear,

And I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half-hour ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things
all around!

Come, what's the matter now? and what have you
lost or found?

And here's my father here, a waiting for supper, too;
I've been a riding with him—he's that "handsomer
man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old
John.

Why, John, you look so strange! come, what has
crossed your track?

I was only a joking, you know; I'm willing to take
it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter
cream!

It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me
so queer,

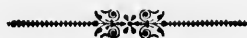
I hope she don't; good gracious! I hope that they
didn't hear!

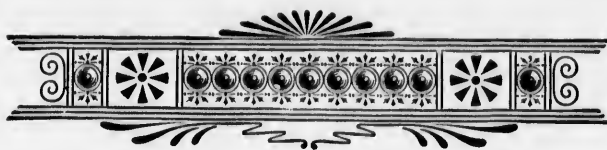
'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought I'd
understand!

But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the
land.

But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven
well,

'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of
hell.





JOAQUIN MILLER.

"THE POET OF THE SIERRAS."



In the year 1851, a farmer moved from the Wabash district in Indiana to the wilder regions of Oregon. In his family was a rude, untaught boy of ten or twelve years, bearing the unusual name of Cincinnati Heine Miller. This boy worked with his father on the farm until he was about fifteen years of age, when he abandoned the family log-cabin in the Willamette Valley of his Oregon home to try this fortune as a gold miner.

A more daring attempt was seldom if ever undertaken by a fifteen year old youth. It was during the most desperate period of Western history, just after the report of the discovery of gold had caused the greatest rush to the Pacific slope. A miscellaneous and turbulent population swarmed over the country; and, "armed to the teeth" prospected upon streams and mountains. The lawless, reckless life of these gold-hunters—millionaires to-day and beggars to-morrow—deeming it a virtue rather than a crime to have taken life in a brawl—was, at once, novel, picturesque and dramatic.—Such conditions furnished great possibilities for a poet or novelist.—It was an era as replete with a reality of thrilling excitement as that furnished by the history and mythology of ancient Greece to the earlier Greeks poets.

It was into this whirlpool that the young, untaught—but observant and daring-farmer lad threw himself, and when its whirl was not giddy and fast enough for him, or palled upon his more exacting taste for excitement and daring adventure, he left it after a few months, and sought deeper and more desperate wilds. With Walker he became a filibuster and went into Nicaragua.—He became in turn an astrologer, a Spanish *vaquero*, and, joining the wild Indians, was made a Sachem.

For five years he followed these adventurous wanderings; then as suddenly as he had entered the life he deserted it, and, in 1860 the prodigal returned home to his father's cabin in Oregon. In his right arm he carried a bullet, in his right thigh another, and on many parts of his body were the scars left by Indian arrows. Shortly after returning home he begun the study of law and was admitted to practice within a few months in Lane County, Oregon; but the gold fever or spirit of adventure took possession of him again and in 1861 we find him in the gold mines of Idaho; but the yellow metal did not come into his "Pan" sufficiently fast and he gave it up to become an express messenger in the mining district. A few months later he was back in Oregon where he started a Democratic Newspaper

at Eugene City which he ran long enough to get acquainted with a poetical contributor, Miss Minnie Myrtle, whom he married in 1862—in his usual short-order way of doing things—after an acquaintance of three days. Where “Joaquin” Miller—for he was now called “Joaquin” after a Spanish brigand whom he had defended—got his education is a mystery; but through the years of wandering, even in boyhood, he was a rhymester and his verses now began to come fast in the columns of his paper.

In 1862, after his marriage he resumed the practice of law, and, in 1866, at the age of twenty-five, was elected Judge of Grant County. This position he held for



JOAQUIN MILLER'S STUDY, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

four years during which time he wrote much poetry. One day with his usual “suddenness” he abandoned his wife and his country and sailed for London to seek a publisher. At first he was unsuccessful, and had to print a small volume privately. This introduced him to the friendship of English writers and his “Songs of the Sierras” was issued in 1871. Naturally these poems were faulty in style and called forth strong adverse criticism; but the tales they told were glowing and passionate, and the wild and adventurous life they described was a new revelation in the world of song, and, verily, whatever the austere critic said, “The common people heard him gladly” and his success became certain. Thus encouraged Miller returned to California, visited the tropics and collected material for another work which he published

in London in 1873 entitled "Sunland Songs." Succeeding, the "Songs of the Desert" appeared in 1875; "Songs of Italy" 1878; Songs of the Mexican Seas 1887. Later he has published "With Walker in Nicaragua" and he is also author of a play called "The Danites," and of several prose works relating to life in the West among which are "The Danites in the Sierras," "Shadows of Shasta" and '49, or "The Gold-seekers of the Sierras."

The chief excellencies of Miller's works are his gorgeous pictures of the gigantic scenery of the Western mountains. In this sense he is a true poet. As compared with Bret Harte, while Miller has the finer poetic perception of the two, he does not possess the dramatic power nor the literary skill of Harte; nor does he seem to recognize the native generosity and noble qualities which lie hidden beneath the vicious lives of outlaws, as the latter reveals it in his writings. After all the question arises which is the nearer the truth? Harte is about the same age as Miller, lived among the camps at about the same time, but he was not, to use a rough expression, "one of the gang," was not so pronouncedly "on the inside" as was his brother poet. He never dug in the mines, he was not a filibuster, nor an Indian Sachem. All these and more Miller was, and perhaps he is nearer the plumb line of truth in his delineations after all.

Mr. Miller's home is on the bluffs overlooking the San Francisco Bay in sight of the Golden Gate. He devotes himself to literature, his old mother and his friends.

THOUGHTS OF MY WESTERN HOME.

WRITTEN IN ATHENS.



SIERRAS, and eternal tents
Of snow that flashed o'er battlements
Of mountains! My land of the sun,
Am I not true? have I not done
All things for thine, for thee alone,
O sun-land, sea-land, thou mine own?
From other loves and other lands,
As true, perhaps, as strong of hands,
Have I not turned to thee and thine,
O sun-land of the palm and pine,
And sung thy scenes, surpassing skies,
Till Europe lifted up her face
And marveled at thy matchless grace,

With eager and inquiring eyes?
Be my reward some little place
To pitch my tent, some tree and vine
Where I may sit above the sea,
And drink the sun as drinking wine,
And dream, or sing some songs of thee;
Or days to climb to Shasta's dome
Again, and be with gods at home,
Salute my mountains—clouded Hood,
Saint Helen's in its sea of wood—
Where sweeps the Oregon, and where
White storms are in the feathered fir.

MOUNT SHASTA.



T O lord all Godland! lift the brow
Familiar to the noon,—to top
The universal world,—to prop
The hollow heavens up,—to vow
Stern constancy with stars,—to keep
Eternal ward while cons sleep;
To tower calmly up and touch
God's purple garner—seems that sweep
The cold blue north—Oh, this were much!

Where storm-born shadows hide and hunt
I knew thee in my glorious youth,
I loved thy vast face, white as truth,
I stood where thunderbolts were wont
To smite thy Titan-fashioned front,
And heard rent mountains rock and roll.
I saw thy lightning's gleaming rod
Reach forth and write on heaven's scroll
The awful autograph of God!

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.



UN? No, you bet you; I rather guess so.
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Paché
boy, whoa!

No, you wouldn't think so to look at his
eyes.

But he is badger blind, and it happened this wise;—

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain level,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.
"Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steed,
And sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the
ground,—

Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a
reed,—

"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed, if ever for life you would speed;
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride,
For the plain is all me, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses, hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking hard on the shore;
While the buffalo come like the surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three.
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over
again,

And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheer,
Cut away tapirados, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colts, true companions for years,
Cast the red silk serapes to the wind in a breath
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the
horse.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call
Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and
nose,

Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind
blows,

Yet we spoke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,

There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow
earth rang

And the foam from the flank and the croup and the
neck

Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! thirty miles—a dim distant speck—

Then a long reaching line and the Brazos in sight.
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.

I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder

And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping

Low down to the mane as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.

To right and to left the black buffalo came,
In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair,

With their beards to the dust and black tails in the
air.

As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching
higher,

And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with howlings loud
And unearthly and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns through the storm of
his mane

Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked
through,

And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;

And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes

With a longing and love, yet look of despair,
And a pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,

And flames reaching far for her glorious hair,
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell

To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fell as dead.

Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his
head

With a look of delight, for this Paché, you see,
Was her father's and once at the South Santafee

Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the crowa;

And so when I won the true heart of my bride,—

My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe.—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight,
From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos
side;

And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side,
And await her,—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape,—a love,—a desire.—
Yet never a word, not a look of appeal.—
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay
heel

One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,
And the howling of beast like the sound of thunder,—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over.
As the passionate flame reached around them and
wove her

Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died,—

Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone,
And into the Brazos I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream
brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

"Sell Paché—blind Paché? Now, mister! look
here!

You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,"
For the ways they were rough and Comanches were
near;

"But you'd better pack up, sir! That tent is too
small

For us two after this! Has an old mountaineer,
Do you book-men believe, get no tum-tum at all?
Sell Paché! You buy him! a bag full of gold!
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
Why he bore me through fire, and is blind and is
old!

. . . Now pack up your papers, and get up
and spin
To them cities you tell of. . . Blast you and
your tin!"

JOAQUIN MILLER'S ALASKA LETTER.

As a specimen of this author's prose writing and style, we present the following extract from a syndicate letter clipped from the "Philadelphia Inquirer."

Head of Lake Bennett, Alaska, August 2, 1897.

WRITE by the bank of what is already a big river, and at the fountain head of the mighty Yukon, the second if not the first of American rivers. We have crossed the summit, passed the terrible Chilkoot Pass and Crater Lake and Long Lake and Lideman Lake, and now I sit down to tell the story of the past, while the man who is to take me up the river six hundred miles to the Klondike rows his big scow, full of cattle, brought from Seattle.

* * * * *

THE BEAUTY AND GRANDEUR OF CHILKOOT PASS.

All the pictures that had been painted by word, all on easel, or even in imagination of Napoleon and his men climbing up the Alps, are but childish playthings in comparison with the grandeur of Chilkoot Pass. Starting up the steep ascent, we raised a shout and it ran the long, steep and tortuous line that reached from a bluff above us, and over and up till it lost itself in the clouds. And down to us from the

clouds, the shout and cry of exultation of those brave conquerors came back, and only died away when the distance made it possible to be heard no longer. And now we began to ascend.

It was not so hard as it seemed. The stupendous granite mountain, the home of the avalanche and the father of glaciers, melted away before us as we ascended, and in a single hour of brisk climbing we stood against the summit or rather between the big granite blocks that marked the summit. As I said before, the path is not so formidable as it looked, and it is not half so formidable as represented, but mark you, it is no boy's play, no man's play. It is a man's and a big strong man's honest work, and takes strength of body and nerve of soul.

Right in the path and within ten feet of a snow bank that has not perished for a thousand years, I picked and ate a little strawberry, and as I rested and roamed about a bit, looking down into the brightly blue lake that made the head waters of the Yukon, I gathered a little sun flower, a wild hyacinth and a wild tea blossom for my buttonhole.

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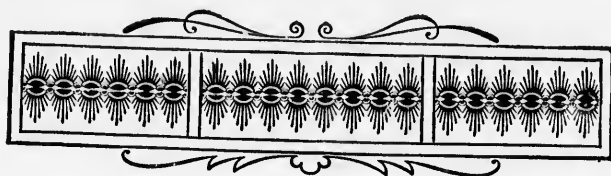
SIX TYPICAL AMERICAN NOVELISTS.



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JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

THE WALTER SCOTT OF AMERICA.



OUR first American novelist, and to the present time perhaps the only American novelist whose fame is permanently established among foreigners, is James Fenimore Cooper. While Washington Irving, our first writer of short stories, several years Cooper's senior, was so strikingly popular in England and America, Cooper's "Spy" and "Pilot" and the "Last of the Mohicans" went beyond the bounds of the English language, and the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the German, the Italian and others had placed him beside their own classics and were dividing honors between him and Sir Walter Scott; and it was they who first called him the Walter Scott of America. Nor was this judgment altogether wrong. For six or seven years Scott's Waverly Novels had been appearing, and his "Ivanhoe," which was first published in 1820—the first historical novel of the world—had given the clue to Cooper for "The Spy," which appeared in 1821, the first historical novel of America. Both books were translated into foreign languages by the same translators, and made for their respective authors quick and lasting fame.

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789—the same year that George Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. His father owned many thousand acres of wild land on the head waters of the Susquehanna River in New York, and while James was an infant removed thither and built a stately mansion on Otsego Lake, near the point where the little river issues forth on its journey to the sea. Around Otsego Hall, as it was called, the village of Cooperstown grew up. In this wilderness young Cooper passed his childhood, a hundred miles beyond the advancing lines of civilization. Along the shores of the beautiful lake, shut in by untouched forests, or in the woods themselves, which rose and fell unbroken—except here and there by a pioneer's hut or a trapper's camp—he passed his boyhood days and slept at night among the solemn silence of nature's primeval grandeur. All the delicate arts of the forest, the craft of the woodsman, the trick of the trapper, the stratagem of the Indian fighter, the wily shrewdness of the tawny savage, the hardships and dangers of pioneer life were as familiar to Cooper as were the legends of North Britain and the stirring ballads of the highlands and the lowlands to Walter Scott. But for this experience we should never have had the famous Leather Stocking Tales.

From this wilderness the boy was sent at the age of thirteen to Yale College, where he remained three years, but was too restless and adventurous to devote himself

diligently to study and was dismissed in disgrace at sixteen. For one year he shipped before the mast as a common sailor and for the next five years served as a midshipman in the United States Navy, making himself master of that knowledge and detail of nautical life which he afterwards employed to so much advantage in his romances of the sea.

In 1811 Cooper resigned his post as midshipman, and married Miss Delancey, with whom he lived happily for forty years. The first few years of his married life were spent in quiet retirement. For some months he resided in Westchester County, the scene of his book "The Spy." Then he removed to his old home at Cooperstown and took possession of the family mansion, to which he had fallen heir through the death of his father. Here he prepared to spend his life as a quiet country gentleman, and did so until a mere accident called him into authorship. Up to that date he seems never to have touched a pen or even thought of one except to write an ordinary letter. He was, however, fond of reading, and often read aloud to his wife. One day while reading a British novel he looked up and playfully said: "I could write a better book than that myself." "Suppose you try," replied his wife, and retiring to his library he wrote a chapter which he read to Mrs. Cooper. She was pleased with it and suggested that he continue, which he did, and published the book, under the title of "Precaution," in 1820.

No one at that time had thought of writing a novel with the scene laid in America, and "Precaution," which had an English setting, was so thoroughly English that it was reviewed in London with no suspicion of its American authorship. The success which it met, while not great, impressed Cooper that as he had not failed with a novel describing British life, of which he knew little, he might succeed with one on American life, of which he knew much. It was a happy thought. Scott's "Ivanhoe" had just been read by him and it suggested an American historical theme, and he wrote the story of "The Spy," which he published in 1821. It was a tale of the Revolution, in which the central figure, Harvey Birch, the spy, is one of the most interesting and effective characters in the realm of romantic literature. It quickly followed Scott's "Ivanhoe" into many languages.

Encouraged by the plaudits from both sides of the Atlantic Cooper wrote another story, "The Pioneers" (1823), which was the first attempt to put into fiction the life of the frontier and the character of the backwoodsman. Here Cooper was in his element, on firm ground, familiar to him from his infancy, but the book was a revelation to the outside world. It is in this work that one of the greatest characters in fiction, the old backwoodsman Natty Bumppo—the famous Leather-Stocking—appeared and gave his name to a series of tales, comprised, in five volumes, which was not finally completed for twenty years. Strange to say, this famous series of books was not written in regular order. To follow the story logically the reader is recommended to read first the "Deerslayer," next the "Last of the Mohicans," followed by "The Pathfinder," then "The Pioneers," and last "The Prairie," which ends with the death of Leather-Stocking.

The sea tales of Cooper were also suggested by Walter Scott, who published the "Pirate" in 1821. This book was being discussed by Cooper and some friends. The latter took the position that Scott could not have been its author since he was a lawyer and therefore could not have the knowledge of sea life which the book dis-

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played. Cooper, being himself a mariner, declared that it could not have been written by a man familiar with the sea. He argued that it lacked that detail of information which no mariner would have failed to exhibit. To prove this point he determined to write a sea tale, and in 1823 his book "The Pilot" appeared, which was the first genuine salt-water novel ever written and to this day is one of the best. Tom Coffin, the hero of this novel, is the only one of all Cooper's characters worthy to take a place beside Leather-Stocking, and the two books were published within two years of each other. In 1829 appeared "The Red Rover," which is wholly a tale of the ocean, as "The Last of the Mohicans" is wholly a tale of the forest. In all, Cooper wrote ten sea tales, which with his land stories established the fact that he was equally at home whether on the green billows or under the green trees.

In 1839 Cooper published his "History of the United States Navy," which is to this day the only authority on the subject for the period of which it treats. He also wrote many other novels on American subjects and some eight or ten like "Bravo," "The Headsman" and others on European themes; but it is by "The Spy," the five Leather-Stocking tales, and four or five of his sea tales that his fame has been secured and will be maintained.

In 1832, after "The Spy" had made Cooper famous, he removed to New York, where he lived for a period of four years, one of the most popular men in the metropolis. His force of character, big-heartedness, and genial, companionable nature—notwithstanding the fact that he was contentious and frequently got into the most heated discussions—made him unusually popular with those who knew him. He had many friends, and his friends were the best citizens of New York. He founded the "Bread and Cheese Lunch," to which belonged Chancellor Kent, the poets Fitzgreen Halleck and Wm. Cullen Bryant, Samuel Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, and many other representatives of science, literature, and the learned professions. In 1826 he sailed for Europe, in various parts of which he resided for a period of six years. Before his departure he was tendered a dinner in New York, which was attended by many of the most prominent men of the nation. Washington Irving had gone to the Old World eleven years before and traveled throughout Great Britain and over the Continent, but Cooper's works, though it was but six years since his first volume was published, were at this time more widely known than those of Irving; and with the author of the "Sketchbook" he divided the honors which the Old World so generously showered upon those two brilliant representatives of the New.

Many pleasant pages might be filled with the records of Cooper's six years in Europe, during which time he enjoyed the association and respect of the greatest literary personages of the Old World. It would be interesting to tell how Sir Walter Scott sought him out in Paris and renewed the acquaintance again in London; how he lived in friendship and intimacy with General Lafayette at the French capital; to tell of his associations with Wordsworth and Rogers in London; his intimate friendship with the great Italian Greenough, and his fondness for Italy, which country he preferred above all others outside of America; of the delightful little villa where he lived in Florence, where he said he could look out upon green leaves and write to the music of the birds; to picture him settled for a summer in Naples; living in Tasso's villa at Sarento, writing his stories in the same house in which the

great Latin author had lived, with the same glorious view of the sea and the bay, and the surf dashing almost against its walls. But space forbids that we should indulge in recounting these pleasant reminiscences. Let it be said that wherever he was he was thoroughly and pronouncedly an American. He was much annoyed by the ignorance and prejudice of the English in all that related to his country. In France he vigorously defended the system of American government in a public pamphlet which he issued in favor of General Lafayette, upon whom the public press was making an attack. He was equally in earnest in bringing forward the claims of our poets, and was accustomed at literary meetings and dinner parties to carry volumes of Bryant, Halleck, Drake and others, from which he read quotations to prove his assertions of their merits. Almost every prominent American who visited Europe during his seven years' sojourn abroad brought back pleasant recollections of his intercourse with the great and patriotic novelist.

Cooper returned to America in 1833, the same year that Washington Irving came back to his native land. He retired to his home at Cooperstown, where he spent the remaining nineteen years of his life, dying on the 14th day of September, 1852, one day before the sixty-second anniversary of his birth. His palatial home at Cooperstown, as were also his various places of residence in New York and foreign lands, were always open to his deserving countrymen, and many are the ambitious young aspirants in art, literature and politics who have left his hospitable roof with higher ideals, loftier ambitions and also with a more exalted patriotism.

A few days after his death a meeting of prominent men was held in New York in honor of their distinguished countryman. Washington Irving presided and William Cullen Bryant delivered an oration paying fitting tribute to the genius of the first great American novelist, who was first to show how fit for fiction were the scenes, the characters, and the history of his native land. Nearly fifty years have passed since that day, but Cooper's men of the sea and his men of the forest and the plain still survive, because they deserve to live, because they were true when they were written, and remain to-day the best of their kind. Though other fashions in fiction have come and gone and other novelists have a more finished art nowadays, no one of them all has succeeded more completely in doing what he tried to do than did James Fenimore Cooper.

If we should visit Cooperstown, New York, the most interesting spot we should see would be the grave of America's first great novelist; and the one striking feature about it would be the marble statue of Leather Stocking, with dog and gun, overlooking the last resting-place of his great creator. Then we should visit the house and go into the library and sit in the chair and lean over the table where he was created. Then down to the beautiful Otsego Lake, and as the little pleasure steamer comes into view we peer to catch the gilded name painted on its side. Nearer it comes, and we read with delight "Natty Bumppo," the real name of Leather Stocking. Otsego Hall, the cemetery and the lake alike, are a shrine to the memory of Cooper and this greatest hero of American fiction. And we turn away determined to read again the whole of the *Leather Stocking Tales*.

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ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

(FROM "THE PIONEERS.")

BY this time they had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in the ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk, and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower called forth some simple expression of admiration. In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started and exclaimed:

"Listen! There are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us, or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried, "Look at the dog!"

Brave had been their companion from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel, to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his

hair actually rising on his body, through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?"

At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening to leap.

"Let us fly," exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity. She fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind-legs, it would rend the bark of a

tree with its forepaws, and play the antics of a cat; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific. All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dry leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and rearing on his hind-legs, rush to the fray again, with jaws distended and a dauntless eye. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only

could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power in the present instance suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting inches from her broad feet.

Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy—her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, gal! your bonnet hides the creature's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whiz of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of Leather-Stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud:

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"Come in, Heetor, come in old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump agin."

Natty fearlessly maintained his position in front of the females, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which

gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE.

TOM," cried Barnstable, starting, "there is the blow of a whale."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain, with undisturbed composure; "here is his spout, not half a mile to seaward; the easterly gale has driven the creature to leeward, and he begins to find himself in shoal water. He's been sleeping, while he should have been working to windward!"

"The fellow takes it coolly, too! he's in no hurry to get an offing."

"I rather conclude, sir," said the cockswain, rolling over his tobacco in his mouth very composedly, while his little sunken eyes began to twinkle with pleasure at the sight, "the gentleman has lost his reckoning, and don't know which way to head, to take himself back into blue water."

"'Tis a fin back!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "he will soon make headway, and be off."

"No, sir; 'tis a right whale," answered Tom; "I saw his spout; he threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as a Christian would wish to look at. He's a raal oil-butt, that fellow!"

Barnstable laughed, and exclaimed, in joyous tones—

"Give strong way, my hearties! There seems nothing better to be done; let us have a stroke of a harpoon at that impudent rascal."

The men shouted spontaneously, and the old cockswain suffered his solemn visage to relax into a small laugh, while the whaleboat sprang forward like a courser for the goal. During the few minutes they were pulling towards their game, long Tom arose from his crouching attitude in the stern sheets, and transferred his huge frame to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparation to strike the whale as the occasion required.

The tub, containing about half of a whale line, was placed at the feet of Barnstable, who had been pre-

paring an oar to steer with, in place of the rudder, which was unshipped in order that, if necessary, the boat might be whirled around when not advancing.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water in two circular spouts high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with graceful but terrific force, until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downwards, and, without apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water, waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise, that sounded like the rushing of winds. The cockswain stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow; but, when he beheld the creature assuming his formidable attitude, he waved his hand to his commander, who instantly signed to his men to cease rowing. In this situation the sportsmen rested a few moments, while the whale struck several blows on the water in rapid succession, the noise of which re-echoed along the cliffs like the hollow reports of so many cannon. After the wanton exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sunk again into his native element, and slowly disappeared from the eyes of his pursuers.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable, the moment the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, sir," returned the cockswain, whose eye was gradually brightening with the excitement of the sport; "he'll soon run his nose against the bottom, if he stands long on that course, and will be glad enough to get another snuff of pure air; send her 'ow fathoms to starboard, sir, and I promise we shall not be out of his track."

The conjecture of the experienced old seaman proved true, for in a few minutes the water broke near them, and another spout was cast into the air, when the huge animal rushed for half his length in

the same direction, and fell on the sea with a turbulence and foam equal to that which is produced by the launching of a vessel, for the first time, into its proper element. After the evolution, the whale rolled heavily, and seemed to rest from further efforts.

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain, and, when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave a signal to his crew to ply their oars once more. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly up to the broadside of the whale, with its bows pointing toward one of the fins, which was, at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view.

The cockswain poised his harpoon with much precision and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the body of their foe. The instant the blow was made, long Tom shouted, with singular earnestness,—

"Starn all!"

"Stern all!" echoed Barnstable; when the obedient seamen, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond the reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal, however, meditated no such resistance; ignorant of his own power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the iron, when he cast his huge tail into the air with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared, with the quickness of lightning, amid a cloud of foam.

"Snub him!" shouted Barnstable; "hold on, Tom; he rises already."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line, which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manœuvre rather hazardous.

The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that at moments appeared to bury the slight fabric in the ocean. When long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he pointed with exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried,—

"Ay, I've touched the fellow's life! It must be more than two foot of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean."

"I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance," said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardor of one whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits; "feel your line, Master Coffin; can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner."

"'Tis the creater's way, sir," said the cockswain; "you know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man; but lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him."

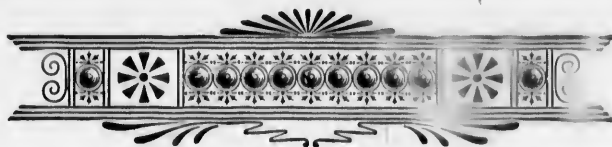
The seaman now seized their whale line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress became sensibly less rapid as he grew weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

"Shall we pull in and finish him, Tom?" cried Barnstable; "a few sets from your bayonet would do it."

The cockswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory,—

"No, sir, no; he's going into his flurry; there's no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier's weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, sir, starn off! the creater's in his flurry."

The warning of the prudent cockswain was promptly obeyed, and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high as when in sport, but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam, that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowings of a herd of bulls, and, to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradually these efforts subsided, and, when the discolored water again settled down to the long and regular swell of the ocean, the fish was seen exhausted, and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side; and when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN ROMANCERS."

NO black knight in Sir Walter Scott's novels, nor the red Indians of Cooper, nor his famous pioneer, Leather Stocking of the forest, nor his long Tom of the ocean, ever seemed more truly romantic than do Hawthorne's stern and gloomy Calvinists of "The Scarlet Letter," and "The House of Seven Gables," or his Italian hero of "The Marble Faun."

We have characterized Hawthorne as the greatest of American romancers. We might have omitted the word *American*, for he has no equal in romance perhaps in the world of letters. An eminent critic declares: "His genius was greater than that of the idealist, Emerson. In all his mysticism his style was always clear and exceedingly graceful, while in those delicate, varied and permanent effects which are gained by a happy arrangement of words in their sentences, together with that unerring directness and unswerving force which characterize his writings, no author in modern times has equalled him. To the rhetorician, his style is a study; to the lay reader, a delight that eludes analysis. He is the most eminent representative of the American spirit in literature."

It was in the old town of Salem, Massachusetts—where his Puritan ancestors had lived for nearly two hundred years—with its haunted memories of witches and strange sea tales; its stories of Endicott and the Indians, and the sombre traditions of witchcraft and Puritan persecution that Nathaniel Hawthorne was born July 4, 1804. And it was in this grim, ancient city by the sea that the life of the renowned romancer was greatly bound up. In his childhood the town was already falling to decay, and his lonely surroundings filled his young imagination with a weirdness that found expression in the books of his later life, and impressed upon his character a seriousness that clung to him ever after. His father was a sea-captain,—but a most melancholy and silent man,—who died when Nathaniel was four years old. His mother lived a sad and secluded life, and the boy thus early learned to exist in a strange and imaginative world of his own creation. So fond of seclusion did he become that even after his graduation from college in 1825, he returned to his old haunt at Salem and resumed his solitary, dreamy existence. For twelve years, from 1825 to 1837, he went nowhere, he saw no one; he worked in his room by day, reading and writing; at twilight he wandered out along the shore, or through the darkened streets of the town. Certainly this was no attractive life to most young men; but for Hawthorne it had its fascination and during this time he was storing

his mind, forming his style, training his imagination and preparing for the splendid literary fame of his later years.

Hawthorne received his early education in Salem, partly at the school of Joseph E. Worcester, the author of "Worcester's Dictionary." He entered Bowdoin College in 1821. The poet, Longfellow, and John S. C. Abbott were his classmates; and Franklin Pierce—one class in advance of him—was his close friend. He graduated in 1825 without any special distinction. His first book, "Faushawe," a novel, was issued in 1826, but so poor was its success that he suppressed its fur-



"THE OLD MANSE," CONCORD, MASS.

Built for Emerson's grandfather. In this house Ralph Waldo Emerson dwelt for ten years, and, here, in the same room where Emerson wrote "Nature" and other philosophic essays, Hawthorne prepared his "Twice Told Tales," and "Mosses from an Old Manse." He declares the four years (1842-1846) spent in this house were the happiest of his life.

ther publication. Subsequently he placed the manuscript of a collection of stories in the hands of his publisher, but timidly withdrew and destroyed them. His first practical encouragement was received from Samuel G. Goodrich, who published four stories in the "Token," one of the annuals of that time, in 1831. Mr. Goodrich also engaged Hawthorne as editor of the "American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge," which position he occupied from 1836 to 1838. About this time he also contributed some of his best stories to the "New England Magazine," "The Knickerbocker," and the "Democratic Review." It was a part of these magazine stories which he collected and published in 1837 in the volume entitled, "Twice Told Tales," embodying the fruits of his twelve years' labor.

This book stamped the author as a man of stronger imagination and deeper insight into human nature than Washington Irving evinced in his famous sketches of the Hudson or Cooper in his frontier stories, for delightful as was Irving's writings and vivid as were Cooper's pictures, it was plain to be seen that Hawthorne had a richer style and a firmer grasp of the art of fiction than either of them. Longfellow, the poet, reviewed the book with hearty commendation, and Poe predicted a brilliant future for the writer if he would abandon allegory. Thus encouraged, Hawthorne came out from his seclusion into the world again, and mixed once more with his fellow-men. His friend, the historian, Bancroft, secured him a position in the Custom House at Salem, in 1839, which he held for two years. This position he lost through political jobbery on a trumped-up charge. For a few months he then joined in the Brook Farm settlement, though he was never in sympathy with the movement; nor was he a believer in the transcendental notions of Emerson and his school. He remained a staunch Democrat in the midst of the Abolitionists. His note-books were full of his discontent with the life at the Brook Farm. His observations of this enterprise took shape in the "Blythedale Romance" which is the only literary memorial of the association. The heroine of this novel was Margaret Fuller, under the name of "Zenobia," and the description of the drowning of Zenobia—a fate which Margaret Fuller had met—is the most tragic passage in all the writings of the author.

In 1842 Hawthorne married Miss Sophia Peabody—a most fortunate and happy marriage—and the young couple moved to Concord where they lived in the house known as the "Old Manse," which had been built for Emerson's grandfather, and in which Emerson himself dwelt ten years. He chose for his study the same room in which the philosopher had written his famous book "Nature." Hawthorne declares that the happiest period of his life were the four years spent in the "Old Manse." While living there he collected another lot of miscellaneous stories and published them in 1845 as a second volume of "Twice-Told Tales," and the next year came his "Mosses from an Old Manse," being also a collection from his published writings. In 1846 a depleted income and larger demands of a growing family made it necessary for him to seek a business engagement. Through a friend he received an appointment as Surveyor of Customs at Salem, and again removed to the old town where he was born forty-two years before. It was during his engagement here, from 1846 to 1849, that he planned and wrote his famous book "The Scarlet Letter," which was published in 1850.

A broader experience is needed to compose a full-grown novel than to sketch a short tale. Scott was more than fifty when he published "Waverley." Cooper wrote the "Spy" when thirty-three. Thackeray, the author of "Vanity Fair," was almost forty when he finished that work. "Adam Bede" appeared when George Elliot was in her fortieth year; and the "Scarlet Letter," greater than them all, did not appear until 1850, when its author was in his forty-seventh year. All critics readily agree that this romance is the masterpiece in American fiction. The only novel in the United States that can be compared with it is Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and, as a study of a type of life—Puritan life in New England—"The Scarlet Letter" is superior to Mrs. Stowe's immortal work. One-half a century has passed since "The Scarlet Letter" was written; but it stands to-day more popular than ever before.

Enumerated briefly, the books written by Hawthorne in the order of their publication are as follows: "Fanshawe," a novel (1826), suppressed by the author; "Twice-Told Tales" (1837), a collection of magazine stories; "Twice-Told Tales" (second volume, 1845); "Mosses from an Old Manse" (1846), written while he lived at the "Old Manse"; "The Scarlet Letter" (1850), his greatest book; "The House of Seven Gables" (1851), written while he lived at Lenox, Massachusetts; "The Wonder Book" (1851), a volume of classic stories for children; "The Blythedale Romance" (1852); "Life of Franklin Pierce" (1852), which was written to assist his friend Pierce, who was running for President of the United States; "Tanglewood Tales" (1853), another work for children; continuing the classic legends of his "Wonder Book," reciting the adventures of those who went forth to seek the "Golden Fleece," to explore the labyrinth of the "Minotaur" and sow the "Dragon's Teeth." Pierce was elected President in 1853 and rewarded Hawthorne by appointing him Consul to Liverpool. This position he filled for four years and afterwards spent three years in traveling on the Continent, during which time he gathered material for the greatest of his books—next to "The Scarlet Letter"—entitled "The Marble Faun," which was brought out in England in 1860, and the same year Mr. Hawthorne returned to America and spent the remainder of his life at "The Wayside" in Concord. During his residence here he wrote for the "Atlantic Monthly" the papers which were collected and published in 1863 under the title of "Our Old Home." After Mr. Hawthorne's death, his unpublished manuscripts, "The Dolliver Romance," "Septimius Felton" and "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," were published. Mrs. Hawthorne, also, edited and published her husband's "American and English Note-Books" and his "French and Italian Note-Books" in 1869. The best life of the author is perhaps that written by his son, Julian Hawthorne, which appeared in 1885, entitled "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife; a Biography."

A new and complete edition of Hawthorne's works has been lately issued in twenty volumes; also a compact and illustrated library edition in seven volumes.

Nathaniel Hawthorne died May 18, 1864, while traveling with his friend and college-mate, Ex-President Pierce, in the White Mountains, and was buried near where Emerson and Thoreau were later placed in Concord Cemetery. Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier were at the funeral. His publisher, Mr. Field, was also there and wrote: "We carried him through the blossoming orchards of Concord and laid him down in a group of pines on the hillside, the unfinished romance which had cost him such anxiety laid upon his coffin." Mr. Longfellow, in an exquisite poem describes the scene, and referring to the uncompleted romance in the closing lines says:

"Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clue regain?
The unfinished window in Alladin's tower
Unfinished must remain."

The noble wife, who had been the inspiration and practical stimulus of the great romancer, survived her distinguished husband nearly seven years. She died in London, aged sixty, February 26, 1871, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, near the grave of Leigh Hunt.

EMERSON AND THE EMERSONITES.

(FROM "MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.")

THERE were circumstances around me which made it difficult to view the world precisely as it exists; for severe and sober as was the Old Manse, it was necessary to go but a little way beyond its threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles. These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide spreading influence of a great original thinker who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face.

Young visionaries, to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clew which should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists, whose systems—at first air—had finally imprisoned them in a fiery framework, traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom. People that had lighted upon a new thought—or thought they had fancied new—came to Emerson as a finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers through the midnight of the moral world beheld his intellectual fire as a beacon burning upon a hill-top, and climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before:—mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of creation among the chaos: but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls and the whole host of night-birds, which flapped their dusky wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusions al-

ways hover nigh whenever a beacon-fire of truth is kindled.

For myself there had been epochs of my life when I too might have asked of this prophet the master-word that should solve me the riddle of the universe; but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put; and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence, like the garment of a shining one; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And in truth, the heart of many a man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which in the brains of some people wrought a singular giddiness—new truth being as heady as new wine.

Never was a poor country village infected with such a variety of queer, strangely-dressed, oddly-behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of this world's destiny, yet were simply bores of the first water. Such, I imagine, is the invariable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus become imbued with a false originality. This triteness of novelty is enough to make any man of common sense blaspheme at all ideas of less than a century's standing, and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immovable in precisely the worst moral and physical state that it ever yet arrived at, rather than be benefitted by such schemes of such philosophers.

PEARL.

(THE SCARLET LETTER. A ROMANCE. 1850.)

WE have as yet hardly spoken of the infant; that little creature, whose innocent life had sprung, by the inscrutable decree of Providence, a lovely and immortal flower, out of the

rank luxuriance of a guilty passion. How strange it seemed to the sad woman, as she watched the growth, and the beauty that became every day more brilliant, and the intelligence that threw its quivering sunshine

over the tiny features of this child! Her Pearl!—For so had Hester called her; not as a name expressive of her aspect, which had nothing of the calm, white, unimpassioned lustre that would be indicated by the comparison. But she named the infant “Pearl,” as being of great price,—purchased with all she had,—her mother’s only treasure! How strange, indeed! Men had marked this woman’s sin by a scarlet letter, which had such potent and disastrous efficacy that no human sympathy could reach her, save it were sinful like herself. God, as a direct consequence of the sin which was thus punished, had given her a lovely child, whose place was on that same dishonored bosom, to connect her parent forever with the race and descent of mortals, and to be finally a blessed soul in heaven! Yet these thoughts affected Hester Prynne less with hope than apprehension. She knew that her deed had been evil; she could have no faith, therefore, that its result would be good. Day after day, she looked fearfully into the child’s expanding nature, ever dreading to detect some dark and wild peculiarity, that should correspond with the guiltiness to which she owed her being.

Certainly, there was no physical defect. By its perfect shape, its vigor, and its natural dexterity in the use of all its untried limbs, the infant was worthy to have been brought forth in Eden; worthy to have been left there, to be the plaything of the angels, after the world’s first parents were driven out. The child had a native grace which does not invariably coexist with faultless beauty; its attire, however simple, always impressed the beholder as if it were the very garb that precisely became it best. But little Pearl was not clad in rustic weeds. Her mother, with a morbid purpose that may be better understood hereafter, had bought the richest tissues that could be procured, and allowed her imaginative faculty its full play in the arrangement and decoration of the dresses which the child wore, before the public eye. So magnificent was the small figure, when thus arrayed, and such was the splendor of Pearl’s own proper beauty, shining through the gorgeous robes which might have extinguished a paler loveliness,

that there was an absolute circle of radiance around her, on the darksome cottage floor. And yet a russet gown, torn and soiled with the child’s rude play, made a picture of her just as perfect. Pearl’s aspect was imbued with a spell of infinite variety; in this one child there were many children, comprehending the full scope between the wild-flower prettiness of a peasant-baby, and the pomp, in little, of an infant princess. Throughout all, however, there was a trait of passion, a certain depth of hue, which she never lost; and if, in any of her changes she had grown fainter or paler, she would have ceased to be herself,—it would have been no longer Pearl!

One peculiarity of the child’s deportment remains yet to be told. The very first thing which she had noticed, in her life, was—what?—not the mother’s smile, responding to it, as other babies do, by that faint embryo smile of the little mouth, remembered so doubtfully afterwards, and with such fond discussion whether it were indeed a smile. By no means! But that first object of which Pearl seemed to become aware was—shall we say it?—the scarlet letter on Hester’s bosom! One day, as the mother stooped over the cradle, the infant’s eyes had been caught by the glimmering of the gold embroidery about the letter; and, putting up her little hand, she grasped at it, smiling, not doubtfully, but with a decided gleam, that gave her face the look of a much older child. Then, gasping for breath, did Hester Prynne clutch the fatal token, instinctively endeavoring to tear it away; so infinite was the torture inflicted by the intelligent touch of Pearl’s baby-hand. Again, as if her mother’s agonized gesture were meant only to make sport of her, did little Pearl look into her eyes, and smile! From that epoch, except when the child was asleep, Hester had never felt a moment’s safety; not a moment’s calm enjoyment of her. Weeks, it is true, would sometimes elapse, during which Pearl’s gaze might never once be fixed upon the scarlet letter; but then, again, it would come at unawares, like the stroke of sudden death, and always with that peculiar smile and odd expression of the eyes.



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EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

"THE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF AMERICA."



EDWARD EVERETT HALE is to-day one of the best known and most beloved of American authors. He is also a lecturer of note. He has probably addressed as many audiences as any man in America. His work as a preacher, as a historian and as a story-teller, entitles him to fame; but his life has also been largely devoted to the formation of organizations to better the moral, social and educational conditions of the young people of his own and other lands. Recently he has been deeply interested in the great Chautauqua movement, which he has done much to develop.

His name is a household word in American homes, and the keynote of his useful life may be expressed by the motto of one of his most popular books, "Ten Times One is Ten:"—"Look up and not down! Look forward and not backward! Look out and not in! Lend a hand!"

Edward Everett Hale was born in Boston, Massachusetts, April 3, 1822. He graduated at Harvard University in 1839, at the age of seventeen years. He took a post graduate course for two years in a Latin school and read theology and church history. It was in 1842 that he was licensed to preach by the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers. During the winter of 1844-45 he served a church in Washington, but removed the next year to Worcester, Massachusetts, where he remained for ten years. In 1856 he was called to the South Congregational (Unitarian) Church in Boston, which he has served for more than three decades.

When a boy young Hale learned to set type in his father's printing office, and afterwards served on the "Daily Advertiser," it is said, in every capacity from reporter up to editor-in-chief. Before he was twenty-one years old he wrote a large part of the "Monthly Chronicle" and "Boston Miscellany," and from that time to the present has done an immense amount of newspaper and magazine work. He at one time edited the "Christian Examiner" and also the "Sunday School Gazette." He founded a magazine entitled "The Old and the New" in 1869, which was afterwards merged into "Scribner's Monthly." In 1866 he began the publication of "Lend a Hand, a Record of Progress and Journal of Organized Charity."

As a writer of short stories, no man of modern times, perhaps, is his superior, if indeed he has any equals. "My Double and How He Undid Me," published in 1859, was the first of his works to strike strongly the popular fancy; but it was "The Man Without a Country," issued in 1863, which entitled its author to a prom-

inent place among the classic short story-tellers of America, and produced a deep impression on the public mind. His "Skeleton in a Closet" followed in 1866; and, since that time his prolific pen has sent forth in the form of books and magazine articles, a continuous stream of the most entertaining literature in our language. He has the faculty of De Foe in giving to his stories the appearance of reality, and thus has gained for himself the title of "The Robinson Crusoe of America."

Mr. Hale is also an historical writer and a student of great attainment, and has contributed many papers of rare value to the historical and antiquarian societies of both Europe and America. He is, perhaps, the greatest of all living authorities on Spanish-American affairs. He is the editor of "Original Documents from the State Paper Office, London, and the British Museum; illustrating the History of Sir Walter Raleigh's First American Colony at Jamestown," and other historical works.

Throughout his life, Mr. Hale has always taken a patriotic interest in public affairs for the general good of the nation. While he dearly loves his native New England hills, his patriotism is bounded by no narrow limits; it is as wide as his country. His voice is always the foremost among those raised in praise or in defence of our national institutions and our liberties. His influence has always been exerted to make men and women better citizens and better Americans.

LOST.*

(FROM "PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS.")

BUT as she ran, the path confused her. Could she have passed that flaming sassafras without so much as noticing it? Any way she should recognize the great mass of bays where she had last noticed the panther's tracks. She had seen them as she ran on, and as she came up. She hurried on; but she certainly had returned much farther than she went, when she came out on a strange log flung up in some freshet, which she knew she had not seen before. And there was no clump of bays. Was this being lost? Was she lost? Why, Inez had to confess to herself that she was lost just a little bit, but nothing to be afraid of; but still lost enough to talk about afterwards she certainly was.

Yet, as she said to herself again and again, she could not be a quarter of a mile, nor half a quarter of a mile from camp. As soon as they missed her—and by this time they had missed her—they would be out to look for her. How provoking that she, of all the party, should make so much bother to the rest! They would watch her now like so many cats all the rest of the way. What

a fool she was ever to leave the knoll! So Inez stopped again, shouted again, and listened and listened, to hear nothing but a swamp-owl.

If the sky had been clear, she would have had no cause for anxiety. In that case they would have light enough to find her in. She would have had the sunset glow to steer by; and she would have had no difficulty in finding them. But with this horrid gray over everything she dared not turn round, without fearing that she might lose the direction in which the theory of the moment told her she ought to be faring. And these openings which she had called trails—which were probably broken by wild horses and wild oxen as they came down to the bayou to drink—would not go in one direction for ten paces. They bent right and left, this way and that; so that without some sure token of sun or star, it was impossible, as Inez felt, to know which way she was walking.

And at last this perplexity increased. She was conscious that the sun must have set, and that the twilight, never long, was now fairly upon her. All the time there was this fearful silence, only broken

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by her own voice and that hateful owl. Was she wise to keep on in her theories of this way or that way? She had never yet come back, either upon the fallen cottonwood tree, or upon the bunch of bays which was her landmark; and it was doubtless her wisest determination to stay where she was. The chances that the larger party would find her were much greater than that she alone would find them; but by this time she was sure that, if she kept on in any direction, there was an even chance that she was going farther and farther wrong.

But it was too cold for her to sit down, wrap herself never so closely in her shawl. The poor girl tried this. She must keep in motion. Back and forth she walked, fixing her march by signs which she could not mistake even in the gathering darkness. How fast that darkness gathered! The wind seemed to rise, too, as the night came on, and a fine rain, that seemed as cold as snow to her, came to give the last drop to her wretchedness. If she were tempted for a moment to abandon her sentry-beat, and try this wild experiment or that, to the right or left, some odious fallen trunk, wet with moss and decay, lay just where she pressed into the shrubbery, as if placed there to reveal to her her absolute powerlessness. She was dead with cold, and even in all her wretchedness knew that she was hungry. How stupid to be hungry when she had so much else to

trouble her! But at least she would make a system of her march. She would walk fifty times this way, to the stump, and fifty times that way; then she would stop and cry out and sound her war-whoop; then she would take up her sentry-march again. And so she did. This way, at least, time would not pass without her knowing whether it was midnight or no.

"Hark! God be praised, there is a gun! and there is another! and there is another! They have come on the right track, and I am safe!" So she shouted again, and sounded her war-whoop again, and listened,—and then again, and listened again. One more gun! but then no more! Poor Inez! Certainly they were all on one side of her. If only it was not so piteously dark! If she could only walk half the distance in that direction which her fifty sentry-beats made put together! But when she struggled that way through the tangle, and over one wet log and another, it was only to find her poor wet feet sinking down into mud and water! She did not dare keep on. All that was left for her was to find her tramping-ground again, and this she did.

"Good God, take care of me! My poor dear father—what would he say if he knew his child was dying close to her friends? Dear mamma, keep watch over your little girl!"—





WM. DEAN HOWELLS.

(THE REALISTIC NOVELIST OF AMERICA.)



HE West has contributed many notable men to our nation within the last half of the present century. There seems to be something in the spirit of that developing section to stimulate the aspirations and ambitions of those who grow up in its atmosphere. Progress, Enterprise, "Excelsior" are the three words written upon its banner as the motto for the sons of the middle West. It is there we go for many of our leading statesmen. Thence we draw our presidents more largely than from any other section, and the world of modern literature is also seeking and finding its chiefest leaders among the sons and daughters of that region. True they are generally transplanted to the Eastern centres of publication and commercial life, but they were born and grew up in the West.

Notably among the examples which might be cited, we mention William Dean Howells, one of the greatest of modern American novelists, who was born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, March 1st, 1837. Mr. Howells did not enjoy the advantage of a collegiate education. At twelve years of age he began to set type in his father's printing office, which he followed until he reached manhood, employing his odd time in writing articles and verses for the newspapers, and while quite young did editorial work for a leading daily in Cincinnati. At the age of twenty-one, in 1858, he became the editor of the "Ohio State Journal" at Columbus. Two years later he published in connection with John James Piatt a small volume of verse entitled "Poems of two Friends." These youthful effusions were marked by that crystal-like clearness of thought, grace and artistic elegance of expression which characterize his later writings. Mr. Howells came prominently before the public in 1860 by publishing a carefully written and most excellent "Life of Abraham Lincoln" which was extensively sold and read during that most exciting presidential campaign, and no doubt contributed much to the success of the candidate. Mr. Lincoln, in furnishing data for this work, became well acquainted with the young author of twenty-three and was so impressed with his ability in grasping and discussing state affairs, and good sense generally, that he appointed him as consul to Venice.

During four years' residence in that city Mr. Howells, in addition to his official duties, learned the Italian language and studied its literature. He also here gathered the material for two books, "Venitian Life" and "Italian Journeys." He arranged for the publication of the former in London as he passed through that city in 1865 on his way home. The latter was brought out in America on his return,

appearing in 1867. Neither of these works are novels. "Venetian Life" is a delightful description of the manners and customs of real life in Venice. "Italian Journeys" is a charming portrayal—almost a kinetoscopic view—of his journey from Venice to Rome by the roundabout way of Genoa and Naples, with a visit to Pompeii and Herculaneum, including artistic etchings of notable scenes.

The first attempt of Mr. Howells at story-telling, "Their Wedding Journey," appeared in 1871. This, while ranking as a novel, was really a description of an actual bridal tour across New York. "A Chance Acquaintance" (1873) was a more complete novel, but evidently it was a venture of the imagination upon ground that had proven fruitful in real life. It was modeled after "The Wedding Journey," but described a holiday season spent in journeying up the St. Lawrence River, stopping at Quebec and Saguenay.

Since 1874 Mr. Howells has published one or more novels annually, among which are the following: "A Foregone Conclusion" (1874), "A Counterfeit Presentment" (1877), "The Lady of the Aroostook" (1878), "The Undiscovered Country" (1880), "A Fearful Responsibility" (1882), "A Modern Instance" and "Dr. Breen's Practice" (1883), "A Woman's Reason" (1884), "Tuscan Cities" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham" (1885), "The Minister's Charge" and "Indian Summer" (1886), "April Hopes" (1887), "Annie Kilburn" (1888), "Hazard of New Fortune" (1889). Since 1890 Mr. Howells has continued his literary activity with increased, rather than abating, energy. Among his noted later novels are "A Traveler from Altruria" and "The Landlord at Lion's Head" (the latter issued in 1897). Other notable books of his are "Stops at Various Quills," "My Literary Passion," "Library of Universal Adventure," "Modern Italian Poets," "Christmas Every Day" and "A Boy's Town," the two last mentioned being for juvenile readers, with illustrations.

Mr. Howells' accurate attention to details gives to his stories a most realistic flavor, making his books seem rather photographic than artistic. He shuns imposing characters and thrilling incidents, and makes much of interesting people and ordinary events in our social life. A broad grasp of our national characteristics and an intimate acquaintance with our institutions gives him a facility in producing minute studies of certain aspects of society and types of character, which no other writer in America has approached. For instance, his "Undiscovered Country" was an exhaustive study and presentation of spiritualism, as it is witnessed and taught in New England. And those who admire Mr. Howells' writings will find in "The Landlord at Lion's Head" a clear-cut statement of the important sociological problem yet to be solved, upon the other; which problem is also characteristic of other of his books. Thoughtful readers of Mr. Howells' novels gain much information on vital questions of society and government, which broaden the mind and cannot fail to be of permanent benefit.

From 1872 to 1881 Mr. Howells was editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," and since 1886 he has conducted the department known as the "Editor's Study" in "Harper's Magazine," contributing much to other periodicals at the same time. He is also well known as a poet, but has so overshadowed this side of himself by his greater power as a novelist, that he is placed with that class of writers. In 1873 a collection of his poems was published. While in Venice he wrote "No Love Lost; a Romance of Travel," which was published in 1869, and stamped him as a poet of ability.

IMPRESSIONS ON VISITING POMPEII.*

FROM "ITALIAN JOURNEYS." 1867.

THE cotton whitens over two-thirds of Pompeii yet interred: happy the generation that lives to learn the wondrous secrets of that sepulchre! For, when you have once been at Pompeii, this phantasm of the past takes deeper hold on your imagination than any living city, and becomes and is the metropolis of your dream-land forever. O marvellous city! who shall reveal the cunning of your spell? Something not death, something not life,—something that is the one when you turn to determine its essence as the other! What is it comes to me at this distance of that which I saw in Pompeii? The narrow and curving, but not crooked streets, with the blazing sun of that Neapolitan November falling into them, or clouding their wheel-worn lava with the black, black shadows of the many-tinted walls; the houses, and the gay columns of white, yellow, and red; the delicate pavements of mosaic; the skeletons of dusty cisterns and dead fountains; inanimate garden-spaces with pygmy statues suited to their littleness; suites of fairy bed-chambers, painted with exquisite frescoes; dining-halls with joyous scenes of hunt and banquet on their walls; the ruinous sites of temples; the melancholy emptiness of booths and shops and jolly drinking-houses; the lonesome tragic theatre, with a modern Pompeian drawing water from a well there; the baths with their roofs perfect yet, and the stucco bass-reliefs all but unharmed; around the whole, the city wall crowned with slender poplars; outside the gates, the long avenue of tombs, and the Appian Way stretching on to Stabiae; and, in the distance, Vesuvius, brown and bare, with his fiery breath scarce visible against the cloudless heaven; these are the things that float before my fancy as I turn back to look at myself walking those enchanted streets, and to wonder if I could ever have been so blest. For there is nothing on the earth, or under it, like Pompeii. . . .

THE HOUSES OF POMPEII AND THEIR PAINTED WALLS.

From "*Italian Journeys*."

The plans of nearly all the houses in the city are

alike: the entrance-room next the door; the parlor or drawing-room next that; then the *impluvium*, or unroofed space in the middle of the house, where the rains were caught and drained into the cistern, and where the household used to come to wash itself, primitively, as at a pump; the little garden, with its painted columns, behind the *impluvium*, and, at last, the dining-room.

* * * * *

After referring to the frescoes on the walls that have remained for nearly two thousand years and the wonder of the art by which they were produced, Mr. Howells thus continues:

Of course the houses of the rich were adorned by men of talent; but it is surprising to see the community of thought and feeling in all this work, whether it be from cunninger or clumsier hands. The subjects are nearly always chosen from the fables of the gods, and they are in illustration of the poets, Homer and the rest. To suit that soft, luxurious life which people led in Pompeii, the themes are commonly amorous, and sometimes not too chaste: there is much of Bacchus and Ariadne, much of Venus and Adonis, and Diana bathes a good deal with her nymphs,—not to mention frequent representations of the toilet of that beautiful monster which the lascivious art of the time loved to depict. One of the most pleasing of all the scenes is that in one of the houses, of the Judgment of Paris, in which the shepherd sits upon a bank in an attitude of ineffable and flattered importance, with one leg carelessly crossing the other, and both hands resting lightly on his shepherd's crook, while the goddesses before him await his sentence. Naturally, the painter has done his best for the victress in this rivalry, and you see

"Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,"

as she should be, but with a warm and piquant spice of girlish resentment in her attitude, that Paris should pause for an instant, which is altogether delicious.

"And I beheld great Here's angry eyes."

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door; the parlor
the *impluvium*, or
house, where the
to the cistern, and
to wash itself,
the garden, with its
vivum, and, at last,

Awful eyes! How did the painter make them? The wonder of all these pagan frescos is the mystery of the eyes,—still, beautiful, unhuman. You cannot believe that it is wrong for those tranquil-eyed men and women to do evil, they look so calm and so unconscious in it all; and in the presence of the celestials, as they bend upon you those eternal orbs, in whose regard you are but a part of space, you feel that here art has achieved the unearthly. I know of

no words in literature which give a *sense* (nothing gives the idea) of the *stare* of these gods, except that magnificent line of Kingsley's, describing the advance over the sea toward Andromeda of the oblivious and unsympathizing Nereids. They floated slowly up and their eyes

"Stared on her, silent and still, like the eyes in the house of the idols."

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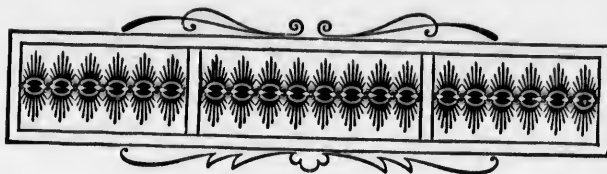
VENETIAN VAGABONDS.* (FROM "VENETIAN LIFE." 1867.)

THE lasagnone is a loafer, as an Italian can be a loafer, without the admixture of ruffianism, which blemishes lost loafers of northern race. He may be quite worthless, and even impertinent, but he cannot be a rowdy—that pleasing blossom on the nose of our fast, high-fed, thick-blooded civilization. In Venice he must not be confounded with other loiterers at the café; not with the natty people who talk politics interminably over little cups of black coffee; not with those old habitués, who sit forever under the Procuratie, their hands folded upon the top of their sticks, and stare at the ladies who pass with a curious steadfastness and knowing skepticism of gaze, not pleasing in the dim eyes of age; certainly, the last persons who bear any likeness to the lasagnone are the Germans, with their honest, heavy faces comically anglicized by leg-of-mutton whiskers. The truth is, the lasagnone does not flourish in the best café; he comes to perfection in cheaper resorts, for he is commonly not rich.

It often happens that a glass of water, flavored with a little anisette, is the order over which he sits a whole evening. He knows the waiter intimately, and does not call him "Shop!" (*Bottéga*) as less familiar people do, but Gigi, or Beppi, as the waiter is pretty sure to be named. "Behold!" he says, when the servant places his modest drink before him, "who is that loveliest blonde there?" Or to his fellow-lasagnone: "She regards me! I have broken her heart!" This is his sole business and mission, the cruel lasag-

none—to break the ladies' hearts. He spares no condition—neither rank nor wealth is any defence against him. I often wonder what is in that note he continually shows to his friend. The confession of some broken heart, I think. When he has folded it and put it away, he chuckles, "Ah, eara!" and sucks at his long, slender Virginia cigar. It is unlighted, for fire consumes cigars. I never see him read the papers—neither the Italian papers nor the Parisian journals, though if he can get "Galg-nani" he is glad, and he likes to pretend to a knowledge of English, uttering upon the occasion, with great relish, such distinctively English words as "Yes" and "Not," and to the waiter, "A-little-fire-if-you-please." He sits very late in the café, he touches his hat—his curly French hat—to the company as he goes out with a mild swagger, his cane held lightly in his left hand, his coat cut snugly to show his hips, and genteely swaying with the motion of his body. He is a dandy, of course—all Italians are dandies—but his vanity is perfectly harmless, and his heart is not bad. He would go half an hour to put you in the direction of the Piazza. A little thing can make him happy—to stand in the pit at the opera, and gaze at the ladies in the lower boxes—to attend the Marionette or the Malibran Theatre, and imperil the peace of pretty seamstresses and contadinas—to stand at the church doors and ogle the fair saints as they pass out. Go, harmless lasagnone, to thy lodging in some mysterious height, and break hearts if thou wilt. They are quickly mended.

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GENERAL LEWIS WALLACE.

AUTHOR OF "BEN HUR."



HERE is an old adage which declares "without fame or fortune at forty, without fame or fortune always." This, however is not invariably true. Hawthorne became famous when he wrote "Scarlet Letter" at forty-six, Sir Walter Scott produced the first Waverly Novel after he was forty; and we find another exception in the case of the soldier author who is made the subject of this sketch. Perhaps no writer of modern times has gained so wide a reputation on so few books or began his literary career so late in life as the author of "The Fair God;" "Ben Hur" and "The Prince of India." It was not until the year 1873 that General Lewis Wallace at the age of forty-six became known to literature. Prior to this he had filled the double position of lawyer and soldier, and it was his observations and experiences in the Mexican War, no doubt, which inspired him to write "The Fair God," his first book, which was a story of the conquest of that country.

Lew. Wallace was born at Brookville, Indiana, in 1827. After receiving a common school education, he began the study of law; but on the breaking out of the Mexican War, he volunteered in the army as a lieutenant in an Indiana company. On his return from the war, in 1848, he took up the practice of his profession in his native state and also served in the legislature. Near the beginning of the Civil War he became colonel of a volunteer regiment. His military service was of such a character that he received special mention from General Grant for meritorious conduct and was made major-general in March, 1862. He was mustered out of service when the war closed in 1865 and resumed his practice of law at his old home in Crawfordsville. In 1873, as stated above, his first book, "The Fair God," was published; but it met with only moderate success. In 1878, General Wallace was made Territorial Governor of Utah and in 1880, "Ben Hur; a Tale of The Christ" appeared. The scene was laid in the East and displayed such a knowledge of the manners and customs of that country and people that General Garfield—that year elected President—considered its author a fitting person for the Turkish Ministry, and accordingly, in 1881, he was appointed to that position. It is said that when President Garfield gave General Wallace his appointment, he wrote the words "Ben Hur" across the corner of the document, and, as Wallace was coming away from his visit of acknowledgement at the White House, the President put his arm over his friend's shoulder and said, "I expect another book out of you. Your duties will not be too onerous to allow you to write it. Locate the scene in

Constantinople." This suggestion was, no doubt, General Wallace's reason for writing "The Prince of India," which was published in 1890 and is the last book issued by its author. He had in the mean time, however, published "The Boyhood of Christ" (1888).

None of the other books of the author have been so popular or reached the great success attained by "Ben Hur," which has had the enormous sale of nearly one-half million copies without at any time being forced upon the market in the form of a cheap edition. It is remarkable also to state that the early circulation of "Ben Hur," while it was appreciated by a certain class, was too small to warrant the author in anticipating the fortune which he afterwards harvested from this book. Before General Wallace was made Minister to Turkey, the book-sellers bought it in quantities of two, three or a dozen at a time, and it was not until President Garfield had honored the author with this significant portfolio that the trade commenced to call for it in thousand lots.

DESCRIPTION OF CHRIST.*

(FROM "BEN HUR." 1880.)

HIS head was open to the cloudless light, except as it was draped with long hair and slightly waved, and parted in the middle, and auburn in tint, with a tendency to reddish golden where most strongly touched by the sun. Under a broad, low forehead, under black well-arched brows, beamed eyes dark blue and large, and softened to exceeding tenderness by lashes of great length sometimes seen on children, but seldom, if ever, on men. As to the other features, it would have been difficult to decide whether they were Greek or Jewish. The delicacy of the nostrils and mouth was unusually to the latter type, and when it was taken into account with the gentleness of the eyes, the pallor of the complexion, the fine texture of the hair and the softness of the beard, which fell in waves over His throat to His breast, rarer a soldier but would have laughed at Him in encounter, never a woman who would not have confided in Him at sight, never a child that

would not, with quick instinct, have given Him its hand and whole artless trust, nor might any one have said He was not beautiful.

The features, it should be further said, were ruled by a certain expression which, as the viewer chose, might with equal correctness have been called the effect of intelligence, love, pity or sorrow, though, in better speech, it was a blending of them all—a look easy to fancy as a mark of a sinless soul doomed to the sight and understanding of the utter sinfulness of those among whom it was passing; yet withal no one could have observed the face with a thought of weakness in the man; so, at least, would not they who know that the qualities mentioned—love, sorrow, pity—are the results of a consciousness of strength to bear suffering oftener than strength to do; such has been the might of martyrs and devotees and the myriads written down in saintly calendars; and such, indeed, was the air of this one.

THE PRINCE OF INDIA TEACHES REINCARNATION.*

(FROM THE "PRINCE OF INDIA." 1890.)

HIS Holy Father of Light and Life," the speaker went on, after a pause referable to his consummate knowledge of men, "has sent His Spirit down to the world, not once, merely, or unto one people, but repeatedly, in ages

sometimes near together, sometimes wide apart, and to races diverse, yet in every instance remarkable for genius."

There was a murmur at this, but he gave it no time.

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"Ask you now how I could identify the Spirit so as to be able to declare to you solemnly, as I do in fear of God, that in several repeated appearances of which I speak it was the very same Spirit? How do you know the man you met at set of sun yesterday was the man you saluted and had salute from this morning? Well, I tell you the Father has given the Spirit features by which it may be known—features distinct as those of the neighbors nearest you there at your right and left hands. Wherever in my reading Holy Books, like these, I hear of a man, himself a shining example of righteousness, teaching God and the way to God; by those signs I say to my soul: 'Oh, the Spirit, the Spirit! Blessed in the man appointed to carry it about!'"

Again the murmur, but again he passed on.

"The Spirit dwelt in the Holy of Holies set apart for it in the Tabernacle; yet no man ever saw it

here, a thing of sight. The soul is not to be seen; still less is the Spirit of the Most High; or if one did see it, its brightness would kill him. In great mercy, therefore, it has come and done its good works in the world veiled; now in one form, now in another; at one time, a voice in the air; at another, a vision in sleep; at another, a burning bush; at another, an angel; at another, a descending dove"—
"Bethabara!" shouted a cowed brother, tossing both hands up.

"Be quiet!" the Patriarch ordered.

"Thus always when its errand was of quick despatch," the Prince continued. "But if its coming were for residence on earth, then its habit has been to adopt a man for its outward form, and enter into him, and speak by him; such was Moses, such Elijah, such were all the Prophets, and such"—he paused, then exclaimed shrilly—"such was Jesus Christ!"

DEATH OF MONTEZUMA.*

(FROM "THE FAIR GOD.")

THE king turned his pale face and fixed his gazing eyes upon the conqueror; and such power was there in the look that the latter added, with softening manner, "What I can do for thee I will do. I have always been thy true friend."

"O Malinche, I hear you, and your words make dying easy," answered Montezuma, smiling faintly.

With an effort he sought Cortes' hand, and looking at Acatlan and Tecaleo, continued:

"Let me intrust these women and their children to you and your lord. Of all that which was mine but now is yours—lands, people, empire—enough to save them from want and shame, were small indeed. Promise me; in the hearing of all these, promise, Malinche."

Taint of anger was there no longer on the soul of the great Spaniard.

"Rest thee, good king!" he said, with feeling, "Thy queens and their children shall be my wards. In the hearing of all these, I so swear."

The listener smiled again; his eyes closed, his hand fell down; and so still was he that they began to think him dead. Suddenly he stirred, and said faintly, but distinctly,—

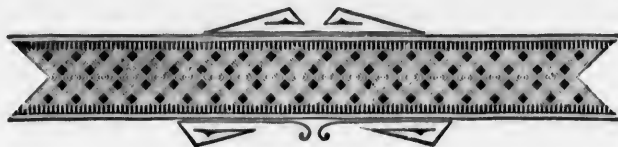
"Nearer, uncles, nearer." The old men bent over him, listening.

"A message to Gnatamozin,—to whom I give my last thought, as king. Say to him, that this lingering in death is no fault of his; the aim was true, but the arrow splintered upon leaving the bow. And lest the world hold him to account for my blood, hear me say, all of you, that I bade him do what he did. And in sign that I love him, take my sceptre, and give it to him—"

His voice fell away, yet the lips moved; lower the accents stooped,—

"Tula and the empire go with the sceptre," he murmured, and they were his last words,—his will. A wail from the women pronounced him dead.

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EDWARD EGGLESTON.

"THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY."



ERDER says with truth that "one's whole life is but the interpretation of the oracles of his childhood," and those who are familiar with the writings of Edward Eggleston see in his pictures of country life in the Hoosier State the interpretation and illustration of his own life with its peculiar environment in "the great interior valley" nearly a half-century ago. The writers who have interpreted for us and for future generations the life and the characteristic manners which prevailed in the days when our country was new and the forests were yielding to give place to growing cities and expanding farms have done a rare and peculiar service, and those sections which have found expression through the genius and gifts of novelist or poet are highly favored above all others.

Edward Eggleston has always counted it a piece of good-fortune to have been born in a small village of Southern Indiana, for he believes that the formative influences of such an environment, the intimate knowledge of simple human nature, the close acquaintance with nature in woods and field and stream, and the sincere and earnest tone of the religious atmosphere which he breathed all through his youth, are better elements of culture than a city life could have furnished.

He was born in 1837 in Vevay, Indiana, and his early life was spent amid the "noble scenery" on the banks of the Ohio River. His father died while he was a young boy, and he himself was too delicate to spend much time at school, so that he is a shining example of those who move up the inclined plane of self-culture and self-improvement.

As he himself has forcefully said, through his whole life two men have struggled within him for the ascendancy, the religious devotee and the literary man. His early training was "after the strictest sect of his religion"—the fervid Methodism of fifty years ago, and he was almost morbidly scrupulous as a boy, not even allowing himself to read a novel, though from this early period he always felt in himself a future literary career, and the teacher who corrected his compositions naively said to him: "I have marked your composition very severely because you are destined to become an author."

At first the religious element in his nature decidedly held sway and he devoted himself to the ministry, mounting a horse and going forth with his saddle-bags as a circuit preacher in a circuit of ten preaching places. This was followed by a still harder experience in the border country of Minnesota, where in moccasins he

tramped from town to town preaching to lumbermen and living on a meagre pittance, eating crackers and cheese, often in broken health and expecting an early death.

But even this earnest life of religious devotion and sacrifice was interspersed with attempts at literary work and he wrote a critical essay on "Beranger and his Songs" while he was trying to evangelize the red-shirted lumbermen of St. Croix. It was in such life and amid such experiences that Eggleston gained his keen knowledge of human nature which has been the delight and charm of his books.

He began his literary career as associate editor of the "Little Corporal" at Evanston, Illinois, in 1866, and in 1870 he rose to the position of literary editor of the New York "Independent," of which he was for a time superintending editor. For five years, from 1874 to 1879, he was pastor of the Church of Christian Endeavor in Brooklyn, but failing health compelled him to retire, and he made his home at "Owl's Nest," on Lake George, where he has since devoted himself to literary work.

His novels depict the rural life of Southern Indiana, and his own judgment upon them is as follows: "I should say that what distinguishes my novels from other works of fiction is the prominence which they give to social conditions; that the individual characters are here treated to a greater degree than elsewhere as parts of a study of a society, as in some sense the logical result of the environment. Whatever may be the rank assigned to these stories as works of literary art, they will always have a certain value as materials for the student of social history."

His chief novels and stories are the following: "Mr. Blake's Walking Stick" (Chicago, 1869); "The Hoosier School-master" (New York, 1871); "End of the World" (1872); "The Mystery of Metropolisville" (1873); "The Circuit Rider" (1874); "School-master's Stories for Boys and Girls" (1874); and "The Hoosier School-boy" (1883). He has written in connection with his daughter an interesting series of biographical tales of famous American Indians, and during these later years of his life he has largely devoted himself to historical work which has had an attraction for him all his life.

In his historical work as in his novels he is especially occupied with the evolution of society. His interest runs in the line of unfolding the history of life and development rather than in giving mere facts of political history.

His chief works in this department are: "Household History of the United States and its People" (New York, 1893); and "The Beginners of a Nation" (New York, 1897).

Though possessed of a weak and ailing body and always on the verge of invalidism, he has done the work of a strong man. He has always preserved his deep and earnest religious and moral tone, but he has woven with it a joyous and genuine humor which has warmed the hearts of his many readers.

SPELLING DOWN THE MASTER.*

(FROM "THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER." ORANGE JUDD CO., PUBLISHERS.)



VERY family furnished a candle. There were yellow dips and white dips, burning, smoking, and flaring. There was laughing, and talking, and giggling, and simpering, and ogling, and flirting, and courting. What a dress party is to Fifth Avenue, a spelling-school is to Hoophole County. It is an occasion which is metaphorically inscribed with this legend, "Choose your partners." Spelling is only a blind in Hoophole County, as is dancing on Fifth Avenue. But as there are some in society who love dancing for its own sake, so in Flat Creek district there were those who loved spelling for its own sake, and who, smelling the battle from afar, had come to try their skill in this tournament, hoping to freshen the laurels they had won in their school-days.

"I 'low," said Mr. Means, speaking as the principal school trustee, "I 'low our friend the Square is jest the man to boss this ere consarn to-night. Ef nobody objects, I'll appint him. Come, Square, don't be bashful. Walk up to the trough, fodder or no fodder, as the man said to his donkey."

There was a general giggle at this, and many of the young swains took occasion to nudge the girls alongside them, ostensibly for the purpose of making them see the joke, but really for the pure pleasure of nudging.

The squire came to the front.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, shoving up his spectacles, and sucking his lips over his white teeth to keep them in place, "ladies and gentlemen, young men and maidens, raley I'm obleeged to Mr. Means fer this honor," and the Squire took both hands and turned the top of his head round several inches. Then he adjusted his spectacles. Whether he was obliged to Mr. Means for the honor of being compared to a donkey, was not clear. "I feel in the inmost compartments of my animal spirits a most happyfying sense of the success and futility of all my endeavors to sarve the people of Flat Creek deestrick, and the people of Tomkins township, in my weak way and manner." This burst of eloquence was delivered with a constrained air and an apparent sense of danger that he, Squire Hawkins, might fall to pieces in his weak way and manner, and of the success and

futility (especially the latter) of all attempts at reconstruction. For by this time the ghastly pupil of the left eye, which was black, was looking away round to the left while the little blue one on the right twinkled cheerfully toward the front. The front teeth would drop down so that the Squire's mouth was kept nearly closed, and his words whistled through.

"I feel as if I could be grandiloquent on this interesting occasion," twisting his scalp round, "but raley I must forego any such exertions. It is spelling you want. Spelling is the corner-stone, the grand, underlying subterfuge of a good eddication. I put the spellin'-book prepared by the great Daniel Webster alongside the Bible. I do raley. The man who got up, who compounded this little work of inextricable valoo was a benufactor to the whole human race or any other." Here the spectacles fell off. The Squire replaced them in some confusion, gave the top of his head another twist, and felt for his glass eye, while poor Shockey stared in wonder, and Betsy Short rolled from side to side at the point of death from the effort to suppress her giggle. Mrs. Means and the other old ladies looked the applause they could not speak.

"I appint Larkin Lanham and Jeems Buchanan fer captings," said the Squire. And the two young men thus named took a stick and tossed it from hand to hand to decide who should have the "first chice." One tossed the stick to the other, who held it fast just where he happened to catch it. Then the first placed his hand above the second, and so the hands were alternately changed to the top. The one who held the stick last without room for the other to take hold had gained the lot. This was tried three times. As Larkin held the stick twice out of three times, he had the choice. He hesitated a moment. Everybody looked toward tall Jim Phillips. But Larkin was fond of a venture on unknown seas, and so he said, "I take the master," while a buzz of surprise ran round the room, and the captain of the other side, as if afraid his opponent would withdraw the choice, retorted quickly, and with a little smack of exultation and defiance in his voice: "And I take Jeems Phillips."

And soon all present, except a few of the old folks,

found themselves ranged in opposing hosts, the poor spellers lagging in, with what grace they could at the foot of the two divisions. The Squire opened his spelling-book and began to give out the words to the two captains, who stood up and spelled against each other. It was not long before Larkin spelled "really" with one *l*, and had to sit down in confusion, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the ranks of the opposing forces. His own side bit their lips. The slender figure of the young teacher took the place of the fallen leader, and the excitement made the house very quiet. Ralph dreaded the loss of influence he would suffer if he should be easily spelled down. And at the moment of rising he saw in the darkest corner the figure of a well-dressed young man sitting in the shadow. It made him tremble. Why should his evil genius haunt him? But by a strong effort he turned his attention away from Dr. Small, and listened carefully to the words which the Squire did not pronounce very distinctly, spelling them with extreme deliberation. This gave him an air of hesitation which disappointed those on his own side. They wanted him to spell with a dashing assurance. But he did not begin a word until he had mentally felt his way through it. After ten minutes of spelling hard words, Jeems Buchanan, the captain of the other side, spelled "atrocious" with an *s* instead of a *c*, and subsided, his first choice, Jeems Phillips, coming up against the teacher. This brought the excitement to fever-heat. For though Ralph was chosen first, it was entirely on trust, and most of the company were disappointed. The champion who now stood up against the school-master was a famous speller.

Jim Phillips was a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered fellow, who had never distinguished himself in any other pursuit than spelling. Except in this one art of spelling he was of no account. He could neither catch a ball well nor bat well. He could not throw well enough to make his mark in that famous Western game of Bull-pen. He did not succeed well in any study but that of Webster's Elementary. But in that—to use the usual Flat Creek locution—he was "a hoss." The genius for spelling is in some people a sixth sense, a matter of intuition. Some spellers are born and not made, and their facility reminds one of the mathematical prodigies that crop

out every now and then to bewilder the world. Bud Means, foreseeing that Ralph would be pitted against Jim Phillips, had warned his friend that Jim could spell "like thunder and lightning," and that it "took a powerful smart speller" to beat him, for he knew "a heap of spelling-book." To have "spelled down the master" is next thing to having whipped the biggest bully in Hoophole County, and Jim had "spelled down" the last three masters. He divided the hero-worship of the district with Bud Means.

For half an hour the Squire gave out hard words. What a blessed thing our crooked orthography is. Without it there could be no spelling-schools. As Ralph discovered his opponent's mettle he became more and more cautious. He was now satisfied that Jim would eventually beat him. The fellow evidently knew more about the spelling-book than old Noah Webster himself. As he stood there, with his dull face and long sharp nose, his hands behind his back, and his voice spelling infallibly, it seemed to Hartsook that his superiority must lie in his nose. Ralph's cautiousness answered a double purpose; it enabled him to tread surely, and it was mistaken by Jim for weakness. Phillips was now confident that he should carry off the scalp of the fourth school-master before the evening was over. He spelled eagerly, confidently, brilliantly. Stoop-shouldered as he was, he began to straighten up. In the minds of all the company the odds were in his favor. He saw this, and became ambitious to distinguish himself by spelling without giving the matter any thought.

Ralph always believed that he would have been speedily defeated by Phillips had it not been for two thoughts which braced him. The sinister shadow of young Dr. Small sitting in the dark corner by the water-bucket nerved him. A victory over Phillips was a defeat to one who wished only ill to the young school-master. The other thought that kept his pluck alive was the recollection of Bull. He approached a word as Bull approached the raccoon. He did not take hold until he was sure of his game. When he took hold, it was with a quiet assurance of success. As Ralph spelled in this dogged way for half an hour the hardest words the Squire could find, the excitement steadily rose in all parts of the house, and Ralph's friends even ventured to whisper that "maybe Jim had catcthed his match after all!"

But Phillips never doubted of his success.

"Theodolite," said the Squire.

"T-h-e, the, o-d, od, theod, o, theodo, l-y-t-e, theodolite," spelled the champion.

"Next," said the Squire, nearly losing his teeth in his excitement.

Ralph spelled the word slowly and correctly, and the conquered champion sat down in confusion. The excitement was so great for some minutes that the spelling was suspended. Everybody in the house had shown sympathy with one or other of the combatants, except the silent shadow in the corner. *It* had not moved during the contest, and did not show any interest now in the result.

"Gewhilliky crickets! Thunder and lightning! Licked him all to smash!" said Bud, rubbing his hands on his knees. "That beats my time all holler!"

And Betsy Short giggled until her tuck-comb fell out, though she was on the defeated side.

Shocky got up and danced with pleasure.

But one suffocating look from the aqueous eyes of Mirandy destroyed the last spark of Ralph's pleasure in his triumph, and sent that awful below-zero feeling all through him.

"*Me's* powerful smart is the master," said old Jack to Mr. Pete Jones. "He'll beat the whole kit and tuck of 'em afore he's through. I know'd he was smart. That's the reason I tuck him," proceeded Mr. Means.

"Yaas, but he don't lick enough. Not nigh," answered Pete Jones. "No lickin', no larnin', says I."

It was now not so hard. The other spellers on the opposite side went down quickly under the hard words which the Squire gave out. The master had mowed down all but a few, his opponents had given up the battle, and all had lost their keen interest in a contest to which there could be but one conclusion, for there were only the poor spellers left. But Ralph Hartsook ran against a stump where he was least expecting it. It was the Squire's custom, when one of the smaller scholars or poorer spellers rose to spell against the master, to give out eight or ten easy words that they might have some breathing spell before being slaughtered, and then to give a poser or two which soon settled them. He let them run a little, as a cat does a doomed mouse. There was now but one person

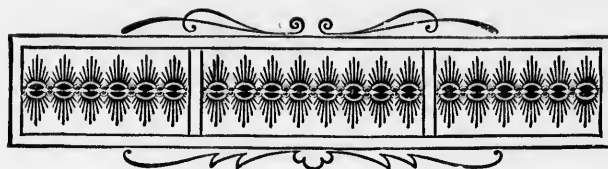
left on the opposite side, and as she rose in her blue calico dress, Ralph recognized Hannah, the bound girl at old Jack Means's. She had not attended school in the district, and had never spelled in spelling-school before, and was chosen last as an uncertain quantity. The Squire began with easy words of two syllables, from that page of Webster, so well-known to all who ever thumbed it, as "Baker," from the word that stands at the top of the page. She spelled these words in an absent and uninterested manner. As everybody knew that she would have to go down as soon as this preliminary skirmishing was over, everybody began to get ready to go home, and already there was a buzz of preparation. Young men were timidly asking girls if they could "see them safe home," which is the approved formula, and were trembling in mortal fear of "the mitten." Presently the Squire, thinking it time to close the contest, pulled his scalp forward, adjusted his glass eye, which had been examining his nose long enough, and turned over the leaves of the book to the great words at the place known to spellers as "Incomprehensibility," and began to give out those "words of eight syllables with the accent on the sixth." Listless scholars now turned round, and ceased to whisper, in order to be in the master's final triumph. But to their surprise, "ole Miss Meanses' white nigger," as some of them called her, in allusion to her slavish life, spelled these great words with as perfect ease as the master. Still, not doubting the result, the Squire turned from place to place and selected all the hard words he could find. The school became utterly quiet, the excitement was too great for the ordinary buzz. Would "Meanses' Hanner" beat the master? Beat the master that had laid out Jim Phillips? Everybody's sympathy was now turned to Hannah. Ralph noticed that even Shocky had deserted him, and that his face grew brilliant every time Hannah spelled a word. In fact, Ralph deserted himself. If he had not felt that a victory given would insult her, he would have missed intentionally.

"Dagnerreotype," sniffled the Squire. It was Ralph's turn.

"D-a-u, dau——"

"Next."

And Hannah spelled it right.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

FEW names are more indelibly written upon our country's history than that of Harriet Beecher Stowe. "No book," says George William Curtis, "was ever more a historical event than 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' . . . It was the great happiness of Mrs. Stowe not only to have written many delightful books, but to have written one book which will always be famous not only as the most vivid picture of an extinct evil system, but as one of the most powerful influences in overthrowing it . . . If all whom she has charmed and quickened should unite to sing her praises, the birds of summer would be outdone."

Harriet Beecher Stowe was the sixth child of Reverend Lyman Beecher,—the great head of that great family which has left so deep an impress upon the heart and mind of the American people. She was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in June, 1811,—just two years before her next younger brother, Henry Ward Beecher. Her father was pastor of the Congregational Church in Litchfield, and her girlhood was passed there and at Hartford, where she attended the excellent seminary kept by her elder sister, Catharine E. Beecher. In 1832 her father accepted a call to the presidency of Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, and moved thither with his family. Catharine Beecher went also, and established there a new school, under the name of the Western Female Institute, in which Harriet assisted.

In 1833 Mrs. Stowe first had the subject of slavery brought to her personal notice by taking a trip across the river from Cincinnati into Kentucky in company with Miss Dutton, one of the associate teachers in the Western Institute. They visited the estate that afterward figured as that of Mr. Shelby, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and here the young authoress first came into personal contact with the slaves of the South.

Among the professors in Lane Seminary was Calvin E. Stowe, whose wife, a dear friend of Miss Beecher, died soon after Dr. Beecher's removal to Cincinnati. In 1836 Professor Stowe and Harriet Beecher were married. They were admirably suited to each other. Professor Stowe was a typical man of letters,—a learned, amiable, unpractical philosopher, whose philosophy was like that described by Shakespeare as "an excellent horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey." Her practical ability and cheerful, inspiring courage were the unfailing support of her husband.

The years from 1845 to 1850 were a time of severe trial to Mrs. Stowe. She and her husband both suffered from ill health, and the family was separated. Professor Stowe was struggling with poverty, and endeavoring at the same time to lift the Theological Seminary out of financial difficulties. In 1849, while Professor Stowe was ill at a water-cure establishment in Vermont, their youngest child died of cholera,



UNCLE TOM AND HIS BABY.

“ ‘Ain’t she a peart young ‘un?’ ”

which was then raging in Cincinnati. In 1850 it was decided to remove to Brunswick, Maine, the seat of Bowdoin College, where Professor Stowe was offered a position.

The year 1850 is memorable in the history of the conflict with slavery. It was the year of Clay’s compromise measures, as they were called, which sought to satisfy the North by the admission of California as a free State, and to propitiate the South by the notorious “Fugitive Slave Law.” The slave power was at its height, and

seemed to hold all things under its feet; yet in truth it had entered upon the last stage of its existence, and the forces were fast gathering for its final overthrow. Professor Cairnes and others said truly, "The Fugitive Slave Law has been to the slave power a questionable gain. Among its first fruits was 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

The story was begun as a serial in the *National Era*, June 5, 1851, and was announced to run for about three months, but it was not completed in that paper until April 1, 1852. It had been contemplated as a mere magazine tale of perhaps a dozen chapters, but once begun it could no more be controlled than the waters of the swollen Mississippi, bursting through a crevasse in its levees. The intense interest excited by the story, the demands made upon the author for more facts, the unmeasured words of encouragement to keep on in her good work that poured in from all sides, and, above all, the ever-growing conviction that she had been intrusted with a great and holy mission, compelled her to keep on until the humble tale had assumed the proportions of a large volume. Mrs. Stowe repeatedly said, "I could not control the story, it wrote itself;" and, "I the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?" No, indeed. The Lord himself wrote it, and I was but the humblest of instruments in his hand. To him alone should be given all the praise."

For the story as a serial the author received \$300. In the meantime, however, it had attracted the attention of Mr. John P. Jewett, a Boston publisher, who promptly made overtures for its publication in book form. He offered Mr. and Mrs. Stowe a half share in the profits, provided they would share with him the expense of publication. This was refused by the Professor, who said he was altogether too poor to assume any such risk; and the agreement finally made was that the author should receive a ten per cent. royalty upon all sales.

In the meantime the fears of the author as to whether or not her book would be read were quickly dispelled. Three thousand copies were sold the very first day, a second edition was issued the following week, a third a few days later; and within a year one hundred and twenty editions, or over three hundred thousand copies, of the book had been issued and sold in this country. Almost in a day the poor professor's wife had become the most talked-of woman in the world; her influence for good was spreading to its remotest corners, and henceforth she was to be a public character, whose every movement would be watched with interest, and whose every word would be quoted. The long, weary struggle with poverty was to be hers no longer; for, in seeking to aid the oppressed, she had also so aided herself that within four months from the time her book was published it had yielded her \$10,000 in royalties.

In 1852 Professor Stowe received a call to the professorship of Sacred Literature in Andover Theological Seminary, and the family soon removed to their Massachusetts home. They were now relieved from financial pressure; but Mrs. Stowe's health was still delicate; and in 1853 she went with her husband and brother to England, where she received, much to her surprise, a universal welcome. She made many friends among the most distinguished people in Great Britain, and on the continent as well. On her return she wrote the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," and began "Dred: a Tale of the Dismal Swamp." In fact, her literary career was just beginning. With "Uncle Tom's Cabin" her powers seemed only to be fairly

awakened. One work after another came in quick succession. For nearly thirty years after the publication of "Uncle Tom," her pen was never idle. In 1854 she published "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," and then, in rapid succession, "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Agnes of Sorrento," "House and Home Papers," "Little Foxes," and "Oldtown Folks." These, however, are but a small part of her works. Besides more than thirty books, she has written magazine articles, short stories, and sketches almost without number. She

has entertained, instructed, and inspired a generation born long after the last slave was made free, and to whom the great question which once convulsed our country is only a name. But her first great work has never been surpassed, and it will never be forgotten.

After the war which accomplished the abolition of slavery, Mrs. Stowe lived in Hartford, Connecticut, in summer, and spent the winters in Florida, where she bought a luxurious home. Her pen was hardly ever idle; and the popularity of her works seemed to steadily increase. She passed away on the 1st of July, 1896, amid the surroundings of her quiet, pretty home at Hartford,



A SCENE IN UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Little Eva.—"Oh, Uncle Tom! what funny things you are making there."

Connecticut. The whole reading world was moved at the news of her death, and many a chord vibrated at the remembrance of her powerful, and we may even say successful, advocacy of the cause of the slave. The good which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" achieved can never be estimated, and the noble efforts of its author have been interwoven in the work of the world.

THE LITTLE EVANGELIST.

FROM "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

IT was Sunday afternoon. St. Clare was stretched on a bamboo lounge in the verandah, solacing himself with a cigar. Marie lay reclined on a sofa, opposite the window opening on the verandah, closely secluded under an awning of transparent gauze from the outrages of the mosquitoes, and languidly holding in her hand an elegantly-bound prayer-book. She was holding it because it was Sunday, and she imagined she had been reading it—though, in fact, she had been only taking a succession of short naps with it open in her hand.

Miss Ophelia, who, after some rumaging, had hunted up a small Methodist meeting within riding distance, had gone out, with Tom as driver, to attend it, and Eva accompanied them.

"I say, Augustine," said Marie, after dozing awhile, "I must send to the city after my old doctor, Posey; I'm sure I've got the complaint of the heart."

"Well; why need you send for him? This doctor that attends Eva seems skillful."

"I would not trust him in a critical case," said Marie; "and I think I may say mine is becoming so! I've been thinking of it these two or three nights past; I have such distressing pains and such strange feelings."

"Oh, Marie, you are blue! I don't believe it's heart-complaint."

"I daresay *you* don't," said Marie; I was prepared to expect *that*. You can be alarmed enough if Eva coughs, or has the least thing the matter with her; but you never think of me."

"If it's particularly agreeable to you to have heart-disease, why, I'll try and maintain you have it," said St. Clare; "I didn't know it was."

"Well, I only hope you won't be sorry for this when it's too late!" said Marie. "But, believe it or not, my distress about Eva, and the exertions I have made with that dear child, have developed what I have long suspected."

What the *exertions* were which Marie referred to it would have been difficult to state. St. Clare quietly made this commentary to himself, and went

on smoking, like a hard-hearted wretch of a man as he was, till a carriage drove up before the verandah, and Eva and Miss Ophelia alighted.

Miss Ophelia marched straight to her own chamber, to put away her bonnet and shawl, as was always her manner, before she spoke a word on any subject; while Eva came at St. Clare's call, and was sitting on his knee, giving him an account of the services they had heard.

They soon heard loud exclamations from Miss Ophelia's room (which, like the one in which they were sitting, opened to the verandah), and violent reproof addressed to somebody.

"What new witchcraft has Tops been brewing?" asked St. Clare. "That commotion is of her raising, I'll be bound!"

And in a moment after, Miss Ophelia, in high indignation, came dragging the culprit along.

"Come out here, now!" she said. "I *will* tell your master!"

"What's the case now?" asked Augustine.

"The case is, that I cannot be plagued with this child any longer! It's past all bearing; flesh and blood cannot endure it! Here, I locked her up, and gave her a hymn to study and what does she do but spy out where I put my key, and has gone to my bureau and got a bonnet-trimming and cut it all to pieces to make dolls' jackets! I never saw anything like it in my life."

"I told you, cousin," said Marie, "that you'd find out that these creatures can't be brought up without severity. If I had *my* way, now," she said, looking reproachfully at St. Clare, "I'd send that child out and have her thoroughly whipped; I'd have her whipped till she couldn't stand!"

"I don't doubt it," said St. Clare. "Tell me of the lovely rule of woman! I never saw above a dozen women that wouldn't half kill a horse, or a servant either, if they had their own way with them—let alone a man."

"There is no use in this shilly-shally way of yours, St. Clare!" said Marie. "Cousin is a woman of sense, and she sees it now as plain as I do."

Miss Ophelia had just the capability of indigna-

tion that belongs to the thorough-paced housekeeper, and this had been pretty actively roused by the artifice and wastefulness of the child; in fact, many of my lady readers must own that they would have felt just so in her circumstances; but Marie's words went beyond her, and she felt less heat.

"I wouldn't have the child treated so for the world," she said; "but I am sure, Augustine, I don't know what to do. I've taught and taught, I've talked till I'm tired, I've whipped her, I've punished her in every way I can think of; and still she's just what she was at first."



MISS OPHELIA AND TOPSY.

"I cannot be plagued with this child any longer!"

"Come here, Tops, you monkey!" said St. Clare, and blinking with a mixture of apprehensiveness and their usual odd drollery.

Topsy came up; her round, hard eyes glittering "What makes you behave so?" said St. Clare

who could not help being amused with the child's expression.

"Speets it's my wicked heart," said Topsy, demurely; "Miss Feely says so."

"Don't you see how much Miss Ophelia has done for you? She says, she has done everything she can think of."

"Lor, yes, mas'r! old missis used to say so, too. She whipped me a heap harder, and used to pull my ha'r, and knock my head agin the door; but it didn't do me no good! I 'speets if they's to pull every spear o' ha'r out o' my head it wouldn't do no good neither—I's so wicked! Laws! I's nothin' but a nigger, no ways!"

"Well, I shall have to give her up," said Miss Ophelia; "I can't have that trouble any longer."

"Well, I'd just like to ask one question," said St. Clare.

"What is it?"

"Why, if your Gospel is not strong enough to save one heathen child, that you can have at home here, all to yourself, what's the use of sending one or two poor missionaries off with it among thousands of just such? I suppose this child is about a fair sample of what thousands of your heathen are."

Miss Ophelia did not make an immediate answer; and Eva, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene thus far, made a silent sign to Topsy to follow her. There was a little glass-room at the corner of the verandah, which St. Clare used as a sort of reading-room; and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about now?" said St. Clare; "I mean to see."

And, advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side faces towards them—Topsy with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Dun no nothin' 'bout love; I loves candy and sich, that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva, sadly; "but hadn't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or——"

"No, none on 'em—never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might——"

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't b'ar me, 'cause I'm a nigger!—she'd's soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"Oh, Topsy, poor child, I love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder. "I love you because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends—because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I sha'n't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good for my sake; it's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed; while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

"Poor Topsy!" said Eva, "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do, only more, because He is better. He will help you to be good, and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel for ever, just as much as if you were white. Only

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think of it, Topsy, *you* can be one of those 'spirits
bright' Uncle Tom sings about."

"Oh, dear Miss Eva! dear Miss Eva!" said the
child, "I will try! I will try! I never did care
nothin' about it before."

St. Clare at this moment dropped the curtain. "It
puts me in mind of mother," he said to Miss
Ophelia. "It is true what she told me: if we want
to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do
as Christ did—call them to us and *put our hands on*
them."

"I've always had a prejudice against negroes,"
said Miss Ophelia; and it's a fact, I never could bear
to have that child touch me; but I didn't think she
knew it."

"Trust any child to find that out," said St. Clare:

"there's no keeping it from them. But I believe
that all the trying in the world to benefit a child, and
all the substantial favors you can do them, will never
excite one emotion of gratitude while that feeling
of repugnance remains in the heart; it's a queer
kind of fact, but so it is."

"I don't know how I can help it," said Miss
Ophelia; "they *are* disagreeable to me—this child
in particular. How can I help feeling so?"

"Eva does, it seems."

"Well, she's so loving! After all, though, she's no
more than Christ-like," said Miss Ophelia: "I wish
I were like her. She might teach me a lesson."

"It wouldn't be the first time a little child had
been used to instruct an old disciple, if it *were* so,"
said St. Clare.

THE OTHER WORLD.



T lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred;
And palpitates the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

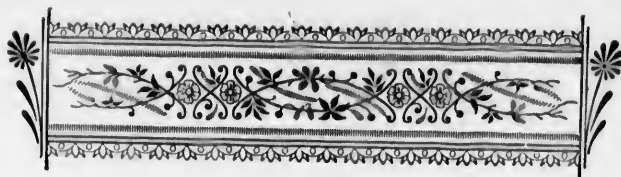
The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And, in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see,
How lovely and how sweet to pass
The hour of death may be;—

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And, gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon from that to this:—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care!



MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE.

(MARION HARLAND.)

Popular Novelist and Domestic Economist.



MARION HARLAND combines a wide variety of talent. She is probably the first writer to excel in the line of fiction and also to be a leader in the direction of domestic economy. She is one of the most welcomed contributors to the periodicals, and her books on practical housekeeping, common sense in the household, and several practical cookery books have smoothed the way for many a young housekeeper and probably promoted the cause of peace in numerous households.

Mary Virginia Hawes was the daughter of a native of Massachusetts who was engaged in business in Richmond, Virginia. She was born in 1831, and received a good education. She began in early childhood to display her literary powers. She wrote for the magazines in her sixteenth year and her first contribution, "Marrying Through Prudential Motives," was so widely read that it was published in nearly every journal in England, was translated and published throughout France, found its way back to England through a retranslation, and finally appeared in a new form in the United States.

In 1856 she became the wife of Rev. Edward P. Terhune, afterwards pastor of the Puritan Congregational Church in Brooklyn, where in recent years they have lived. Mrs. Terhune has always been active in charitable and church work, and has done an amount of writing equal to that of the most prolific authors. She has been editor or conducted departments of two or three different magazines and established and successfully edited the "Home Maker." Some of her most noted stories are "The Hidden Path;" "True as Steel;" "Husbands and Homes;" "Phemie's Temptation;" "Ruby's Husband;" "Handicap;" "Judith;" "A Gallant Fight;" and "His Great Self." Besides these books and a number of others, she has written almost countless essays on household and other topics. Her book, "Eve's Daughters," is a standard work of counsel to girls and young women. She takes an active part in the literary and philanthropic organizations of New York City, and has been prominent in the Woman's Councils held under the auspices of a Chautauquan association. She was the first to call attention to the dilapidated condition of the grave of Mary Washington and started a movement to put the monument in proper condition. For the benefit of this movement, she wrote and published "The Story of Mary Washington," in 1892.

A MANLY HERO.*

(FROM "A GALLANT FIGHT.")

AFTER donning velvet jacket and slippers he sat down, and, lighting his cigar, leaned back to watch the fire and dream of Salome and their real home.

Not until the weed was half consumed did he observe an envelope on the table at his elbow. It was sealed and addressed to him in a "back-hand" he did not recognize:

"In the Library. Nine O'clock, P. M."

"MY OWN LOVE—You say in your letter (burned as soon as I had committed the contents to memory) that I must never call you that again. There is a higher law than that of man's appointment, binding our hearts together, stronger even than that of your sweet, wise lips. Until you are actually married to the man whom you confess you do not love, you will, according to that divine law, be my own Marion—"

With a violent start, the young man shook the sheet from his fingers as he would a serpent.

This was what he had promised not to read, or so much as to touch! The veil stood out high and dark on his forehead; he drew in the air hissing. Had a basilisk uncoiled from his bosom and thrust a forked tongue in his face the shock would not have been greater. This was "the letter written to Marion!" He had thrown away six of the best years of his life upon the woman whom another man called his "own love;" the man to whom she had confessed that she did not love her betrothed husband! Who was he?

"If they are genuine, respect for the dead and mercy to the living require that they should be suppressed and destroyed," Mrs. Phelps had said of "papers written a little while before Marion's death." His word was pledged. But what name would he see if he reversed the sheet before destroying it? With a bound of the heart that would have assured him, had proof been needed, what his bonnie living girl-love was to him, he put away all tender memories of the dead, false betrothed. He had worshipped and mourned the thinnest of shadows. He might owe respect—abstractly—to the dead, but no reverence to a wild dream from which he had been awakened. Who was the "living" to whom he was entreated to show mercy? Where was the man who

had first robbed him, then let him play the sad-visaged dupe and fool, while the heyday of youth slipped forever beyond his reach?

To learn that—to remember the name with execration—to despise with the full force of a wronged and honest soul—perhaps to brand him as a cur and blackguard, should he ever cross his path—would not break his world. Was it not his right—the poor rag of compensation he might claim for the incalculable, the damnable evil the traitor had wrought? He would confess to Salome's mother to-morrow—but this one thing he would do.

He stooped for the letter.

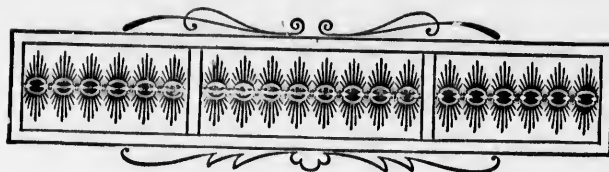
"Peace! let him rest! God knoweth best!
And the flowing tide comes in!
And the flowing tide comes in!"

It was only his beloved stepmother on her nightly round of nursery and Gerald's chamber, singing to her guileless self in passing her stepson's door to prove her serenity of spirit; but Rex staggered back into his seat, put his elbows on his knees and covered his face with his hands.

He smelled the balsam-boughs slanting to the water, the trailing arbutus Salome wore in her belt; heard the waves lapping the prow and sides of the bounding boat. God's glorious heaven was over them, and the sun was rising, after a long, long night, in his heart. The fresh, tender young voice told the tale of love and loss and patient submission. . . .

Aye, and could not he, affluent in heaven's best blessings, loving and beloved by the noble, true daughter of the Christian heroine who expected her "son" to stand fast by his plighted word—the almost husband of a pure, high-souled woman—afford to spare the miserable wretch whose own mind and memory must be a continual hell?

He pitied, he almost forgave him, as he took up the sheets from the floor, the scrap of paper from the table, and, averting his eyes lest the signature might leap out at him from the twisting flame, laid them under the forestick and did not look that way again until nothing was left of them but cinder and ashes.



HELEN MARIA FISKE HUNT JACKSON.

"THE FRIEND OF THE RED MAN."



ONE of the sights pointed out to a traveler in the West is Cheyenne Canyon, a wild and weird pass in the Rocky Mountains a short distance from Colorado Springs. Some years ago the writer, in company with a party of tourists, drove as far as a vehicle could pass up the mountain-road that wound along a little stream which came tumbling down the narrow ravine splitting the mountain in twain. Soon we were compelled to abandon the wagon, and on foot we climbed the rugged way, first on one side and then on the other of the rushing rivulet where the narrow path could find space enough to lay its crooked length along. Suddenly a little log-cabin in a clump of trees burst on our view. A boy with a Winchester rifle slung over his shoulder met us a few rods from the door and requested a fee of twenty-five cents each before permitting us to pass.

"What is it?" inquired one of the party pointing at the cabin. "This is the house Helen Hunt lived in and away above there is where she is buried," answered the boy. We paid the fee, inspected the house, and then, over more rocky steepes, we climbed to the spot indicated near a falling cataract and stood beside a pile of stones thrown together by hundreds of tourists who had preceded us. It was the lonely grave of one of the great literary women of our age. We gathered some stones and added them to the pile and left her alone by the singing cataract, beneath the sighing branches of the firs and pines which stood like towering sentinels around her on Mount Jackson—for this peak was named in her honor. "What a monument!" said one, "more lasting than hammered bronze!" "But not more so," said another, "than the good she has done. Her influence will live while this mountain shall stand, unless another dark age should sweep literature out of existence." "I wonder the Indians don't convert this place into a shrine and come here to worship," ventured a third person. "Her 'Ramona,' written in their behalf, must have been produced under a divine inspiration. She was among all American writers their greatest benefactor."

Helen Maria Fiske was born in Amherst, Mass., October 18, 1831. She was the daughter of Professor Nathan Fiske of Amherst College, and was educated at Ipswich (Mass.) Female Seminary. In 1852 she married Captain Edward B. Hunt of the U. S. Navy, and lived with him at various posts until 1863, when he died. After this she removed to Newport, R. I., with her children, but one by one they died, until 1872 she was left alone and desolate. In her girlhood she had contributed

some verses to a Boston paper which were printed. She wrote nothing more until two years after the death of her husband, when she sent a number of poems to New York papers which were signed H. H. and they attracted wide and favorable criticism. These poems were collected and published under the title of "Verses from H. H." (1870). After the death of her children she decided to devote herself to literature, and from that time to the close of her life—twelve years later—her books came in rapid succession and she gained wide distinction as a writer of prose and verse. Both her poetry and prose works are characterized by deep thoughtfulness and a rare grace and beauty of diction.

In 1873 Mrs. Hunt removed to Colorado for the benefit of her health, and in 1875 became the wife of Wm. S. Jackson, a merchant of Colorado Springs; and it was in this beautiful little city, nestling at the foot of Pike's Peak, with the perpetual snow on its summit always in sight, that she made her home for the remainder of her life, though she spent considerable time in traveling in New Mexico, California and the Eastern States gathering material for her books.

Briefly catalogued, the works of Helen Hunt Jackson are: "Verses by H. H." (1870); "Bits of Travel" (1873); "Bits of Talk About Home Matters" (1873); "Sonnets and Lyrics" (1876); "Merey Philbrick's Choice" (1876); "Hettie's Strange History" (1877); "A Century of Dishonor" (1881); "Ramona" (1884).

Besides the above, Mrs. Jackson wrote several juvenile books and two novels in the "No Name" series; and that powerful series of stories, published under the pen-name of "Saxe Holme," has also been attributed to her, although there is no absolute proof that she wrote them. "A Century of Dishonor" made its author more famous than anything she produced up to that time, but critics now generally agree that "Ramona," her last book, is her most powerful work, both as a novel and in its beneficent influence. It was the result of a most profound and exhaustive study of the Indian problem, to which she devoted the last and best years of her life. It was her most conscientious and sympathetic work. It was through Helen Hunt Jackson's influence that the government instituted important reforms in the treatment of the red men.

In June, 1884, Mrs. Jackson met with a painful accident, receiving a bad fracture of her leg. She was taken to California while convalescing and there contracted malaria, and at the same time developed cancer. The complication of her ailments resulted in death, which occurred August 12, 1885. Her remains were carried back to Colorado, and, in accordance with her expressed wish, buried on the peak looking down into the Cheyenne Canyon. The spot was dear to her. The cabin below had been built for her as a quiet retreat, where, when she so desired, she could retire with one or two friends, and write undisturbed, alone with the primeval forest and the voices which whispered through nature, and the pure, cool mountain-air.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT SAINT PETER'S.



OW on the marble floor I lie:

I am alone:

Though friendly voices whisper nigh,
And foreign crowds are passing by,

I am alone.

Great hymns float through
The shadowed aisles. I hear a slow
Refrain, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do!"

With tender joy all others thrill ;
 I have but tears :
 The false priests' voices, high and shrill,
 Reiterate the " Peace, good will ;"
 I have but tears.
 I hear anew
 The nails and scourge ; then come the low
 Sad words, " Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do ! "

Close by my side the poor souls kneel ;
 I turn away ;
 Half-pitying looks at me they steal ;
 They think, because I do not feel,
 I turn away ;
 Ah ! if they knew,
 How following them, where'er they go,
 I hear, " Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do ! "

Above the organ's sweetest strains
 I hear the groans
 Of prisoners, who lie in chains,
 So near and in such mortal pains,
 I hear the groans.

But Christ walks through
 The dungeon of St. Angelo,
 And says, " Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do ! "

And now the music sinks to sighs ;
 The lights grow dim :
 The Pastorella's melodies
 In lingering echoes float and rise ;
 The lights grow dim ;
 More clear and true,
 In this sweet silence, seem to flow
 The words, " Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do ! "

The dawn swings incense, silver gray ;
 The night is past ;
 Now comes, triumphant, God's full day ;
 No priest, no church can bar its way :
 The night is past :
 How on this blue
 Of God's great banner, blaze and glow
 The words, " Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do ! "

CHOICE OF COLORS.

THE other day, as I was walking on one of the oldest and most picturesque streets of the old and picturesque town of Newport, R. I., I saw a little girl standing before the window of a milliner's shop.

It was a very rainy day. The pavement of the sidewalks on this street is so sunken and irregular that in wet weather, unless one walks with very great care, he steps continually into small wells of water. Up to her ankles in one of these wells stood the little girl, apparently as unconscious as if she were high and dry before a fire. It was a very cold day too. I was hurrying along, wrapped in furs, and not quite warm enough even so. The child was but thinly clothed. She wore an old plaid shawl and a ragged knit hood of scarlet worsted. One little red ear stood out unprotected by the hood, and drops of water trickled down over it from her hair. She seemed to be pointing with her finger at articles in the window, and talking to some one inside. I watched her for several moments, and then crossed the street to see what it all meant. I stole noiselessly up behind her, and she did not hear me. The win-

dow was full of artificial flowers, of the cheapest sort, but of very gay colors. Here and there a knot of ribbon or a bit of lace had been tastefully added, and the whole effect was really remarkably gay and pretty. Tap, tap, tap, went the small hand against the window-pane ; and with every tap the unconscious little creature murmured, in a half-whispering, half-singing voice, " I choose *that* color." " I choose *that* color." " I choose *that* color."

I stood motionless. I could not see her face ; but there was in her whole attitude and tone the heartiest content and delight. I moved a little to the right, hoping to see her face, without her seeing me ; but the slight movement caught her ear, and in a second she had sprung aside and turned toward me. The spell was broken. She was no longer the queen of an air-castle, decking herself in all the rainbow hues which pleased her eye. She was a poor beggar child, out in the rain, and a little frightened at the approach of a stranger. She did not move away, however ; but stood eyeing me irresolutely, with that pathetic mixture of interrogation and defiance in her face which is so often seen in the prematurely devel-

oned faces of poverty-stricken children. "Aren't the colors pretty?" I said. She brightened instantly.

"Yes'm. I'd like a goon av thit blue."

"But you will take cold standing in the wet," said I. "Won't you come under my umbrella?"

She looked down at her wet dress suddenly, as if it had not occurred to her before that it was raining. Then she drew first one little foot and then the other out of the muddy puddle in which she had been standing, and, moving a little closer to the window, said, "I'm not jist goin' home, mem. I'd like to stop here a bit."

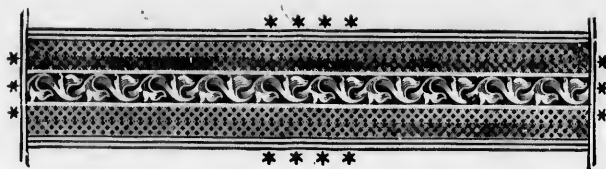
So I left her. But, after I had gone a few blocks, the impulse seized me to return by a cross street, and see if she were still there. Tears sprang to my eyes as I first caught sight of the upright little figure, standing in the same spot, still pointing with the rhythmic finger to the blues and reds and yellows, and half chanting under her breath, as before, "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color." "I choose *that* color."

I went quietly on my way, without disturbing her again. But I said in my heart, "Little Messenger,

Interpreter, Teacher! I will remember you all my life."

Why should days ever be dark, life ever be colorless? There is always sun; there are always blue and scarlet and yellow and purple. We cannot reach them, perhaps, but we can see them, if it is only "through a glass, and "darkly,"—still we can see them. We can "choose" our colors. It rains, perhaps; and we are standing in the cold. Never mind. If we look earnestly enough at the brightness which is on the other side of the glass, we shall forget the wet and not feel the cold. And now and then a passer-by, who has rolled himself up in furs to keep out the cold, but shivers nevertheless,—who has money in his purse to buy many colors, if he likes, but, nevertheless, goes grumbling because some colors are too dear for him,—such a passer-by, chancing to hear our voice, and see the atmosphere of our content, may learn a wondrous secret,—that pennilessness is not poverty, and ownership is not possession; that to be without is not always to lack, and to reach is not to attain; that sunlight is for all eyes that look up, and color for those who "choose."





FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."



F Mrs. Burnett were not a native of England, she might be called a typical American woman. As all Americans, however, are descended at very few removes from foreign ancestors, it may, nevertheless, be said of the young English girl, who crossed the ocean with her widowed mother at the age of sixteen, that she has shown all the pluck, energy and perseverance usually thought of as belonging to Americans. She settled with her mother and sisters on a Tennessee farm; but soon began to write short stories, the first of which was published in a Philadelphia magazine in 1867. Her first story to achieve popularity was "That Lass o' Lowrie's," published in "Scribner's Magazine" in 1877. It is a story of a daughter of a miner, the father a vicious character, whose neglect and abuse render all the more remarkable the virtue and real refinement of the daughter. Mrs. Burnett delights in heroes and heroines whose characters contrast strongly with their circumstances, and in some of her stories, especially in "A Lady of Quality," published in 1895, she even verges on the sensational.

In 1873 Miss Hodgson was married to Doctor Burnett, of Knoxville, Tennessee. After a two years' tour in Europe, they took up their residence in the city of Washington, where they have since lived.

Mrs. Burnett's longest novel, "Through One Administration," is a story of the political and social life of the Capital. "Pretty Polly Pemberton," "Esmeralda," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," and "Haworth's" are, after those already mentioned, her most popular stories. "That Lass o' Lowrie's" has been dramatized. Mrs. Hodgson is most widely known, however, by her Children Stories, the most famous of which, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," appeared as a serial in "St. Nicholas" in 1886, and has since been dramatized and played in both England and America.

Since 1885 her health has not permitted her to write so voluminously as she had previously done, but she has, nevertheless, been a frequent contributor to periodicals. Some of her articles have been of an auto-biographical nature, and her story "The One I Knew Best of All" is an account of her life. She is very fond of society and holds a high place in the social world. Her alert imagination and her gift of expression have enabled her to use her somewhat limited opportunity of observation to the greatest advantage, as is shown in her successful interpretation of the Lancashire dialect and the founding of the story of Joan Lowrie on a casual glimpse, during a visit to a mining village, of a beautiful young woman followed by a cursing and abusive father.

PRETTY POLLY P.*

FROM "PRETTY POLLY PEMBERTON."



RAMLEIGH," ventured little Popham, "you haven't spoken for half an hour, by Jupiter!"

Framleigh—Captain Gaston Framleigh, of the Guards—did not move. He had been sitting for some time before the window, in a position more noticeable for ease than elegance, with his arms folded upon the back of his chair; and he did not disturb himself, when he condescended to reply to his youthful admirer and ally.

"Half an hour?" he said, with a tranquil half-drawl, which had a touch of affectation in its coolness, and yet was scarcely pronounced enough to be disagreeable, or even unpleasant. "Haven't I?"

"No, you have not," returned Popham, encouraged by the negative amiability of his manner. "I am sure it is half an hour. What's up?"

"Up?" still half-abstractedly. "Nothing! Fact is, I believe I have been watching a girl!"

Little Popham sprang down, for he had been sitting on the table, and advanced toward the window, hurriedly, holding his cigar in his hand.

"A girl!" he exclaimed. "Where? What sort of a girl?"

"As to sort," returned Framleigh, "I don't know the species. A sort of girl I never saw before. But, if you wait, you may judge for yourself. She will soon be out there in the garden again. She has been darting in and out of the house for the last twenty minutes."

"Out of the house?" said Popham, eagerly, "Do you mean the house opposite?"

"Yes."

"By Jupiter!" employing his usual mild expletive, "look here, old fellow, had she a white dress on, and geranium-colored bows, and—"

"Yes," said Framleigh. "And she is rather tall for such a girl; and her hair is cut, on her round white forehead, Sir Peter Lely fashion (they call it hanging, I believe), and she gives you the impression, at first, of being all eyes, great dark eyes, with—"

"Long, curly, black lashes," interpolated Popham, with enthusiasm. "By Jupiter! I thought so! It's pretty Polly P."

He was so evidently excited that Framleigh looked up with a touch of interest, though he was scarcely a man of enthusiasm himself.

"Pretty Polly P.!" he repeated. "Rather familiar mode of speech, isn't it? Who is pretty Polly P.?"

Popham, a good-natured, sensitive little fellow, actually colored.

"Well," he admitted, somewhat confusedly, "I dare say it does sound rather odd, to people who don't know her; but I can assure you, Framleigh, though it is the name all our fellows seem to give her with one accord, I am sure there is not one of them who means it to appear disrespectful, or—or even cheeky," resorting, in desperation, to slang. "She is not the sort of a girl a fellow would ever be disrespectful to, even though she is such a girl—so jolly and innocent. For my part, you know, I'd face a good deal, and give up a good deal any day, for pretty Polly P.; and I'm only one of a many."

Framleigh half smiled, and then looked out of the window again, in the direction of the house opposite.

"Daresay," he commented, placidly. "And very laudably, too. But you have not told me what the letter P. is intended to signify. 'Pretty Polly P.' is agreeable and alliterative, but indefinite. It might mean Pretty Polly Popham."

"I wish it did, by Jupiter!" cordially, and with more color; "but it does not. It means Pemberton?"

"Pemberton!" echoed Framleigh, with an intonation almost savoring of disgust. "You don't mean to say she is that Irish fellow's daughter?"

"She is his niece," was the answer, "and that amounts to the same thing, in her case. She has lived with old Pemberton ever since she was four years old, and she is as fond of him as if he was a woman, and her mother; and he is as fond of her as if she was his daughter; but he couldn't help that. Every one is fond of her."

"Ah!" said Framleigh. "I see. As you say, 'She is the sort of girl.'"

"There she is, again!" exclaimed Popham, suddenly.

And there she was, surely enough, and they had a full view of her, geranium colored bows and all. She seemed to be a trifle partial to the geranium-colored bows. Not too partial, however, for they were very nicely put on. Here and there, down the front of her white morning dress, one prettily adjusted on the side of her hair, one on each trim, slim, black kid slipper. If they were a weakness of hers, they were by no means an inartistic one. And as she came down the garden-walk, with a little flower-pot in her hands—a little earthen-pot, with some fresh gloss-leaved little plant in it—she was pleasant to look at, pretty Polly P.—very pleasant; and Gaston Framleigh was conscious of the fact.

It was only a small place, the house opposite and the garden was the tiniest of gardens, being only a few yards of ground, surrounded by iron railings. Indeed, it might have presented anything but an attractive appearance, had pretty Polly P. not so crowded it with bright blooms. Its miniature-beds were full of brilliantly-colored flowers, blue-eyed lola-lia, mignonette, scarlet geraniums, a thrifty rose or so, and numerous nasturtiums, with ferns, and much pleasant, humble greenery. There were narrow boxes of flowers upon every window-ledge, a woodbine climbed round the door, and, altogether, it was a very different place from what it might have been, under different circumstances.

And down the graveled path, in the midst of all this flowery brightness, came Polly with her plant to set out, looking not unlike a flower herself. She was very busy in a few minutes, and she went about her work almost like an artist, flourishing her little trowel, digging a nest for her plant, and touching it, when she transplanted it, as tenderly as if it had been a day-old baby. She was so earnest about it, that, before very long, Framleigh was rather startled by hearing her begin to whistle, softly to herself, and, seeing that the sound had grated upon him, Popham colored and laughed half-apologetically.

"It is a habit of hers," he said. "She hardly knows when she does it. She often does things other girls would think strange. But she is not like other girls."

Framleigh made no reply. He remained silent, and simply looked at the girl. He was not in the most communicative of moods, this morning; he was feel-

ing gloomy and depressed, and not a little irritable, as he did, now and then. He had good reason, he thought, to give way to these fits of gloom, occasionally; they were not so much an unamiable habit as his enemies fancied; he had some ground for them, though he was not prone to enter into particulars concerning it. Certainly he never made innocent little Popham, "Lambkin Popham," as one of his fellow-officers had called him, in a brilliant moment, his confidant. He liked the simple, affectionate little fellow, and found his admiration soothing; but the time had not yet arrived, when the scales not yet having fallen from his eyes, he could read such guileless, almost insignificant problems as "Lambkin" Popham clearly.

So his companion, only dimly recognizing the outward element of his mood, thought it signified a distaste for that soft, scarcely unfeminine, little piping of pretty Polly's, and felt bound to speak a few words in her favor.

"She is not a masculine sort of a girl at all, Framleigh," he said. "You would be sure to like her. The company fairly idolize her."

"Company!" echoed Framleigh. "What company?"

"Old Buxton's company," was the reply. "The theatrical lot at the Prince's, you know, where she acts."

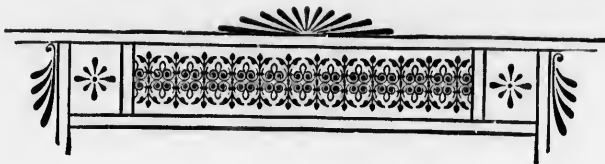
Framleigh had been bending forward, to watch Polly patting the mould daintily, as she bent over her flower-bed; but he drew back at this, conscious of experiencing a shock, far stronger and more disagreeable than the whistling had caused him to feel.

"An actress!" he exclaimed, in an annoyed tone.

"Yes, and she works hard enough, too, to support herself, and help old Pemberton," gravely.

"The worse for her," with impatience. "And the greater rascal old Pemberton, for allowing it."

It was just at this moment that Polly looked up. She raised her eyes carelessly to their window, and doing so, caught sight of them both. Young Popham blushed gloriously, after his usual sensitive fashion, and she recognized him at once. She did not blush at all herself, however; she just gave him an arch little nod, and a delightful smile, which showed her pretty white teeth.



MARY NOAILLES MURFREE.

(CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.)

Author of the "Prophet of the Smoky Mountains."



HE pen name of Charles Egbert Craddock has become familiarly known throughout the English-speaking world in connection with the graphic delineations of character in the East Tennessee Mountains, to which theme the writings of this talented author have been devoted. Until long after the name had become famous the writer was supposed to be a man, and the following amusing story is told of the way in which the secret leaked out. Her works were published by a Boston editor, and the heavy black handwriting, together with the masculine ring of her stories, left no suspicion that their author was a delicate woman. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who was editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," to which her writings came, used to say, after an interval had elapsed subsequent to her last contribution, "I wonder if Craddock has taken in his winter supply of ink and can let me have a serial." One day a card came to Mr. Aldrich bearing the well-known name in the well-known writing, and the editor rushed out to greet his old contributor, expecting to see a rugged Tennessee mountaineer. When the slight, delicate little woman arose to answer his greeting it is said that Mr. Aldrich put his hands to his face and simply spun round on his heels without a word, absolutely bewildered with astonishment.

Miss Murfree was born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, in 1850, and is the great-granddaughter of Colonel Hardy Murfree of Revolutionary fame, for whom the city of Murfreesboro was named. Her father was a lawyer and a literary man, and Mary was carefully educated. Unfortunately in her childhood a stroke of paralysis made her lame for life. After the close of the war, the family being left in destitute circumstances, they moved to St. Louis, Missouri, and Miss Murfree contributed largely to their pecuniary aid by her fruitful pen. Her volumes include "In the Tennessee Mountains" (1884), "Where the Battle was Fought" (1884), "Down the Ravine" (1885), "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" (1885), "In the Clouds" (1886), "The Story of Keedon Bluffs" (1887), "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove" (1888), all of which works have proven their popularity by a long-continued sale, and her subsequent works will no doubt achieve equal popularity. She has contributed much matter to the leading magazines of the day. She is a student of humanity and her portraiture of Tennessee moun-

taineers have great historic value aside from the entertainment they furnish to the careless reader. It is her delineation of mountain character and her description of mountain scenery that have placed her works so prominently to the front in this critical and prolific age of novels. "Her style," says a recent reviewer, "is bold, full of humor, yet as delicate as a bit of lace, to which she adds great power of plot and a keen wit, together with a homely philosophy bristling with sparkling truths. For instance, 'the little old woman who sits on the edge of a chair' in one of her novels, and remarks 'There ain't nothin' so becomin' to fools as a shet mouth,' has added quite an original store to America's already proverbial literature.

THE CONFESSION*

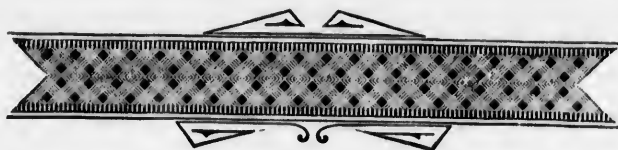
(FROM "THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.")

THE congregation composed itself to listen to the sermon. There was an expectant pause. Kelsey remembered ever after the tumult of emotion with which he stepped forward to the table and opened the book. He turned to the New Testament for his text,—and tho leaves with a familiar hand. Some ennobling phase of that wonderful story which would touch the tender, true affinity of human nature for the higher things,—from this he would preach to-day. And yet, at the same moment, with a contrariety of feeling from which he shrank aghast, there was sulking into his mind that gruesome company of doubts. In double file they came: fate and free agency, free-will and fore-ordination, infinite mercy and infinite justice, God's loving kindness and man's intolerable misery, redemption and damnation. He had evolved them all from his own unconscious logical faculty, and they pursued him as if he had, in some spiritual necromancy, conjured up a devil—nay, a legion of devils. Perhaps if he had known how they had assaulted the hearts of men in times gone past; how they had been combated and baffled, and yet have risen and pursued again; how in the scrutiny of science and research men have passed before their awful presence, analyzed them, philosophized about them, and found them interesting; how others, in the levity of the world, having heard of them, grudged the time to think upon them,—if he had known all this, he might have felt some courage in numbers. As it was, there was no fight left in him. He closed the book with a sudden impulse, "My frien's," he said, "I stan' not hyar ter preach ter day, but fur confession."

There was a galvanic start among the congregation, then intense silence.

"I hev los' my faith!" he cried out, with a poignant despair. "God ez' gin it—ef thear is a God—he's tuk it away. You-uns kin go on. You-uns kin b'lieve. Yer paster b'lieves, an' he'll lead ye ter grace,—leastwise ter a better life. But fur me thar's the nethermost depths of hell, ef"—how his faith and his unfaith now tried him!—"ef thar be enny hell. Leastwise—Stop, brother," he held up his hand in deprecation, for Parson Tobin had risen at last, and with a white, scared face. Nothing like this had ever been heard in all the length and breadth of the Great Smoky Mountains. "Bear with me a little; ye'll see me hyar no more. Fur me thar is shame, ah! an' trial, ah! an' doubt, ah! an' despair, ah! Tho good things o' heaven air denied. My name is ter be er byword an' a reproach 'mongst ye. Ye'll grieve ez ye hev ever learn the Word from me, ah! Ye'll be held in derision! An' I hev hed trials,—none like them es air comin' down the wind. I hev been a man marked fur sorrow, an' now fur shame." He stood erect; he looked bold, youthful. The weight of his secret, lifted now, had been heavier than he knew. In his eyes shone that strange light which was frenzy or prophecy, or inspiration; in his voice rang a vibration they had never before heard. "I will go forth from 'mongst ye,—I that am not of ye. Another shall gird me an' carry me where I would not. Hell an' the devil hev prevailed agin me. Pray fur me, brethren, ez I cannot pray fur myself. Pray that God may yet speak ter me—speak from out o' the whirlwind."

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AMELIA E. BARR.

THE POPULAR NOVELIST.



PERHAPS no other writer in the United States commands so wide a circle of readers, both at home and abroad, as does Mrs. Barr. She is, however, personally, very little known, as her disposition is somewhat shy and retiring, and most of her time is spent at her home on the Storm King Mountain at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York.

Mrs. Barr's life has been an eventful one, broken in upon by sorrow, bereavement and hardship, and she has risen superior to her trials and made her way through difficulties in a manner which is possible only to an individual of the strongest character.

Amelia E. Huddleston was born at Ulverstone, in the northwest of England, in 1832. She early became a thorough student, her studies being directed by her father, who was an eloquent and learned preacher. When she was seventeen, she went to a celebrated school in Scotland; but her education was principally derived from the reading of books to her father.

When about eighteen she was married to Robert Barr, and soon after came to America, traveling in the West and South. They were in New Orleans in 1856 and were driven out by the yellow fever, and settled in Austin, Texas, where Mr. Barr received an appointment in the comptroller's office. Removing to Galveston after the Civil War, Mr. Barr and his four sons died in 1876 of yellow fever. As soon as she could safely do so, Mrs. Barr took her three daughters to New York, where she obtained an appointment to assist in the education of the three sons of a prominent merchant. When she had prepared these boys for college, she looked about for other means of livelihood, and, by the assistance of Henry Ward Beecher and Doctor Lyman Abbott, she was enabled to get some contributions accepted by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, for whose periodicals she wrote for a number of years. An accident which happened to her in 1884 changed her life and conferred upon the world a very great benefit. She was confined to her chair for a considerable time, and, being compelled to abandon her usual methods of work, she wrote her first novel, "Jan Vedder's Wife." It was instantly successful, running through many editions, and has been translated into one or two European languages. Since that time she has published numerous stories. One of the most successful was "Friend Olivia," a study of Quaker character which recalls the closing years of the Commonwealth in England, and which her girlhood's home at Ulverstone, the scene of the rise of Quakerism, gave her special advantages in preparing. It is an

unusually powerful story; and the pictures of Cromwell and George Fox are not only refreshingly new and bright but remarkably just and appreciative. Some of her other stories are "Feet of Clay," the scene of which is laid on the Isle of Man; "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," a study of Dutch life in New York; "Remember the Alamo," recalling the revolt of Texas; "She Loved a Sailor," which deals with sea life and which draws its scenes from the days of slavery; "The Last of the MacAllisters;" "A Sister of Esau;" and "A Rose of a Hundred Leaves." Only a slight study of Mrs. Barr's books is necessary to show the wide range of her sympathies, her quick and vivid imagination, and her wonderful literary power; and her career has been an admirable illustration of the power of some women to win success even under the stress of sorrow, disaster and bereavement.

LITTLE JAN'S TRIUMPH*

(FROM "JANE VEDDER'S WIFE.")

AS she approached her house, she saw a crowd of boys, and little Jan walking proudly in front of them. One was playing "Miss Flora McDonald's Reel" on a violin, and the gay strains were accompanied by finger-snapping, whistling, and occasional shouts. "There is no quiet to be found anywhere, this morning," thought Margaret, but her curiosity was aroused, and she went towards the children. They saw her coming, and with an accession of clamor hastened to meet her. Little Jan carried a faded, battered wreath of unrecognizable materials, and he walked as proudly as Pompey may have walked in a Roman triumph. When Margaret saw it, she knew well what had happened, and she opened her arms, and held the boy to her heart, and kissed him over and over, and cried out, "Oh, my brave little Jan, brave little Jan! How did it happen then? Thou tell me quick."

"Hal Ragner shall tell thee, my mother;" and Hal eagerly stepped forward:

"It was last night, Mistress Vedder, we were all watching for the 'Aretic Bounty;' but she did not come, and this morning as we were playing, the word was passed that she had reached Peter Fae's pier. Then we all ran, but thou knowest that thy Jan runs like a red deer, and so he got far ahead, and leaped on board, and was climbing the mast first of all. Then Bor Skade, he tried to climb over him, and Nick Sinclair, he tried to hold him back, but the sailors shouted, 'Bravo, little Jan Vedder!' and the skipper shouted 'Bravo!' and thy father, he shouted

higher than all the rest. And when Jan had cut loose the prize, he was like to greet for joy, and he clapped his hands, and kissed Jan, and he gave him five gold sovereigns,—see, then, if he did not!" And little Jan proudly put his hand in his pocket, and held them out in his small soiled palm.

The feat which little Jan had accomplished is one which means all to the Shetland boy that his first buffalo means to the Indian youth. When a whaler is in Arctic seas, the sailors on the first of May make a garland of such bits of ribbons, love tokens, and keepsakes, as have each a private history, and this they tie to the top of the mainmast. There it swings, blow high or low, in sleet and hail, until the ship reaches her home-port. Then it is the supreme emulation of every lad, and especially of every sailor's son, to be first on board and first up the mast to cut it down, and the boy who does it is the hero of the day, and has won his footing on every Shetland boat.

What wonder, then, that Margaret was proud and happy? What wonder that in her glow of delight the thing she had been seeking was made clear to her? How could she go better to Suneva than with this crowd of happy boys? If the minister thought she ought to share one of her blessings with Suneva, she would double her obedience, and ask her to share the mother's as well as the wife's joy.

"One thing I wish, boys," she said happily, "let us straight to Peter Fae's house, for Hal Ragner must tell Suneva Fae the good news also." So, with a shout, the little company turned, and very soon

are not only
of her other
The Bow of
the Alamo,"
sea life and
Allisters;"
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er has been
n under the

Suneva, who was busy salting some fish in the cellar of her house, heard her name called by more than fifty shrill voices, in fifty different ways.

She hurried upstairs, saying to herself, "It will be good news, or great news, that has come to pass, no doubt; for when ill-luck has the day, he does not call any one like that; he comes sneaking in." Her rosy face was full of smiles when she opened the door, but when she saw Margaret and Jan standing first of all, she was for a moment too amazed to speak.

Margaret pointed to the wreath: "Our Jan took it from the topmast of the 'Arctic Bounty,'" she

said. "The boys brought him home to me, and I have brought him to thee, Suneva. I thought thou would like it."

"Our Jan!" In those two words Margaret cancelled everything remembered against her. Suneva's eyes filled, and she stretched out both her hands to her step-daughter.

"Come in, Margaret! Come in, my brave, darling Jan! Come in, boys, every one of you! There is cake, and wheat bread, and preserved fruit enough for you all; and I shall find a shilling for every boy here, who has kept Jan's triumph with him."

THE OLD PIANO.

HOW still and dusky is the long-closed room!
What lingering shadows and what faint
perfume
Of Eastern treasures!—sandal wood and
scent

With nard and cassia and with roses blent.

Let in the sun!

Quaint cabinets are here, boxes and fans,
And hoarded letters full of hopes and plans.
I pass them by. I came once more to see
The old piano, dear to memory,

In past days mine.

Of all sad voices from forgotten years,
Its is the saddest; see what tender tears
Drop on the yellow keys as, soft and slow,
I play some melody of long ago.

How strange it seems!

The thin, weak notes that once were rich and strong
Give only now the shadow of a song—
The dying echo of the fuller strain

It I shall never, never hear again,

Unless in dreams.

What hands have touched it! Fingers small and
white,

Since stiff and weary with life's toil and fight;
Dear clinging hands that long have been at rest,
Folded serenely on a quiet breast.

Only to think,

O white sad notes, of all the pleasant days,
The happy songs, the hymns of holy praise,
The dreams of love and youth, that round you cling!
Do they not make each sighing, trembling string

A mighty link?

The old piano answers to my call.

And from my fingers lets the lost notes fall.

O soul! that I have loved, with heavenly birth

Wilt thou not keep the memory of earth,

Its smiles and sighs?

Shall wood and metal and white ivory

Answer the touch of love with melody.

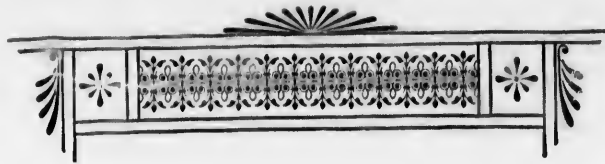
And thou forget? Dear one, not so.

I move thee yet (though how I may not know)

Beyond the skies.



happily, "let
or Hal Ragnar
so." So, with
and very soon



LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

PIONEER FEMALE POET OF AMERICA.



RS. SIGOURNEY, was among the first, and is the most voluminous of all the early female poets of America. In fact she has been, up to this date, one of the most prolific of all the women writers of our country, having published fifty-six volumes of poetry and prose, the first appearing in 1815, and the last in 1863, fifty-eight years later. Her most successful efforts are her occasional poems, which abound in passages of earnest, well expressed thought, and exhibit in their graver moods characteristics of a mind trained by exercise in self-knowledge and self-control. Her writings possess energy and variety, while her wide and earnest sympathy with all topics of friendship and philanthropy was always at the service of those interests. Mr. Edward H. Everett in a review of Mrs. Sigourney's works declared: "They express with great purity and evident sincerity the tender affections which are so natural to the female heart and the lofty aspirations after a higher and better state of being which constitute the truly ennobling and elevating principles in art as well as in nature. Love and religion are the unvarying elements of her song. If her power of expression were equal to the purity and elevation of her habits of thought and feeling, she would be a female Milton or a Christian Pindar." Continuing he says: "Though she does not inherit

'The force and ample pinion that the Theban eagles bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion through the liquid vaults of air,'

she nevertheless manages language with an ease and elegance and that refined felicity of expression, which is the principal charm in poetry. In blank verse she is very successful. The poems that she has written in this measure have much of the manner of Wordsworth, and may be nearly or quite as highly relished by his admirers."

To the above eminent critical estimate of Mrs. Sigourney's writings it is unnecessary to add further comment. The justice of the praise bestowed upon her is evinced by the fact that she has acquired a wider and more pervading reputation than many of her more modern sisters in the realm of poesy, but it is evident that, of late years, her poetry has not enjoyed the popular favor which it had prior to 1860.

Lydia Huntley was the only child of her parents, and was born at Norwich, Connecticut, September 1st, 1791. Her father was a man of worth and benevolence and had served in the revolutionary struggle which brought about the independence

of America. Of the precocity of the child Duyekinek says: "She could read fluently at the age of three and composed simple verses at seven, smooth in rhythm and of an invariable religious sentiment." Her girlhood life was quiet and uneventful. She received the best educational advantages which her neighborhood and the society of Madam Lathrop, the widow of Dr. Daniel Lathrop, of Hartford, could bestow. In 1814, when twenty-three years of age, Miss Huntley was induced to take a select school at Hartford, and removed to that city, where the next year, in 1815, her first book, "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse," was published. The prose essays are introduced by the remark: "They are addressed to a number of young ladies under my care," and the writer throughout the volume seems to have had her vocation as a teacher in view. In the summer of 1819 Miss Huntley became the wife of Mr. Charles Sigourney, an educated gentleman and a merchant of Hartford. In 1822 a historical poem in five cantos, entitled "Traits of the Aborigines," was published, and about the same time a London publisher made a miscellaneous collection of her verses and published them under the title of "Lays from the West," a compliment of no small moment to an American poetess. Subsequent volumes came in rapid succession, among them being "Sketch of Connecticut Forty Years Since," "Letters to Young Ladies" and "Letters to Mothers," "Poetry for Children," "Zinzendorf and Other Poems," the last named appearing in 1836. It introduces us to the beautiful valley of Wyoming, paying an eloquent tribute to its scenery and historic fame, and especially to the missionary Zinzendorf, a noble self-sacrificing missionary among the Indians of the Wyoming Valley. The picture is a very vivid one. The poem closes with the departure of Zinzendorf from the then infant city of Philadelphia, extols him for his missionary labor, and utters a stirring exhortation to Christian union. In 1841 "Pocahontas and Other Poems" was issued by a New York publisher. Pocahontas is one of her longest and most successful productions, containing fifty-six stanzas of nine lines each, opening with a picture of the vague and shadowy repose of nature as her imagination conceived it in the condition of the new world prior to its discovery. The landing at Jamestown and the subsequent events that go to make up the thrilling story of Pocahontas follow in detail. This is said to be the best of the many poetical compositions of which the famous daughter of Powhatan has been the subject.

In 1840 Mrs. Sigourney made a tour of Europe, and on her return in 1842 published a volume of recollections in prose and poetry of famous and picturesque scenes and hospitalities received. The title of the book was "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands." During her stay in Europe there were also published two volumes of her works in London, and tokens of kindness and esteem greeted the author from various distinguished sources. Among others was a splendid diamond bracelet from the Queen of France. Other volumes of her works appeared in 1846 and 1848. Prominent among the last works of her life was "The Faded Hope," a touching and beautiful memento of her severe bereavement in the death of her only son, which occurred in 1850. "Past Meridian" is also a graceful volume of prose sketches.

Mrs. Sigourney died at Hartford, Connecticut, June 10, 1865, when seventy-three years of age.

COLUMBUS.

ST. STEPHEN'S cloistered hall was proud
 In learning's pomp that day,
 For there a robed and stately crowd
 Pressed on in long array.
 A mariner with simple chart
 Confronts that conclave high,
 While strong ambition stirs his heart,
 And burning thoughts of wonder part
 From lips and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning face,
 In whispered tones they speak,
 And lines upon their tablets trace,
 Which flush each ashen cheek;
 The Inquisition's mystic doom
 Sits on their brows severe,
 And hursting forth in visioned gloom,
 Sad heresy from burning tomb
 Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
 Thy splendid dream shall crown,
 Yon Western Hemisphere sublime,
 Where unshorn forests frown,
 The awful Andes' cloud-wrapt brow,
 The Indian hunter's bow,
 Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,
 And rocks of gold and diamonds, thou
 To thankless Spain shalt show.

Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!
 In Fates' unfolding scroll,
 Dark woes, and ingrate wrongs I read,
 That rack the noble soul.
 On! on! Creation's secrets probe,
 Then drink thy cup of scorn,
 And wrapped in Caesar's robe,
 Sleep like that master of the globe,
 All glorious,—yet forlorn.

THE ALPINE FLOWERS.

MEEK dwellers mid yon terror stricken cliffs!
 With brows so pure, and incense breathing
 lips,
 Whence are ye? Did some white winged
 messenger

On Mercy's missions trust your timid germ
 To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
 Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
 Did them with tear drops nurse ye?—

—Tree nor shrub

Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
 Uprears a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
 Leaning your cheeks against the thick ribbed ice,
 And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him

Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the waste
 Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
 O'er slippery steep, or, trembling, treads the verge
 Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
 Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
 And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
 Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands,
 Blesses your pencilled beauty. Mid the pomp
 Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,
 And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
 He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
 Inhales your spirit from the frost winged gale
 And freer dreams of heaven.

NIAGARA.

LOW on, for ever, in thy glorious robe
 Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on
 Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
 His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
 Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
 Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him
 Eternally—bidding the lip of man
 Keep silence—and upon thy rocky altar pour
 Incense of awe struck praise. Ah! who can dare
 To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,

Or love, or sorrow, mid the peal sublime
 Of thy tremendous hymn? Even Ocean shrinks
 Back from thy brotherhood: and all his waves
 Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem
 To sleep like a spent laborer, and recede
 His wearied billows from their vexing play,
 And lull them to a cradle calm: but thou,
 With everlasting, undecaying tide,
 Dost rest not, night or day. The morning stars,
 When first they sang o'er young Creation's birth,

Heard thy deep anthem ; and those wrecking fires,
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
This solid earth, shall find JENOVAH's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
Of thine unending volume. Every leaf,
That lifts itself within thy wide domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo ! you birds
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wing
Amid thy mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor wreath,
For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud,
Or listen at the echoing gate of heaven,

Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful, with our broken tones, to speak
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
Were profanation. Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty,
But as it presses with delirious joy
To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And tame its rapture, with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

DEATH OF AN INFANT

DEATH found strange beauty on that polished
brow
And dashed it out. There was a tint of
rose
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound

The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The Spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal
The signet ring of heaven.

A BUTTERFLY ON A CHILD'S GRAVE.

ABUTTERFLY basked on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow ;
" Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low ?"

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track :
" I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings,
Wouldst thou call the blest one back ?"





ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD."



It was in the year 1841 that a poetic Romance of several episodes, written in ballad style and entitled "The Sinless Child," was published in the Southern Literary Messenger and brought its author, a woman of thirty-five years, into general prominence, and gained for her an enviable position which she ever after maintained and fortified with a series of the finest sonnets which the literature of our country affords. "Her productions," says Réade, "are characterized rather by a passionate and lofty imagination, than by fancy, and a subtle vein of philosophy more than sentiment, though in the latter she is by no means deficient."

The maiden name of this lady was Prince. She is descended from old Puritan stock on both sides, and was born in Cumberland, near Portland, Maine, on the twelfth day of August, 1806. At an early age Miss Prince was married to Mr. Seba Smith, a newspaper editor whom she assisted in his editorial work. Mr. Smith, himself, was a man of considerable literary attainment, who, under the *nom de plume* of "Jack Downing," obtained a national reputation. He is also the author of "Powhattan; a metrical romance," and several shorter poems which appeared in the periodicals of the day. His magazine tales and essays were collected in 1850 and published under the title of "Down East."

Like most young women writers of that day, Mrs. Smith contributed her early productions to various periodicals, anonymously. It was not until her husband suffered business disaster that she commenced the open profession of authorship as a means of support for her family. Her first published work "Riches Without Wings" appeared in 1838; "The Sinless Child and other poems" was collected and issued in book form in New York, in 1841. In 1842, Mrs. Smith and her husband removed to New York where they have afterwards resided and the same year she published a novel entitled "The Western Captive" and also a fanciful prose tale "The Salamander; a Legend for Christmas."

Mrs. Smith is also the author of "The Roman Tribute, a tragedy in five acts," founded on the exemption of Constantinople from destruction by a tribute paid by Theodosius to the conquering general, Attila. She is also the author of a tragedy entitled "Jacob Leisler," which is founded upon a well known dramatic incident of the colonial history of New York. Both of these plays enjoyed in their day popular favor upon the stage. In 1847, she published "Woman and her needs," and in 1852, "Hints on Dress and Beauty." Subsequent to these came "The Bald

Eagle; or the last of the Ramapauhs;," "The News Boy;" "Sagamor of Saco;" "The Two Wives;" "Kitty Howard's Journal," and "Destiny, a Tragedy."

Besides the above volumes, Mrs. Smith was the author of much fugitive verse and was also a liberal contributor of the current magazines of her day. The varied and peculiar merits of this author will appear to the reader of her writings, who must be impressed that in the drama, in the sonnet and in miscellaneous poems of imagination and fancy, she has vindicated her right to a place among the first poets of her sex, while her prose writings, though not largely read at this time, are characterized by the same subtle insight, analysis and delicacy of treatment which mark her poetry.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE SINLESS CHILD."

It is difficult to select from a poem of which the parts make one harmonious whole; but the history of "The Sinless Child" is illustrated all through with panel pictures which are scarcely less effective when separated from their series than when combined, and the reader will be gratified with a few of those which serve to exhibit the author's graceful play of fancy, and the pure vein of poetic sentiment as well as her manner and style in treating this masterpiece of its author.

THE STEP-MOTHER. (FROM "THE SINLESS CHILD.")



YOU speak of Hobert's second wife,
A lofty dame and bold;
I like not her forbidding air,
And forehead high and cold.

The orphans have no cause for grief,
She dare not give it now,
Though nothing but a ghostly fear
Her heart of pride could bow.

One night the boy his mother called—
They heard him weep and say—
"Sweet mother, kiss poor Eddy's cheek,
And wipe his tears away!"
Red grew the lady's brow with rage,
And yet she feels a strife
Of anger and of terror too,
At thought of that dead wife

Wild roars the wind, the lights burn blue,
The watch-dog howls with fear;
Loud neighs the steed from out the stall:
What from is gliding near?
No latch is raised, no step is heard,
But a phantom fills the space—
A sheeted spectre from the dead,
With cold and leaden face!

What boots it that no other eye
Beheld the shade appear?
The guilty lady's guilty soul
Beheld it plain and clear!
It slowly glides within the room,
And sadly looks around—
And stooping, kissed her daughter's cheek
With lips that gave no sound!

Then softly on the stepdame's arm
She laid a death-cold hand,
Yet it hath scorched within the flesh
Like to a burning brand;
And gliding on with noiseless foot,
O'er winding stair and hall,
She hears the chamber where is heard
Her infant's trembling call.

She smoothed the pillow where he lay,
She warmly tucked the bed,
She wiped his tears, and stroked the curls
That clustered round his head.
The child, enressed, unknowing fear,
Hath nestled him to rest;
The mother folds her wings beside—
The mother from the blest!

GUARDIAN ANGELS. (FROM "THE SINLESS CHILD.")



WITH downy pinion they enfold
The heart surcharged with woe,
And fan with balmy wing the eye
Whence floods of sorrow flow;

They bear, in golden censers up,
That sacred gift a tear—
By which is registered the griefs
Hearts may have suffered here.

No inward pang, no yearning love
Is lost to human hearts—
No anguish that the spirit feels,
When bright-winged Hope departs.
Though in the mystery of life
Discordant powers prevail;
That life itself be weariness,
And sympathy may fail:

Yet all becomes a discipline,
 To lure us to the sky;
 And angels bear the good it brings
 With fostering care on high.
 Though human hearts may weary grow,
 And sink to toil-spent sleep,
 And we are left in solitude
 And agony to weep:

Yet *they* with ministering zeal
 The cup of healing bring,
 And bear our love and gratitude
 Away, on heavenward wing;
 And thus the inner life is wrought,
 The blending earth and heaven—
 The love more earnest in its glow
 Where much has been forgiven!

THE BROOK.



HITHER away, thou merry Brook,
 Whither away so fast,
 With dainty feet through the meadow
 green,
 And a smile as you hurry past?"
 The Brook leaped on in idle mirth,
 And dimpled with saucy glee;
 The daisy kissed in lovingness,
 And made with the willow free.

I heard its laugh adown the glen,
 And over the rocky steep,
 Away where the old tree's roots were bare
 In the waters dark and deep;
 The sunshine flashed upon its face,
 And played with flickering leaf—
 Well pleased to dally in its path,
 Though the tarrying were brief.

"Now stay thy feet, oh restless one,
 Where droops the spreading tree,
 And let thy liquid voice reveal
 Thy story unto me."
 The flashing pebbles lightly rung,
 As the gushing music fell,
 The chiming music of the brook,
 From out the woody dell.

"My mountain home was bleak and high,
 A rugged spot and drear,
 With searching wind and raging storm,
 And moonlight cold and clear.
 I longed for a greeting cheery as mine,
 For a fond and answering look
 But none were in that solitude
 To bless the little brook.

"The blended hum of pleasant sounds
 Came up from the vale below,
 And I wished that mine were a lowly lot,
 To lapse, and sing as I go;
 That gentle things, with loving eyes,
 Along my path should glide,
 And blossoms in their loveliness
 Come nestling to my side.

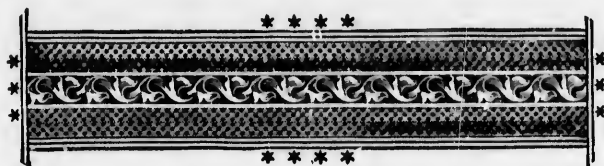
"I leaped me down: my rainbow robe
 Hung shivering to the sight,
 And the thrill of freedom gave to me
 New impulse of delight.
 A joyous welcome the sunshine gave,
 The bird and the swaying tree;
 The spear-like grass and blossoms start
 With joy at sight of me.

"The swallow comes with its bit of clay,
 When the busy Spring is here.
 And twittering bears the moistened gift
 A nest on the eaves to rear;
 The twinkling feet of flock and herd
 Have trodden a path to me,
 And the fox and the squirrel come to drink
 In the shade of the alder-tree.

"The sunburnt child, with its rounded foot,
 Comes hither with me to play,
 And I feel the thrill of his lightsome heart
 As he dashes the merry spray.
 I turn the mill with answering glee,
 As the merry spokes go round,
 And the gray rock takes the echo up,
 Rejoicing in the sound.

"The old man bathes his scattered locks,
 And drops me a silent tear—
 For he sees a wrinkled, careworn face
 Look up from the waters clear.
 Then I sing in his ear the very song
 He heard in years gone by;
 The old man's heart is glad again,
 And a joy lights up his eye."

Enough, enough, thou homily brook!
 I'll treasure thy teachings well,
 And I will yield a heartfelt tear
 Thy crystal drops to swell;
 Will bear like thee a kindly love
 For the lowly things of earth,
 Remembering still that high and pure
 Is the home of the spirit's birth.



LUCY LARCOM.

AUTHOR OF "HANNAH BINDING SHOES."

HAD we visited the cotton mills of Lowell, Massachusetts, sixty years ago, we perhaps would not have noticed anything peculiar or different from other girls in the busy little body known as Lucy Larcom. She had left school in her early teens to help support the family by serving as an ordinary operative in a cotton factory. Yet this is where Lucy Larcom did her first work; and to the experiences she gained there can be traced the foundation of the literature—both prose and poetry—with which she has delighted and encouraged so many readers.

Lucy Larcom was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1826. Her father, a sea captain, died while she was a child, and her mother removed with her several children to Lowell, Massachusetts. For a while Lucy attended the public schools and at the age of ten years showed a talent for writing verses. In the cotton mill, she tells us, her first work was "doffing and replacing the bobbins in the machine. Next," she says, "I entered the spinning-room, then the dressing-room, where I had a place beside pleasant windows looking toward the river. Later I was promoted to the cloth-room, where I had fewer hours of confinement, without the noisy machinery, and it was altogether neater." The last two years, of her eight years' work in the mill, she served as book-keeper, and, during her leisure hours, pursued her studies in mathematics, grammar and English and German literature.

The female operatives in the Lowell mills published a little paper entitled "Offering," and it was to this that Miss Larcom contributed her first literary production, which was in the shape of a poem entitled "The River;" and many of her verses and essays, both grave and gay, may be found in the old files of this paper. Her first volume, "Similitudes," was compiled from essays which appeared originally in "Offering." Since then her name has found an honored place among the women writers of America. Among her early and best poems are "Hannah Binding Shoes" and "The Rose Enthroned," the latter being Miss Larcom's first contribution to the "Atlantic Monthly." She did not sign her name to the contribution and it was of such merit that one of the reviewers attributed it to the poet Emerson. Both Mr. Lowell, the editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," and the poet, Whittier, to whose papers she also contributed, praised her ability. Miss Larcom studied at Monticello Female Seminary, Illinois, and afterwards taught in some of the leading female schools in her native State. In 1859 appeared her book entitled "Ships in the Mist and Other Stories," and in 1866 was published "Breathings of

a Better Life." From 1866 to 1874 she was editor of "Our Young Folks," and in 1875 "An Idyl of Work, a Story in Verse," appeared. In 1880 "Wild Roses of Cape Ann and Other Poems" was published, and in 1881 "Among Lowell Mill Girls" appeared. In 1885 her poetical works were gathered and published in one volume. Of late, Miss Larcom's writings have assumed deeply religious tones in which the faith of her whole life finds ample expression. This characteristic is strongly noticeable in "Beekonings" (1886), and especially so in her last two books "As It Is In Heaven" (1891) and "The Unseen Friend" (1892), both of which embody her maturest thought on matters concerning the spiritual life.

One of the most admirable characteristics of Miss Larcom's life and her writings is the marked spirit of philanthropy pervading every thing she did. She was in sentiment and practically the working woman's friend. She came from among them, had shared their toils, and the burning and consuming impulse of her life was to better their condition. In this, she imitated the spirit of Him, who, being lifted up, would draw all men after Him.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

DOOR lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes!
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting stitching, in a mournful muse!
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For the wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild south-wester mischief brows.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November.
Now no tears her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fisherman,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons;—
Never has one brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sail o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithless,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.



ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.

"THE SISTER SPIRITS OF POESY."

IT would be difficult to treat the two poetic Cary sisters separately. Their work began, progressed through life and practically ended together. Few persons have written under the circumstances which at first appeared so disadvantageous. They had neither education nor literary friends, nor was their early lot cast in a region of literary culture—for they were reared in Cincinnati, Ohio, during the formative period of that Western country. But surely in the wild hills and valleys of their native West, they found

"Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Alice Cary was born in Mount Healthy, near Cincinnati, April 20, 1820, and her sister Phoebe at the same place four years later. The two sisters studied at home together and, when eighteen years old, Alice began to write poems and sketches of rural life under the *nom de plume* of Patty Lee, which attracted considerable attention and displayed an ability which elicited encouragement from the editors of the periodicals to which she contributed. In the mean time, Phoebe Cary, following her sister's example, began to contribute, and, in 1850, the two sisters published their first volume of poems in Philadelphia. A volume of prose sketches entitled "Clover Nook, or Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West," by Alice Cary followed in 1851. In 1852, the Cary sisters removed to New York city where they chiefly resided during the remainder of their lives, returning occasionally to their early farm home. For some years they held weekly receptions in New York, which were attended by leading artistic and literary people. They earned by their pens—pure and womanly pens—sufficient to provide a competence for all their wants. They gathered a library, rich in standard works, to gratify their refined tastes and did much to relieve the needy with their charity. In 1853, Alice Cary issued a second series of her "Clover Nook Papers" and a third gleaned from the same field appeared in 1855, entitled "Clover Nook Children," for the benefit of her more youthful readers. During the prolific years, from 1852 to 1855, she also published "Lyra and other Poems," followed by "Hagar, a Story of To-day," "Married, Not Mated," and "Hollywood," a collection of poems. In 1854, Phoebe Cary, also, published "Poems and Parodies." In 1859 appeared her "Pictures of Country Life," a series of tales, and "The Bishop's Son," a novel. In 1867, appeared her

"Snowberries," a book for young folks. In 1866, Alice also published a volume entitled "Ballads, Lyrics and Hymns," which is a standard selection of her poetry and contains some of the sweetest minor poems in the language. Alice's "The Lover's Diary" appeared in 1868. It begins with the poem "Dreamland" and ranges with a series of exquisite lyrics of love through all the phases of courtship to married life. This was the last of her works published during her lifetime. During the same year (1868), Phoebe published the "Poems of Faith, Hope and Love," a worthy companion volume to her sister's works, and in 1869 she aided her pastor, Chas. F. Deems, in editing "Hymns for All Christians."

In comparing the two sisters, it is noticeable that the poems of Alice are more thoughtful and more melodiously expressed. They are also marked with a stronger originality and a more vivid imagination. In disposition, Alice was pensive and tender, while Phoebe was witty and gay. Alice was strong in energy and patience and bore the chief responsibility of their household, allowing her sister, who was less passive and feminine in temperament, to consult her moods in writing. The disparity in the actual intellectual productions of the two sisters in the same number of years is the result, not so much of the mental inequality as of the superior energy, industry, and patience of the elder.

The considerate love and delicacy with which Alice and Phoebe Cary treated each other plainly indicated that they were one in spirit through life, and in death they were not long separated. Alice died at her home in New York City, February 12, 1871, in her fifty-first year. Phoebe, in sorrow over this bereavement, wrote the touching verses entitled "Light," and in confidence said to a friend: "Alice, when she was here, always absorbed me, and she absorbs me still. I feel her constantly drawing me." And so it seemed in reality, for, on the thirty-first day of July, six months after Alice Cary was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, New York, Phoebe died at Newport, Rhode Island, whence her remains were removed and laid by her sister's side.

The two kindred sisters, so long associated on earth, were re-united. The influence they have left behind them, embalmed in their hymns of praiseful worship, their songs of love and of noblest sentiment, and their stories of happy childhood and innocent manhood and womanhood, will long remain to bless the earth and constitute a continual incense to their memory.

Besides the published works named above, both Alice and Phoebe left at their death uncollected poems enough to give each name two added volumes. Alice also left the manuscript of a completed novel.

PICTURES OF MEMORY. (ALICE CARY.)

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sparkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lead from the fragrant hedge,
Coqueting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemed to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:

Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

NOBILITY. (ALICE CARY.)

HILDA is a lofty lady,
Very proud is she—
I am but a simple herdsman
Dwelling by the sea.
Hilda hath a spacious palace,
Broad, and white, and high;
Twenty good dogs guard the portal—
Never house had I.

Hilda hath a thousand meadows—
Boundless forest lands:
She hath men and maids for service—
I have but my hands.
The sweet summer's ripest roses
Hilda's cheeks outvie—
Queens have paled to see her beauty—
But my beard have I.

Hilda from her palace windows
Looketh down on me,
Keeping with my dove-brown oxen
By the silver sea.
When her dulcet harp she playeth,
Wild birds singing nigh,
Cluster, listening, by her white hands—
But my reed have I.

I am but a simple herdsman,
With nor house nor lands;
She hath men and maids for service—
I have but my hands.
And yet what are all her crimson
To my sunset sky—
With my free hands and my manhood
Hilda's peer am I.

THE GRAY SWAN. (ALICE CARY.)

(From the Poetical Works of Alice and Phoebe Cary, 1876.)

TH tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew,—
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"
He said with trembling lip,—
"What little lad? what ship?"

"What little lad! as if there could be
Another such an one as he!
What little lad, do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee!
It was just the other day
The *Gray Swan* sailed away."

"The other day?" the sailor's eyes
 Stood open with a great surprise,—
 "The other day? the *Swan*?"
 His heart began in his throat to rise.
 "Aye, aye, sir, here in the cupboard lies
 The jacket he had on."
 "And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the *Swan*." "And did she stand
 With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
 For a month, and never stir?"
 "Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
 Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
 The wild sea kissing her,—
 A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know
 All this was twenty years ago?
 I stood on the *Gray Swan's* deck,
 And to that lad I saw you throw,
 Taking it off, as it might be, so!
 The kerchief from your neck."
 "Aye, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad,
 That has made you sick and made you sad,
 Sail with the *Gray Swan's* crew?"
 "Lawless! the man is going mad!"

The best boy mother ever had,—
 Be sure he sailed with the crew!
 What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written a line,
 Nor sent you word, nor made you sign
 To say he was alive!"
 "Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
 Besides, he may be in the brine,
 And could he write from the grave?
 Tut, man, what would you have?"

Gone twenty years—a long, long cruise,—
 'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
 But if the lad still live,
 And come back home, think you can
 Forgive him?" "Miserable man,
 You're mad as the sea,—you rave,—
 What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
 And from within his bosom drew
 The kerchief. She was wild.
 "My God! my Father! is it true?
 My little lad, my Elihu!
 My blessed boy, my child!
 My dead, my living child!"

MEMORIES.*

(PHOEBE CARY.)

"She loved me, but she left me."



MEMORIES on memories! to my soul again
 There come such dreams of vanished
 love and bliss

That my wrung heart, though long inured
 to pain,

Sinks with the fulness of its wretchedness:
 Thou, dearer far than all the world beside!

Thou, who didst listen to my love's first vow—
 Once I had fondly hoped to call thee bride:

Is the dream over? comes that awakening now?
 And is this hour of wretchedness and tears
 The only guerdon for my wasted years?

And I did love thee—when by stealth we met
 In the sweet evenings of that summer time,
 Whose pleasant memory lingers with me yet,
 As the remembrance of a better clime

Might haunt a fallen angel. And oh, thou—
 Thou who didst turn away and seek to bind
 Thy heart from breaking—thou hast felt ere now
 A heart like thine o'er-mastereth the mind:
 Affection's power is stronger than thy will—
 Ah, thou didst love me, and thou lovest me still.

My heart could never yet be taught to move
 With the calm even pulses that it should:
 Turning away from those that it should love,
 And loving whom it should not, it hath wooed
 Beauty forbidden—I may not forget;
 And thou, oh thou canst never cease to feel;
 But time, which hath not changed affection yet,
 Hath taught at least one lesson—to conceal;
 So none but thou, who see my smiles, shall know
 The silent bleeding of the heart below.



LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

NO modern poet among American women stands higher in the estimation of her literary peers, or in the social scale than does the author of "Bedtime Stories," "Some Women's Hearts," and "In the Garden of Dreams." Mrs. Moulton enjoys the triple distinction of being a writer of the most popular stories for children, of popular novels for grown people, and of some of the best poetry which any woman has contributed to our literature. In herself she presents the conscientious poet who writes for the purpose of instructing and benefiting, and, at the same time, one whose wares are marketable and popular. Not a few critics have placed her sonnets at the head of their kind in America. Her poetry has for its main characteristic a constant but not a rebellious sorrow expressed with such consistent ease and melody that the reader is led on with a most pleasurable sensation from stanza to stanza and arises from the reading of her verses with a mellowed and softer sympathy for his fellow-beings.

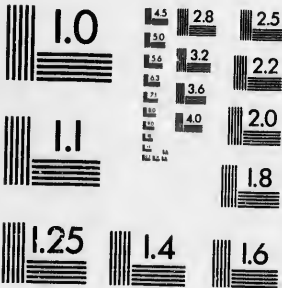
Louise Chandler was born at Pomfret, Connecticut, April 5, 1835, and her education was received in that vicinity. Her first book entitled "This, That and Other Poems" appeared when she was nineteen years of age. It was a girlish miscellany and sold remarkably well. After its publication, she passed one year in Miss Willard's Seminary at Troy, New York, and it was during her first vacation from this school that she met and married the well-known Boston journalist, William Moulton. The next year was published "Juno Clifford," a novel, without her name attached. Her next publication, issued in 1859, was a collection of stories under the title of "My Third Book." Neither of these made a great success, and she published nothing more until 1873, when her now famous "Bedtime Stories for Children" was issued and attracted much attention. She has written five volumes of bright tales for children. In 1874 appeared "Some Women's Hearts" and "Miss Eyre from Boston." After this Mrs. Moulton visited Europe, and out of the memories of her foreign travel, she issued in 1881 a book entitled "Random Rambles," and six years later came "Ours and Our Neighbors," a book of essays on social subjects, and the same year she issued two volumes of poems. In 1889 she published simultaneously, in England and America, her most popular work, entitled "In the Garden of Dreams," which has passed through many editions with increased popularity. Mrs. Moulton has also edited three volumes of the poems of Philip Burke Marseton.

Mrs. Moulton's residence has been in Boston since 1855, with the exception of



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sixteen consecutive summers and autumns which she passed in Europe. In London she is especially at home, where she lives surrounded by friends and friendly critics, who value both her winning personality and her literary art. She has been throughout her life a systematic worker, devoting a part of each day to literary labor. Aside from her books, she has done much writing for newspapers and periodicals. From 1870 to 1876 she was the Boston literary correspondent for the New York "Tribune," and for nearly five years she wrote a weekly letter reviewing new books and literary people for the Boston "Sunday Herald," the series of these letters closing in December, 1891.

Mrs. Moulton, while not admitting herself to be a hero worshipper, is full of appreciation of the great bygone names of honor, and enjoys with a keen relish the memory of the personal friendship she had with such immortals as Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell, on this side of the Atlantic, and with Swinburne, Tennyson and others, in Europe.

"IF THERE WERE DREAMS TO SELL."*

"If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?"—BEDDOES.

IF there were dreams to sell,
Do I not know full well
What I would buy?
Hope's dear delusive spell,
Its happy tale to tell—
Joy's fleeting sigh.

I would be young again—
Youth's madding bliss and bane
I would recapture—
Though it were keen with pain,
All else seems void and vain
To that fine rapture.

I would be glad once more—
Slip through an open door
Into life's glory—
Keep what I spent of yore,
Find what I lost before—
Hear an old story.

As it of old befell,
Breaking Death's frozen spell,
Love should draw nigh :—
If there were dreams to sell,
Do I not know too well
What I would buy?

WIFE TO HUSBAND.*

WHEN I am dust, and thou art quick and glad,
Bethink thee, sometimes, what good days
we had,
What happy days, beside the shining seas,
Or by the twilight fire, in careless ease,
Reading the rhymes of some old poet lover,
Or whispering our own love-story over.

When thou hast mourned for me a seemly space,
And set another in my vacant place,
Charmed with her brightness, trusting in her truth,
Warmed to new life by her beguiling youth,
Be happy, dearest one, and surely know
I would not have thee thy life's joys forego.

Yet think of me sometimes, where, cold and still,
I lie, who once was swift to do thy will,
Whose lips so often answered to thy kiss,
Who, dying, blessed thee for that bygone bliss :
I pray thee do not bar my presence quite
From thy new life, so full of new delight.

I would not vex thee, waiting by thy side ;
My presence should not chill thy fair young bride ;
Only bethink thee how alone I lie :
To die and be forgotten were to die
A double death ; and I deserve of thee
Some grace of memory, fair howe'er *she* be.

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THE LAST GOOD-BYE.*

NOW shall we know it is the last good-bye?
 The skies will not be darkened in that
 hour,
 No sudden light will fall on leaf or
 flower,
 No single bird will hush its careless cry,
 And you will hold my hands, and smile or sigh
 Just as before. Perchance the sudden tears

In your dear eyes will answer to my fears;
 But there will come no voice of prophecy:
 No voice to whisper, "Now, and not again,
 Space for last words, last kisses, and last prayer,
 For all the wild, unmitigated pain
 Of those who, parting clasp hands with despair."
 "Who knows?" we say, but doubt and fear remain,
 Would any *choose* to part thus unaware?

NEXT YEAR.

THE lark is singing gaily in the meadow, the
 sun is rising o'er the dark blue hills;
 But she is gone, the music of whose talk-
 ing was sweeter than the voice of
 summer rills.

Sometimes I see the bluebells of the forest, and think
 of her blue eyes;
 Sometimes I seem to hear the rustle of her garments:
 'tis but the wind's low sighs.

I see the sunbeams trail along the orchard, and fall
 in thought to tangling up her hair;
 And sometimes round the sinless lips of childhood
 breaks forth a smile, such as she used to wear;

But never any pleasant thing, around, above us,
 seems to me like her love—
 More lofty than the skies that bend and brighten o'er
 us, more constant than the dove.

She walks no more beside me in the morning; she
 meets me not on any summer eve;
 But once at night I heard a low voice calling—"Oh,
 faithful friend, thou hast not long to grieve!"
 Next year, when larks are singing gaily in the meadow,
 I shall not hear their tone;
 But she in the dim, far-off country of the stranger,
 will walk no more alone.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

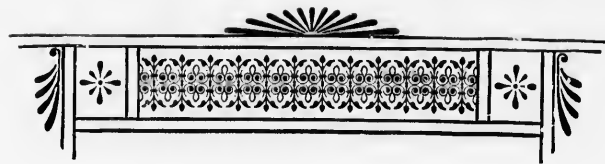
(FROM "IN THE GARDEN OF DREAMS.")

NOW shall I here her placid picture paint
 With touch that shall be delicate, yet sure?
 Soft hair above a brow so high and pure
 Years have not soiled it with an earthly taint,
 Needing no aureole to prove her saint;
 Firm mind that no temptation could allure;
 Soul strong to do, heart stronger to endure;

And calm, sweet lips that uttered no complaint.
 So have I seen her, in my darkest days
 And when her own most sacred ties were riven,
 Walk tranquilly in self-denying ways,
 Asking for strength, and sure it would be given;
 Filling her life with lowly prayer, high praise—
 So shall I see her, if we meet in heaven.

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WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE FIRST AMERICAN AUTHOR OF RENOWN.

"The Cervantes of the New World."



THE first American who openly adopted literature as a calling and successfully relied upon his pen for support was Washington Irving, and the abiding popularity of this author is the best guarantee of his permanent place in the world of letters. Since 1802, when Irving began to write, empires have arisen and passed away; new arts have been invented and adopted, and have pushed the old out of use; the household economy of mankind has undergone a revolution; science has learned a new dialect and forgotten the old; but the words of this charming writer are still as bright and even more read by men and women to-day than when they came fresh from his pen and their brilliant author was not only the literary lion of America, but was a shining light in the circles of the old World. The pages of Irving are a striking illustration of the fact that the language of the heart never becomes obsolete, that Truth, and Good, and Beauty, the offspring of God, are not subject to the changes which beset the empire of man, and we feel sure that Washington Irving, whose works were the delight of our grandparents and parents, and are now contributing to our own happiness, will also be read with the same eager pleasure by those who come after us.

It was on the 3rd of April, 1783, when the British were in possession of New York City and George Washington was exerting his forces to drive them away, that young Irving was born. Like Benjamin Franklin, he was the youngest of many sons. His father was a Scotchman and his mother an Englishwoman, who emigrated to America soon after their marriage and settled in New York about the year 1770. The Irvings were staunch patriots and did what they could to relieve the sufferings of American prisoners while the British held the city, and their son was not christened until the English evacuated the town and George Washington came in and took possession. In her exultation over this event Mrs Irving exclaimed: "Washington's work is ended and this child shall be named after him." Six years later, in 1789, George Washington took the oath of office as the first President of the United States, in New York, which was then the capital of the country. Shortly after this the Scotch servant girl with little Irving in charge, seeing the President on the street called out: "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you." Washington bade her bring the boy to him, and placing his hands on his head gave him his blessing.

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As a boy Irving was playful rather than studious. His delicate health prevented his entering college, and the educational training which he received was at sundry small schools, and this ceased at the age of sixteen, at which time he began to study law. Irving's opportunity came in 1802, when his brother, Dr. Peter Irving, established a daily paper, to which Washington, then only nineteen, contributed a series of essays under the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle." They were written in a humorous vein and met an instant success, being quoted and copied as far and wide as the sayings of Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard" had been fifty years before.

In 1804 Irving's failing health compelled him to abandon his legal studies and he went abroad, spending two years in European travel, and gathering a stock of material for his future writings. In 1806 he returned to New York, took up again



SUNNYSIDE, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

the study of law and was admitted to the bar, but never practised the profession. The next year, with his brother and James K. Paulding, he started the "Salmagundi; or, Whim-Whams and Opinions of Lancelot Langstaff, Esq.," which was published fortnightly and ran through twenty numbers. This humorous magazine, intended by its authors only to "hit off" the gossip of that day, has now become an amusing history of society events a century ago, and is still widely read. The next two years were occupied in writing his "Knickerbocker's History of New York," which was published in December, 1809. This was to have been the joint work of Washington Irving and his brother, Peter, but the latter was called away to Europe, and Washington did it alone. To introduce this book, Irving, with genuine Yankee shrewdness, advertised in the newspapers some months in advance of its publication for an old gentleman by the name of Knickerbocker, who had suddenly disappeared, leaving behind him the manuscript of a book and his board bill unpaid. It was finally announced that his landlord had decided to publish the book in the hope of realizing enough profit to satisfy his claim for board against the author.

It proved to be the most readable book which had yet appeared in America and was received with enthusiasm by the public. Abroad it created almost as great a sensation. Sir Walter Scott read it aloud to his family, and it first revealed to the critics of the Old World that America was to have a literature of its own. This book quickly brought its author both reputation and money, and with bright hopes he entered the business firm of his brother as a silent partner.

During the War of 1812 Irving was editorially connected with the "Analectic Magazine" in Philadelphia, for which he wrote a number of articles. He was staunchly patriotic throughout the war, though he deplored its existence. In 1815, after peace was proclaimed, he made a second voyage across the Atlantic, intending to remain only a short while, but the failure of his brother's firm blasted his business hopes and necessitated his return to literature. He, therefore, remained abroad for seventeen years, and it was in the Old Country that he wrote his famous "Sketch Book," published in parts in New York in 1819, and in book form in London in 1820, the author receiving for the copyright four hundred pounds (nearly \$2,000). In 1822 he published "Bracebridge Hall, or, The Humorist," and in 1824 the "Tales of the Traveler." From 1826 to 1829 Irving spent much time in Spain, where he gathered material for the "Life of Christopher Columbus" (1828); "Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada," and "The Alhambra, or, The New Sketch Book," which appeared in 1832.

During the last two years of Irving's stay abroad he was Secretary of the United States Legation at London, and on his return to America in 1832 was received with great public honor. His books now brought him an adequate income, and he built for himself a handsome villa at Irvington, New York—which he named "Sunnyside"—where he continued to reside until his death, with the exception of four years (1842-46), during which time he represented the United States at the Court of Madrid. While residing at Sunnyside he wrote the "Tours of the Prairies" (1835); "Astoria" (1836); "Adventures of Captain Bonneville" (1837). After his return from the Court of Spain he edited a new edition of his complete works, issued in 1850. He also published in 1849 and 1850 "Oliver Goldsmith: a Biography," and "Mahomet and His Successors." From 1850 to 1859 he published only two books, namely, "Wolfret's Roost and Other Papers" and the "Life of George Washington;" the latter issued just before his death, which occurred at Sunnyside, November 28, 1859. His nephew, P. H. Irving, afterwards prepared the "Life and Letters of Washington Irving" (1863), and also edited and published his "Spanish Papers and Other Miscellanies" (1866.)

That Irving never married may be attributed to the fact that his fiancé, Miss Matilda Hoffman, a charming and beautiful girl, to whom he was devotedly attached, died suddenly soon after they were engaged. Irving, then twenty-six, bore the blow like a man, but he carried the scar through life.

The fame of Irving becomes the more resplendent when we remember that he was the first great pioneer in American letters. Franklin was the only man of any note who had preceded him, and his writings were confined to a much smaller scope. It was while Byron and Scott were leaders of English letters that Irving, without the advantage of a college education, went to England and met and associated with the greatest of English authors, issued several

of his books and made good his own title to an honorable position in literature among them, not only leaving his impress upon English society but he created an illustrious following among her authors that any man should be proud of; for it is from Irving's "Sketch Book" that the revival of Christmas feasts was inaugurated, which Dickens afterwards took up and pursued to further lengths, making Irving his model in more ways than is generally supposed. Sir Walter Scott and Thackeray were his friends and admirers. The latter calls Irving the "first ambassador whom the new world of letters sent to the old." At home Irving's influence was even greater. His tales like "Rip Van Winkle" and its fellows became the first fruits of an abundant harvest, rich in local flavor, which later American story-tellers like Hawthorne, Poe, Bret Harte and Cable, all in their own way, following in his footsteps, have gathered after him.

The genius of Irving was not of that stalwart, rugged character which conquered by admiration. It rather won its way softly and by the aid of genial sentiment, human sympathy and pungent humor. His heart was quick to catch the sentiment, and his imagination as quick to follow the thread of an incident to its most charming conclusion. He it was who peopled the green nooks of "Sleepy Hollow" and the rocky crags of the Catskills, describing landscape and character with a charm which no later American writer has surpassed; and it was his delicate subtlety and keen insight which called into being in his "Knickerbocker's History" a civilization, giving to the legend the substance of truth, and presenting a fiction so that it passed for a fact. This is a feat which very few authors have accomplished.

That Irving might have been a successful historian is evinced by his "Life of Columbus" and "Life of Washington," in which his exhaustive inquiry into details and his treatment of the same leave nothing new in the lives of these great men to be told; but it is on his descriptive essays, such as we find in his "Sketch Book," "The Alhambra" and "Knickerbocker's History," that his title to enduring fame most securely rests.

The poet, Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," thus happily characterizes Washington Irving:

"What! Irving? thrice welcome warm heart and fine brain,
 You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
 And the gravest sweet humor, that ever were there
 Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair:
 Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching.
 I shan't run directly against my own preaching.
 And having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,
 Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;
 But allow me to speak what I honestly feel,
 To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
 Throw in all of Addison, minus the chill,
 With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
 Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
 The 'fine old English Gentleman,' simmer it well,
 Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
 That only the finest and clearest remain.
 Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
 From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
 And you'll find a choice nature not wholly deserving
 A name either English or Yankee—just Irving."

THE ORGAN OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

FROM THE SKETCH BOOK.

THE sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust, and an endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with double and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they

rise in triumph and acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—The very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening round me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

BALTUS VAN TASSEL'S FARM.

THABOD CRANE had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest

water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens; whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were

riding in an adjoining pond, conveying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-lungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing easily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with

its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a neck-lace of savory sausages; and even bright chaunticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadowlands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm teneament of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel, who was to inherit those domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land and shingle palaces in the wilderness.

Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

COLUMBUS AT BARCELONA.

(FROM "LIFE OF COLUMBUS.")

THE letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs had produced the greatest sensation at court. The event he announced was considered the most extraordinary of their prosperous reign, and, following so close upon the conquest of Granada, was pronounced a signal mark of divine favor for that triumph achieved in the cause of the true faith. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire, of indefinite extent and apparently boundless wealth.

* * * * *

About the middle of April Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favored climate contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the

place, many of the more youthful courtiers and hidalgos, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After this followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude;

the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came, and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person

of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he offered to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on their part to permit this act of homage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At their request he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands discovered. He displayed specimens of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants; medicinal and aromatic virtues; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be made, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and, raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the accompaniment of instruments, rose in full body of sacred harmony, bearing up as it were the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

THE GALLOPING HESSIAN.

THE revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent

woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a *tête-à-tête* with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for, in fact,

I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chapfallen. Oh these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was a dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog, from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping, uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker, the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of

the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling; but, on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but in-

stead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot; it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and, besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his

horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down the hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and he had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain

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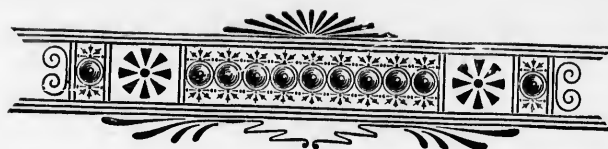
An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups and in the very act of hurling his lead at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled in the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part

of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle, which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy smallclothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes, full of dog's ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him, the school was removed to a different part of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

HUMORIST AND JOURNALIST.



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER belongs to a class of writers which has been aptly called the meditative school in American literature, but few of the so-called meditative writers so sparkle with humor as does the genial and humane author of "My Summer in a Garden," and few writers of any school have so succeeded in presenting wholesome truth and lofty thought in the pleasing form of humorous conversation on such common subjects as gardening, back-log fires, and the every-day life of the farmer-boy.

He is one of our leading apostles of culture, and he is himself a glowing example of the worth of culture, for he has steadily raised himself from the flat levels of life to a lofty pinnacle of influence and power simply because he possessed in high degree a keen insight, a dainty lightness of touch, a delicacy of thought and style, a kindly humor, and a racy scent for "human nature." It was a long time before he discovered his own powers and he labored at a distasteful profession until his nature cried out for its true sphere, but his early life in many respects was imperceptibly ministering to the man that was to be.

He was born of English non-conformist stock, in the hill country of Plainfield, Massachusetts, in 1829—a lineal descendent of a "Pilgrim Father" and the son of a well-to-do farmer, of more than ordinary mental parts. He had his period in the New England district school, and in 1851 he was graduated from Hamilton College, New York, where he had gained a college reputation as a writer.

Had he not been a "born writer" the next period of his life would have made a literary career impossible for him. A winter in Michigan, ending in dismal failure, two years of frontier life as a surveyor, and then the pursuit of legal studies, followed by the practice of law in Chicago seemed to have been hostages to fortune against the pursuit of fame in the field of pure literature.

But he had the blood of the "Brahman caste" and it was certain to assert itself. In 1860, his friend Hawley (now United States Senator from Connecticut) invited him to accept the position of assistant editor on the Hartford "Press," and his talents for successful journalism were at once apparent, from which he stepped quite naturally into the narrower circle—"the brotherhood of authors."

"My Summer in a Garden" (1870), his first literary work, was first written as a series of weekly articles for the Hartford "Courant," and their reception at once made him a man of note.

This work is a delightful prose pastoral, in which the author described his experiences with gardening and finds quaint and subtle connections between "pusley" and "original sin," while its humorous touches of nature and human nature give it a peculiar charm. "Saunterings," a volume of reminiscences of European travel, was also published the same year.

"Back-Log Studies" (1872), written in praise of the sweet and kindly influences of the home fireside, appeared first as a series in "Scribner's Magazine" and added much to the author's reputation, as it marked a decided advance in style and elegance of diction.

His carefully prepared occasional addresses, on such subjects as Education, Culture and Progress, show that he has deep convictions and an earnestness of heart, as well as the delicate fancy and playful humor which first made him a favorite author. If he is an apostle of culture, he is no less the herald of the truth that "the scholar must make his poetry and learning subserve the wants of the toiling and aspiring multitude."

"Baddeck, and That Sort of Thing" (1874) is a delightful sketch of travels, a field of literature in which Warner is a master. "My Winter on the Nile" (1876), "In the Levant" (1877), "In the Wilderness" (1878), "Roundabout Journey" (1883), and "Their Pilgrimage" (1886) are his other contributions to this department of literature.

In 1884 he became coeditor of "Harper's Magazine," to which he has contributed a valuable series of papers on "Studies in the South," "Studies in the Great West," and "Mexican Papers," critically discussing the educational, political, and social condition of these states.

He is the author of "Captain John Smith," and of "Washington Irving" in the "Men of Letters Series" of which he is editor.

Nowhere is his humor more free and unrestrained than in "Being A Boy" and in "How I Shot the Bear."

His home is at Hartford, Conn.

THE MORAL QUALITY OF VEGETABLES.*

FROM "MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN."

I AM more and more impressed with the moral qualities of vegetables, and contemplate forming a science which shall rank with comparative philology—the science of comparative vegetable morality. We live in an age of Protoplasm. And, if life matter is essentially the same in all forms of life, I propose to begin early, and ascertain the nature of the plants for which I am responsible. I will not associate with any vegetable which is disreputable, or has not some quality which can contribute to my moral growth. . . .

Why do we respect some vegetables and despise others, when all of them come to an equal honor or ignominy on the table? The bean is a graceful, con-

fiding, engaging vine; but you never can put beans into poetry nor into the highest sort of prose. There is no dignity in the bean. Corn—which in my garden grows alongside the bean, and, so far as I can see, with no affectation of superiority—is, however, the child of song. It waves in all literature. But mix it with beans, and its high tone is gone. Succotash is vulgar. It is the bean in it. The bean is a vulgar vegetable, without culture, or any flavor of high society among vegetables.

Then there is the cool cucumber—like so many people, good for nothing when its ripe and the wildness has gone out of it. How inferior to the melon, which grows upon a similar vine, is of a like watery

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consistency, but is not half so valuable! The cucumber is a sort of low comedian in a company where the melon is a minor gentleman. I might also contrast the celery with the potato. The associations are as opposite as the dining-room of the duchess and the cabin of the peasant. I admire the potato both in vine and blossom; but it is not aristocratic. . . .

The lettuce is to me a most interesting study. Lettuce is like conversation: it must be fresh and crisp, so sparkling that you scarcely notice the bitter in it. Lettuce, like most talkers, is however apt to run rapidly to seed. Blessed is that sort which comes to a head, and so remains—like a few people I know—growing more solid and satisfactory and tender at the same time, and whiter at the centre, and crisp in their maturity. Lettuce, like conversation, requires a good deal of oil, to avoid friction, and keep the company smooth; a pinch of Attie Salt, a dash of pepper, a quantity of mustard and vinegar, by all means—but so mixed that you will notice no sharp contrast—and a trifle of sugar. You can put anything—and the more things the better—into salad, as into conversation; but everything depends upon the skill in mixing. I feel that I am in the best society when I am with lettuce. It is in the select circle of vegetables. The tomato appears well on

the table; but you do not want to ask its origin. It is a most agreeable *parvenu*.

Of course, I have said nothing about the berries. They live in another and more ideal region; except perhaps the currant. Here we see that even among berries there are degrees of breeding. The currant is well enough, clear as truth, and exquisite in color; but I ask you to notice how far it is from the exclusive *hauteur* of the aristocratic strawberry, and the native refinement of the quietly elegant raspberry.

* * * * *

Talk about the Darwinian theory of development, and the principle of natural selection! I should like to see a garden let to run in accordance with it. If I had left my vegetables and weeds to a free fight, in which the strongest specimens only should come to maturity, and the weaker go to the wall, I can clearly see that I should have had a pretty mess of it. It would have been a scene of passion and license and brutality. The "pusley" would have strangled the strawberry; the upright corn, which has now ears to hear the guilty beating of the hearts of the children who steal the raspberries, would have been dragged to the earth by the wandering bean; the snakegrass would have left no place for the potatoes underground; and the tomatoes would have been swamped by the lousy weeds. With a firm hand I have had to make my own "natural selection."

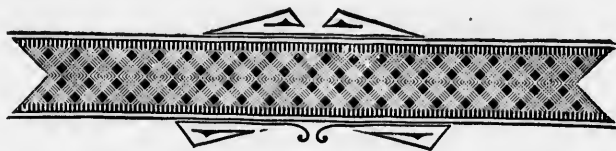


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DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

AUTHOR OF "REVERIES OF A BACHELOR" AND "DREAM LIFE."



UNDER the pen name of "Ik Marvel," Donald G. Mitchell is among the best known literary men of the world. His chief works consist of a dozen volumes or more ranging back for fifty years; but readers who know the "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life," possess a clear comprehension of this author. In learning those books they have learned him by heart. Except that he has mellowed with age there is little change in his charming style from his first book issued in 1847 to his last—"American Land and Letters"—which appeared in 1897.

Washington Irving spoke of being drawn to Donald G. Mitchell, by the qualities of head and heart which he found in his writings. No doubt if Irving had named these qualities he would have agreed with the general verdict that they consisted in a clearness of conception with which he grasped his theme, the faithfulness with which his thought pursued it, the sympathy with which he treated it and the quality of modesty, grace, dignity and sweetness which characterized his style. Says one of his critics: "Mitchell is a man who never stands in front of his subject, and who never asks attention to himself. Washington Irving had the same characteristics and it was natural that they should be drawn together. In early life, Mitchell seems to have been much under Irving. "Dream Life" was dedicated to that veteran, and some of the best sketches that can now be found of Irving are in Mitchell's written recollections of him. The disciple however, was not an imitator. Mitchell's papers on "The Squire" and "The Country Church" are as characteristic as any thing in the "Sketch Book," but their writer's style is his own.

Donald G. Mitchell was born in Norwich, Connecticut, April 12, 1822. He graduated at Yale in 1841 and afterwards worked three years on his grandfather's farm, thus acquiring a taste for agriculture which has clung to him through life, and which shows itself in his "Edgewood" books. His first contributions were to the "Albany Cultivator," a farm journal. He begun the study of law in 1847, but abandoned it for literature.

Mr. Mitchell has been several times abroad, always returning with something refreshing for his American readers. He has also lectured on literature at Yale College. In 1853, he was appointed United States Consul to Venice by President Pierce, but resigned after a few months. His home has been, since 1855, on his charming country place, "Edgewood," near New Haven, Connecticut, and nearly all his books—except "English Lands and Letters" (1890), and "American Lands and Letters" (1897)—are fragrant with the breath of the farm and rural scenery.



GLIMPSES OF "DREAM-LIFE"

PART SECOND

BY IK MARVEL

With original illustrations by Corwin K. Linson.

THE scene now changes to the cloister of a college. Your room is scantily furnished, and even the books are few—a couple of grammars, a Euclid, a Xenophon, a Homer and a Livy. Besides these classics there are scattered about here and there a thumb-worn copy of British ballads, an odd volume of the "Sketch Book," a clumsy Shakespeare, and a pocket edition of the Bible. With such appliances, added to the half-score of professors and tutors who preside over the awful precincts, you are to work your way up. It is pleasant to measure yourself with men; and your chum, a hard-faced fel-



"A COSY SIT-DOWN OVER OYSTERS AND CHAMPAGNE"

Corwin K.

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"MADGE," SHE SAYS, "IS SITTING BY ME WITH HER WORK"

low of ten or more years than you—digging sturdily at his tasks, seems by that very community of work to dignify your labor.

You have a classmate—I will call him Dalton—who is very intimate with a dashing Senior, and it is a proud thing to happen at their rooms occasionally, and to match yourself for an hour or two (with the windows darkened) against a Senior at "old sledge." Sometimes you go to have a cozy sit-down over oysters and champagne;—to which the Senior lends himself, with the pleasantest condescension in the world. You are not altogether used to hard drinking; but this, you conceal—as most spirited young fellows do—by drinking a great deal. You have a dim recollection of certain circumstances—very unimportant, yet very vividly impressed on your mind—which occurred on one of these occasions.

The oysters were exceedingly fine, and the champagne—exquisite. You have a recollection of something being said, toward the end of the first bottle, of Xenophon, and of the Senior's saying in his playful way—"Oh, d—n Xenophon!"

You remember that Dalton broke out into a song, and that for a time you joined in the chorus; you think the Senior called you to order for repeating the chorus in the wrong place. You think the lights burned with remarkable brilliancy; and there is a recollection of an uncommon dizziness afterward—as if your body was very quiet, and your head gyrating with strange velocity, and a kind of centrifugal action, all about the room, and the college, and indeed the whole town.



"DIGGING STURDILY AT HIS TASKS"

In following the mental vagaries of youth, I must not forget the curvetings and wiltings of the heart. The black-eyed Jenny has long been forgotten. As for Madge, the memory of her has been more wakeful, but less violent. Nelly's letters not unfrequently drop a careless half-sentence, that keeps her strangely in mind. "Madge," she says, "is sitting by me with her work;" or, "you ought to see the little silk purse that Madge is knitting." All this will keep Madge in mind in those odd half-hours that come stealing over one at twilight. A new romantic admiration is started by those lady-faces which light up, on a Sunday, the gal-

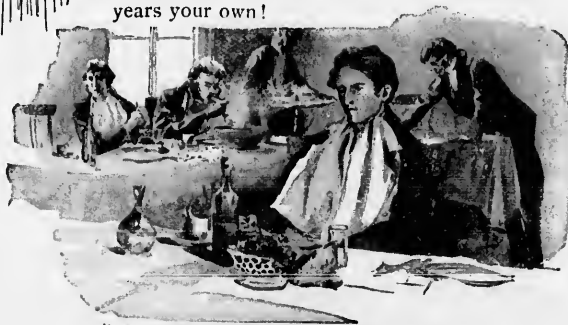


"UPON THE GRASSY BANK OF A STREAM"

lery of the college chapel, and the prettily shaped figures that go floating along the thoroughfares of the old town.

But this cannot last. As the years drop off a certain pair of eyes beams one day upon you, that seems to have been taken out of a page of Greek poetry. The figure, too, might easily be that of Helen, or of Andromache. You gaze—ashamed to gaze; and it is no young girl, who is thus testing you; there is too much pride for that. A ripeness and maturity rest upon her look and figure that completely fill up that ideal. After a time you find that she is the accomplished sister of your friend Dalton; she is at least ten years Dalton's senior; and by even more years your own!

Very few individuals in the world possess that happy consciousness of their own prowess, which belongs to the newly graduated collegian. He has no idea of defeat; he proposes to take the world by storm; he is half sur-



"HE WEARS HIS HONOR AT THE PUBLIC TABLES"

prised that quiet people are not startled by his presence. He brushes with an air of importance about the halls of country hotels; he wears his honor at the public tables; he fancies that the inattentive guests can have little idea that the young gentleman, who so recently delighted the public ear with his dissertation on the "General Tendency of Opinion," is actually among them, and quietly eating from the same dish of beef.

Your mother half fears your alienation from the affections of home. Her letters all run over with a tenderness that makes you sigh, and that makes you feel a deep reproach and consciousness of neglect at heart.



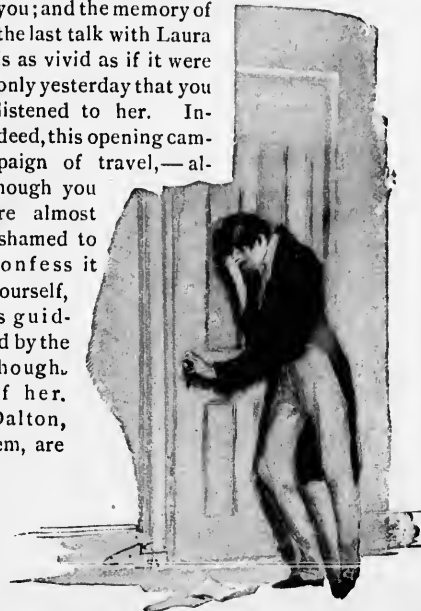
"WE ARE QUITE ALONE, NOW, MY BOY"

But an experience is approaching Clarence, that will drive his heart home for shelter like a wounded bird! The vision of your last college-year is not gone. That figure whose elegance your eyes then feasted on, still floats before you; and the memory of the last talk with Laura is as vivid as if it were only yesterday that you listened to her. Indeed, this opening campaign of travel,—although you are almost ashamed to confess it yourself, is guided by the thought of her. Dalton,



"THE MOONLIT WALKS UPON THE HILLS"

and a party of friends, his sister among them, are journeying to the north. A hope of meeting them, scarcely acknowledged, spurs you on. Your thought bounds away from the beauty of sky and lake, and fastens upon the ideal which your dreamy humors cherish. The very glow of pursuit heightens your fervor:—a fervor that dims sadly the newly



"DEATH—IT IS A TERRIBLE WORD"

Glimpses of "Dream-Life"

awakened memories of home and your mother and Nelly.

Dalton returns and meets you with that happy, careless way of his. Miss Dalton is the same elegant being that entranced you first. They urge you to join their party. But there is no need of urgency; those eyes, that figure, the whole presence, indeed, of Miss Dalton, attracts you with a power which you can neither explain nor resist. Is it a dream, or is it earnest, those moonlit walks upon the hills that skirt

the city, when you watch the stars, listening to her voice, and feel the pressure of that jeweled hand upon your arm? Poor Clarence! it is his first look at Life!

With such attendance you draw toward the sound of Niagara; and its distant, vague roar, coming through great aisles of gloomy forest, bears up your spirit, like a child's, into the Highest Presence.

The morning after, you are standing with your party upon the steps of the hotel. A letter is handed to you. Dalton

remarks, in a quizzical way, that "it shows a lady's hand."

A single glance at this letter blanches



"PLUMP AND THRIVING"



"READ IT AGAIN"



"YOU PUT YOUR HANDS IN YOUR POCKETS AND LOOK OUT UPON THE TOSSING SEA"



"BLUE-EYED MADGE"

your cheeks. Your heart throbs — throbs harder—throbs tumultuously. You bite your lip; for there are lookers-on. But it will not do. You hurry away; you find your chamber and burst into a flood of tears.

It is Nelly's own fair hand, yet sadly blotted;—blotted with her tears, and blotted with yours.

"It is all over, dear, dear Clarence!" she writes. "I can hardly now believe that our poor mother is indeed dead."

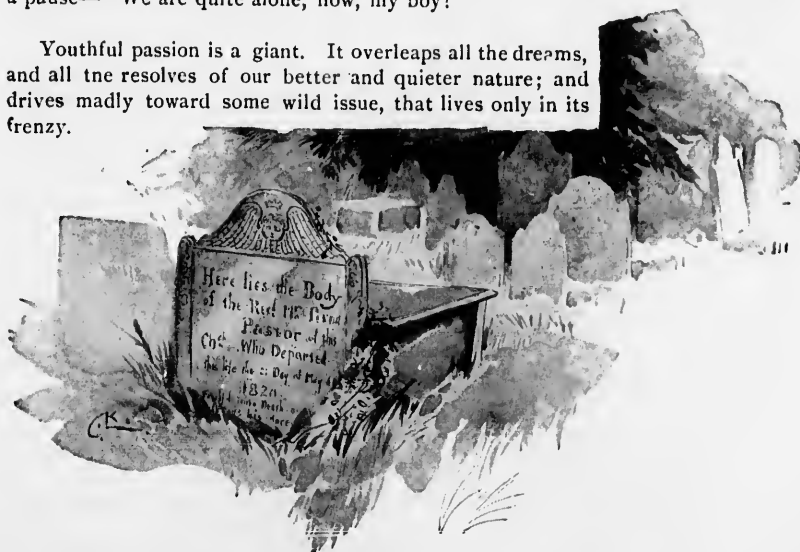
Dead!—It is a terrible word.

For a long time you remain with only that letter and your thought for company. You pace up and down your chamber; again you seat yourself, and lean your head upon the table, enfeebled by the very grief that you cherish still. The whole day passes thus; you

excuse yourself from all companionship; you have not the heart to tell the story of your troubles to Dalton—least of all, to Miss Dalton. Ten days after, you are walking toward the old homestead, with feelings such as it never called up before. Nelly is waiting for you, and your father is seated in his accustomed chair.

You approach, and your father takes your hand again, with a firm grasp—looks at you thoughtfully—drops his eyes upon the fire, and for a moment there is a pause—"We are quite alone, now, my boy!"

Youthful passion is a giant. It overleaps all the dreams, and all the resolves of our better and quieter nature; and drives madly toward some wild issue, that lives only in its frenzy.



"THE OLD CLERGYMAN SLEEPS BENEATH A BROWN-STONE SLAB"

The last scene of summer changes now to the cobwebbed ceiling of an attorney's office. Books of law, scattered ingloriously at your elbow, speak dully to the flush of your cheeks. You are seated at your small side-desk, where you have wrought at those heavy mechanic labors of drafting, which go before a knowledge of your craft. A letter is by you, which you regard with strange feelings; it is yet unopened. It comes from Laura. It is in reply to one which has cost you very much of exquisite elaboration. You have made your avowal of feeling as much like a poem as your education would admit. Indeed, it was a pretty letter, in which vanity of intellect had taken a very entertaining part, and in which your judgment was too cool to appear at all. We will look only at a closing passage:

—“My friend Clarence will, I trust, believe me, when I say that his letter was a surprise to me. To say that it was very grateful, would be what my womanly vanity could not fail to claim. I only wish that I was equal to the flattering portrait which he has drawn. I even half fancy that he is joking me, and can hardly believe that my matronly air should have quite won his youthful heart. At least I shall try not to believe it; and when I welcome him one day, the husband of some fairy, who is worthy of his love, we will smile together at the old lady who once played the Circe to his senses. Seriously, my friend Clarence, I know your impulse of heart has carried you away; and that in a year's time you will smile with me, at your old penchant for one so much your senior, and so ill-suited to your years, as your true friend —LAURA.”

Magnificent Miss Dalton! Read it again. Stick your knife in the desk—tut!—





"AND YOU HAVE WORN THIS, MAGGIE?"

you will break the blade! Fold up the letter carefully, and toss it upon your pile of papers. Open Chitty again;—pleasant reading is Chitty! Lean upon your hand—your two hands;—so that no one will catch sight of your face. Chitty is very interesting; how sparkling and imaginative—what a depth and flow of passion in Chitty!

It would be well not to betray your eagerness to go. You can brush your hat a round or two, and take a peep into the broken bit of looking-glass over the wash-stand. You lengthen your walk, as you sometimes do, by a stroll upon the Battery—though rarely, upon such a blustering November day. You put your hands in your pockets, and look out upon the tossing sea. It is a fine sight—very fine. There are few finer bays in the world than New York bay; either to look at, or—for that matter—to sleep in. You try sadly to be cheerful; you smile oddly; your pride comes strongly to your help, but yet helps you very little. It is not so much a broken heart, that you have to mourn over, as a broken dream.

It is not long, to be sure, since the summer of life ended with that brokered hope; but the few years that lie between have given long steps upward. There have been changes in the home-life. Nelly is a wife and the husband yonder, as you may have dreamed, is your old friend Frank. As for Jenny—your first fond flame!—she is now the plump and thriving wife of the apothecary of the town! She sweeps out every morning, at seven, the little entry of the apothecary's house; she wears a sky-blue calico gown, and dresses her hair in three little flat curls on either side of her head.

The heats of the city drive you away and you are at home again—at Frank's house. You ramble over the hills that once bounded your boyish vision, and in



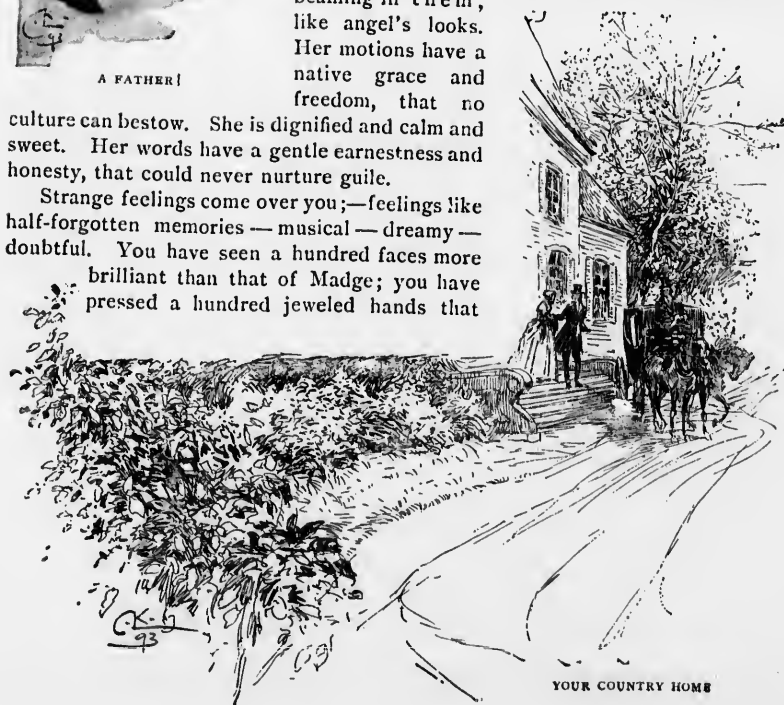
A FATHER!

culture can bestow. She is dignified and calm and sweet. Her words have a gentle earnestness and honesty, that could never nurture guile.

Strange feelings come over you;—feelings like half-forgotten memories—musical—dreamy—doubtful. You have seen a hundred faces more brilliant than that of Madge; you have pressed a hundred jeweled hands that

the view of those sweet scenes which belonged to early days, when neither strength, confidence, nor wealth were yours, days never to come again—a shade of melancholy broods upon your spirit, and covers with its veil all that fierce pride which your worldly wisdom has wrought. The boys whom you astounded with your stories of books are gone, building up now with steady industry the queen cities of our new western land. The old clergyman—he sleeps beneath a brown-stone slab in the churchyard. The stout deacon is dead; his wig and his wickedness rest together. The tall chorister sings yet; but they have now a bass-viol, handled by a new schoolmaster, in place of his tuning-fork; and the years have sown feeble quavers in his voice.

Once more you meet, at the home of Nelly, the blue-eyed Madge. The sixpence is all forgotten; you cannot tell where your half of it is gone. Yet she is beautiful—just budding into the full ripeness of womanhood. Her eyes have a quiet still joy and hope beaming in them, like angel's looks. Her motions have a native grace and freedom, that no



YOUR COUNTRY HOME

have returned a half-pressure to yours. You do not exactly admire; to love, you have forgotten; you only—linger!

You have returned to your noisy ambitious office-life, but after a time sickness has overcome you, and as soon as you have gained strength once more you go back to Nelly's home. Again your eye rests upon that figure of Madge, and upon her face, wearing an even gentler expression, as she sees you sitting pale and feeble by the old hearthstone. She brings flowers—for Nelly: you beg Nelly to place them upon the little table at your side. It is the only taste of the country that you are enabled, as yet, to enjoy. You love those flowers.

It is strange—this feeling in you. It is not the feeling you had for Laura Dalton. It does not even remind you of that. That was an impulse; but this is growth. That was strong; but this is—strength. If it were not too late!

A year passes and summer comes again. You have been walking over the hills of home with Madge and Nelly. Nelly has found some excuse to leave you, glancing at you most teasingly as she hurries away. You are left sitting with



"THE TIME OF POWER IS PAST"



"MADGE, MADGE, MUST IT BE?' AND A PLEASANT SMILE LIGHTS HER EYE; AND HER GRASP IS WARMER; AND HER LOOK IS—UPWARD."

Madge, upon a bank tufted with blue violets. You have been talking of the days of childhood, and some word has called up the old chain of boyish feeling, and joined it to your new hope. What you would say crowds too fast for utterance; and you abandon it. But you take from your pocket that little old broken bit of sixpence—which you have found after long search—and without a word, but with a look that tells your inmost thought, you lay it in the half-opened hand of Madge. She looks at you, with a slight suffusion of color—seems to hesitate a moment—raises her other hand, and draws from her bosom, by a bit of blue ribbon, a little locket. She touches a spring, and there falls beside your relic—another that had once belonged to it.

Hope glows now, like the sun!

—"And you have worn this Maggie?"

—"Always."

What a joy to be a father!
 What new emotions crowd
 the eye with tears, and make
 the hand tremble! What a
 benevolence radiates from
 you toward the nurse, toward
 the physician — toward
 everybody! What a holi-
 ness, and sanctity of love
 grows upon your old devo-
 tion to that wife of your bosom — the mother of your child!

There was a time when you thought
 it very absurd for fathers to talk about
 their children; but it does not seem at
 all absurd now. You think, on the contrary, that your old
 friends, who used to sup with you at the club, would
 be delighted to know how your baby is getting on,
 and how much he measures around the calf of the
 leg! If they pay you a visit, you are quite sure
 they are in an agony to see Frank; and you hold
 the little squirming fellow in your arms, half con-
 science-smitten for provoking them to such envy
 as they must be suffering.



A NEW BETROTHAL



"IT IS GETTING DARK, MAGGIE"

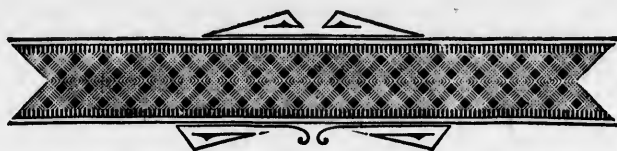
"THAT IS IT, MAGGIE,
THE OLD HOME"

The strength and pride of manhood are gone;
 the time of power is now past; your manliness has
 told its tale; henceforth your career is down; — hitherto, you have journeyed up.
 You look back upon a decade, as you once looked upon a half-score of months; a
 year has become to your slackened memory, and to your dull
 perceptions, like a week of childhood. Suddenly and swiftly
 come past you great whirls of gone-
 by thought, and wrecks of vain
 labor, eddying to the grave.

The same old man is in his
 chamber; he cannot leave his
 chair now. The sun is shining
 brightly: still, the old man can-
 not see.

"It is getting dark, Maggie."
 Madge looks at Nelly—wistful-
 ly—sadly. The old man murmurs
 something; and Madge stoops.
 "Coming," he says. "Coming."





EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

POET AND CRITIC; AUTHOR OF "THE VICTORIAN POETS."

DURING the year 1859, two poems were published in the *New York Tribune* which made genuine sensations. They were so unlike in subject and treatment that no one would have guessed they emanated from the same brain and were penned by the same hand. The first, entitled "The Diamond Wedding," was a humorous thrust of ridicule at the "parade" made in the papers over the lavish and expensive jewels and other gifts presented by a wealthy Cuban to his bride—a young lady of New York. This poem, when published, called forth a challenge from the irate father of the lady; but, fortunately, a duel was somehow averted.

The other poem, "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry," recounted the incident of that stern old abolitionist boldly marching with a few men into Virginia and capturing the town of Harper's Ferry. There was no American poet who might not have felt proud of this production. Bayard Taylor was so pleased with the genius manifested in both these poems that he sought the author's acquaintance and introduced him to R. H. Stoddard, who in turn, after examining a collection of his verses, recommended them for publication to Charles Scribner, who issued them the next year (1860) under the title of "Poems, Lyric and Idyllic."—Thus was Mr. Stedman introduced into the literary world.

Edmund Clarence Stedman is a native of Connecticut. He was born in the city of Hartford on the eighth day of October, 1833,—and comes of a good family of some poetic reputation. Rev. Aaron Cleveland, one of his ancestors, is said to have been a poet. Arthur Cleveland Cox, well known as a religious writer of verse, was his cousin. His mother was herself a poet, and also the author of the tragedy "Bianco Caprello." When Stedman was two years of age he was sent to live with his grand-uncle, James Stedman, a jurist and scholar, who looked carefully after the early education of his nephew. At the age of sixteen, he was sent to Yale College, where he was among the foremost in English composition and Greek. But it is said that for some disobedience of the discipline of the institution, he fell under the censure of the college management and left without graduating. The University afterward, however, enrolled him among the alumni of 1853 with the degree of Master of Arts.

Upon leaving Yale, at the age of nineteen, Stedman took the management of a newspaper at Norwich, and the next year married a Connecticut girl and became owner of the *Winsted Herald*, when he was only twenty-one. Under his manage-

ment, this paper soon rose to be one of the most important of the political papers of the State. Three years later we find him writing on the "New York Tribune," where he obtained a foot-hold in literature, as we have already indicated by the publication of the two poems above mentioned.

When the "World" was started, in the winter of 1860, Mr. Stedman engaged with that journal and was editor of it when the news came over the wires that Fort Sumter had been fired upon. He wrote a poem on the occasion which was, perhaps, the first poem inspired by the war between the states. Soon after this Mr. Stedman went to Washington as the army correspondent of the "World." He was at the first battle of Bull's Run and published a long and graphic letter in the "World" about the defeat of the Union troops which he witnessed. This letter was the talk of the town for days and altogether has been pronounced the best single letter written during the whole war.

Before the close of the war, Mr. Stedman resigned his position as editor and entered the office of Attorney General Bates at Washington; but in January, 1864, he returned with his family to New York and published his second volume of poems entitled, "Alice of Monmouth, An Idyl of the Great War, and Other Poems," which may be described as a little poetic novel. The opening scene is laid in Monmouth County, New Jersey; the later ones on the battle fields of Virginia.

The titles and dates of Mr. Stedman's other books are as follows: "The Blameless Prince, and other Poems" (1869); "Poetical Works" (1873); "Victorian Poets" (1875); "Hawthorne and Other Poems" (1877); "Lyrics and Idyls, with Other Poems" (1879); the "Poems of Austin Dobson," with an introduction (1880); "Poets of America" (1886), and with Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, he edited "A Library of American Literature" (11 vols., 1888-1890).

Many people entertain the notion that a man cannot be at one and the same time, a poet and a man of business. This is a mistake. Fitz-Greene Halleck was for many years a competent clerk of John Jacob Astor; Charles Sprague was for forty years teller and cashier in a Boston bank; Samuel Rogers, the English poet, was all his life a successful banker; Charles Follen Adams, the humorous and dialectic poet, is a prosperous merchant in Boston; and Edmund Clarence Stedman has been for many years the head of a firm of stock brokers with a suit of offices in Exchange Place, New York, dealing in government securities and railway stocks and bonds, and also petroleum, in which fortunes were at one time made and lost with great rapidity. Nevertheless, Mr. Stedman, the stock-broker and banker is still Mr. Stedman, the poet. The most of his splendid verses have been produced while he was depending for a living upon journalistic work or upon some business for support. Mr. Stedman also illustrates the fact, as Edgar Allen Poe had done before him, that a poet may be a practical critic. And why not? If poets are not the best critics of poetry, musicians are not the best critics of music, architects are not the best critics of architecture and painters of painting. Mr. Stedman's "Victorian Poets" is, perhaps, the most important contribution of all our American writers to the critical literature on the English Poets.

The home-life of Mr. Stedman is described as being an ideally happy one. One of his poems entitled "Laura, My Darling," addressed to his wife, gives us a delightful glimpse into the heart and home of the poet.

BETROTHED ANEW.

"The sunshine of the outer world beautifully illustrates the sunshine of the heart in the 'Betrothed Anew' of Edmund Clarence Stedman."—*Morris*.



HE sunlight fills the trembling air,
And balmy days their guerdons bring;
The Earth again is young and fair,
And amorous with musky spring.

The golden nurslings of the May
In splendor strew the spangled green,
And hues of tender beauty play,
Entangled where the willows lean.

Mark how the rippled currents flow;
What lustres on the meadows lie!
And, hark! the songsters come and go,
And trill between the earth and sky.

Who told us that the years had fled,
Or borne afar our blissful youth?
Such joys are all about us spread,
We know the whisper was not truth.

The birds that break from grass and grove
Singing every carol that they sung

When first our veins were rich with love
And May her mantle round us flung.

O fresh-lit dawn! immortal life!
O Earth's betrothal, sweet and true,
With whose delights our souls are rife!
And aye their vernal vows renew!

Then, darling, walk with me this morn;
Let your brown tresses drink its sheen;
These violets, within them worn,
Of floral fays shall make you queen.

What though there comes a time of pain
When autumn winds forebode decay?
The days of love are born again;
That fabled time is far away!

And never seemed the land so fair
As now, nor birds such notes to sing,
Since first within your shining hair
I wove the blossoms of the spring.

THE DOOR-STEP.



HE conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited,
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall,
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm,
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!

So slightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

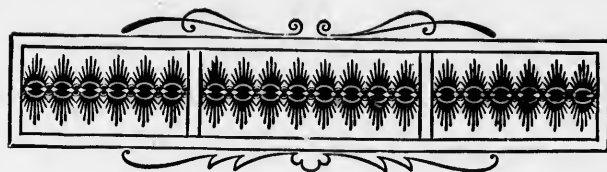
To have her with me there alone,
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended:
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never, do it, do it!"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh wild thrill,
I'd give—But who can live youth over!



HAMILTON W. MABIE.

THE MODERN CRITIC.

IN the modern school of literary critics, whose best representatives are Coleridge, Carlyle, Arnold, Lowell and Stedman, Hamilton W. Mabie has a prominent place. His aim has been, as is the aim of all great criticism, not only to give an estimate of a man's work, but to show the man's soul. He was born at Cold Springs, on the banks of the Hudson, of a family of culture. He was prepared for college under a private tutor, and graduated at Williams College in the Class of '67—a class which numbered many men of fame.

From boyhood Maybie has been a great reader, and he is familiar with the classics of all literatures, as well as a student of contemporaneous literature.

After a course of law at Columbia University his literary tendencies drew him into his natural field and away from a profession uncongenial to him. In 1879 he took a position on the staff of the "Christian Union," which under its new name, the "Outlook," under the joint editorship of Mabie and Lyman Abbott, has taken a prominent place among the foremost religious journals of the world. "My Study Fire," which expresses our author's ideas of the function of literature, and the attitude and spirit of the literary man, first appeared as a series of articles in this religious journal.

In the last few years Mr. Mabie has taken a prominent place on the platform on literary and educational subjects, though he scrupulously keeps his public speaking subordinate to his writing. His addresses are marked with elegance, grace, and all the fruits of culture, and they show a profound study of the problems of life and spirit. He has a beautiful home at Summit, New Jersey, an enviable site for a writer, with the multitudinous charms of nature without and the gathered wisdom of the world's great thinkers within.

He is a man of robust life, of clear, healthy mind and of high faith. He has declared that "Skepticism is the root of all evil in us and in our arts. We do not believe enough in God, in ourselves, and in the divine laws under which we live. Great art involves great faith—a clear, resolute, victorious insight into and grasp of things, a belief real enough in

'The mighty hopes which make us men'

to inspire and sustain heroic tasks," a declaration quite typical of all his thought.

COUNTRY SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

By HAMILTON W. MABIE

Illustrated from original photographs by Conrad Baer.

At the end of February the observer begins to see the faint forerunners of spring. The willow shows signs of renewing its freshness, and the long stretch of cold, with brilliant or steely skies, is interrupted by days full of an indescribable softness. It is almost pathetic to note with what joy the spirit of man takes cognizance of these first hints of the color, the bloom and the warmth slowly creeping up to the southern horizon-line. For we are children of the sun, and, much as we love our hearthstones, we are never quite at home unless we have the freedom of the out-of-door world. Winter finds its great charm in the ingathering of the memories of the summer that is gone and in the anticipation of the summer that is at hand. Half the cheer of the blazing log lies in the air of the woods which it brings into the narrow room.

To be out of doors is the normal condition of the natural man. At some period of our ancestral life, so dim in our thought but so potential in our temper, disposition and physique, we have all lived, so to speak, in the open air; and although city-born and city-bred, we turn to the country with an instinctive feeling that we belong there. There are a few cockneys to whom the sound of Bow Bells is



ON THE FARM IN CANADA

sweeter than the note of the bluebird, the resonant clarion of chanticleer or the far-off bleating of sheep; but to the immense majority of men these noises are like sounds that were familiar in childhood. I have sometimes thought that the deepest charm of the country lies in the fact that it was the home and play-ground of the childhood of the race, and, however long some of us have been departed from it, it stirs within us rare memories and associations which are imperishable. The lowing of cattle coming home at night-fall; the bleating of sheep on the hillside pastures; the crowing of the cock, are older than any human speech which now exists. They were ancient sounds before our oldest histories were written. I know of nothing sweeter to the man who comes out of the heat and noise and dust of the city in midsummer than to be awakened on the first morning by that irregular

tinkle of bells which accompanies the early processions of the cows. One may never have come nearer a farm than his great-grandfather, but that sound makes him feel as if he were at home after some long and arduous absence.

And one has but to put into his pocket a few of those clever newspapers which satirize society people in spirited and well-drawn lines, and carry them into the country, to discover that the picturesque flees the city and loves the country; so far, that is, as people are concerned. There is certainly something wrong with



THE OLD WELL-CURB



IMMIGRANT WOMEN HOEING POTATOES



WAITING FOR MILKING-TIME

our modern dress; it is impossible to discover anything suggestive or poetic in it, or to make any thing artistic out of it. Well-dressed individual men and women are often attractive to the eye; but when this is true it is because the charm of the person survives the monotonous uniformity of good clothes. Nothing can make the evening dress in which man extinguishes his personality either significant or artistic; but the man in overalls and shirt-sleeves is

often a strikingly picturesque figure. Country life as a whole is steeped in the picturesque, in spite of the machines which so largely take the place of the old-time hand labor. One must go to the fields to find the poetry of human occupation; the man in the street is often interesting but he rarely stirs the imagination; the man in the fields constantly sets the imagination loose. What elemental strength and meaning are expressed in those peasant-figures of Millet? They belong to the world in which they toil: they disclose their identity with it; they express something of its meaning in their vigorous or bent forms.

The entire life of the field is poetic in the true sense; from the hour when the last snow begins to melt to the hour when the last sheaf of grain goes creaking through the bars. The sower, moving across the open furrows, has a kind of antique picturesqueness; he seems to have stepped out of that ancient frieze with which the earliest habits encircled the oldest days. He expresses freedom, virility, personality in every movement; the eye follows him with a deepening impression that here is something native and original: a man in first-hand relations with his world. The reaper who follows him



AFTER WORK

when sun and cloud have done their share, is not less striking and effective; and when the sheaves lie in rows or piles on the freshly cut stubble, the slow-moving, noisily creaking wagon, constantly pausing to take on its ripe load, seems a fit accessory in the staging of this pastoral drama. The fact that this poetry of motion is bound to toil so arduous and exacting that it often becomes a kind of relentless drudgery, is full of significance to those who believe that beauty is not esoteric, but the affluence of universal life in its normal relations and occupations.

The sights and sounds of the farm are not only full of interest, but that interest is deepened by their constant recurrence. The horses at the trough; the sheep beside the stream as placid as themselves, or on the green uplands; the cows stolidly biding the coming of afternoon under the trees, or standing knee-deep in the cool brooks; the clucking of hens and their bustling leisure; the going out of the workers, with implements, seed, machines, wagons, and their return at sunset; the stir of the morning, the hush of the evening; what a world of homely, wholesome life is revealed in these old-time doings and happenings of the seasons and the life on the farm.

But the farm is often only a unit of measurement, a term of individual possession; there is something greater; there is the country. Beyond the fields there is the landscape, and above them there is the sky; and every farm fits into these wider relations and is part of the larger whole. The woods, cool and silent; the spring hidden from the sun by overhanging trees and from strange feet



A WINTER EVENING ON THE FARM



SUNDAY AFTERNOON

by moss-grown rocks; the brook where it runs noiselessly in a shadow so deep at noon that one bathes his eyes in it after the glare of the world; the old mill, deserted by man but loyally served by the stream that flows through the decaying sluice and over the wheel that turns no more; the quiet hilltop, above which the whole country sleeps on summer afternoons;—these are all simply extensions of the farm. The boys know them on holidays; the older people are drawn to



CHURNING IN THE BARN

for they are, one and all, places of silence and solitude.

The fever of this our life, and the tumult of it, vanish on the invisible boundaries of these ancient sanctuaries of nature. It is not difficult to understand the charm of these places for tired and worn souls; for it is to such places that exhausted men and women invariably turn. No one with a rich intellectual and spiritual nature, can keep in perfect health without a good deal of



A SUNNY PLAY-GROUND

them in those infrequent hours when the pressure of work is lightened; the man who is getting city sights and sounds out of head and heart knows and loves them. The very thought of them brings refreshment and repose;



THE OLD MILL

solitude and silence. We come to know ourselves and the world in the deeper ways only when we are apart from the rush of things. It is only when traffic ceases and the dust is laid that the landscape becomes clear and complete to the pedestrian. The quiet of the woods, the cool note of the mountain streams, the silence of the summits, represent, not the luxuries and pleasures of a rich life, but its necessities. To the townsman these outly-

ing provinces of the farm are even more important than are the well-tilled acres.

Some day some man or woman will write a luminous book on the education of country life; the training of the eye, the ear, the hand, the unconscious enrichment of the senses and of the mind which are effected by its sights and sounds. There has never been in the long history of education, a better school for the open-minded, imaginative boy or girl than the farm. Every day sets its tasks, every task teaches its lessons; and nature stands looking over the student's shoulder and quietly whispering some of her deepest secrets to her fortunate child.

For surely it is a great piece of good fortune to grow up in a wise, generous home in the country; to be young with all manner of four-footed beasts and fowls of the air, and grow up with them; to stumble over the roots of trees when one is beginning to walk; to hear the brooks chatter before one knows how to chatter himself; to awake in the stir of the morning, when the whole world seems to be going to work, and to fall asleep when the world comes trooping home, dusty and tired.

To see and hear these outdoor sights and sounds is to be born into vital relations with man's natural background and to come unconsciously into possession of



AFTER A WET SNOW STORM



MAPLE-SUGAR TIME



THE BLACK SHEEP

quaintance of nature in childhood than in those later years which bring "the philosophic mind," but which leave the senses untrained for that instinctive observation which enables the boy to see without knowing that he sees.

John Burroughs has given us a charming description of the joys of boyhood on a farm, and has perhaps unconsciously betrayed the secret of his own extraordinary familiarity with the out-of-doors world. No knowledge is quite so much a part of ourselves as that which we gain without conscious effort; which we breathe in with the morning air of life.

The Hindoos have an idiomatic



NOON IN THE SHEEP-LOT

some of the greatest truths which life has to teach. It is also to be born on intimate terms with blue-birds and cherries!

"If you want to know where the biggest cherries are to be found," said Goethe, "consult the boys and the blackbirds." There is a natural affinity between the two, and the boy who does not grow up in natural relationship with birds and trees suffers a loss of privilege which can never be entirely made up. For it is a great deal easier to make the ac-



THE MILL-POUND

word or phrase for a walk before breakfast, which may be translated, "eating the morning air."

The boy on the farm sees nature before breakfast, when senses and mind and heart are on the alert, when experience has not brought sophistication with it, and when sensation still keeps its pristine freshness.

The healthy boy is one of great appetite for sights and sounds, and nothing escapes him. He knows every path

through the woods, every pool in the brook, every cavern in the hills, every sequestered hollow where the noise of the world is softened into the silence of rustling leaves and murmuring streams. One of the most erudite of American scholars, whose large learning has not smothered the instincts of his youth, declares that he is never entirely happy until he stands barefooted in the old fields.

Nature's true lovers perceive this, and demand that the companion



FEEDING THE CHICKENS



PICKING DAISIES

whom he takes into the wilderness with him shall be of the right sort; one who, as Burroughs says, will not "stand between you and that which you seek."

"I want for companion," he continues, "a dog or a boy, or a person who has the virtues of dogs and boys—transparency, good-nature, curiosity, open sense, and a nameless quality that is akin to trees, and growths, and the inarticulate forces of nature. With him you are alone and yet you have company; you are free; you feel no disturbing element; the influences of nature stream through and around him; he is a good conductor of the subtle fluid."

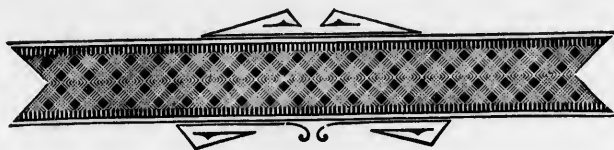
"The quality or qualification I refer to belongs to most persons who

spend their lives in the open air—to soldiers, hunters, fishers, laborers, and to artists and poets of the right sort."

There is something incommunicable in such a fellowship with nature, which dates back to the time when the boy found in her his chosen playmate, and which still keeps up the old game of hide and seek even when his methods have become scientific and the result of his search is a contribution to knowledge.



MAKING FRIENDS



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS has shown a marvelous skill in seeing the world, in travel, and of describing it as he sees it. He is not a profound student of the mystery of the human mind, but he possesses in high degree and in rare quality an instinct of selection, a clear sense of an artistic situation in a group of more or less ordinary circumstances and a gift in interesting description. He is, in short, a very clever newspaper reporter who has transferred his field of service from the region of the actual to the realm of the imaginary. His reputation, however, is about equally divided between his works of description and travel and his stories of a more imaginative order, though in both classes of writings, he is above everything else a describer of what he has seen.

He was born in Philadelphia in 1864, the son of L. Clark Davis, an editor of reputation, and Rebecca Harding Davis, the author of many good stories, so that the child had a literary inheritance and an hereditary bent for letters. He studied for three years in Lehigh University and one year in Johns Hopkins, after which he began his interesting career as a journalist, serving successively "The Record," "Press," and "Telegraph" of Philadelphia. On his return from a European trip, he became connected with the New York "Evening Sun," for which he wrote the famous series of "Van Bibber Sketches."

The story, however, which gave him his first real fame was "Gallegher," the scene of which is laid in Philadelphia, though, as is true of all his stories, locality plays but little part in his tales, modes of life and not scenery being the main feature.

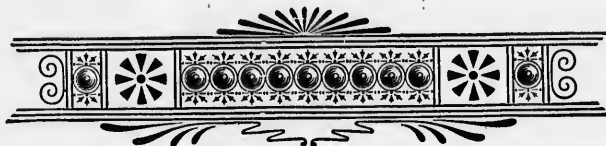
He describes the happy-go-lucky life of the young club man, adventures in saloons, and scenes among burglars with remarkable realism, for as reporter he lived for a time among the "reprobates," in disguise, to make a careful study of their manner of life. Again when he describes "The West from a Car Window," he is giving scenes which he saw and types of life which he closely observed. His books always have the distinctive mark of spirit; they are full of life and activity, everything moves on and something "happens." This is as true of his books of travel as of his stories. He has traveled extensively, and he has given descriptions of most of his journeys.

Beside "The West from a Car Window" he has written, with the same reportorial skill and fidelity to observed facts, a book of descriptions of life and manners in the East, with scenes and incidents at Gibraltar and Tangiers, in Cairo, Athens and Constantinople.



Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson.

EUGENIE.

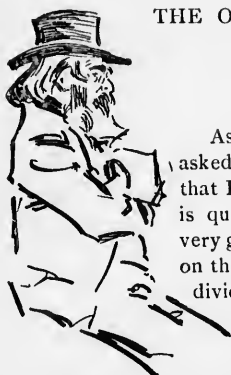


"We make no choice among the varied paths where art and letters seek for truth."

THE ORIGIN OF A TYPE OF THE AMERICAN GIRL

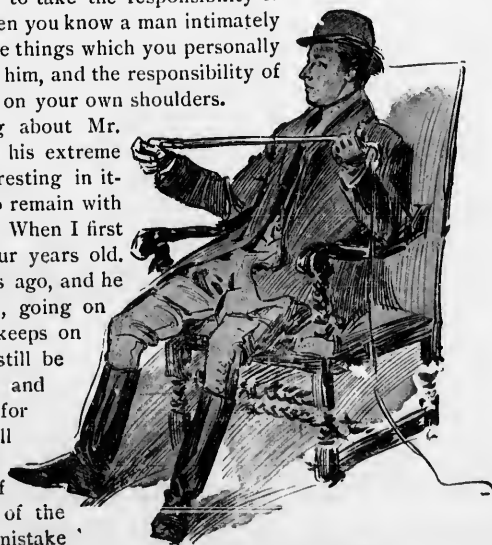
BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

With original illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.



As I know nothing of art, I must suppose that when I was asked to tell something of Charles Dana Gibson, it was as a man that I was expected to write of him, and not as an artist. As he is quite as much of a man as he is an artist, which is saying a very great deal, I cannot complain of lack of subject-matter. But on the other hand, it is always much easier to write about an individual one knows only by reputation than of a man one knows as a friend, because in the former place one goes to the celebrity for the facts, and he supplies them himself, and so has to take the responsibility of all that is said of him. But when you know a man intimately and as a friend, you tell of those things which you personally have found most interesting in him, and the responsibility of the point of view rests entirely on your own shoulders.

The most important thing about Mr. Gibson, outside of his art, is his extreme youth. This is not only interesting in itself, but because it promises to remain with him for such a very long time. When I first met Gibson he was twenty-four years old. That was in London, five years ago, and he is now "twenty-five years old, going on twenty-four," so that if he keeps on growing at that rate, he will still be the youngest successful black and white artist in this country for twenty years to come, as he will even then, in 1914, have only reached his thirtieth year. Of course this may be an error of the newspaper paragraphers, or a mistake on the part of Gibson himself, who



A FOLLOWER OF THE HOUNDS.



CONFIDENCES.

having been called the Boy Artist for so long dislikes to give up his crimson sash and knickerbockers. But in any event, it is most demoralizing to his friends, as it has kept several of them to my certain knowledge at the age of twenty-eight for the last five years, none of them caring to grow older until Gibson was ready to make the first move.

It is always interesting to tell of the early struggles of great men, but Gibson's difficulties were not very severe, and were soon overcome. When he recounts them now, to show that he as well as others has had to toil for recognition, he leaves the impression with you that what

troubled his spirit most in those days was not that his drawings were rejected, but that he had to climb so many flights of stairs to get them back. His work then was in the line of illustrated advertisements which no one wanted, and it was not until he knocked at the door of the office of *Life* that he met with a welcome and with encouragement. In return for this early recognition, Mr. Gibson has lately erected and presented to that periodical a very fine eleven-story



A TÊTE À TÊTE.

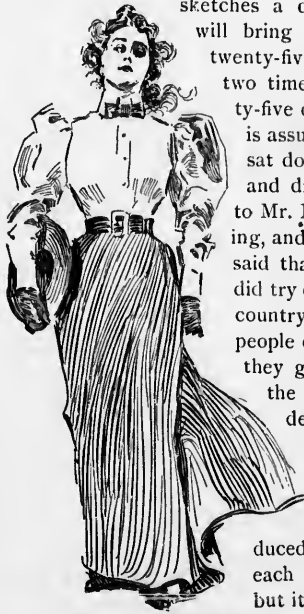
building, on the top floor of which he occupies a large and magnificent studio. He ascends to this in a gilded elevator, scorning the stairs on which he climbed to success. His first contribution to *Life* was a sketch of a dog barking at the moon, which was drawn during the run of the "Mikado" in New York, and the picture was labelled after a very popular song in that opera, called "The Moon and I." Mr. Mitchell looked at the picture of the absurd little fox-terrier barking at the round genial moon, and wrote out a check for four dollars for Mr. Gibson, while that young man sat anxiously outside in the hall with his hat between his knees. He then gave the check to Mr. Gibson, who resisted the temptation to look and see for how large an amount it might be, and asked him to let them have "something else." Mr. Gibson went down the stairs several steps at a time, without complaining of their number, and as he journeyed back to his home in Flushing he argued it out in this way: "If I can get four dollars for a silly little picture of a dog," he said, "how much more will I not receive for really humorous sketches of men and women. I can make six drawings as good as that in an evening, six times four is twenty-five dollars, and six

sketches a day, not counting Sunday, will bring me in one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. Fifty-

two times one hundred and twenty-five dollars is about seven thousand a year. My income is assured!" And in pursuance of this idea he actually sat down that night, under the lamp on the centre table, and drew six sketches, and the next morning took them to Mr. Mitchell, of *Life*, with a proud and confident bearing, and Mr. Mitchell sent them all out to him again, and said that perhaps he had better try once more. That he did try once more, is very well known to everybody in this country, and, since he exhibited in Paris last spring, to people on the other side of the water as well. Over there they gave him a whole wall to himself in the Salon of the Champ de Mars, and the French art critics were delighted and extravagant in their written "appreciations." But long before that exhibition of his work, the queer running signature of C. D. Gibson, with the little round circle over the i, had become significant and familiar. He had introduced us in those last few years to many types, and each possessed its own peculiar and particular virtue, but it was his type of the American girl which made an entire continent of American girls profoundly grateful. Gibson has always shown her as a



ARGUMENT.



AN AMERICAN GIRL.

The Origin of a Type of the American Girl



fine and tall young person, with a beautiful face and figure, and with the fearlessness on her brow and in her eyes that comes from innocence and from confidence in the innocence of others toward her. And countless young women, from New York and Boston to Grand Rapids and Sioux City, have emulated her erect carriage and have held their head as she does, and have discarded bangs in order to look like her, and fashioned their gowns after hers. It is as though Gibson had set up a standard of feminine beauty and sent it broadcast through the land by means of the magazines and

periodicals, to show his countrywomen of what they were capable, and of what was expected of them in consequence. But with all of this evident admiration for the American woman Gibson is somewhat inconsistent. For he is constantly placing her in positions that make us fear she is a cynical and worldly-wise young person, and of a fickleness of heart that belies her looks. And



the artist's friends are constantly asked why he takes such a depressing view of matrimony, and why he thinks American girls are always ready to sell themselves for titles, and if he is not a disappointed lover himself, and in consequence a little morbid and a good deal of a cynic. To Mr. Gibson's friends

these questions are as amusing as his pictures of ruined lives and unhappy marriages are curious, for it is only in his pictures that he shows cynicism, and neither in his conversation nor his conduct does he ever exhibit anything but a most healthy and boyish regard for life and all that it gives.

It is quite safe to say that Gibson is not a disappointed lover, or if he is, he has concealed the



fact very well, and it cannot be said that his conduct toward the rest of womankind shows the least touch of resentment. As an artist, however, he is frequently disappointing to strangers, because he does not live up to the part, or even trouble to dress it properly. He does not affect a pointed beard or wear a velvet jacket, or talk



LE NEZ PARISIEN.

The Origin of a Type of the American Girl



PROBLEMS

of art, either of his own art or of that of someone else, and in this I think he shows himself much older than his years. People who talk to him of subjects which they suppose are in his line of work, are met by a polite look of in-

quiry, and their observations are received with a look of the most earnest attention.

But he lets the subject drop when they cease talking. Like all great men, Gibson apparently thinks much more of the things he does indifferently well than of the one thing for which he is best known. He is, for instance, very much better pleased when he is asked to sing "Tommy Atkins," than when editors of magazines humbly supplicate for the entire output of his studio; and if anyone *should* be so brave as to ask him to sing a sentimental song, his joy would know no bounds. His reputation as a sailor is another thing that he guards most jealously, and all of this last summer art editors telegraphed him for promised work until the wires burned, while the artist was racing in a small canoe around the rock-bound coast of Buzzards Bay. It is certainly a very healthy sign when a young man of "twenty-five, going on twenty



four," can return after a nine months' residence in Paris, and contentedly spend his first month at home seated on the tilting edge of a canoe in a wet bathing suit, for ten hours a day. It is also a good sign, and one that goes to show that Gibson is far from being spoiled; that after having Sybil Sanderson sing and Loie Fuller dance in his

Paris studio, before a polite circle of ambassadors and numerous pretenders to the throne of France,

he can find equal entertainment in the lazy quiet of a Massachusetts fishing village, and in drawing posters to advertise the local church fair. Now that he has given up his flannels and sweater, and returned to his work in New York, Mr. Gibson has developed a desire to pose as a Bohemian, which his friends who live in hall-bedrooms resent, as they consider a Bohemian with a grand piano, and tapestries four hundred years old, something of a curiosity and a fraud.

At present Gibson is full of a plan to bring out a selected number of drawings in book form, that they may not be lost in the covers of the magazines, and his interest in this book is as great as



IN THE PARK.

though he did not know that his pictures are already preserved in the memories of many thousands, and actually in scrap-books and on the walls of offices and cabins and drawing-rooms. I have seen them myself pinned up in as far distant and various places as the dressing-room of a theatre in Fort Worth, Tex., and in a students' club at Oxford. But it will be a great book, and it will

be dedicated to "A Little American Girl," and only Mr. Gibson's friends will know that the picture of this sweet and innocent little maiden which will appear on the fly-leaf of the book is of his little sister.

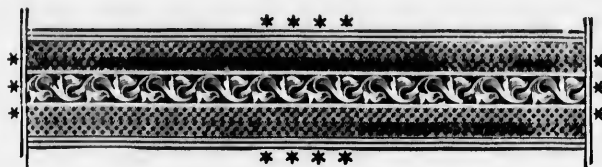


I fear this article does not give a very clear idea of its hero, and it would be certainly incomplete if I did not add that among Gibson's other wicked habits, is the serious one of never keeping engagements, and his friends are now trying to cure him by never asking him anywhere. When he is older he may overcome even this, and in the meanwhile, I will ask those who have read this not to judge Mr. Gibson by what I have said so ineffectually of him, but by his work, and they will understand that the artist that is capable of producing it, must be a pretty good sort of a man himself.



A WORLD'S FAIR GROUP.





THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

PATRIOT AND MAN OF LETTERS.



THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON is one of the group of men of whom their countrymen should be most proud. He has taken a noble part in the battles on behalf of freedom, which the last half-century has seen, and everywhere has borne himself with a nobility, a devotion and a courage worthy of all praise. The man who was driven from his church because he preached the freedom of the slaves, who sat with Parker and Phillips under indictment for murder for their part in attempting to rescue a fugitive slave, who was colonel of the first regiment of freed slaves mustered into the army of the United States, who bravely fought and patiently suffered for the cause of the Union; surely this man, if he had no other claims upon our respect and attention, should hold a high place in the hearts of his fellows.

Colonel Higginson is a native of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and in 1847, when he was twenty-four years old, became pastor of a Congregational Church in Newburyport, Massachusetts. Here his anti-slavery preaching allowed him to remain but three years. From 1852 until 1858 he was pastor of a free church in Worcester, after which he left the ministry and devoted himself to literature. During all this time his activity in the anti-slavery agitation was frequently getting him into trouble, and, with his friends who participated in the attempted rescue of Anthony Burns, he was discharged from custody only through a flaw in the indictment. He took part in the organization of the bands of free-state, emigrants to Kansas, and was personally acquainted with John Brown. With his regiment of colored troops, he took possession of Jacksonville, Florida; but was wounded in 1863 and was compelled to resign from the army. He has been an earnest advocate of equal suffrage for men and women and of the higher education for both sexes. He has served in his State Legislature and as a member of the State Board of Education.

Colonel Higginson's contributions to literature consist largely of volumes of essays that originally appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" or other periodicals, and historical and biographical work. Some of his best known books are "Atlantic Essays;" "Young Folk's History of the United States;" "Young Folk's Book of American Explorers;" "Short Stories of American Authors;" "A Larger History of the United States;" "The Monarch of Dreams;" and "Brief Biographies of European Statesmen." Besides these, he has translated his "Young Folk's History of the United States" into German and French for publication in those languages, and

has also published a number of English translations of modern and ancient classics. Colonel Higginson is one of our most popular writers, particularly upon American history, and his service to the cause of American letters has been no less distinguished than his share in the great victory which made our country in truth the land of the free.

"A PURITAN SUNDAY MORNING."*

FROM "ATLANTIC ESSAYS."

IT is nine o'clock upon a summer Sunday morning, in the year sixteen hundred and something. The sun looks down brightly on a little forest settlement, around whose expanding fields the great American wilderness recedes each day, withdrawing its bears and wolves and Indians into an ever remoter distance—not yet so far removed but a stout wooden gate at the end of the village street indicates that there is danger outside. It would look very busy and thriving in this little place to-day but for the Sabbath stillness which broods over everything with almost an excess of calm. Even the smoke ascends more faintly than usual from the chimneys of the numerous log-huts and these few framed houses, and since three o'clock yesterday afternoon not a stroke of this world's work has been done. Last night a Preparatory Lecture was held, and now comes the consummation of the whole week's life, in the solemn act of worship. In which settlement of the great Massachusetts Colony is the great ceremonial to pass before our eyes? If it be Cambridge village, a drum is sounding its peaceful summons to the congregation. If it be Salem village, a bell is sounding its more ecclesiastic peal, and a red flag is simultaneously hung forth from the meeting-house, like the auction-flag of later periods. If it be Haverhill village, then Abraham Tyler has been blowing his horn assiduously for half an hour—a service for which Abraham, each year, receives a half pound of pork from every family in town.

Be it drum, bell, or horn that gives the summons, we will draw near to this important building, the centre of the village, the one public edifice-meeting-house, town-house, schoolhouse, watch-house, all in one. So important is it, that no one can legally dwell more than half a mile from it. And yet the people ride to "meeting," short though the distance be, for at yonder oaken block a wife dismounts from

behind her husband; and has it not, moreover, been found needful to impose a fine of forty shillings on fast trotting to and fro? All sins are not modern ones, young gentlemen.

We approach nearer still, and come among the civic institutions. This is the pillory, yonder are the stocks, and there is a large wooden cage, a terror to evil-doers, but let us hope empty now. Round the meeting-house is a high wooden paling, to which the law permits citizens to tie their horses, provided it be not done too near the passageway. For at that opening stands a sentry, clothed in a suit of armor which is painted black, and cost the town twenty-four shillings by the bill. He bears also a heavy match-lock musket; his rest, or iron fork, is stuck in the ground, ready to support the weapon; and he is girded with his bandolier, or broad leather belt, which sustains a sword and a dozen tin cartridge-boxes.

* * * * *

O the silence of this place of worship, after the solemn service sets in! "People do not sneeze or cough here in public assemblies," says one writer triumphantly, "so much as in England." The warning caution, "Be short," which the minister has inscribed above his study-door, claims no authority over his pulpit. He may pray his hour, unpausing, and no one thinks it long; for, indeed, at prayer-meetings four persons will sometimes pray an hour each—one with confession, one with private petitions, a third with petitions for Church and Kingdom, and a fourth with thanks-giving—each theme being conscientiously treated by itself. Then he may preach his hour, and, turning his hour-glass, may say—but that he cannot foresee the levity to be born in a later century with Mather Byles—"Now, my hearers, we will take another glass."



GEORGE BANCROFT.

"THE MOST FAMOUS AMERICAN HISTORIAN."



THE chief historians who have added lustre to American literature during the nineteenth century are Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Parkman, McMaster and John Fiske; and, when we add to these James Parton, the American biographer, we present an array of talent and scholarship on which any nation might look with patriotic pride. They have been excelled by the historians of no other nation of our time, if, indeed—taken from a national standpoint—they have not produced the best historical literature of the present century.

Though Prescott is the oldest, George Bancroft, in the estimation of the great majority, stands first, perhaps, among all the American historians. This eminent writer was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, in October, 1800, the same month and year in which Macauley, the great English historian, first saw the light, and,—after living one of the most laborious public and literary lives in the history of the world,—died at the ripe old age of ninety-one years (1891). His father, the Reverend Aaron Bancroft, was a minister of the Congregational Church in Worcester for more than a half century and had the highest reputation as a theologian of learning and piety.

At the early age of thirteen, George Bancroft entered Harvard College from which he graduated at the age of seventeen with the highest honors of his class. His first inclinations were to study theology; but in 1818, he went to Germany where he spent two years in the study of history and philology, and it was there that he obtained his degree of Doctor of Philosophy. During the next two years, he visited in succession, Berlin, Heidelberg, Rome, Paris, and London, returning home in 1822, the most accomplished scholar for his age which our country, at that time, had produced.

Soon after his return to the United States, Mr. Bancroft was appointed to the chair of Greek in Harvard College and those who had the benefit of his instruction spoke of his zeal, faithfulness and varied learning as a teacher. He afterward established, in conjunction with Joseph G. Cogswell, a school of high classical character at Northhampton, Massachusetts. While engaged here, he prepared a number of Latin text books for schools, which were far in advance of anything then used in the country. In the meantime, he had given some attention to politics and had been engaged for several years, incidentally, upon his "History of the United States."

In 1828 Mr. Bancroft joined the Democratic Party, having formerly been a Whig, and began to take an active interest in politics, where his great historic learning and broad statesmanship placed him quickly on the high road to political preferment. He was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1830, but declined, as he was then so much engaged upon his "History of the United States" that he was unwilling to turn aside, at least until the first volume was issued, which appeared in 1834. The first and second and third volumes of this work, comprising the Colonial history of the country, were received with great satisfaction by the public on both sides of the Atlantic, being in brilliancy of style, picturesque sketches of character and incidents, compass of learning and generally fair reasoning far in advance of anything that had been written on the subject.

"Bancroft, the Historian," was now the recognition he was accorded, and his fame began to spread. He was made Collector of the Port of Boston in 1838 by President Van Buren, which position he held until 1841. In 1844 he ran as Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, but was defeated. During 1845 and 1846 he served his country as Secretary of the Navy under President Polk, and while in this office he planned and established the Naval Academy at Annapolis and issued the orders by which California was annexed to the United States. In 1846 President Polk further honored the historian by appointing him Minister-Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, where he represented the United States until 1849. The first three volumes of Mr. Bancroft's histories had preceded him to England. "The London Monthly Review" spoke in the highest terms of his quality as a historian, praising the sustained accuracy and dignity of his style, referring to him as a philosopher, a legislator, and a historian. He was also honored with the degree of D. C. L., by Oxford University in 1849, and was enrolled as a member of many learned societies.

Thus laden with honors, he returned this same year to his country, made New York his place of residence, and resumed, with renewed energy, the prosecution of his historical labors. The fourth volume of his "History of the United States" appeared in 1852, and the next year the fifth volume was published, which was succeeded by the sixth and seventh, the latter appearing in 1858, bringing the history of our country down into the stirring scenes of the Revolution.

President Andrew Johnson made Mr. Bancroft United States Minister to Russia in 1867, and he was our national representative at the North German Confederation in 1868. General Grant appointed him as our Minister to the German Empire from 1871 to 1874, during which time he enjoyed the closest friendship of Prince Bismarck. Bismarck declares that Bancroft was the foremost representative of American grit that he had ever met. "Think," said he to Minister Phelps many years afterwards, "of a Secretary of the Navy, a literary man by profession, taking it upon himself to issue orders for the occupation of a vast foreign territory as Bancroft did in the case of California. Again he caused the earliest seizure of Texas by the United States troops, while temporarily holding the portfolio of Minister of War. Only a really great man would undertake such responsibilities."

Bancroft's "History of the United States" was completed in 1874; but the last and final revised edition of it was published in 1885, fifty-one years after the first volume had been issued. This great work comprises ten volumes and comes down

only to the close of the Revolution. It is a monumental work within itself—a fit monument to the greatest of American historians. The patriotism and eloquence of its author are manifest in nearly every page, and the work has been criticised as a Fourth-of-July oration in ten volumes. It is generally regarded as a standard history of America up to the time of the Constitution.

Other works of Mr. Bancroft are "The Necessity, the Reality, and the Promises of the Human Race" (1854); "Literary and Historical Miscellanies" (1855), and "A Plea for the Constitution of the United States of America, Wounded in the House of its Guardians" (1886), written when the author was eighty-six years of age.

Mr. Bancroft was an orator as well as a historian and politician, one of the best-known of his addresses being the famous oration on Lincoln, delivered before Congress in 1866. During the latter part of his life he had a winter home in Washington, where the national archives and the Library of Congress were always at his hand, and a summer home at Newport, where he had a wonderful garden of roses, which was a great attraction. Rose-growing and horseback riding were his recreations, and the erect and striking form of the historian, with his long gray beard, mounted on a fine horse, was for years a familiar figure at Newport and on the streets of Washington.

It is beautiful to contemplate so long and useful a life as that of George Bancroft. When the old historian was nearly ninety years of age, he journeyed all the way from his northern home to Nashville, Tennessee, to make certain investigations, for historical data, among the private papers of President Polk. The writer of this sketch had the pleasure of witnessing the meeting between him and the venerable wife of James K. Polk at the old mansion which stands near the Capitol. It was a beautiful and impressive sight to see this grand old woman, who had been the first lady of the land forty-five years before, conducting this venerable historian, who had been her husband's Secretary of War, about the premises. President Polk's library with all the papers piled upon the table had remained just as he had left it, and into its sacred precincts Mr. Bancroft was admitted, with perfect liberty to select and take away whatever would be of service in his historical labors. What he did with these papers is unknown to the writer. Perhaps his death occurred too soon after to render them of practical service; but that the old historian died in the harness may well be supposed from the following extract taken from a letter written when he was more than eighty years of age: "I was trained to look upon life here as a season for labor. Being more than fourscore years old, I know the time for my release will soon come. Conscious of being near the shore of eternity, I wait without impatience and without dread the beckoning of the hand which will summon me to rest."

The beckoning hand appeared several years later—in 1891—and he passed quietly "over the river," only nine years in advance of the death of the century with which he was born, having spent altogether one of the busiest, one of the most honorable, one of the most useful and *the very longest life of all the celebrities in American literature*. His fame is secure. His works will live after him—a proud and lasting monument.

CHARACTER OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

WHILE the State was thus connecting by the closest bonds the energy of its faith with its form of government, there appeared in its midst one of those clear minds which sometimes bless the world by their power of receiving moral truth in its purest light, and of reducing the just conclusions of their principles to a happy and consistent practice. In February of the first year of the colony, but a few months after the arrival of Winthrop, and before either Cotton or Hooker had embarked for New England, there arrived at Nantasket, after a stormy passage of sixty-six days, "a young minister, godly and zealous, having precious" gifts. It was Roger Williams. He was then but a little more than thirty years of age; but his mind had already matured a doctrine which secures him an immortality of fame, as its application has given religious peace to the American world. He was a Puritan, and a fugitive from English persecution; but his wrongs had not clouded his accurate understanding; in the capacious recesses of his mind he had revolved the nature of intolerance, and he, and he alone, had arrived at the great principle which is its sole effectual remedy. He announced his discovery under the simple proposition of the sanctity of conscience. The civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul. The doctrine contained within itself an entire reformation of theological jurisprudence; it would

blot from the statute-book the felony of non-conformity; would quench the fires that persecution had so long kept burning; would repeal every law compelling attendance on public worship; would abolish tithes and all forced contributions to the maintenance of religion; would give an equal protection to every form of religious faith; and never suffer the authority of the civil government to be enlisted against the mosque of the Mussulman or the altar of the fire-worshipper, against the Jewish synagogue or the Roman cathedral. It is wonderful with what distinctness Roger Williams deduced these inferences from his great principle; the consistency with which, like Pascal and Edwards,—those bold and profound reasoners on other subjects,—he accepted every fair inference from his doctrines; and the circumspection with which he repelled every unjust imputation. In the unwavering assertion of his views he never changed his position; the sanctity of conscience was the great tenet which, with all its consequences, he defended, as he first trod the shores of New England; and in his extreme old age it was the last pulsation of his heart. But it placed the young emigrant in direct opposition to the whole system on which Massachusetts was founded; and, gentle and forgiving as was his temper, prompt as he was to concede everything which honesty permitted, he always asserted his belief with temperate firmness and unbending benevolence.

DESTRUCTION OF THE TEA IN BOSTON HARBOR.

On the 28th day of November, 1773, the ship Dartmouth appeared in Boston Harbor, with one hundred and fourteen chests of tea. The ship was owned by Mr. Rotch, a Quaker merchant. In a few days after, two more tea-ships arrived. They were all put under strict guard by the citizens, acting under the lead of a committee of correspondence, of which Samuel Adams was the controlling spirit. The people of the neighboring towns were organized in a similar manner, and sustained the spirit of Boston. The purpose of the citizens was to have the tea sent back without being landed; but the collector and comptroller refused to give the ships a clearance unless the teas were landed, and Governor Hutchinson also refused his permit, without which they could not pass the "Castle," as the fort at the entrance of Boston Harbor was called. The ships were also liable to seizure if the teas were not landed on the twentieth day after their arrival, and the 16th day of December was the eighteenth day after.

THE morning of Thursday, the 16th of December, 1773, dawned upon Boston,—a day by far the most momentous in its annals. Beware, little town; count the cost, and know well if you dare defy the wrath of Great Britain, and if you love exile, and poverty, and death, rather than

submission. At ten o'clock, the people of Boston, with at least two thousand men from the country, assembled in the Old South. A report was made that Rotch had been refused a clearance from the collector. "Then," said they to him, "protest immediately against the custom house, and apply to

the Governor for his pass, so that your vessel may this very day proceed on her voyage to London."

The Governor had stolen away to his country-house at Milton. Bidding Rotch make all haste, the meeting adjourned to three in the afternoon. At that hour Rotch had not returned. It was incidentally voted, as other towns had done, to abstain wholly from the use of tea; and every town was advised to appoint its committee of inspection, to prevent the detested tea from coming within any of them. Then, since the governor might refuse his pass, the momentous question recurred, whether it be the sense and determination of this body to abide by their former resolutions with respect to not suffering the tea to be landed. On this question, Samuel Adams and Young* addressed the meeting, which was become far the most numerous ever held in Boston, embracing seven thousand men. There was among them a patriot of fervent feeling; passionately devoted to the liberty of his country; still young, his eye bright, his cheek glowing with hectic fever. He knew that his strength was ebbing. The work of vindicating American freedom must be done soon, or he will be no party to the great achievement. He rises, but it is to restrain; and, being truly brave and truly resolved, he speaks the language of moderation: "Shouts and hosannas will not terminate the trials of this day, nor popular resolves, harangues, and acclamations vanquish our foes. We must be grossly ignorant of the value of the prize for which we contend, of the power combined against us, of the inveterate malice and insatiable revenge which actuate our enemies, public and private, abroad and in our bosom, if we hope that we shall end this controversy without the sharpest conflicts. Let us consider the

issue before we advance to those measures which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country ever saw." Thus spoke the younger Quincy. "Now that the hand is to the plough," said others, "there must be no looking back;" and the whole assembly of seven thousand voted unanimously that the tea should not be landed.

It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which they met was dimly lighted; when, at a quarter before six, Rotch appeared, and satisfied the people by relating that the governor had refused him a pass, because his ship was not properly cleared. As soon as he had finished his report, Samuel Adams rose and gave the word: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." On the instant, a shout was heard at the porch; the war-whoop resounded; a body of men, forty or fifty in number, disguised as Indians, passed by the door, and, encouraged by Samuel Adams, Hancock, and others, repaired to Griffin's Wharf, posted guards to prevent the intrusion of spies, took possession of the three tea-ships, and in about three hours, three hundred and forty chests of tea—being the whole quantity that had been imported—were emptied into the bay, without the least injury to other property. "All things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to government." The people around, as they looked on, were so still that the noise of breaking open the tea-chests was distinctly heard. A delay of a few hours would have placed the tea under the protection of the admiral at the Castle. After the work was done, the town became as still and calm as if it had been holy time. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages.



JAMES PARTON.

WRITER OF BIOGRAPHY.



HERE can be no higher public service than that of the man who gives to his fellows, and particularly to the rising generation, good biographies of noble men. If this be true, then James Parton must be ranked among those who have done most for Americans, for the series of books which began many years ago with a life of Horace Greeley and which ended, only two months before the author's death with the biography of Andrew Jackson, has made the heroes of American history real live men for thousands of readers, has stirred the patriotism and aroused the ambition of many a boyish student, and has won for himself the respect and esteem which belong to literary achievements.

The ancestry of James Parton was French; his family having emigrated to England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685.

He was born in Canterbury, England, in 1822, and could just remember walking across the fields, in black clothes, at his father's funeral. The solemn memory which thus took a strong hold upon his mind, was, perhaps, partly responsible for his dislike for ecclesiastical forms and particularly for the practice of formal "mourning." His mother brought her little family to New York a year after her husband's death, and James was educated in the schools of that city and at White Plains, New York. At the latter place he was in a boarding school where so much attention was paid to religion that nearly every boy who passed through it was a member of the church. He seems to have found something repellent in the manner of presenting Christianity, and although he became a teacher in the school and later held for some years a similar position in Philadelphia, he sympathized less and less with it until he came avowedly to give up all belief in supernatural religion. He was a very successful teacher and took great delight in his work and would probably have devoted his life to the schoolroom, had he not found himself unable to continue the custom of opening the sessions of school with prayer and on this account been compelled to give up his position. Returning to New York he became associated with N. P. Willis in conducting the "Home Journal" and thus began his career as a literary man. While so employed he remarked one day to a New York publisher, that a most interesting book could be made of the career of Horace Greeley, then at the summit of his power and fame as an editor.

The suggestion resulted in his being commissioned to prepare such a biography, the publisher advancing the funds which enabled Mr. Parton to spend several

months in collecting materials among the people in New Hampshire and Vermont, who had known Mr. Greeley in his early life. The book made a great sensation and at once gave its author high standing in the literary world. He began to contribute to a number of leading periodicals on political and literary topics, and soon appeared as a public lecturer and found himself one of the most notable men of the day.

Mr. Parton was married in 1856 to Mrs. Sara Payson Willis Eldridge, whose brother, the poet, N. P. Willis, was his former associate. Mrs. Willis was a popular contributor to "The New York Ledger" and other papers, under the pen-name of "Fanny Fern," and Mr. Parton was soon engaged in similar work, and later became a member of the editorial staff of the "Ledger" and closely associated with Mr. Robert Bonner. This was of the greatest advantage to him, as it furnished a steady income, while allowing him leisure in which to devote himself to the more serious works which were his real contribution to literature and upon which his fame rests. His next book was "The Life and Times of Aaron Burr," which was prepared from original sources, and which made Burr a somewhat less offensive character than he was at that time generally thought to be. He next prepared a "Life of Andrew Jackson," which finally met with great success, but which, being published at the beginning of the War of the Rebellion and being subscribed for largely in the South, involved both author and publisher in considerable immediate loss. For twenty years he labored upon a "Life of Voltaire," giving to the study of the great European Liberal of the last century all the time and energy he could spare from the contributions which he must regularly supply to the "Ledger" and "The Youth's Companion." The "Life of Voltaire" was his only biography of a European character, and while he thought it his best work, and while it is a wonderful picture, not only of the life and character of the great Frenchman, but of manners and morals in Europe in the eighteenth century, the public interest in the subject was not so great, and its success by no means so complete as that which greeted his American biographies. He was greatly interested in the robust character of Gen. Benjamin Butler, and his next book was the story of the administration of the city of New Orleans, by him. He then offered to the public the first comprehensive study of the "Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin" that had appeared. This is, by many, thought to be his best book. It was followed by a "Life of Jefferson," and later by three books drawn from his contributions to periodicals, "Famous Americans of Recent Times," "Noted Women of Europe and America," and "Captains of Industry." His last work was a volume upon "Andrew Jackson" for the "Great Commanders" series.

After the death of "Fanny Fern" Mr. Parton took up his residence in Newburyport, Massachusetts, with Miss Eldridge, his wife's daughter, who was charged with the care of an orphaned niece. This child had for several years been a member of his family, and had closely engaged his affection. The relations thus established resulted presently in the marriage of Mr. Parton to Miss Eldridge, a union, which, until his death in 1892, filled his life with joy and happiness. Mr. Parton took an active interest in the social life about him, joining frankly in every village enterprise and gradually acquiring very great influence in the community.

OLD VIRGINIA.

HEN John Rolfe, not yet husband of Pocahontas, planted the first tobacco seed in Jamestown, in 1612. good tobacco sold in London docks at five shillings a pound, or two hundred and fifty pounds sterling for a hogshead of a thousand pounds' weight. Fatal facility of money-making! It was this that diverted all labor, capital and enterprise into one channel, and caused that first ship-load of Negroes in the James to be so welcome. The planter could have but one object,—to get more slaves in order to raise more tobacco. Hence the price was ever on the decline, dropping first from shillings to pence, and then going down the scale of pence, until it remained for some years at an average of about two pence a pound in Virginia and three pence in London. In Virginia it often fell below two pence; as, during brief periods of scarcity, it would rise to six and seven pence.

Old Virginia is a pathetic chapter in political economy. Old Virginia, indeed! She reached decrepitude while contemporary communities were enjoying the first vigor of youth; while New York was executing the task which Virginia's George Washington had suggested and foretold, that of connecting the waters of the great West with the sea; while New England was careering gayly over the ocean, following the whale to his most distant retreat, and feeding belligerent nations with her superabundance. One little century of seeming prosperity; three generations of spendthrifts; then the lawyer and sheriff! Nothing was invested, nothing saved for the future. There were no manufactures, no commerce, no towns, no internal trade, no great middle class. As fast as that virgin richness of soil could be converted into tobacco, and sold in the London docks, the proceeds were spent in vast, ugly mansions, heavy furniture, costly apparel, Madeira wine, fine horses, huge coaches, and more slaves. The planters lived as though virgin soil were revenue, not capital. They tried to maintain in Virginia the lordly style of English grandees, WITHOUT any Birmingham, Staffordshire, Sheffield or London docks to pay for it. Their short-lived prosperity consisted of three elements,—virgin soil, low-priced slaves, high-priced

tobacco. The virgin soil was rapidly exhausted; the price of negroes was always on the increase; and the price of tobacco was always tending downward. Their sole chance of founding a staple commonwealth was to invest the proceeds of their tobacco in something that would absorb their labor and yield them profit when the soil would no longer produce tobacco.

But their laborers were ignorant slaves, the possession of whom destroyed their energy, swelled their pride, and dulled their understandings. Virginia's case was hopeless from the day on which that Dutch ship landed the first twenty slaves; and, when the time of reckoning came, the people had nothing to show for their long occupation of one of the finest estates in the world, except great hordes of negroes, breeding with the rapidity of rabbits; upon whose annual increase Virginia subsisted, until the most glorious and beneficial of all wars set the white race free and gave Virginia her second opportunity.

All this was nobody's fault. It was a combination of circumstances against which the unenlightened human nature of that period could not possibly have made head.

Few men saw anything wrong in slavery. No man knew much about the laws that control the prosperity of States. No man understood the science of agriculture. Every one with whom those proud and thoughtless planters dealt plundered them, and the mother country discouraged every attempt of the colonists to manufacture their own supplies. There were so many charges upon tobacco, in its course from the planters packing-house to the consumer's pipe, that it was no very uncommon thing, in dull years, for the planter to receive from his agent in London, in return for his hogsheads of tobacco, not a pleasant sum of money, nor even a box of clothes, but a bill of charges which the price of the tobacco had not covered. One of the hardships of which the clergy complained was, that they did not "dare" to send their tobacco to London, for fear of being brought into debt by it, but had to sell it on the spot to speculators much below the London price. The old Virginia laws and records so abound in tobacco informa-

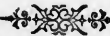
tion that we can follow a hogshead of tobacco from its native plantation on the James to the shop of the tobaccoist in London.

In the absence of farm vehicles—many planters who kept a coach had no wagon—each hogshead was attached to a pair of shafts with a horse between them, and “rolled” to a shed on the bank of the stream. When a ship arrived in the river from London, it anchored opposite each plantation which it served, and set ashore the portion of the cargo belonging to it, continuing its upward course until the hold was empty. Then, descending the river, it stopped at the different plantations, taking from each its hogsheads of tobacco, and the captain receiving long lists of articles to be bought in London with the proceeds of the tobacco. The rivers of Virginia, particularly the James and the Potomac, are wide and shallow, with a deep channel far from either shore, so that the transfer of the tobacco from the shore to the ship, in the general absence of landings, was troublesome and costly. To this day, as readers remember, the piers on the James present to the wondering passenger from the North a stretch of pine planks from an eighth to half a mile long. The ship is full at length, drops down past Newport News, salutes the fort upon Old Point Comfort, and glides out between the capes into the ocean.

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How little the planters foresaw the desolation of their Province is affectingly attested by many of the relics of their brief affluence. They built their parish churches to last centuries, like the churches to which they were accustomed “at home.” In neighbor-

hoods where now a congregation of fifty persons could not be collected, there are ruins of churches that were evidently built for the accommodation of numerous and wealthy communities; a forest, in some instances, has grown up all around them, making it difficult to get near the imperishable walls. Sometimes the wooden roof has fallen in, and one huge tree, rooted among the monumental slabs of the middle aisle, has filled all the interior. Other old churches long stood solitary in old fields, the roof sound, but the door standing open, in which the beasts found nightly shelter, and into which the passing horseman rode and sat on his horse before the altar till the storm passed. Others have been used by farmers as wagon-houses, by fishermen to hang their seines in, by gatherers of turpentine as store-houses. One was a distillery, and another was a barn. A poor drunken wretch reeled for shelter into an abandoned church of Chesterfield County—the county of the first Jeffersons—and he died in a drunken sleep at the foot of the reading-desk, where he lay undiscovered until his face was devoured by rats. An ancient font was found doing duty as a tavern punch-bowl; and a tombstone, which served as the floor of an oven, used to print memorial words upon loaves of bread. Fragments of richly-colored altar-pieces, fine pulpit-cloths, and pieces of old carving used to be preserved in farm-houses and shown to visitors. When the late Bishop Meade began his rounds, forty years ago, elderly people would bring to him sets of communion-plate and single vessels which had once belonged to the parish church, long deserted, and beg him to take charge of them.





WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

HISTORIAN OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO AND PERU.

IT MAY well be doubted whether any other historian was ever so loved both by those who knew him personally and by those who counted themselves fortunate in knowing him through his books as was William H. Prescott. Indeed that love promises to be perennial, for "The Conquest of Mexico" and "The Conquest of Peru" continue to be the delight of the intelligent schoolboy and bid fair to maintain their hold upon public interest in succeeding generations.

Prescott was a native of Salem, Massachusetts, having been born in that city on the 4th of May, 1796. His father was a lawyer, and he inherited from him literary tastes, love of learning and great mental vigor. He was accidentally struck, while a Junior at Harvard, by a piece of hard bread, thrown by a fellow student, and the blow deprived him forever of the use of his left eye, gave him many months of tedious suffering in darkened rooms, and resulted in such serious damage to the other eye as to make it of little and constantly decreasing use to him. He had intended to be a lawyer, but this accident made another choice necessary. He deliberately resolved upon a literary career and prepared himself for it in the most thorough and painstaking way imaginable. A memorandum dated October, 1821, lays out a course of study which one might think unnecessary for a graduate of Harvard College, but which he undertook for the purpose of perfecting his style, and with what degree of success the universal admiration of his works well testifies. It was as follows:

1. Principles of Grammar, correct writing, etc.
2. Compendious history of North America.
3. Fine prose-writers of English.
4. Latin classics one hour a day."

This course, omitting the American history, he faithfully pursued for about a year, when he took up the study of French and, later, of German. His study of Spanish and consequently his choice of the topics of his great works came about almost accidentally. He had found the study of German very difficult, so much so that he was in despair. His friend George Ticknor had delivered to the Senior Class at Harvard a series of lectures on Spanish literature, and, to divert and entertain him during a period of discouragement and of suffering from his eyes, proposed to read the lectures to him. He was so delighted with the subject that he immediately began the study of the language with the result that the remainder of his life was

devoted to Spanish subjects. Prescott had married, in 1820, to Miss Susan Amory, the daughter of a cultivated and successful Boston merchant, and of the marriage he said, near the close of his life, "contrary to the assertion of a French philosopher who says that the most fortunate husband finds reason to regret his condition at least once in twenty-four hours,—I may truly say that I have found no such day in the quarter of a century that Providence has spared us to each other." Mrs. Prescott was devoted to her husband, and until his death in 1859, was his continual support, adviser and assistant.

The account of his method of composition is told in one of his letters: "In the Christmas of 1837 my first work, 'The History of Ferdinand and Isabella,' was given to the world. I obtained the services of a reader who knew no language but his own, (English). I taught him to pronounce Castilian in a manner suited, I sus-



MR. PRESCOTT'S HOUSE AT PEPPERELI, MASS.

pect, more to *my* ear than to that of a Spaniard, and we began our wearisome journey through Mariana's noble (Spanish) history. I cannot even now call to mind without a smile the tedious hours in which, seated under some old trees in my country residence, we pursued our slow and melancholy way over pages which afforded no glimmering of light to him, and from which the light came dimly struggling to me through a half intelligible vocabulary. But in a few weeks the light became stronger, and I was cheered by the consciousness of my own improvement, and when we had toiled our way through seven quartos, I found I could understand the book when read about two-thirds as fast as ordinary English. My reader's office required the more patience; he had not even this result to cheer him in his labor. I now felt that the great difficulty could be overcome, and I obtained the services of a reader whose acquaintance with modern and ancient tongues supplied,

as far as it could be supplied, the deficiency of eyesight on my part. But though in this way I could examine various authorities, it was not easy to arrange in my mind the results of my reading drawn from different and often contradictory accounts. To do this I dictated copious notes as I went along, and when I had read enough for a chapter (from thirty to forty, and sometimes fifty pages in length), I had a mass of memoranda in my own language, which would easily bring before me in one view, the fruit of my researches. These notes were carefully read to me, and while my recent studies were fresh in my recollection, I ran over the whole of any intended chapter in my mind. This process I repeated at least half a dozen times, so that when I finally put my pen to paper it ran off pretty glibly for it was an effort of memory rather than composition.

Writing presented me a difficulty even greater than reading. Thierry, the famous blind historian of the Norman conquest, advised me to cultivate dictation; but I usually preferred a substitute that I found in a writing-case made for the blind which I procured in London, forty years since. It consists of a frame of the size of a sheet of paper, traversed by brass wires, as many as lines are wanted on the page, and with a sheet of carbonated paper, such as is used for getting duplicates, pasted on the reverse side. With an ivory or agate stylus the writer traces his characters between the wires on the carbonated sheet, making indelible marks, which he cannot see, on the white page below. This treadmill operation has its defects; and I have repeatedly supposed I had accomplished a good page, and was proceeding in all the glow of composition to go ahead, when I found I had forgotten to insert a sheet of writing-paper below, that my labor had all been thrown away, and that the leaf looked as blank as myself. Notwithstanding these and other whimsical distresses of the kind, I have found my writing-case my best friend in my lonely hours, and with it have written nearly all that I have sent into the world the last forty years."

Prescott's writings were successful from the first. Translations of the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" appeared within a few years in French, German, Spanish, Italian and Russian, and it is surely no wonder that the author took up with a good heart the preparation of a "History of the Conquest of Mexico," and then a "History of the Conquest of Peru," both of which were received with the same appreciation that had rewarded his first published work.

He had spent some time abroad before his marriage, partly in the hope of benefiting his eyesight. In 1850 he again visited England and spent some time on the continent. He wrote a number of miscellaneous articles for magazines and reviews, and published in 1855, two, and in 1858 the third volume of his uncompleted "History of the Reign of Philip II., King of Spain." This, had he lived to complete it, would doubtless have been his greatest work. It was received with such favor that six months after the publication of the first two volumes, eight thousand copies had been sold and the sales of his other works had been so stimulated as to bring the total up to thirty thousand volumes during that time, which yielded the author the substantial royalty of seventeen thousand dollars.

A slight stroke of paralysis had already enfeebled him, and a second terminated his life on the 28th of January, 1859. His wife, one daughter, and two sons survived him.

Few men have combined so many engaging qualities. His blindness had made no change in his appearance, and he was thought to be one of the handsomest men of his time. His cheerfulness of disposition was so great that at the time of his most intense suffering he addressed those who cared for him with such brightness and consideration that one might have thought their positions reversed. The personal friends who were won by his grace of manner and by the sterling worth of his character have nearly all passed away, but the hope that he early expressed, "to produce something which posterity would not willingly let die," was most abundantly realized.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF TEZCUCO.

(FROM HISTORY OF CONQUEST OF MEXICO, 1843.)

THE first measure of Nezahualcoyotl, on returning to his dominions, was a general amnesty. It was his maxim "that a monarch might punish, but revenge was unworthy of him." In the present instance he was averse even to punish, and not only freely pardoned his rebel nobles, but conferred on some, who had most deeply offended, posts of honor and confidence. Such conduct was doubtless politic, especially as their alienation was owing probably, much more to fear of the usurper than to any disaffection towards himself. But there are some acts of policy which a magnanimous spirit only can execute.

The restored monarch next set about repairing the damages sustained under the late misrule, and reviving, or rather remodelling, the various departments of government. He framed a concise, but comprehensive, code of laws, so well suited, it was thought, to the exigencies of the times, that it was adopted as their own by the two other members of the triple alliance. It was written in blood, and entitled the author to be called the Draco rather than "the Solon of Anahuac," as he is fondly styled by his admirers. Humanity is one of the best fruits of refinement. It is only with increasing civilization that the legislator studies to economize human suffering, even for the guilty; to devise penalties not so much by way of punishment for the past as of reformation for the future.

He divided the burden of the government among a number of departments, as the council of war, the council of finance, the council of justice. This last was a court of supreme authority, both in civil and

criminal matters, receiving appeals from the lower tribunals of the provinces, which were obliged to make a full report, every four months, or eighty days, of their own proceedings to this higher judicature. In all these bodies, a certain number of citizens were allowed to have seats with the nobles and professional dignitaries. There was, however, another body, a council of state, for aiding the king in the dispatch of business, and advising him in matters of importance, which was drawn altogether from the highest order of chiefs. It consisted of fourteen members; and they had seats provided for them at the royal table. Lastly, there was an extraordinary tribunal, called the council of music, but which differing from the import of its name, was devoted to the encouragement of science and art. Works on astronomy, chronology, history or any other science, were required to be submitted to its judgment, before they could be made public. This censorial power was of some moment, at least with regard to the historical department, where the wilful perversion of truth was made a capital offence by the bloody code of Nezahualcoyotl. Yet a Tezcuacan author must have been a bungler, who could not elude a conviction under the cloudy veil of hieroglyphics. This body, which was drawn from the best instructed persons in the kingdom, with little regard to rank, had supervision of all the productions of art, and the nicer fabrics. It decided on the qualifications of the professors in the various branches of science, on the fidelity of their instructions to their pupils, the deficiency of which was severely punished, and it instituted examinations of these latter. In short, it was a general board of

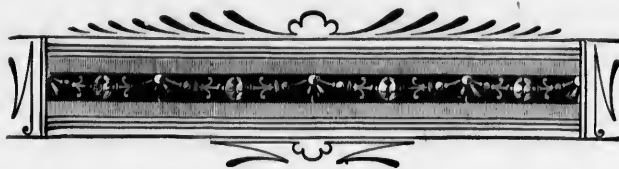
education for the country. On stated days, historical compositions, and poems treating of moral or traditional topics, were recited before it by their authors. Seats were provided for the three crowned heads of the empire, who deliberated with the other members on the respective merits of the pieces, and distributed prizes of value to the successful competitors.

The influence of this academy must have been most propitious to the capital, which became the nursery not only of such sciences as could be compassed by the scholarship of the period, but of various useful and ornamental arts. Its historians, orators, and poets were celebrated throughout the country. Its archives, for which accommodations were provided in the royal palaces, were stored with the records of primitive ages. Its idiom, more polished than the Mexican, was, indeed, the purest of all the Nahuatlac dialects, and continued, long after the Conquest, to be that in which the best productions of the native races were composed. Tezeuco claimed the glory of being the Athens of the Western world.

Among the most illustrious of her bards was the emperor himself,—for the Tezeucan writers claim this title for their chief, as head of the imperial alliance. He doubtless appeared as a competitor before that very academy where he so often sat as a critic. Many of his odes descended to a late generation, and are still preserved, perhaps, in some of the dusty repositories of Mexico or Spain. The historian Ixtlilxochitl has left a translation, in Castilian, of one of the poems of his royal ancestor. It is not easy to render his version into corresponding English rhyme, without the perfume of the original escaping in this double filtration. They remind one of the rich breathings of Spanish-Arab poetry, in which an ardent imagination is tempered by a not unpleasing and moral melancholy. But, though sufficiently florid in diction, they are generally free from the meretricious ornaments and hyperbole with which the minstrelsy of the East is usually tainted. They turn

on the vanities and mutability of human life,—a topic very natural for a monarch who had himself experienced the strangest mutations of fortune. There is mingled in the lament of the Tezeucan bard, however, an Epicurean philosophy, which seeks relief from the fears of the future in the joys of the present. "Banish care," he says: "if there are bounds to pleasure, the saddest of life must also have an end. Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and sing thy songs in praise of the all-powerful God; for the glory of this world soon fadeth away. Rejoice in the green freshness of thy spring; for the day will come when thou shalt sigh for these joys in vain; when the sceptre shall pass from thy hands, thy servants shall wander desolate in thy courts, thy sons, and the sons of thy nobles, shall drink the dregs of distress, and all the pomp of thy victories and triumphs shall live only in their recollection. Yet the remembrance of the just shall not pass away from the nations, and the good thou hast done shall ever be held in honor. The goods of this life, its glories and its riches, are but lent to us, its substance is but an illusory shadow, and the things of to-day shall change on the coming of the morrow. Then gather the fairest flowers from thy gardens, to bind round thy brow, and seize the joys of the present ere they perish."

But the hours of the Tezeucan monarch were not all passed in idle dalliance with the Muse, nor in the sober contemplations of philosophy, as at a later period. In the freshness of youth and early manhood he led the allied armies in their annual expeditions, which were certain to result in a wider extent of territory to the empire. In the intervals of peace he fostered those productive arts which are the surest sources of public prosperity. He encouraged agriculture above all; and there was scarcely a spot so rude, or a steep so inaccessible, as not to confess the power of cultivation. The land was covered with a busy population, and towns and cities sprang up in places since deserted or dwindled into miserable villages.



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

HISTORIAN AND DIPLOMATIST.

MOTLEY'S history of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" is, in some important respects, America's greatest contribution to historical literature. Its author was the son of a New England merchant of literary tastes, and inherited through both parents some of the best blood of New England. He was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, now a part of Boston, April 15, 1814. He was a delicate boy, but vigorous, vivacious, fond of outdoor sports and intellectual contests. He was a boyish friend of Wendell Phillips, and was early associated with many of that group of New England scholars who have done so much for American literature during the past half-century. Motley was educated at good schools near Boston, and entered Harvard at what would now seem the ridiculously early age of thirteen. He cared too much for general and voluminous reading to do thorough work in the prescribed college course, but his wit, his brilliant mind and his impulsive generosity made him a general favorite. After graduating from Harvard he studied in Germany, becoming acquainted at Göttingen with Bismarck, between whom and himself there sprang up an intimate friendship which was renewed at every opportunity throughout his life. Bismarck said of him that "The most striking feature of his handsome and delicate appearance was uncommonly large and beautiful eyes. He never entered a drawing-room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies." He was married in 1837 to Mary, sister of Park Benjamin, a most attractive and beautiful woman, and two years later he published an historical novel called "Morton's Hope." Neither this book nor another called "Merry Mount" proved a success, and both Motley and his friends were convinced that his real field of work was that of the historian. His first attempt in this direction was an essay published in the "North American Review" on the "Polity of the Puritans," which not only demonstrated his skill and ability but gave expression to his intense love of liberty and to his lofty patriotism.

An interesting episode in Motley's life was his election in 1849 to the Massachusetts House of Representatives. He does not seem to have been well adapted for a legislator and never sought a re-election. The incident which he most vividly remembered in this connection was his careful preparation of a report from the Committee on Education, of which he was chairman, proposing measures which he had convinced himself were for the best, and the apparent ease with which a country member, Geo. S. Boutwell, who afterwards distinguished himself in the field of

national politics, demolished his arguments, and convinced everybody, including the author of the report of the opposite view.

Mr. Motley began the collection of materials for his "History of Holland" about 1846. He devoted ten years to its preparation, making careful researches at Berlin, Dresden, the Hague and Brussels. When finally he had brought it to a conclusion he did not find it easy to make satisfactory arrangements for its publication. The leading house in London declined it, and it was finally published at the expense of the author. It was another and most marked example of the occasional lack of insight on the part of the wisest and best trained publishers, for the book which had gone begging to be printed was received everywhere with acclamations. Guizot, perhaps the foremost historian of modern times, personally supervised the translation into French, and wrote the introduction. The book had a large sale on both sides of the Atlantic, and Mr. Motley was at once recognized as a great historian. Mr. Froude has very justly said that this history is as "complete as industry and genius can make it," and "one which will take its place among the finest stories in this or any other language." Motley lived for the next two years in Boston, taking much interest in the "Atlantic Monthly," though he was too much engaged with historical study to contribute very frequently to its columns. In 1858 he returned to England, where he lived for most of his remaining life, visiting America only three times, and making on each occasion a comparatively short stay. He found residence abroad more convenient for historical research. His position in English society was an enviable one, and his daughters were all married to Englishmen, one of them to Sir William Vernon Harcourt. This residence in England, however, did not wean his heart from America or its institutions or make him any less an ardent patriot, and perhaps he never rendered his country a more signal service than when, on finding that the higher classes in England sympathized with the South, he addressed two letters to the London "Times," which did much to bring about a change of sentiment, and which remained as monuments to his loyalty and to his ability as an advocate.

Mr. Motley had been appointed Secretary of the American Legation at St. Petersburg in 1841, but had found the climate too rigorous and had continued at his post only a few months before tendering his resignation. He was now to undertake a more serious task in diplomacy. President Lincoln appointed him, in 1861, Minister to Austria. He was so absorbed in the great struggle going on in his own country that he gave up for the time the historical studies which made so large a part of his ordinary life, and "lived only in the varying fortunes of the day, his profound faith and enthusiasm sustaining him and lifting him above the natural influence of a by no means sanguine temperament." He continued Minister to Austria, performing the difficult service of that office with discretion and with credit until 1867, when, in consequence of a letter received by President Johnson from some obscure source, inquiries were made which Mr. Motley considered insulting, and he at once tendered his resignation.

He had published in 1860 two volumes of his "History of the United Netherlands," and they had been received with all the favor that had greeted his former great work. The American war had delayed the completion of the book, but in 1868 he published the other two volumes. An article from the "Edinburgh Review" discussing the first two volumes says: "Mr. Motley combines as an his-

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This is the secret of his great success. Men who excel in the use of language are too often unwilling to undertake the drudgery which research entails, while those who are able and willing to read voluminous correspondence and con over numberless dispatches in order to establish some historical fact, are frequently unable to clothe the fact in words which will so illumine and illustrate the truth as to make it really live in the mind of the reader. That Motley possessed both of these abilities along with those others which made him to a very wide circle in both Europe and America a much loved man, is sufficient reason for the place that has been given him in the history of men of letters.

Probably, at the request of Senator Sumner Mr. Motley was in 1869 appointed Minister to England. The position was in many respects most agreeable to him. It gave him a post of great influence in a society in which he was known and admired, and opened possibilities of high service to the country which he loved with an ardor that amounted to enthusiasm. The Alabama claims were being urged upon the British Government, and the difficulties and responsibilities were very great. He was suddenly recalled in 1870 under circumstances that wounded him so deeply that it may be said he never recovered from the cruel surprise. The most probable explanation of President Grant's course seems to be that it was the outcome of his difficulty with Mr. Sumner over his San Domingo policy, and that Mr. Motley's tastes and the pursuits to which he had devoted his life made him a man with whom the President could not in any large measure sympathize. When, therefore, the President found his favorite measure defeated largely by the influence of Mr. Sumner, he ceased to have cause to retain Mr. Sumner's friend in so responsible a post. The whole matter looks, at this distance, discreditable, but it was probably the system of political favoritism then in vogue rather than either the President or his Secretary of State that was to blame.

Mr. Motley had intended to devote his last years to a "History of the Thirty Years' War," but before undertaking it he wrote "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland, with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War," which has been recognized as the most classical of his productions. It was his last work. Even before the death of Mrs. Motley in 1874, he was in somewhat feeble health, and while he did not abandon literary labor, he gave up at this time any hope of being able to engage in protracted effort. He spent a part of the year 1875 in Boston, returning to his daughter's residence in Devonshire, where he died in 1877. Dean Stanley spoke of him as "one of the brightest lights of the Western Hemisphere, the high-spirited patriot, the faithful friend of England's best and purest spirits; the brilliant, the indefatigable historian." A distinguished countryman of his own had once introduced him to an audience as one "whose name belongs to no single country and to no single age: as a statesman and diplomatist and patriot, he belongs to America; as a scholar, to the world of letters; as a historian, all ages will claim him in the future."

THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.*

MEANTIME, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food; but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful; infants starved to death on the maternal breasts which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses—father, mother, children, side by side; for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge

the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants, fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out,—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe,—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Parceras. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards?—a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city; and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive." . . .

On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The

* Copyright, J. Lewis Stackpole.

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tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale on the night of the 1st and 2d of October came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes. In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North

Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. . . . On it went, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten; as they approached some shallows which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. . . . On again the fleet of Boisot still went, and, overcoming every obstacle, entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.

ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

(FROM "RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.")

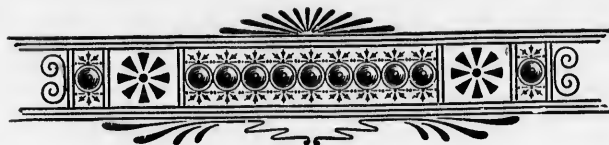
N Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in a very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown, such as had been worn by the "Beggars" in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals with the motto, "*Fidèle jusqu'à la besace*;" while a loose surcoat of gray frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide-slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport, which the Prince directed his secretary to make out for him. . . .

At two o'clock the company rose from the table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little, square vestibule, which communicated through an arched passage-way with the main entrance into the courtyard. The vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as

one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch sunk deep in the wall, and completely in shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window half-way up the flight.

The Prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence upon the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound: "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" These were the last words he ever spake, save that when his sister immediately afterwards asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master-of-horse had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired.

The Prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.



HENRY WHEELER SHAW.

("JOSH BILLINGS.")

IT is astonishing what effect is produced by peculiarities of form or manner. It may be true that the writings of Thomas Carlyle owe much of their force and vigor to his disregard for grammatical rules and his peculiar arrangement of words and sentences; but one of the most surprising instances of this kind is in the fact that the "Essay on the Mule, by Josh Billings," received no attention whatever, while the same contribution transformed into the "Essa on the Muel, bi Josh Billings," was eagerly copied by almost every paper in the country. Josh Billings once said that "Chaucer was a great poit, but he couldn't spel," and apparently it was Mr. Shaw's likeness, in this respect, to the author of "Canterbury Tales" which won him much of his fame.

He was the son of a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, born in 1818, and entered Hamilton College; but being captivated by stories of Western life and adventure, abandoned college to seek his fortune in the West. The fortune was slow in coming, and he worked as a laborer on steamboats on the Ohio, and as a farmer, and finally drifted back to Poughkeepsie, New York, as an auctioneer. Here he wrote his first contribution to a periodical, "The Essa on the Muel," which has been above mentioned.

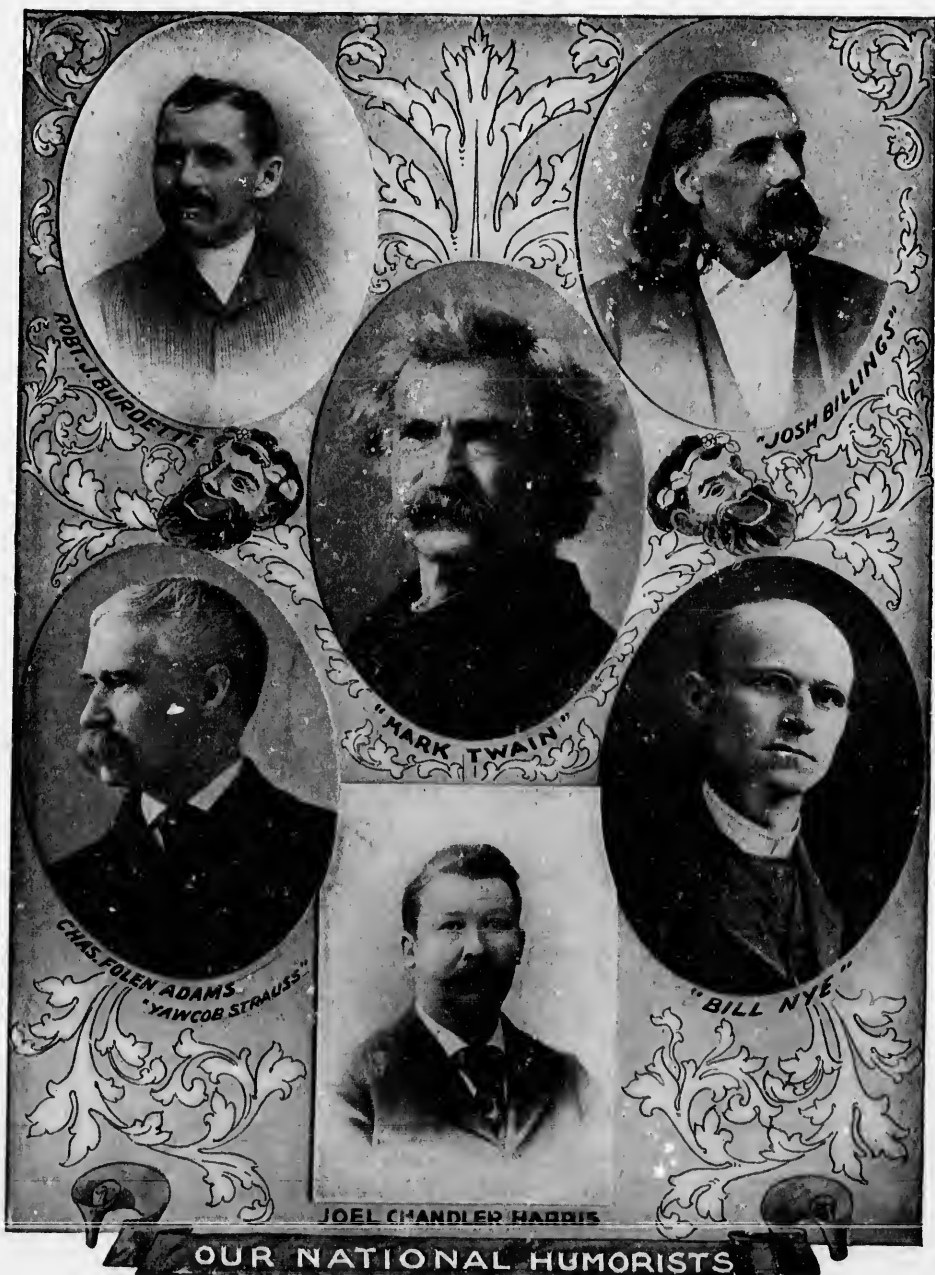
The popularity of the revised form of this classic of poor spelling induced him to publish "Josh Billings' Farmers' Alluminax," which continued for ten years, having during a part of the time a circulation of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand copies per annum. In 1863 Mr. Shaw entered the lecture-field. His lectures being a series of pithy sayings without care or order, delivered in an apparently awkward manner. The quaintness and drollery of his discourse won very great popularity. For twenty years he was a regular contributor of "The New York Weekly," and it is said that the articles which appeared in "The Century Magazine," under the signature of "Uncle Esek," were his. His published books are "Josh Billings, His Sayings;" "Josh Billings on Ice;" "Everybody's Friend;" "Josh Billings' Complete Works," and "Josh Billings' Spice Box."

Mr. Shaw died in Monterey, California, in 1885.

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OUR NATIONAL HUMORISTS

JOSH BILLING'S ADVERTISEMENT.

(FROM "JOSH BILLINGS, HIS WORKS." 1876.)



KAN sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars a pallas, a sweet and pensive retirement, lokated on the virgin banks ov the Hudson, kontaining eighty-five acres. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of natur and art into pastor and tillage, into plain and deklivity, into stern abruptness, and the dalliance ov moss-tufted medder; streams ov sparkling gladness (thick with trout) danse through this wilderness ov buty tew the low musik ov the cricket and grasshopper. The evergreen sighs as the evening sephir flits through its shadowy buzzum, and the aspen trembles like the luv-smitten harte ov a damsell. Fruits ov the tropicks, in golden buty, melt on the bows, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to their garnering hives. The manshun is ov Parian marble; the porch iz a single diamend, set with rubiz and the mother ov pearl; the floors are ov rosewood, and the ceilings are more butiful than the starry vault of heaven. Hot and cold water bubbles and quirts in evry apartment, and nothing is wanting that a poet could pra for, or

art could portray. The stables are worthy of the steeds ov Nimrod or the studs ov Akillès, and its hennery waz bilt expressly for the birds of paradise; while sombre in the distance, like the cave ov a hermit, glimpses are caught ov the dorg-house. Here poets hav cum and warbled their laze—here skulptors hav cut, here painters hav robbed the scene ov dreamy lan' scapes, and here the philosopher discovered the stun which made him the alkimist ov natur. Next, northward ov this thing ov buty, sleeps the residence and domain ov the Duke, John Smith, while southward, and nearer the spice-breathing tropicks, may be seen the barronial villy ov Earl Brown and the Duchess, Widder Betsy Stevens. Walls ov primitiff rock, laid in Roman cement, bound the estate, while upward and downward the eye catches the magesta and slow grander ov the Hudson. As the young moon hangs like a cutting ov silver from the blue brest ov the ski, an angel may be seen each night dansing with golden tiptoes on the green. (N. B.—This angel goes with the place.)

MANIFEST DESTINY.



MANIFFESS destiny iz the science ov going tew bust, or enny other place before yu git thare. I may be rong in this centiment, but that iz the way it strikes me; and i am so put together that when enny thing strikes me i immediately strike back. Maniffess destiny mite perhaps be blocked out agin as the condishun that man and things find themselves in with a ring in their nozes and sumboddy hold ov the ring. I may be rong agin, but if i am, awl i have got tew sa iz i don't kno it, and what a man don't kno ain't no damage tew enny boddy else. The tru way that maniffess destiny had better be sot down iz the exact distance that a frog kan jump down hill with a striped snake after him; i don't kno but i may be rong onst more, but if the frog don't git ketched tho destiny iz jist what he iz a looking for.

When a mun falls into the bottom ov a well and makes up hiz minde tew stay thare, that ain't maniffess destiny enny more than having yure hair cut short

iz; but if he almost gits out and then falls down in agin 16 foot deeper and brakes off hiz neck twice in the same plase and dies and iz buried thare at low water, that iz maniffess destiny on the square. Standing behind a cow in fly time and gitting kicked twice at one time must feel a good deal like maniffess destiny. Being about 10 sekunds tew late tew git an express train, and then chasing the train with yure wife, and an umbreller in yure hands, in a hot day, and not getting as near tew the train az you waz when started, looks a leetle like maniffess destiny on a rale rode trak. Going into a tempranse house and calling for a leetle old Bourbon on ice, and being told in a mild way that "the Bourbon iz jist out, but they hav got sum gin that cost 72 cents a gallon in Paris," sounds tew me like the maniffess destiny ov most tempranse houses.

Mi dear reader, don't beleave in maniffess destiny until yu see it. Thare is such a thing az maniffess destiny, but when it occurs it iz like the number ov

rings on the rakoon's tale, ov no great consequence only for ornament. Man wan't made for a machine, if he waz, it was a locomotiff machine, and manifest destiny must git oph from the trak when the bell rings or git knocked higher than the price ov gold. Manifest destiny iz a disease, but it iz eazy tew heal; i have seen it in its worst stages cured bi sawing a

cord ov dri hiekory wood. i thought i had it onse; it broke out in the shape ov poetry; i sent a specimen ov the disease tew a magazine; the magazine man wrcte me next day az follers:

"Dear Sur: You may be a phule, but you are no poeck. Yures, in haste."

LETTERS TO FARMERS.

BELOVED FARMERS: Agrikultur iz the mother ov farm produce, she is also the step-mother ov gardin sass.

Rize at half-past 2 o'clock in the morning, bild up a big fire in the kitchen, burn out two pounds ov kandles, and grease yure boots. Wait pashuntly for dabrake. When day duz brake, then commence tew stir up the geese and worry the hogs.

Too mutch sleep iz ruinous tew geese and tew hogs. Remember yu kant git rich on a farm, unless yu rize at 2 o'clock in the morning, and stir up the hogs and worry the geese.

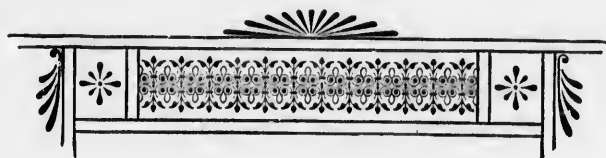
The happiest man in the world iz the farmer; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, he watches for da lite tew brake, and when she duz brake, he goes out and stirs up the geese and werrys the hogs.

What iz a lawyer?—What iz a merchant?—What iz a doktor?—What iz a minister?—I answer, nothing!

A farmer is the nobless work ov God; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, and burns out a half a pound ov wood and two korda of kandles, and then goes out tew worry the geese and stir up the hogs.

Beloved farmers, adew.

JOSH BILLINGS.



SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

(MARK TWAIN).

MARK TWAIN has a world wide reputation as the great American humorist, a reputation which has been steadily growing at home and abroad since the publication of "Innocents Abroad" in 1869, and he is undoubtedly one of the most popular authors in the United States. The story of his life is the record of a career which could have been possible in no other country in the world.

He was born in Florida in 1835, though most of his boyhood was passed at Hanibal, Mo., where he attended the village school until he was thirteen, which was his only opportunity for educational training. At this early age he was apprenticed to a printer and worked at this trade in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and New York. During his boyhood his great ambition, his one yearning, had been to become one day a pilot on a Mississippi steamboat. He realized this ambition in 1851 and the experiences of this pilot life are told in his "Life on the Mississippi." His pen-name was suggested by the expression used in Mississippi navigation where in sounding a depth of two fathoms, the leadsman calls out, "Mark Twain!"

After serving in 1861 in Nevada as private secretary to his brother who was at this time secretary of the Territory, he became city editor of the Virginia City "Enterprise," and here his literary labors began, and the pseudonym now so familiar was first used.

In 1865, he was reporter on the staff of the San Francisco "Morning Call," though his newspaper work was interspersed with unsuccessful attempts at gold digging and a six months' trip to Hawaii.

This was followed by a lecture trip through California and Nevada, which gave unmistakable evidence that he had the "gift" of humor.

His fame, however, was really made by the publication of "Innocents Abroad" (Hartford, 1869), 125,000 copies of which were sold in three years. This book is a brilliant, humorous account of the travels, experiences and opinions of a party of tourists to the Mediterranean, Egypt, Palestine, France and Italy.

His next literary work of note was the publication of "Roughing It" (Hartford, 1872), which shook the sides of readers all over the United States. This contained inimitable sketches of the rough border life and personal experiences in California, Nevada and Utah. In fact all Mark Twain's literary work which bears the stamp of permanent worth and merit is personal and autobiographical. He is never so successful in works that are purely of an imaginative character.

In 1873, in conjunction with Charles Dudley Warner, he produced a story entitled the "Gilded Age" which was dramatized and had a marked success on the stage. His other well-known works are: "Sketches Old and New;" "Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (1876), a story of boy life in Missouri and one of his best productions, "Punch, Brothers, Punch" (1878); "A Tramp Abroad" (1880), containing some of his most humorous and successful descriptions of personal experiences on a trip through Germany and Switzerland; "The Stolen White Elephant" (1882); "Prince and the Pauper" (1882); "Life on the Mississippi" (1883); "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" (1885), a sequel to "Tom Sawyer;" "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court" and Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" (1896).

In 1884, he established in New York City the publishing house of C. L. Webster & Co., which issued in the following year the "Memoirs" of U. S. Grant, the profits from which publication to the amount of \$350,000 were paid to Mrs. Grant in accordance with an agreement previously signed with General Grant.

By the unfortunate failure of this company in 1895, Mark Twain found himself a poor man and morally, though not legally, responsible for large sums due the creditors. Like Sir Walter Scott, he resolved to wipe out the last dollar of the debt and at once entered upon a lecturing trip around the world, which effort is proving financially a success. He is also at work upon a new book soon to be published. His home is at Hartford, Connecticut, where he has lived in delightful friendship and intercourse with Charles Dudley Warner, Harriet Beecher Stowe and other literary characters of that city. His writings have been translated into German and they have met with large sales both in England and on the continent.

JIM SMILEY'S FROG.



WELL, this yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken-cocks, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edecrate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut,—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything; and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor,—Dan'l Web-

ster was the name of the frog,—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies," and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again, as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doing any more'n any ~~one~~ frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it came to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong snit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box,

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and he used to fetch him down town sometimes, and lay for a bet. One day a feller,—a stranger in the camp he was,—came across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, may be, but it ain't,—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm! so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County."

The feller took the box again, and took another long particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"May be you don't," Smiley says. "May be you understand frogs, and may be you don't understand 'em; may be you've had experience, and may be you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right, that's all right; if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait. So he set there a good while, thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open, and took a teaspoon and filled

him full of quail shot,—filled him pretty near up to his chin,—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp, and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketch'd a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump;" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l gave a heave and hysted up his shoulders,—so,—like a Frenchman, but it wasn't no use,—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders,—this way,—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for; I wonder if there an't something the matter with him, he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketch'd Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up, and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five and!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man. He set the frog down, and took out after that feller, but he never ketch'd him.

UNCLE DAN'L'S APPARITION AND PRAYER. (FROM "THE GILDED AGE" OF CLEMENS AND WARNER.)

A DEEP coughing sound troubled the stillness, way toward a wooded cape that jutted into the stream a mile distant. All in an instant a fierce eye of fire shot out from behind the cape and sent a long brilliant pathway quivering athwart the dusky water. The coughing grew louder and louder, the glaring eye grew larger and still larger, glared wilder and still wilder. A huge shape de-

veloped itself out of the gloom, and from its tall duplicate horns dense volumes of smoke, starred and spangled with sparks, poured out and went tumbling away into the farther darkness. Nearer and nearer the thing came, till its long sides began to glow with spots of light which mirrored themselves in the river and attended the monster like a torchlight procession.

"What is it? Oh, what *is* it, Uncle Dan'l!"

With deep solemnity the answer came:

"It's de Almighty! Git down on yo' knees!"

It was not necessary to say it twice. They were all kneeling in a moment. And then while the mysterious coughing rose stronger and stronger and the threatening glare reached farther and wider, the negro's voice lifted up its supplications:

"O Lord, we's ben mighty wicked, an' we knows dat we 'erve to go to de bad place, but good Lord, deah Lord, we ain't ready yit, we ain't ready—let these po' chil'en hab one mo' chance, jes' one mo' chance. Take de old niggah if you's got to hab some-body. Good Lord, good deah Lord, we don't know whah you's a gwine to, we don't know who you's got yo' eye on, but we knows by de way you's a comin', we knows by the way you's a tilitin' along in yo' ebaryet o' fiah dat some po'sinner's a gwine to ketch it. But, good Lord, dese chil'en don't b'long heah, dey's f'm Obedstown whah dey don't know nuffin, an' yo' knows, yo' own sef, dat dey ain't 'sponsible. An' deah Lord, good Lord, it ain't like yo' mercy, it ain't like yo' pity, it ain't like yo' long-sufferin' lovin'-kindness for to take dis kind o' 'vantage o' sich little chil'en as dese is when dey's so many onery grown folks chuck full o' cussedness dat wants roastin' down dah. O Lord, spah de little chil'en, don't tar de little chil'en away f'm dey frens, jes' let 'em off dis once, and take it out'n de ole niggah. HEAR I IS, LORD, HEAR I IS! De ole niggah's ready, Lord, de ole——"

The flaming and churning steamer was right abreast the party, and not twenty steps away. The awful thunder of a mud-valve suddenly burst forth, drowning the prayer, and as suddenly Uncle Dan'l snatched a child under each arm and scoured into the woods with the rest of the pack at his heels. And then, ashamed of himself, he halted in the deep darkness and shouted (but rather feebly)

"Heah I is, Lord, heah I is!"

There was a moment of throbbing suspense, and then, to the surprise and comfort of the party, it was plain that the august presence had gone by, for its dreadful noises were receding. Uncle Dan'l headed a cautious reconnoissance in the direction of the log. Sure enough "the Lord" was just turning a point a short distance up the river, and while they looked the lights winked out and he

coughing diminished by degrees and presently ceased altogether.

"H'wah! Well, now, dey's some folks says dey ain't no 'ficiency in prah. Dis chile would like to know whah we'd a ben *now* if it warn't fo' dat prah! Dat's it. Dat's it!"

"Uncle Dan'l, do you reckon it was the prayer that saved us?" said Clay.

"Does I reckon? Don't I know it! Whah was yo' eyes? Warn't de Lord jes' a comin' *chow! chow! chow!* an' a goin' on turrible—an' de de Lord carry on dat way 'dout dey's sumfin don't suit him? An' warn't he a lookin' right at dis gang heah, an' warn't he jes' a reachin' fer 'em? An' d'you spec' he gwine to let 'em off 'dout somebody ast him to do it? No indeedy!"

Do you reckon he saw us, Uncle Dan'l?"

"De law sakes, chile, didn't I see him a lookin' at us?"

"Did you feel scared, Uncle Dan'l?"

"No sah! When a man is 'gaged in prah he ain't 'fraid o' nuffin—dey can't nuffin tech him."

"Well, what did you run for?"

"Well, I—I—Mars Clay, when a man is under de influence ob de sperit, he do-no what he's 'bout—no sah; dat man do-no what he's 'bout. You might take an' tah de head off'n dat man an' he wouldn't seasily fine it out. Dah's de Hebrew chil'en dat went frough de fiah; dey was burnt considerable—ob *coase* dey was; but dey did'n't know nuffin 'bout it—heal right up agin; if dey'd been gals dey'd missed dey long haah (hair), maybe, but dey wouldn't felt de burn."

"I dont know but what they *were* girls. I think they were."

"Now, Mars Clay, you knows better'n dat. Sometimes a body can't tell whedder you's a sayin' what you means or whedder you's a saying what you don't mean, 'case you says 'em bofe de same way."

"But how should I know whether they were boys or girls?"

"Goodness sakes, Mars Clay, don't de good book say? 'Sides don't it call 'em de *He-brew* chil'en? If dey was gals wouldn't dey be de she-brew chil'en? Some people dat kin read don't 'pear to take no no when dey *do* read."

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"Well, Uncle Dan'l, I think that— My! here comes another one up the river! There can't be two."

"We gone dis time—we done gone dis time sho'! Dey ain't two, Mars Clay, dat's de same one. De Lord kin 'pear everywhah in a second. Goodness, how de fish an' do smoke do belch up! Dat means business, honey. He comin' now like he forgot sumfin. Come

long, chil'en, time you's gone to roos'. Go 'long wid you—ole Uncle Dan'l gwine out in de woods to rastle in prah—de ole niggah gwine to do what he kin to sabe you agin!"

He did go to the woods and pray; but he went so far that he doubted himself if the Lord heard him when he went by.

THE BABIES.

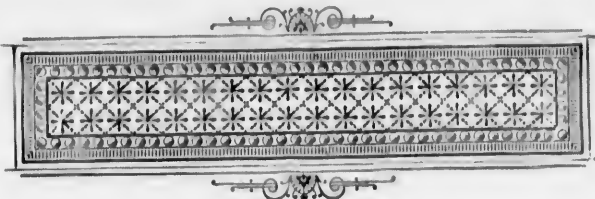
From a speech of Mark Twain at the banquet given in honor of Gen. Grant, by the Army of the Tennessee, at the Palmer House, Chicago, Nov. 14, 1879.



TOAST:—"The Babies—As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities."

I like that. We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground, for we have all been babies. It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby—as if he didn't amount to anything! If you gentlemen will stop and think a minute,—if you will go back fifty or a hundred years, to your early married life, and recontemplate your first baby, you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family head-quarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere body-servant, and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else. You had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow; but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears, you set your faces toward the batteries and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop, you advanced in the other direction—and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called

for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No,—you got up and got it. If he ordered his bottle, and it wasn't warm, did you talk back? Not you,—you went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself, to see if it was right,—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccups. I can taste that stuff yet. And how many things you learned as you went along; sentimental young folks still took stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles in his sleep, it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but "too thin,"—simply wind on the stomach, my friends! If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, 2:30 in the morning, didn't you rise up promptly and remark—with a mental addition which wouldn't improve a Sunday-school book much—that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself! Oh, you were under good discipline! And as you went fluttering up and down the room in your "undress uniform" you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing "Rockaby baby in a tree-top," for instance. What a spectacle for an Army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbors, too,—for it isn't everybody within a mile around that like military music at three in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet-head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise,—"Go on!"—what did you do? You simply went on, till you disappeared in the last ditch.



CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

AUTHOR OF "LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS."



HE humorous and dialectic literature of America owes more to Charles Follen Adams perhaps than to any other contributor who has not made literature a business or depended upon his pen for his livelihood. There is not a pretentious book of humorous readings or popular selections of late years which has not enriched its pages from this pleasingly funny man who delineates the German-American character and imitates its dialect with an art that is so true to nature as to be well-nigh perfection. "The Puzzled Dutchman;" "Mine Vamily;" "Mine Moder-in-Law;" "Der Vater Mill;" "Der Drummer," and, above all, "Dot Leedle Yawcob Strauss," have become classics of their kind and will not soon suffer their author to be forgotten.

Charles Follen Adams was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 21, 1842, where he received a common school education, leaving school at fifteen years of age to take a position in a business house in Boston. This place he occupied until August, 1862, when he enlisted, at the age of twenty, in the Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers, and saw service in a number of hard-fought battles. At Gettysburg, in 1863, he was wounded and held a prisoner for three days until the Union forces recaptured the town. After the close of the war he resumed business, and succeeded in placing himself at the head of a large business house in Boston, where he has continued to reside.

It was not until 1870 that Mr. Adams wrote his first poem, and it was two years later that his first dialectic effort, "The Puzzled Dutchman," appeared and made his name known. From that time he began to contribute "as the spirit moved him" to the local papers, "Oliver Optic's Magazine," and, now and then, to "Scribner's." In 1876 he became a regular contributor to the "Detroit Free Press," his "Leedle Yawcob Strauss" being published in that paper in June, 1876. For many years all his productions were published in that journal, and did much to enhance its growing popularity as a humorous paper.

As a genial, companionable man in business and social circles, Mr. Adams has as great distinction among his friends as he holds in the literary world as a humorist. His house is one of marked hospitality where the fortunate guest always finds a cordial welcome.

DER DRUMMER.*



WHO puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his eynders on der schell,
Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vas it gomes indo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloor,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt, und say,
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes vor peeseness rightd away?
Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me, "Look, und see how nice?"
Und says I get "der bottom price?"
Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goods vas bought,
Mooch less as vot I Gould inbort,

But lets dem go as he vas "short?"
Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra viag,—
"Vrom Sharmay, ubon der Blag."
Und sheats me den dimes oudt?
Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his route,
Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot?
Der drummer.

Who gomes aroundt ven I been oudt,
Drinks oup mine bier, and eats mine kraut,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout?
Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes aguin dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eyo goes away?
Der drummer.

HANS AND FRITZ.*



HANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who
lived side by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its
pride:

With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were
spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Gehl*,—as they say,—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend;
Remarking,—his own simple language to quote,—
"Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way,—
"I, Hans, gets from Fritz feefy tollars to-day;"

When the question arose, the note being made,
"Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?"

"You geeeps dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill know
You owes me dot money." Says Hans, "Dot ish so:
Dot makes me remempers I half dot to bay,
Und I prings you der note und der money some day."

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies,
"Yaw:
Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?"

"I geeeps dot now, aind't it?" says Fritz; "den you
see,
I always remempers you paid dot to me."
Says Hans, "Dot ish so: it vas now shust so blain,
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

YAWCOB STRAUSS.*



YAWF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see,

He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house:
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
 Und eferyding dot's oudt;
 He skills mine glass off lager bier,
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
 He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese.—
 Dot vas der roughest chouse:
 I'd dake dot vrom ne oder poy
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
 To make der schticks to beat it nit.—
 Mine cracious dot vas drue!
 I dinks mine hed vas shplit abart,
 He kicks oup sooch a touse:
 But nefer mind; der poy vas few
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
 Who baints mine nose so red?
 Wio vas it eut dot schmoodth blaace oudt
 Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
 Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene er der glim I douse
 How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a crazy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
 Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
 But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
 So guiet as a mouse,
 I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

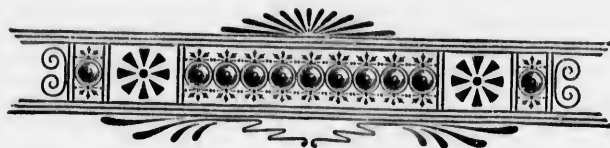
MINE MODER-IN-LAW.*

THERE vas many qveer dings in dis land of
 der free,
 I neffer could qvite understand;
 Der beoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me
 As dhose in mine own faderland.
 Dhey gets blendy droubles, und indo mishapa
 Mitout der least bit off a cause;
 Und vould you pelief it? dhose mean Yangee shaps
 Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws?

Shust dink off a white man so vicked as dot!
 Why not gife der oldt lady a show?
 Who vas it gets oup, ven der nightd id vas hot,
 Mit mine baby, I shust like to know?
 Und dhen in dher vinter vhen Katrine vas sick
 Und der mornings vas snowy und raw.
 Who made rightd avay oup dot fire so quick?
 Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vas von off dhose voman's rightds vellers I been
 Dhere vas noding dot's mean about me;
 Vhen der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
 Vhy, I shust let her run id, you see.
 Und vhen dot shly Yawcob vas cutting some dricks
 (A block off der oldt chip he vas, yaw!)
 Ef he goes for dot shap like some dousand off
 bricks,
 Dot's all rightd! She's mine moder-in-law.

Veek oudt und veek in, id vas always der same,
 Dot vomeu vas boss off der house;
 But, dehn, neffer mindt! I vas glad dot she came,
 She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.
 Und ven dhere vas vater to get vrom der spring
 Und firewood to shplit oup und saw
 She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not anyding
 Dot's too good for mine moder-in-law.



EDGAR WILSON NYE.

(BILL NYE.)



AMONG those who have shaken the sides of the fun-loving citizens of the United States and many in the old world with genuine wit and droll humor, our familiar and pure American "Bill Nye" must be numbered.

Edgar Wilson Nye was a born "funny man" whose humor was as irrepressible as his disposition to breathe air. The very face of the man, while far from being homely, as is frequently judged from comic pictures of him, was enough to provoke the risibility of the most sedate and unsmiling citizens in any community. When Mr. Nye walked out on the platform to exhibit in his plain manner a few samples of his "Baled Hay," or offer what he was pleased to term a few "Remarks," or to narrate one or more of the tales told by those famous creatures of his imagination known as "The Forty Liars,"—before a word was uttered an infectious smile often grew into a roaring laugh.

Edgar Wilson Nye was born at Shirley, Maine, 1850. His parents removed to Wisconsin, and thence to Wyoming Territory when he was but a boy, and he grew up amid the hardships and humorous aspects of frontier life, which he has so amusingly woven into the warp and the woof of his early "yarns." Mr. Nye studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1876; but practiced his profession only one year. Afterwards he reported for the newspapers, and, in 1878, began to write regularly a weekly humorous letter for the Sunday papers in the West. This he continued to do for several years, receiving good compensation therefor, and his reputation as a humorous writer grew steadily and rapidly.

In 1884, Mr. Nye came to New York and organized the Nye Trust, or Syndicate, through which a weekly letter from him should simultaneously appear in the journals of the principal cities of the Union. This increased his fame; and during the later years of his life he was engaged much of his time on the lecture platform, sometimes alone, and sometimes in company with other prominent authors. He and the poet, James Whitcomb Riley, did considerable touring together and were enthusiastically welcomed wherever they went, the people invariably turning out in large numbers to enjoy a feast of fun and good feeling which this pair of prominent and typical Westerners never failed to treat them to.

Among the most humorous of Mr. Nye's recent writings were his famous letters from Buck's Shoals, North Carolina, where, in his imagination, he established himself as a southern farmer, and dealt out his rural philosophy and comments on cur-

rent events to the delight, not only of the farmers—many of whom imagined that he was really one of them—but of every class of readers throughout the country.

In 1894 Mr. Nye turned his attention to another branch of humor, and brought out "Bill Nye's History of the United States." The drollery and humor of this work is unsurpassed—the interest and delight of the reader being greatly enhanced by the fact that he followed the chronological thread of the real historic narrative on which he pours the sidelights of his side-splitting humor. The success of this book was so great that Mr. Nye was preparing to go abroad to write humorous histories of England and other European countries when he suddenly died in 1896, in the 47th year of his age.

After his death Mrs. Nye went abroad, stopping in Berlin for the education of her children. The royalty on "Bill Nye's" books brings an ample support for his family.

THE WILD COW.

(CLIPPING FROM NEWSPAPER.)



WHEN I was young and used to roam around over the country, gathering water-melons in the light of the moon, I used to think I could milk anybody's cow, but I do not think so now. I do not milk a cow now unless the sign is right, and it hasn't been right for a good many years. The last cow I tried to milk was a common cow, born in obscurity; kind of a self-made cow. I remember her brow was low, but she wore her tail high and she was haughty, oh, so haughty.

I made a common-place remark to her, one that is used in the very best of society, one that need not have given offence anywhere. I said, "So"—and she "soed." Then I told her to "hist" and she histed. But I thought she overdid it. She put too much expression in it.

Just then I heard something crash through the window of the barn and fall with a dull, sickening thud on the outside. The neighbors came to see what it was that caused the noise. They found that I had done it in getting through the window.

I asked the neighbors if the barn was still standing. They said it was. Then I asked if the cow was injured much. They said she seemed to be quite robust. Then I requested them to go in and calm the cow a little, and see if they could get my plug hat off her horns.

I am buying all my milk now of a milkman. I select a gentle milkman who will not kick, and feel as though I could trust him. Then, if he feels as though he could trust me, it is all right.

MR. WHISK'S TRUE LOVE.



SO she said to him: "Oh, darling, I fear that my wealth hath taught thee to love me, and if it were to take wings unto itself thou wouldst also do the same."

"Nay, Gwendolin," said Mr. Whisk, softly, as he drew her head down upon his shoulder and tickled the lobe of her little cunning ear with the end of his moustache, "I love not thy dollars, but thee alone. Also elsewhere. If thou doubttest me, give thy wealth to the poor. Give it to the World's Fair. Give it to the Central Pacific Railroad. Give it to any one who is suffering."

"No," she unto him straightway did make answer, "I could not do that, honey."

"Then give it to your daughter," said Mr. Whisk, "if you think I am so low as to love alone your yellow dross." He then drew himself up to his full height.

She flew to his arms like a frightened dove that has been hit on the head with a rock. Folding her warm round arms about his neck, she sobbed with joy and gave her entire fortune to her daughter.

Mr. Whisk then married the daughter, and went on about his business. I sometimes think that, at the best, man is a great coarse thing.

THE DISCOVERY OF NEW YORK.

FROM "BILL NYE'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, 1894."

By Permission of J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE author will now refer to the discovery of the Hudson River and the town of New York via Fort Lee and the 125th Street Ferry.

New York was afterwards sold for twenty-four dollars,—the whole island. When I think of this I go into my family gallery, which I also use as a swear room, and tell those ancestors of mine what I think of them. Where were they when New York was

sold for twenty-four dollars? Were they having their portraits painted by Landseer, or their disposition taken by Jeffreys, or having their Little Lord Fauntleroy clothes made?

Do not encourage them to believe that they will escape me in future years. Some of them died unregenerate, and are now, I am told, in a country where they may possibly be damned; and I will attend to the others personally.



Twenty-four dollars for New York! Why, my Croton-water tax on one house and lot with fifty feet four and one-fourth inches front is fifty-nine dollars and no questions asked. Why, you can't get a voter for that now.

Henry—or Hendrik—Hudson was an English navigator, of whose birth and early history nothing is known definitely, hence his name is never mentioned in many of the best homes of New York.

In 1607 he made a voyage in search of the North West Passage. In one of his voyages he discovered Cape Cod, and later on the Hudson River.

This was one hundred and seventeen years after Columbus discovered America; which shows that the discovering business was not pushed as it should have been by those who had it in charge.

Hudson went up the river as far as Albany, but,

finding no one there whom he knew, he hastened back as far as 209th Street West, and anchored.

He discovered Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait, and made other journeys by water, though aquatting was then in its infancy. Afterwards his sailors became mutinous, and set Hendrik and his son, with seven infirm sailors, afloat.

Ah! Whom have we here?

It is Hendrik Hudson, who discovered the Hudson River.

Here he has just landed at the foot of 209th Street, New York, where he offered the Indians liquor, but they refused.

How 209th Street has changed!

The artist has been fortunate in getting the expression of the Indians in the act of refusing. Mr. Hudson's great reputation lies in the fact that he dis-

covered the river which bears his name; but the thinking mind will at once regard the discovery of an Indian who does not drink as far more wonderful.

Some historians say that this special delegation was swept away afterwards by a pestilence, whilst others, commenting on the incident, maintain that Hudson lied.

It is the only historical question regarding America not fully settled by this book.

Nothing more was heard by him till he turned up in a thinking part in "Rip Van Winkle."

Many claims regarding the discovery of various parts of the United States had been previously made. The Cabots had discovered Labrador; the Spaniards the southern part of the United States; the Norsemen had discovered Minneapolis; and Columbus had discovered San Salvador and had gone home to meet a ninety-day note due in Palos for the use of the Pinta, which he had hired by the hour.

But we are speaking of the discovery of New York.

About this time a solitary horseman might have been seen at West 209th Street, clothed in a little brief authority, and looking out to the west as he petulantly spoke in the Tammany dialect, then in the language of the blank-verse Indian. He began: "Another day of anxiety has passed, and yet we have not been discovered! The Great Spirit tells me in the thunder of the surf and the roaring cataract of the Harlem that within a week we will be discovered for the first time."

As he stands there aboard of his horse one sees that he is a chief in every respect, and in life's great drama would naturally occupy the middle of the stage. It was at this moment that Hudson slipped down the river from Albany past Fort Lee, and, dropping a nickle in the slot at 125th Street, weighed

his anchor at that place. As soon as he had landed and discovered the city, he was approached by the chief, who said: "We gates. I am on the committee to show you our little town. I suppose you have a power of attorney, of course, for discovering us?"

"Yes," said Hudson. "As Columbus used to say when he discovered San Salvador, 'I do it by the right vested in me by my sovereigns.' 'That oversizes my pile by a sovereign and a half,' says one of the natives; and so, if you have not heard it, there is a good thing for one of your dinner-speeches here."

"Very good," said the chief, as they jogged downtown on a swift Sixth Avenue elevated train towards the wigwams on 14th Street, and going at the rate of four miles an hour. "We do not care especially who discovers us so long as we hold control of the city organization. How about that, Hank?"

"That will be satisfactory," said Mr. Hudson, taking a package of imported cheese and eating it, so that they could have the ear to themselves.

"We will take the departments, such as Police, Street-cleaning, etc., etc., etc., while you and Columbus get your pictures on the currency and have your graves mused up on anniversaries. We get the two-moment horses and the country châteaux on the Bronx. Sabe?"

"That is, you do not care whose portrait is on the currency," said Hudson, "so you get the currency."

Said the man, "That is the sense of the meeting."

Thus was New York discovered via Albany and Fort Lee, and five minutes after the two touched glasses, the brim of the schoppin and the Manhattan cocktail tinkled together, and New York was inaugurated.





JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

("UNCLE REMUS.")

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS has called himself "an accidental author," for while living on a plantation as a typesetter on a country newspaper he became familiar with the curious myths and animal stories of the negroes, and some time in the seventies he printed a magazine article on these folk-lore stories, giving at the same time some of the stories as illustration.

This article attracted attention and revealed to the writer the fact that the stories had a decided literary value, and his main literary work has been the elaboration of these myths.

The stories of "Uncle Remus" are, as almost everyone knows, not creations of the author's fancy, but they are genuine folk-lore tales of the negroes, and strangely enough many of these stories are found in varying forms among the American Indians, among the Indians along the Amazon and in Brazil, and they are even found in India and Siam, which fact has called out learned discussions of the origin and antiquity of the stories and the possible connection of the races.

Our author was born in Eatonton, a little village in Georgia, December 9, 1848, in very humble circumstances. He was remarkably impressed, while still very young, with the "Vicar of Wakefield," and he straightway began to compose little tales of his own.

In 1862 he went to the office of the "Countryman," a rural weekly paper in Georgia, to learn typesetting. It was edited and published on a large plantation, and the negroes of this and the adjoining plantations furnished him with the material out of which the "Uncle Remus" stories came.

While learning to set type the young apprentice occasionally tried his hand at composing, and not infrequently he slipped into the "Countryman" a little article, composed and printed, without ever having been put in manuscript form.

The publication of an article on the folk-lore of the negroes in "Lippincott's Magazine" was the beginning of his literary career, and the interest this awakened stimulated him to develop these curious animal stories.

Many of the stories were first printed as articles in the Atlanta "Constitution," and it was soon seen by students of myth-literature that these stories were very significant and important in their bearing on general mythology.

For the child they have a charm and an interest as "good stories," and they are told with rare skill and power, but for the student of ethnology they have special

value as throwing some light on the probable relation of the negroes with other races which tell similar folk-tales.

Mr. Harris has studied and pursued the profession of law, though he has now for many years been one of the editors of the Atlanta "Constitution," for which many of his contributions have been originally written.

He is also a frequent contributor both of prose and poetry to current literature, and he is the author of the following books: "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings; the Folk-lore of the Old Plantation" (New York, 1880), "Nights With Uncle Remus" (Boston, 1883), "Mingo and Other Sketches" (1883).

MR. RABBIT, MR. FOX, AND MR. BUZZARD.*

(FROM "UNCLE REMUS.")



ONE evening when the little boy whose nights with Uncle Remus are as entertaining as those Arabian ones of blessed memory, had finished supper and hurried out to sit with his venerable patron, he found the old man in great glee. Indeed, Uncle Remus was talking and laughing to himself at such a rate that the little boy was afraid he had company. The truth is, Uncle Remus had heard the child coming, and when the rosy-cheeked chap put his head in at the door, was engaged in a monologue, the burden of which seemed to be—

"Ole Molly Har',
W'at you doin' dar,
Settin' in de cornder
Smokin' yo' seegyar?"

As a matter of course this vague allusion reminded the little boy of the fact that the wicked Fox was still in pursuit of the Rabbit, and he immediately put his curiosity in the shape of a question.

"Uncle Remus, did the Rabbit have to go clean away when he got loose from the Tar-Baby?"

"Bless grasshuss, honey, dat he didn't. Who? Him? You dunno nuthin' 'tall 'bout Brer Rabbit ef dat's de way you puttin' 'im down. Wat he gwine 'way fer? He mouter stayed sorter close twel the pitch rub off'n his ha'r, but twern't menny days 'fo' he wuz loping up en down de naberhood same as ever, en I dunno ef he wern't mo' sassier dan befo'.

"Seem like dat de tale 'bout how he got mixt up wid de Tar-Baby got 'roun' mougst de nabers.

Leas'ways, Miss Meadows en de girls got win' un' it, en de nex' time Brer Rabbit paid um a visit, Miss Meadows tackled 'im 'bout it, en de gals sot up a monstus gigglement. Brer Rabbit, he sot up des ez cool ez a cowcumber, he did, en let 'em run on."

"Who was Miss Meadows, Uncle Remus?" inquired the little boy.

"Don't ax me, honey. She wuz in de tale, Miss Meadows en de gals wuz, en de tale I give you like hi't wer' gun ter me. Brer Rabbit, he sot dar, he did, sorter lam' like, en den bimeby he cross his legs, he did, and wink his eye slow, en up en say, sezee:

"Ladies, Brer Fox wuz my daddy's ridin'-hoss for thirty year; maybe mo', but thirty year de. I knows un, sezee; en den he paid um his specks, en tip his beaver, en march off, he did, dez ez stiff en ez stuck up ez a fire-stick.

"Nex' day, Erer Fox cum a callin', and w'en he gun fer to laff 'bout Brer Rabbit, Miss Meadows en de gals, dey ups and tells 'im 'bout w'at Brer Rabbit say. Den Brer Fox grit his toof sho' nuff, he did, en he look mighty dumpy, but when he riz fer to go he up en say, sezee:

"Ladies, I ain't 'sputing w'at you say, but I'll make Brer Rabbit chaw up his words en spit um out right yer whar you kin see 'im, sezee, en wid dat off Brer Fox marcht.

"En w'en he got in de big road, he shuck de dew off'n his tail, en made a straight shoot fer Brer Rabbit's house. W'en he got dar, Brer Rabbit wuz speetin' un him, en de do' wuz shut fas'. Brer Fox knock. Nobody ain't ans'er. Brer Fox knock. No-

body ans'er. Den he knock agin—blam! blam! Den Brer Rabbit holler out, mighty weak:

"Is dat you, Brer Fox? I want you ter run en fetch de doctor. Dat bit er parsley w'at I e't dis mawnin' is gittin' 'way wid me. Do, please, Brer Fox, run quick,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"I come atter you, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'Dere's gwinter be a party up at Miss Meadows,' sezee. 'All de gals'll be dere, en I promus' dat I'd fetch you. De gals, dey 'lowed dat hit wouldn't be no party 'ceppin I fetch you,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit say he wuz too sick, en Brer Fox say he wuzzent, en dar dey had it up and down sputin' en contendin'. Brer Rabbit say he can't walk. Brer Fox say he tote 'im. Brer Rabbit say how? Brer Fox say in his arms. Brer Rabbit say he drap 'im. Brer Fox 'low he won't. Bimeby Brer Rabbit say he go ef Brer Fox tote 'im on his back. Brer Fox say he would. Brer Rabbit say he can't ride widout a saddle. Brer Fox say he git de saddle. Brer Rabbit say he can't set in saddle less he have a bridle for to hol' by. Brer Fox say he git de bridle. Brer Rabbit say he can't ride widout bline bridle, kaze Brer Fox be shyin' at stumps 'long de road, en fling 'im off. Brer Fox say he git bline bridle. Den Brer Rabbit say he go. Den Brer Fox say he ride Brer Rabbit mos' up to Miss Meadows's, en den he could git down en walk de balance ob de way. Brer Rabbit 'greed, en den Brer Fox lapt out atter de saddle en de bridle.

Co'se Brer Rabbit know de game dat Brer Fox wuz fixin' fer ter play, en he 'termin' fer ter out-do 'im; en by de time he koam his h'ar en twis' his mustarsh, en sorter rig up, yer come Brer Fox, saddle and bridle on, en lookin' ez peart ez a circus pony. He trot up ter de do' en stan' dar pawin' de ground en chompin' de bit same like sho' nuff hos, en Brer Rabbit he mount, he did, en day amble off. Brer Fox can't see behine wid de bline bridle on, but bimeby he feel Brer Rabbit raise one er his foots.

"W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?' sezee.

"Short ain' de lef stir'p, Brer Fox,' sezee.

"Bimeby Brer Rabbit raise de udder foot.

"W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?' sezee.

"Pullin' down my pants, Brer Fox,' sezee.

"All de time, bless grashus, honey, Brer Rabbit

was puttin' on his spurrers, en w'en dey got close to Miss Meadows's, whar Brer Rabbit wuz to git off en Brer Fox made a motion fer ter stan' still, Brer Rabbit slap the spurrers inter Brer Fox flanks, en you better b'lieve he got over groun'. W'en dey got ter de house, Miss Meadows en all de girls wuz settin' on de peazzer, en stidder stoppin' at de gate Brer Rabbit rid on by, he did, en den come gallopin' down de road en up ter de hoss-rack, w'ich he hitch Brer Fox at, en den he santer inter de house, he did, en shake han's wid de gals, en set dar, smokin' his seegyar same ez a town man. Bimeby he draw in long puff, en den let hit out in a clond, en squar hisse'f back, en holler out, he did:

"Ladies, ain't I done tell you Brer Fox wuz de ridin' hoss fer our fambly? He sorter losin' his gait now, but I speck I kin fetch 'im all right in a mont' or so,' sezee.

"En den Brer Rabbit sorter grin, he did, en de gals giggle, en Miss Meadows, she praise up de pony, en dar wuz Brer Fox hitch fas' ter de rack, en couldn't he'p hisse'f."

"Is that all, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, as the old man paused.

"Dat ain't all, honey, but 'twont do fer to give out too much cloff for ter ent one pa'r pants," replied the old man sententiously.

When "Miss Sally's" little boy went to Uncle Remus the next night, he found the old man in a bad humor.

"I ain't tellin' no tales ter bad chilluns," said Uncle Remus curtly.

"But, Uncle Remus, I ain't bad," said the little boy plaintively.

"Who dat chunkin' dem chickens dis mawnin'?" Who dat knockin' out fokes's eyes wid dat Yaller-bammer sling des 'fo' dinner? Who dat sickin' dat pinter puppy atter my pig? Who dat scatterin' my ingun sets? Who dat flingin' rocks on top er my house, w'ich a little mo' en one un em would er drap spang on my head!"

"Well, now, Uncle Remus, I didn't go to do it. I won't do so any more. Please, Uncle Remus, if you will tell me, I'll run to the house, and bring you some tea-cakes."

"Seem' um's better'n hearin' tell un em," replied the old man, the severity of his countenance relax-

ing somewhat; but the little boy darted out, and in a few minutes came running back with his pockets full and his hands full.

"I lay yo' mammy 'll 'spishun dat de rats' stum-mucks is widenin' in dis naberhood w'en she come fer ter count up 'er cakes," said Uncle Remus, with a chuckle.

"Lemme see. I mos' dis'member wharbouts Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit wuz."

"The rabbit rode the Fox to Miss Meadows's and hitched him to the horse-rack," said the little boy.

"W'y co'se he did," said Uncle Remus. "Co'se he did. Well, Brer Rabbit rid Brer Fox up, he did, en tied 'im to de rack, en den sot out in the peazzer wid de gals a smokin' er his seegyar wid mo' poudness dan w'at you mos' ever see. Dey talk, en dey sing, en dey play on de peanner, de gals did, twel bimeby hit come time for Brer Rabbit fer to be gwine, en he tell um all good-by, en strut out to de hoss-rack same's ef he was de king er der patter-rollers, en den he mount Brer Fox en ride off.

"Brer Fox ain't sayin' nuthin' 'tall. He des rack off, he did, en keep his mouf shet, en Brer Rabbit know'd der wuz bizness cookin' up fer him, en he feel monstous skittish. Brer Fox amble on twel he git in de long lane, outer sight er Miss Meadows's house, en den he tu'n loose, he did. He ripen he r'ar, en he cuss en he swar; he snort en he cavort."

"What was he doing that for, Uncle Remus?" the little boy inquired.

"He wuz tryin' fer ter fling Brer Rabbit off'n his back, bless yo' soul! But he des might ez well er rastle wid his own shadder. Every time he hump hisse'f Brer Rabbit slap de spurrers in 'im, en dar dey had it up en down. Brer Fox fa'ly to' up de groun', he did, en he jump so high en he jump so quick, dat he mighty nigh snatch his own tail off. Dey kep' on gwine on dis way twel bimeby Brer Fox lay down en roll over, he did, en dis sorter unsettle Brer Rabbit, but by de time Brer Fox got en his footses agin, Brer Rabbit wuz gwine thoo de underbresh mo' samer dan a race-hoss. Brer Fox, he lit out atter 'im, he did, en he push Brer Rabbit so close, dat it wuz 'bout all he could do fer ter git in a holler tree. Hole too little fer Brer Fox fer to git in, en he hatter lay down en res' en gadder his mine tergedder.

"While he wuz layin' dar, Mr. Buzzard come floppin' long, en seein' Brer Fox stretch out on the groun', he lit en view the premusses. Den Mr. Buzzard sorter shake his wing, en put his head on ono side, en say to hisse'f like, sezee:

"'Brer Fox dead, en I so sorry,' sezee.

"'No I ain't dead, nudder,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'I got ole man Rabbit pent up in yer,' sezee, 'en I'm gwineter git 'im dis time, ef it take twel Chris'-mus,' sezee.

"Den, atter some mo' palaver, Brer Fox make a bargain dat Mr. Buzzard wuz ter watch de hole, en keep Brer Rabbit dar wiles Brer Fox went atter his axe. Den Brer Fox, he lope off, he did, en Mr. Buzzard, he tuck up his stan' at de hole. Bimeby, w'en all get still, Brer Rabbit sorter seramble down close ter de hole, he did, en holler out:

"'Brer Fox! Oh! Brer Fox!'

"Brer Fox done gone, en nobody say nuthin.' Den Brer Rabbit squall out like he wuz mad:

"'You needn't talk less you wanten,' sezee; 'I knows youer dar, an I ain't keerin', sezee. 'I dez wanten tell you dat I wish mighty bad Brer Tukkey Buzzard was here,' sezee.

"Den Mr. Buzzard try to talk like Brer Fox:

"'Wat you want wid Mr. Buzzard?' sezee.

"'Oh, nuthin' in 'tickler, 'cep' dere's de fatter' gray squirl in yer dat ever I see,' sezee, 'en ef Brer Tukkey Buzzard was 'roun' he'd be mighty glad fer ter git 'im,' sezee.

"'How Mr. Buzzard gwine ter git him?' sez do Buzzard, sezee.

"'Well, dar's a little hole, roun' on de udder side er de tree,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en ef Brer Tukkey Buzzard was here so he could tako up his stan' dar, sezee, 'I'd drive dat squirl out,' sezee.

"'Drive 'im out, den,' sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee, 'en I'll see dat Brer Tukkey Buzzard gits 'im,' sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit kick up a racket, like he wer' drivin' sumpin' out, en Mr. Buzzard he rush 'roun' fer ter ketch de squirl, en Brer Rabbit, he dash out, he did, en he des fly fer home.

"Well, Mr. Buzzard he feel mighty lonesome, he did, but he done prommust Brer Eox dat he'd stay, en he ternin' fer ter sorter hang 'roun' en jine in do joke. En he ain't hatter wait long, nudder, kase

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bimeby yer come Brer Fox gallopin' thoo de woods
wid his axe on his shoulder.

"How you speck Brer Rabbit gittin' on, Brer
Buzzard?" sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Oh, he in dar,' sez Brer Buzzard, sezee. 'He
mighty still, dough. I speck he takin' a nap,' sezee.

"Den I'm des in time fer te wake 'im up,' sez
Brer Fox, sezee. En wid dat he fling off his coat,
en spit in his han's, en grab de axe. Den he draw
back en come down on de tree—pow! En eve'y
time he come down wid de axe—pow!—Mr. Buz-
zard, he step high, he did, en hollar out:

"Oh, he in dar, Brer Fox. He in dar, sho."

"En eve'y time a chip ud fly off, Mr. Buzzard,
he'd jump, en dodge, en hole his head sideways, he
would, en holler:

"He in dar, Brer Fox. I done heerd 'im. He
in dar, sho."

"En Brer Fox, he lammed away at dat holler
tree, he did, like a man mauling' rails, twel bimeby
atter he done got de tree most' cut thoo, he stop fer
ter ketch his bref, en he seed Mr. Buzzard laffin' be-
hind his back, he did, en right den en dar, widout
gwine enny fudder, Brer Fox he smelt a rat. But
Mr. Buzzard, he keep on holler'n:

"He in dar, Brer Fox. He in dar, sho. I done
seed 'im."

"Den Brer Fox, he make like he peepin' up de
holler, en he say, sezee:

"Run yer, Brer Buzzard, en look ef dis ain't
Brer Rabbit's foot hanging down yer."

"En Mr. Buzzard, he come steppin' up, he did,
same ez ef he were treddin' on kurkle-burrs, en he
stiek his head in de hole; en no sooner did he done
dat dan Brer Fox grab 'im. Mr. Buzzard flap his
wings, en scramble roun' right smartually, he did,
but 'twan no use. Brer Fox had de vantage er de

grip, he did, en he hilt 'im right down ter de groun'.
Den Mr. Buzzard squall out, sezee:

"Lemme 'lone, Brer Fox. Tu'n me loose,' sezee;
'Brer Rabbit'll git out. Youer gittin' close at 'im,'
sezee, 'en leb'in mo' licks'll fetch 'im,' sezee.

"I'm nigher ter you, Brer Buzzard,' sez Brer
Fox, sezee, 'dan I'll be ter Brer Rabbit dis day,'
sezee. 'Wat you fool me fer?' sezee.

"Lemme 'lone, Brer Fox,' sez Mr. Buzzard,
sezee; 'my ole 'oman waitin' for me. Brer Rabbit
in dar,' sezee,

"Dar's a bunch er his fur on dat black-be'y bush,'
sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en dat ain't de way he come,'
sezee.

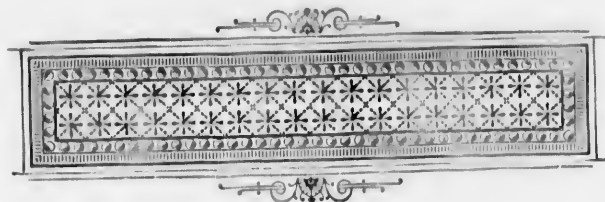
"Den Mr. Buzzard up'n tell Brer Fox how 'twuz,
en he low'd, Mr. Buzzard did, dat Brer Rabbit wuz
de low-downest w'atsizname w'at he ever run up wid.
Den Brer Fox say, sezee:

"Dat's needer here ner dar, Brer Buzzard,' sezee.
'I lef' you yer fer ter watch dish yer hole en I lef'
Brer Rabbit in dar. I comes back en I fines you at
de hole, en Brer Rabbit ain't in dar,' sezee. 'I'm
gwinter make you pay fer't. I done bin tampered
wid twel plum down ter de sap sucker'll set on a log
en sassy me. I'm gwinter fling you in a bresh-heap
en burn you up,' sezee.

"Ef you fling me on der fier, Brer Fox, I'll fly
'way,' sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee.

"Well, den, I'll settle yo' hash right now,' sez
Brer Fox, sezee, en wid dat he grab Mr. Buzzard by
de tail, he did, en make fer ter dash 'im 'gin de
groun', but des 'bout dat time de tail fadders come
out, en Mr. Buzzard sail off like wunner dese yer
berloons, en ez he riz, he holler back:

"You gimme good start, Brer Fox,' sezee, en
Brer Fox sot dar en watch 'im fly outer sight."



ROBERT J. BURDETTE.



HE American people have a kindly feeling for the men who make them laugh, and in no other country does a humorist have a more appreciative public. The result has been, that in a country in which the average native has a clearly marked vein of humor, the genuine "funny man" is always sure of a hearty welcome. We have a long list of writers and lecturers who have gained a wide popularity through their mirth-provoking powers, and "Bob Burdette" holds an honorable place in this guild of "funny men."

He was born in Greensborough, Pennsylvania, July 30, 1844, though he removed early in life to Peoria, Ill., where he received his education in the public schools.

He enlisted in the Civil War and served as a private from 1862 to the end of the war.

He began his journalistic career on the Peoria "Transcript," and, after periods of editorial connection with other local newspapers, he became associate editor of the Burlington "Hawkeye," Iowa. His humorous contributions to this journal were widely copied and they gave him a general reputation. His reputation as a writer had prepared the way for his success as a lecturer, and in 1877 he entered the lecture field, in which he has been eminently successful. He has lectured in nearly all the cities of the United States, and he never fails to amuse his listeners.

He is a lay preacher of the Baptist Church, and it is often a surprise to those who have heard only his humorous sayings to hear him speak with earnestness and serious persuasiveness of the deeper things of life, for he is a man of deep experiences and of pure ideals.

His most popular lectures have been those on "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache," "Home," and "The Pilgrimage of the Funny Man." He has published in book-form, "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache and Other Hawkeyetems" (Burlington, 1877), "Hawkeyes" (1880), "Life of William Penn" (New York, 1882), a volume in the series of "Comic Biographies;" and "Innach Garden and other Comic Sketches" (1886).

He has been a frequent contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal* and other current literature, and he has recently written a convulsive description of "How I Learned to Ride the Bicycle," which appeared in the *Wheelmen*.

He has for some years made his home at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, and he enjoys a large circle of friends.

THE MOVEMENT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.*



One day, not a great while ago, Mr. Middlerib read in his favorite paper a paragraph copied from the *Prager Landwirthschaftliches Wochenblatt*, a German paper which is an accepted authority on such points, stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism, and citing several remarkable instances in which a person had been perfectly cured by this abrupt remedy. Mr. Middlerib did not stop to reflect that a paper with such a name as that would be very apt to say anything; he only thought of the rheumatic twinges that grappled his knees once in a while, and made life a burden to him.

He read the article several times, and pondered over it. He understood that the stinging must be done scientifically and thoroughly. The bee, as he understood the article, was to be gripped by the ears and set down upon the rheumatic joint, and held there until it stung itself stinging. He had some misgivings about the matter. He knew it would hurt. He hardly thought it could hurt any worse than the rheumatism, and it had been so many years since he was stung by a bee that he had almost forgotten what it felt like. He had, however, a general feeling that it would hurt some. But desperate diseases required desperate remedies, and Mr. Middlerib was willing to undergo any amount of suffering if it would cure his rheumatism.

He contracted with Master Middlerib for a limited supply of bees. There were bees and bees, humming and buzzing about in the summer air, but Mr. Middlerib did not know how to get them. He felt, however, that he could depend upon the instincts and methods of boyhood. He knew that if there was any way in heaven or earth whereby the shyest bee that ever lifted a 200-pound man off the clover, could be induced to enter a wide-mouthed glass bottle, his son knew that way.

For the small sum of one dime Master Middlerib agreed to procure several, to-wit: six bees, age not specified; but as Mr. Middlerib was left in uncertainty as to the race, it was made obligatory upon the contractor to have three of them honey, and three humble, or in the generally accepted vernacular, bumble bees. Mr. Middlerib did not tell his son what he wanted those bees for, and the boy went off

on his mission, with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. Evening brings all home, and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middlerib with a short, wide-mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr. Middlerib and a dime. The dime and the bottle changed hands and the boy was happy.

Mr. Middlerib put the bottle in his coat pocket and went into the house, eyeing everybody he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person that said "bee" to him. He confided his guilty secret to none of his family. He hid his bees in his bedroom, and as he looked at them just before putting them away, he half wished the experiment was safely over. He wished the imprisoned bees didn't look so hot and cross. With exquisite care he submerged the bottle in a basin of water, and let a few drops in on the heated inmates, to cool them off.

At the tea-table he had a great fight. Miss Middlerib, in the artless simplicity of her romantic nature said: "I smell bees. How the odor brings up—"

But her father glared at her, and said, with superfluous harshness and execrable grammar:

"Hush up! You don't smell nothing."

Whereupon Mrs. Middlerib asked him if he had eaten anything that disagreed with him, and Miss Middlerib said: "Why, pa!" and Master Middlerib smiled as he wondered.

Bedtime came at last, and the night was warm and sultry. Under various false pretences, Mr. Middlerib strolled about the house until everybody else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He turned the night-lamp down until its feeble rays shone dimly as a death-light.

Mr. Middlerib disrobed slowly—very slowly. When at last he was ready to go lumbering into his peaceful couch, he heaved a profound sigh, so full of apprehension and grief that Mrs. Middlerib, who was awakened by it, said if it gave him so much pain to come to bed, perhaps he had better sit up all night. Mr. Middlerib checked another sigh, but said nothing and crept into bed. After lying still a few moments he reached out and got his bottle of bees.

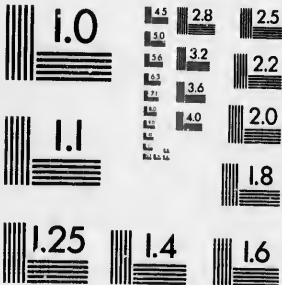
It is not an easy thing to do, to pick one bee out of a bottle full, with his fingers, and not get into

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MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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trouble. The first bee Mr. Middlerib got was a little brown honey-bee that wouldn't weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by the hind leg as Mr. Middlerib did, would weigh as much as the last end of a bay mule. Mr. Middlerib could not repress a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" sleepily asked his wife.

It was very hard for Mr. Middlerib to say; he only knew his temperature had risen to 86 all over, and to 197 on the end of his thumb. He reversed the bee and pressed the warlike terminus of it firmly against his rheumatic knee.

It didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would.

It didn't hurt at all!

Then Mr. Middlerib remembered that when the honey-bee stabs a human foe it generally leaves its harpoon in the wound, and the invalid knew then the only thing the bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of his thumb.

He reached his arm out from under the sheet, and dropped this disabled atom of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then, after a second of blank wonder, he began to feel around for the bottle, and wished he knew what he had done with it.

In the meantime, strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee, Mr. Middlerib, for reasons, drew it out in such haste that for the time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it lying uncorked in the bed. In the darkness there had been a quiet but general emigration from that bottle. The bees, their wings clogged with the water Mr. Middlerib had poured upon them to cool and tranquilize them, were crawling aimlessly about over the sheet. While Mr. Middlerib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled and his heart frozen by a wild, piercing scream from his wife.

"Murder!" she screamed, "murder! Oh, help me! Help! help!"

Mr. Middlerib sat bold upright in bed. His hair stood on end. The night was very warm, but he turned to ice in a minute.

"Where, oh, where," he said, with pallid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste—"where in the world are those infernal bees?"

And a large "bumble," with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then lighted between Mr. Middlerib's shoulders, and went for his marrow, and said calmly: "Here is one of them."

And Mrs. Middlerib felt ashamed of her feeble screams when Mr. Middlerib threw up both arms, and, with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared:

"Take him off! Oh, land of Scott, somebody take him off!"

And when a little honey-bee began tickling the sole of Mrs. Middlerib's foot, she shrieked that the house was bewitched, and immediately went into spasms.

The household was aroused by this time. Miss Middlerib, and Master Middlerib and the servants were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion, by howling at random and asking irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man, a little on in years, pawing fiercely at the unattainable spot in the middle of his back, while he danced an unnatural, weird, wicked-looking jig by the dim religious light of the night lamp.

And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy-blue wasp, that Master Middlerib had put in the bottle for good measure and variety, and to keep the menagerie stirred up, had dried his legs and wings with a corner of the sheet, after a preliminary circle or two around the bed, to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, fired himself across the room, and to his dying day Mr. Middlerib will always believe that one of the servants mistook him for a burglar, and shot him.

No one, not even Mr. Middlerib himself, could doubt that he was, at least for the time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own boy could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent, and Mr. Middlerib does not like to talk about it.

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MARTHA FINLEY

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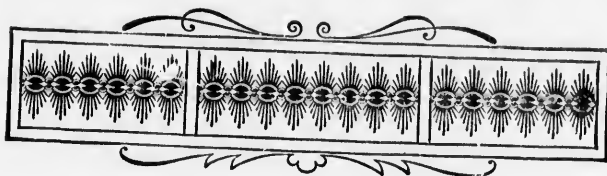


LOUISA M. ALCOTT
AUTHOR OF LITTLE WOMEN



SARA JANE LIPPINCOTT
GRACE GREENWOOD

POPULAR WRITERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN."



THE famous author of "Little Women," "Little Men," and "Old-Fashioned Girls," made her beginning, as have many who have done any good or acquired fame in the world, by depending on herself. In other words, she was the architect of her own fortune, and has left behind her works that will endure to gladden the hearts of millions of boys and girls. But she has done more. She has left behind her a record of a life within itself, a benediction and inspiration to every thoughtful girl who reads it.

While Miss Alcott always considered New England her home, she was actually born in Germantown, Philadelphia, November 29, 1832. Her father, Amos Bronson Alcott, after his marriage in New England, accepted a position as principal of a Germantown Academy, which he occupied from 1831 to 1834, and afterwards taught a children's school at his own residence, but he was unsuccessful and he returned to Boston in 1835, when Louisa was two years old.

From this time forward, Mr. Alcott was a close friend and associate of the poet and philosopher Emerson, sharing with him his transcendental doctrines, and joining in the Brook-Farm experiment of ideal communism at Roxbury, Mass. The Brook-Farm experiment brought Mr. Alcott to utter financial ruin, and after its failure he removed to Concord, where he continued to live until his death. It was at this time that Louisa, although a mere child, formed a noble and unselfish purpose to retrieve the family fortune. When only fifteen years of age, she turned her thoughts to teaching, her first school being in a barn and attended by the children of Mr. Emerson and other neighbors. Almost at the same time she began to compose fairy stories, which were contributed to papers; but these early productions brought her little if any compensation, and she continued to devote herself to teaching, receiving her own education privately from her father. "When I was twenty-one years of age," she wrote many years later to a friend, "I took my little earnings (\$20) and a few clothes, and went out to seek my fortune, though I might have sat still and been supported by rich friends. All those hard years were teaching me what I afterwards put into books, and so I made my fortune out of my seeming misfortune."

Two years after this brave start Miss Alcott's earliest book, "Fairy Tales," was published (1855). About the same time her work began to be accepted by the "Atlantic Monthly" and other magazines of reputation. During the winters of 1862 and '63 she volunteered her services and went to Washington and served as a nurse in the government hospitals, and her experiences here were embodied in a

series of graphic letters to her mother and sisters. These letters she revised and had printed in the "Boston Commonwealth" in the summer of 1863. They were afterwards issued in a volume entitled "Hospital Sketches and Camp-Fire Stories." This was her second book, which, together with her magazine articles, opened the way to a splendid career as an author.

Being naturally fond of young people, Miss Alcott turned her attention from this time forward to writing for them. Her distinctive books for the young are entitled "Moods" (1864); "Morning Glories" (1867); "Little Women" (1868), which was her first decided success; "An Old-Fashioned Girl" (1869); "Little Men" (1871); "Work" (1873); "Eight Cousins" (1875), and its sequel, "Rose in Bloom" (1877), which perhaps ranks first among her books; "Under the Lilacs" (1878); "Jack and Jill" (1880), and "Lulu's Library" (1885). Besides these she has put forth, at different times, several volumes of short stories, among which are "Cupid and Chow-Chow," "Silver Pitchers" and "Aunt Joe's Scrap-bag."

From childhood Miss Alcott was under the tutelage of the Emersonian school, and was not less than her father an admirer of the "Seer of Concord." "Those Concord days," she writes, "were among the happiest of my life, for we had the charming playmates in the little Emersons, Channings, and Hawthornes, with their illustrious parents, to enjoy our pranks and join our excursions."

In speaking of Emerson she also wrote to a young woman a few years before her death: "Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson have done much to help me see that one can shape life best by trying to build up a strong and noble character, through good books, wise people's society, and by taking an interest in all reforms that help the world, . . . believing always that a loving and just Father cares for us, sees our weakness, and is near to help if we call." Continuing she asks: "Have you read Emerson? He is called a Pantheist, or believer in nature, instead of God. He was truly a Christian and saw God in nature, finding strength and comfort in the same sweet influence of the great Mother as well as the great Father of all. I, too, believe this, and when tired, sad or tempted, find my best comfort in the woods, the sky, the healing solitude that lets my poor, weary soul find the rest, the fresh hopes, the patience which only God can give us."

The chief aim of Miss Alcott seemed to have been to make others happy. Many are the letters treasured up by young authors who often, but never in vain, sought her advice and kind assistance. To one young woman who asked her opinion on certain new books, in 1884, she wrote: "About books; yes, I've read 'Mr. Isaacs' and 'Dr. Claudius,'* and like them both. The other, 'To Leeward,' is not so good; 'Little Pilgrim' was pretty, but why try to paint heaven? Let it alone and prepare for it, whatever it is, sure that God knows what we need and deserve. I will send you Emerson's 'Essays.' Read those marked. I hope they will be as helpful to you as they have been to me and many others. They will bear study and I think are what you need to feed upon now." The marked essays were those on "Compensation," "Love," "Friendship," "Heroism," and "Self-Reliance."

Miss Alcott's kindness for young people grew with her advancing years. Being a maiden lady without daughters of her own, she was looked up to and delighted in being considered as a foster-mother to aspiring girls all over the land. How

* These are the books that made F. Marion Crawford famous.

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many times she wrote similar sentences to this: "Write freely to me, dear girl, and if I can help you in any way be sure I will." This was written to one she had never seen and only four years before her death, when she was far from well.

Miss Alcott died in Boston, March 6, 1888, at the age of fifty-six years, and just two days after her aged father, who was eighty-five years old, and who had depended on her many years, passed away. Though a great advocate of work for the health, she was, no doubt, a victim of overwork; for it is said she frequently devoted from twelve to fifteen hours a day to her literary labors, . . . besides looking after her business affairs and caring personally for her old father, for many years an invalid. In addition to this she educated some of her poor relatives, and still further took the place of a mother to little Lulu, the daughter of her sister, May, who died when the child was an infant.

HOW JO MADE FRIENDS.*

(FROM "LITTLE WOMEN.")

THAT boy is suffering for society and fun," she said to herself. "His grandpa don't know what's good for him, and keeps him shut up all alone. He needs a lot of jolly boys to play with, or somebody young and lively. I've a great mind to go over and tell the old gentleman so." The idea amused Jo, who liked to do daring things, and was always scandalizing Meg by her queer performances. The plan of "going over" was not forgotten; and, when the snowy afternoon came, Jo resolved to try what could be done. She saw Mr. Laurence drive off, and then sailed out to dig her way down to the hedge, where she paused and took a survey. All quiet; curtains down to the lower windows; servants out of sight, and nothing human visible but a curly black head leaning on a thin hand, at the upper window.

"There he is," thought Jo; "poor boy, all alone, and sick, this dismal day! It's a shame! I'll toss up a snowball, and make him look out, and then say a kind word to him."

Up went a handful of soft snow, and the head turned at once, showing a face which lost its listless look in a minute, as the big eyes brightened, and the mouth began to smile. Jo nodded, and laughed, and flourished her broom, as she called out,—

"How do you do? Are you sick?"

Laurie opened the window and croaked out as hoarsely as a raven,—

"Better, thank you. I've had a horrid cold, and have been shut up a week."

"I'm sorry. What do you amuse yourself with?"

"Nothing; it's as dull as tombs up here."

"Don't you read?"

"Not much; they won't let me."

"Can't somebody read to you?"

"Grandpa does, sometimes; but my books don't interest him, and I hate to ask Brooke all the time."

"Have some one come and see you, then."

"There isn't any one I'd like to see. Boys make such a row, and my head is weak."

"Isn't there some nice girl who'd read and amuse you? Girls are quiet, and like to play nurse."

"Don't know any."

"You know me," began Jo, then laughed and stopped.

"So I do! Will you come, please?" cried Laurie.

"I'm not quiet and nice; but I'll come, if mother will let me. I'll go ask her. Shut that window, like a good boy, and wait till I come."

"Oh! that does me lots of good; tell on, please," he said, taking his face out of the sofa-cushion, red and shining with merriment.

Much elevated with her success, Jo did "tell on," all about their plays and plans, their hopes and fears for father, and the most interesting events of the little world in which the sisters lived. Then they got to talking about books; and to Jo's delight she found

that Laurie loved them as well as she did, and had read even more than herself.

"If you like them so much, come down and see ours. Grandpa is out, so you needn't be afraid," said Laurie, getting up.

"I'm not afraid of anything," returned Jo, with a toss of the head.

"I don't believe you are!" exclaimed the boy, looking at her with much admiration, though he privately thought she would have good reason to be a trifle afraid of the old gentleman, if she met him in some of his moods.

The atmosphere of the whole house being summer-like, Laurie led the way from room to room, letting Jo stop to examine whatever struck her fancy; and so at last they came to the library, where she clapped her hands, and pranced, as she always did when specially delighted. It was lined with books, and there were pictures and statues, and distracting little cabinets full of coins and curiosities, and Sleep-Hollow chairs, and queer tables, and bronzes; and, best of all, a great, open fireplace, with quaint tiles all round it.

"What richness!" sighed Jo, sinking into the depths of a velvet chair, and gazing about her with an air of intense satisfaction. "Theodore Laurence, you ought to be the happiest boy in the world," she added impressively.

"A fellow can't live on books," said Laurie, shaking his head, as he perched on a table opposite.

Before he could say any more, a bell rang, and Jo

flew up, exclaiming with alarm, "Mercy me! it's your grandpa!"

"Well, what if it is? You are not afraid of anything, you know," returned the boy, looking wicked.

"I think I am a little bit afraid of him, but I don't know why I should be. Marmee said I might come, and I don't think you are any the worse for it," said Jo, composing herself, though she kept her eyes on the door.

"I'm a great deal better for it, and ever so much obliged. I'm afraid you are very tired talking to me; it was so pleasant, I couldn't bear to stop," said Laurie gratefully.

"The doctor to see you, sir," and the maid beckoned as she spoke.

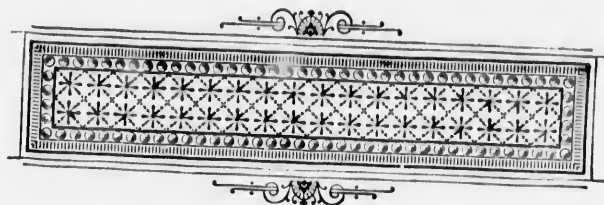
"Would you mind if I left you for a minute? I suppose I must see him," said Laurie.

"Don't mind me. I'm as happy as a cricket here," answered Jo.

Laurie went away, and his guest amused herself in her own way. She was standing before a fine portrait of the old gentleman, when the door opened again, and, without turning, she said decidedly, "I'm sure now that I shouldn't be afraid of him, for he's got kind eyes, though his mouth is grim, and he looks as if he had a tremendous will of his own. He isn't as handsome as *my* grandfather, but I like him."

"Thank you, ma'am," said a gruff voice behind her; and there, to her great dismay, stood old Mr. Laurence.





WILLIAM TAYLOR ADAMS.

THE WELL-BELOVED WRITER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

PROBABLY no literary man in America has ministered to the pleasure of a greater number of our young people than William Taylor Adams, who is a native of Massachusetts and was born in Medway in 1822. He has devoted his life to young people; for more than twenty years as a teacher in the public schools of Boston, for many years a member of the school board of Dorchester, and since 1850 as a writer of stories. In his earlier life, he was the editor of a periodical known as "The Student and Schoolmate." In 1881 he began the publication of "Our Little Ones," and later "Oliver Optic's Magazine for Boys and Girls." His first book was published in 1853; it was entitled "Hatchie, the Guardian Slave," and had a large sale. It was followed by a collection of stories called "In Doors and Out," and in 1862 was completed "The Riverdale Series" of six volumes of stories for boys. Some of his other books are "The Boat Club;" "Woodville;" "Young America Abroad;" "Starry Flag;" "Onward and Upward;" "Yacht Club;" and "Great Western." In all he has written at least a thousand stories for newspapers, and published about a hundred volumes. Among these are two novels for older readers: "The Way of the World" and "Living Too Fast."

Mr. Adams' style is both pleasing and simple. His stories are frequently based upon scenes of history and their influence is always for good.

THE SLOOP THAT WENT TO THE BOTTOM.*

(FROM "SNUG HARBOR," 1883.)

STARBORD your helm! hard a-starboard!" shouted Dory Dornwood, as he put the helm of the "Goldwing" to port in order to avoid a collision with a steam launch which lay dead ahead of the schooner.

"Keep off! you will sink me!" cried a young man in a sloop-boat, which lay exactly in the course of the steam launch. "That's just what I mean to do, if you don't come about," yelled a man at the wheel of

the steamer. "Why didn't you stop when I called to you?"

"Keep off, or you will be into me!" screamed the skipper of the sloop, whose tones and manner indicated that he was very much terrified at the situation.

And he had reason enough to be alarmed. It was plain, from his management of his boat, that he was but an indifferent boatman; and probably he did not know what to do in the emergency. Dory had noticed

* Copyright, Lee & Shepard.

the sloop coming up the lake with the steam launch astern of her. The latter had run ahead of the sloop, and had come about, it now appeared, for the purpose of intercepting her.

When the skipper of the sloop realized the intention of the helmsman of the steamer, he put his helm to port; but he was too late. The sharp bow of the launch struck the frail craft amidships, and cut through her as though she had been made of cardboard.

The sloop filled instantly, and, a moment later, the young man in her was struggling on the surface of the water. The boat was heavily ballasted, and she went down like a lump of lead. It was soon clear to Dory that the skipper could not swim, for he screamed as though the end of all things had come.

Very likely it would have been the end of all things to him, if Dory had not come about with the "Goldwing," and stood over the place where the young man was vainly beating the water with his feet and hands. With no great difficulty the skipper of the "Goldwing," who was an aquatic bird of the first water, pulled in the victim of the catastrophe, in spite of the apparent efforts of the sufferer to prevent him from doing so.

"You had a narrow squeak that time," said Dory Dornwood, as soon as he thought the victim of the disaster was in condition to do a little talking. "It is lucky you didn't get tangled up in the rigging of

your boat. She went to the bottom like a pound of carpet-tacks; and she would have carried you down in a hurry if you hadn't let go in short metre."

"I think I am remarkably fortunate in being among the living at this moment," replied the stranger, looking out over the stern of the "Goldwing." "That was the most atrocious thing a fellow ever did."

"What was?" inquired Dory, who was not quite sure what the victim meant by the remark, or whether he alluded to him or to the man in the steam launch.

"Why, running into me like that," protested the passenger, with no little indignation in his tones.

"I suppose you came up from Burlington?" said Dory, suggestively, as though he considered an explanation on the part of the stranger to be in order at the present time.

"I have just come from Burlington," answered the victim, who appeared to be disposed to say nothing more. "Do you suppose I can get that boat again?"

"I should say that the chance of getting her again was not first-rate. She went down where the water is about two hundred and fifty feet deep; and it won't be an easy thing to get hold of her," replied Dory. "If you had let him run into you between Diamond Island and Porter's Bay, where the water is not more than fifty or sixty feet deep, you could have raised her without much difficulty. I don't believe you will ever see her again."

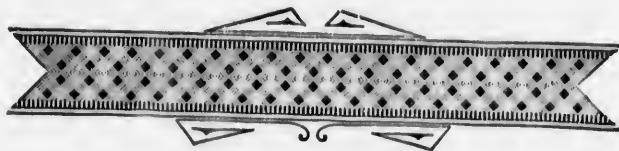


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HORATIO ALGER.



AS a writer of books at once entertaining and at the same time of a healthy and earnest character a parent cannot recommend to his boys a more wholesome author than Horatio Alger, Jr. Mr. Alger always writes with a careful regard to truth and to the right principles. His heroes captivate the imagination, but they do not inflame it, and they are generally worthy examples for the emulation of boys. At the same time he is in no sense a preacher. His books have the true juvenile flavor and charm, and, like the sugar pills of the homœopathist, carry the good medicine of morality, bravery, industry, enterprise, honor—everything that goes to make up the true manly and noble character, so subtly woven into the thread of his interesting narrative that the writer without detecting its presence receives the wholesome benefit.

Mr. Alger became famous in the publication of that undying book, "Ragged Dick; or, Street Life in New York." It was his first book for young people, and its success was so great that he immediately devoted himself to writing for young people, which he has since continued. It was a new field for a writer when Mr. Alger began, and his treatment of it at once caught the fancy of the boys. "Ragged Dick" first appeared in 1868, and since then it has been selling steadily until now it is estimated that over two hundred thousand copies of the series have passed into circulation. Mr. Alger possesses in an eminent degree that sympathy with boys which a writer must have to meet with success. He is able to enter into their plans, hopes, and aspirations. He knows how to look upon life as they do. He writes straight at them as one from their ranks and not down upon them as a towering fatherly adviser. A boy's heart naturally opens to a writer who understands him and makes a companion of him. This, we believe, accounts for the enormous sale of the books of this writer. We are told that about three-quarters of a million copies of his books have been sold and that all the large circulating libraries in the country have several complete sets of them, of which but few volumes are found on the shelves at one time.

Horatio Alger, Jr., was born in Revere, Massachusetts, January 13, 1834. He graduated at Harvard University in 1852, after which he spent several years in teaching and newspaper work. In 1864 he was ordained as a Unitarian minister and served a Massachusetts church for two years. It was in 1866 that he took up his residence in New York and became deeply interested in the street boys and exerted what influence he could to the bettering of their condition. His experience in this work furnished him with the information out of which grew many of his later writings.

To enumerate the various volumes published by this author would be tedious. They have generally been issued in series. Several volumes complete one subject or theme. His first published book was "Bertha's Christmas Vision" (1855). Succeeding this came "Nothing to Do," a tilt at our best society, in verse (1857); "Frank's Campaign; or, What a Boy Can Do" (1864); "Helen Ford," a novel, and also a volume of poems (1866). The "Ragged Dick" series began in 1868. and comprises six volumes. Succeeding this came "Tattered Tom," first and second series, comprising eight volumes. The entire fourteen volumes above referred to are devoted to New York street life of boys. "Ragged Dick" has served as a model for many a poor boy struggling upward, while the influence of Phil the fiddler in the "Tattered Tom" series is credited with having had much to do in the abolishment of the *padrone* system. The "Campaign Series" comprised three volumes; the "Luck and Pluck Series" eight; the "Brave and Bold" four; the "Pacific Series" four; the "Atlantic Series" four; "Way to Success" four; the "New World" three; the "Victory Series" three. All of these were published prior to 1896. Since the beginning of 1896 have appeared "Frank Hunter's Peril," "The Young Salesman" and other later works, all of which have met with the usual cordial reception accorded by the boys and girls to the books of this favorite author. It is perhaps but just to say, now that Oliver Optic is gone, that Mr. Alger has attained distinction as the most popular writer of books for boys in America, and perhaps no other writer for the young has ever stimulated and encouraged earnest boys in their efforts to rise in the world or so strengthened their will to persevere in well-doing, and at the same time written stories so real that every one, young and old, delights to read them. He not only writes interesting and even thrilling stories, but what is of very great importance, they are always clean and healthy.

HOW DICK BEGAN THE DAY.*

(FROM "RAGGED DICK; OR, STREET LIFE IN NEW YORK.")



AKE up, there, youngster," said a rough voice.

Ragged Dick opened his eyes slowly and stared stupidly in the face of the speaker, but did not offer to get up.

"Wake up, you young vagabond!" said the man a little impatiently; "I suppose you'd lay there all day if I hadn't called you."

"What time is it?" asked Dick.

Seven o'clock."

"Seven o'clock! I oughter've been up an hour ago. I know what 'twas made me so precious sleepy. I went to the Old Bowery last night and didn't turn in till past twelve."

"You went to the Old Bowery? Where'd you get your money?" asked the man, who was a porter in the employ of a firm doing business on Spruce Street.

"Made it on shines, in course. My guardian don't allow me no money for theatres, so I have to earn it."

"Some boys get it easier than that," said the porter, significantly.

"You don't catch me stealing, if that's what you mean," said Dick.

"Don't you ever steal, then?"

"No, and I wouldn't. Lots of boys does it, but I wouldn't."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say that. I believe there's some good in you, Dick, after all."

"Oh, I'm a rough customer," said Dick. "But I wouldn't steal. It's mean."

"I'm glad you think so, Dick," and the rough voice sounded gentler than at first. "Have you got any money to buy your breakfast?"

"No; but I'll soon have some."

* Copyright, Porter & Coates.

While this conversation had been going on Dick had got up. His bed-chamber had been a wooden box, half full of straw, on which the young boot-black had reposed his weary limbs and slept as soundly as if it had been a bed of down. He dumped down into the straw without taking the trouble of undressing. Getting up, too, was an equally short process. He jumped out of the box, shook himself, picked out one or two straws that had found their way into rents in his clothes, and, drawing a well-worn cap over his uncombed locks, he was all ready for the business of the day.

Dick's appearance, as he stood beside the box, was rather peculiar. His pants were torn in several places, and had apparently belonged in the first instance to a boy two sizes larger than himself. He wore a vest, all the buttons of which were gone except two, out of which peeped a shirt which looked as if it had been worn a month. To complete his costume he wore a coat too long for him, dating back, if one might judge from its general appearance, to a remote antiquity.

Washing the hands and face is usually considered proper in commencing the day; but Dick was above such refinement. He had no particular dislike to dirt, and did not think it necessary to remove several dark streaks on his face and hands. But in spite of his dirt and rags there was something about Dick that was attractive. It was easy to see that if he had been clean and well-dressed he would have been decidedly good-looking. Some of his companions were sly, and their faces inspired distrust; but Dick had a straightforward manner that made him a favorite.

Dick's business hours had commenced. He had no office to open. His little blacking-box was ready for use, and he looked sharply in the faces of all who passed, addressing each with, "Shine your boots, sir?"

"Ho? much?" asked a gentleman on his way to his office.

"Ten cents," said Dick, dropping his box, and sinking upon his knees on the sidewalk, flourishing his brush with the air of one skilled in his profession.

"Ten cents! Isn't that a little steep?"

"Well, you know 'taint all clear profit," said Dick, who had already set to work. "There's the *blackening* costs something, and I have to get a new brush pretty often."

"And you have a large rent, too," said the gentleman, quizzically, with a glance at a large hole in Dick's coat.

"Yes, sir," said Dick, always ready for a joke; "I have to pay such a big rent for my manshun up on Fifth Avenue that I can't afford to take less than ten cents a shine. I'll give you a bully shine, sir."

"Be quick about it then, for I am in a hurry. So your house is on Fifth Avenue, is it?"

"It isn't anywhere else," said Dick, and Dick spoke the truth there.

"What tailor do you patronize?" asked the gentleman, surveying Dick's attire.

"Would you like to go to the same one?" asked Dick, shrewdly.

"Well, no; it strikes me that he didn't give you a very good fit."

"This coat once belonged to General Washington," said Dick, comically. "He wore it all through the Revolution, and it got tore some, 'cause he fit so hard. When he died he told his widder to give it to some smart young fellow that hadn't got none of his own: so she gave it to me. But if you'd like it, sir, to remember General Washington by, I'll let you have it reasonable."

"Thank you, but I wouldn't like to deprive you of it. And did your pants come from General Washington, too?"

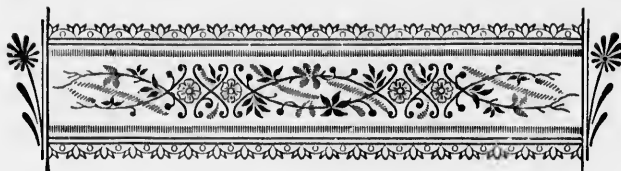
"No, they was a gift from Lewis Napoleon. Lewis had outgrown 'em and sent 'em to me; he's bigger than me, and that's why they don't fit."

"It seems you have distinguished friends. Now, my lad, I suppose you would like your money."

"I shouldn't have any objection," said Dick.

* * * * *

And now, having fairly introduced Ragged Dick to my young readers, I must refer them to the next chapter for his further adventures.



EDWARD S. ELLIS.

WRITER OF POPULAR BOOKS FOR BOYS.



EDWARD S. ELLIS is one of the most successful of the large group of men and women who have made it their principal business to provide delightful books for our young people.

Mr. Ellis is a native of northern Ohio, born in 1840, but has lived most of his life in New Jersey. At the age of seventeen, he began his successful career as a teacher and was attached for some years to the State Normal School of New Jersey, and was Trustee and Superintendent of the schools in the city of Trenton. He received the degree of A. M. from Princeton University on account of the high character of his historical text-books; but he is most widely known as a writer of books for boys. Of these, he has written about thirty and continues to issue two new ones each year, all of which are republished in London. His contributions to children's papers are so highly esteemed that the "Little Folks' Magazine," of London, pays him double the rates given to any other contributor. Mr. Ellis's School Histories have been widely used as text-books and he has also written two books on Arithmetic. He is now preparing "The Standard History of the United States."

Besides those already mentioned, the titles of which would make too long a list to be inserted here, he has written a great many miscellaneous books.

Mr. Ellis abounds in good nature and is a delightful companion, and finds in his home at Englewood, New Jersey, all that is necessary to the enjoyment of life.

THE SIGNAL FIRE.*

(FROM "STORM MOUNTAIN.")



ALBOT FROST paused on the crest of Storm Mountain and looked across the lonely Oakland Valley spread out before him.

He had traveled a clean hundred miles through the forest, swimming rapid streams, dodging Indians and Tories, and ever on the alert for his enemies, who were equally vigilant in their search for him.

He eluded them all, however. For Frost, grim and grizzled, was a veteran backwoodsman who had been a border scout for a score of years or more, and he knew all the tricks of the cunning Iroquois, whose ambition was to destroy every white person that could be reached with rifle, knife, or tomahawk.

Frost had been engaged on many duties for the leading American officers, but he was sure that to-day

* Copyright, Porter & Coates.

was the most important of all; for be it known that he carried, hidden in the heel of his shoe, a message in cipher from General George Washington himself.

Frost had been promised one hundred dollars in gold by the immortal leader of the American armies, if he would place the piece of cipher writing in the hands of Colonel Nick Hawley, before the evening of the tenth day of August, 1777.

To-day was the tenth, the afternoon was only half gone, and Fort Defiance, with its small garrison under the command of Hawley, was only a mile distant in Oakland Valley. The vale spread away for many leagues to the right and left, and was a couple of miles wide at the point where the small border settlement was planted, with its stockade fort and its dozen families clustered near.

"Thar's a good three hours of sunlight left," muttered the veteran, squinting one eye toward the sultry August sky, "and I orter tramp to the fort and back agin in half that time. I'll be thar purty quick, if none of the varmints trip me up, but afore leavin' this crest, I'd like to catch the signal fire of young Roslyn from over yender."

General Washington considered the message to Colonel Hawley so important that he had sent it in duplicate; that is to say, two messengers concealed the cipher about their persons and set out by widely different routes to Fort Defiance, in Oakland Valley.

Since the distance was about the same, and it was not expected that there would be much variation in speed, it was believed that, barring accidents, the two would arrive in sight of their destination within a short time of each other.

The other messenger was Elmer Roslyn, a youth of seventeen, a native of Oakland, absent with his father in the Continental Army, those two being the only members of their family who escaped an Indian massacre that had burst upon the lovely settlement some months before.

It was agreed that whoever first reached the mountain crest should signal to the other by means of a small fire—large enough merely to send up a slight vapor that would show against the blue sky beyond.

The keen eyes of Talbot Frost roved along the rugged mountain-ridge a couple of miles distant, in search of the tell-tale signal. They followed the craggy crest a long distance to the north and south of

the point where Roslyn had promised to appear, but the clear summer air was unsustained by the least semblance of smoke or vapor. The day itself was of unusual brilliancy, not the least speck of a cloud being visible in the tinted sky.

"That Elmer Roslyn is a powerful pert young chap," said the border scout to himself. "I don't think I ever seed his ekal, and he can fight in battles jes' like his father, Captain Mart, that I've heerd General Washington say was one of the best officers he's got; but thar's no sense in his puttin' himself agin an old campaigner like me. I don't s'pose he's within twenty mile of Oakland yit, and he won't have a chance to kindle that ere signal fire afore to-morrow. So I'll start mine, and in case he should accidentally reach the mountain-top over yender afore sundown, why he'll see what a foolish younker he was to butt agin me."

Talbot Frost knew that despite the perils through which he had forced his way to this spot, the greatest danger, in all probability, lay in the brief space separating him from Fort Defiance in the middle of the valley.

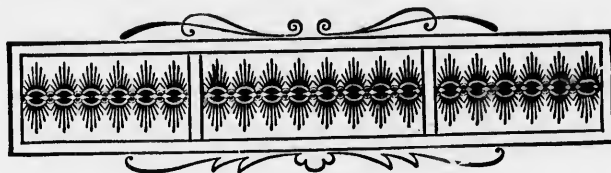
It was necessary, therefore, to use great care lest the signal fire should attract the attention of unfriendly eyes.

"I'll start a small one," he said, beginning to gather some dry twigs, "just enough for Elmer to observe by sarchin'—by the great General Washington!"

To explain this exclamation of the old scout, I must tell you that before applying the flint and tinder to the crumpled leaves, Talbot Frost glanced across the opposite mountain-crest, two miles away.

As he did so he detected a fine, wavy column of smoke climbing from the rocks and trees. It was so faint that it was not likely to attract notice, unless a suspicious eye happened to look toward that part of the sky.

"By gracious! It's him!" he exclaimed, closing his mouth and resuming command of himself. "That ere young Roslyn is pearter than I thought; if he keeps on at this rate by the time he reaches my years he'll be the ekal of me—almost. Wall, I'll have to answer him; when we meet I'll explainify that I give him up, and didn't think it was wuth while to start a blaze."



SARAH JANE LIPPINCOTT.

FAVORITE WRITER FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.



ONE of the earliest papers devoted especially to young children was "The Little Pilgrim," edited for a number of years under the name of "Grace Greenwood," by Mrs. Lippincott. It had a very wide popularity, and its little stories, poems, and page of puzzles brought pleasure into very many home circles. Mrs. Lippincott is the daughter of Doctor Thaddeus Clarke. She was born in Pompey, New York, in September, 1823, and lived during most of her childhood in Rochester. In 1842 she removed with her father to New Brighton, Pennsylvania, and in 1853 she was married to Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia. She had early begun to write verses, and, in 1844, contributed some prose articles to "The New York Mirror," adopting the name "Grace Greenwood," which she has since made famous. Besides her work upon "The Little Pilgrim," she has contributed for many years to "The Hearth and Home," "The Atlantic Monthly," "Harper's Magazine," "The New York Independent," "Times," and "Tribune," to several California journals, and to at least two English periodicals. She was one of the first women to become a newspaper correspondent, and her letters from Washington inaugurated a new feature in journalism. She has published a number of books: "Greenwood Leaves;" "History of My Pets;" "Poems;" "Recollections of My Childhood;" "Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe;" "Merrie England;" "Stories from Many Lands;" "Victoria, Queen of England," and others.

Mrs. Lippincott has lived abroad a great deal, and has been made welcome in the best literary circles in England and on the continent. During the war she devoted herself to the cause of the soldiers, read and lectured to them in camps and hospitals, and won the appreciation of President Lincoln, who used to speak of her as "Grace Greenwood, the Patriot." Although devoted to her home in Washington, she has spent much time in New York City, and has lived a life whose activity and service to the public are almost unequalled among literary women.

THE BABY IN THE BATH-TUB.*

(FROM "RECORDS OF FIVE YEARS," 1867.)



ANNIE! Sophie! come up quick, and see baby in her bath-tub!" cries a charming little maiden, running down the wide stair-
way of an old country house, and half-way up the long hall, all in a fluttering cloud of pink lawn, her soft dimpled cheeks tinged with the same lovely morn-

* Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ing hue. In an instant there is a stir and a gush of light laughter in the drawing-room, and presently, with a movement a little more majestic and elder-sisterly, Annie and Sophie float noiselessly through the hall and up the soft-carpeted ascent, as though borne on their respective clouds of blue and white drapery, and take their way to the nursery, where a novel entertainment awaits them. It is the first morning of the eldest married sister's first visit home, with her first baby; and the first baby, having slept late after its journey, is about to take its first bath in the old house.

"Well, I declare, if here isn't mother, forgetting her dairy, and Cousin Nellie, too, who must have left poor Ned all to himself in the garden, lonely and disconsolate, and I am torn from my books, and Sophie from her flowers, and all for the sake of seeing a nine-month-old baby kicking about in a bath-tub! What simpletons we are!"

Thus Miss Annie, the *proude layde* of the family; handsome, haughty, with perilous proclivities toward grand socialistic theories, transcendentalism, and general strong-mindedness; pledged by many a saucy vow to a life of single dignity and freedom, given to studies artistic, æsthetic, philosophic and ethical; a student of Plato, an absorber of Emerson, an exalter of her sex, a contemner of its natural enemies.

"Simpletons, are we?" cries pretty Elinor Lee, aunt of the baby on the other side, and "Cousin Nellie" by love's courtesy, now kneeling close by the bath-tub, and receiving on her sunny braids a liberal baptism from the pure, plashing hands of babyhood,—"simpletons, indeed! Did I not once see thee, O Pallas-Athene, standing rapt before a copy of the 'Crouching Venus?' and this is a sight a thousand times more beautiful; for here we have color, action, radiant life, and such grace as the divinest sculptors of Greece were never able to entrance in marble. Just look at these white, dimpled shoulders, every dimple holding a tiny, sparkling drop,—these rosy, plashing feet and hands,—this laughing, roguish face,—these eyes, bright and blue and deep as lakes of fairy-land,—these ears, like dainty sea-shells,—these locks of gold, dripping diamonds,—and tell me what cherub of Titian, what Cupid of Greuze, was ever half so lovely. I say, too, that Raphael himself would have jumped at the chance of painting Louise, as she sits

there, towel in hand, in all the serene pride and chastened dignity of young maternity,—of painting her as *Madonna*."

"Why, Cousin Nellie is getting poetical for once, over a baby in a bath-tub!"

"Well, Sophie, isn't it a subject to inspire *real* poets, to call out and yet humble the genius of painters and sculptors? Isn't it an object for the reverence of 'a glorious human creature,'—such a pure and perfect form of physical life, such a starry little soul, fresh from the hands of God? If your Plato teaches otherwise, Cousin Annie, I'm glad I've no acquaintance with that distinguished heathen gentleman; if your Carlyle, with his 'soul above buttons' and babies, would growl, and your Emerson smile icily at the sight, away with them!"

"Why, Nellie, you goose, Carlyle is 'a man and a brother,' in spite of his 'Latter-day Pamphlets,' and no ogre. I believe he is very well disposed toward babies in general; while Emerson is as tender as he is great. Have you forgotten his 'Threnody,' in which the sob of a mortal's sorrow rises and swells into an immortal's psalm? I see that baby is very lovely; I think that Louise may well be proud of her. It's a pity that she must grow up into conventionalities and all that,—perhaps become some man's plaything, or slave."

"O don't, sister!—sufficient for the day is the *worrimment* thereof.' But I think you and Nellie are mistaken about the *pride*. I am conscious of no such feeling in regard to my little Florence, but only of joy, gratitude, infinite tenderness, and solicitude."

Thus the young mother,—for the first time speaking, but not turning her eyes from the bath-tub.

"Ah, coz, it won't go! Young mothers are the proudest of living creatures. The sweetest and saintliest among you have a sort of subdued exultation, a meek assumption, an adorable insolence, toward the whole unmarried and childless world. I have never seen anything like it elsewhere."

"I have, in a bantam Biddy, parading her first brood in the hen-yard, or a youthful duck, leading her first little downy flock to the water."

"Ha, blasphemer! are you there?" cries Miss Nellie, with a bright smile, and a brighter blush. Blasphemer's other name is a tolerably good one,—Edward Norton,—though he is oftenest called "Our

Ned." He is the sole male representative of a wealthy old New England family,—the pride and darling of four pretty sisters, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow," who adores him,—“a likely youth, just twenty-one,” handsome, brilliant, and standing six feet high in his stockings. Yet, in spite of all these unfavorable circumstances, he is a very good sort of a fellow. He is just home from the model college of the Commonwealth, where he learned to smoke, and, I blush to say, has a cigar in hand at this moment, just as he has been summoned from the garden by his pet sister, Kate, half-wild with delight and excitement. With him comes a brother, according to the law, and after the spirit,—a young, slender, fair-haired man, but with an indescribable something of paternal importance about him. He is the other proprietor of baby, and steps forward with a laugh and a “Heh, my little water-nymph, my Iris!” and by the bath-tub kneeling, catches a moist kiss from smiling baby lips, and a sudden wilting shower on shirt-front and collar, from moister baby hands.

Young collegian pauses on the threshold, essaying to look lofty and sarcastic, for a moment. Then his eye rests on Nellie Lee's blushing face, on the red, smiling lips, the braids of gold, sprinkled with shining drops,—meets those sweet, shy eyes, and a sudden, mysterious feeling, soft and vague and tender, floods his gay young heart. He looks at baby again. “’Tis a pretty sight, upon my word! Let me throw away my cigar before I come nearer; it is incense too pro-

fane for such pure rites. Now give me a peep at Dian-the less! How the little witch revels in the water! A small Undine. Jolly, isn't it, baby? Why, Louise, I did not know that Floy was so lovely, such a perfect little creature. How fair she is? Why, her flesh, where it is not rosy, is of the pure, translucent whiteness of a water-lily.”

No response to this tribute, for baby has been in the water more than long enough, and must be taken out, willy, nilly. Decidedly nilly it proves; baby proceeds to demonstrate that she is not altogether cherubic, by kicking and screaming lustily, and striking out frantically with her little, dripping hands. But Madonna wraps her in soft linen, rolls her and pats her, till she grows good and merry again, and laughs through her pretty tears.

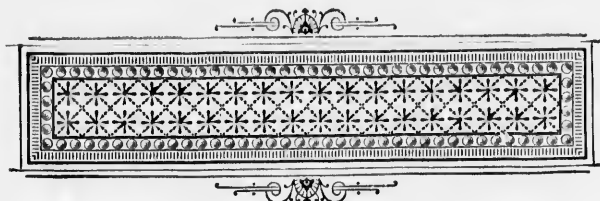
But the brief storm has been enough to clear the nursery of all save grandmamma and Auntie Kate, who draw nearer to witness the process of drying and dressing. Tenderly the mother rubs the dainty, soft skin, till every dimple gives up its last hidden drop-let; then, with many a kiss, and smile, and coo, she robes the little form in fairy-like garments of cambric, lace, flannel, soft as a moth's wing, and delicate embroidery. The small, restless feet are caught, and encased in comical little hose, and shod with Titania's own slippers. Then the light golden locks are brushed and twined into tendril-like curls, and lo! the beautiful labor of love is finished. Baby is bathed and dressed for the day.



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MARTHA FINLEY.

THE GIRLS' FRIEND.



MARTHA FINLEY, author of the "Elsie Books," etc., amounting in all to about one hundred volumes, was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, April 26, 1828, in the house of her grandfather, Major Samuel Finley, of the Virginia Cavalry, in the War of the Revolution, and a personal friend of Washington, who, while President, appointed him "Collector of Public Monies" for the Northwestern Territory of which Ohio was then a part. In the war of 1812-14 Major Finley marched to Detroit to the assistance of General Hull, at the head of a regiment of Ohio volunteers in which his eldest son, James Brown Finley, then a lad of eighteen, was a lieutenant. On Hull's disgraceful surrender those troops were paroled and returned to their homes in Ohio. James Finley afterwards became a physician and married his mother's niece, Maria Theresa Brown. Martha was their sixth child. In the spring of 1836 Dr. Finley left Ohio for South Bend, Indiana, where he resided until his death in 1851.

Something more than a year later Martha joined a widowed sister in New York city and resided there with her for about eighteen months. It was then and there she began her literary career by writing a newspaper story and a little Sunday-school book. But she was broken down in health and half blind from astigmatism; so had a case that the oculist who years afterward measured her eyes for glasses, told her she would have been excusable had she said she could not do anything at all. But she loved books and would manage to read and write in spite of the difficulty of so doing; and a great difficulty it was, for in the midst of a long sentence the letters would seem to be thrown into confusion, and it was necessary to look away from the book or close her eyes for an instant before they would resume their proper positions.

But orphaned and dependent upon her own exertions, she struggled on, teaching and writing, living sometimes in Philadelphia with a stepmother who was kind enough to give her a home, sometimes in Phoenixville, Pa., where she taught a little select school. It was there she began the Elsie Series which have proved her most successful venture in literature. The twenty-second volume, published in 1897, is entitled *Elsie at Home*. The author has again and again proposed to end the series, thinking it long enough, but public and publishers have insisted upon another and yet another volume. The books have sold so well that they have made

her a lovely home in Elkton, Maryland, whither she removed in 1876 and still resides, and to yield her a comfortable income.

But her works are not all juveniles. "Wanted a Pedigree," and most of the other works in the Finley Series are for adults, and though not so very popular as the Elsie Books, still have steady sales though nearly all have been on the market for more than twenty years.

ELSIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.*

(FROM "ELSIE DINSMORE.")

THE school-room at Roselands was a very pleasant apartment. Within sat Miss Day with her pupils, six in number.

"Young ladies and gentlemen," said she, looking at her watch, "I shall leave you to your studies for an hour; at the end of which time I shall return to hear your recitations, when those who have attended properly to their duties will be permitted to ride out with me to visit the fair."

"Oh! that will be jolly!" exclaimed Arthur, a bright-eyed, mischief-loving boy of ten.

"Hush!" said Miss Day sternly; "let me hear no more such exclamations; and remember that you will not go unless your lessons are thoroughly learned. Louise and Lora," addressing two young girls of the respective ages of twelve and fourteen, "that French exercise must be perfect, and your English lessons as well. Elsie," to a little girl of eight, sitting alone at a desk near one of the windows, and bending over a slate with an appearance of great industry, "every figure of that example must be correct, your geography lesson recited perfectly, and a page in your copy-book written without a blot."

"Yes, ma'am," said the child meekly, raising a pair of large soft eyes of the darkest hazel for an instant to her teacher's face, and then dropping them again upon her slate.

"And see that none of you leave the room until I return," continued the governess. "Walter, if you miss one word of that spelling, you will have to stay at home and learn it over."

"Unless mamma interferes, as she will be pretty sure to do," muttered Arthur, as the door closed on Miss Day, and her retreating footsteps were heard passing down the hall.

For about ten minutes after her departure, all was

quiet in the school-room, each seemingly completely absorbed in study. But at the end of that time Arthur sprang up, and, flinging his book across the room, exclaimed, "There! I know my lesson; and if I didn't, I shouldn't study another bit for old Day, or Night either."

"Do be quiet, Arthur," said his sister Louise; "I can't study in such a racket."

Arthur stole on tiptoe across the room, and coming up behind Elsie, tickled the back of her neck with a feather.

She started, saying in a pleading tone, "Please, Arthur, don't."

"It pleases me to do," he said, repeating the experiment.

Elsie changed her position, saying in the same gentle, persuasive tone, "O Arthur! *please* let me alone, or I never shall be able to do this example."

"What! all this time on one example! you ought to be ashamed. Why, I could have done it half a dozen times over."

"I have been over and over it," replied the little girl in a tone of despondency, "and still there are two figures that will not come right."

"How do you know they are not right, little puss?" shaking her curls as he spoke.

"Oh! please, Arthur, don't pull my hair. I have the answer—that's the way I know."

Well, then, why don't you just set the figures down. I would."

"Oh! no, indeed; that would not be honest."

"Pooh! nonsense! nobody would be the wiser, nor the poorer."

"No, but it would be just like telling a lie. But I can never get it right while you are bothering me so," said Elsie, laying her slate aside in despair. Then,

taking out her geography, she began studying most diligently. But Arthur continued his persecutions—tickling her, pulling her hair, twitching the book out of her hand, and talking almost incessantly, making remarks, and asking questions; till at last Elsie said, as if just ready to cry, "Indeed, Arthur, if you don't let me alone, I shall never be able to get my lessons."

"Go away, then; take your book out on the veranda, and learn your lessons there," said Louise. "I'll call you when Miss Day comes."

"Oh! no, Louise, I cannot do that, because it would be disobedience," replied Elsie, taking out her writing materials.

Arthur stood over her criticising every letter she made, and finally jogged her elbow in such a way as to cause her to drop all the ink in her pen upon the paper, making quite a large blot.

"Oh!" cried the little girl, bursting into tears, "now I shall lose my ride, for Miss Day will not let me go; and I was so anxious to see all those beautiful flowers."

Arthur, who was really not very vicious, felt some compunction when he saw the mischief he had done. "Never mind, Elsie," said he, "I can fix it yet. Just let me tear out this page, and you can begin again on the next, and I'll not bother you. I'll make these two figures come right, too," he added, taking up her slate.

"Thank you, Arthur," said the little girl, smiling through her tears; "you are very kind, but it would not be honest to do either, and I had rather stay at home than be deceitful."

"Very well, miss," said he, tossing his head, and walking away, "since you won't let me help you, it is all your own fault if you have to stay at home."

Elsie finished her page, and, excepting the unfortunate blot, it all looked very neat indeed, showing plainly that it had been written with great care. She then took up her slate and patiently went over and over every figure of the troublesome example, trying to discover where her mistake had been. But much time had been lost through Arthur's teasing, and her mind was so disturbed by the accident to her writing that she tried in vain to fix it upon the business in hand; and before the two troublesome figures had been made right, the hour was past and Miss Day returned.

"Oh!" thought Elsie, "if she will only hear the

others first;" but it was a vain hope. Miss Day had no sooner seated herself at her desk than she called, "Elsie, come here and say that lesson; and bring your copy-book and slate, that I may examine your work."

Elsie tremblingly obeyed.

The lesson, though a difficult one, was very tolerably recited; for Elsie, knowing Arthur's propensity for teasing, had studied it in her own room before school hours. But Miss Day handed back the books with a frown, saying, "I told you the recitation must be perfect, and it was not. There are two incorrect figures in this example," said she, laying down the slate, after glancing over its contents. Then taking up the copy-book, she exclaimed, "Careless, disobedient child! did I not caution you to be careful not to blot your book? There will be no ride for you this morning. You have failed in everything. Go to your seat. Make that example right, and do the next; learn your geography lesson over, and write another page in your copy-book; and mind, if there is a blot on it, you will get no dinner."

Weeping and sobbing, Elsie took up her books and obeyed.

During this scene Arthur stood at his desk pretending to study, but glancing every now and then at Elsie, with a conscience evidently ill at ease. She cast an imploring glance at him, as she returned to her seat; but he turned away his head, muttering, "It's all her own fault, for she wouldn't let me help her."

As he looked up again, he caught his sister Lora's eyes fixed on him with an expression of scorn and contempt. He colored violently, and dropped his upon his book.

"Miss Day," said Lora, indignantly, "I see Arthur does not mean to speak, and as I cannot bear to see such injustice, I must tell you that it is all his fault that Elsie has failed in her lessons; for she tried her very best, but he teased her incessantly, and also jogged her elbow and made her spill the ink on her book; and to her credit she was too honorable to tear out the leaf from her copy-book, or to let him make her example right; both which he very generously proposed doing after causing all the mischief."

"Is this so, Arthur?" asked Miss Day, angrily.

The boy hung his head, but made no reply.

"Very well, then," said Miss Day, "you too must stay at home."

"Surely," said Lora, in surprise, "you will not keep Elsie, since I have shown you that she was not to blame."

"Miss Lora," replied her teacher, haughtily, "I wish you to understand that I am not to be dictated to by my pupils."

Lora bit her lip, but said nothing, and Miss Day went on hearing the lessons without further remark.

In the meantime the little Elsie sat at her desk, striving to conquer the feelings of anger and indignation that were swelling in her breast; for Elsie, though she possessed much of "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," was not yet perfect, and often had a fierce contest with her naturally quick temper. Yet it was seldom, very seldom that word or tone or look betrayed the existence of such feelings; and it was a common remark in the family that Elsie had no spirit.

The recitations were scarcely finished when the door opened and a lady entered dressed for a ride.

"Not through yet, Miss Day?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, we are just done," replied the teacher, closing the French grammar and handing it to Louise.

"Well, I hope your pupils have all done their duty this morning, and are ready to accompany us to the fair," said Mrs. Dinsmore. "But what is the matter with Elsie?"

"She has failed in all her exercises, and therefore has been told that she must remain at home," replied Miss Day with heightened color and in a tone of

anger; "and as Miss Lora tells me that Master Arthur was partly the cause, I have forbidden him also to accompany us."

"Excuse me, Miss Day, for correcting you," said Lora, a little indignantly; "but I did not say *partly*, for I am sure it was *entirely* his fault."

"Hush, hush, Lora," said her mother, a little impatiently; "how can you be sure of any such thing; Miss Day, I must beg of you to excuse Arthur this once, for I have quite set my heart on taking him along. He is fond of mischief, I know, but he is only a child, and you must not be too hard upon him."

"Very well, madam," replied the governess stiffly, "you have of course the best right to control your own children."

Mrs. Dinsmore turned to leave the room.

"Mamma," asked Lora, "is not Elsie to be allowed to go too?"

"Elsie is not my child, and I have nothing to say about it. Miss Day, who knows all the circumstances, is much better able than I to judge whether or no she is deserving of punishment," replied Mrs. Dinsmore, sailing out of the room.

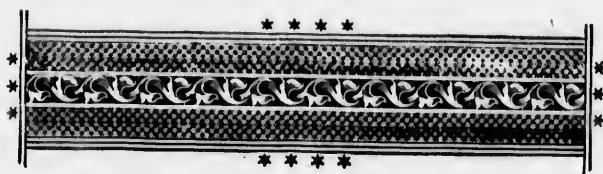
"You will let her go, Miss Day?" said Lora, inquiringly.

"Miss Lora," replied Miss Day, angrily, "I have already told you I was not to be dictated to. I have said Elsie must remain at home, and I shall not break my word."

"Such injustice!" muttered Lora, turning away.

Miss Day hastily quitted the room, followed by Louise and Lora, and Elsie was left alone.





MISCELLANEOUS MASTERPIECES,

FROM VARIOUS AMERICAN AND ANONYMOUS AUTHORS,

CHOSEN WITH A VIEW TO THEIR GENERAL POPULARITY OR ADAPTATION

FOR READING AND RECITATION.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the author of the following beautiful and perhaps most widely known song in the world, was born in New York, on the ninth of June, 1792. His remarkable career as an actor and dramatist belongs to the history of the stage. As a poet he will be known only by a single song. He died at Tunis, in 1852, where he was for some time Consul for the United States.

MID pleasures and palaces though we may
 roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
 home!

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
 elsewhere.

Home! home, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
 Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
 The birds singing gayly that come at my call:
 Give me these, and the peace of mind, dearer than
 all.

Home! sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, the author of the following patriotic poem, was born in Frederick County, Maryland, August 1, 1779. He was a very able and eloquent lawyer, and one of the most respectable gentlemen whose lives have ever adorned American society. He was a man of much literary cultivation and taste, and his religious poems are not without merit. He died very suddenly at Baltimore on January 11, 1843. In 1814, when the British fleet was at the mouth of the Potomac River, and intended to attack Baltimore, Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were sent in a vessel with a flag of truce to obtain the release of some prisoners the English had taken in their expedition against Washington. They did not succeed, and were told that they would be detained till after the attack had been made on Baltimore. Accordingly, they went in their own vessel, strongly guarded, with the British fleet, and when they came within sight of Fort Mifflin, a short distance below the city, they could see the American flag flying on the ramparts. As the day closed in, the bombardment of the fort commenced, and Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner remained on deck all night, watching with deep anxiety every shell that was fired. While the bombardment continued, it was sufficient proof that the fort had not surrendered. It suddenly ceased some time before day; but as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered and their homes and friends were in danger, or the attack upon it had been abandoned. They paced the deck the rest of the night in

painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day. At length the light came, and they saw that "our flag was still there," and soon they were informed that the attack had failed. In the fervor of the moment, Mr. Key took an old letter from his pocket, and on its back wrote the most of this celebrated song, finishing it as soon as he reached Baltimore. He showed it to his friend Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it that he placed it at once in the hands of the printer, and in an hour after it was all over the city, and hailed with enthusiasm, and took its place at once as a national song. Thus, this patriotic, impassioned ode became forever associated with the "Stars and Stripes."



SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's
last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly
streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the
deep
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering
steep
As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half-discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath wash'd out their foul footsteps'
pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freeman shall stand
Between our loved home and the war's desolation;
Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-
rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us
a nation!

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Born in New York, August 17, 1795; died September 21, 1820.



FREEDOM from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky buldrice of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven--
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellicid sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,

FLAG.

DRAKE.

1795; died Septem-

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Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us!
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

BLIND MAN AND THE ELEPHANT.

BY JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Born in Vermont, June 2, 1816; died in Albany,
N. Y., March 31, 1887.

TWAS six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind,)
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee,
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant,
Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an elephant
Not one of them has seen!

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

BY JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

Born 1770; died 1842. The following interesting story is told concerning the writing of this now famous patriotic song. "It was written in the summer of 1798, when war with France was thought to be inevitable. Congress was then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility had actually taken place. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other, some thinking that policy and duty required us to espouse the cause of republican France, as she was called; while others were for connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great conservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President WASHINGTON, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to preserve a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people who espoused her cause; and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, in our country, as it did at that time, upon that question. The theatre was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me one Saturday

afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. His prospects were very disheartening; but he said that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the 'President's March', he would get a full house; that the poets of the patriotic corps had been trying to accomplish it, but had not succeeded. I told him I would try what I could do for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song such as it was, was ready for him. The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit*, which should be independent of and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. No allusion is made to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to the question which was most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties, for both were Americans; at least, neither could disavow the sentiments and feelings it inculcated. Such is the history of this song, which has endured infinitely beyond the expectation of the author, as it is beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiments and spirit."

FAIL, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize;
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail.
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every chime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.
When Hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm—united, etc.

BETTY AND THE BEAR.

HUMOROUS.

IN a pioneer's cabin out West, so they say,
A great big black grizzly trotted one day,
And seated himself on the hearth, and began

To lap the contents of a two-gallon pan
Of milk and potatoes,—an excellent meal,—
And then looked about to see what he could steal.
The lord of the mansion awoke from his sleep,
And, hearing a racket, he ventured to peep
Just out in the kitchen, to see what was there,
And was scared to behold a great grizzly bear.

So he screamed in alarm to his slumbering *frow*,
"Thar's a bar in the kitchen as big's a cow!"
"A what?" "Why, a bar!" "Well, murder him,
then!"
"Yes, Betty, I will, if you'll first venture in."
So Betty leaped up, and the poker she seized,
While her man shut the door, and agais't it he squeezed.

As Betty then laid on the grizzly her blows,
Now on his forehead, and now on his nose,
Her man through the key-hole kept shouting within,
"Well done, my brave Betty, now hit him agin,
Now a rap on the ribs, now a knock on the snout,
Now poke with the poker, and poke his eyes out."
So, with rapping and poking, poor Betty *alone*,
At last laid Sir Bruin as dead as a stone.

Now when the old man saw the bear was no more,
He ventured to poke his nose out of the door,
And there was the grizzly stretched on the floor.
Then off to the neighbors he hastened to tell
All the wonderful things that that morning befell;
And he published the marvelous story afar,
How "*me* and my Betty jist slaughtered a bar!"
O yes, come and see, all the neighbors hev sid it,
Come see what we did, *ME* and Betty, we did it."

ANONYMOUS.

Visit of St. Nicholas

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.

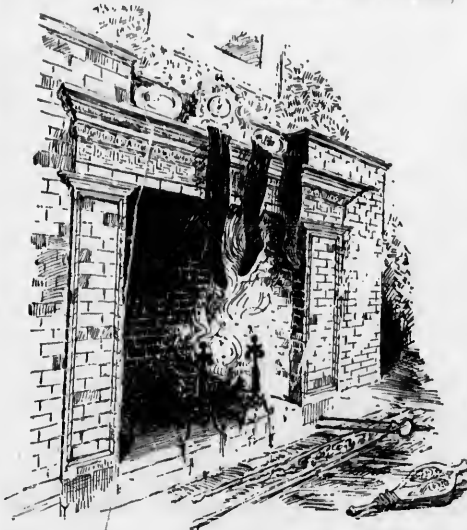
Born in New York, July 15, 1779; died in Rhode Island, July 10, 1863.



WAS the night before Christmas, when all
through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their
heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,



I sprang from the bed to see what
was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a
flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw
up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-
fallen snow

Gave the lustre of mid-day to ob-
jects below

When what to my wondering eye
should appear

But a miniature sleigh and eight
tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so light and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted and called them by
name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and
Vixen!

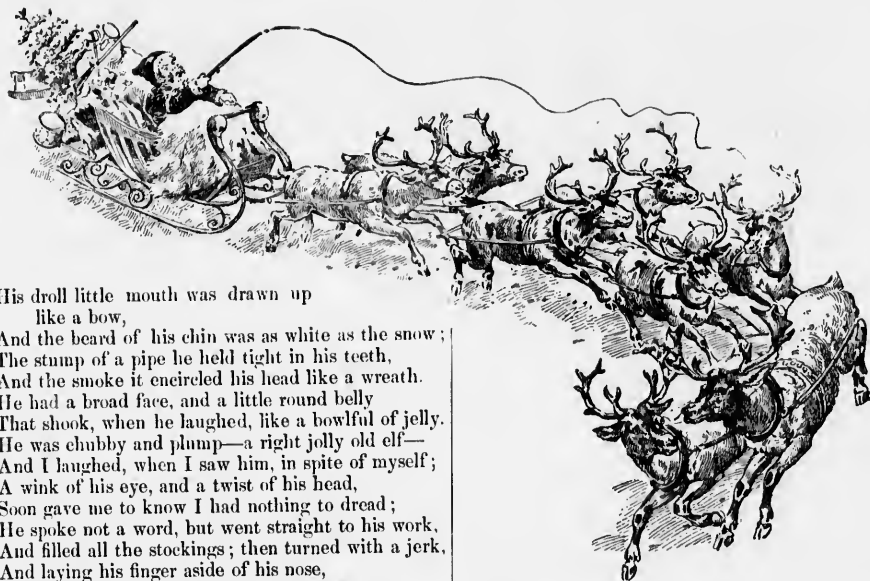
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dond and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and
soot;

A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how
merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!



His droll little mouth was drawn up
like a bow,

And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to the sleigh, to the team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle,

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!”



WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1802; died in 1864.



WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall hurt it not.

SANCTITY OF TREATIES, 1796.

BY FISHER AMES.

An American Statesman and writer; born in Dedham, Massachusetts, 1758, and died July 4, 1808.



WE are either to execute this treaty or break our faith. To expatiate on the value of public faith may pass with some men for declamation; to such men I have nothing to say.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for a spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference, because they are greener? No, sir; this is not the

character of the virtue. It soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it, not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it.

What rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a State renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be, in a country odious in the eye of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country, as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any,—and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians. A whiff of tobacco smoke or a string of beads gives not merely binding force, but sanctity, to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation.

THE BLOOM WAS ON THE ALDER AND THE TASSEL ON THE CORN.

BY DONN PIATT.

Born in Ohio in 1819.



HEARD the bob-white whistle in the dewy breath of morn;
The bloom was on the alder and the tassel on the corn.

I stood with beating heart beside the babbling Mac-o-chee,
To see my love come down the glen to keep her tryst with me.

I saw her pace, with quiet grace, the shaded path along,

And pause to pluck a flower or hear the thrush's song,
Denied by her proud father as a suitor to be seen,
She came to me, with loving trust, my gracious little
queen.

Above my station, heaven knows, that gentle maiden
shone,
For she was belle and wide beloved, and I a youth
unknown.
The rich and great about her thronged, and sought
on bended knee
For love this gracious princess gave, with all her
heart, to me.

So like a startled fawn before my longing eyes she
stood,
With all the freshness of a girl in flush of woman-
hood.
I trembled as I put my arm about her form divine,
And stammered, as in awkward speech, I begged her
to be mine.

'Tis sweet to hear the pattering rain, that lulls a dim
lit dream—
'Tis sweet to hear the song of birds, and sweet the
rippling stream;
'Tis sweet amid the mountain pines to hear the south
winds sigh,
More sweet than these and all beside was the loving,
low reply.

The little hand I held in mine held all I had of life,
To mould its better destiny and soothe to sleep its strife.
'Tis said that angels watch o'er men, commissioned
from above;
My angel walked with me on earth, and gave to me
her love.

Ah! dearest wife, my heart is stirred, my eyes are
dim with tears—
I think upon the loving faith of all these bygone
years,
For now we stand upon this spot, as in that dewy
morn,
With the bloom upon the alder and the tassel on the
corn.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY J. Q. ADAMS.

John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the
United States, was born at Quincy, Massachusetts,
July 11, 1767. He died at Washington in 1848.



HE Declaration of Independence! The in-
terest which, in that paper, has survived
the occasion upon which it was issued,—

the interest which is of every age and every clime,—
the interest which quickens with the lapse of years,
spreads as it grows old, and brightens as it recedes,—
is in the principles which it proclaims. It was the
first solemn declaration by a nation of the only legiti-
mate foundation of civil government. It was the
corner-stone of a new fabric, destined to cover the
surface of the globe. It demolished, at a stroke, the
lawfulness of all governments founded upon conquest.

It swept away all the rubbish of accumulated cen-
turies of servitude. It announced, in practical form
to the world, the transcendent truth of the inalien-
able sovereignty of the people. It proved that the
social compact was no figment of the imagination,
but a real, solid, and sacred bond of the social union.

From the day of this declaration, the people of
North America were no longer the fragment of a
distant empire, imploring justice and mercy from an
inexorable master, in another hemisphere. They
were no longer children, appealing in vain to the
sympathies of a heartless mother; no longer subjects,
leaning upon the shattered columns of royal prom-
ises, and invoking the faith of parchment to secure
their rights. They were a nation, asserting as of
right, and maintained by war, its own existence. A
nation was born in a day.

"How many ages hence
Shall this, their lofty scene, be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?"

It will be acted o'er, fellow-citizens, but it can never
be repeated.

It stands, and must forever stand, alone; a beacon on
the summit of the mountain, to which all the inhabi-
tants of the earth may turn their eyes, for a genial
and saving light, till time shall be lost in eternity and
this globe itself dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind.
It stands forever, a light of admonition to the
rulers of men, a light of salvation and redemption
to the oppressed. So long as this planet shall be
inhabited by human beings, so long as man shall
be of a social nature, so long as government shall be
necessary to the great moral purposes of society, so
long as it shall be abused to the purposes of op-
pression,—so long shall this declaration hold out, to
the sovereign and to the subject, the extent and the
boundaries of their respective rights and duties.
founded in the laws of nature and of nature's God.

WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, 1776.

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Born 1732; died 1799.

THE time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us; and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children and parents, expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause. The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad,—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT AND THE STATES.

BY ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Born in Nevis, one of the West India Islands, in 1757; was killed by Aaron Burr, in a duel, in 1804. This speech was delivered in the New York Convention, on the adoption of the Constitution, 1788.

MR. CHAIRMAN, it has been advanced as a principle, that no government but a despotism can exist in a very extensive country. This is a melancholy consideration, indeed. If it were founded on truth, we ought to dismiss the idea of a republican government, even for the State of New York. But the position has been misapprehended. Its application relates only to democracies, where the body of the people meet to transact business, and where representation is unknown. The application is wrong in respect to all representative governments, but especially in relation to a Confederacy of States, in which the Supreme Legislature has only general powers, and the civil and domestic concerns of the people are regulated by the laws of the several States. I insist that it never can be the interest or desire of the national Legislature to destroy the State Governments. The blow aimed at the members must give a fatal wound to the head, and the destruction of the States must be at once a political suicide. But imagine, for a moment, that a political frenzy should seize the government; suppose they should make the attempt. Certainly, sir, it would be forever impracticable. This has been sufficiently demonstrated by reason and experience. It has been proved that the members of republics have been, and ever will be, stronger than the head. Let us attend to one general historical example.

In the ancient feudal governments of Europe, there were, in the first place, a monarch; subordinate to him, a body of nobles; and subject to these, the vassals, or the whole body of the people. The authority of the kings was limited, and that of the barons considerably independent. The histories of the feudal wars exhibit little more than a series of successful encroachments on the prerogatives of monarchy.

Here, sir, is one great proof of the superiority which the members in limited governments possess over their head. As long as the barons enjoyed the confidence and attachment of the people, they had the strength of the country on their side, and were

irresistible. I may be told in some instances the barons were overcome; but how did this happen? Sir, they took advantage of the depression of the royal authority, and the establishment of their own power, to oppress and tyrannize over their vassals. As commerce enlarged, and wealth and civilization increased, the people began to feel their own weight and consequence; they grew tired of their oppressions; united their strength with that of their prince, and threw off the yoke of aristocracy.

These very instances prove what I contend for. They prove that in whatever direction the popular weight leans, the current of power will flow; whatever the popular attachments be, there will rest the political superiority. Sir, can it be supposed that the State Governments will become the oppressors of the people? Will they forfeit their affections? Will they combine to destroy the liberties and happiness of their fellow-citizens, for the sole purpose of involving themselves in ruin? God forbid! The idea, sir, is shocking! It outrages every feeling of humanity and every dictate of common sense!

WHAT SAVED THE UNION.

BY GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

Born 1822; died 1885.

From a speech delivered on the Fourth of July at Hamburg.

I SHARE with you in all the pleasure and gratitude which Americans so far away should feel on this anniversary. But I must dissent from one remark of our consul, to the effect that I saved the country during the recent war. If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of any one man, we should not have a country, and we should not now be celebrating our Fourth of July. There are many men who would have done far better than I did, under the circumstances in which I found myself during the war. If I had never held command, if I had fallen, if all our generals had fallen, there were ten thousand behind us who would have done our work just as well, who would have followed the contest to the end, and never surrendered the Union. Therefore, it is a mistake and a reflection upon the people to attribute to me, or to any number of us who hold high com-

mands, the salvation of the Union. We did our work as well as we could, so did hundreds of thousands of others. We demand no credit for it, for we should have been unworthy of our country and of the American name if we had not made every sacrifice to save the Union. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. They came from their homes and fields, as they did in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country. To their devotion we owe the salvation of the Union. The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of the war as those who were in command. So long as our young men are animated by this spirit there will be no fear for the Union.

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

BY RUFUS CHOATE.

Born 1799; died 1858.

THE birthday of the "Father of his Country!" May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever reawaken in them filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard to the country he loved so well; to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life, in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as President of the Convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the Chair of State, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life, which enabled him to create his country, and, at the same time, secure an undying love and

regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life!

Yes, others of our great men have been appreciated,—many admired by all. But him we love. Him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissident and discordant and dissatisfied elements,—no sectional prejudice nor bias,—no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes, when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm and cheer every American heart. It shall rekindle that promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country, which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated. Well did Lord Byron write:

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?—
Yes—one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush, there was but one."

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

BY WILLIAM KNOX.

A favorite poem with Abraham Lincoln, who often repeated it to his friends.

OH! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying
cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose
eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the
steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would
think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would
shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will
come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is
dumb.

They died, aye! they died; and we things that are
now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage
road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

AND this, O Spain! is thy return
For the new world I gave!
Chains!—this the recompense I earn!
The fetters of the slave!
Yon sun that sinketh 'neath the sea,
Rises on realms I found for thee.

I served thee as a son would serve;
I loved thee with a father's love;
It ruled my thought, and strung my nerve,
To raise thee other lands above,
That thou, with all thy wealth, might be
The single empress of the sea.

For thee my form is bowed and worn
With midnight watches on the main;
For thee my soul hath calmly borne
Ills worse than sorrow, more than pain;
Through life, what'er my lot might be,
I lived, dared, suffered, but for thee.

My guerdon!—'Tis a furrowed brow,
Hair gray with grief, eyes dim with tears,
And blighted hope, and broken vow,
And poverty for coming years,
And hate, with malice in her train:—
What other guerdon?—View my chain!

Yet say not that I weep for gold!
No, let it be the robber's spoil.—
Nor yet, that hate and malice bold
Decry my triumph and my toil.—
I weep but for Spain's lasting shame;
I weep but for her blackened fame.

No more.—The sunlight leaves the sea;
Farewell, thou never-dying king!
Earth's clouds and changes change not thee,
And thou—and thou,—grim, giant thing,
Cause of my glory and my pain,—
Farewell, unfathomable main!

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

Born in Danville, Kentucky, 1820; died in Alabama, 1867. This famous poem was written in honor of a comrade of the author, a Kentucky soldier, who fell mortally wounded in the battle of Buena Vista.



HE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighboring troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed—
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
These breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the trieried foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was victory or death.

Full many a mother's breath hath swept
O'er Angostara's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,

Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air!
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Shines sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave!
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF
GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born 1809; died 1865. Mr. Lincoln always spoke briefly and to the point. The following short oration, delivered at the dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery, is universally regarded as one of the greatest masterpieces, of brief and simple eloquence, in the realm of oratory.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and

so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, and that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

MEMORY.

BY JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Born 1831; died 1881. The following poem was written by the late President Garfield during his senior year in Williams College, Massachusetts, and was published in the Williams "Quarterly" for March, 1856.

THIS beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow.

No lights gleam at the windows, save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
And now with noiseless step, sweet memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed
The enchanted, shadowy land where memory dwells;
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone, and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain-tops are bathed
In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days.
Upon its gently sloping hillsides bend

The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
 Of dear departed ones; yet in that land,
 Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
 They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
 Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand
 As erst they did before the prison tomb
 Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
 The heavens that bend above that land are hung
 With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill,
 Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre shade
 Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
 Others are floating through the dreamy air,
 White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
 With gold and crimson hues; their shadows fall
 Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
 Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.
 When the rough battle of the day is done,
 A d evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
 I bound away, across the noisy years,
 Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
 Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
 And memory dim with dark oblivion joins;
 Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell
 Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
 And, wandering thence along the rolling years,
 I see the shadow of my former self
 Gliding from childhood up to man's estate;
 The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
 And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
 From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
 Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
 And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
 Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall;
 And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
 Sorrow and joy this life-path leads along.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

BY ETHELINDA ELLIOTT BEERS.

Born in New York, 1827; died in New Jersey, 1879.

The following poem first appeared in "Harper's Weekly" in 1861, and being published anonymously its authorship was, says Mr. Stedman, "falsely claimed by several persons."



ALL quiet along the Potomac, they say,
 "Except now and then a stray picket
 Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
 'Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then,
 Will not count in the news of the battle;
 Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
 Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;

Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
 Or the light of the watchfires, are gleaming.
 A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
 Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
 While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
 Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
 And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.
 His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
 Grows gentle with memories tender,
 As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
 For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
 That night when the love yet unspoken
 Leaped up to his lips—when low, murmured vows
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken;
 Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
 He dashes off tears that are welling,
 And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
 As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
 The footstep is lagging and weary;
 Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
 Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
 Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
 Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
 It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
 And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
 No sound save the rush of the river;
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
 The picket's off duty forever.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

BY EPES SARGENT.

Born 1813; died 1880. The following beautiful and popular song, sung all over the world, like "Home, Sweet Home," is by an American author. It is one of those bits of lyric verse which will perpetuate the name of its writer longer, perhaps, than any of the many books which he gave to the world.



A LIFE on the ocean wave,
 A home on the rolling deep;
 Where the scattered waters rave,
 And the winds their revels keep!
 Like an angel caged I pine,
 On this dull, unchanging shore:
 O, give me the flashing brine,
 The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land;
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean-bird set free,—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, "Let the storm come down!"
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY F. M. FINCH.

Born in Ithaca, N. Y., 1827.

Many of the women of the South, animated by noble sentiments, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They have strewn flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,

With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

ROLL-CALL.

BY NATHANIEL P. SHEPHERD.

Born in New York, 1835; died 1869.

CORPORAL GREEN!" the orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier who stood
near—
And "here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn where the poppies grew

Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!" and a voice answered, "here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad winds
sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;
"Where our ensign was shot, I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear—
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered, "Here!"

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

BY J. A. MACON.

Born in Alabama, 1851.

Author of "Uncle Gab Tucker."

The following dialect verses are a faithful reproduction, not only of the negro dialect of the cotton sections of the South; but the genius of Mr. Macon has subtly embodied in this and other of his writings a shadowy but true picture of the peculiar and original philosophy and humor of the poor but happy black people of the section with which he is so familiar.

NOW, I's got a notion in my head dat when
you come to die,
An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-house
in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's
gwine to ax
When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pin you to
de fac's;

'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's
in de night,
An' de water-millic question's gwine to bodder you a
sight!
Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo'
When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scape dat hap-
pened long ago!
De angels on the picket-line erlong de Milky Way
Keep a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin'
what you say;
No matter what you want to do, no matter whar
you's gwine,
Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de
line;
An' of'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an'
laugh,
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden tele-
graph;
Den, de angel in de orfis, what's a settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de
slate!
Den you better do your juty well an' keep your con-
science clear.
An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar
you steer;
'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de
lan',
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on
de stan';
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty
straight,
Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate!

RUIN WROUGHT BY RUM.

(TEMPERANCE SELECTION.)

O, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech and pray.
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing,—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight,—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look within the wine-cup's glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think of its flavor would you try,
If all proclaimed,—'*Tis drink and die.*

Tell me I hate the bowl,—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Where'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

ANONYMOUS.

TO A SKELETON.

The MS. of this poem was found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and sent by the curator to the "Morning Chronicle" for publication. It excited so much attention that every effort was made to discover the author, and a responsible party went so far as to offer fifty guineas for information that would discover its origin. The author preserved his incognito, and, we believe, has never been discovered.

BEHOLD! this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
(Once ethereal) now it full.
The narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void;
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed,—
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth and fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

PLEDGE WITH WINE.

(A TEMPERANCE-SELECTION.)

PLEDGE with wine—pledge with wine!"
cried the young and thoughtless Harry
Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through
the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour
had come,—she pressed her white hands together,

and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder. From her childhood she had been most solemnly opposed to the use of all wines and liquors.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette;—in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they succeingly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy-looking

brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct: she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken: "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-

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day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rolled down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child; in God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

BY ELIJAH KELLOG.

Born in Portland, Maine, 1813. Spartacus was a Thracian soldier, who was taken prisoner by the Romans, made a slave, and trained as a gladiator. He escaped with a number of fellow-gladiators, an incident to which this speech is supposed to refer to. He was killed in battle 71 B. C., while leading the Servile War against Rome.



It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Volturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard, save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was as still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators were assembled; their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows; when Spartacus, arising in the midst of that grim assembly, thus addressed them:

"Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped

the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

"To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! A the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said: 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O, Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sestercies upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow

he shall break his fast upon yours—and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men*,—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain-passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at Old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves*! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors*! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

THE CRABBED MAN.

(Extract from a Lecture.)

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Born 1832. One of the most eminent orators of the American pulpit.



F all the ills that flesh is heir to, a cross, crabbed, ill-contented man is the most undurable, because the most inexcusable. No occasion, no matter how trifling, is permitted to pass without eliciting his dissent, his sneer, or his growl. His good and patient wife never yet prepared a dinner that he liked. One day she prepares a dish that she thinks will particularly please him. He comes in the front door, and says: "Whew! whew! what have you got in the house? Now, my dear, you know that I never did like codfish." Some evening, resolving to be especially gracious, he starts with his family to a place of amusement. He scolds the most of the way. He cannot afford the time or the money, and he does not believe the entertainment will be much, after all. The music begins. The audience are thrilled. The orchestra, with polished instruments, warble and weep, and thunder and pray—all the sweet sounds of the world flowering upon the strings of the bass viol, and wreathing the flageolets, and breathing from the lips of the cornet, and shaking their flower-bells upon the tinkling tambourine.

He sits motionless and disgusted. He goes home saying: "Did you see that fat musician that got so red blowing that French horn? He looked like a stuffed toad. Did you ever hear such a voice as

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butcher's knife!
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He goes home
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that lady has? Why, it was a perfect squawk! The evening was wasted." And his companion says: "Why, my dear!" "There, you needn't tell me—you are pleased with everything. But never ask me to go again!" He goes to church. Perhaps the sermon is didactic and argumentative. He yawns. He gapes. He twists himself in his pew, and pretends he is asleep, and says: "I could not keep awake. Did you ever hear anything so dead? Can these dry bones live?" Next Sabbath he enters a church where the minister is much given to illustration. He is still more displeased. He says: "How dare that man bring such every-day things into his pulpit? He ought to have brought his illustrations from the cedar of Lebanon and the fir-tree, instead of the hickory and sassafras. He ought to have spoken of the Euphrates and the Jordan, and not of the Kennebec and Schuylkill. He ought to have mentioned Mount Gerizim instead of the Catskills. Why, he ought to be disciplined. Why, it is ridiculous." Perhaps afterward he joins the church. Then the church will have its hands full. He growls and groans and whines all the way up toward the gate of heaven. He wishes that the choir would sing differently, that the minister would preach differently, that the elders would pray differently. In the morning, he said, "The church was as cold as Greenland;" in the evening, "It was hot as blazes." They painted the church; he didn't like the color. They carpeted the aisles; he didn't like the figure. They put in a new furnace; he didn't like the patent. He wriggles and squirms, and frets and stews, and worries himself. He is like a horse, that, prancing and uneasy to the bit, worries himself into a lather of foam, while the horse hitched beside him just pulls straight ahead, makes no fuss, and comes to his oats in peace. Like a hedge-hog, he is all quills. Like a crab that, you know, always goes the other way, and moves backward in order to go forward, and turns in four directions all at once, and the first you know of his whereabouts you have missed him, and when he is completely lost he has gone by the heel—so that the first thing you know you don't know anything—and while you expected to catch the crab, the crab catches you.

So some men are crabbed—all hard-shell and obstinacy and opposition. I do not see how he is to

get into heaven, unless he goes in backward, and then there will be danger that at the gate he will try to pick a quarrel with St. Peter. Once in, I fear he will not like the music, and the services will be too long, and that he will spend the first two or three years in trying to find out whether the wall of heaven is exactly plumb. Let us stand off from such tendencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than discords, picking up marigolds and harebells in preference to thistles and colquintida, culturing thyme and anemones rather than night-shade. And in a world where God has put exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of the rock by hanging tapestry of morning mist, the lark saying, "I will sing soprano," and the cascade replying, "I will carry the bass," let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the frog to croak, and the bear to growl, and the grumbler to find fault.

PUTTING UP O' THE STOVE; OR, THE RIME OF THE ECONOMICAL HOUSEHOLDER.

THE melancholy days have come that no householder loves.

Days of taking down of blinds and putting up of stoves;

The lengths of pipe forgotten lie in the shadow of the shed,

Dinged out of symmetry they be and all with rust are red;

The husband gropes amid the mass that he placed there anon,

And swears to find an elbow-joint and eke a leg are gone.

So fared it with good Mister Brown, when his spouse remarked: "Behold!

Unless you wish us all to go and catch our deaths of cold,

Swift be yon stove and pipes from out their storing place conveyed,

And to black-lead and set them up, lo! I will lend my aid."

This, Mr. Brown, he trembling heard, I trow his heart was sore,

For he was married many years, and had been there before,

And timidly he said, "My love, perchance, the better plan
'Twere to hie to the tinsmith's shop and bid him send
a man?"

His spouse replied indignantly: "So you would have
me then
To waste our substance upon riotous tinsmith's
journeymen?
'A penny saved is twopence earned,' rash prodigal of
pelf,
Go! false one, go! and I will black and set it up
myself."

When thus she spoke the husband knew that she had
seen his doom;
"Fill high the bowl with Samian lead and gimme
down that broom,"
He cried; then to the outhouse marched. Apart the
doors he hove
And closed in deadly conflict with his enemy, the
stove.

ROUND 1.

They faced each other; Brown, to get an opening
sparred
Adroitly. His antagonist was cautious—on his
guard.
Brown led off with his left to where a length of
stovepipe stood,
And nearly cut his fingers off. (*The stove allowed
first blood.*)

ROUND 2.

Brown came up swearing, in Græco-Roman style,
Closed with the stove, and tugged and strove at it a
weary while;
At last the leg he held gave way; flat on his back
fell Brown,
And the stove fell on top of him and claimed the
First Knock-down.

* * * The fight is done and Brown has won; his
hands are rasped and sore,
And perspiration and black-lead stream from his
every pore;
Sternly triumphant, as he gives his prisoner a shove,
He cries, "Where, my good angel, shall I put this
blessed stove?"

And calmly Mrs. Brown to him she indicates the
spot,
And bids him keep his temper, and remarks that he
looks hot,
And now comes in the sweat o' the day; the Brown
holds in his gripe

And strives to fit a six-inch joint into a five-inch
pipe;
He hammers, dinges, bends, and shakes, while his
wife scornfully
Tells him how *she* would manage if only she were he.

At last the joints are joined, they rear a pyramid in
air,
A tub upon the table, and upon the tub a chair,
And on chair and supporters are the stovepipe and
the Brown,
Like the lion and the unicorn, a-fighting for the
crown;
While Mistress Brown, she cheerily says to him, "I
expec'
'Twould be just like your clumsiness to fall and break
your neck."

Scarce were the piteous accents said before she was
aware
Of what might be called "a miscellaneous music in
the air."
And in wild crash and confusion upon the floor rained
down
Chairs, tables, tubs, and stovepipes, anathemas, and
—Brown.

There was a moment's silence—Brown had fallen on
the cat;
She was too thick for a book-mark, but too thin for
a mat;
And he was all wounds and bruises, from his head to
his foot,
And seven breadths of Brussels were ruined with the
soot.

"O wedded love, how beautiful, how sweet a thing
thou art!"
Up from her chair did Mistress Brown, as she saw
him falling, start,
And shrieked aloud as a sickening fear did her
inmost heartstrings gripe,
"Josiah Winterbotham Brown, have you gone and
smashed that pipe?"

Then fiercely starts that Mr. Brown, as one that had
been wode,
And big his bosom swelled with wrath, and red his
visage glowed;
Wild rolled his eye as he made reply (and his voice
was sharp and shrill),
"I have not, madam, but, by—by—by the nine gods,
I will!"

He swung the pipe above his head; he dashed it on
the floor,

And that stovepipe, as a stovepipe, it did exist no more;
Then he strode up to his shrinking wife, and his face was stern and wan,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he hissed:
"Send for that tinsmith's man!"

THE POOR INDIAN!

KNOW him by his falcon eye,
His raven tress and mien of pride;
Those dingy draperies, as they fly,
Tell that a great soul throbs inside!

No eagle-feathered crown he wears,
Capping in pride his kingly brow;
But his crownless hat in grief declares,
"I am an unthroned monarch now!"

"O noble son of a royal line!"
I exclaim, as I gaze into his face,
"How shall I knit my soul to thine?"
How right the wrongs of thine injured race?

"What shall I do for thee, glorious one?
To soothe thy sorrows my soul aspires.
Speak! and say how the Saxon's son
May atone for the wrongs of his ruthless sires!"

He speaks, he speaks!—that noble chief!
From his marble lips deep accents come;
And I catch the sound of his mighty grief,—
"Ple' gi' me tree cent for gi' some rum?"

JENKINS GOES TO A PICNIC.

MARIA ANN recently determined to go to a picnic.

Maria Ann is my wife—unfortunately she had planned it to go alone, so far as I am concerned, on that picnic excursion; but when I heard about it, I determined to assist.

She pretended she was very glad; I don't believe she was.

"It will do you good to get away from your work a day, poor fellow," she said; "and we shall so much enjoy a cool morning ride on the cars, and a dinner in the woods."

On the morning of that day, Maria Ann got up at five o'clock. About three minutes later she disturbed

my slumbers, and told me to come to breakfast. I told her I wasn't hungry, but it didn't make a bit of difference, I had to get up. The sun was up; I had no idea that the sun began his business so early in the morning, but there he was.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must fly around, for the cars start at half-past six. Eat all the breakfast you can, for you won't get anything more before noon."

I could not eat anything so early in the morning. There was ice to be pounded to go around the pail of ice cream, and the sandwiches to be cut, and I thought I would never get the legs of the chicken fixed so I could get the cover on the big basket. Maria Ann flew around and piled up groceries for me to pack, giving directions to the girl about taking care of the house, and putting on her dress all at once. There is a deal of energy in that woman, perhaps a trifle too much.

At twenty minutes past six I stood on the front steps, with a basket on one arm and Maria Ann's waterproof on the other, and a pail in each hand, and a bottle of vinegar in my coat-skirt pocket. There was a camp-chair hung on me somewhere, too, but I forget just where.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must run or we shall not catch the train."

"Maria Ann," said I, "that is a reasonable idea. How do you suppose I can run with all this freight?"

"You must, you brute. You always try to tease me. If you don't want a scene on the street, you will start, too."

So I ran.

I had one comfort, at least. Maria Ann fell down and broke her parasol. She called me a brute again because I laughed. She drove me all the way to the depot at a brisk trot, and we got on the cars; but neither of us could get a seat, and I could not find a place where I could set the things down, so I stood there and held them.

"Maria," I said, "how is this for a cool morning ride?"

Said she, "You are a brute, Jenkins."

Said I, "You have made that observation before, my love."

I kept my courage up, yet I knew there would be an hour of wrath when we got home. While we were getting out of the cars, the bottle in my coat-

pocket broke, and consequently I had one boot half-full of vinegar all day. That kept me pretty quiet, and Maria Ann ran off with a big whiskered music-teacher, and lost her fan, and got her feet wet, and tore her dress, and enjoyed herself *so much*, after the fashion of picnic-goers.

I thought it would never come dinner-time, and Maria Ann called me a pig because I wanted to open our basket before the rest of the baskets were opened.

At last dinner came—the “nice dinner in the woods,” you know. Over three thousand little red ants had got into our dinner, and they were worse to pick out than fish-bones. The ice-cream had melted, and there was no vinegar for the cold meat, except what was in my boot, and, of course, that was of no immediate use. The music-teacher spilled a cup of hot coffee on Maria Ann’s head, and pulled all the frizzles out trying to wipe off the coffee with his handkerchief. Then I sat on a piece of rasperry-pie, and spoiled my white pants, and concluded I didn’t want anything more. I had to stand up against a tree the rest of the afternoon. The day offered considerable variety, compared to everyday life, but there were so many drawbacks that I did not enjoy it so much as I might have done.

SEWING ON A BUTTON.

BY J. M. BAILEY.

IT is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately, for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for a leeway. He says

to himself,—“Well, if women don’t have the easiest time I ever see.” Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of that button, and, finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect to his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time when coming back with the needle he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner; but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening, and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things, with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor, and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After awhile, he calms down, and puts on his pants, and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.

CASEY AT THE BAT.

(Often recited by DeWolf Hopper, the comic opera singer, between the acts.)

THERE was ease in Casey’s manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey’s bearing, and a smile on Casey’s face;
And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt ’twas Casey at the bat.

en don't have the easiest
he comes back the other
through the cloth well
t to find the eye, but in
ient jabbing, the needle
against the solid parts of
en he loses patience, his
nd that three inches he
n slips through the eye
ton rolls leisurely across
without a single remark,
en, and makes another
me when coming back
n the thread and button
m with his thumb, and
rt of him that he feels
y careful and judicious
his philosophy as the
ore hopeless, he falls to
avage manner, and it is
e opening, and comes
part way through his
human ingenuity can
down the things, with
d presses the injured
en holds it under the
into his mouth, and all
floor, and calls upon
that there has never
e world was created,
ans, and sobs. After
uts on his pants, and
stick, and goes to his

BAT.

er, the comic opera
acts.)
sey's manner as he
lace,
sey's bearing, and a
ace;
rs he lightly doffed
bub 'twas Casey at

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his
hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped
them on his shirt;
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into
his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled
Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came whirling
thro' the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur
there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.
"That ain't my style," said Casey, "Strike one,"
the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up
a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and
distant shore;
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one on
the stand.
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey
raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage
shone,
He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on;
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the
spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said,
"Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the
echo answered, "Fraud!"
But the scornful look from Casey, and the audience
was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his
muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go
by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are
clenched in hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the
plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets
it go.
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's
blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is
shining bright,
The hand is playing somewhere, and somewhere
hearts are light,

And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere
children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has
struck out.

THE MAGICAL ISLE.



HERE'S a magical isle in the River of Time,
Where softest of echoes are straying;
And the air is as soft as a musical chime,
Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime
When June with its roses is swaying.

'Tis where memory dwells with her pure golden hue
And music forever is flowing:
While the low-murmured tones that come trembling
through
Sadly trouble the heart, yet sweeten it too,
As the south wind o'er water when blowing.
There are shadowy halls in that fairy-like isle,
Where pictures of beauty are gleaming;
Yet the light of their eyes, and their sweet, sunny
smile,
Only flash round the heart with a wildering wile,
And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of this isle is the Beautiful Past,
And we bury our treasures all there:
There are beings of beauty too lovely to last;
There are blossoms of snow, with the dust o'er them
cast;
There are tresses and ringlets of hair.
There are fragments of song only memory sings,
And the words of a dear mother's prayer;
There's a harp long unsought, and a lute without
strings—
Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

E'en the dead—the bright, beautiful dead—there
arise,
With their soft, flowing ringlets of gold;
Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet
eyes,
The unbroken signet of silence now lies,
They are with us again, as of old.

In the stillness of night, hands are beckoning there,
And, with joy that is almost a pain,
We delight to turn back, and in wandering there,
Through the shadowy halls of the island so fair,
We behold our lost treasures again.

Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show,
Is a vista exceedingly bright:
And the River of Time, in its turbulent flow,
Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,
When the years were a dream of delight.

STRAY BITS OF CHARACTER

By WILL CARLETON.

With original illustrations by Victor Perard.

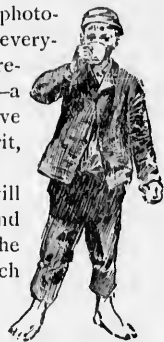


THE TOURIST.

IN art, as well as literature, there should be a vast variety of methods, for a good many kinds of people wait to be instructed and pleased. Besides, there is frequently a great diversity of moods in the same person—all of which must be ministered to, at one time and another.

Some people, and perhaps all, when in certain states of mind, are fond of pictures brought out with photographic accuracy; every detail attended to; everything provided for; every incident faithfully related. Others prefer only the salient points—a mere suggestion of items is sufficient. They have no time for anything more—they want the spirit, the soul, of the scene and situation.

Victor Perard's work upon these pages will minister most to the latter class of people and moods. As one orator can give in ten words the story that another one has struggled with much voice and many gestures for an hour to make plain, so this silent story-teller dashes his pencil across the paper a few times, and behold! you see just what you already may



AT THE LUNGE STAND.



THE STREET TO THE SEA.



THE OILER.

have noticed again and again, but never before recognized in all its possibilities. You now have before you for a steady gaze, that of which you have had only a glimpse, a sketch that supplies the place of memory, shakes hands with imagination, and enables you to enjoy the scene at leisure.

These are pictures that explain themselves, or at least permit the gazer to furnish his own explanation—and that is the most complimentary of all imaginative work, and produces a species of gratitude in the minds of the audience.

Victor Perard is one of the younger artists of our country. His name would indicate him to be of French descent; but he is, I believe, a native of the Greater America, which has thus far shown such a cheerful willingness to assimilate the best brain of the world. He has, however, lived in Paris, and contributed to some of the leading French illustrated journals. He is now living a quiet domestic life in our American metropolis, and has done much good work for its periodicals.

In "The Tourist," one notices with every line of the solemn-looking individual an intense desire to get over the ground promptly and see everything possible on the way. There is something in the painful though unstudied diligence with which he keeps his carpet bag close to his person, that may enable a lively imagination to peep through its sides and detect notes for a forthcoming book.



IN WAIT.



EXPECTING A CALLER.

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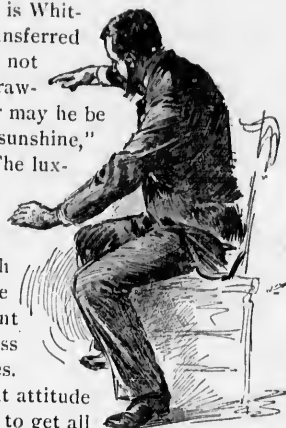
T THE LUNG STAND.



A VETERAN OF THE RANKS.

"At the Lunch Stand" is Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," transferred to the city. His lips are not "redder still, kissed by strawberries on the hill;" nor may he be coated with "outward sunshine," or full of "inner joy." The luxurious bowl of milk and bread which our Quaker poet describes, is not his, even with the wooden dish and pewter spoon; but he seems happy for the moment with the cup of more or less hot coffee which he imbibes.

His jaunty, independent attitude shows that he is bound to get all the good of his powerful and perhaps palatable beverage; that he earned it, and is entitled to it.



A WIDE-REACHING AFFAIR.

"The Street to the Sea" is in fact a picture of the sea, although the same is hardly in sight. Everything shows that we are approaching the great Country of the Waters. The villas in view; the wheel-harrowed road, admirably foreshortened; the deep shadows upon each side of the way; human figures looming faintly in the distance; everything, in fact, is somehow telling us a tale of the ocean, and we do not need our too sparse glimpse of the "solemn main" to tell what majestic voice will soon bring us to a halt; we almost smell the salt air.

The lazy fisherman



"WHO'S THAT COMING?"

who has hung out his latch-string and is waiting for a dinner to call upon him, is Perard with a godsend of material—of the kind he likes. There could scarcely be found a better wedding of shiftlessness and ingenuity. The primitive character of the man's garments is apparently not due to the climate alone; he takes no thought of the morrow, and not much of the current day, so far as its temporal affairs are concerned. But the crude marks of mechanical ability are all over and around him; one suspender is induced, by its oblique trend, to do service for two; an elaborate coil of line gives opportunity of play for the largest of fin-bearers; the stick in the sand guarantees that his expected caller shall not go away without experiencing the fisher-



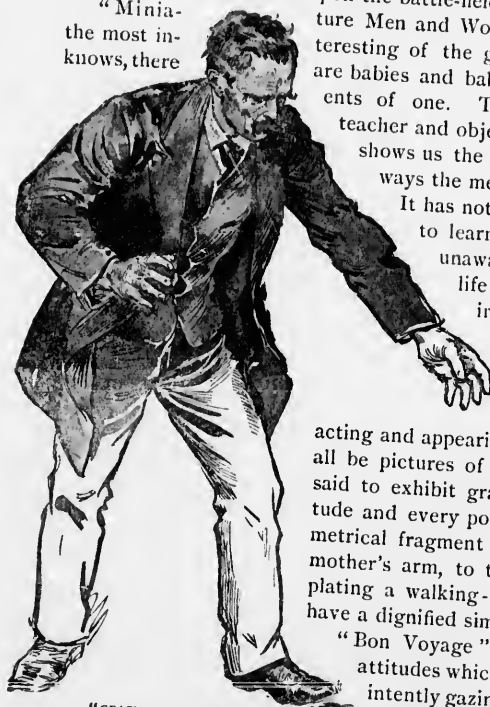
LEISURE.



MCCLELLAN SADDLE.

ity, which would be likely to act as winsome daughters of his regiment of martial qualities, even upon the battle-field.

"Minia-
the most in-
knows, there



"GRACIOUS GOODNESS!"

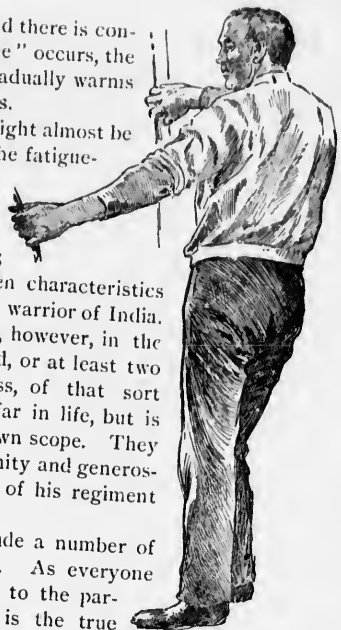
man's peculiar hospitality; and there is considerable chance that if a "bite" occurs, the line will waken him, as it gradually warms the interstice between his toes.

"A Veteran of the Ranks" might almost be Kipling's Mulvaney himself. The fatigue-cap, which in its jaunty pose seems to have vegetated and grown there; the drooping moustache; the capacious pipe; are all what might have been characteristics of that renowned Hibernian warrior of India. The picture finally centres, however, in the eyes; which contain a world, or at least two hemispheres, of shrewdness, of that sort which only gets about so far in life, but is terribly correct within its own scope. They also possess a certain humanity and generosity.

"Men and Women" include a number of interesting of the genus Baby. As everyone are babies and babies, except to the parents of one. The infant is the true teacher and object-lesson combined; it shows us the grace, although not always the mercy and peace, of unconscious action.

It has not been away from Heaven long enough to learn the deceit of this crooked world, is unaware that there is anything in life to conceal, and acts accordingly, until taught better, or, perhaps, worse. These babies, or this baby (for the same infant has so many different ways of acting and appearing, that these may all be pictures of the same) can be said to exhibit grace in every attitude and every position, from the symmetrical fragment of humanity on the mother's arm, to the tot just contemplating a walking-lesson. All of them have a dignified simplicity.

"Bon Voyage" shows the different attitudes which men will take while intently gazing at the same object. It does not necessarily follow that



SHOOTING THE STREAM ARROW.

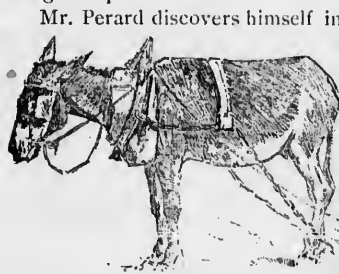


ON WINGS OF HOOPS.



MINIATURE MEN AND WOMEN.

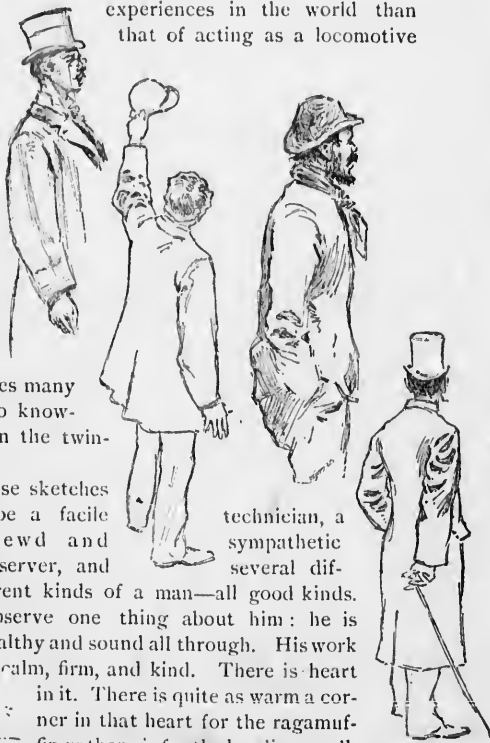
to a cart. The dashes of the breeze, the transports of the sun-bath, the pull at the water-bucket, the nourishment in the manger, all yield him tribute in a certain amount of pleasure; he has no responsibility upon his mind, excepting that he is to pull when told to; and although occasionally suffering maltreatment from the superior race in which he recognizes many of his own characteristics, there is no knowing how soon he may revenge it all, in the twinkling of a pair of heels.



WAITING ORDERS.

the "she" referred to is a lady; it may be and probably is, a ship, upon which all of our captured gazers have friends. Each one takes his own peculiar posture of observation; and their characters can be read from them.

"Waiting for Orders" is a faithful and almost pathetic presentation of that patient, long-suffering, but unreliable beast, whose lack of pride and hope have passed into a proverb. One is curious, seeing him standing there, how life can ever manage to wheedle him into the idea that it is worth living; but the same curiosity arises in regard to some men. We often find that these have stowed away upon their persons certain grains of comfort, concerning which we at first failed to take note. Our utterly opaque friend here has pleasanter experiences in the world than that of acting as a locomotive



Mr. Perard discovers himself in these sketches to be a facile shrewd and observer, and technician, a sympathetic several different kinds of a man—all good kinds. Observe one thing about him: he is healthy and sound all through. His work is calm, firm, and kind. There is heart in it. There is quite as warm a corner in that heart for the ragamuffin as there is for the howling swell.

BON VOYAGE!

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BON VOYAGE !

