SCHOOL READING BY GRADES

EIGHTH YEAR

AMERICAN ~ BOOK ~ COMPANY
NEW YORK~CINCINNATI~CHICAGO

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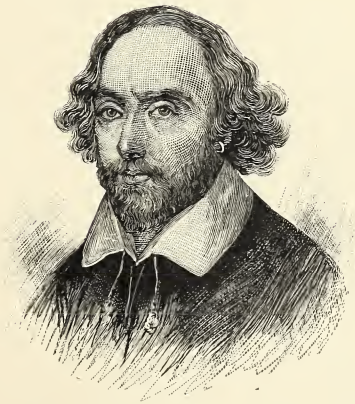
BY

JAMES BALDWIN



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W. P. I

PREFACE.

No more important duty is incumbent upon teachers than that of inculcating in the minds of their pupils a discriminating love for good books. The acquirement of the ability to give correct oral expression to the printed or written word is, after all, only a means to this more important end. The young person who can read intelligibly to himself, and in a manner that is pleasing to his hearers, is quite sure to find much pleasure in books. If his tastes have been properly cultivated and he has been taught to discriminate between that which is good and that which is worthless, this habit of reading will prove to be of incalculable value to him in after life; but, on the other hand, if he has been permitted to acquire a liking for that kind of writing which is neither instructive nor beautiful, and a distaste for the nobler and more enduring forms of literature, it would have been better if books had never been placed in his way. In the preparation of the series of reading books of which this volume is the eighth and concluding number, the importance of thus cultivating the literary judgment has been constantly borne in mind, and every reasonable means has been employed to assist the pupil to discover and appreciate things which are beautiful and true in literature and art. The selections in this volume have been chosen with the special view of opening the way to much supplementary reading on many important subjects and from books that can be safely recommended. The notes in connection with certain of the selections, as well as the notes on "Books" (page 236), are intended to assist in the attainment of this purpose. It is presumed that pupils in this grade have general access to dictionaries and other works of reference on all subjects; hence, no space is given to biographical or explanatory notes, but only a brief list of the authors and artists whose works are represented, with the date of the birth and death and, in most cases, the title of the most famous work of each. The educative and æsthetic value of the full-page illustrations will be readily appreciated by all.

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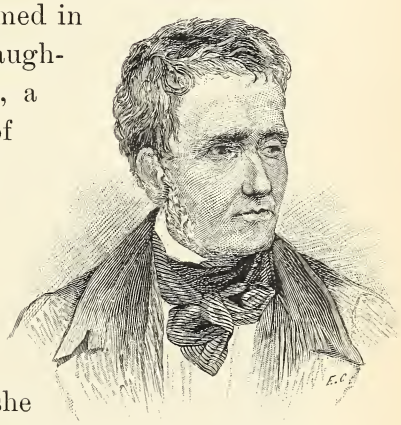
JOAN OF ARC.



Thomas De Quincey.

Jeanne d'Arc, or, as she is named in English, Joan of Arc, was the daughter of a peasant of Domrémy, a little village on the borders of Lorraine and Champagne. She was born in 1412. Domrémy is close to the great woods of the Vosges, in which Jeanne loved to wander, watching the birds and the beasts, and making friends of them. At home she was "a good girl, simple and pleasant in her ways," and differed from other girls in being more modest, industrious, and pious. She was taught to sew and to spin, but not to read and write.

At this time all the northern part of France was torn and desolated by the war which had for its object the subjugation of France to the power of England. Misery and disease were everywhere, and even in her distant vil-

lage, at the foot of the Vosges, Jeanne had been made acquainted with the horrors and hardships which afflicted her country. When about thirteen years of age, she believed that St. Michael appeared to her in a blaze of light, commanding her to be modest and attentive to all the duties of religion. This vision, and her sorrow for the distress of France, absorbed her whole being ; her constant expression was, she "had pity on the fair realm of France."

When she was fifteen, St. Michael appeared to her again, and bade her go and fight for the Dauphin.

"Messire," replied the girl, "I am but a poor maiden ; I know not how to ride to the wars, or to lead men at arms."

The poor girl wept, and wished to escape a work so difficult and so new. But, encouraged by the angel, her brave spirit overcame her fears, and she made known her mission to her friends.

At first she was laughed at as insane, and her father swore he would drown her rather than she should go with men to the wars ; but she succeeded in the end in leaving her home, and in making her way to the Dauphin, whom she persuaded of her heavenly mission, and promised that he should be anointed and crowned in the town of Rheims. She was now in her eighteenth year — tall, strong, and active, and able to remain on horseback without food from dawn till dark. Mounted on a charger, clad in a suit of white armor from head to foot, and bearing a white banner, she seemed "a thing wholly divine, whether to see or hear."

From the Painting by D. Maillard. Carbon by Braun, Clement & Co. Engraved by Charles Meeder

The Vision of Joan of Arc.

In April, 1429, she commenced the relief of Orleans, which was closely besieged by the English, and which, pressed by famine, was on the point of surrender when Jeanne presented herself to the Dauphin. In the midst of a terrible thunderstorm she marched through the English lines, unperceived and unopposed, and next morning showed herself with her banner on the walls of Orleans.

"I bring you," she said to the French general Dunois, who had sallied out of Orleans to meet her, "the best aid ever sent to any one, the aid of the King of Heaven."

Fort after fort fell into her hands, and the English, believing they were fighting against invisible powers, raised the siege and marched away. The belief in witchcraft and sorcery was then real and living among all classes of people. Triumph after triumph followed; and, with an ever-increasing army, she at length reached the gates of Rheims.

"O gentle king, the pleasure of God is done!" she cried, when she saw the crown placed on the head of Charles the Seventh; and she now passionately longed to go back to her father, to her village and her quiet home. "Oh that I might go and keep sheep once more with my brothers and sisters; they would be so glad to see me again!" But the French court had found out how useful she was, and refused to let her depart.

Jeanne's instinct and heavenly voices spoke the truth. From this time she could not help feeling that her mission was at an end, and that she was fighting without the support of heaven. During the defense of Compiègne she

was thrown from her horse and taken prisoner. After the barbarous custom of the time in dealing with prisoners, she was sold by her captor to the Duke of Burgundy, an ally of England, and again by the Duke into the hands of the English.

Her triumphs were triumphs of sorcery in the eyes of her enemies; and even her king must have believed her to be a witch, for, with the base ingratitude born of intense and royal selfishness, he made not the smallest attempt either to ransom or release her.

After a year's imprisonment, an ecclesiastical court, with the Bishop of Beauvais at its head, was formed to try her. The accusation was that she had been guilty of heresy and magic. Not permitted an advocate or defender, she was only supported by the courage of innocence; but she displayed in her answers a shrewdness and simple good sense that contrasted strongly with the artful dealings of the learned doctors, her judges.

When they asked: "Do you believe that you are in the favor of God?" she replied, "If I am not, God will put me in it; if I am, God will keep me in it."

When asked if the saints of her visions hated the English, she answered: "They love whatever God loves, and hate whatever he hates." And when the Bishop of Beauvais, still trying to entrap her, proceeded: "Does God, then, hate the English?" she still replied: "Whether God loves or hates the English, I do not know; but I know that all those who do not die in battle shall be driven away from this realm by the king of France."

When questioned about her standard, she said: "I car-

ried it instead of a lance, to avoid slaying any one; I have killed nobody. I only said: 'Rush in among the English,' and I rushed among them the first myself."

"The voices," she continued, in answer to further questions — "the voices told me to take it without fear, and that God would help me." And when they asked her if her hope of victory was founded on the banner or herself, she said: "It was founded on God, and on nought besides."

She was deprived of mass. "Our Lord can make me hear it without your aid," she said, weeping.

It is said that an Englishman who was present at the trial was so struck with Jeanne's evident sincerity that he could not help crying out: "A worthy woman, if she were but English!"

Her judges drew up twelve articles of accusation on the grounds of sorcery and heresy. On the 24th of May, 1431, the anniversary of the day on which the maid had been taken prisoner the year before, she was led to the cemetery of St. Ouen, where two platforms were erected. On the one stood the Cardinal of Winchester, the Bishop of Beauvais, and several other churchmen.

Jeanne was conducted to the second platform, where a preacher, named Erard, stormed at her fiercely; she listened with gentle patience, until he began to accuse the king; then she interrupted him warmly, saying: "Speak of me, but do not speak of the king. He is a good Christian, and not such as you say; I can swear to you he is the noblest of all Christians, and one who the most loves the Church and the faith."

When the sermon was finished, the preacher read to Jeanne a form of abjuration, of which she asked an explanation, saying she had nothing to abjure, for that all she had done was at the command of God. At this they told her she must submit to the Church, and then, using threats, they pointed to the public executioner, telling her that instant death was the only alternative.

Poor Jeanne! Braver hearts than thine have failed at such a trial. Trembling, she put her mark to the paper, saying: "I would rather sign than burn!"

The Bishop of Beauvais then proceeded to pass sentence. He said, "that as, by the grace of God, she had given up her errors, and come back to the bosom of the Church, the ban of excommunication was removed. But," he added, "as she had sinned against God and the holy Catholic Church, though 'by grace and moderation' her life was spared, she must pass the rest of it in prison, with the bread of grief and the water of anguish for her food."

This, however, was only a temporary respite; it was not designed that her life should be spared. Her enemies sought only to gain time in order to find a better excuse for her death, but they sought in vain. She was accused of a return to heresy, and condemned to death. A great pile was raised in the market place of Rouen; here she was led, and found her enemies awaiting her. Asking for a cross, an English soldier made one by breaking his staff asunder. She kissed it and clasped it to her breast.

Suddenly she cried out: "Yes! my voices were of God! they have never deceived me!" Her last word, with her eyes fixed on a crucifix held before her by a priest, was

"Jesus!" and amid the deep and awful silence of the brutal soldiery and unfeeling people, the heroic soul of the poor young country girl passed away.

A statue of the Maid of Orleans now marks the spot where she suffered death.

What is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, who rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration of deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The poor maiden drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of her who gave up all for her country, thy ear will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to *do* — never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer* — never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own — that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short; let me use that life, so transitory, for glorious ends.

This pure creature — pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious — never once relaxed in her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the

spectators on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames; but the voice that called her to death — that she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well she knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her;* but, on the contrary, that she was for *them.* Not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had they the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea; but well she knew that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her.* Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her.*

Her piety displayed itself in the most touching manner to the last; and her angelic forgetfulness of self was manifested in a remarkable degree. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A monk was then standing at her side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers.

Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him* — the one friend that would not forsake her — and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. "Go down," she said; "lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end."

— *From "Biographies," by Thomas De Quincey.*

THE HALCYON.

"What sound was that, Socrates?" asked Chærephon.

"It came from the beach under the cliff yonder, and seemed a long way off. And how melodious it was! Was it a bird? I thought all sea birds were songless."

"It was a sea bird," answered Socrates, "a bird called the Halcyon, and has a note full of plaining and tears. There is an old story people tell of it. It was a mortal woman once, daughter of Æolus, god of the winds. Ceyx, the son of the morning star, wedded her in her early maidenhood. The son was not less fair than the father; and when it came to pass that he died, the crying of the girl, as she lamented his sweet usage, was — just that! And some while after, as Heaven willed it, she was changed into a bird. Floating now on bird's wings over the sea, she seeks her lost Ceyx there, since she was not able to find him after long wandering over the land."

"That, then, is the Halcyon — the kingfisher," said Chærephon. "I never heard a bird like it before. It has truly a plaintive note. What kind of a bird is it?"

"Not a large bird, though she has received large honor from the gods on account of her singular conjugal affection; for whensoever she makes her nest, a law of nature brings round what is called Halcyon's weather — days distinguishable among all others for their serenity, though they come sometimes amid the storms of winter — days like to-day! See how transparent is the sky above us, and how motionless the sea, like a smooth mirror!"

"True! A Halcyon day, indeed, and yesterday was the same. But tell me, Socrates, what is one to think of those stories which have been told from the beginning, of birds changed into mortals, and mortals into birds? To me nothing seems more incredible."

"Dear Chærephon," said Socrates, "methinks we are but half-blind judges of the impossible and the possible. We try the question by the standard of our human faculty, which avails neither for true knowledge, nor for faith, nor vision. Therefore many things seem to us impossible which are really easy; many things unattainable which are within our reach; partly through inexperience, partly through the childishness of our minds; for, in truth, every man, even the oldest of us, is like a little child, so brief and babyish are the years of our life in comparison with eternity. Then how can we, who comprehend not the faculties of gods and the heavenly host, tell whether aught of that kind be possible or no? What a tempest you saw three days ago! One trembles but to think of the lightning, the thunderclaps, the violence of the wind! You might have thought the whole world was going to ruin. And then, after a little, came this wonderful serenity of weather, which has continued till to-day. Which do you think the greater and more difficult thing to do — to exchange the disorder of that irresistible whirlwind for a clarity like this, and becalm the whole world again, or to refashion the form of a woman into that of a bird? We can teach even little children to do something of that sort: to take wax or clay, and mold out of the same

material many kinds of form, one after another, without difficulty. And it may be that to the Deity, whose power is too vast for comparison with ours, all processes of that kind are manageable and easy. How much wider is the whole heaven than thyself? More than thou canst express. Among ourselves, also, how vast the differences we observe in men's degrees of power! To you and me, and many another like us, many things are impossible which are quite easy to others. For those who are unmusical, to play on the flute; to read or write, for those who have not yet learned, is no easier than to make birds of women, or women of birds. From the dumb and lifeless egg Nature molds her swarm of winged creatures, aided, as some will have it, by a divine and secret art in the wide air around us. She takes from the honeycomb a little memberless live thing; she brings it wings and feet, brightens and beautifies it with quaint variety of color; and lo! the bee in her wisdom, making honey worthy of the gods!

"It follows that we mortals, being altogether of little account, able wholly to discern no great matter, sometimes not even a little one, may hardly speak with security as to what those vast powers of the immortal gods may be concerning kingfisher or nightingale. Yet the glory of thy mythus, O tearful songstress! that will I, too, hand on to my children, and tell it often to my wives, — the story of thy pious love to Ceyx, and of thy melodious hymns, and above all, of the honor thou hast with the gods!"

— *From Lucian of Samosata: Translated by Walter Pater.*

JAFFÁR.

Jaffár, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer, —
Jaffár was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath, —
All but the brave Mondeer: he, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffár.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried; the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he,
"From bonds far worse Jaffár delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffár?"
Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate

Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"
"Gifts!" cried the friend; he took, and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffár!"

— *Leigh Hunt.*

THE SONNET.

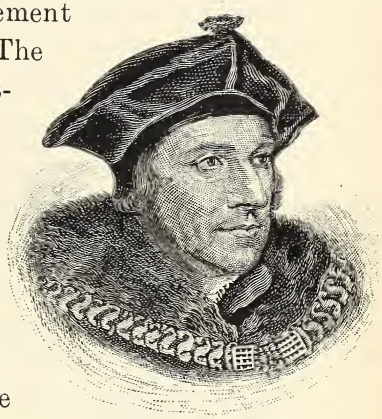
Scorn not the Sonnet: Critic you have frowned
  Mindless of its just honors; with this key
  Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound:
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
  With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief;
  The sonnet glittered like a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypresses with which Dante crowned
  His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
  To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
  The thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
  Soul-animating strains — alas, too few!

— *William Wordsworth.*

SIR THOMAS MORE.

I. HIS CHARACTER.

Young Thomas More had no sooner quitted the University than he was known throughout Europe as one of the foremost figures in the new movement for the advancement of learning. The keen irregular face, the gray restless eye, the thin mobile lips, the tumbled brown hair, the careless gait and dress, as they remained stamped on the canvas of Holbein, picture the inner soul of the man, his vivacity, his restless all-devouring intellect, his keen and even reckless wit, the kindly, half-sad humor that drew its strange veil of laughter and tears over the deep, tender reverence of the soul within.

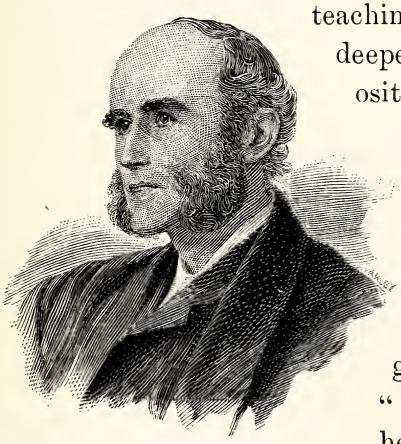


Sir Thomas More.
(From the Painting by Holbein.)

The young law student who laughed at the superstition and asceticism of the monks of his day, wore a hair shirt next his skin, and schooled himself by penances for the cell he desired among the Carthusians. . . . Free-thinker, as the bigots who listened to his daring speculations termed him, his eye would brighten and his tongue falter as he spoke with friend of heaven and the after life. When he took office, it was with the open stipulation "first to look to God, and after God to the king." But in his outer bearing there was nothing of the monk or recluse. The brightness and freedom of the New Learning seemed

incarnate in the young scholar, with his gay talk, his winsomeness of manner, his reckless epigrams, his passionate love of music, his omnivorous reading, his paradoxical speculations, his gibes at monks, his schoolboy fervor of liberty. But events were soon to prove that beneath this sunny nature lay a stern inflexibility of conscientious resolve. . . .

It is when we get a glimpse of him in his house at Chelsea that we understand the endearing epithets which Erasmus always lavishes upon More. The delight of the young husband was to train the girl he had chosen for his wife in his own taste for letters and for music. The reserve which the age exacted from parents was thrown to the winds in More's intercourse with his children. He loved teaching them, and lured them to their deeper studies by the coins and curiosities he had gathered in his cabinet. He was as fond of their pets and their games as his children themselves, and would take grave scholars and statesmen into the garden to see his girls' rabbit hutches, or to watch the gambols of their favorite monkey. "I have given you kisses enough," he wrote to his little ones, in merry verse, when far away on political business, "but stripes hardly ever."



John Richard Green.

More "tried as hard to keep out of court," says his descendant, "as most men try to get in." When the

charm of his conversation gave so much pleasure to his young sovereign "that he could not once in a month get leave to go home to his wife or children, whose company he much desired, he began thereupon to dissemble his nature, and so, little by little, from his mirth to dissemble himself." More shared to the full the disappointment of his friends at the sudden outbreak of King Henry's warlike temper, but the Peace again drew him to the Court, he entered the Royal service, and was soon in the king's confidence both as a counselor and as a diplomatist.

— *From "A Short History of the English People," by John Richard Green.*

II. HIS TRIAL.

JULY 1, 1535.

By reason of *Will's*[1] minding to be present at the Trial, which for the Concourse of Spectators, demanded his early Attendance, he committed the Care of me, with *Bess* and *Cecilie*, to *Dancey*, who got us places to see *Father* on his way to the Tower from Westminster Hall. . . .

Will tells me the Indictment was the longest ever heard; on four Counts. First, his Opinion on the King's Marriage. Second, his writing sundry Letters to the *Bishop of Rochester*, counseling him to hold out. Third, refusing to acknowledge his Grace's Supremacy. Fourth,

[1] The spelling in this selection has been modernized, but the italics and capital letters remain as in the original. Bess, Cecilie, and Margaret, the writer of the account, are the children of Sir Thomas More; Will is the young husband of Margaret; Patteson is a poor simpleton, a servant and dependant of Sir Thomas's.

his positive Denial of it, and thereby willing to deprive the King of his Dignity and Title.

When the reading of this was over, the *Lord Chancellor* saith, "You see how grievously you have offended the King his Grace, but and yet he is so merciful, as that if you will lay aside your Obstinacy, and change your Opinion, we hope you may yet obtain Pardon."

Father makes answer . . . and at Sound of his dear Voice, all Men hold their Breaths; . . . "Most noble Lords, I have great Cause to thank your Honors for this your Courtesy . . . but I pray ALMIGHTY GOD I may continue in the mind I'm in, through his Grace, until Death."

They could not make good their Accusation against him. 'Twas only on the Last Count he could be made out a Traitor, and Proof of it they had none; how could they have? He should have been acquitted out of hand, instead of which, his bitter Enemy, my *Lord Chancellor* called on him for his Defense. *Will* saith there was a general Murmur or Sigh ran through the Court. *Father*, however, answered the Bidding by beginning to express his Hope that the Effect of long Imprisonment might not have been such upon his Mind and Body, as to impair his Power of rightly meeting all the Charges against him . . . when, turning faint with long standing, he staggered and loosed Hold of his Staff, whereon he was accorded a Seat.

'Twas but a Moment's Weakness of the Body, and he then proceeded frankly to avow his having always opposed the King's Marriage to his Grace himself, which he was so far from thinking High Treason, that he should rather have deemed it Treachery to have withholden his

Opinion from his Sovereign King when solicited by him for his Counsel. His Letters to the good *Bishop* he proved to have been harmless. Touching his declining to give his Opinion, when asked, concerning the Supremacy, he alleged there could be no Transgression in holding his Peace thereon, God only being cognizant of our Thoughts.

"Nay," interposeth the *Attorney General.* "Your Silence was the Token of a Malicious Mind."

"I had always understood," answers *Father*, "that Silence stood for Consent," which made Sundry smile. On the last Charge, he protested he had never spoken Word against the Law unto any Man.

The Jury are about to acquit him, when up starts the *Solicitor General*, offers himself as Witness for the Crown, is sworn, and gives Evidence of his Dialogue with *Father* in the Tower, falsely adding, like a Liar as he is, that on his saying "No Parliament could make a Law that God should not be God," *Father* had rejoined, "No more could they make the King supreme Head of the Church."

I marvel the Ground opened not at his Feet. *Father* briskly made Answer, "If I were a Man, my Lords, who regarded not an Oath, you know well I needed not stand now at this Bar. And if the Oath which you, Mr. *Rich*, have just taken, be true, then I pray I may never see God in the Face. In good Truth, Mr. *Rich,* I am more sorry for your Perjury than my Peril. You and I once dwelt long together in one Parish; your manner of Life and Conversation from your Youth up were familiar to me, and it paineth me to tell you were ever held very light of your Tongue, a great Dicer and Gamester, and

not any commendable Fame either there or in the *Temple*, the Inn to which you belonged. Is it credible, therefore, to your Lordships, that the Secrets of my Conscience touching the Oath, which I never would reveal, after the Statute once made, neither to the King's Grace himself, nor to any of you, my honorable Lords, I should have thus lightly blurted out in private Parley with Mr. *Rich?*"

In short, the Villain made not good his Point: nevertheless, the Issue of this black Day was aforehand fixed; my Lord *Audley* was primed with a virulent and venomous Speech; the Jury retired, and presently returned with a Verdict of Guilty; for they knew what the King's Grace would have them do in that Case.

Up starts my Lord *Audley;* — commences pronouncing Judgment, when —

"My Lord," says *Father*, "in my Time, the Custom in these Cases was ever to ask the Prisoner before Sentence, whether he could give any Reason why Judgment should not proceed against him."

My Lord, in some Confusion, puts the Question.

And then came the frightful Sentence.

Yes, yes, my Soul, I know; there were Saints of old sawn asunder. Men of whom the World was not worthy.

. . . Then he spake unto them his Mind, and bade his Judges and Accusers farewell; hoping like as St. *Paul* was present and consenting unto St. *Stephen's* Death, and yet both were now holy Saints in Heaven, so he and they might speedily meet there, joint Heirs of everlasting Salvation.

Meantime, poor *Bess* and *Cecilie*, spent with Grief and long waiting, were forced to be carried home, or ever Father returned to his Prison. Was it less Feeling, or more Strength of Body, enabled me to bide at the Tower Wharf with *Dancey?* God knoweth.

They brought him back by Water; my poor Sisters must have passed him. . . . The first Thing I saw was the Ax, *turned with its Edge towards him* — my first Note of his Sentence. I forced my Way through the Crowd . . . some one laid a cold Hand on mine Arm; 'twas poor *Patteson*, so changed I scarce knew him, with a Rosary of Gooseberries he kept running through his Fingers. He saith, "Bide your Time, Mistress *Meg;* when he comes past, I'll make a Passage for you." . . . In another Moment, "Now, Mistress, now!" and flinging his Arms right and left, made a Breach through which I darted, fearless of Bills and Halberds, and did cast mine Arms about *Father's* Neck.

He cries, "My *Meg!*" and hugs me to him as though our very Souls should grow together. He saith, "Bless thee, bless thee! Enough, enough, my Child; what mean you, to weep and break mine heart? Remember, though I die innocent, 'tis not without the Will of God, who could have turned mine Enemies' Hearts, if 'twere best; therefore possess your Soul in Patience. Kiss them all for me, thus and thus. . . ." so gave me back into *Dancey's* Arms, the Guards about him all weeping; but I could not thus lose Sight of him forever; so after a Minute's Pause, did make a second Rush, brake away from *Dancey*, clave to *Father* again, and again they had Pity on me, and made

Pause while I hung upon his Neck. This Time there were large Drops standing on his dear Brow; and the big Tears were swelling into his Eyes. He whispered, "Meg, for *Christ's* Sake don't unman me; thou'lt not deny my last Request?" I said, "Oh! no;" and at once loosened mine Arms. "God's Blessing be with you," he saith, with a last Kiss. I could not help crying, "My *Father*, my *Father!*" "The Chariot of *Israel*, and the Horsemen thereof!" he vehemently whispers, pointing upwards with so passionate a Regard, that I look up, almost expecting a beatific Vision; and when I turn about again, he's gone, and I have no more Sense nor Life till I find myself again in mine own Chamber, my Sisters chafing my Hands.

—*From "The Household of Sir Thomas More" (purporting to be the diary of his daughter, Margaret More), by Miss Manning.*

III. HIS EXECUTION.

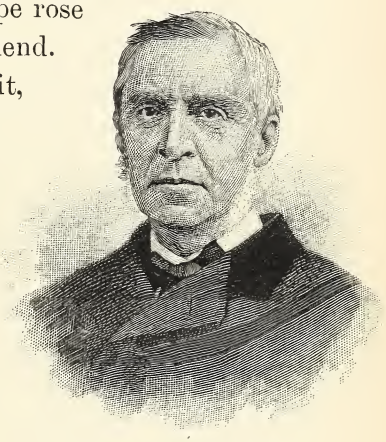
At daybreak he was awakened by the entrance of Sir Thomas Pope, who had come to confirm his anticipations, and to tell him it was the king's pleasure that he should suffer at nine o'clock that morning. He received the news with utter composure.

"I am much bounden to the king," he said, "for the benefits and honors he has bestowed upon me; and, so help me God, most of all am I bounden to him that it pleaseth his majesty to rid me so shortly out of the miseries of this present world."

Pope told him the king desired that he would not "use many words on the scaffold." "Mr. Pope," he answered, "you do well to give me warning, for otherwise I had

purposed somewhat to have spoken; but no matter wherewith his grace should have cause to be offended. Howbeit, whatever I intended I shall obey his highness's command."

He afterwards discussed the arrangements for his funeral, at which he begged that his family might be present, and, when all was settled, Pope rose to leave him. He was an old friend. He took More's hand and wrung it, and, quite overcome, burst into tears.



James Anthony Froude.

"Quiet yourself, Mr. Pope," More said, "and be not discomfited; for I trust we shall soon see each other full merrily, when we shall live and love together in eternal bliss."

As soon as he was alone, he dressed in his most elaborate costume. It was for the benefit, he said, of the executioner, who was to do him so great a service. Sir William Kingston remonstrated, and with some difficulty induced him to put on a plainer suit; but, that his intended liberality should not fail, he sent the man a gold angel in compensation, "as a token that he maliced him nothing, but rather loved him extremely."

"So about nine of the clock he was brought by the lieutenant out of the Tower, his beard being long, which fashion he had never before used, his face pale and lean, carrying in his hands a red cross, casting his eyes often towards heaven." He had been unpopular as a judge,

and one or two persons in the crowd were insolent to him; but the distance was short and soon over, as all else was nearly over now.

The scaffold had been awkwardly erected, and shook as he placed his foot upon the ladder. "See me safe up," he said to Kingston. "For my coming down I can shift for myself." He began to speak to the people, but the sheriff begged him not to proceed, and he contented himself with asking for their prayers, and desiring them to bear witness for him that he died a faithful servant of God and the king. He then repeated the Miserere prayer on his knees; and when he had ended and had risen, the executioner, with an emotion that promised ill for the manner in which his part in the tragedy would be accomplished, begged his forgiveness.

More kissed him. "Thou art to do me the greatest benefit that I can receive," he said. "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short. Take heed therefore that thou strike not awry, for saving of thy honesty." The executioner offered to tie his eyes. "I will cover them myself," he said; and, binding them in a cloth which he had brought with him, he knelt and laid his head upon the block.

The fatal stroke was about to fall, when he signed for a moment's delay while he laid aside his beard. "Pity that should be cut," he murmured; "that has not committed treason." With such strange words, the strangest perhaps ever uttered at such a time, the lips most famous through Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed for ever.

— *From "A History of England," by James Anthony Froude.*

A BOARDING-SCHOOL INCIDENT.

I have not yet alluded to the visits of Mr. Brocklehurst; and indeed that gentleman was from home during the greater part of the first month after my arrival; perhaps prolonging his stay with his friend the archdeacon: his absence was a relief to me. I need not say I had my own reasons for dreading his coming: but come he did at last.

Charlotte Bronte.

One afternoon (I had then been three weeks at Lowood) as I was sitting with a slate in my hand, puzzling over a sum in long division, my eyes, raised in abstraction to the window, caught sight of a figure just passing: I recognized almost instinctively the gaunt outline; and when, two minutes after, all the school, teachers included, rose, *en masse,* it was not necessary for me to look up in order to ascertain whose entrance they thus greeted. A long stride measured the schoolroom, and presently beside Miss Temple, who herself had risen, stood the same black column which had frowned on me so ominously from the hearth rug of Gateshead. I now glanced sideways at this piece of architecture. Yes, I was right: it was Mr. Brocklehurst, buttoned up in a surtout, and looking longer, narrower, and more rigid than ever.

I had my own reasons for being dismayed at this apparition: too well I remembered the perfidious hints given by Mrs. Reed about my disposition, etc.; the promise pledged by Mr. Brocklehurst to apprise Miss Temple and the teachers of my vicious nature. All along I had been dreading the fulfillment of this promise, — I had been looking out daily for the "Coming Man," whose information respecting my past life and conversation was to brand me as a bad child forever: now there he was. He stood at Miss Temple's side; he was speaking low in her ear: I did not doubt he was making disclosures of my villainy; and I watched her eye with painful anxiety, expecting every moment to see its dark orb turn on me a glance of repugnance and contempt. I listened too; and as I happened to be seated quite at the top of the room, I caught most of what he said: its import relieved me from immediate apprehension.

"I suppose, Miss Temple, the thread I bought at Lowton will do; it struck me it would be just the quality for the calico chemises, and I sorted the needles to match. You may tell Miss Smith that I forgot to make a memorandum of the darning needles, but she shall have some papers sent in next week; and she is not, on any account, to give out more than one at a time to each pupil: if they have more, they are apt to be careless and lose them. And, O ma'am! I wish the woolen stockings were better looked to! — when I was here last, I went into the kitchen garden, and examined the clothes drying on the line; there was a quantity of black hose in a very bad state of repair: from the size of the holes in

them I was sure they had not been well mended from time to time."

He paused.

"Your directions shall be attended to, sir," said Miss Temple.

"And, ma'am," he continued, "the laundress tells me some of the girls have two clean tuckers in the week: it is too much; the rule limits them to one."

"I think I can explain that circumstance, sir. Agnes and Catherine Johnstone were invited to take tea with some friends at Lowton last Thursday, and I gave them leave to put on clean tuckers for the occasion."

Mr. Brocklehurst nodded.

"Well, for once it may pass; but please not to let the circumstance occur too often. And there is another thing which surprised me: I find, in settling accounts with the housekeeper, that a lunch, consisting of bread and cheese, has twice been served out to the girls during the past fortnight. How is this? I look over the regulations, and I find no such meal as lunch mentioned. Who introduced this innovation? and by what authority?"

"I must be responsible for the circumstance, sir," replied Miss Temple. "The breakfast was so ill prepared that the pupils could not possibly eat it; and I dared not allow them to remain fasting till dinner time."

"Madam, allow me an instant. — You are aware that my plan in bringing up these girls is, not to accustom them to habits of luxury and indulgence, but to render them hardy, patient, self-denying. Should any little accidental disappointment of the appetite occur, such as

the spoiling of a meal, the under or over dressing of a dish, the incident ought not to be neutralized by replacing with something more delicate the comfort lost, thus pampering the body and obviating the aim of the institution; it ought to be improved to the spiritual edification of the pupils, by encouraging them to evince fortitude under the temporary privation. A brief address on these occasions would not be mistimed, wherein a judicious instructor would take the opportunity of referring to the sufferings of the primitive Christians; to the torments of the martyrs; to the exhortations of our blessed Lord Himself, calling upon His disciples to take up their cross and follow Him; to His warnings that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; to His divine consolations, 'If ye suffer hunger or thirst for my sake, happy are ye.' O madam, when you put bread and cheese, instead of burnt porridge, into these children's mouths, you may indeed feed their vile bodies, but you little think how you starve their immortal souls!"

Mr. Brocklehurst again paused — perhaps overcome by his feelings. Miss Temple had looked down when he first began to speak to her; but she now gazed straight before her, and her face, naturally pale as marble, appeared to be assuming also the coldness and fixity of that material; especially her mouth, closed as if it would have required a sculptor's chisel to open it, and her brow settled gradually into petrified severity.

Meantime, Mr. Brocklehurst, standing on the hearth with his hands behind his back, majestically surveyed the

whole school. Suddenly his eye gave a blink, as if it had met something that either dazzled or shocked its pupil; turning, he said in more rapid accents than he had hitherto used:

"Miss Temple, Miss Temple, what — *what* is that girl with curled hair? Red hair, ma'am, curled — curled all over?" And extending his cane he pointed to the awful object, his hand shaking as he did so.

"It is Julia Severn," replied Miss Temple, very quietly.

"Julia Severn, ma'am! And why has she, or any other, curled hair? Why, in defiance of every precept and principle of this house, does she conform to the world, so openly — here in an evangelical, charitable establishment — as to wear her hair one mass of curls?"

"Julia's hair curls naturally," returned Miss Temple, still more quietly.

"Naturally! Yes, but we are not to conform to nature: I wish these girls to be the children of Grace: and why that abundance? I have again and again intimated that I desire the hair to be arranged closely, modestly, plainly. Miss Temple, that girl's hair must be cut off entirely; I will send a barber to-morrow: and I see others who have far too much of the excrescence — that tall girl, tell her to turn round. Tell all the first form to rise up and direct their faces to the wall."

Miss Temple passed her handkerchief over her lips, as if to smooth away the involuntary smile that curled them; she gave the order, however, and when the first class could take in what was required of them, they

obeyed. Leaning a little back on my bench, I could see the looks and grimaces with which they commented on this maneuver: it was a pity Mr. Brocklehurst could not see them too; he would perhaps have felt that, whatever he might do with the outside of the cup and platter, the inside was further beyond his interference than he imagined.

He scrutinized the reverse of these living medals some five minutes, then pronounced sentence. These words fell like the knell of doom:

"All those topknots must be cut off."

Miss Temple seemed to remonstrate.

"Madam," he pursued, "I have a Master to serve whose kingdom is not of this world: my mission is to mortify in these girls the lusts of the flesh; to teach them to clothe themselves with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with braided hair and costly apparel; and each of the young persons before us has a string of hair twisted in plaits which vanity itself might have woven: these, I repeat, must be cut off; think of the time wasted, of —"

Mr. Brocklehurst was here interrupted: three other visitors, ladies, now entered the room. They ought to have come a little sooner to have heard his lecture on dress, for they were splendidly attired in velvet, silk, and furs. The two younger of the trio (fine girls of sixteen and seventeen) had gray beaver hats, then in fashion, shaded with ostrich plumes, and from under the brim of this graceful headdress fell a profusion of light tresses, elaborately curled; the elderly lady was enveloped

in a costly velvet shawl, trimmed with ermine, and she wore a false front of French curls.

These ladies were deferentially received by Miss Temple as Mrs. and the Misses Brocklehurst, and conducted to seats of honor at the top of the room. It seems they had come in the carriage with their reverend relative, and had been conducting a rummaging scrutiny of the rooms upstairs, while he transacted business with the housekeeper, questioned the laundress, and lectured the superintendent. They now proceeded to address divers remarks and reproofs to Miss Smith, who was charged with the care of the linen and the inspection of the dormitories: but I had no time to listen to what they said; other matters called off and enchained my attention.

This extract is from "Jane Eyre," a novel written by Charlotte Brontë and first published in 1847. William Makepeace Thackeray, to whom the book is dedicated, pronounced it "the first social regenerator of the day." Miss Brontë's family was very poor, and she and her sisters were educated at a private school in Yorkshire, where the discipline was of the severest character. The ill usage which the girls received there, the desolation and unhappiness which they experienced, are described in "Jane Eyre" in a manner which is at once both pleasing and painful. The "Lowood Institution" has been identified with a school established by the Rev. W. Carus Wilson near Leeds. The story of "Jane Eyre," although it has lost much of its early popularity, still ranks among the greatest works of fiction written in the nineteenth century.

THANATOPSIS.

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 to 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 nourished 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 mold.
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 sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed 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, poured 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, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound

Save his 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 phantom; 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 glide 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 gathered 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, sustained 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.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

RAPHAEL.

(*Suggested by the portrait of Raphael, at the age of fifteen.*)

I shall not soon forget that sight:
  The glow of autumn's westering day,
A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,
  On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,
  The fair face of a musing boy;
Yet, while I gazed, a sense of awe
  Seemed blending with my joy.

A single print, — the graceful flow
  Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,
And fresh young lip and cheek, and brow
  Unmarked and clear, were there.

Yet, through its sweet and calm repose
  I saw the inward spirit shine;
It was as if before me rose
  The white veil of a shrine. . . .

There drooped thy more than mortal face,
  O Mother, beautiful and mild!
Enfolding in one dear embrace
  Thy Saviour and thy Child!

The rapt brow of the Desert John;
The awful glory of that day
When all the Father's brightness shone
Through manhood's veil of clay. . . .

There Fornarina's fair young face
Once more upon her lover shone,
Whose model of an angel's grace
He borrowed from her own.

Slow passed that vision from my view,
But not the lesson which it taught;
The soft, calm shadows which it threw
Still rested on my thought:

The truth that painter, bard, and sage,
Even in earth's cold and changeful clime,
Plant for their deathless heritage
The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown. . . .

—*From the poem by John G. Whittier.*

From the Painting by Raphael. Engraved by I. C. Butler.

The Sistine Madonna.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a

few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gabled fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors.

He was a great favorite among all the good wives in the village. The children, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder

for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them, — in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow thicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, who was the very likeness of him, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had

much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house. Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by

frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a

fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

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

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

heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

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

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist — several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and dis-

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entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a lace doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

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

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

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste

the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

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

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

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

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was answered only by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give

up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been.

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. — "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was

changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — election — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend

the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There

was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point — others say he was drowned in a squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — Congress — Stony Point! — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm

not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else, got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their forehead. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since: she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he — "Young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now! — Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor — Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and

traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the "Half-moon," being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he, himself, had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and so he preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor. . . .

—*Washington Irving.*

HYMN TO DIANA.

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.

Ben Jonson.

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 wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

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

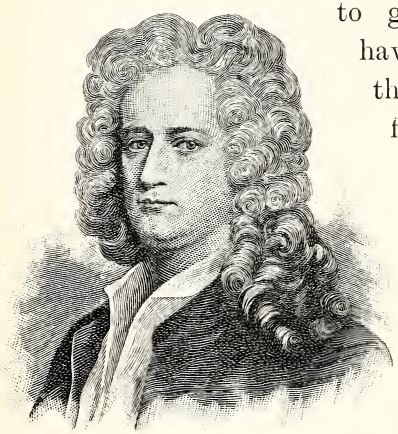
FAME.

Her house is all of Echo made
Where never dies the sound;
And as her brows the clouds invade,
Her feet do strike the ground.

—*Ben Jonson.*

THE VISION OF MIRZAH.

When I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, "The Vision of Mirzah," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows: —



Joseph Addison.

On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow and life a dream." Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet,

and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him.

He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirzah," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest."

"I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it."

"The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity."

"What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?"

"What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it."

"I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide."

"The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively."

Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it."

"I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it."

As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the pas-

sengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that the throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled, and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimeters in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to have been laid for them,

and which they might have escaped had they not been forced upon them.

The Genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend."

Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches."

"These," said the Genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!"

The Genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."

I directed my sight as I was ordered, and saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a

vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the side of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him."

I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length I said, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

— *Joseph Addison in "The Spectator"* (1711).

MICHELANGELO'S MOSES.

Michelangelo Buonarotti, the most celebrated of the great sculptors of modern times, was born in Florence, Italy, in 1475. Among the many noble and beautiful works which still exist to attest his wonderful skill, none is more famous than his statue of Moses on the tomb of Pope Julius II. in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli at Rome. As originally planned, the monument to Pope Julius was to be on a magnificent scale. It was to consist of a great quadrilateral structure, two courses high, projecting from the church wall and decorated with statues. On the upper course was to be placed the figure of the pope, with prophetic and allegoric characters at either side and at the angles — sixteen figures in all. The lower course was to be enriched with twenty-four figures

Michelangelo, Sculptor. Engraved by E. Heinemann.

Statue of Moses.

In the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome.

in niches and on pedestals. This design, however, was never completed. The Moses, originally intended for one of the angles of the upper course, is now placed at the level of the eye in the center of the principal face of the monument as it was at last finished in a deplorably reduced state by Michelangelo in his old age. "This statue dwells amidst the masterpieces of ancient and modern sculpture, an event without parallel, the representative, if not wholly faultless, still the most perfect, of an art unknown before. The Moses of Michelangelo has seen God, has listened to his voice like thunder, has preserved the terrible impression of that meeting upon Sinai; his unfathomable gaze is searching into the mysteries which he sees in his prophetic vision."

Who is this man who, carved in this huge stone,
Sits giant, all renownéd things of art
Transcending? he whose living lips, that start,
Speak eager words? I hear, and take their tone.
He sure is Moses. That the chin hath shown
By its dense honor, the brows' beam bipart:
'Tis Moses, when he left the Mount, with part,
A great part, of God's glory round him thrown.
Such was the prophet when those sounding vast
Waters he held suspense about him; such
When he the sea barred, made it 'gulf his foe,
And you, his tribes, a vile calf did you cast!
Why not an idol worth like this so much?
To worship that had wrought you lesser woe.

— *From the Italian; translated by John Addington Symonds.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

I. THE STORY.

Shakespeare's comedy of "The Merchant of Venice" is founded upon three separate stories, the origin of which is unknown. These stories, each independent of the other, had been told again and again by various persons in various ways for hundreds of years before Shakespeare was born. One story related how a young man, hard pressed for money, had borrowed that which he needed and given a bond whereby he agreed to forfeit a pound of his own flesh in case he should fail to repay it. Another told how a prince won the lady whom he loved by choosing the right one of several caskets. A third recounted the elopement of the daughter of an avaricious money lender, and the subsequent discomfiture of her father. It was for Shakespeare to take these various tales and to weave them into one harmonious drama, to give the breath of life to the actors of each, and to clothe the entire narrative with those elements of beauty and strength which have made it a thing of joy to every one who hears or reads it. Charles and Mary Lamb have turned the story, as related in Shakespeare's play, into the following brief prose narrative, which one may well read before attempting the study of the comedy itself.

Shylock, the Jew, lived at Venice; he was a usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money

he lent with such severity, that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange), he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings; which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies; indeed he was one in whom the ancient Roman honor more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate; and that in her father's lifetime he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady

had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages, that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor; but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favors he had shown him by lending him three thousand ducats.

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend; but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon an interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock thought within himself, "If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him; he hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money gratis; and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!" Antonio finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for money, said, "Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?" To this question the Jew replied, "Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often you have railed at me about my moneys and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your foot, as if I

were a cur. Well then, it now appears you need my help; and you come to me, and say, *Shylock, lend me moneys.* Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, Fair sir, you spat upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you moneys?" Antonio replied, "I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that, if I break, you may with better face exact the penalty." "Why, look you," said Shylock, "how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money." This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then Shylock, still pretending kindness, and that all he did was to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats, and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond, that if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

"Content," said Antonio: "I will sign to this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew."

Bassanio said Antonio should not sign to such a bond for him; and still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed, "O father Abraham, what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: if he should break this day, what should I gain by the execution of the forfeiture? A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable, nor profitable neither, as the flesh of mutton or of beef. I say, to buy his favor I offer this friendship: if he will take it, so; if not, adieu."

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not like his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont: her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was nothing inferior to that Portia, of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter, and the wife of Brutus.

Bassanio being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio, at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano.

Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time consented to accept him for a husband.

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry was all that he could boast of; she, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth

in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty, that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him; and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things; and she said, "Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants; and now this house, these servants, and myself, are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring:" presenting a ring to Bassanio.

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honored him, by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness; and taking the ring, he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano, and Nerissa, Portia's waiting maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

"With all my heart, Gratiano," said Bassanio, "if you can get a wife."

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia's

fair waiting gentlewoman, Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, "Madam, it is so, if you approve of it." Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said, "Then our wedding feast shall be much honored by your marriage, Gratiano."

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, "O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper: gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt." Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day; and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter; the words of which were, "*Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*" "O my dear love," said Portia, "dispatch the business and be gone; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before

this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheeringly to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself, if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend; and notwithstanding, when she wished to honor her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wifelike grace, that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril of her honored husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defense.

Portia had a relation who was a counselor in the law;

to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counselor. When the messenger returned, he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counselor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counselor wrote to the duke, saying he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counselor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and saw the merciless Jew, and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform; and first of

all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy* as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's; saying, that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it; and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself; and that earthly power came nearest to God's in proportion as mercy tempered justice: and she bade Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "Is he not able to pay the money?" asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire; which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counselor would endeavor to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered, that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favor, and he said, "A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I do honor you! How much elder are you than your looks!"

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond; and when she had read it, she said, "This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound

of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart." Then she said to Shylock, "Be merciful; take the money, and bid me tear the bond." But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show: and he said, "By my soul I swear there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me." "Why then, Antonio," said Portia, "you must prepare your bosom for the knife;" and while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, "Have you anything to say?" Antonio with a calm resignation replied, that he had but little to say, for he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio, "Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honorable wife, and tell her how I have loved you!" Bassanio in the deepest affliction replied, "Antonio, I am married to a wife who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life: I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you."

Portia hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet could not help answering, "Your wife would give you little thanks if she were present to hear you make this offer." And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's, and he said, in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia, "I

have a wife, whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew." "It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house," said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, "We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence." And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew, "Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied, "It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity." To this all the answer Shylock would make was, "I can not find it; it is not in the bond." "Then," said Portia, "a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it, and the court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed, "O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judgment!" And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, "Come, prepare!"

"Tarry a little, Jew," said Portia; "there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; the words expressly are, 'a pound of flesh.' If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your land and goods are by the law to be con-

fiscated to the state of Venice." Now as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio; and all admiring the wonderful sagacity of the young counselor who had so happily thought of this expedient, plaudits resounded from every part of the senate house; and Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used, "O wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment!"

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said with a disappointed look, that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried out, "Here is the money!" But Portia stopped him, saying, "Softly; there is no haste; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty: therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh; but mind you shed no blood; nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound; be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay, if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the state." "Give me my money, and let me go," said Shylock. "I have it ready," said Bassanio: "here it is."

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, "Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the state, for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies

at the mercy of the duke; therefore down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you."

The duke then said to Shylock, "That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it: half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state."

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter, who had lately married against his consent to a young Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this: and being thus disappointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he said, "I am ill. Let me go home: send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter." "Get thee gone then," said the duke, "and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counselor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly." The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him; and turning to Antonio, he added, "Reward this gentleman; for in my mind you are much indebted to him."

The duke and his senators left the court; and then Bassanio said to Portia, "Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of three thousand ducats due unto the Jew." "And we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money; but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your sake;" and then Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger; now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him, to make a merry jest when she saw Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves; and she said, when she saw the ring, "And for your love I will take this ring from you." Bassanio was sadly distressed that the counselor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion, that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife's gift, and he had vowed never to part with it; but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying, "You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered."

"Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let him have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure." Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring; and then the *clerk*

Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged his ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies, to think, when they got home, how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action; her cheerful spirit enjoyed everything she saw: the moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa, "That light we see is burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world:" and hearing the sound of music from her house, she said, "Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day."

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio; and Bassanio presenting his dear friend to the lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarreling in a corner of the room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is the matter?" Gratiano replied, "Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife: *Love me, and leave me not.*"

"What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?" said Nerissa. "You swore to me, when I gave it to you, that you would keep it till the hour of death; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman." "By this hand," replied Gratiano, "I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy no higher than yourself; he was clerk to the young counselor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life: this prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him." Portia said, "You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift. I gave my lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world." Gratiano in excuse for his fault now said, "My lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counselor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, he begged my ring."

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring; and she said that she knew some woman had it. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness, "No, by my honor, no woman has it, but a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which when I denied him he went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude, that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

"Ah!" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels."

Portia bade Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding; and then Antonio said, "I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake; and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will never more break his faith with you." "Then you shall be his surety," said Portia; "give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other."

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find it was the same he gave away; and then Portia told him how she was the young counselor, and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbor. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives: Gratiano merrily declaring, in a sort of rhyming speech, that

——while he lived, he'd fear no other thing,
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

— From "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Mary Lamb.

II. THE TRIAL SCENE.

SCENE I. — *Venice. A Court of Justice.*

Enter the DUKE; *the* Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, *and Others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Antonio. Ready, so please your Grace.
Duke. I'm sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Antonio. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdúrate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into court.
Solanio. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;

And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shylock. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that;
But, say it is my humor: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
Some, when they hear the bagpipe: for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he can not abide a gaping pig ;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
Why he, a woolen bagpipe ; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended ;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shylock. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bassanio. Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

Shylock. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

Bassanio. Every offense is not a hate at first.

Shylock. What ! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?

Antonio. I pray you, think you question with the Jew :
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven ;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that — than which what's harder ? —
His Jewish heart. — Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,

But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.

Bassanio. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shylock. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shylock. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

* * * * * * * * *

The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Solanio. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

* * * * * * * * *

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Nerissa. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace.
[*Presenting a letter.*

Bassanio. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shylock. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gratiano. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shylock. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

* * * * * * * * *

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Nerissa. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] *Your Grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but, in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, the greatness whereof I can not enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the Doctor come. —

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*

Give me your hand: came you from old Bellario?
Portia. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Portia. I am informed throughly of the cause. —
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Portia. Is your name Shylock?
Shylock. Shylock is my name.
Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed. —
[*To* ANTONIO.] You stand within his danger, do you not?
Antonio. Ay, so he says.
Portia. Do you confess the bond?
Antonio. I do.
Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Portia. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned 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 sceptered sway;
It is enthroned 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. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shylock. My deeds upon my head. I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, thrice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth: and, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Portia. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the State. It can not be.

Shylock. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel: —
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!

Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shylock. Here 'tis, most reverend Doctor; here it is.

Portia. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. — Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenor. —
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Antonio. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Portia. Why, then, thus it is: —
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shylock. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Portia. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shylock. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Portia. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shylock. Ay, his breast;

So says the bond—doth it not, noble judge?—

Nearest the heart: those are the very words.

Portia. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh

The flesh?

Shylock. I have them ready.

Portia. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shylock. It is not nominated in the bond.

Portia. It is not so express'd; but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shylock. I can not find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Portia. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

Antonio. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio. Fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honorable wife;

Tell her the process of Antonio's end;

Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bassanio. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Portia. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gratiano. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Nerissa. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make, else, an unquiet house.

Shylock. [*Aside.*] These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Bárrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian! —
[*To* PORTIA.] We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shylock. Most rightful judge!

Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shylock. Most learned judge! A sentence! — Come, prepare.

Portia. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
Unto the State of Venice.

Gratiano. O upright judge! — Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

Shylock. Is that the law?

Portia. Thyself shalt see the Act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gratiano. O learned judge! — Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

Shylock. I take his offer, then; — pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bassanio. Here is the money.

Portia. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gratiano. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Portia. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, — be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple — nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair —
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gratiano. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Portia. Why doth the Jew pause? — Take thy forfeiture.
Shylock. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bassanio. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Portia. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gratiano. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel! —
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shylock. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Portia. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shylock. Why, then the Devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Portia. Tarry, Jew.
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the State;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehear'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gratiano. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the State,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the State's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general State,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Portia. Ay, for the State; not for Antonio.

Shylock. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Portia. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gratiano. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Antonio. So please my lord the Duke and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more: That, for this favor,

He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Portia. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shylock. I am content.

Portia. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shylock. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gratiano. In christ'ning shalt thou have two godfathers.
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Portia. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*

Bassanio. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

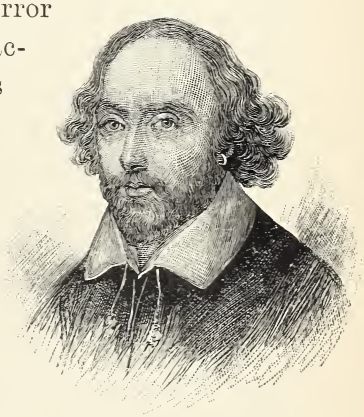
Antonio. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Portia. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid.
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

— *From Shakespeare's Comedy.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare is, above all writers, — at least, above all modern writers, — the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpracticed by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all



William Shakespeare.

minds are agitated and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable and the tenor of his dialogue.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil are distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity. This, therefore, is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

Shakespeare's plays are not, in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveler is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another, and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter. That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy can not be denied, because it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low coöperate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

— *Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

From the Painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Engraved by Peter Aitken.

The Blessed Damozel.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
  Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
  Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
  The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curlèd moon
  Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
  She spoke through the still weather,
Her voice was like the voice the stars
  Had when they sang together.

"I wish that he were come to me,
  For he will come," she said.
"Have I not pray'd in heaven? — on earth,
  Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
  And shall I feel afraid?"

* * * * * *

She gazed and listened, and then said,
  Less sad of speech than mild —
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
  The light thrill'd toward her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
  Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

— *From the poem by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

THE CHARGE AT BALACLAVA.

The battle of Balaclava (October 25, 1854) was an incident of the siege of Sebastopol during the Crimean war. The besieged Russians sallied out in force, and attacked the allied armies of England, France, Sardinia, and Turkey. During the battle, and in obedience to a blundering order, Lord Cardigan, with his brigade of only 600 men, charged the formidable lines of the enemy, cut his way through and back again, but at the sacrifice of three fourths of his small force. The details of that wonderful charge are described in a picturesque and somewhat fanciful manner by Henry Kingsley in the following selection from his novel entitled "Ravenshoe."

The first thing in the morning, they saw, on the hills to the right, Russian skirmishers creeping about towards them, apparently without an object. They had breakfast, and took no notice of them till about eight o'clock, when a great body of cavalry came slowly, regiment by regiment, from behind a hill near the Turks, then gleaming batteries of artillery; and, lastly, an endless column of gray infantry, which began to wheel into line. And when Charles had seen some five or six gray battalions come swinging out, the word was given to mount, and he saw no more, but contemplated the tails of horses; and at the same moment the guns began an irregular fire on their right.

Almost immediately the word was given to advance, which they did slowly. Charles could see Hornby just before him, in his old place, for they were in column. They

crossed the plain, and went up the crest of the hill, halting on the high road. Here they sat for some time, and the more fortunate could see the battle raging below to the right. The English seemed getting rather the worst of it.

They sat there about an hour and a half; and all in a moment, before any one seemed to expect it, some guns opened on them from the right, so close that it made their right ears tingle. A horse from the squadron in front of Charles bolted from the ranks, and nearly knocked down Hornby. The horse had need to bolt, for he carried a dead man, who, in the last spasm, had pulled him on his haunches, and struck his spurs deep into his sides.

Charles began to guess that they were "in for it" at last. He had no idea, of course, whether it was a great battle or a little one; but he saw that the 17th had work before it. That was the only man he saw killed at that time, though the whole brigade suffered rather heavily by the Russian cannonade at that spot.

Very shortly after this they were told to form line. Of course, when this maneuver was accomplished, Charles had lost sight of Hornby. He was sorry for this. He would have liked to know where he was; to help him, if possible, should anything happen to him; but there was not much time to think of it, for, directly after, they moved forward at a canter. In the front line were the 11th Hussars and the 13th Light Dragoons, and in the second were the 17th Hussars, the 8th Hussars, and the 4th Dragoons. Charles could see thus much, now they were in line.

They went down hill, straight towards the guns, and

almost at once the shot from them began to tell. The men of the 11th and 13th began to fall terribly fast. The men in the second line, in which Charles was, were falling nearly as fast, but this he could not remark. He missed the man next him on the right, one of his favorite comrades, but it did not strike him that the poor fellow was cut in two by a shot. He kept on wishing that he could see Hornby. He judged that the affair was getting serious. He little knew what was to come.

He had his wish of seeing Hornby, for they were riding uphill into a narrowing valley, and it was impossible to keep line. They formed into column again, though men and horses were rolling over and over at every stride, and there was Hornby before him, sailing along as gallant and gay as ever. A fine beacon to lead a man to a glorious death.

And, almost the next moment, the batteries right and left opened on them. Those who were there engaged can give us very little idea of what followed in the next quarter of an hour. They were soon among guns,— the very guns that had annoyed them from the first; and infantry from beyond opened fire on them. There seems to have been a degree of confusion at this point. Charles, and two or three others known to him, were hunting some Russian artillerymen round their guns for a minute or so. Hornby was among them. He saw also at this time his little friend the cornet, on foot, and rode to his assistance. He caught a riderless horse, and the cornet mounted. Then the word was given to get back again; I know not how; I have nothing to do with it. But, as they turned

their faces to get out of this horrible hell, poor Charles gave a short, sharp scream, and bent down in his saddle over his horse's neck.

It was nothing. It was only as if one were to have twenty teeth pulled out at once. The pain was over in an instant. What a fool he was to cry out. The pain was gone again, and they were still under fire, and Hornby was before him.

How long? How many minutes, how many hours? His left arm was nearly dead, but he could hold his reins in a way, and rode hard after Hornby, from some wild instinct. The pain had stopped, but was coming on again as if ten thousand red-hot pincers were pulling at his flesh, and twenty thousand were arriving each moment to help them.

His own friends were beside him again, and there was a rally and a charge. At what? he thought for an instant. At guns? No. At men this time, Russian hussars,—right valiant fellows, too. He saw Hornby in the thick of the *melée*, with his sword flickering about his head like lightning. He could do but little himself; he rode at a Russian and unhorsed him; he remembers seeing the man go down, though whether he struck at him, or whether he went down by the mere superior weight of his horse, he can not say. This I can say, though, that whatever he did, he did his duty as a valiant gentleman; I will vouch for that much.

They beat them back, and then turned. Then they turned again and beat them back once more. And then they turned and rode. For it was time. Charles lost

sight of Hornby till the last, when some one caught his rein and turned his horse, and then he saw that they were getting into order again, and that Hornby was before him, reeling in his saddle.

As the noise of the battle grew fainter behind them, he looked round to see who was riding beside him, and holding him by the right arm. It was the little cornet. Charles wondered why he did so. "You're hard hit, Simpson," said the cornet. "Never mind. Keep your saddle a little longer. We shall be all right directly."

His faculties were perfectly acute, and having thanked the cornet, he looked down and noticed that he was riding between him and a trooper, that his left arm was hanging numbed by his side, and that the trooper was guiding his horse. He saw that they had saved him, and even in his deadly agony he was so far his own old courteous self, that he turned right and left to them and thanked them for what they had done for him.

Soon they were among English faces, and English cheers rang out in welcome to their return.

Oh, but the sabers bit deep that autumn afternoon. There were women in Minsk, in Moglef, in Tchernigof, in Jitemer, in Polimva, whose husbands were Hussars — and women in Taganrog, in Tcherkask, in Sanepta, which lies under the pleasant slate mountains, whose husbands and sons were Cossacks — who were made widows that day. For that day's work there was weeping in the reed-thatched hovels of the Don, and in the mud-built shanties of the Dnieper. For the 17th Lancers, the Scots Greys, the 1st Royals, and the 6th Enniskillens — "those terrible

beef-fed islanders" — were upon them; and Volhynia and Hampshire, Renfrewshire and Grodno, Podolia and Fermanagh, were mixed together in one common ruin.

Still, they say, the Princess Petrovitch, on certain days, leaves her carriage, and walks a mile through the snow barefoot, into Alexandroski, in memory of her light-haired, handsome young son, whom Hornby slew at Balaclava. And I myself know the place where Lady Allerton makes her pilgrimage for those two merry boys of hers who lie out on the Crimean hill. Alas! not side by side.

Karlin Karlinoff was herding strange-looking goats on the Suratow hillside, which looks towards the melancholy Volga on one side, and the reedy Ural on the other, when the Pulk came back, and her son was not with them. Eliza Jones had got on her husband's smock frock, and was a setting of beans, when the rector's wife came struggling over the heavy lands and water furrows, and broke the news gently, and with many tears. Karlin Karlinoff drove her goats into the mud-walled yard that night, though the bittern in the melancholy fen may have been startled from his reeds by a cry more wild and doleful than his own; and Eliza Jones went on setting her beans, though they were watered with her tears.

What a strange, wild business it was. The extreme east of Europe against the extreme west. Men without a word, an idea, a habit, or a hope in common, thrown suddenly together, to fight and slay; and then to part, having learned to respect one another better in one year of war than ever they had in a hundred years of peace.

— *From "Ravenshoe," by Henry Kingsley.*

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
  Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
  Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke,
  Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
  Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade!
Oh the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble six hundred!

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM THE POETS.

JUSTICE.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

PERFECTION.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

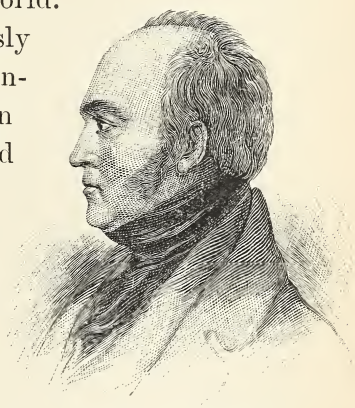
— *Shakespeare*

A FATHER'S LOVE.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

Rhodopè and Æsop were slaves in the household of Iadmon, a Greek merchant of great wealth. They lived about 600 years before Christ. Slaves among the Greeks at that time were not necessarily low or degraded. Often men or women of noble degree and well educated, but unfortunate, were held in slavery and were highly esteemed as teachers or skillful workers in art or in literature. Such was Æsop, whose fables will be admired till the end of the world. According to Herodotus, Æsop was a Thracian, but other authors state that he was a native of Mesembria, a Greek colony on the shore of the Black Sea. He afterward obtained his freedom from Iadmon, and having made himself famous by his fables, he took up the calling of advocate and for a long time enjoyed the friendship of Crœsus, king of Lydia. In his old age he was intrusted by Crœsus with an important mission to Delphi, and carried thither a large sum of money which was to be distributed among the citizens. But in consequence of some misunderstanding he refused to part with the money, and the Delphians accused him falsely of stealing a golden vessel from the temple. He was condemned to death, and thrown headlong from a precipice, about 564 B.C. Although Æsop is generally referred to as the author of most of the fables now extant, it is not probable that many of them were originally written by him. If they were known to him at all, he must have derived them from a much older source.

Concerning the childhood of Rhodopè there are conflicting stories, one of which is substantially the same as that which she relates in the following conversation. Another account states that she was a native of a seaport town in Thrace, and that, when very young, she was stolen by Phœnician pirates and sold to Iadmon, from whom she was afterwards purchased by a Samian named Xanthus who carried her to Egypt. In the household of Iadmon she was carefully educated by Æsop, who was not slow to perceive the extraordinary character of her mind. Her name, which signifies "the rosy-cheeked one," was probably given to her because of her great beauty. As she grew into womanhood, her fame became known throughout the civilized world. Herodotus, the historian, expressly praised her on account of her wonderful intellectual ability no less than because of her charming face and manners. She finally became queen of Egypt, and it is said by many that she built the most beautiful of the pyramids — the pyramid of Mycerinus.



Walter Savage Landor.

The following conversation is supposed to have occurred when she was a mere child in the house of Iadmon and under the tutorage of her friend Æsop. It is one of the finest passages in that justly famous work, "Imaginary Conversations," by Walter Savage Landor.

Rhodopè. Never shall I forget the morning when my father, sitting in the coolest part of the house, exchanged his last measure of grain for a chlamys of scarlet cloth fringed with silver. He watched the merchant out of the door, and then looked wistfully into the corn chest. I, who thought there was something worth seeing, looked in also, and finding it empty, expressed my disappointment, not thinking, however, about the corn. A faint and transient smile came over his countenance at the sight of mine. He unfolded the chlamys, stretched it out with both hands before me, and then cast it over my shoulders. I looked down on the glittering fringe and screamed with joy. He then went out; and I know not what flowers he gathered, but he gathered many; and some he placed in my bosom, and some in my hair. But I told him with captious pride, first that I could arrange them better, and again that I would have only the white. However, when he had selected all the white, and I had placed a few of them according to my fancy, I told him (rising in my slipper) he might crown me with the remainder. The splendor of my apparel gave me a sensation of authority. Soon as the flowers had taken their station on my head, I expressed a dignified satisfaction at the taste displayed by my father, just as if I could have seen how they appeared! But he knew that there was at least as much pleasure as pride in it, and perhaps we divided the latter (alas! not both) pretty equally. He now took me into the market place, where a concourse of people was waiting for the purchase of slaves. Merchants came and looked at me; some commending, others disparaging;

but all agreeing that I was slender and delicate, that I could not live long, and that I should give much trouble. Many would have bought the chlamys, but there was something less salable in the child and flowers.

Æsop. Had thy features been coarse, and thy voice rustic, they would all have patted thy cheeks and found no fault in thee.

Rhod. As it was, every one had bought exactly such another in time past, and been a loser by it. At these speeches I perceived the flowers tremble slightly on my bosom, from my father's agitation. Although he scoffed at them, knowing my healthiness, he was troubled internally, and said many short prayers, not very unlike imprecations, turning his head aside. Proud was I, prouder than ever, when at last several talents were offered for me, and by the very man who, in the beginning, had undervalued me the most; and prophesied the worst of me. My father scowled at him and refused the money. I thought he was playing a game, and began to wonder what it could be, since I had never seen it played before. Then I fancied it might be some celebration because plenty had returned to the city, insomuch that my father had bartered the last of the corn he hoarded. I grew more and more delighted at the sport. But soon there advanced an elderly man, who said gravely, "Thou hast stolen this child: her vesture alone is worth above a hundred drachmas. Carry her home again to her parents, and do it directly, or Nemesis and the Eumenides will overtake thee." Knowing the estimation in which my father had always been holden by his fellow citizens, I

laughed again, and pinched his ear. He, although naturally choleric, burst forth into no resentment at these reproaches, but said calmly, "I think I know thee by name, O guest! Surely thou art Xanthus the Samian. Deliver this child from famine."

Again I laughed aloud and heartily; and thinking it was now my part of the game, I held out both my arms and protruded my whole body towards the stranger. He would not receive me from my father's neck, but he asked me with benignity and solicitude if I was hungry; at which I laughed again, and more than ever; for it was early in the morning, soon after the first meal, and my father had nourished me most carefully and plentifully in all the days of the famine. But Xanthus, waiting for no answer, took out of a sack, which one of his slaves carried at his side, a cake of wheaten bread and a piece of honeycomb, and gave them to me. I held the honeycomb to my father's mouth, thinking it the most of a dainty. He dashed it to the ground; but seizing the bread, he began to devour it ferociously. This, also, I thought was in play; and I clapped my hands at his distortions. But Xanthus looked on him like one afraid, and smote the cake from him, crying aloud, "Name the price." My father now placed me in his arms, naming a price much below what the other had offered, saying, "The gods are ever with thee, O Xanthus! therefore to thee do I consign my child." But while Xanthus was counting out the silver, my father seized the cake again, which the slave had taken up and was about to replace in the wallet. His hunger was exasperated by the taste and the delay.

Suddenly there arose much tumult. Turning round in the old woman's bosom who had received me from Xanthus, I saw my beloved father struggling on the ground, livid and speechless. The more violent my cries, the more rapidly they hurried me away; and many were soon between us. Little was I suspicious that he had suffered the pangs of famine long before: alas! and he had suffered them for me. Do I weep while I am telling you how they ended? I could not have closed his eyes, I was too young; but I might have received his last breath, the only comfort of an orphan's bosom. Do you now think him blamable, O Æsop?

Æs. It was sublime humanity: it was forbearance and self-denial which even the immortal gods have never shown us. He could endure to perish by those torments which alone are both acute and slow; he could number the steps of death and miss not one; but he could never see thy tears, nor let thee see his. O weakness above all fortitude! Glory to the man who rather bears a grief corroding his breast, than permits it to prowl beyond, and to prey on the tender and compassionate! Women commiserate the brave, and men the beautiful. The dominion of pity has usually this extent, no wider. Thy father was exposed to the obloquy not only of the malicious, but also of the ignorant and thoughtless, who condemn in the unfortunate what they applaud in the prosperous. There is no shame in poverty or in slavery, if we neither make ourselves poor by our improvidence nor slaves by our venality. The lowest and the highest of the human race are sold: most of the intermediate

are also slaves, but slaves who bring no money into the market.

Rhod. Surely the great and powerful are never to be purchased, are they?

Æs. It may be a defect in my vision, but I cannot see greatness on the earth. What they tell me is great and aspiring, to me seems little and crawling. Let me meet thy question with another. What monarch gives his daughter for nothing? Either he receives stone walls and unwilling cities in return, or he barters her for a parcel of spears and horses and horsemen, waving away from his declining and helpless age young joyous life, and trampling down the freshest and sweetest memories. Midas, in the height of prosperity, would have given his daughter to Sycaon, rather than to the gentlest, the most virtuous, the most intelligent of his subjects. Thy father threw wealth aside, and, placing thee under the protection of virtue, rose up from the house of famine to partake in the festivals of the gods. Release my neck, O Rhodopè! for I have other questions to ask of thee about him.

Rhod. To hear thee converse on him in such a manner I can do even that.

Æs. Before the day of separation was he never sorrowful? Did he never by tears or silence reveal the secret of his soul?

Rhod. I was too infantine to perceive or imagine his intention. The night before I became the slave of Xanthus, he sat on the edge of my bed. I pretended to be asleep: he moved away silently and softly. I saw him

collect in the hollow of his hand the crumbs I had wasted on the floor, and then eat them, and then look if any were remaining. I thought he did so out of fondness for me, remembering that, even before the famine, he had often swept up off the table the bread I had broken, and had made me put it between his lips. I would not dissemble very long, but said, —

"Come, now you have wakened me, you must sing me asleep again, as you did when I was little."

He smiled faintly at this, and after some delay, when he had walked up and down the chamber, thus began :

"I will sing to thee one song more, my wakeful Rhodopè ! my chirping bird ! over whom is no mother's wing ! That it may lull thee asleep. I will celebrate no longer, as in the days of wine and plenteousness, the glory of Mars, guiding in their invisibly rapid onset the dappled steeds of Rhæsus. What hast thou to do, my little one, with arrows tired of clustering in the quiver? How much quieter is thy pallet than the tents which whitened the plain of Simois ! What knowest thou about the river Eurotas? What knowest thou about its ancient palace, once trodden by the assembled gods, and then polluted by the Phrygians? What knowest thou of perfidious men or of sanguinary deeds?

"Pardon me, O goddess who presidest in Cythera ! I am not irreverent to thee, but ever grateful. May she upon whose brow I laid my hand praise and bless thee for evermore.

"Ah yes ! continue to hold up above the coverlet those fresh and rosy palms clasped together ; her benefits have

descended on thy beauteous head, my child. The fates also have sung beyond thy hearing, of pleasanter scenes than the snow-fed Hebrus; of more than dim grottoes and sky-bright waters. Even now a low murmur swells upward to my ear; and not from the spindle comes the sound, but from those who sing slowly over it, bending all three their tremulous heads together. I wish thou could'st hear it; for seldom are their voices so sweet. Thy pillow intercepts the song perhaps, lie down again, lie down, my Rhodopè — I will repeat what they are saying, —

"'Happier shalt thou be, nor less glorious than even she, the truly beloved, for whose return to the distaff and the lyre, the portals of Tænarus flew open. In the woody dells of Ismarus, and when she bathed among the swans of Strymon, the nymphs called her Eurydice. Thou shalt behold that fairest and that fondest one hereafter. But first thou must go unto the land of the lotos, where famine never cometh, and where alone the works of man are immortal.' O my child! the undeceiving fates have uttered this. Other powers have visited me, and have strengthened my heart with dreams and visions. We shall meet again, my Rhodopè, in shady groves and verdant meadows, and we shall sit by the side of those who loved us."

He was rising: I threw my arms about his neck, and before I would let him go, I made him promise to place me, not by the side, but between them; for I thought of her who had left us. At that time there were but two, O Æsop! You ponder; you are about to reprove my assurance in having thus repeated my own praises. I would

have omitted some of the words, only that it might have disturbed the measure and cadences, and have put me out. They are the very words my dearest father sang; and they are the last. Yet, shame upon me! the nurse (the same who stood listening near, who attended me into this country) could remember them more perfectly; it is from her I have learned them since; she often sings them, even by herself.

Æs. So shall others. There is much both in them and in thee to render them memorable. . . . The dullest of mortals, seeing and hearing thee, would never misinterpret the prophecy of the fates. If, turning back, I could overpass the vale of years, and could stand on the mountain top, and could look again far before me at the bright ascending morn, we could enjoy the prospect together; we would walk along the summit hand in hand, O Rhodopè! and we would only sigh at last when we found ourselves below with others.

TWO SONNETS BY EDMUND SPENSER.

I.

Long-while I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful eyes, which lighten my dark spright:
Yet found I naught on earth, to which I dare
Resemble th' image of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun; for they do shine by night;
Nor to the Moon; for they are changèd never;
Nor to the Stars; for they have purer sight;
Nor to the Fire; for they consume not never;

Nor to the Lightning; for they still persever;
Nor to the Diamond; for they are more tender;
Nor unto Crystal; for naught may them sever;
Nor unto Glasse; such baseness might offend her.
Then to the Maker's self they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

II.

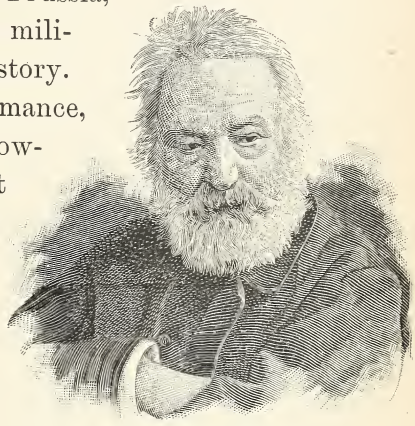
Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill;
So, every sweet with sour is tempered still,

Edmund Spenser.

That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easy things that may be got at will
Most sorts of men do set but little store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The battle of Waterloo which witnessed the final defeat of Napoleon Bonaparte by the allied forces of Great Britain, the Netherlands, and Prussia, was one of the most important military engagements in all history. Victor Hugo, in his famous romance, "Les Misérables," gives the following brilliant description of that great event.



Victor Hugo.

Had it not rained on the night of the 17th of June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. A few drops of water, more or less, prostrated Napoleon. That Waterloo should be the end of Austerlitz, Providence needed only a little rain; and an unseasonable cloud crossing the sky sufficed for the overthrow of a world!

The battle of Waterloo — and this gave Blücher time to come up — could not be commenced before half-past eleven. Why? Because the ground was soft. It was necessary to wait for it to acquire some little firmness, so that the artillery could maneuver.

Had the ground been dry and the artillery able to move, the action would have been commenced at six o'clock in the morning. The battle would have been

won and finished at two o'clock, three hours before the Prussians turned the scale of fortune.

How much fault is there on the part of Napoleon in the loss of this battle? His plan of battle was, all confess, a masterpiece. To march straight to the center of the allied line, pierce the enemy, cut them in two, push the British half upon Hal and the Prussian half upon Tongres, make of Wellington and Blücher two fragments, carry Mont Saint-Jean, seize Brussels, throw the German into the Rhine and the Englishman into the sea — all this, for Napoleon, was in this battle. What would follow, anybody can see.

Those who would get a clear idea of the battle of Waterloo, have only to lay down upon the ground, in their mind, a capital A. The left stroke of the A is the road from Nivelles; the right stroke is the road from Genappe; the cross of the A is the sunken road from Ohain to Braine-l'Alleud. The top of the A is Mont Saint-Jean — Wellington is there; the left-hand lower point is Hougoumont — Reille is there, with Jerome Bonaparte; the right-hand lower point is La Belle Alliance — Napoleon is there.

A little below the point where the cross of the A meets and cuts the right stroke is La Haie Sainte. At the middle of this cross is the precise point where the final battle word was spoken. The triangle contained at the top of the A, between the two strokes and the cross, is the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean. The struggle for this plateau was the whole of the battle.

Both generals had carefully studied the plain of Mont

Saint-Jean, now called the plain of Waterloo. Already, in the preceding year, Wellington, with the sagacity of prescience, had examined it as a possible site for a great battle. On this ground, and for this contest, Wellington had the favorable side, Napoleon the unfavorable. The English army was above, the French army below.

Toward four o'clock the situation of the English army was serious. Hougoumont yielding, La Haie Sainte taken there was but one knot left — the center. That still held. Wellington reënforced it. He called thither Hill who was at Merbe-Braine, and Chassé who was at Braine-l'Alleud.

The center of the English army, slightly concave, very dense, and very compact, held a strong position. It occupied the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean, with the village behind it, and in front the declivity, which at that time was steep. Wellington, anxious but impassible, was on horseback, and remained there the whole day in the same attitude, a little in front of the old mill of Mont Saint-Jean, which is still standing, under an elm, which an Englishman, an enthusiastic vandal, has since bought for two hundred francs, cut down, and carried away.

Wellington was frigidly heroic. The balls rained down. His aide-de-camp, Gordon, had just fallen at his side. Lord Hill, showing him a bursting shell, said: "My lord, what are your instructions, and what orders do you leave us, if you allow yourself to be killed?" "*To follow my example*," answered Wellington. To Clinton he said, laconically, "*Hold this spot to the last man!*" The day was clearly going badly. Wellington cried to

his old companions of Talavera, Vittoria and Salamanca: "*Boys, we must not be beat! What would they say of us in England?*"

About four o'clock the English line staggered backward. All at once only the artillery and the sharpshooters were seen on the crest of the plateau; the rest disappeared. The regiments, driven by the shells and bullets of the French, fell back into the valley, now crossed by the cow path of the farm of Mont Saint-Jean; a retrograde movement took place; the battle front of the English was slipping away. Wellington gave ground. "Beginning retreat!" cried Napoleon.

At the moment when Wellington drew back, Napoleon started up. He saw the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean suddenly laid bare, and the front of the English army disappear. It rallied, but kept concealed. The Emperor half rose in his stirrups. The flush of victory passed into his eyes. Wellington hurled back on the forest of Soignies, and destroyed — that was the final overthrow of England by France; it was Cressy, Poitiers, Malplaquet, and Ramillies avenged. The man of Marengo was wiping out Agincourt.

The Emperor rose and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge. Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won.

Napoleon was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder. He had found his thunderbolt. He ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean. They were three thousand five hundred. They

formed a line of half a mile. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. They were twenty-six squadrons, and they had behind them a strong support.

Aide-de-camp Bernard brought them the Emperor's order. Ney drew his sword and placed himself at their head. The enormous squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. All this cavalry, with sabers drawn, banners waving, and trumpets sounding, formed in column by division, descended with even movement and as one man — with the precision of a bronze battering-ram opening a breach.

An odd numerical coincidence — twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and upon two lines — seven on the first, and six on the second — with musket to the shoulder, and eye upon their sights, waiting, calm, silent, and immovable.

They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clinking of the sabers, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host.

There was a moment of fearful silence; then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabers appeared above the crest, with casques, trumpets, and standards, and three thousand faces, with gray mustaches, crying,

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake.

All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannon, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch — a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain.

It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slopes. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders; no power to retreat. The whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French.

The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf; and when the grave was full of living men, the rest rode over them and passed on. Almost a third of Dubois's brigade sank into this abyss. Here the loss of the battle began.

A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates, says that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred men were buried in the sunken road of Ohain. This undoubtedly comprised all the other bodies thrown into this ravine on the morrow after the battle.

Napoleon, before ordering this charge of Milhaud's cuirassiers, had examined the ground, but could not see this hollow road, which did not make even a wrinkle on the surface of the plateau. Warned, however, and put on his guard by the little white chapel which marks its junction with the Nivelles road, he had, probably on the contingency of an obstacle, put a question to the guide Lacoste. The guide had answered "No." It may almost be said that from this shake of a peasant's head came the catastrophe of Napoleon.

At the same time with the ravine, the artillery was unmasked. Sixty cannon and the thirteen squares thundered and flashed into the cuirassiers. The brave General Delord gave the military salute to the English battery. All the English flying artillery took position in the squares at a gallop. The cuirassiers had not even time to breathe. The disaster of the sunken road had decimated but not discouraged them. They were men who, diminished in numbers, grew greater in heart.

Wathier's column alone had suffered from the disaster. Delord's, which Ney had sent obliquely to the left, as if he had a presentiment of the snare, arrived entire. The cuirassiers hurled themselves upon the English squares. At full gallop, with free rein, their sabers in their teeth and their pistols in their hands, the attack began.

There are moments in battle when the soul hardens a man, even to changing the soldier into a statue, and all his flesh becomes granite. The English battalions, desperately assailed, did not yield an inch. Then it was

frightful. All sides of the English squares were attacked at once. A whirlwind of frenzy enveloped them.

This frigid infantry remained impassable. The first rank, with knee on the ground, received the cuirassiers on their bayonets, the second shot them down; behind the second rank; the cannoneers loaded their guns, the front of the square opened, made way for an eruption of grape, and closed again.

The cuirassiers answered by rushing upon them with crushing force. Their great horses reared, trampled upon the ranks, leaped over the bayonets, and fell, gigantic, in the midst of these four living walls. The balls made gaps in the ranks of the cuirassiers; the cuirassiers made breaches in the squares. Files of men disappeared, ground down beneath the horses' feet. The cuirassiers, relatively few in number, lessened by the catastrophe of the ravine, had to contend with almost the whole of the English army; but they multiplied themselves — each man became equal to ten. Nevertheless, some Hanoverian battalions fell back. Wellington saw it, and remembered his cavalry. Had Napoleon, at that very moment, remembered his infantry, he would have won the battle. This forgetfulness was his great, fatal blunder.

Suddenly the assailing cuirassiers perceived that they were assailed. The English cavalry was upon their back. Before them the squares, behind them Somerset — Somerset, with the fourteen hundred dragoon guards. Somerset had on his right Domberg, with his German light horse; and on his left Trip, with the Belgian carbineers. The cuirassiers, attacked front, flank, and

rear, by infantry and cavalry, were compelled to face in all directions. What was that to them? They were a whirlwind. Their valor became unspeakable.

The cuirassiers annihilated seven squares out of thirteen, took or spiked sixty pieces of cannon, and took from the English regiments six colors, which three cuirassiers and three chasseurs of the guard carried to the Emperor before the farm of La Belle Alliance. The situation of Wellington was growing worse. This strange battle was like a duel between two wounded infuriates, who, while yet fighting and resisting, lose all their blood. Which of the two shall fall first?

At five o'clock Wellington drew out his watch, and was heard to murmur these somber words, "Blücher, or night!" It was about this time that a distant line of bayonets glistened on the heights beyond Frichemont. Here is the turning point in this colossal drama.

The rest is known: the irruption of a third army; the battle thrown out of joint; eighty-six pieces of artillery suddenly thundering forth; a new battle falling at nightfall upon our dismantled regiments; the whole English line assuming the offensive, and pushing forward; the gigantic gap made in the French army; the English grape and the Prussian grape lending mutual aid; extermination, disaster in front, disaster in flank; the Guard entering into line amid the terrible crumbling.

Feeling that they were going to their death, they cried out, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" There is nothing more touching in history than this death agony bursting forth in acclamations.

Each battalion of the Guard, for this final effort, was commanded by a general. When the tall caps of the grenadiers of the Guard, with their large eagle plates, appeared, symmetrical, drawn up in line, calm, in the smoke of that conflict, the enemy felt respect for France. They thought they saw twenty victories entering upon the field of battle, with wings extended, and those who were conquerors, thinking themselves conquered, recoiled; but Wellington cried, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

The red regiment of English Guards, lying behind the hedges, rose up. A shower of grape riddled the tri-colored flag fluttering about our eagles; all hurled themselves forward, and the final carnage began. The Imperial Guard felt the army slipping away around them in the gloom and in the vast overthrow of the rout; they heard the "*Sauve qui peut!*" which had replaced the "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and, with flight behind them, they held on their course, battered more and more, and dying faster and faster, at every step.

The rout behind the Guard was dismal. The army fell back rapidly from all sides at once. The cry, "Treachery!" was followed by the cry, "*Sauve qui peut!*" Napoleon gallops along the fugitives, harangues them, urges, threatens, entreats. The mouths which in the morning were crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" are now agape. He is hardly recognized.

The Prussian cavalry, just come up, spring forward, fling themselves upon the enemy, saber, cut, hack, kill, exterminate. Teams rush off; the guns are left to the care of themselves; the soldiers of the train unhitch the

caissons, and take the horses to escape; wagons upset, with their four wheels in the air, block up the road, and are accessories of massacre.

They crush and they crowd; they trample upon the living and the dead. Arms are broken. A multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys, woods, choked up by the flight of forty thousand men. Cries, despair; knapsacks and muskets cast into the growing rye; passages forced at the point of the sword; no more comrades, no more officers, no more generals; inexpressible dismay.

In the gathering night, on a field near Genappe, Bernard and Bertrand seized by a flap of his coat and stopped a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, dragged thus far by the current of the rout, had dismounted, passed the bridle of his horse under his arm, and, with bewildered eye, was returning alone toward Waterloo. It was Napoleon, endeavoring to advance again — mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream.

— *From "Les Misérables," by Victor Hugo.*

On the night before the battle of Waterloo many of the English officers were at a ball at Brussels, ten miles away, where were the headquarters of Wellington. In the midst of the festivities the cannon were heard which summoned them to the field. Lord Byron, in a few stanzas in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," has given a poetical description of what occurred — a description which rivals in vividness that of Victor Hugo, and which has been more generally read and admired than any other poem on that event.

From the Painting by C. Steuben.

Engraved by John W. Evans.

Napoleon at Waterloo.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered 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 looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! — a deep sound strikes like a rising 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,
Blushed 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 thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips — "The foe! They come!
They come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave! — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now, beneath them, but above, shall grow,
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder, cold and low.

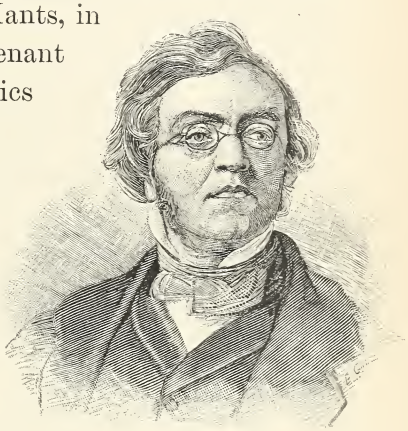
Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn, the marshaling in arms, — the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial blent.

— *Lord Byron.*

TWO PICTURES BY THACKERAY.

I. CASTLEWOOD, ENGLAND — 1691.

When Francis, fourth Viscount Castlewood, came to his title, and presently after to take possession of his house of Castlewood, County Hants, in the year 1691, almost the only tenant of the place besides the domestics was a lad twelve years of age, of whom no one seemed to take any note until my Lady Viscountess lighted upon him, going over the house with the housekeeper on the day of her arrival. The boy was in the room known as the Book-room, or Yellow Gallery, where the portraits of the family used to hang. The new and fair lady of Castlewood found the sad, lonely little occupant of this gallery busy over his great book, which he laid down when he was aware that a stranger was at hand. And, knowing who that person must be, the lad stood up and bowed before her, performing a shy obeisance to the mistress of his house.



William Makepeace Thackeray.

She stretched out her hand — indeed, when was it that that hand would not stretch out to do an act of kindness, or to protect grief and ill fortune? "And this is our kinsman," she said; "and what is your name, kinsman?"

"My name is Henry Esmond," said the lad, looking up at her in a sort of delight and wonder, for she appeared the most charming object he had ever looked on. Her golden hair was shining in the gold of the sun; her complexion was of a dazzling bloom, her lips smiling, and her eyes beaming with a kindness which made Harry Esmond's heart to beat with surprise.

With a look of infinite tenderness in her eyes, she placed her other fair hand on his head, and saying some words to him which were so kind, and said in a voice so sweet, that the boy, who had never looked upon so much beauty before, felt as if the touch of a superior being or angel smote him down to the ground, and kissed the fair, protecting hand as he knelt on one knee. To the very last hour of his life, Esmond remembered the lady as she then spoke and looked, the rings on her fair hands, the very scent of her robe, the beam of her eyes lighting up with surprise and kindness, her lips blooming in a smile, the sun making a golden halo round her hair.

As the boy was yet in this attitude of humility, enters behind him a portly gentleman, with a little girl of four years old. The gentleman burst into a great laugh at the lady and her adorer, with his little, queer figure, his sallow face, and long black hair. The lady blushed, and seemed to deprecate his ridicule by a look of appeal to her husband, for it was my Lord Viscount who now arrived, and whom the lad knew, having once before seen him in the late lord's lifetime.

"So this is the little priest!" says my Lord, looking down at the lad. "Welcome, kinsman."

"He is saying his prayers to mamma," says the little girl, who came up to her papa's knees: and my Lord burst out into another great laugh at this, and kinsman Henry looked very silly.

The little girl, whose name was Beatrix, looked at Henry Esmond solemnly, with a pair of large eyes, and then a smile shone over her face, which was as beautiful as that of a cherub, and she came up and put out a little hand to him. A keen and delightful pang of gratitude, happiness, affection, filled the orphan child's heart, as he received from the protectors whom Heaven had sent to him, their words and tokens of friendliness and kindness. But an hour since he had felt quite alone in the world; when he heard the great peal of bells from Castlewood church ringing that morning, to welcome the arrival of the new lord and lady, it had rung only terror and anxiety to him, for he knew not how the new owner would deal with him; and those to whom he formerly looked for protection were forgotten or dead.

When my Lord and Lady were going away thence, the little girl, still holding her kinsman by the hand, bade him to come too. "Thou wilt always forsake an old friend for a new one, Trix," says her father to her, good-naturedly; and went into the gallery, giving his arm to his lady. They passed thence through the music gallery, long since dismantled, and out into the terrace, where was a fine prospect of sunset, and the great darkling woods with a cloud of rooks returning: and the plain and river with Castlewood village beyond, and purple hills beautiful to look at — and the little heir

of Castlewood, a child two years old, was already here on the terrace in his nurse's arms, from whom he ran across the grass instantly he perceived his mother, and came to her.

"If thou canst not be happy here," says my Lord, looking round at the scene, "thou art hard to please, Rachel." . . .

When young Esmond got to his little chamber, it was with a heart full of surprise and gratitude towards the new friends whom this happy day had brought him. He was up and watching long before the house was astir, longing to see that fair lady and her children — that kind protector and patron; and only fearful lest their welcome of the past night should in any way be withdrawn or altered.

But presently little Beatrix came out into the garden, and her mother followed, who greeted Harry as kindly as before. He told her at greater length the histories of the house (which he had been taught in the old lord's time), and to which she listened with great interest; and then he told her that he understood French.

"Do you?" says she; "then, sir, you shall teach me and Beatrix." And she asked him many more questions regarding himself, which he answered briefly but explicitly.

— *From "Henry Esmond."*

II. CASTLEWOOD, VIRGINIA — 1775.

Mr. Esmond called his American house Castlewood, from the patrimonial home in the old country. The whole

usages of Virginia, indeed, were fondly modeled after the English customs. It was a loyal colony. The Virginians boasted that King Charles the Second had been king in Virginia before he had been king in England. English king and English church were alike faithfully honored there. The resident gentry were allied to good English families. They held their heads above the Dutch traders of New York, and the money-getting Roundheads of Pennsylvania and New England. Never were people less republican than those of the great province which was soon to be foremost in the memorable revolt against the British Crown. The gentry of Virginia dwelt on their great lands after a fashion almost patriarchal. For its rough cultivation, each estate had a multitude of hands of purchased and assigned servants — who were subject to the command of the master. The land yielded their food, live stock, and game.

The great rivers swarmed with fish for the taking. From their banks the passage home was clear. Their ships took the tobacco off their private wharves on the banks of the Potomac or the James River, and carried it to London or Bristol, — bringing back English goods and articles of home manufacture in return for the only produce which the Virginian gentry chose to cultivate.

Their hospitality was boundless. No stranger was ever sent away from their gates. The gentry received one another, and traveled to each other's houses, in a state almost feudal. The question of Slavery was not born at the time of which we write. To be the proprietor of black servants shocked the feelings of no Virginian gentle-

man ; nor, in truth, was the despotism exercised over the negro race generally a savage one. The food was plenty : the poor black people lazy and not unhappy. You might have preached negro emancipation to Madam Esmond of Castlewood as you might have told her to let the horses run loose out of her stables ; she had no doubt but that the whip and the corn bag were good for both.

Her father may have thought otherwise, being of a skeptical turn on very many points, but his doubts did not break forth in active denial, and he was rather disaffected than rebellious. At one period, this gentleman had taken a part in active life at home, and possibly might have been eager to share its rewards ; but in latter days he did not seem to care for them. A something had occurred in his life, which had cast a tinge of melancholy over all his existence.

He was not unhappy, — to those about him most kind, — most affectionate, obsequious even to the women of his family, whom he scarce ever contradicted ; but there had been some bankruptcy of his heart, which his spirit never recovered. He submitted to life, rather than enjoyed it, and never was in better spirits than in his last hours when he was going to lay it down.

When the boys' grandfather died, their mother, in great state, proclaimed her eldest son George her successor and heir of the estate ; and Harry, George's younger brother by half an hour, was always enjoined to respect his senior. All the household was equally instructed to pay him honor ; the negroes, of whom there was a large and happy family, and the assigned servants from Europe, whose lot was

made as bearable as it might be under the government of the lady of Castlewood.

In the whole family there scarcely was a rebel save Mrs. Esmond's faithful friend and companion, Madam Mountain, and Harry's foster mother, a faithful negro woman, who never could be made to understand why her child should not be first, who was handsomer, and stronger, and cleverer than his brother, as she vowed; though, in truth, there was scarcely any difference in the beauty, strength, or stature of the twins.

In disposition, they were in many points exceedingly unlike; but in feature they resembled each other so closely, that, but for the color of their hair, it had been difficult to distinguish them. In their beds, and when their heads were covered with those vast, ribboned night-caps, which our great and little ancestors wore, it was scarcely possible for any but a nurse or a mother to tell the one from the other child.

Howbeit, alike in form, we have said that they differed in temper. The elder was peaceful, studious, and silent; the younger was warlike and noisy. He was quick at learning when he began, but very slow at beginning. No threats of the ferule would provoke Harry to learn in an idle fit, or would prevent George from helping his brother in his lesson. Harry was of a strong military turn, drilled the little negroes on the estate, and caned them like a corporal, having many good boxing matches with them, and never bearing malice if he was worsted; whereas George was sparing of blows, and gentle with all about him.

As the custom in all families was, each of the boys had a special little servant assigned him; and it was a known fact that George, finding his little wretch of a blackamoor asleep on his master's bed, sat down beside it, and brushed the flies off the child with a feather fan, to the horror of old Gumbo, the child's father, who found his young master so engaged, and to the indignation of Madam Esmond, who ordered the young negro off to the proper officer for a whipping. In vain George implored and entreated — burst into passionate tears, and besought a remission of the sentence. His mother was inflexible regarding the young rebel's punishment, and the little negro went off beseeching his young master not to cry.

On account of a certain apish drollery and humor which exhibited itself in the lad, and a liking for some of the old man's pursuits, the first of the twins was the grandfather's favorite and companion, and would laugh and talk out all his infantine heart to the old gentleman, to whom the younger had seldom a word to say.

George was a demure, studious boy, and his senses seemed to brighten up in the library, where his brother was so gloomy. He knew the books before he could well-nigh carry them, and read in them long before he could understand them. Harry, on the other hand, was all alive in the stables or in the wood, eager for all parties of hunting and fishing, and promised to be a good sportsman from a very early age.

At length the time came when Mr. Esmond was to have done with the affairs of this life, and he laid them down as if glad to be rid of their burden. All who read

and heard that discourse, wondered where Parson Broadbent of James Town found the eloquence and the Latin which adorned it. Perhaps Mr. Dempster knew, the boys' Scotch tutor, who corrected the proofs of the oration, which was printed, by the desire of his Excellency and many persons of honor, at Mr. Franklin's press in Philadelphia.

No such sumptuous funeral had ever been seen in the country as that which Madam Esmond Warrington ordained for her father, who would have been the first to smile at that pompous grief. The little lads of Castlewood, almost smothered in black trains and hat bands, headed the procession and were followed by my Lord Fairfax, from Greenway Court, by his Excellency the Governor of Virginia (with his coach), by the Randolphs, the Careys, the Harrisons, the Washingtons, and many others; for the whole country esteemed the departed gentleman, whose goodness, whose high talents, whose benevolence and unobtrusive urbanity, had earned for him the just respect of his neighbors.

When informed of the event, the family of Colonel Esmond's stepson, the Lord Castlewood of Hampshire in England, asked to be at the charges of the marble slab which recorded the names and virtues of his lordship's mother and her husband; and after due time of preparation, the monument was set up, exhibiting the arms and coronet of the Esmond's, supported by a little, chubby group of weeping cherubs, and reciting an epitaph which for once did not tell any falsehoods.

— *From "The Virginians."*

From the Painting by A. Maignan.

The Parting of Hector and Andromache.

Engraved by Robert Varley.

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

One of the most famous passages in Homer's "Iliad" is that in the Sixth Book, wherein the poet describes the parting between Hector and his wife Andromache. The Greeks had long been besieging the city of Troy, and a great battle was now in progress outside of the gates. Hector, the noblest of the Trojan heroes, had made ready to go out to the help of his people, but first he would bid his wife and child good-by, "for," said he, "I know not if I shall return home to them again."

Hector straight
Through the wide streets his rapid steps retraced.
But when at last the mighty city's length
Was traversed, and the Scæan gates were reached,
Whence was the outlet to the plain, in haste
Running to meet him came his priceless wife,
Eëtion's daughter, fair Andromache —
Eëtion, who from Thebes Cicilia swayed,
Thebes at the foot of Placos' wooded heights.
His child to Hector of the brazen helm
Was giv'n in marriage: she it was who now
Met him, and by her side the nurse, who bore
Clasped to her breast his all unconscious child,
Hector's loved infant, fair as morning star;
Whom Hector called Scamandrius; but the rest
Astyanax, in honor of his sire,
The matchless chief, the only prop of Troy.

Silent he smiled as on his boy he gazed:
But at his side Andromache, in tears,
Hung on his arm, and thus the chief addressed:
"Dear Lord, thy dauntless spirit will work thy doom:
Nor hast thou pity on this thy helpless child,
Or me forlorn, to be thy widow soon:
For thee will all the Greeks with force combined
Assail and slay: for me 'twere better far,
Of thee bereft, to lie beneath the sod;
Nor comfort shall be mine, if thou be lost,
But endless grief. To me nor sire is left,
Nor honored mother. . . .
But Hector, thou to me art all in one,
Sire, mother, brethren! thou, my wedded love!
Then pitying us, within the tower remain,
Nor make thy child an orphan, and thy wife
A hapless widow; by the fig tree here
Array thy troops; for here the city wall,
Easiest of access, most invites assault.
Thrice have their boldest chiefs this point assailed,
Or by the prompting of some Heav'n-taught seer,
Or by their own advent'rous courage led."
To whom great Hector of the glancing helm:
"Think not, dear wife, that by such thoughts as these
My heart has ne'er been wrung; but I should blush
To face the men and long-robed dames of Troy,
If, like a coward, I could shun the fight.
Nor could my soul the lessons of my youth
So far forget, whose boast it still has been
In the fore-front of battle to be found,

Charged with my father's glory and my own.
Yet in my inmost soul too well I know,
The day must come when this our sacred Troy,
And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self,
Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown.
But not the thoughts of Troy's impending fate,
Nor Hecuba's nor royal Priam's woes,
Nor loss of brethren, numerous and brave,
By hostile hands laid prostrate in the dust,
So deeply wring my heart as thoughts of thee,
Thy days of freedom lost, and led away
A weeping captive by some brass-clad Greek;
Haply in Argos, at a mistress' beck,
Condemned to ply the loom, or water draw,
Heart-wrung, by stern necessity constrained.
Then they who see thy tears perchance may say,
'Lo! this was Hector's wife, who, when they fought
On plains of Troy, was Ilion's bravest chief.'
Thus may they speak; and thus thy grief renew
For loss of him, who might have been thy shield
To rescue thee from slav'ry's bitter hour.
Oh, may I sleep in dust, ere be condemned
To hear thy cries, and see thee dragged away!"

Thus as he spoke, great Hector stretched his arms
To take his child; but back the infant shrank,
Crying, and sought his nurse's shelt'ring breast,
Scared by the brazen helm and horse-hair plume,
That nodded, fearful, on the warrior's crest.
Laughed the fond parents both, and from his brow

Hector the casque removed, and set it down,
All glitt'ring, on the ground; then kissed his child,
And danced him in his arms; then thus to Jove
And to th' Immortals all addressed his prayer:
"Grant Jove, and all ye Gods, that this my son
May be, as I, the foremost man of Troy,
For valor famed, his country's guardian king;
That men may say, 'This youth surpasses far
His father,' when they see him from the fight,
From slaughtered foes, with bloody spoils of war
Returning, to rejoice his mother's heart!"

Thus saying, in his mother's arms he placed
His child; she to her fragrant bosom clasped,
Smiling through tears; with eyes of pitying love
Hector beheld, and pressed her hand, and thus
Address'd her: "Dearest, wring not thus my heart!
For till my day of destiny is come,
No man may take my life; and when it comes,
Nor brave nor coward can escape that day.
But go thou home, and ply thy household cares,
The loom and distaff, and appoint thy maids
Their sev'ral tasks; and leave to men of Troy
And, chief of all, to me, the toils of war."
Great Hector said, and rais'd his pluméd helm;
And homeward, slow, with oft-reverted eyes,
Shedding hot tears, his sorrowing wife returned.

— *From the Iliad of Homer, translated by the Earl of Derby.*

HOW NITETIS CAME TO BABYLON. — B.C. 525.

Nitetis, a beautiful young princess, the daughter of Amasis, king of Egypt, had, for political reasons, been betrothed to Cambyses, king of the Medes and Persians, and most powerful monarch of his time. After bidding a final adieu to her parents and friends and all that her heart held dear, she had started with a brilliant retinue of followers, on the long journey to Babylon, the home of her intended husband. She was accompanied by her father's friend Crœsus, the old and wealthy king of Lydia, who acted in the capacity both of tutor and guardian; and everything was done that power or skill could devise to make the journey by sea and land delightful and easy. The story of her arrival in Babylon is doubly interesting because it presents to us a vivid and presumably accurate picture of life and manners among the most civilized people of the world two thousand five hundred years ago.

Seven weeks after Nitetis had quitted her native country a long train of equipages and horsemen was to be seen on the king's highway from the west of Babylon, moving steadily toward that gigantic city, whose towers might already be descried in the far distance.

The principal object in this caravan was a richly gilded, four-wheeled carriage closed in at the sides by curtains, and above by a roof supported on wooden pillars. In this vehicle, resting on rich cushions of gold brocade, sat our Egyptian princess.

On either side rode her escort; viz. the Persian princes

and nobles whom we have already learned to know during their visit to Egypt, Crœsus and his son.

Behind these, a long train, consisting of fifty vehicles of different kinds, and six hundred beasts of burden, stretched away into the distance, and the royal carriage was preceded by a troop of splendidly mounted Persian cavalry.

The highroad followed the course of the Euphrates, passing through luxuriant fields of wheat and barley, yielding fruit, two and sometimes even three hundred-fold. Slender date palms covered with golden fruit were scattered in every direction over the fields, which were thoroughly irrigated by means of canals and ditches.

It was winter, but the sun shone warm and bright from a cloudless sky. The mighty river swarmed with craft of all sizes, either transporting the products of Upper Armenia to the plains of Mesopotamia, or the wares of Greece and Asia Minor to Babylon.

Pumps and water wheels poured refreshing streams over the thirsty land, and pretty villages ornamented the shores of the river. Indeed, every object gave evidence that our caravan was approaching the metropolis of a carefully governed and civilized state.

Nitetis and her retinue now halted at a long brick house, roofed with asphalt, and surrounded by a grove of plane trees. Here Crœsus was lifted from his horse, and, approaching the carriage, exclaimed: "Here we are at length at the last station! That high tower which you see on the horizon is the celebrated temple of Bel, next to the Pyramids, one of the most gigantic works

ever constructed by human hands. Before sunset we shall have reached the brazen gates of Babylon. And now I would ask you to alight, and let me send your maidens into the house, for here you must put on Persian apparel to appear well-pleasing in the eyes of Cambyses. In a few hours you will stand before your future husband. But you are pale! Permit your maidens to adorn your cheeks with a color that shall look like the excitement of joy. A first impression is often a final one, and this is especially true with regard to Cambyses. If, which I doubt not, you are pleasing in his eyes at first, then you have won his love forever; but if you should displease him to-day, he will never look kindly on you again, for he is rough and harsh. But take courage, my daughter, and above all do not forget the advice I have given you."

Nitetis dried her tears as she answered: "How can I ever thank you, oh, Crœsus! my second father, my protector and adviser, for all your goodness? Oh, forsake me not in the days to come! and if the path of my life should lead through grief and care, be near to help and guide me as you were on the mountain passes of this long and dangerous journey. A thousand times I thank thee, oh, my father!"

And as she said these words the young girl threw her arms around the old man's neck and kissed him tenderly.

On entering the courtyard, a tall, stout man, followed by a train of Asiatic serving maidens, came forward to meet them. This was Boges, the chief of the household of the king's wives. His beardless face wore a smile of fulsome sweetness; in his ears hung costly jeweled pen-

dants; his neck, arms, legs, and his effeminately long garments glittered all over with gold chains and rings, and his crisp, stiff curls, bound round by a purple fillet, streamed with powerful and penetrating perfumes.

Making a low and reverential obeisance before Nitetis, and holding the while his fat hands overloaded with rings before his mouth, he thus addressed her: "Cambyses, lord of the world, hath sent me to thee, O queen! that I may refresh thy heart with the dew of his salutations. He sendeth thee likewise by me, even by me, the lowest of his servants, Persian raiment, that thou, as befitteth the consort of the mightiest of all rulers, mayest approach the gates of the Achæmenidæ in Median garments. These women whom thou seest are thy handmaidens, and only await thy bidding to transform thee from an Egyptian jewel into a Persian pearl."

The master of the caravansary then appeared, bearing, in token of welcome, a basket of fruits arranged with great taste.

Nitetis returned her thanks to both these men in kind and friendly words; then entering the house laid aside the dress and ornaments of her native land, weeping as she did so, allowed the strangers to unloose the plait of hair which hung down at the left side of her head, and was the distinctive mark of an Egyptian princess, and to array her in Median garments.

In the meantime a repast had been commanded by the princes who accompanied her. Eager and agile attendants rushed to the baggage wagons, fetching thence, in a few moments, seats, tables, and golden utensils of all

kinds. The cooks vied with them and with each other, and as if by magic, and in a short space of time a richly adorned banquet for the hungry guests appeared, at which even the flowers were not wanting.

During the entire journey our travelers had lived in a similar luxury, as their beasts of burden carried every imaginable convenience, from tents of waterproof materials inwrought with gold, down to silver foot stools; and in the vehicles which composed their train were not only bakers, cooks, cupbearers, and carvers, but perfumers, hairdressers, and weavers of garlands. Besides these conveniences, a well fitted up caravansary, or inn, was to be found about every eighteen miles along the whole route, where disabled horses could be replaced, the plantations around which afforded a refreshing shelter from the noonday heat, or their hearths a refuge from the snow and cold on the mountain passes.

The kingdom of Persia was indebted for these inns (similar to the post stations of modern days) to Cyrus, who had endeavored to connect the widely distant provinces of his immense dominions by a system of well-kept roads and a regular postal service. At each of these stations the horseman carrying the letter bag was relieved by a fresh man on a fresh steed, to whom the letters were transferred, and who, in his turn, darted off like the wind, to be again replaced at a similar distance by another rider. These couriers, called Angari, were considered the swiftest horsemen in the world.

Just as the banqueters, among whom Boges had taken his seat, were rising from table, the door opened and

a vision appeared which drew prolonged exclamations of surprise from all the Persians present. Nitetis, clad in the glorious apparel of a Median princess, proud in the consciousness of her triumphant beauty, and yet blushing like a young girl at the wondering admiration of her friends, stood before them.

The attendants involuntarily fell on their faces before her, according to the custom of the Asiatics; for it seemed as if Nitetis had laid aside all her former bashfulness and timidity with her simple Egyptian dress, and with the splendid silken garments of a Persian princess, flashing as they were with gold and jewels, had clothed herself in the majesty of a queen.

The deep reverence paid by all present seemed agreeable to her, and thanking her admiring friends by a gracious wave of the hand she turned to the chief of the household and said, in a kind tone, but mingled with a touch of pride: "Thou hast performed thy mission well; I am content with the raiment and the slaves that thou hast provided, and shall commend thy circumspection to the king, my husband. Receive this gold chain in the meanwhile as a token of my gratitude."

Boges kissed the hem of her garment, and accepted the gift in silence. This man, hitherto omnipotent in his office, had never before encountered such pride in any of the women committed to his charge. Up to the present time all the wives of Cambyses had been Asiatics, and, well aware of the unlimited power of Boges, they had used every means within their reach to secure his favor by flattery and submission.

Boges now made a second obeisance before Nitetis, of which, however, she took no notice, and, turning to Crœsus, said: "Neither words nor gifts could ever suffice to express my gratitude to you, kindest of friends, for, if my future life at the court of Persia prove, I will not venture to say a happy one, but even a peaceful one, it is to you alone that I shall owe it. Still, take this ring. It has never left my finger since I quitted Egypt, and it has a significance far beyond its outward worth. Pythagoras, the noblest of the Greeks, gave it to my mother when he was tarrying in Egypt to learn the wisdom of our priests, and it was her parting gift to me. The number seven is engraved upon the simple stone. This indivisible number represents perfect health, both of soul and body, for health is likewise one and indivisible. The sickness of one member is the sickness of all; one evil thought, allowed to take up its abode within our heart, destroys the entire harmony of the soul. When you see this seven, therefore, let it recall my heart's wish that you may ever enjoy undisturbed bodily health and long retain that loving gentleness which has made you the most virtuous and therefore the healthiest of men. No thanks, my father, for even if I could restore to Crœsus all the treasures that he once possessed, I should still remain his debtor. Gyges, to you I give this Lydian lyre; let its tones recall the giver to your memory. For you, Zopyrus, I have a golden chain; I have witnessed that you are the most faithful of friends; and we Egyptians are accustomed to place cords and bands in the hands of our lovely Hathor, the goddess of love and friendship, as symbols of her

captivating and enchanting attributes. As Darius has studied the wisdom of Egypt and the signs of the starry heavens, I beg him to take this circlet of gold, on which a skillful hand has traced the signs of the zodiac. And lastly, to my dear brother-in-law Bartja I commit the most precious jewel in my possession — this amulet of blue stone. My sister Tachot hung it round my neck as I kissed her on the last night before we parted; she told me it could bring to its wearer the sweet bliss of love. And then, Bartja, she wept! I do not know of whom she was thinking in that moment, but I hope I am acting according to her wishes in giving you her precious jewel. Take it as a gift from Tachot, and sometimes call to mind our games in the Sais gardens."

Thus far she had been speaking Greek, but now, addressing the attendants who remained standing in an attitude of deep reverence, she began, in broken Persian: "Accept my thanks also. In Babylon you shall receive a thousand gold staters." Then turning to Boges, she added: "Let this sum be distributed among the attendants at latest by the day after to-morrow. Take me to my carriage, Crœsus."

The old king hastened to do her bidding, and as he was leading her thither she pressed his arm and whispered gently, "Are you pleased with me, my father?"

"I tell you, girl," the old man answered, "that no one but the king's mother can ever be your equal at this court, for a true and queenly pride reigns on your brow, and you have the power of using small means to effect great ends. Believe me, the smallest gift, chosen and bestowed as you

can choose and bestow, gives more pleasure to a noble mind than heaps of treasure merely cast down at his feet. The Persians are accustomed to present and to receive costly gifts. They understand already how to enrich their friends, but you can teach them to impart a joy with every gift. How beautiful you are to-day! are your cushions to your mind, or would you like a higher seat? But what is this? There are clouds of dust in the direction of the city. Cambyses is surely coming to meet you! Courage, my daughter. Above all, try to meet his gaze and respond to it. Very few can bear the lightning glance of those eyes, but, if you can return it freely and fearlessly, you have conquered. Fear nothing, my child, and may Aphrodite adorn you with her most glorious beauty! My friends, we must start; I think the king himself is coming." Nitetis sat erect in her splendid gilded carriage; her hands were pressed on her throbbing heart. The clouds of dust came nearer and nearer; her eye caught the flash of weapons like lightning across a stormy sky. The clouds parted, she could see single figures for a moment, but soon lost them as the road wound behind some thickets and shrubs. Suddenly the troop of horsemen appeared in full gallop only a hundred paces before her and distinctly visible.

Her first impression was of a motley mass of steeds and men, glittering in purple, gold, silver, and jewels. It consisted in reality of a troop of more than two hundred horsemen mounted on pure white Nicæan horses, whose bridles and saddlecloths were covered with bells and bosses, feathers, fringes, and embroidery. Their leader

rode a powerful coal-black charger, which even the strong will and hand of his rider could not always curb, though in the end his enormous strength proved him the man to tame even this fiery animal. This rider, beneath whose weight the powerful steed trembled and panted, wore a vesture of scarlet and white, thickly embroidered with eagles and falcons in silver. The lower part of his dress was purple, and his boots of yellow leather. He wore a golden girdle ; in this hung a short dagger-like sword, the hilt and scabbard of which were thickly studded with jewels. The lower part of his face was concealed by an immense beard. His features were pale and immovable, but the eyes (more intensely black, if possible, than either hair or beard) glowed with a fire that was rather scorching than warming. A deep, fiery-red scar, given by the sword of a Massagetan warrior, crossed his high forehead, arched nose, and thin upper lip. His whole demeanor expressed great power and unbounded pride.

Nitetis's gaze was at once riveted by this man. She had never seen any one like him before, and he exercised a strange fascination over her. The expression of indomitable pride worn by his features seemed to her to represent a manly nature which the whole world, but she herself above all others, was created to serve. She felt afraid, and yet her true woman's heart longed to lean upon his strength as the vine upon the elm. She could not be quite sure whether she had thus pictured to herself the father of all evil, the fearful Seth, or the great god Ammon, the giver of light.

The deepest pallor and the brightest color flitted by

turns across her lovely face, like the light and shadow when clouds pass swiftly over a sunny noonday sky. She had quite forgotten the advice of her fatherly old friend, and yet, when Cambyses brought his unruly, chafing steed to a stand by the side of her carriage, she gazed breathless into the fiery eyes of this man and felt at once that he was the king, though no one had told her so.

The stern face of this ruler of half the known world relaxed, as Nitetis, moved by an unaccountable impulse, continued to bear his piercing gaze. At last he waved his hand to her in token of welcome, and then rode on to her escort, who had alighted from their horses and were awaiting him, some having cast themselves down in the dust, and others, after the Persian manner, standing in an attitude of deep reverence, their hands concealed in the wide sleeves of their robes.

He sprang from his horse, an example which was followed at once by his entire suite. The attendants, with the speed of thought, spread a rich purple carpet on the highway, lest the foot of the king should come in contact with the dust of the earth, and then Cambyses proceeded to salute his friends and relations by offering them his mouth to kiss.

He shook Crœsus by the right hand, commanding him to remount and accompany him to the carriage, as interpreter between himself and Nitetis.

In an instant his highest office bearers were at hand to lift the king once more upon his horse, and at a single nod from their lord the train was again in motion.

Cambyses and Crœsus rode by the side of the carriage.

"She is beautiful, and pleases me well," began the king. "Interpret faithfully all her answers, for I understand only the Persian, Assyrian, and Median tongues."

Nitetis caught and understood these words. A feeling of intense joy stole into her heart, and before Crœsus could answer she began softly, in broken Persian and blushing deeply: "Blessed be the gods, who have caused me to find favor in thine eyes. I am not ignorant of the speech of my lord, for the noble Crœsus has instructed me in the Persian language during our long journey. Forgive me if my sentences be broken and imperfect; the time was short, and my capacity only that of a poor and simple maiden."

A smile passed over the usually serious mouth of Cambyses. His vanity was flattered by Nitetis's desire to win his approbation, and, accustomed as he was to see women grow up in idleness and ignorance, thinking of nothing but finery and intrigue, her persevering industry seemed to him both wonderful and praiseworthy. So he answered, with evident satisfaction: "I rejoice that we can speak without an interpreter. Persevere in learning the beautiful language of my forefathers. Crœsus, who sits at my table, shall still remain your instructor."

"Your command confers happiness!" exclaimed the old man. "No more eager or thankful pupil could be found than the daughter of Amasis."

"She justifies the ancient report of the wisdom of Egypt," answered the king, "and I can believe that she will quickly understand and receive into her soul the religious instructions of our Magi."

Nitetis dropped her earnest gaze. Her fears were being realized. She would be compelled to serve strange gods.

But her emotion passed unnoticed by Cambyses, who went on speaking: "My mother Kassandane will tell you the duties expected from my wives. To-morrow I myself will lead you to her. The words which you innocently chanced to hear I now repeat; you please me well. Do nothing to alienate my affection. We will try to make our country agreeable, and, as your friend, I counsel you to treat Boges, whom I sent as my forerunner, in a kind and friendly manner. As head over the house of the women, you will have to conform to his will in many things."

"Though he be head over the house of the women," answered Nitetis, "surely your wife is bound to obey no other earthly will than yours. Your slightest look shall be for me a command; but remember that I am a king's daughter, that in my native land the weaker and the stronger sex have equal rights, and that the same pride reigns in my breast which I see kindling in your eyes, my lord and king! My obedience to you, my husband and my ruler, shall be that of a slave, but I can never stoop to sue for the favor, or obey the orders, of a servant."

Cambyses's wonder and satisfaction increased. He had never heard any woman speak in this way before except his mother; the clever way in which Nitetis acknowledged and laid stress on his right to command her every act, was very flattering to his self-love, and her pride found an echo in his own haughty disposition. He nodded approvingly and answered: "You have spoken well. A separate dwelling shall be appointed you. I, and no one else, will

prescribe your rules of life and conduct. This day the pleasant palace on the hanging gardens shall be prepared for your reception."

"A thousand, thousand thanks," cried Nitetis. "You little know the blessing you are bestowing in this permission. Again and again I have begged your brother Bartja to repeat the story of these gardens, and the love of the king who raised that verdant and blooming hill pleased us better than all the other glories of your vast domains."

"To-morrow," answered the king, "you can enter your new abode. But tell me how my messengers pleased you and your countrymen."

"How can you ask? Who could know the noble Crœsus without loving him? Who could fail to admire the beauties of the young heroes, your friends? They have all become dear to us, but your handsome brother Bartja especially won all hearts. The Egyptians have no love for strangers, and yet the gaping crowd would burst into a murmur of admiration when his beautiful face appeared among them."

At these words the king's brow darkened; he struck his horse so sharply that the creature reared, and then turning it quickly around he galloped to the front and soon reached the walls of Babylon.

* * * * * * *

Though Nitetis had been brought up among the huge temples and palaces of Egypt, she was still astonished at the size and grandeur of this gigantic city.

Its walls seemed impregnable; they measured more than seventy-five feet in height, and their breadth was so great

that two chariots could conveniently drive abreast upon them. These mighty defenses were crowned and strengthened by two hundred and fifty high towers, and even these would have been insufficient if Babylon had not been protected on one side by impassable morasses. The gigantic city lay on both shores of the Euphrates. It was more than forty miles in circumference, and its walls inclosed buildings surpassing in size and grandeur even the Pyramids and the temples of Thebes.

The mighty gates of brass through which the royal train entered the city had opened wide to receive this noble company. This entrance was defended on each side by a strong tower, and before each of these towers lay, as warder, a gigantic winged bull carved in stone, with a human head, bearded and solemn. Nitetis gazed at these gates in astonishment, and then a joyful smile lighted up her face as she looked up the long broad street so brightly and beautifully decorated to welcome her.

The moment they beheld the king and the gilded carriage the multitude burst into loud shouts of joy. All Babylon had come out to-day to look upon their awful ruler and to welcome their favorite Bartja on his return. The windows were crowded with eager, curious women, who threw flowers before the approaching train, or poured sweet perfumes from above as they passed by. The pavement was thickly strewn with myrtle and palm branches, trees of different kinds had been placed before the house doors, carpets and gay cloths hung from the windows, garlands of flowers were wreathed from house to house, fragrant odors of incense and sandalwood perfumed the

air, and the way was lined with thousands of gaping Babylonians dressed in white linen shirts, gayly colored woolen petticoats and short cloaks, and carrying long staves headed with pomegranates, birds, or roses, of gold or silver.

The streets through which the procession moved were broad and straight, the houses on either side built of brick, tall and handsome. Towering above everything else, and visible from all points, rose the gigantic temple of Bel. Its colossal staircase, like a huge serpent, wound round and round the ever-diminishing series of stories composing the tower, until it reached the summit crowned by the sanctuary itself.

The procession approached the royal palace. This corresponded in its enormous size to the rest of the vast city. The walls surrounding it were covered with gayly colored and glazed representations of strange figures made up of human beings, birds, quadrupeds, and fishes, hunting scenes, battles, and solemn processions. By the side of the river toward the north rose the hanging gardens, and the smaller palace lay toward the east on the other bank of the Euphrates, connected with the larger one by the wondrous erection, a firm bridge of stone.

Our train passed on through the brazen gates of three of the walls surrounding the palace, and then halted. Nitetis was lifted from her carriage by bearers; she was at last in her new home, and soon after in the apartments of the women's house assigned to her temporary use.

— *From "An Egyptian Princess," by Georg Ebers.*

ASSASSINATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR. — B.C. 44.

It was the feast of the Lupercalia. Cæsar was a spectator, being seated at the rostra on a golden chair in a triumphal robe; and Antonius was one of those who ran in the second race, for he was consul. Accordingly, when he entered the Forum, and the crowd made way for him he presented to Cæsar a diadem surrounded with a crown of bay; and there was a clapping of hands, not loud, but slight, which had been already agreed upon.

When Cæsar put away the diadem from him, all the people clapped their hands, and when Antonius presented it again only a few clapped; but when Cæsar declined to receive it again, all the people applauded. The experiment having thus failed, Cæsar rose and ordered the crown to be carried to the Capitol. But as Cæsar's statues were seen crowned with royal diadems, two of the tribunes went up to them and pulled off the diadems, and having discovered those who had been the first to salute Cæsar as king, they led them off to prison.

In this state of affairs, the many turned to Marcus Brutus, who, on his father's side, was considered to be a descendant of the ancient Brutus. The honors and favors which Brutus had received from Cæsar dulled him towards attempting, of his own proper motion, the overthrow of the monarchical power; for not only was his life saved at the battle of Pharsalus, and many of his friends, also, at his entreaty, but besides this he had great credit with Cæsar. Those who were eager for the change, and who looked up to him alone, or to him as the chief

person, did not venture to speak with him on the subject, but by night they used to fill the tribunal and the seat on which he sat, when discharging his functions as prætor, with writings, most of which were to this purport: "You are asleep, Brutus," and "You are not Brutus." By which Cassius, seeing that his ambition was somewhat stirred, urged him more than he had done before; for Cassius himself had a grudge at Cæsar.

It is said that a certain seer warned Cæsar to be on his guard against great danger on that day of the month of March which the Romans called the Ides; and when the day had arrived, as Cæsar was going to the senate house, he saluted the seer and jeered him, saying, "Well, the Ides of March are come." But the seer mildly replied, "Yes, they are come, but they are not yet over." . . .

It is also said that when Cæsar entered the senate chamber, Cassius looked toward the statue of Pompey and silently invoked it. Antonius, who was faithful to Cæsar, and a robust man, was kept on the outside by one of the conspirators, who purposely engaged him in a long conversation. When Cæsar entered, the senate rose to do him honor, and some of the party of Brutus stood around his chair at the back, and others presented themselves before him, supporting the prayer of Tullius Cimber on behalf of his exiled brother and following Cæsar as far as his seat. When he had taken his seat, and was rejecting their entreaties with some show of displeasure, Tullius, taking hold of his toga with both his hands, pulled it downwards from the neck, which was the signal for the attack.

Casca was the first to strike him on the neck with his sword, a blow neither mortal nor severe, for, as was natural at the beginning of so bold a deed, he was confused; and Cæsar, turning around, seized the dagger and held it fast. At the same moment he who was struck cried out, in the Roman language, "You villain, Casca, what are you doing?" and he who had given the blow cried out to his brother, in Greek, "Brother, help!" And now each of the conspirators bared his sword; and Cæsar, being hemmed in all around and meeting blows in whatever direction he turned, was driven about like a wild beast, and caught in the hands of his enemies; for it had been arranged that all of them should take a part in, and taste of, the deed of blood.

He defended himself against them, moving about his body hither and thither and calling out, till he saw that Brutus had drawn his sword. Then he pulled his toga over his face, and offered no further resistance, having been driven either by chance or by the conspirators to the base on which the statue of Pompey stood. And the base was drenched with blood, as if Pompey was directing the vengeance upon his enemy, who was stretched beneath his feet and writhing under his many wounds; for he is said to have received three and twenty wounds. Many of the conspirators were wounded by one another while they were aiming so many blows against one body.

After Cæsar was killed, Brutus came forward as if he was going to say something about the deed; but the senators, without waiting to listen, rushed through the door, and, making their escape, filled the people with con-

fusion and indescribable alarm, so that some closed their houses and others left their tables and places of business. Some ran to the place to see what had happened; others, who had seen it, ran away. But Antonius and Lepidus, who were the chief friends of Cæsar, stole away and fled for refuge to the houses of other persons.

On the next day Brutus came down and addressed the people, who listened without expressing disapprobation or approbation of what had been done, but they indicated by their deep silence that they pitied Cæsar and respected Brutus. The senate passed acts of oblivion for what had been done, and took measures to reconcile all parties. They ordered that Cæsar should be worshiped as a divinity, and that nothing even of the slightest consequence should be revoked, which he had enacted during his government. At the same time they gave Brutus and his followers the command of provinces, and other considerable posts.

When the will of Cæsar was opened, and it was discovered that he had given to every Roman a handsome present, and they saw the body as it was carried through the Forum, disfigured with wounds, the multitude no longer kept within the bounds of propriety and order, but taking benches, lattices, and tables from the Forum, they heaped them about the body, and set fire to the body, and burnt it on the spot. Then, taking flaming pieces of wood, some ran to the houses of the conspirators to fire them, while others ran about the city in all directions, seeking for the men, to seize and tear them in pieces.

— *Abridged from Plutarch's "Parallel Lives of Illustrious Greeks and Romans."*

THE FUNERAL OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

SCENE. — *The Forum in Rome.*

PRESENT. — BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and a throng of Citizens.*

First Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons, when severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*]

Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Brutus. Be patient to the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a

Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and Others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Citizen. Cæsar's better parts Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen, —

Second Citizen. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen. Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Citizen. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes up.*

Fourth Citizen. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Citizen. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen. Nay, that's certain:
We're bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Antony. 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 was 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 ransoms 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.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. 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:
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Citizen. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen. They were traitors! Honorable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!

Antony. 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.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down. [*He comes down.*

Second Citizen. Descend.

Third Citizen. You shall have leave.

Fourth Citizen. A ring! stand round.

First Citizen. Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

Second Citizen. Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony. 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 statuë,
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 ! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
First Citizen. O piteous spectacle !
Second Citizen. O noble Cæsar !
Third Citizen. O woful day !
Fourth Citizen. O traitors ! villains !
First Citizen. O most bloody sight !
Second Citizen. We will be revenged.
Citizens. Revenge — about — seek — burn — fire — kill — slay, — let not a traitor live !
Antony. Stay, countrymen.
First Citizen. Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.
Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Antony. 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're wise and honorable,
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 yourself do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
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.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! Hear Antony; most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein has Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not: — I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true; the will! — let's stay, and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen. O royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new planted orchards,
On this side Tiber — he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Citizen. Never, never! — Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Second Citizen. Go fetch fire.

Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt. How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Antony. Where is he?

Servant. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Antony. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish: Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Servant. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the streets of Rome.

Antony. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

From the "Tragedy of Julius Cæsar," by William Shakespeare.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE. — 1453.

The "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Edward Gibbon, has long been recognized as one of the greatest works of its kind in any language. "Gibbon's conception of the whole subject," says Stopford Brooke, "was as poetical as a great picture. Rome, eastern and western, was painted in the center, slowly dying like a lion. Around it he pictured the nations and hordes that wrought its ruin, told their stories from the beginning, and the results on themselves and on the world of their victories over Rome."

His account of the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, and the consequent downfall of the Eastern Empire, is a brilliant example, among many others, of his wonderful powers of description. After giving a history of the origin of the Turks, of their successive triumphs over the forces of the Empire, and of their forty days' siege of Constantinople, he thus narrates the story of the final catastrophe.

During the siege of Constantinople, the words of peace and capitulation had sometimes been pronounced, and several embassies had passed between the camp and the city. The Greek emperor was humbled by adversity, and would have yielded to any terms compatible with religion and royalty. The Turkish sultan was desirous of sparing the blood of his own soldiers; still more desirous of securing for his own use the Byzantine treasures, and he accomplished a sacred duty in presenting to the

gabours the choice of circumcision, of tribute, or of death. The avarice of Mohammed might have been satisfied with an annual sum of one hundred thousand ducats; but his ambition grasped the capital of the East; to the prince he offered a rich equivalent, to the people a free toleration, or a safe departure; but, after some fruitless treaty, he declared his resolution of finding either a throne or a grave under the walls of Constantinople.

A sense of honor and the fear of universal reproach forbade Palæologus to resign the city into the hands of the Ottomans, and he determined to abide the last extremities of war. Several days were employed by the sultan in the preparations for the assault, and a respite was granted by his favorite science of astrology, which had fixed on the 29th of May as the fortunate and fatal hour. On the evening of the 27th he issued his final orders, assembled in his presence the military chiefs, and dispersed his heralds through the camp to proclaim the duty and the motives of the perilous enterprise. Fear is the first principle of a despotic government, and his menaces were expressed in the oriental style, that the fugitives and deserters, had they the wings of a bird, should not escape from his inexorable justice.

In this holy warfare the Moslems were exhorted to purify their minds with prayer, their bodies with seven ablutions, and to abstain from food till the close of the ensuing day. A crowd of dervishes visited the tents, to instill the desire of martyrdom, and the assurance of spending an immortal youth amid the rivers and gardens of paradise. Yet Mohammed principally trusted to the

efficacy of temporal and visible rewards. A double pay was promised to the victorious troops. "The city and the buildings," said Mohammed, "are mine; but I resign to your valor the captives and the spoil, the treasures of gold and beauty; be rich and be happy. Many are the provinces of my empire; the intrepid soldier who first ascends the walls of Constantinople shall be rewarded with the government of the fairest and most wealthy; and my gratitude shall accumulate his honors and fortunes above the measure of his own hopes."

Such various and potent motives diffused among the Turks a general ardor, regardless of life, and impatient for action. The camp reëchoed with the Moslem shouts of "God is God, there is but one God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God"; and the sea and land, from Galata to the seven towers, were illuminated by the blaze of their nocturnal fires. . . .

Far different was the state of the Christians, who, with loud and impotent complaints, deplored the guilt or the punishment of their sins. They accused the obstinacy of the emperor for refusing a timely surrender, anticipated the horrors of their fate, and sighed for the repose and security of Turkish servitude. The noblest of the Greeks and the bravest of the allies were summoned to the palace, to prepare them, on the evening of the 28th, for the duties and dangers of the general assault.

The last speech of Palæologus was the funeral oration of the Roman Empire; he promised, he conjured, and he vainly attempted to infuse the hope which was extinguished in his own mind. The example of their prince

and the confinement of a siege had armed these warriors with the courage of despair. They wept, they embraced, regardless of their families and fortunes, they devoted their lives, and each commander, departing to his station, maintained all night a vigilant and anxious watch on the rampart. The emperor and some faithful companions entered the dome of St. Sophia, which in a few hours was to be converted into a mosque, and devoutly received, with tears and prayers, the sacrament of the holy communion. He reposed some moments in the palace, which resounded with cries and lamentations, solicited the pardon of all whom he might have injured, and mounted on horseback to visit the guards and explore the motions of the enemy. The distress and fall of the last Constantine are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars. . . .

In the confusion of darkness an assailant may sometimes succeed; but, in this great and general attack, the military judgment and astrological knowledge of Mohammed advised him to expect the morning, the memorable twenty-ninth of May, in the fourteen hundred and fifty-third year of the Christian era. The preceding night had been strenuously employed; the troops, the cannon, and the fascines, were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which in many parts presented a smooth and level passage to the beach; and his fourscore galleys, almost touched, with the prows and their scaling ladders, the less defensible walls of the harbor. Under pain of death, silence was enjoined; but the physical laws of motion and sound are not obedient to discipline or fear;

each individual might suppress his voice and measure his footsteps; but the march and labor of thousands must inevitably produce a strange confusion of dissonant clamors, which reached the ears of the watchmen of the towers.

At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land; and the similitude of a twined or twisted thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host, a voluntary crowd who fought without order or command; of the feebleness of age or childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The common impulse drove them onward to the wall; the most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated; and not a dart, not a bullet of the Christians was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But their strength and ammunition were exhausted in this laborious defense; the ditch was filled with the bodies of the slain; they supported the footsteps of their companions, and of this devoted vanguard the death was more serviceable than the life. Under their respective bashaws and sanjaks, the troops of Anatolia and Romania were successively led to the charge; their progress was various and doubtful; but, after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks still maintained and improved their advantage, and the voice of the emperor was heard encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their country.

In that fatal moment the janizaries arose, fresh, vigor-

ous, and invincible. The sultan himself, on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valor. He was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasions; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line, to urge, to restrain, and to punish; and, if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and atabals; and experience has proved that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honor. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thundered on all sides, and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman Empire. . . .

The immediate loss of Constantinople may be ascribed to the bullet or arrow which pierced the gauntlet of John Justiniani. The sight of his blood and the exquisite pain appalled the courage of the chief, whose arms and counsels were the firmest rampart of the city. As he withdrew from his station in quest of a surgeon, his flight was perceived and stopped by the indefatigable emperor.

"Your wound," exclaimed Palæologus, "is slight; the danger is pressing. Your presence is necessary, and whither will you retire?"

"I will retire," said the trembling Genoese, "by the same road which God has opened to the Turks," and at these words he hastily passed through one of the breaches of the inner wall. By this pusillanimous act he stained the honors of a military life, and the few days which he survived in Galata, or the Isle of Chios, were embittered by his own and the public reproach. His example was imitated by the greatest part of the Latin auxiliaries, and the defense began to slacken when the attack was pressed with redoubled vigor.

The number of the Ottomans was fifty, perhaps a hundred, times superior to that of the Christians; the double walls were reduced by the cannon to a heap of ruins; in a circuit of several miles, some places must be found more easy of access, or more feebly guarded; and if the besiegers could penetrate in a single point, the whole city was irrecoverably lost.

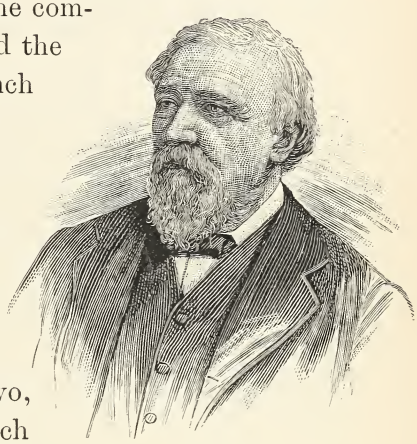
The first who deserved the sultan's reward was Hassan the janizary, of gigantic stature and strength. With his scimitar in one hand and his buckler in the other he ascended the outward fortification; of the thirty janizaries who were emulous of his valor, eighteen perished in the bold adventure. Hassan and his twelve companions had reached the summit; the giant was precipitated from the rampart; he rose on one knee, and was again oppressed by a shower of darts and stones. But his success had proved that the achievement was possible; the walls and towers were instantly covered with a swarm of Turks, and the Greeks, now driven from the vantage ground, were overwhelmed by increasing multitudes.

Amid these multitudes the emperor, who accomplished all the duties of a general and a soldier, was long seen, and finally lost. The nobles, who fought round his person, sustained, till their last breath, the honorable names of Palæologus and Cantacuzenus; his mournful exclamation was heard, "Can not there be found a Christian to cut off my head?" and his last fear was that of falling alive into the hands of the infidels. The prudent despair of Constantine cast away the purple; amid the tumult he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the slain. After his death, resistance and order were no more; the Greeks fled toward the city, and many and many were pressed and stifled in the narrow pass of the gate of St. Romanus.

The victorious Turks rushed through the breaches of the inner wall, and, as they advanced into the streets, they were soon joined by their brethren, who had forced the gate Phenar on the side of the harbor. In the first heat of the pursuit about two thousand Christians were put to the sword; but avarice soon prevailed over cruelty, and the victors acknowledged that they should immediately have given quarter if the valor of the emperor and his chosen bands had not prepared them for a similar opposition in every part of the capital. It was thus, after a siege of fifty-three days, that Constantinople, which had defied the power of Chosroes, the Chagan, and the Caliphs, was irretrievably subdued by the arms of Mohammed II. Her empire only had been subverted by the Latins; her religion was trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors.

HERVÉ RIEL.

The battle of La Hogue, alluded to in the following lines, was fought May 19, 1692, resulting in the total defeat of the French fleet by the combined forces of the English and the Dutch. Several of the French ships were captured or destroyed; others escaped, as narrated in the poem. The story is in the main a true one.



Robert Browning.

On the sea and at the Hogue,
sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French
—woe to France!
And the thirty-first of May,
helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.
'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick; or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk, and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve-and-eighty guns,
Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands, or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight:
Brief and bitter the debate.
"Here's the English at our heels: would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow;
For a prize to Plymouth Sound? Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech.) "Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate!"
"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard:
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck, amid all these, —
A captain? a lieutenant? a mate, — first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot, he, — Hervé Riel, the Croisickese.
And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cried Hervé Riel.
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals? — me, who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought for English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!

Sirs, then know I speak the truth ! Sirs, believe me,
there's a way !
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound ;
And if one ship misbehave, —
Keel so much as grate the ground, —
Why, I've nothing but my life ; here's my head ! " cries
Hervé Riel.
Not a minute more to wait.
" Steer us in, then, small and great !
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron ! "
cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place !
He is admiral, in brief.
Still the north wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face,
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide sea's
profound !
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock ;
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief !

The peril, see, is past!
All are harbored to the last!
And, just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" sure as fate,
Up the English come, — too late!

So the storm subsides to calm;
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève;
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth, and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is paradise for hell!
Let France, let France's king,
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more;
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes, —
Just the same man as before.
Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard;
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the king his ships;

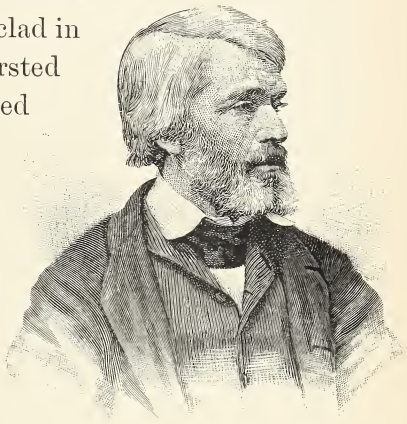
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse !
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have ! or my name's not Damfreville."
Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue : —
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but run ! —
Since 'tis ask and have, I may ;
Since the others go ashore, —
Come ! A good whole holiday !
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore ! "
That he asked, and that he got, — nothing more. . . .

Go to Paris : rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank ;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse, Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore !

— *Robert Browning.*

HOW CROMWELL DISSOLVED THE LONG PARLIAMENT.—April 20, 1653.

The Parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate upon the Bill which it was thought would have been passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings, and sat down as he used to do, in an ordinary place. For some time he listens to this interesting debate on the Bill, beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him, and answered dubitatingly. Whereupon the Lord General sat still, for about a quarter of an hour longer. But now the question being to be put, That this Bill do now pass, he beckons again to Harrison, says, "This is the time; I must do it!" and so rose up, put off his hat, and spake. At the first, and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the Parliament for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults — rising higher and higher, into a very aggravated style indeed.



Thomas Carlyle.

An honorable member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, not known to my readers, and by me better known than trusted, rises to order, as we phrase it; says, "It is a

strange language, this; unusual within the walls of Parliament, this! And from a trusted servant, too; and one whom we have so highly honored; and one — "

"Come, come!" exclaims my Lord General in a very high key, "we have had enough of this," — and in fact my Lord General, now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, "I will put an end to your prating," and steps forth into the floor of the House, and clapping on his hat, and occasionally stamping the floor with his feet, begins a discourse which no man can report! He says —

"It is not fit that you should sit here any longer! You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately. You shall now give place to better men! Call them in!" adds he briefly to Harrison, in word of command; and some twenty or thirty grim musketeers enter — with bullets in their snaphances; grimly prompt for orders, — and stand in some attitude of carry-arms there. Veteran men; men of might and men of war, their faces are the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains; — not beautiful to honorable gentlemen at this moment!

"You call yourselves a Parliament," continues my Lord General in clear blaze of conflagration. "You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards," and his eye flashes on poor Mr. Chaloner, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottle. "Some of you are living in open contempt of God's Commandments, following your own greedy appetites. . . . Corrupt, unjust persons! scandalous to the profession of the Gospel — how can you be a Parliament for God's people?

Depart, I say; and let us have done with you. In the name of God — go!"

The House is, of course, all on its feet, — uncertain almost whether not on its head: such a scene as was never seen before in any House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred Mace itself, said, "What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!" and gave it to a musketeer. And now, "Fetch him down!" says he to Harrison, flashing on the speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than anything else, declares he will not come till forced. "Sir," said Harrison, "I will lend you a hand," on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished.

They all vanished, flooding gloomily, clamorously out, to their ulterior businesses and respective places of abode: the Long Parliament is dissolved! "It's you that have forced me to this!" exclaims my Lord General. "I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work."

At their going out, some say the Lord General said to young Sir Harry Vane, calling him by his name, that *he* might have prevented this; but that he was a juggler, and had not common honesty. "O Sir Harry Vane! thou with thy subtle casúistries and abstruse hairsplittings! thou art other than a good one, I think! The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!"

All being gone out, the door of the House was locked, and the key with the Mace, as I have heard, was carried away by Colonel Otley; and all is over, and the unspeakable catastrophe has come, and remains.

Such was the destructive wrath of my Lord General Cromwell against the nominal Rump Parliament of England. Wrath which innumerable mortals since have accounted extremely diabolic; which some now begin to account partly divine. Divine or diabolic, it is an indisputable fact, left for the commentaries of men. The Rump Parliament has gone its ways, and truly, except it be in their own, I know not in what eyes are tears at their departure. They went very softly, softly as a Dream, say all witnesses. "We did not hear a dog bark at their going!" asserts my Lord General elsewhere.

—*From "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Correspondence," by Thomas Carlyle.*

MILTON'S SONNET TO CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hath plowed,
And on the neck of crownèd fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still. Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

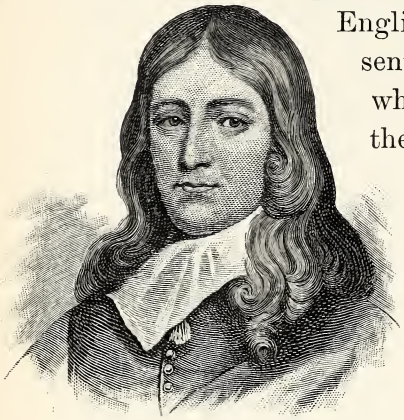
From the Painting by Benjamin West

Engraved by Horace Baker.

Cromwell Dissolving the Long Parliament.

MILTON'S "L'ALLEGRO" AND "IL PENSEROSO."

These two companion pieces, composed by John Milton between the years 1632 and 1638, rank among the most perfect specimens of poetic art in the English language. The former represents the light-hearted, cheerful man whose pleasures are dependent upon the brighter phenomena of nature; the latter personates the no less happy, but melancholy individual, who loves retirement and finds enjoyment in quiet study and contemplation. The one begins with dawn, the other with the evening. The one opens with the song of the lark, the other with the music of the nightingale. "In none of the works of Milton," says Macaulay, "is his peculiar manner more happily displayed than in these poems. It is impossible to conceive that the mechanism of language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of perfection. These poems differ from others as attar of roses differs from ordinary rose water, the close packed essence from the thin diluted mixture. They are indeed not so much poems as collections of hints, from each of which the reader is to make out a poem for himself."



John Milton.

In studying these poems the learner should refer to some good classical dictionary for explanations of all mythological allusions and expressions.

L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born!
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n y-clep'd Euphrosyne,
And, by men, heart-easing Mirth!
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing —
As he met her once a-Maying —
There, on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity —
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,

Nods and becks and wreathed 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 honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free —
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch tow'r 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 ;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
Sometimes walking, not unseen,

By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray —
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest —
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;

And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail ;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale
With stories told of many a feat :
How fairy Mab the junkets eat —
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led ;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day laborers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold —
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry —
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer ever by haunted stream :
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood notes wild.

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 tied
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 Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred!
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams —
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue
Black, but such as in esteem

Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended ;
The bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore —
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn !
Come ! but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad, leaden, downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;
And join with thee calm peace, and quiet —
Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet,

And hears the muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne —
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;

Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom —
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm;
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the bear
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, oh, sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing

Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold —
Of Camball, and of Algarsife —
And who had Canacè to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass —
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride!
And, if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear —
Not trick'd and flounc'd, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,

Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,

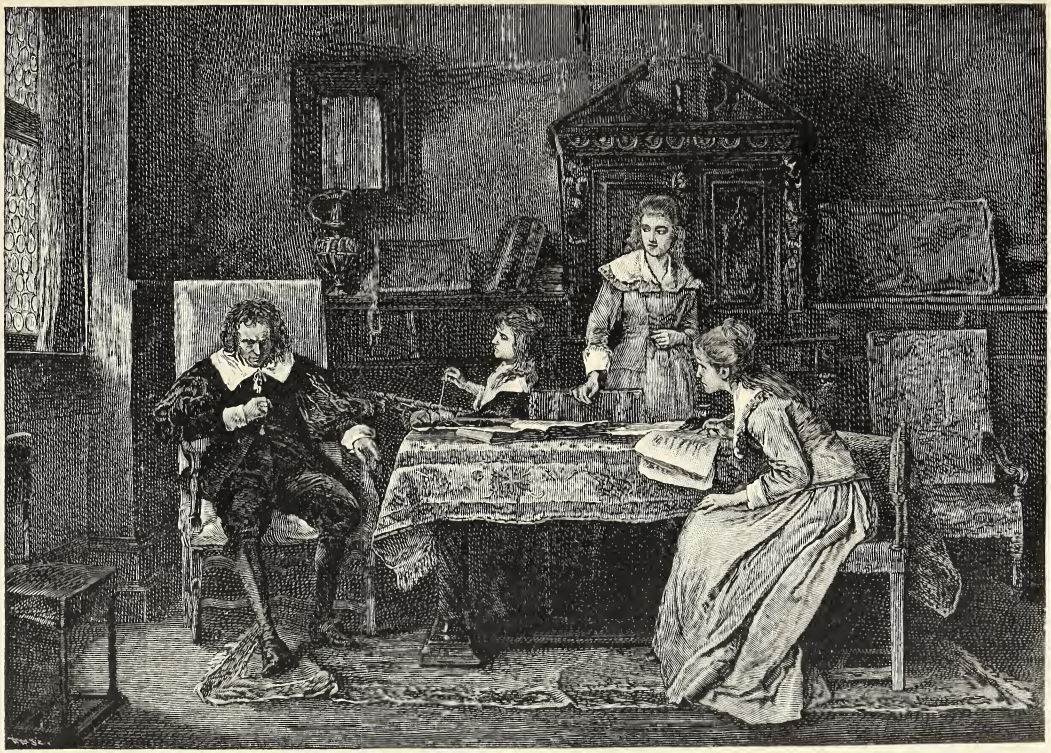
As may with sweetness, through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best



From the Painting by M. Munkacsy.

Engraved by Frank French.

Milton Dictating "Paradise Lost" to his Daughters.

Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

—*John Milton.*

TO MILTON.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:

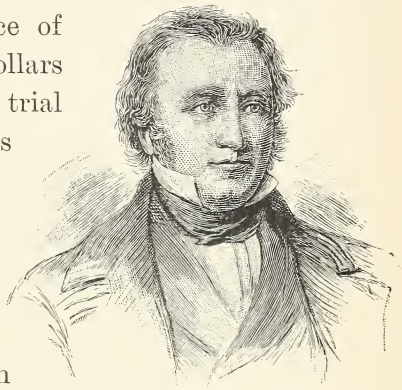
William Wordsworth.

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

Warren Hastings was governor-general of India from 1773 till 1785. He was accused of cruelty, tyranny, and other high crimes and misdemeanors among which was the acceptance of a present worth half a million dollars from the nabob of Oude. His trial before the House of Lords was the most famous in the history of modern times. It began February 13, 1788, and ended with his acquittal April 23, 1795. The actual time occupied in the examination of witnesses and in the debates was 145 days. The expenses of the trial amounted to 70,000 pounds ($350,000), and were paid by the East India Company which also granted Hastings an annual pension of 4000 pounds. The following description of the trial, by Lord Macaulay, is scarcely less famous than the trial itself, and is justly regarded as one of the finest pieces of prose composition in the entire range of English literature.



Thomas Babington Macaulay.

On the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but perhaps there

never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from coöperation and from contrast.

Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries to the days when the foundations of the English constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshiping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The

avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The Peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy Lords, three fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Elliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero

pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a Senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from a common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

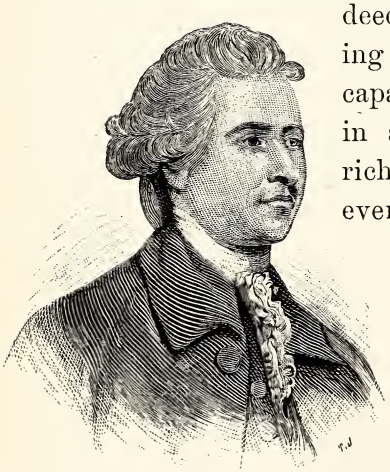
The serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne

himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis;* such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession: the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who, nearly twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defense of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and

sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed.



Edmund Burke.

At an age when most of those who distinguish them-

selves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the con-

stitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard: and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered, by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

When the deep murmur of various emotions had sub-

sided, Mr. Fox rose to address the Lords respecting the course of proceeding to be followed. The wish of the accusers was that the Court would bring to a close the investigation of the first charge before the second was opened. The wish of Hastings and of his counsel was that the managers should open all the charges, and produce all the evidence for the prosecution, before the defense began. The Lords retired to their own House to consider the question. The Chancellor took the side of Hastings. Lord Loughborough, who was now in opposition, supported the plan of the managers. The division showed which way the inclination of the tribunal leaned. A majority of near three to one decided in favor of the course for which Hastings contended.

When the Court sat again, Mr. Fox, assisted by Mr. Grey, opened the charge respecting Cheyte Sing, and several days were spent in reading papers and hearing witnesses. The next article was that relating to the Princesses of Oude. The conduct of this part of the case was entrusted to Sheridan. The curiosity of the public to hear him was unbounded. His sparkling and highly finished declamation lasted two days; but the Hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket. Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived, with a knowledge of stage effect which his father might have envied, to sink back, as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged him with the energy of generous admiration.

June was now far advanced. The session could not

last much longer; and the progress which had been made in the impeachment was not very satisfactory.

The interest taken by the public in the trial was great when the Court began to sit and rose to the height when Sheridan spoke on the charge relating to the Begums. From that time the excitement went down fast. The spectacle had lost the attraction of novelty. The great displays of rhetoric were over. What was behind was not of a nature to entice men of letters from their books in the morning, or to tempt ladies who had left the masquerade at two to be out of bed before eight. There remained examinations and cross-examinations. There remained statements of accounts, there remained the reading of papers, filled with words unintelligible to English ears. There remained the endless marches and countermarches of the peers between their House and the Hall: for as often as a point of law was to be discussed, their Lordships retired to discuss it apart; and the consequence was, as a peer wittily said, that the judges walked and the trial stood still.

At length, in the spring of 1795, the decision was pronounced, near eight years after Hastings had been brought by the Serjeant-at-arms of the Commons to the bar of the Lords. On the last day of this great procedure the public curiosity, long suspended, seemed to be revived. Anxiety about the judgment there could be none; for it had been fully ascertained that there was a majority for the defendant. Nevertheless many wished to see the pageant, and the Hall was as much crowded as on the first day. But those who, having been present on the first day, now bore

a part in the proceedings of the last, were few : and most of those few were altered men.

As Hastings himself said, the arraignment had taken place before one generation and the judgment was pronounced by another. The spectator could not look at the woolsack or at the red benches of the Peers, or at the green benches of the Commons, without seeing something that reminded him of the instability of all human things ; of the instability of power and fame and life, of the more lamentable instability of friendship. . . . Of about a hundred and sixty nobles who walked in the procession the first day sixty had been laid in their family vaults. Still more affecting must have been the sight of the managers' box. What had become of that fair fellowship, so closely bound together by public and private ties, so resplendent with every talent and accomplishment? It had been scattered by calamities more bitter than the bitterness of death. The great chiefs were still living and still in the full vigor of their genius. But their friendship was at an end. It had been violently and publicly dissolved, with tears and stormy reproaches.

Only twenty-nine Peers voted. Of these only six found Hastings guilty on the charges relating to Cheyte Sing and to the Begums. On other charges the majority in his favor was still greater. On some he was unanimously absolved. He was then called to the bar, was informed from the woolsack that the Lords had acquitted him, and was solemnly discharged. He bowed respectfully and retired.

— *Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

WHOSE WORKS ARE REPRESENTED IN THIS VOLUME, WITH MENTION OF THEIR MOST FAMOUS PRODUCTIONS.

Addison, Joseph (1672–1719): Essayist and poet. "The Spectator."

Brontë, Charlotte (1816–1855): Novelist. "Jane Eyre."

Browning, Robert (1812–1889): Poet. "Sordello"; "Pippa Passes."

Bryant, William Cullen (1794–1878): Poet and journalist. Poems.

Buonarotti, Michelangelo. See Michelangelo Buonarotti.

Byron, Lord (1788–1824): Poet. "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

Carlyle, Thomas (1795–1881): Essayist and historian. "Heroes and Hero-Worship"; "The French Revolution."

De Quincey, Thomas (1785–1859): Essayist. "Miscellanies."

Derby, The Earl of — Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley (1799–1869): Statesman and poet. Translation of Homer's "Iliad."

Ebers, Georg (1837–): Egyptologist. "Egyptian Princess"; "Uarda."

Emerson, Ralph Waldo (1803–1882): Philosopher and poet. "Essays."

Froude, James Anthony (1818–1894): Historian. "History of England"; "Short Studies on Great Subjects."

Gibbon, Edward (1737–1794): Historian. "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Green, John Richard (1837–1883): Historian. "Short History of the English People."

Hugo, Victor (1802–1885): Novelist and poet. "Les Misérables."

Hunt, Leigh (1784–1859): Essayist and poet. Poems and essays.

Irving, Washington (1783–1859): Historian and essayist. "The Sketch Book"; "Columbus and his Companions."

Johnson, Samuel (1709–1784): Essayist and poet. "Lives of the Poets."

Jonson, Ben (1573–1637): Dramatist and poet. Dramas.

Kingsley, Henry (1830–1876): Novelist. "Ravenshoe."

Lamb, Charles (1775–1834): Essayist. "Essays of Elia."

Lamb, Mary (1764–1847): Sister of Charles. "Poetry for Children."

Landor, Walter Savage (1775–1864): Poet and essayist. "Imaginary Conversations."

Lucian of Samosata (120–200): Greek writer. "Veracious History."

Macaulay, Thomas Babington (1800–1859): Historian, essayist, and poet. "History of England"; "Lays of Ancient Rome."

Maignan, Albert (1344–): French painter. Historical paintings.

Maillard, Diogène (1840–): French painter. "Jeanne d'Arc."

Michelangelo Buonarotti (1475–1564): Italian sculptor, painter, and poet. Statue of "Moses"; cartoon of the "Battle of Cascina."

Milton, John (1608–1674): Poet. "Paradise Lost."

Munkacsy, M. (real name Michael Lieb) (1846–): Hungarian painter. "Christ before Pilate"; "Milton dictating Paradise Lost."

Pater, Walter (1839–1894): Essayist and novelist. "Marius the Epicurean"; "Imaginary Portraits."

Plutarch (46 A.D.–?): Greek historian. "Lives of Greeks and Romans."

Raphael — Raphael Sanzio (1483–1520): Italian painter and architect. Works at St. Peter's at Rome.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel (1828–1882): Poet and painter. "The Annunciation"; "The Blessed Damozel."

Shakespeare, William (1564–1616): Dramatist and poet. Dramas.

Spenser, Edmund (1552–1599): Poet. "The Faerie Queene."

Steuben, Carl (1788–1856): German painter. "The Assumption"; "Napoleon at Waterloo"; "Battle of Ivry."

Symonds, John Addington (1840–1893): Man of letters. "Greek Poets."

Tennyson, Alfred (1809–1892): Poet. "Idylls of the King."

Thackeray, William Makepeace (1811–1863): Novelist. "Henry Esmond"; "The Virginians"; "Vanity Fair."

West, Benjamin (1738–1820): American painter. "Christ healing the Sick"; "Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament."

Whittier, John Greenleaf (1807–1892): Poet. Short poems.

Wordsworth, William (1770–1850): Poet. Short poems.

NOTES

OF BOOKS AND SEPARATE ARTICLES THAT MAY BE USED FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING, OR FOR REFERENCE, IN CONNECTION WITH THE SELECTIONS IN THIS VOLUME.

Joan of Arc (page 7). The history of this the most remarkable woman of modern times has been told by many writers and in many ways. The latest and best books are: "Jeanne d'Arc, her Life and Death," by Mrs. Oliphant (1896); "Joan of Arc," by Francis C. Lowell (1896); "The Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc," by Harriet Parr (1869); and "The Monk of Fife" (fiction), by Andrew Lang (1896). Reference may also be had to Guizot's "History of France."

The Halcyon (page 16). This story is commonly ascribed to Lucian of Samosata, a Greek satirist and story teller born about 120 A.D. Mr. Pater's translation as here given is found in his famous philosophical romance, "Marius the Epicurean." For other stories by Lucian, see "The Greek Gulliver," by Alfred J. Church (1891). Read again the story of Socrates in "School Reading by Grades — Seventh Year."

Sir Thomas More (page 21). Sir Thomas More, who suffered death because of his opposition to the marriage of King Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn, was himself the author of one of the most famous books of modern times. This book was "Utopia," a fanciful sketch of a State based on the principles of community of property. It was written originally in Latin, but was translated into English and published in 1551. A reprint of the second edition of this great work has recently been made by Professor Edward Arber. For further readings about the life and times of More, see "A Short History of the English People," by John Richard Green (1889), "A History of England," by J. A. Froude (1887), "The Household of Sir Thomas More," by Miss Manning (new ed. 1896).

A Boarding School Incident (page 31). Read "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë (1849). Refer to the "Life of Charlotte Brontë," by Mrs. Gaskell (1889); "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle," by Clement K. Shorter (1897).

Thanatopsis (page 38). This poem was written in 1817. See the "Poetical Works of William Cullen Bryant" (published by D. Appleton & Co., 1892).

Raphael (page 41). For the story of the life of this illustrious Italian artist, read "Raphael," by J. D. Passavant (Great Artists series, 1879), and refer to "Old Italian Masters" by W. J. Stillman.

Rip Van Winkle (page 44). This story is founded upon the old German legend of Peter Klaus, a goatherd, who, after sleeping for twenty years on the Kyffhauser Hills, awoke and returned to his home, only to find everything changed and himself a stranger. For other readings from Irving, see "The Sketch Book" and "Tales of a Traveler" (in Eclectic English Classics).

"The Vision of Mirzah" (page 64). "The Spectator" is the title of a series of essays which first appeared in the form of a daily paper, beginning March 1, 1711, and from which this story is selected. Most of these essays were written by Addison and Steele, while a few were contributed by Swift, Budgell, and others. The paper was discontinued December 6, 1712, but was resumed as a triweekly in 1714, and eighty additional numbers were published. "The Spectator" has long been recognized as one of the great classics of our literature. It has been published in many different forms and editions. Read Macaulay's essay on Addison, also "The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers" (in Eclectic English Classics).

Michelangelo's Moses (page 70). Read "Michelangelo Buonarotti," by C. Clement (in Great Artists series, 1889). See also "Life of Michelangelo Buonarotti," by John Addington Symonds (1893), and — for a short sketch — "Famous Artists," by Sarah K. Bolton (1890). Read the story of Moses in the "Book of Exodus," especially chapters xxiv. and xxxii.

The Merchant of Venice (page 73). For an account of the origin of this drama and also for one of the best versions of the play itself, see the edition in Eclectic English Classics published by the American Book Company. See also White's Shakespeare. Read "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Mary Lamb.

William Shakespeare (page 105). Read the complete biography of Shakespeare in Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," from which this selection is taken. See "Shakespeare: his Life, Art, and Charac-

ters," by Henry N. Hudson (1883), and "Shakespeare Primer," by Edward Dowden (1877). For an account of Dr. Johnson, reread Macaulay's essay in "School Reading by Grades — Seventh Year," or — which is still better — read Boswell's "Life of Johnson," the most famous biography ever written.

The Blessed Damozel (page 109). For the story of the life and works of Rossetti, the poet and painter, to whom we are indebted for both this picture and the verses which accompany it, see "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by William Sharp (1882); "Recollections of Rossetti," by T. Hall Caine (1882); and "Life of Rossetti," by Joseph Knight (1887).

The Charge at Balaclava (page 111). Read Froude's essay on "The Eastern Question," in "Short Studies on Great Subjects" (second series, 1883). Refer to Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea" (1888). Read Kingsley's "Ravenshoe" (1862).

The Charge of the Light Brigade (page 117). See "The Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson." Compare the poem with Michael Drayton's "Battle of Agincourt." For an account of the life and works of Tennyson see "Alfred, Lord Tennyson," by Arthur Waugh (1893).

A Father's Love (page 120). See "Social Life in Greece," by J. P. Mahaffy (1877). Read other selections from Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" (1883), or "Selections from Walter Savage Landor," by S. Colvin (in Golden Treasury series, 1882). See "Walter Savage Landor: a biography," by John Forster (1885).

Edmund Spenser (page 129). Spenser, "the poet's poet," is best known by his great poem, "The Faerie Queene," but many of his sonnets are extremely beautiful. His complete works are easily obtainable. For an account of his life and writings see "Edmund Spenser," by R. W. Church (1887).

The Battle of Waterloo (page 131). See the works mentioned on page 142. Read "Napoleon I.," by J. R. Seeley (1886); also "Napoleon, the Man of the World," in Emerson's "Representative Men." Read further extracts from "Les Misérables," volume II. For biography of the famous author of this selection read "Victor Hugo: his Life and Works," by Alfred Barbou (1887).

Two Pictures from Thackeray (page 145). Read further selections from "Henry Esmond" (1852) and "The Virginians" (1857). The

latter is in a certain sense a continuation or sequel of the former. For biography of the writer read "Thackeray," by Herman Merivale (in Great Writers series, 1889), or "Thackeray," by Anthony Trollope (in English Men of Letters series, 1887).

Hervé Riel (page 147). Read further selections from Browning. See "A Primer on Browning," by Mary F. Wilson (1891), "Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry," by Hiram Corson (1894), and "Life and Letters of Robert Browning," by Mrs. Sutherland Orr (1891).

The Parting of Hector and Andromache (page 155). See Lord Derby's "Homer's Iliad" (1876); Bryant's translation of the Iliad (1871); Pope's "Homer's Iliad," and Lang, Leaf, and Myers's prose translation of the Iliad. Read the whole of Book vi., in as many of these versions as you can obtain. For an account of Homer see Professor R. C. Jebb's "Homer: a Short Introduction to the Iliad and the Odyssey" (1889).

How Nitetis came to Babylon (page 159). Read Professor Georg Ebers's "An Egyptian Princess." Refer to and read selections from "Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria," by G. Maspero (1892). See, also, Rawlinson's "Egypt and Babylon" (1885), and Philip Smith's "Ancient History of the East." Other historical romances by Professor Ebers are "Uarda" (another story of Egypt), "The Sisters" (Egypt two hundred years before Christ), and "The Emperor" (a story of Rome in the second century A.D.).

Assassination of Julius Cæsar (page 175). Read further selections from Plutarch's "Life of Cæsar." The best translations of Plutarch are those by A. H. Clough (1877) Stewart and Long (1882), and Langhorne (1875). One of the earliest English versions was made by Sir Thomas North in 1579, it being a translation from the French of Amyot. It was from North's "Plutarch" that Shakespeare drew the materials for his "Tragedy of Julius Cæsar," as well as several other of his finest plays. See "Selections from North's Translation of Plutarch's Lives," edited by W. W. Skeat (1875). For a more modern history, read "Cæsar; a Sketch," by J. A. Froude (1886).

The Fall of Constantinople (page 189). Read further extracts from Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." See, also, "The Ottoman Power in Europe," by Edward A. Freeman (1877),

"The Story of the Saracens," by Arthur Gilman (in Stories of the Nations series, 1887). A comprehensive and interesting account of this event is given in "The Fall of Constantinople; a Story of the Fourth Crusade," by Edwin Pears (1885). For a short biography of Gibbon, see "Literary Studies," by Walter Bagehot (vol. ii., 1889). Read "Gibbon," by J. C. Morrison (in English Men of Letters series, 1887).

How Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament (page 203). Read the history of Cromwell in Green's "Short History of the English People," also "The Puritan Revolution," by S. R. Gardiner (1876), and "Three English Statesmen," by Goldwin Smith (1868). For biography of Carlyle, read "Thomas Carlyle," by John Nichol (in English Men of Letters series, 1894).

Milton's L'Allegro and Il Penseroso (page 208). Read Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity" and "Lycidas," also selections from "Paradise Lost" (both in Eclectic English Classics). For biography of the poet, read "Life of Milton" in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," also Macaulay's essay on "Milton," and "Milton," by Mark Pattison (in English Men of Letters, 1887). The best biography is the "Life and Times of John Milton," by Professor David Masson (in six volumes, 1880).

Wordsworth's Sonnet to Milton (page 222). Read further selections from Wordsworth's poems, as "We are Seven," "The Pet Lamb," "Intimations of Immortality," "Lucy Gray," and others. For biography, see "Studies in Wordsworth," by Henry N. Hudson, and the article on Wordsworth, by William Minto, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

The Trial of Warren Hastings (page 223). Read the whole of Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings, also "Speech on the Impeachment of Warren Hastings," by Edmund Burke. See Macaulay's essay on Lord Clive, and "Founders of the Indian Empire," by G. B. Malleson (1882). For biography of Macaulay, see "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," by Sir G. O. Trevelyan (1889), and "Macaulay," by J. Cotter Morison (in English Men of Letters series, 1889). For biographies of Burke, Sheridan, and Pitt, see any good encyclopedia.

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