SCHOOL READING BY GRADES

SEVENTH YEAR

AMERICAN ~ BOOK ~ COMPANY
NEW YORK~CINCINNATI~CHICAGO

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BY

JAMES BALDWIN

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SCH. READ. SEVENTH YEAR.

W. P. I

PREFACE.

This volume, like its predecessors, is designed to assist in the accomplishment of several purposes, the chief of which is to improve the learner's ability to give correct oral expression to the printed or written word, or, more briefly stated, to become an intelligent reader. In his seventh year at school the pupil is supposed to be able to read, with ease and some degree of fluency, anything in the English language that may come to his hand; but, that he may read always with the understanding and in a manner pleasing to his hearers and satisfactory to himself, he must still have daily systematic practice in the rendering of selections not too difficult for comprehension and yet embracing various styles of literary workmanship and illustrating all the different forms of English composition. The contents of this volume have been chosen and arranged to supply — or, where not supplying, to suggest — the materials for this kind of practice. Care has been taken to place before the young reader such selections as will be interesting to him and will inspire him with a desire to read still more upon the same subjects or from the same authors; for it is only by loving books and learning to know them that any one can become a really good reader. Many of the selections are introduced or followed by historical or bibliographical notes designed to assist the learner's understanding, to broaden his knowledge of good books, or to suggest suitable supplementary reading on various topics of interest. The notes on "Authors and Books" near the end of the volume carry out this idea still more fully.

In the supplementary notes beginning on page 225, several brief suggestions are presented with reference to the critical study of the selections in this volume. A few pages also are devoted to definitions and a discussion of the principles of good reading, reference being had to various illustrative passages in the body of the book. The teacher is advised to read these pages at the very start, and to require the class to make constant practical reference to them while preparing for each recitation.

The numerous portraits of authors is an interesting feature, valuable in connection with the biographical notes, because of the closer acquaintance which the learner gains through them with the makers of our literature. The full-page illustrations are reproductions of famous paintings by eminent modern artists; aside from their purpose as illustrations, they have a distinct educative and æsthetic value which will be readily appreciated.

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FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAITS OF AUTHORS.

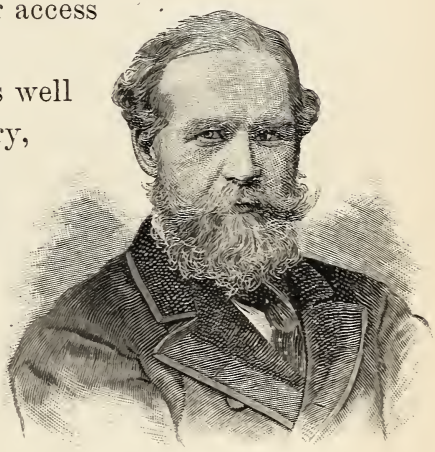
Acknowledgments are due to the following persons for permission to use in this volume the selections here named: Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of the works of Longfellow and Hawthorne, for "Evangeline in Acadia" and "The Gray Champion"; American Publishers' Corporation, publishers of "The Little Minister," for "The Boyhood of Gavin Dishart"; Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers of the works of J. G. Holland, for the poem entitled "Gradatim"; Dr. Robert Collyer, for his essay on "Charles and Mary Lamb"; Mr. J. Lewis Stackpole, executor of the estate of J. Lothrop Motley, for the sketch entitled "The Relief of Leyden"; Professor John Bach McMaster, author of "School History of the United States," for the selection "Early Highways of Travel in the United States."

SCHOOL READING.

SEVENTH YEAR.

ON READING.

Of all the privileges we enjoy in this nineteenth century there is none, perhaps, for which we ought to be more thankful than for the easier access to books.



Sir John Lubbock.

The debt we owe to books was well expressed by Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, author of "Philobiblon," written as long ago as 1344, and the earliest English treatise on the delights of literature: "These," he says, "are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they can not laugh at you. The library, therefore, of wisdom is more precious than all riches, and

nothing that can be wished for is worthy to be compared with it. Whosoever, therefore, acknowledges himself to be a zealous follower of truth, of happiness, of wisdom, of science, or even of the faith, must of necessity make himself a lover of books." But if the debt were great then, how much more now.

"He that loveth a book," says Isaac Barrow, "will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counselor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes."

Macaulay had all that wealth and fame, rank and talents could give, yet, we are told, he derived his greatest happiness from books. Sir G. Trevelyan, in his charming biography, says that, — "of all the feelings which Macaulay entertained towards the great minds of bygone ages it is not for any one except himself to speak. He has told us how his debt to them was incalculable; how they guided him to truth; how they filled his mind with noble and graceful images; how they stood by him in all vicissitudes — comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, the old friends who are never seen with new faces; who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. Great as were the honors and possessions which Macaulay acquired by his pen, all who knew him were well aware that the titles and rewards which he gained by his own works were as nothing in the balance compared with the pleasure he derived from the works of others."

There was no society in London so agreeable that Macaulay would have preferred it at breakfast or at dinner "to the company of Sterne or Fielding, Horace Walpole or Boswell." The love of reading which Gibbon declared he would not exchange for all the treasures of India was, in fact, with Macaulay, "a main element of happiness in one of the happiest lives that it has ever fallen to the lot of the biographer to record."

In old days books were rare and dear. Now, on the contrary, it may be said with greater truth than ever that

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Our ancestors had a difficulty in procuring them. Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure — not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste time over trash.

I am sometimes disposed to think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the laborers and mechanics. Does not this seem natural? The former work mainly with their heads; when their daily duties are over, the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The

laborer and mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their work time taken sufficient bodily exercise, and can therefore give any leisure they may have to reading and study.

"If," says Sir John Herschel, "I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles — but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man."

Comfort and consolation, refreshment and happiness, may indeed be found in his library by any one "who shall bring the golden key that unlocks its silent door." A library is a true fairyland, a very palace of delight, a haven of repose from the storms and troubles of the world. Rich and poor can enjoy it equally, for here, at least, wealth gives no advantage. We may make a library, if we do but rightly use it, a true paradise on earth, a garden of Eden without its one drawback; for all is open to us, including, and especially, the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, for which we are told that our first mother sacrificed all the Pleasures of Paradise.

— *From "The Pleasures of Life," by Sir John Lubbock.*

FORTUNE'S FAVORITE.

There's a lady, — an earl's daughter; she is proud and she is noble,
And she treads the crimson carpet, and she breathes the perfumed air;
And a kingly blood sends glances up her princely eye to trouble,
And the shadow of a monarch's crown is softened in her hair.

She has halls among the woodlands, she has castles by the breakers,
She has farms and she has manors, she can threaten and command;
And the palpitating engines snort in steam across her acres,
As they mark upon the blasted heaven the measure of her land.

Many vassals bow before her as her carriage sweeps their doorways;
She has blessed their little children, — as a priest or queen were she.
Far too tender, or too cruel far, her smile upon the poor was,
For I thought it was the same smile which she used to smile on me.
Oh, she walked so high above me, she appeared to my abasement,
In her lovely silken murmur, like an angel clad in wings.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

From the Painting by L. Alma Tadema. Copyright, 1895, by Photographische Gesellschaft. Engraved by Peter Aitken.

Fortune's Favorite.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND WALTER RALEIGH.

Walter Raleigh and his friends, Blount and Tracy, were floating on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun shone forth with all its splendor.

"There are two things scarce matched in the universe," said Walter to Blount — "the sun in heaven and the Thames on earth."

"The one will light us to Greenwich well enough," said Blount, "and the other would take us there a little faster, if it were ebb tide."

"And this is all thou thinkest — all thou carest — all thou deem'st to be the use of the king of elements, and the king of rivers — to guide three such poor caitiffs as thyself, and me, and Tracy, upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony!"

Sir Walter Raleigh.

"It is no errand of my seeking," replied Blount, "and I could excuse both the sun and the Thames the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go, and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble; and by my honor," he added, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labor in vain; for see, the queen's barge lies at the stairs, as if Her Majesty were about to take to the water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned by the queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance upon the royal person.

The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and handsomest men whom England could produce, guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace gate to the river-side, and all seemed in readiness for the queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

"By my faith, this bodes us no good," said Blount; "it must be some perilous cause puts her grace in motion at this time. We had best put back again, and tell the earl what we have seen."

"Tell the earl what we have seen!" said Walter; "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins, and halberds in their hands? Let us do his errand, and tell him what the queen says in reply."

So saying he caused the boat to be pulled toward a landing place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the porters told them that they could not at present enter, as Her Majesty was in the act of coming forth. The gentlemen used the name of the Earl of Sussex, but it proved no charm to the officer who alleged, in reply,

that it was as much as his post was worth to disobey the commands which he had received.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take the boat and return."

"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth composedly.

At this moment the gates opened, and the ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest walk of life have been truly judged to possess a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding countenance. She leaned on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's friendship.

The young cavalier Raleigh had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity.

His companion, on the contrary, kept pulling him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder, — a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person.

Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which

suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye. She fixed her keen glance upon him as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmixed with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage.

As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to ensure her passing over it dryshod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount, "your gay mantle will need the brush to-day, I wot."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively,

"to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount, — "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's Master of Horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from Her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation, "Who in the world would have thought this?" And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water side by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect; a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of that flood tide of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his companions.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the gentleman pensioner that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young

adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh.

At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping to the rear. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say that in our capital, such and so various are

the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means for self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her, that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her majesty had before offered.

"How, boy," said the queen, "neither gold nor garment! What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too high an honor — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When your majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

Queen Elizabeth.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances — I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. What is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family in Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection; "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh, — "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your grace's ears."

"They hear further than you think for," said the queen graciously; "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down; "but it was where my best is due, and that is in your majesty's service."

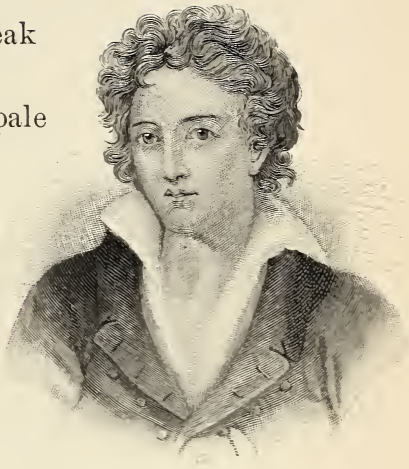
The queen paused, and then said hastily: "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. But you must not escape your penance for turning back Masters — the poor man hath caught cold on the river — for our order reached him when he had just returned from certain visits to London, and he held it a matter of loyalty and conscience instantly to set forth again. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

— *From "Kenilworth," by Sir Walter Scott.*

AUTUMN.

A DIRGE.



Percy Bysshe Shelley.

The warm sun is failing, the bleak
wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale
flowers are dying,
And the year
On the earth her deathbed, in a
shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, Months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulcher.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the Year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling.
Come, Months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play —
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

— *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

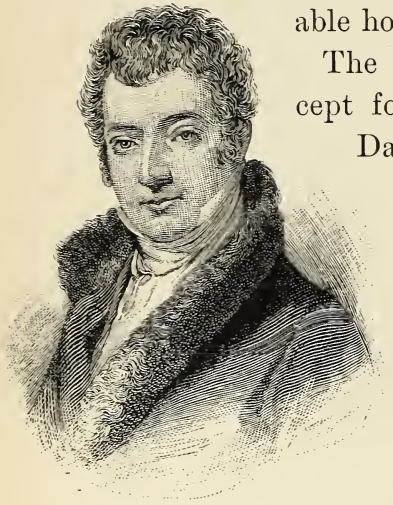
THE KING OF GLORY.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ?
And who shall stand in his holy place ?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart ;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O God of Jacob.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates ;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ;
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory ?
The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates ;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors ;
And the King of glory shall come in.

— *From the Psalms of David.*

LIFE IN OLD NEW YORK.

In those good old days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife.



Washington Irving.

The front door was never opened, except for marriages, funerals, New Year's Day, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, which was curiously wrought, — sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes in that of a lion's head, — and daily burnished with such religious zeal that it was often worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation.

The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water, — insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers, "like unto ducks."

The grand parlor was the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. No one was permitted to enter this sacred apartment, except the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once

a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning. On these occasions they always took the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet.

After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, — which was curiously stroked with a broom into angles and curves and rhomboids, — after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new branch of evergreens in the fireplace, the windows were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room was kept carefully locked, until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled round the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions.

The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, — nay, even the very cat and dog, — enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing, for hours together ; the good wife, on the opposite side, would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings.

The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a

negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth, for a long winter afternoon, a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, and bloody encounters among Indians.

In these happy days, fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or *noblesse;* that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company usually assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might reach home before dark.

The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company seated round the genial board, evinced their dexterity in launching their forks at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish, — in much the same manner that sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes.

Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears ; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat and called doughnuts or olykoeks, a delicious kind of cake, at present little known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic Delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, — with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fancies. The beaux distinguished them-

selves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum; until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend, by a string from the ceiling, a large lump directly over the tea table, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

At these primitive tea parties, the utmost propriety and dignity prevailed, — no flirting nor coquetting; no romping of young ladies; no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all.

On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say *yah, Mynheer*, or *yah, yah, Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed. Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully leaping from the whale's mouth, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

— *From "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," by Washington Irving.*

A WALK ON A WINTER DAY.

At noon to-day, I and my white greyhound, Mayflower, set out for a walk into a very beautiful world — a sort of silent fairyland — a creation of that matchless magician, hoar frost. There had been just snow enough to cover the earth and all its colors with one sheet of pure and uniform white, and just time enough since the snow had fallen to allow the hedges to be freed of their fleecy load, and clothed with a delicate coating of rime. The atmosphere was deliciously calm, and, in spite of the thermometer, was soft, and even mild. No air was perceptible. The stillness could almost be felt. The sky, rather gray than blue, threw out in bold relief the snow-covered roofs of our village, and the rimy trees that rise above them; and the sun, shining dimly as through a veil, gave a fair, pale light, like the moon, as we stood at our little gate looking up the quiet street.

Mary Russell Mitford.

There was a Sabbath-like pause of work and play, rare on a working day; nothing was audible but the pleasant hum of frost, that low, monotonous sound which is perhaps the nearest approach that life and nature can make to absolute silence. The very wagons, as they come down the hill along the beaten track of crisp, yellowish frost dust, glide along like shadows; even May's bound-

ing footsteps, at her height of glee and speed, fall like snow upon snow.

And now comes the delightful sound of childish voices, ringing with glee and merriment almost from beneath our feet. They are shouting from that deep, irregular pond, all glass now, where, on two long slides, half a dozen urchins are slipping along in tottering triumph.

The road is gay now ; carts and post chaises, and girls in red cloaks, and afar off, looking almost like a toy, the coach. It meets us fast and soon. How much happier the walkers look than the riders !

Now we have reached the trees — the beautiful trees ! never so beautiful as to-day. Imagine the effect of a straight and regular double avenue of oaks, nearly a mile long, arching overhead, and closing into perspective like the roof and columns of a cathedral, every tree and branch encrusted with the bright and delicate tissues of frost, white and pure as snow, delicate as carved ivory.

The poor birds, how tame they are — how sadly tame ! There is the beautiful and rare crested wren, perched in the middle of the hedge, nestling as it were amongst the cold, bare boughs, seeking — poor, pretty thing — for the warmth it will not find. And there farther on, just under the bank, by the slender rivulet, which still trickles between its transparent margins of thin ice, as if it were a thing of life — there, with a swift, scudding motion, flits, in short low flights, the gorgeous kingfisher, his plumage of scarlet and blue flashing in the sun, like the glories of some tropical bird. He is come for water to this little spring by the hillside — water which even his long bill

and slender head can hardly reach, so nearly do the icy margins meet over the tiny stream beneath.

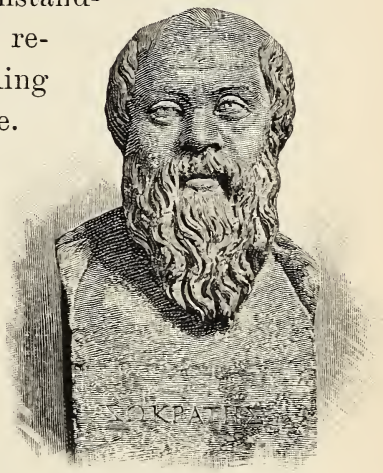
We used, before we lived in a street, to fix a little board outside the parlor window, and cover it with bread crumbs in the hard weather. It was quite delightful to see the pretty things come and feed, to conquer their shyness, and do away with their mistrust. First came the more social tribes, the robin redbreast and the wren, picking up a crumb on the wing, with the little keen bright eye fixed on the window; then they would stop for two pecks, then stay till they were satisfied. The shy birds came next; and at last came one saucy fellow of a blackbird — a sad glutton — who would clear the board in two minutes and tap his yellow bill against the window for more. How we loved the fearless confidence of that fine, frank-hearted creature! And surely he loved us.

"May, May, naughty May!" She has frightened away the kingfisher; and now she is covering me with snow. "Come, pretty May, it is time to go home!"

This selection is from "Our Village," a series of rural sketches written by Mary Russell Mitford and first published in 1819. In reading such a piece it is good exercise to take note of all the passages which recall mental pictures of sights and scenes already familiar to us, and to note the skillful, delicate manner in which these scenes are described. Several of our later American writers have excelled in descriptions of this sort. For collateral reading, many charming selections may be made from the works of John Burroughs and of Henry D. Thoreau.

SOCRATES.

Socrates was born B.C. 470. His father was by trade a maker of statues, poor and of little reputation in his art. We know almost nothing about the youth of Socrates; but we must suppose that, notwithstanding the poverty of his father, he received a good education according to the notions of his age and people.



Socrates.

When about thirty years old, he made up his mind to devote his life to the pursuit of knowledge and to the service of his fellow-men. He was so poor that he had nothing with which to buy the conveniences of life; and so he often went upon the street dressed in mean attire and sometimes without shoes upon his feet. His friends would have helped him, but he would take no gifts from them; he did not wish to feel under obligations to any one.

He believed himself to be the messenger of the Deity to the people of Athens. Hence, every day from dawn till sunset, he was busy seeking out persons to whom he might do good. He went through the most crowded streets; he entered the workshops of mechanics and artists; and with all who would listen, he talked on subjects of every kind — on their religious and moral duties, on their social and political relations, and on their daily occupations.

In the market place and at home, among the people and in the society of those who loved truth and virtue, he was always the same. He was particularly interested in leading young men to the formation of good habits and to a love of knowledge. He was always attended by a circle of learners, who caught from him the spirit of inquiry and who were animated with his zeal for the service of religion, truth, and virtue. To make his instructions attractive, they were delivered, not in long lectures, but in free conversation, made interesting by question and answer.

Socrates was fully convinced of the existence of an overruling, almighty, wise and good, but invisible Being. To the good providence of this Being he traced all human blessings; and he held it to be the sacred duty of mankind to worship him with all their powers, and to strive to do his will in all things. Man, he said, could not purchase the favor of God, but must merit it; and this could be done only by leading a blameless life which is the truest and best service of the Deity. Prayer he regarded as a necessary part of a good life; and he therefore taught his disciples to pray in this manner: "Our Father, give us all good, whether we ask it or not; and turn us from all evil, even when we neglect to pray thee so to do. Bless all our good actions, and reward them with success and happiness."

During the latter part of the life of Socrates, the government of Athens was unsettled and corrupt; and some of the popular leaders were offended at the fearless freedom with which he spoke of their unjust measures. His blameless life was a constant rebuke to their wickedness, and

they feared his influence with the people. They therefore charged him with teaching the existence of new gods and with corrupting the young men of the city. Socrates, conscious of the falsehood of these charges, disdained to make a formal defense of himself. He felt that his long life, spent under the eye of his judges and the people, was the strongest proof of his innocence. In a few words, and with noble dignity, he showed the false purposes of his accusers and the blamelessness of his own deeds and intentions. But this gave only offense to his judges, and they at once declared him to be guilty.

When he was asked what manner of punishment he would choose, he answered that, instead of being punished, he ought to be rewarded as a public benefactor. This so enraged the judges that they at once condemned him to die by drinking poison. Socrates did not lose his self-command. He consoled his friends, and reminded them that death was the lot of all living things.

His punishment was delayed thirty days to await the return of the sacred galley from Delos; for, according to the laws of Athens, no one could be put to death during the absence of that vessel. Every morning his friends came to visit him in prison, and he conversed with them in the same manner as he had done when at liberty. They urged him to save his life by escaping from his jailers, which he might have done with no great difficulty. But he thanked them for this proof of their affection, and declared that flight at this time would be inconsistent with the principles which he had always taught and with the life which he had hitherto led.

From the Painting by H. F. Schopin.

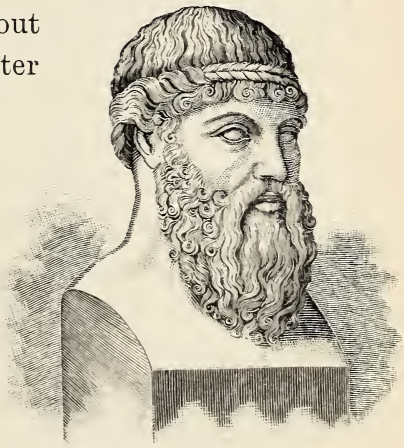
Engraved by S. G. Putnam.

Socrates Teaching Young Alcibiades.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

The story of the last hours of Socrates has been told, as follows, by Plato, the greatest of his disciples.

When Socrates had done speaking, Crito said: "And have you any commands for us, Socrates — anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?"



Plato.

"Nothing particular," he said; "only I have always told you, I would have you look to yourselves; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves. And you need not make professions; for if you take no thought for yourselves, and walk not according to the precepts which I have given you, not now for the first time, the warmth of your professions will be of no avail."

"We will do our best," said Crito. "But in what way would you have us bury you?"

"In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you."

Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: "I can not make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who has been talking and conducting the argument; he

fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body — and he asks how shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you to go to the joys of the blessed, — these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, and you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial 'Thus we lay out Socrates,' or, 'Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him;' for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burning my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best."

When he had spoken these words, he arose and told us to wait while he went into the bath chamber with Crito; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath, his children were brought to him (he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also came, and he talked to

them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito; and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down again with us after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer entered and stood by him, saying: "To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison; indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be. You know my errand."

Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said, "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid." Then turning to us he said: "How charming the man is! Since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some."

"Yet," said Crito, "the sun is still upon the hilltops, and I know that many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and enjoyed the society of his beloved; do not hasten then; there is still time!"

Socrates said: "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you

speak are right in doing this, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone, and could only despise myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

Crito made a sign to the servant who was standing by, and he went out, and having been absent for some time returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed."

The man answered: "You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act."

At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, as his manner was, took the cup and said: "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?"

The man answered: "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough."

"I understand," he said; "but I may and must ask the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world — even so — and so be it according to my prayer." Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison.

And hitherto most of us had been able to control our

sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a friend. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out in a loud and passionate cry which made cowards of us all.

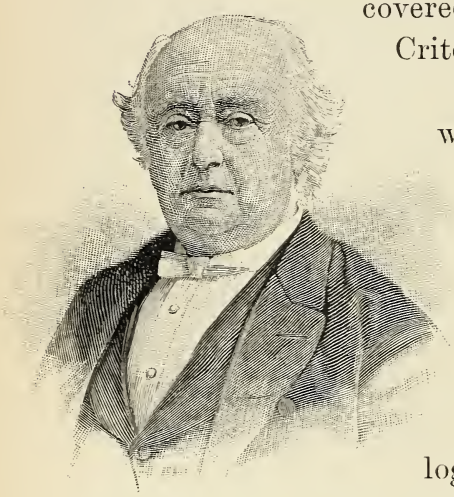
Socrates alone retained his calmness. "What is this strange outcry?" he said. "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience."

When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after awhile he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel; and he said, "No;" and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said, "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold, when he uncovered his face — for he had covered himself up — and said (they were his last words) — he said: "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?"

"The debt shall be paid," said Crito; "is there anything else?"

There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendant uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.



Professor Benjamin Jowett.

The history of the life and teachings of Socrates is quite fully narrated in the dialogues of Plato. These dialogues, taken collectively, are among the most important contributions to the literature of the world, and portray the highest intellectual life of Greece in the time of Plato. The three which possess the greatest interest to us are the "Apology," which shows us Socrates face to face with his accusers; the "Crito," which gives an impressive picture of him as a loyal and law-abiding citizen of Athens; and the "Phædo," which narrates the circumstances of his imprisonment and death, and records his last and most impressive teachings. The best English translation of these dialogues is that made by Professor Jowett, the famous "Master of Balliol" at Oxford, England. It is from his translation of the "Phædo" that

the above extract has been taken. If further selections are desirable, they may be found in "The Wisdom of Plato," a small volume compiled by C. A. H. Bulkey; also in "The Trial and Death of Socrates," by F. J. Church, and "A Day in Athens with Socrates."

THE BANISHMENT OF THE ACADIANS.

The Chief Justice, on whose opinion hung the fate of so many hundreds of innocent families, insisted that the French inhabitants of Acadia were to be looked upon as confirmed "rebels"; who had now collectively and without exception become "recusants." Besides: they still counted in the villages "eight thousand" souls, and the English not more than "three thousand"; they stood in the way of "the progress of the settlement"; "by their non-compliance with the conditions of the treaty of Utrecht, they had forfeited their possessions to the crown"; after the departure of the fleet and troops, "the province would not be in a condition to drive them out." . . . So he advised against "receiving any of the French inhabitants to take the oath," and for the removal of all of them from the province.

That the cruelty might have no palliation, letters arrived, leaving no doubt, that the shores of the Bay of Fundy were entirely in the possession of the British; and yet a council, at which Vice Admiral Boscawen and the Rear Admiral Mostyn were present by invitation, it was

unanimously determined to send the French inhabitants out of the province; and after mature consideration it was further unanimously agreed that, to prevent their attempting to return and molest the settlers that may be set down on their lands, it would be most proper to distribute them amongst the several colonies on the continent.

To hunt them into the net was impracticable; artifice was therefore resorted to. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, the scarcely conscious victims, "both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age," were peremptorily ordered to assemble at their respective posts. On the appointed fifth of September, 1755, they obeyed. At Grand Pré, for example, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men came together. They were marched into the church, and its avenues were closed, when Winslow, the American commander, placed himself in their center, and spoke: —

"You are convened together to manifest to you His Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be removed from this his province. I am, through His Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in." And he then declared them the king's prisoners. Their wives and families shared their lot; their sons, five hundred and twenty-seven in number, their daughters, five hundred and seventy-six;

in the whole, women and babes and old men and children all included, nineteen hundred and twenty-three souls. The blow was sudden; they had left home but for the morning, and they never were to return. Their cattle were to stay unfed in the stalls, their fires to die out on their hearths. They had for the first day even no food for themselves or their children, and were compelled to beg for bread.

The tenth of September was the day for the embarkation of a part of the exiles. They were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the shady rocks on which they had reclined, their herds and their garners; but nature yearned within them, and they would not be separated from their parents. Yet of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarmed youth? They had not one weapon; the bayonet drove them to obey; and they marched slowly and heavily from the chapel to the shore, between women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads, they themselves weeping and praying, and singing hymns. The seniors went next; the wives and children must wait till other transport vessels arrive.

The delay had its horrors. The wretched people left behind were kept together near the sea, without proper food, or raiment, or shelter, till other ships came to take them away; and December, with its appalling cold, had struck the shivering, half-clad, broken-hearted sufferers, before the last of them were removed. "The embar-

kation of the inhabitants goes on but slowly," wrote Monckton, from Fort Cumberland, near which he had burned three hamlets; "the most part of the wives of the men we have prisoners are gone off with their children, in hopes I would not send off their husbands without them." Their hope was vain. Near Annapolis, a hundred heads of families fled to the woods, and a party was detached on the hunt to bring them in. "Our soldiers hate them," wrote an officer on this occasion, "and if they can but find a pretext to kill them, they will." Did a prisoner seek to escape? He was shot down by the sentinel.

Yet some fled to Quebec; more than three thousand had withdrawn to Miramichi, and the region south of the Ristigouche; some found rest on the banks of the St. John's and its branches; some found a lair in their native forests; some were charitably sheltered from the English in the wigwams of the savages. But seven thousand of these banished people were driven on board ships, and scattered among the English colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia; — one thousand and twenty to South Carolina alone.

They were cast ashore without resources; hating the poorhouse as a shelter for their offspring, and abhorring the thought of selling themselves as laborers. Households, too, were separated: the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions, of sons anxious to reach and relieve their parents, of mothers mourning for their children.

The wanderers sighed for their native country; but, to prevent their return, their villages, from Annapolis to the

isthmus, were laid waste. Their old homes were but ruins. In the district of Minas, for instance, two hundred and fifty of their houses, and more than as many barns, were consumed. The live stock which belonged to them, consisting of great numbers of horned cattle, hogs, sheep, and horses, were seized as spoils and disposed of by the English officials. A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was none left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians but the faithful watchdog, vainly seeking the hands that fed him. Thickets of forest trees choked their orchards ; the ocean broke over their neglected dikes, and desolated their meadows.

No doubt existed of the king's approbation. The Lords of Trade, more merciless than the savages, and than the wilderness in winter, wished very much that every one of the Acadians should be driven out ; and when it seemed that the work was done, congratulated the king that "the zealous endeavors of Lawrence had been crowned with an entire success."

I know not if the annals of the human race keep the record of sorrows so wantonly inflicted, so bitter and so perennial, as fell upon the French inhabitants of Acadia. "We have been true," they said of themselves, "to our religion, and true to ourselves ; yet nature appears to consider us only as the objects of public vengeance." The hand of the English official seemed under a spell with regard to them ; and was never uplifted but to curse them.

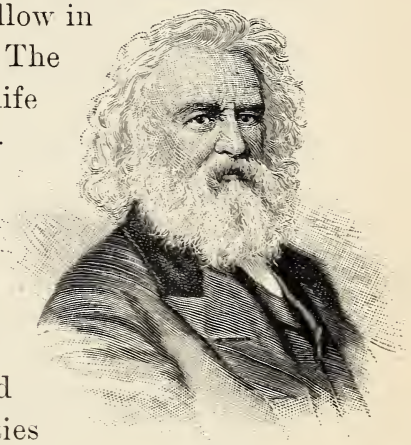
— *From "History of the United States," by George Bancroft.*

From the Painting by Edwin Douglass. Engraved by Henry W. Peckwell.

Evangeline.

EVANGELINE IN ACADIA.

The story of the exiles of Acadia has been told many times and in many ways, but never more beautifully or more pathetically than by Longfellow in his noble poem "Evangeline." The quaint descriptions of the home-life of the Acadians, the graphic pictures of natural scenery, the faithful delineations of character and passion which distinguish this poem lend to it an interest and a charm which few other productions of its class possess. Read with care, and observe the beauties which characterize the following extract from the first canto: —



Henry W. Longfellow.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows ;

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners ;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters ;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes ;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses !
Sweet was her breath as the breath of the kine that feed in the meadows,
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the maiden.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed with her chaplets of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue and the earrings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly built with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore tree were hives overhung by a pent-house,
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the road-side,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north were barns and the farmyard,
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique plows and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a stair-case,
Under the sheltering eves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dovecot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grande Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and the plain song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warmed by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

THE BOYHOOD OF GAVIN DISHART.

On the east coast of Scotland, hidden as if in a quarry at the foot of cliffs that may one day fall forward, is a village called Harvie. So has it shrunk since the day when I skulked from it that I hear of a traveler's asking lately at one of its doors, how far he was from a village. Yet Harvie throve once, and was celebrated even in distant Thrums for its fish. Most of our weavers would have thought it as unnatural not to buy harvies in the square on Muckle Friday, as to let Saturday night pass without laying in a sufficient stock of half-pennies to go round the family twice.

Gavin was born in Harvie, but left it at such an early age that he could only recall thatched houses with nets drying on the roofs, and a sandy shore in which coarse grass grew. In the picture he could not pick out the house of his birth, though he might have been able to go to it had he ever returned to the village. Soon he learned that his mother did not care to speak of Harvie, and perhaps he thought that she had forgotten it too, all save one scene to which his memory still guided him. When his mind wandered to Harvie, Gavin saw the door of his home open and a fisherman enter, who scratched his head, and then said, "Your man's drowned, missis." Gavin seemed to see many women crying, and his mother staring at them with a face suddenly painted white, and next to hear a voice that was his own saying, "Never mind, mother; I'll be a man to you now."

Adam was drowned on Gavin's fourth birthday. He

was blown off his smack in a storm, and could not reach the rope his partner flung him. "It's no go, lad," he shouted; "so long, Jim," and sank.

A month afterwards Margaret sold her share in the smack, which was all Adam left her, and the furniture of the house was rouped. She took Gavin to Glasgow, where her only brother needed a housekeeper, and there mother and son remained until Gavin got his call to Thrums.

According to Margaret, Gavin's genius showed itself while he was still a child. He was born with a brow whose nobility impressed her from the first. It was a minister's brow, and though Margaret was herself no scholar — being as slow to read as she was quick at turning bannocks on the griddle — she decided, when his age was still counted by months, that the ministry had need of him. In those days the first question asked of a child was not "Tell me your name," but "What are you to be?" and one child in every family replied, "A minister." He was set apart for the Church as doggedly as the shilling a week for the rent, and the rule held good though the family consisted of only one boy. From his earliest days Gavin thought he had been fashioned for the ministry as certainly as a spade for digging, and Margaret rejoiced and marveled thereat.

At six Gavin hit another boy hard for belonging to the Established Church, from which the stern Auld Lichts were the original seceders. At seven he could not lose himself in the Shorter Catechism. His mother expounded the Scriptures to him till he was eight, when

he began to expound them to her. By this time he was studying the practical work of the pulpit as enthusiastically as ever medical student cut off a leg. From a front pew in the gallery Gavin watched the minister's every movement, noting that the first thing to do on ascending the pulpit is to cover your face with your hands, as if the exalted position affected you like a strong light, and the second to move the big Bible slightly, to show that the kirk officer, not having had a university education, cannot be expected to know the very spot on which it ought to lie. Gavin saw that the minister joined in the singing more like one countenancing a seemly thing than because he needed it himself, and that he only sang a mouthful now and then after the congregation was in full pursuit of the precentor. It was noteworthy that the first prayer lasted longer than all the others, and that to read the intimations about the Bible class and the collection elsewhere than immediately before the last Psalm would have been as sacrilegious as to insert the dedication to King James at the end of Revelation. Sitting under a minister justly honored in his day, the boy was often some words in advance of him, not vainglorious of his memory, but fervent, eager, and regarding the preacher as hardly less sacred than the Book. Gavin was encouraged by his frightened yet admiring mother to saw the air from their pew as the minister sawed it in the pulpit, and two benedictions were pronounced twice a Sabbath in that church, in the same words, the same manner, and simultaneously.

When Gavin was twelve he went to the university, and also got a place in a shop as errand boy. He used to run through the streets between his work and his classes. Potatoes and saltfish which could be got at twopence the pound if bought by the half hundredweight were his food. There was not always a good meal for two, yet when Gavin reached home at night there was generally something ready for him, and Margaret had supped "hours ago." Gavin's hunger urged him to fall to, but his love for his mother made him watchful.

"What did you have, yourself, mother?" he would demand suspiciously.

"Oh, I had a fine supper, I assure you."

"What had you?"

"I had potatoes for one thing."

"And dripping?"

"You may be sure."

"Mother, you're cheating me. The dripping hasn't been touched since yesterday."

"I don't — don't — care for dripping — not much."

Then would Gavin stride the room fiercely, a queer little figure.

"Do you think I'll stand this, mother? Will I let myself be pampered with dripping and every delicacy when you starve?"

"Gavin, I really do not care for dripping."

"Then, I'll give up my classes, and we can have butter."

"I assure you I'm not hungry. It's different *with* a growing laddie."

"I'm not a growing laddie," Gavin would say, bitterly; "but, mother, I warn you that not another bite passes my throat till I see you eating too."

So Margaret had to take her seat at the table, and when she said, "I can eat no more," Gavin retorted sternly, "Nor will I, for I understand you."

To Margaret it was happiness to sit through the long evenings sewing, and look over her work at Gavin as he read or wrote or recited to himself the learning of the schools. But she coughed every time the weather changed, and then Gavin would start.

"You must get to your bed, mother," he would say, tearing himself from his books; or he would sit beside her and talk of the dream that was common to both; a dream of a manse where Margaret was mistress and Gavin was called the minister. Every night Gavin was at his mother's bedside to wind her shawl round her feet, and while he did it Margaret smiled.

"Mother, this is the chaff pillow you've taken out of my bed; and you've given me your feather one."

"Gavin, you *needn't* change them. I will not have the feather pillow."

"Do you dare to think I'll let you sleep on chaff? Put up your head. Now, is that soft?"

"It's fine. I can not deny but what I sleep better on feathers."

So the years passed, and soon Gavin would be a minister. He had now sermons to prepare, and every one of them was first preached to Margaret. How solemn his voice, how his eyes flashed, how stern were his admonitions!

"Gavin, such a sermon I never heard. The spirit of God is on you. I'm ashamed you should have me for a mother."

"God grant, mother, that you may never be ashamed to have me for a son."

"The Lord has you by the hand, Gavin: and mind I do not say that because you're my laddie."

"Yes, you do, mother, and well I know it, and yet it does me good to hear you." . . .

Busy days followed the call to Thrums, and Gavin had difficulty in forcing himself to his sermons when there was always something more to tell his mother about the weaving town they were going to, or about the manse or the furniture that had been transferred to him by the retiring minister. The little room which had become so familiar that it seemed to be one of a family party of three had to be stripped, and many of its contents were sold.

"Gavin, Gavin," Margaret said many times in those last days at Glasgow, "to think it has all come true!"

"Let the last word you say in the house be a prayer of thankfulness," she whispered to him when they were taking a final glance at the old home.

In the bare room they called the house, the little minister and his mother went on their knees, but, as it chanced, their last word there was not addressed to God.

"Gavin," Margaret whispered as he took her arm, "do you think this bonnet is becoming to me?"

— From "The Little Minister," by J. M. Barrie, by permission of American Publishers' Corporation.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

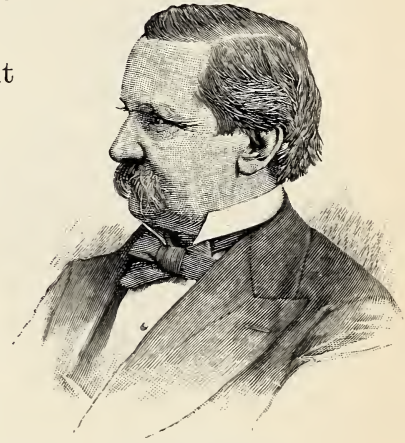
This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

— *Henry Wotton.*

GRADATIM.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be greatly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a fairer view.



J. G. Holland.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good or gain;
By the pride deposed or the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray;
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of earthly things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings are for angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the ladder falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillar of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

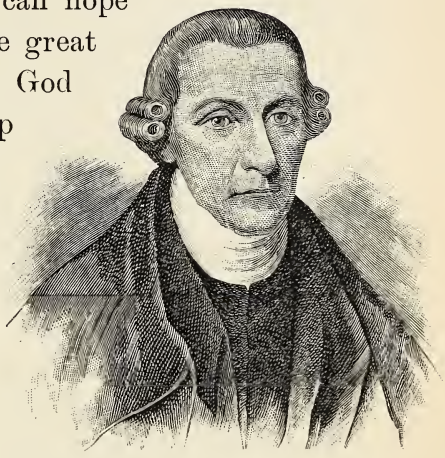
—*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY

IN THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION, MARCH 25, 1775.

Mr. President, — No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as the abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my

own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty towards the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.



Patrick Henry.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging

by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which

have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne!

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely

on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

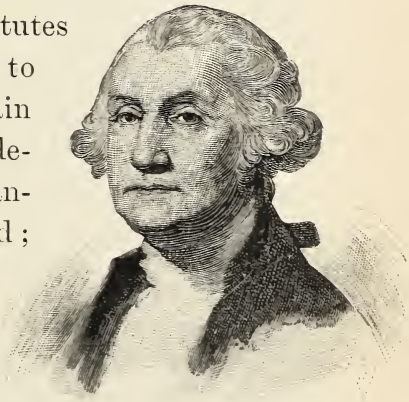
Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

EXTRACTS

FROM WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, SEPTEMBER 17, 1796.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment. The unity of government which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth, as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity, watch-



George Washington.

ing for its preservation with jealous anxiety, discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes. But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

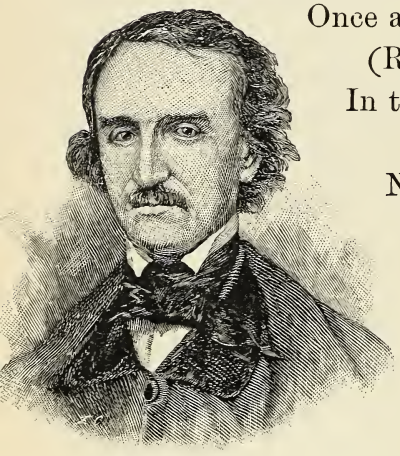
The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise, and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow, and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The

East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and, in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water, will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. . . .

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.



Edgar Allan Poe.

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace
(Radiant palace) reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This, all this, was in the olden
Time long ago);
And every gentle air that dallied
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well tunèd law,

Round about a throne, where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate
(Ah! let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate);
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly, rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh — but smile no more.

THE GREAT FIGHT AT ALDRETH.

When William heard that the Danes were gone, he marched on Ely, as on an easy prey.

With him was a great army of mercenaries, ruffians from all France and Flanders, hired to fight for a certain term, on the chance of plunder or of fiefs in land. Their brains were all aflame with the tales of inestimable riches hidden in Ely. There were there the jewels of all the monasteries around; there were the treasures of all the fugitive English nobles; there were there — what was there not? And they grumbled when William halted them and hutted them at Cambridge, and began to feel cautiously the strength of the place — which must be strong, or Hereward and the English would not have made it their camp of refuge.

Perhaps he rode up to Madingley windmill, and saw fifteen miles away, clear against the sky, the long line of what seemed naught but a low upland park, with the minster tower among the trees; and between him and them a rich champaign of grass, over which it was easy enough to march all the armies of Europe, and thought Ely an easy place to take. But men told him that between him and those trees lay a black abyss of mud and peat and reeds, Haddenham fen and Smithy fen, with the deep sullen West water, or "Ald-reche," of the Ouse winding through them. The old Roman road was sunk and gone long since, under the bog, whether by English neglect, or whether (as some think) by actual and bodily sinking of the whole land. The narrowest space between

dry land and dry land was a full half mile; and how to cross that half mile no man knew.

What were the approaches on the west? There were none. Beyond Earith, where now run the great washes of the Bedford Level, was a howling wilderness of meres, seas, reed ronds, and floating alder beds, through which only the fen men wandered, with leaping pole and log canoe.

What in the east? The dry land neared the island on that side. And it may be that William rowed round by Burwell to Fordham and Soham, and thought of attempting the island by way of Barraway, and saw beneath him a labyrinth of islands, meres, fens, with the Ouse, lying deep and broad between Barraway and Thetford-in-the-Isle; and saw, too, that a disaster in that labyrinth might be a destruction.

So he determined on the near and straight path through Long Stratton and Willingham, down the old bridle way from Willingham plowed field — every village there, and in the isle likewise, had and has still its "field," or ancient clearing of plowed land — and then to try that terrible half mile, with the courage and wit of a general to whom human lives were as those of the gnats under the hedge.

So all his host camped themselves in Willingham field, by the old earthwork which men now call Belsar's Hills; and down the bridle way poured countless men, bearing timber and fagots cut from all the hills, that they might bridge the black half mile.

They made a narrow, firm path through the reeds, and

down to the brink of the Ouse, if brink it could be called, where the water, rising and falling a foot or two each tide, covered the floating peat for many yards before it sunk into a brown depth of bottomless slime. They would make a bottom for themselves by driving piles.

The piles would not hold; and they began to make a floating bridge with long beams, and blown-up cattle hides to float them. Soon they made a floating sow,[1] and thrust it on before them as they worked across the stream; for they were getting under shot from the island.

Meanwhile the besieged had not been idle. They had thrown up a turf rampart on the island shore, and overhanging "hoardings," or scaffolds, through the floor of which they could shower down missiles. And so they awaited the attack, contenting themselves with gliding in and out of the reeds in their canoes, and annoying the builders with arrows and crossbow bolts.

At last the bridge was finished, and the sow safe across the West water, and thrust in, as far as it would float, among the reeds on the high tide. They in the fort could touch it with a pole.

The English would have destroyed it if they could. But Hereward bade them leave it alone. He had watched all their work, and made up his mind to the event.

"The rats have set a trap for themselves," he said to his men, "and we shall be fools to break it up till the rats are safe inside."

So there the huge sow lay, black and silent, showing

[1] For this and other unusual words, see the Notes.

nothing to the enemy but a side of strong plank, covered with hide to prevent its being burned. It lay there for three hours, and Hereward let it lie.

He had never been so cheerful, so confident. "Play the man this day, every one of you, and ere nightfall you will have taught the Norman once more the lesson of York. He seems to have forgotten that. It is for me to remind him of it."

And he looked to his bow and to his arrows, and prepared to play the man himself — as was the fashion in those old days, when a general proved his worth by hitting harder and more surely than any of his men.

At last the army was in motion, and Willingham field opposite was like a crawling ants' nest. Brigade after brigade moved down to the reed beds, and the assault began.

And now advanced along the causeway and along the bridge a dark column of men, surmounted by glittering steel; knights in complete mail, footmen in leather coats; at first orderly enough, each under the banner of his lord; but more and more mingled and crowded as they hurried forward, each eager for his selfish share of the inestimable treasures of Ely. They pushed along the bridge. The mass became more and more crowded; men stumbled over each other, and fell off into the mire and the water, calling vainly for help, while their comrades hurried on, unheeding, in the mad thirst for spoil. On they came in thousands; and fresh thousands streamed out of the fields, as if the whole army intended to pour itself into the isle at once.

"They are numberless," said Torfrida,[1] in a serious and astonished voice, as she stood by Hereward's side.

"Would they were!" said Hereward. "The more their numbers, the fatter will the fish below be before to-morrow morning. Look there, already!"

And already the bridge was swaying, and sinking beneath their weight. The men in places were ankle deep in water. They rushed on all the more eagerly, and filled the sow and swarmed up to its roof.

Then, what with its own weight, what with the weight of the laden bridge, which dragged upon it from behind, the huge sow began to tilt backward, and slide down the slimy bank. The men on the top tried vainly to keep their footing, to hurl grapnels into the rampart, to shoot off their quarrels and arrows.

"You must be quick, Frenchmen," shouted Hereward, in derision, "if you mean to come on board here."

The Normans knew that well; and as Hereward spoke, two panels in the front of the sow creaked on their hinges, and dropped landward, forming two drawbridges, over which reeled to the attack a close body of knights, mingled with soldiers bearing scaling ladders.

They recoiled. Between the ends of the drawbridges and the foot of the rampart was some two fathoms' depth of black ooze. The catastrophe was come, and a shout of derision arose from the defenders above.

"Come on — leap it like men! Send back for your horses, knights, and ride them at it like bold huntsmen!"

The front rank could not but rush on; for the pressure

[1] Torfrida was the wife of Hereward.

behind forced them forward, whether they would or not. In a moment they were wallowing waist deep, trampled on, and disappearing under their struggling comrades, who disappeared in their turn.

"Look, Torfrida! If they plant their scaling ladders, it will be on a foundation of their comrades' corpses." Torfrida gave one glance through the openings of the hoarding upon the writhing mass below, and turned away in horror. The men were not so merciful. Down between the hoarding beams rained stones, javelins, arrows, increasing the agony and death. The scaling ladders would not stand in the mire. If they had stood a moment, the struggles of the dying would have thrown them down; and still fresh victims pressed on from behind, shouting, "God, help! On to the gold of Ely!" And still the sow, under the weight, slipped farther and farther back into the stream, and the foul gulf widened between besiegers and besieged.

At last one scaling ladder was planted upon the bodies of the dead, and hooked firmly on the gunwale of the hoarding. Ere it could be hurled off again by the English, it was so crowded with men that even Hereward's strength was insufficient to lift it off. He stood at the top, ready to hew down the first comer; and he hewed him down.

But the Normans were not to be daunted. Man after man dropped dead from the ladder top — man after man took his place — sometimes two at a time; sometimes scrambling over each other's backs.

The English cheered them with honest admiration. "You are fellows worth fighting, you French."

"So we are," shouted a knight, the first and last who crossed that parapet; for, thrusting Hereward back with a blow of his sword hilt, he staggered past him over the hoarding, and fell on his knees. A dozen men were upon him; but he was up again and shouting:

"To me, men at arms! A Dade! a Dade!" But no man answered.

"Yield!" quoth Hereward.

Sir Dade answered by a blow on Hereward's helmet, which felled the chief to his knees, and broke the sword into twenty splinters.

"Well hit," said Hereward, as he rose. "Don't touch him, men! this is my quarrel now. Yield, sir! you have done enough for your honor. It is madness to throw away your life."

The knight looked round on the fierce ring of faces, in the midst of which he stood alone.

"To none but Hereward."

"Hereward am I."

"Ah," said the knight, "had I but hit a little harder!"

"You would have broken your sword into more splinters; my armor is enchanted; so yield like a reasonable and valiant man."

"What care I?" said the knight, stepping onto the earthwork, and sitting down quietly. "I vowed to St. Mary and King William that into Ely I would get this day, and in Ely I am; so I have done my work."

"And now you shall taste — as such a gallant knight deserves — the hospitality of Ely."

It was Torfrida who spoke.

"My husband's prisoners are mine; and I, when I find them such valiant men, as you are, have no lighter chains for them than that which a lady's bower can afford."

Sir Dade was going to make an equally courteous answer, when over and above the shouts and curses of the combatants rose a yell so keen, so dreadful, as made all hurry forward to the rampart.

That which Hereward had foreseen was come at last. The bridge, strained more and more by its living burden and by the falling tide, had parted — not at the Ely end, where the sliding of the sow took off the pressure, but at the end nearest the camp. One sideway roll it gave, and then, turning over, ingulfed in that foul stream the flower of Norman chivalry, leaving a line, a full quarter of a mile in length, of wretches drowning in the dark water, or, more hideous still, in the bottomless slime of peat and mud.

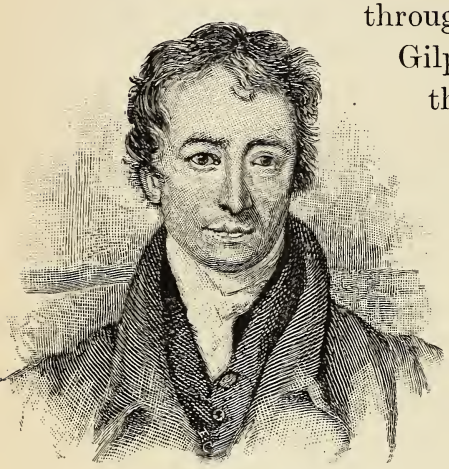
Thousands are said to have perished. Their armor and weapons were found at times, by delvers and dikers, for centuries after; are found at times unto this day, beneath the rich drained cornfields which now fill up that black half mile, or in the bed of the narrow brook to which the West water, robbed of its streams by the Bedford Level, has dwindled down at last.

William, they say, struck his tents and departed forthwith, groaning from deep grief of heart; and so ended the first battle of Aldreth.

— *From "Hereward, the Last of the English," by Charles Kingsley.*

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

Charles Lamb died in 1834, as the year was closing, at Edmonton by London, a place known to you and me through the diverting history of John Gilpin. And, if we could have gone there in the fall of that year, the chances are we should have seen Mr. Lamb, as the neighbors called him, wandering along the lanes while the leaves were turning brown on the trees, and the mists were falling far and wide; for the splendid pillars of golden fire which our maples rear against the azure here are not seen in the mother land, and if you had the maples there you would not have the azure in which ours are framed.



Charles Lamb.

A short and slender person you would have seen in those lanes, with what Thomas Hood called a pair of immaterial legs; a head of wonderful beauty, if you could see it bare, well set on the bent shoulders, with black curly hair in plenty, threaded through with gray; eyes of soft brown, like that you see in some gentle animals, but not quite of the same color — odd eyes, you would call them; and a face of the finest Hebrew type rather than the Saxon. "But who shall describe his face," an old friend says, "or catch its quivering sweetness? Deep thought, shot through with humor, and

lines of suffering wreathed with mirth." He would be dressed in black, also, of an old fashion, though the time was when he favored a decent gray; and when a friend asked him once why he wore such queer old clothes, he answered, very simply, "Because they are all I have, my boy."

He would have a dog with him, also; a creature which answered, or rather did *not* answer, to the name of Dash, and would rush away wherever his wayward fancy led him, while he who should have been his master would stand still in deep dismay, calling to him, fearing he would get lost, and resolving to teach him better manners; only when the rogue did return in an hour or so, his victim would be so glad he could not bear even to scold him, and so he had to send him away at last in sheer despair. So the gentle old man would walk about the lanes in those days, with Dash to torment him; turn in, perhaps, to the Bell, where John Gilpin should have dined, for a glass of ale; and then go home to the lodgings where he lived with his sister.

This sister depended on her brother so that he said very tenderly to her one day when he came home, "You must die first, Mary"; and she answered, with a cheerful little laugh, "Yes, Charles, I must die first." But on a day not long after, as I make out, he fell, as he was walking alone, and was much bruised and shaken. He had said in a letter not long before, "God help me when I come to put off these snug relations, and get abroad in the world to come." And long before, "A new state of things staggers me. Sun, sky, and breeze, solitary walks, the sum-

mer holidays, the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, society and its good cheer, candlelight and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities and jests, and irony itself — do we lose these with life? Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides? And you, my folios, must I part with you? Must knowledge come to me, if it comes at all, by some awkward turn of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading? Shall I enjoy friendship there, wanting the smiles and the faces I know, and the sweet assurance of a look?"

So he lived, this gentle and most sensitive spirit, all his life subject to bondage and the fear of death, as we have known others live of his noble and delicate mold. But after he got his hurt he did not know what had befallen him, and was only dreaming pleasant dreams of old friends and of some little festival he had in his mind; and so he passed away and did not see death, for God took him, while the sister who was to have gone first survived him almost twelve years.

He was born in London, as your fathers were blowing at the fires which flamed up at Lexington and Bunker Hill.

His father was a lawyer's clerk in the Temple, where the boy passed the first seven years of his life close to the great tides that set in, as he tells us, from the east and west, in the very heart of the great city he came to love so well that he told Wordsworth once his mountains and lakes might hang for all he cared, and, when at last he went to look at them, found he was composing his mind

and staying his heart, not all on their glory and beauty, but on a famous ham and beef shop he knew of in the Strand.

He has drawn a portrait of his father as a man of "an incorruptible and losing honesty," and not only clerk to the old lawyer, but his good servant, dresser, friend, guide, stop watch, and treasurer. The liveliest little fellow breathing, he says, with a face as gay as Garrick's; a man Izaak Walton would have loved to go with a-fishing, and clever with his hands though he was small. For once when he saw a man of quality, so called, insulting a woman, and came to her rescue, and the brute drew his sword on him, the little fellow wrenched the sword out of his hand, and mauled him soundly with the hilt.

They were very poor, these Lambs; and the undercurrent of rumor, which may go for what it is worth, is that the children were neglected. But no word of this comes from Lamb, like those we have from another humorist, who shames himself and his genius by telling the story of his own hard lot as a child, and then draws the portrait of his father in Micawber very much after the manner of one in the Scriptures who mocked at his father's weakness and shame. He went to a sort of charity school for his education, Christ's Hospital, so called, a place in those days, of the old brutal British type, where they never spared the rod to spoil the child; staid there seven years, learning what they used to call the humanities. . . .

When Lamb was about fourteen, they could afford to keep him at school no longer; so he had to turn out, and help make the living, for the years had brought no re-

lease from the bitter pinch of poverty. There was a brother much older than Charles, who was doing well in the world and had only himself to care for; but he only cared for himself, being a man of fine tastes, and left the family to its doom. So the boy of fourteen found work to do and became presently the head of the household and its staff and stay. Then in the course of time he saw the maid he could dream of as his wife, and worship from afar until it should please God to open the way to his great desire. And then when he was just coming of age, a great tragedy opened, and changed the whole plan and purpose of his life.

They were living in a poor little place to which they had moved for poverty's sake — the old father who was passing into his second childhood, the mother who was an invalid and helpless also, and the sister Mary, who was ten years older than Charles. Mary was so burdened with the care and sorrow of it all that one day, in a sudden fit of insanity, she clutched a knife, and before the brother could reach her stabbed her mother to the heart, wounded the poor old father also, and then was secured at a great risk of the brother's own life. It was insanity, the jury said at once at the inquest; and the family knew this better than the jury, for Lamb himself had been touched by it not long before, and shut up in an asylum. So Mary was sent there for her life, if it must be so, but it was found presently that these fits were fitful, coming and going with a certain premonition; and so she need not stay there, if those to whom she belonged would take her home and take care of her.

The elder brother, who was thirty or so then, and well to do, with no one to care for still but himself, stood aloof. The youth rising towards twenty one, and earning about a hundred pounds a year, stepped quietly to the front, and said: "I will take care of my sister. Let me have her home." And she came home; and the boy turned away from the shy, sweet dream of Alice, which had nestled in his heart, and took up the burden he was to bear for thirty-eight years to come, and wrote presently to a friend: "If Mary and the rest of us cannot live on what we have, we deserve to burn at a slow fire; and I almost would sooner do that than let her go back to the asylum.". . .

Mary Lamb.

And twenty years after this, he says, speaking of Mary and himself: "We two house together, old bachelor and old maid, in a sort of double singleness; while I, for one, find no disposition to go out upon the mountains with the King's rash offspring, to bewail my celibacy. And we agree very well, too; but once when I spoke to her in a kinder voice than usual, she burst into tears, and said I was much altered (for the worse). I read my Old Burton, and she reads stories with plenty of life in them, good and bad. She hath also been much cast among freethinkers; but that which was good and venerable to her in her childhood she loves still,

and will play no tricks with her understanding or her heart."

So it came to pass, when the old father and Hester, the servant, were dead, and they were left alone, that the cross would change now and then into a crown, and joy take the place of the deep sorrow, which indeed was hidden away by those who knew of it and loved them, and was never mentioned again until they were both dead. Mary Lamb, also, was a woman of rare and beautiful gifts. Hazlitt says she was the only woman he ever met who knew how to reason; but Hazlitt's experience of women was not fortunate. Wordsworth, with a finer ear, says, "I dwell not only on her genius, but on her rare delicacy and refinement."

One who was Lamb's friend and is ours, sings:

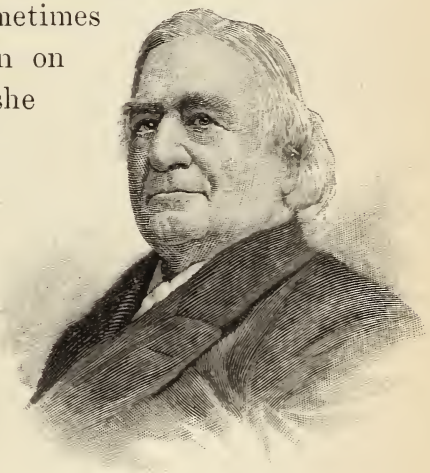
"There is no music in the life,
That sounds with empty laughter wholly;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy."

Well, this is the secret of the humor which scalds like tears. The wind was tempered to the shorn Lambs, but now and then it smote them very sore. Mary was never cured from that awful threat of insanity which went and came, while the shadow staid always on their house and their life. So he could not leave her when he would take a holiday; it was so shameful, he said, to leave her, and go off and enjoy himself alone. So Mary would pack her trunk, and go with him, and always packed her straitwaistcoat to be ready for what might happen. And if

they were at home they knew when the shadows began to deepen; and, like those children in the story we have all wept over in our day, it would befall that

"When they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried."

Then the brother would busk himself up bravely in his best, put on airs as of one who was on pleasure bent, and ask for a holiday; and I think they were delicate with him, and wise, and asked no questions. Then he would go home to Mary, and friends say they have met them stealing along bypaths towards the asylum, hand in hand, and weeping both of them, while Charles would be carrying the strait-jacket, and sometimes Mary would urge him to a run on those small immaterial legs, for she was aware that it might be midnight madness in a few moments, and so they would come to the doors quite out of breath. Then Mary would get well again, come home, and begin her housekeeping as if nothing had befallen. And in the Temple once, when they had taken rooms there, they lighted on a bit of rare good fortune Lamb would enjoy above all men. It was a small place and cheap; and mousing round, they found a blind door locked fast, managed to open the door, and then found some rooms



Robert Collyer.

beyond which nobody had ever heard of or suspected, took possession of these also, and so lived in great state, and were never able to pay any rent for them because they could not find any landlord to take it.

This is the story of Charles and Mary Lamb, until at last on a day we see the old man in the lanes of Edmonton with his dog Dash . . . as grand and touching a story — not as I tell it, but as the brother and sister lived it — as was ever written with a pen; the story of the boy and man

"Whom neither shape of danger could dismay,
Nor dream of tender happiness betray;
Who, doomed to walk in company with pain,
Turned the necessity to glorious gain."

— *Robert Collyer.*

CHILDHOOD.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled),
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

— *Charles Lamb.*

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing it or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' holiday.

The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of young pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of.

Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few

dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced.

What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelled that smell before — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think.

He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and

finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters.

His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued: —

"You graceless fellow, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned down three houses with your dog's tricks, but you must be eating fire and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should have a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste," — with such like ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and

applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever.

Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. And Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box.

He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest

charge which the judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world.

Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron.

Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

— *From "Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb.*

THE SPY'S ESCAPE.

"The Spy," by James Fenimore Cooper, was written in 1821, and was the first work which gave distinction to its author. It is a tale of the times of the Revolution, and its hero, Harvey Birch, is a revolutionary patriot, who was "willing to risk his life and to subject his character to temporary suspicion for the service of his country." The rugged, homely worth of Harvey Birch, the many stirring adventures which are narrated, and the truthful home scenes described, place this story in the foremost rank of American fiction. The following extract is a fair illustration of the style which characterizes not only "The Spy" but all of Cooper's works.

James Fenimore Cooper.

The gathering mists of the evening had begun to darken the valley, as the detachment of Lawton made its reappearance at its southern extremity. The march of the troops was slow, and their line extended, for the benefit of ease. In the front rode the Captain, side by side with his senior subaltern, apparently engaged in close conference, while the rear was brought up by a young cornet, humming an air, and thinking of the sweets of a straw bed after the fatigues of a hard day's duty.

Stretching forward his body in the direction he was gazing, as if to aid him in distinguishing objects through the darkness, the Captain asked, "What animal is moving through the field on our right?"

"'Tis a man," said Mason, looking intently at the suspicious object.

"By his hump 'tis a dromedary!" added the Captain, eyeing it keenly. Wheeling his horse suddenly from the highway, he exclaimed — "Harvey Birch! — take him, dead or alive!"

Mason and a few of the leading dragoons only understood the sudden cry, but it was heard throughout the line. A dozen of the men, with the Lieutenant at their head, followed the impetuous Lawton, and their speed threatened the pursued with a sudden termination of the race.

Birch prudently kept his position on the rock until evening had begun to shroud the surrounding objects in darkness. From this height he had seen all the events of the day as they occurred.

He had watched, with a beating heart, the departure of the troops under Dunwoodie, and with difficulty had curbed his impatience until the obscurity of night should render his moving free from danger. He had not, however, completed a fourth of his way to his own residence, when his quick ear distinguished the tread of the approaching horse.

Trusting to the increasing darkness, he determined to persevere. By crouching and moving quickly along the surface of the ground, he hoped yet to escape unseen.

Captain Lawton was too much engrossed in conversation to suffer his eyes to indulge in their usual wandering; and the peddler, perceiving by the voices that the enemy he most feared had passed, yielded to his impatience, and stood erect, in order to make greater progress. The moment his body arose above the shadow of the ground, it was seen, and the chase commenced.

For a single instant Birch was helpless, his blood curdling in his veins at the imminence of the danger. But it was only for a moment. Casting his pack where he stood, and instinctively tightening the belt he wore, the peddler betook himself to flight. He knew that by bringing himself in a line with his pursuers and a wood, his form would be lost to sight. This he soon effected, and he was straining every nerve to gain the wood itself, when several horsemen rode by him but a short distance on his left, and cut him off from this place of refuge.

The peddler threw himself on the ground as they came near him, and was passed unseen. But delay, now, became too dangerous for him to remain in that position. He accordingly arose, and, still keeping in the shadow of the wood, along the skirts of which he heard voices crying to each other to be watchful, he ran with incredible speed in a parallel line, but in an opposite direction, to the march of the dragoons.

The confusion of the chase had been heard by the whole of the men, though none distinctly understood the order of Lawton but those who followed. The remainder were lost in doubt as to the duty that was required of them; and the aforesaid cornet was making eager inquiries of

the trooper near him on the subject, when a man, at a short distance in his rear, crossed the road at a single bound. At the same instant, the stentorian voice of Lawton rang through the valley, shouting — "Harvey Birch! — take him, dead or alive!"

Fifty pistols lighted the scene, and the bullets whistled in every direction round the head of the devoted peddler. A feeling of despair seized his heart, and in the bitterness of that moment he exclaimed — "Hunted like a beast of the forest!"

He felt life and its accompaniments to be a burden, and was about to yield himself to his enemies. Nature, however, prevailed. If taken, there was great reason to apprehend that he would not be honored with the forms of a trial, but that most probably the morning sun would witness his ignominious execution; for he had already been condemned to death, and only escaped that fate by stratagem. These considerations, with the approaching footsteps of his pursuers, roused him to new exertions. He fled again before them.

A fragment of a wall, that had withstood the ravages made by war in the adjoining fences of wood, fortunately crossed his path. He hardly had time to throw his exhausted limbs over this barrier, before twenty of his enemies reached its opposite side.

Their horses refused to take the leap in the dark, and amid the confusion of the rearing chargers and the execrations of their riders, Birch was enabled to gain a sight of the base of the hill on whose summit was a place of perfect security.

The heart of the peddler now beat high with hope, when the voice of Captain Lawton again rang in his ears, shouting to his men to make room. The order was obeyed, and the fearless trooper rode at the wall at the top of his horse's speed, plunged the rowels in his charger, and flew over the obstacle in safety. The triumphant hurras of the men, and the thundering tread of the horse, too plainly assured the peddler of the emergency of his danger. He was nearly exhausted, and his fate no longer seemed doubtful.

"Stop, or die!" was uttered above his head, and in fearful proximity to his ears.

Harvey stole a glance over his shoulder, and saw, within a bound of him, the man he most dreaded. By the light of the stars he beheld the uplifted arm and the threatening saber. Fear, exhaustion, and despair seized his heart, and the intended victim fell at the feet of the dragoon. The horse of Lawton struck the prostrate peddler, and both steed and rider came violently to the earth.

As quick as thought Birch was on his feet again, with the sword of the discomfited dragoon in his hand. Vengeance seems but too natural to human passions. There are few who have not felt the seductive pleasure of making our injuries recoil on their authors; and yet there are some who know how much sweeter it is to return good for evil.

All the wrongs of the peddler shone on his brain with a dazzling brightness. For a moment the demon within him prevailed, and Birch brandished the powerful weapon

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(OVER)

in the air; in the next, it fell harmless on the reviving but helpless trooper. The peddler vanished up the side of the friendly rock.

"Help Captain Lawton there!" cried Mason, as he rode up, followed by a dozen of his men; "and some of you dismount with me, and search these rocks; the villain lies here concealed."

"Hold!" roared the discomfited Captain, raising himself with difficulty to his feet; "if one of you dismount, he dies. Tom, my good fellow, you will help me to straddle Roanoke again."

The astonished subaltern complied in silence, while the wondering dragoons remained as fixed in their saddles as if they composed part of the animals they rode.

"You are much hurt, I fear," said Mason, with something of condolence in his manner, as they reëntered the highway.

"Something so, I do believe," replied the Captain, catching his breath, and speaking with difficulty; "I wish our bonesetter was at hand to examine into the state of my ribs."

"Captain Lawton," said the orderly of his troop, riding to the side of his commanding officer, "we are now passing the house of the peddler spy; is it your pleasure that we burn it?"

"No!" roared the Captain, in a voice that startled the disappointed Sergeant; "are you an incendiary? would you burn a house in cold blood? Let a spark approach, and the hand that carries it will never light another."

— *James Fenimore Cooper.*

THE PYRAMIDS.

The approach to the Pyramids is first a rich green plain, and then the Desert — that is, they are just at the beginning of the Desert, on a ridge, which of itself gives them a lift above the valley of the Nile. It is impossible not to feel a thrill as one finds himself drawing nearer to the greatest and the most ancient monuments in the world, to see them coming out stone by stone into view, and the dark head of the Sphinx peering over the lower sandhills.

Yet the usual accounts are correct which represent this nearer sight as not impressive — their size diminishes, and the clearness with which you see their several stones strips them of their awful or mysterious character. It is not till you are close under the great Pyramid, and look up at the huge blocks rising above you into the sky, that the consciousness is forced upon you that this is the nearest approach to a mountain that the art of man has produced.

The view from the top has the same vivid contrast of life and death which makes all wide views in Egypt striking — the Desert and the green plain; only here, the view over the Desert — the African Desert — being much more extensive than elsewhere, one gathers in better the notion of the wide-heaving ocean of sandy billows which hovers on the edge of the valley of the Nile. The whole line of the minarets of Cairo is also a peculiar feature, peculiar because it is strange to see a modern Egyptian city which is

a grace instead of a deformity to the view. You also see the strip of Desert running into the green plain on the east of the Nile, which marks Heliopolis and Goshen.

The strangest feature in the view is the platform on which the Pyramids stand. It completely dispels the involuntary notion that one has formed of the solitary abruptness of the Three Pyramids. Not to speak of the groups in the distance — of Abou-Sir, Sakara, and Dashur — the whole platform of this greatest of them all is a maze of pyramids and tombs. Three little ones stand beside the first; three also beside the third. The second and third are each surrounded by traces of square inclosures, and their eastern faces are approached through enormous masses of ruins as if of some great temple, whilst the first is inclosed on three sides by long rows of massive tombs, on which you look down from the top, as on the plats of a stone garden. You see, in short, that it is the most sacred and frequented part of that vast cemetery which extends all along the western ridge for twenty miles behind Memphis.

It is only by going round the whole place in detail that the contrast between its present and its ancient state is disclosed. One is inclined to imagine that the Pyramids are immutable, and that such as you see them now, such they were always. Of distant views this is true, but taking them near at hand it is more easy from the existing ruins to conceive Karnac as it was, than it is to conceive the pyramidal platform as it was. The smooth casing of part of the top of the second pyramid, and the magnificent granite blocks which form the lower stages of the third,

serve to show what they must have been all, from top to bottom: the first and second, brilliant white or yellow limestone, smooth from top to bottom, instead of those rude, disjointed masses which their stripped sides now present; the third all glowing with the red granite from the First Cataract. As it is, they have the barbarous look of Stonehenge; but then they must have shone with the polish of an age already rich with civilization, and that the more remarkable when it is remembered that these granite blocks which furnished the outside of the third and inside of the first, must have come all the way from the First Cataract.

It also seems, from Herodotus and others, that these smooth outsides were covered with sculptures. Then you must build up or uncover the massive tombs, now broken, or choked with sand, so as to restore the aspect of vast streets of tombs, like those on the Appian Way, out of which the Great Pyramid would rise like a cathedral above smaller churches. Lastly, you must inclose the two other pyramids with stone precincts and gigantic gateways, and above all you must restore the Sphinx, as he (for it must never be forgotten that a female Sphinx was almost unknown) was in the days of his glory.

Even now, after all that we have seen of colossal statues, there was something stupendous in the sight of that enormous head — its vast projecting wig, its great ears, its open eyes, the red color still visible on its cheek, the immense projection of the whole lower part of its face. Yet what must it have been when on its head there was the royal helmet of Egypt; on its chin the royal beard;

From the Painting by J. L. Gérôme.

Engraved by J. L. Langridge.

Napoleon Before the Sphinx.

when the stone pavement by which men approached the Pyramids ran up between its paws; when immediately under its breast an altar stood, from which the smoke went up into the gigantic nostrils of that nose now vanished from the face, never to be conceived again. All this is known with certainty from the remains which actually exist deep under the sand on which you stand, as you look up from a distance into the broken but still expressive features.

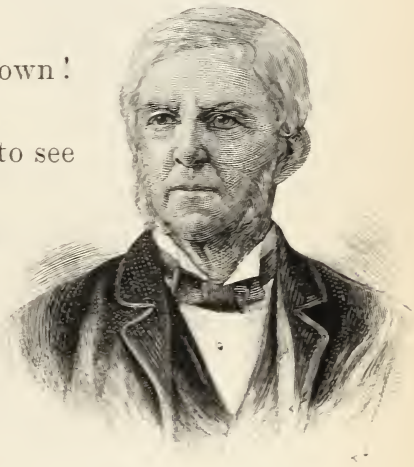
And for what purpose was this Sphinx of sphinxes called into being — as much greater than all other sphinxes as the Pyramids are greater than all other temples or tombs? If, as is likely, he lay couched at the entrance, now deep in sand, of the vast approach to the second, — that is, the central Pyramid, — so as to form an essential part of this immense group; still more, if, as seems possible, there was once intended to be (according to the usual arrangements which never left a solitary sphinx any more than a solitary obelisk) a brother sphinx on the northern side, as this on the southern side of the approach, its situation and significance were worthy of its grandeur. And if, further, the Sphinx was the giant representative of royalty, then it fitly guards the greatest of royal sepulchers; and, with its half-human, half-animal form, is the best welcome and the best farewell to the history and religion of Egypt.

— *Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster.*

For further readings about the pyramids, see Proctor's "The Great Pyramid," and Rawlinson's "History of Ancient Egypt."

OLD IRONSIDES.

"Old Ironsides" was the affectionate name applied to the United States frigate "Constitution," a vessel greatly distinguished for its service in the war of 1812. In 1830, it was proposed, since she was no longer of service, to break her up, and sell her timbers. Dr. Holmes, then a young man just from college, gave expression to the popular feeling of the time in the following poem. This produced so general an opposition to the order that the old ship was saved.



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck — once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below —
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee; —

The harpies of the shore shall pluck
  The eagle of the sea!

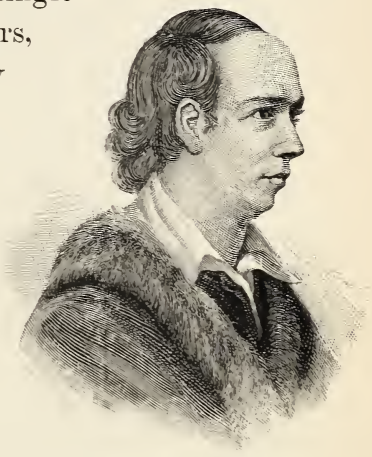
Oh, better that her shattered hulk
  Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
  And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
  Set every threadbare sail;
And give her to the god of storms,
  The lightning and the gale!

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical, yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the unforced humor, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed at times with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing, and softly tinted style, — all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions

of writers of loftier pretension and more sounding names are suffered to molder on our shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men.



Oliver Goldsmith.

An acquaintance with the private biography of Goldsmith lets us into the secret of his gifted pages. We there discover them to be little more than transcripts of his own heart and picturings of his fortunes. There he shows himself the same kind, artless, good-humored, excursive, sensible, whimsical, intelligent being that he appears in his writings.

Scarcely an adventure or character is given in his works that may not be traced to his own parti-colored story. Many of his most ludicrous scenes and ridiculous incidents have been drawn from his own blunders and mischances, and he seems really to have been buffeted into almost every maxim imparted by him for the instruction of his reader.

The foregoing brief characterization, taken from Washington Irving's "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," will serve to

introduce the following interesting chapter from "The Vicar of Wakefield," wherein the peculiarly attractive quality of Goldsmith's prose style may be seen at its best: —

FROM THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

The place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labor; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love-knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas Eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighborhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little inclosures, the elms and hedgerows appearing

with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: by sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony — for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship — we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down, but returned home to the

expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception.

Nor were we without guests: sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad — Johnny Armstrong's last good-night, or the cruelty of Barbary Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best was to have a half-penny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery; they still loved laces, ribbons, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behavior served to mortify me; I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters dressed out all in

their former splendor; their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.

"Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife; "we can walk it perfectly well; we want no coach to carry us now." "You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us." "Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him." "You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings and pinkings and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of all our neighbors. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their

dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;

And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way.

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

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

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions innocence and health,
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride,
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

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

* * * * * * * * *

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the blooming flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,

To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed and weep till morn, —
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain!

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truths from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,

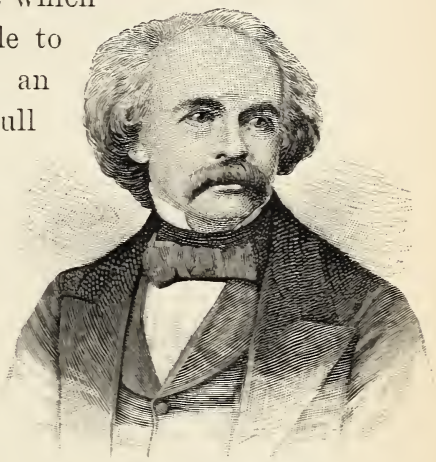
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay —
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

— *From the poem by Oliver Goldsmith.*

THE GRAY CHAMPION.

The stories of Nathaniel Hawthorne have a tone and coloring that is peculiarly their own. They are written in a calm, full, unvarying style which no other writer has ever been able to imitate. Many of them are of an allegorical character, and are full of weird, strange fancies which careless or hasty readers often fail to discover or appreciate. The following story, from "Twice Told Tales," is one of the best of this class.



Nathaniel Hawthorne.

One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councilors, being warm with wine, assembled the redcoats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum at that unquiet crisis seemed to go through the streets less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants

still showed the strong and somber features of their character perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the House of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence as if there were sanctity in their very garments.

All this time, the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till, with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine that would roll irresistibly over every thing in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councilors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch-enemy,

that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England ; and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a champion for thy people."

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty, — a paved solitude, between

lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the center of the street to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, — a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way.

As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus, the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battlefield or be raised to God in prayer, were irresisti-

ble. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund. Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen — to stand aside or be trampled on."

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name."

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a king himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and, beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back. With this night thy power is ended — to-morrow, the prison — back lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself.

What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were over-

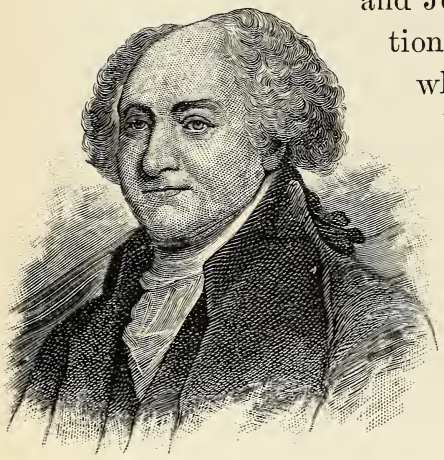
awed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? I have heard, that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting house at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be ere he comes again. His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit, and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

On the 2d of August, 1826, Daniel Webster delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, his famous eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson. In that eloquent oration he uttered the following speech which he imagined might have been spoken by John Adams in support of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. The speech seemed to be so fully adapted to the occasion that it was quite generally accepted as really the patriotic utterance of Adams, nor has that delusion yet been entirely dispelled. It is perhaps the best known passage in any of Webster's orations.



John Adams.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there is a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent

that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit!

The war, then, must go on; we must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign.

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people — the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated.

Sir, the declaration of independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolve to stand

with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so: be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured — be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it.

All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence now, and independence forever.

TO THE OCEAN.

Lord Byron.

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

Roll on, thou deep and dark, blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths; thy fields
Are not a spoil for him: thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And sendest him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth. There let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war, —
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar,
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee:
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, — what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,

And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild wave's play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

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

— *From "Childe Harold," by Lord Byron.*

A VILLAGE WEDDING IN SWEDEN.

I will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom, with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed

that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away towards the village, where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers, and ribands, and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it, the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. Provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurrahing, all move forward again, and at length draw near the house of the bride.

Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the last replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome." Whereupon the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and riding round the maypole which stands in

the center, alight amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist, and around her neck strings of golden beads and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue, innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. Oh thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart. Thou art poor. Yet thou art rich, rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first young, fervent love. The blessings of Heaven be upon thee!

So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in solemn tones, "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible, and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth and the feast goes cheerily on. They sit long at table; but as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner.

Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the magic circle and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head, and the jewels from her neck, and she is led off in triumph, the wedding guests following her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

— *From "Outre Mer," by Henry W. Longfellow.*

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

Come hither, Evan Cameron! Come, stand beside my knee.
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea;
There's shouting on the mountain side, there's war within the blast;
Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past;
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host through wild Lochaber's snows
What time the plaided clans came down to battle with Montrose:
I've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad claymore,

And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's shore ;
I've told thee how we swept Dundee and famed the Lindsays' pride ;
But never have I told thee yet how the Great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes. Oh deed of deathless shame !
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's name, —
Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by armèd men, —
Face him as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy sire's renown :
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down.

They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there, and not an unarmed man ;
They set him high upon a cart : the hangman rode below ;
They drew his hands behind his back and bared his noble brow ;
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash, they cheered,— the common throng, —
And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him pass along.

But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,
The rabble rout forbore to shout, and each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with Death;
And then a mournful shudder through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him now turned aside and wept.
Had I been there with sword in hand and fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dun Edin's streets had pealed the slogan cry:
Not all their troops of trampling horse nor might of mailèd men —
Not all the rebels in the South — had borne us backward then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him there.
It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn hall
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their nobles all;
But there was dust of vulgar feet on that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place where good men sate before.

With savage glee came Warristoun to read the murderous doom,
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the room.

"Now, by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross, that waves above us there,
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath — and, oh, that such should be! —
By that dark stream of royal blood that lies 'twixt you and me,
I have not sought in battlefield a wreath of such renown,
Nor hoped I, on my dying day, to win a martyr's crown!"

The morning dawned full darkly; the rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin bolt lit up the gloomy town;
The thunder crashed across the heaven; the fatal hour was come;
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat, the 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below, and anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor, came forth to see him die.

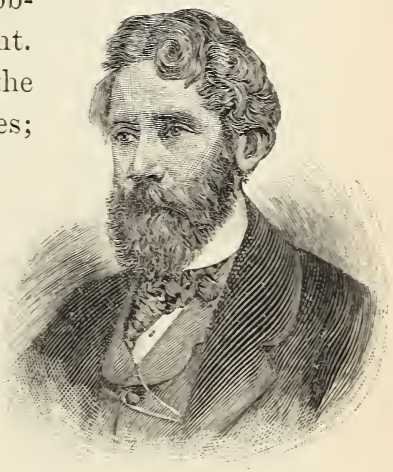
Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet! how dismal 'tis to see
The great, tall, spectral skeleton, the ladder, and the tree!
Hark! hark! It is the clash of arms; the bells begin to toll:
He is coming! He is coming! God's mercy on his soul!

One last long peal of thunder: the clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down amidst the dazzling day.
He is coming! He is coming! Like a bridegroom from his room
Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the doom:
There was glory on his forehead, there was luster in his eye,
And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die;
There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marveled as they saw him pass, that great and goodly man!
A beam of light fell o'er him like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder as it were the path to heaven;
Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning thunder roll,
And no man dared to look aloft, for fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound, a hush, and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky: the work of death was done!

— *From "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," by William Edmonstoune Aytoun.*

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN.

The besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean.



John Lothrop Motley.

Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Haarlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt cake, horseflesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in

minute portions, hardly sufficient to support life, among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured.

Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food; but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful. Infants starved to death on the maternal breasts which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms.

Pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath his scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out, women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe — an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates; and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed along the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in

the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of St. Pancras.

There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? — a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city; and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not. My life is at your disposal. Here is my sword; plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive." . . .

On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates.

The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came

storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours fully eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes. In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. . . .

On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters. As they approached some shallows which led into the great Mere, the Zeelanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through!

Night descended upon the scene — a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the Armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night; and the whole of the city wall between the Cowgate and the town of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city indeed been carried in the night? had the massacre already commenced? had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain?

Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled panic-struck during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots; but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise.

The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards; and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither alone.

The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident.

Thus the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance! The noise of the wall as it fell only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction.

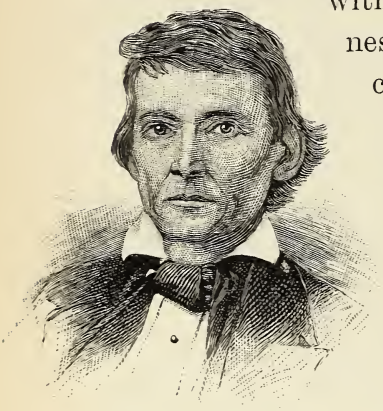
All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the third of October, 1574. Leyden was relieved.

— *From "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," by John Lothrop Motley.*

ON THE RESTORATION OF THE UNION.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA, FEBRUARY 22, 1866.

Now that the storm of war has passed it behooves us all to labor for the establishment of good government, with its resulting prosperity and happiness. I need not assure you, if this can be obtained, that our desolated fields, our barns, our villages and cities, now in ruins, will soon, like the Phœnix, rise again from their ashes, and all our waste places will again, at no distant day, blossom as the rose.



Alexander H. Stephens.

Wars, and civil wars especially, always menace liberty. They seldom advance it, while they usually end in its entire overthrow and destruction. Our civil contest stopped just short of such a catastrophe. It is now our duty to retrace our steps and look for the vindication and maintenance of constitutional liberty in the forums of reason and justice, instead of on the arena of arms; in the courts and halls of legislation, instead of on the fields of battle.

I have not lost my faith in the virtue, intelligence, and patriotism of the American people, or in their capacity for self-government. But for these great essential qualities of human nature to be brought into active and efficient exercise for the fulfillment of patriotic hopes, it is

essential that the passions of the day should subside, that the causes of these passions should not now be discussed, that the embers of the late strife should not be stirred.

The most hopeful prospect at this time is the restoration of the old Union, and with it the speedy return of fraternal feeling throughout its length and breadth. These results depend upon the people themselves, upon the people of the North quite as much as the South. The masses everywhere are alike equally interested in the great object. Let old issues, old questions, old differences, and old feuds be regarded as fossils of another epoch.

The old Union was based on the assumption that it was for the best interests of the people of the United States to be united as they were, each State faithfully performing to the people of other States all their obligations under a common compact. I always thought that this assumption was founded on broad, correct, and statesmanlike principles. I think so yet.

And now, after the severe chastisement of war, if the general sense of the whole country shall come back to the acknowledgment of the original assumption that it is for the best interests of all the States to be so united, as I trust it will, I can perceive no reason why, under such restoration, we may not enter upon a new career, exciting increased wonder in the Old World by grander achievements hereafter to be made, than any heretofore attained, by the peaceful and harmonious workings of our American institutions of self-government.

—*Alexander H. Stephens.*

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee, —
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican, —
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame ;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber
Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ;
While on tower and kiosk O
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,

And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

— *Francis Mahony.*

Oh, it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mold
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low,
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold,
'Twixt crimson banks; and then a traveler go
From mount to mount, through Cloudland, gorgeous land!
Or, listening to the tide with closèd sight,
Be that blind Bard, who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

— *Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Samuel Johnson, one of the most eminent English writers of the eighteenth century, was the son of Michael Johnson, who was at the beginning of that century, a magistrate of Litchfield, and a bookseller of great note in the midland counties. Samuel was born on the 18th of September, 1709. In the child, the physical, intellectual, and moral peculiarities which afterwards distinguished the man were plainly discernible; great muscular strength accompanied by much awkwardness and many infirmities; great quickness of parts, with a morbid propensity to sloth and procrastination; a kind and generous heart, with a gloomy and irritable temper. He had inherited from his ancestors a scrofulous taint, which it was beyond the power of medicine to remove. His parents were weak enough to believe that the royal touch was a specific for this malady. In his third year he was taken up to London, inspected by the court surgeon, prayed over by the court chaplains, and stroked and presented with a piece of gold by Queen Anne. One of his earliest recollections was that of a stately lady in a diamond stomacher and a long black hood. Her hand was applied in vain. The boy's features, which were originally noble and not irregular, were distorted by his malady. His cheeks were deeply scarred. He lost for a time the sight of one eye; and he saw but very imperfectly with the other. But the force of his mind overcame every impediment. Indolent as he was, he acquired knowledge

with such ease and rapidity that at every school to which he was sent he was soon the best scholar.

From sixteen to eighteen he resided at home, and was left to his own devices. He learned much at this time, though his studies were without guidance and without plan. He ransacked his father's shelves, dipped into a multitude of books, read what was interesting, and passed over what was dull. An ordinary lad would have acquired little or no useful knowledge in such a way: but much that was dull to ordinary lads was interesting to Samuel. He read little Greek; for his proficiency in that language was not such that he could take much pleasure in the masters of Attic poetry and eloquence. But he had left school a good Latinist; and he soon acquired an extensive knowledge of Latin literature.

It was out of the power of old Michael Johnson to support his son at either university; but a wealthy neighbor offered assistance; and in reliance on promises which proved to be of very little value, Samuel was entered at Pembroke College, Oxford. When the young scholar presented himself to the rulers of that society, they were amazed not more by his ungainly figure and eccentric manners than by the quantity of extensive and curious information which he had picked up during many months of desultory but not unprofitable study.

At Oxford, Johnson resided during about three years. He was poor, even to raggedness; and his appearance excited a mirth and a pity which were equally intolerable to his haughty spirit. Some charitable person placed a new pair of shoes at his door; but he spurned them away

in a fury. Distress made him, not servile, but reckless and ungovernable. The needy scholar was generally to be seen under the gate of Pembroke, a gate now adorned with his effigy, haranguing a circle of lads, over whom, in spite of his tattered gown and dirty linen, his wit and audacity gave him an undisputed ascendency. In every mutiny against the discipline of the college he was the ringleader. Much was pardoned, however, to a youth so highly distinguished by abilities and acquirements.

In the autumn of 1731, he was under the necessity of quitting the university without a degree. In the following winter his father died. The old man left but a pittance; and of that pittance almost the whole was appropriated to the support of his widow. The property to which Samuel succeeded amounted to no more than twenty pounds.

His life, during the thirty years which followed, was one struggle with poverty. The misery of that struggle needed no aggravation, but was aggravated by the sufferings of an unsound body and an unsound mind. Before the young man left the university, his hereditary malady had broken forth in a singularly cruel form. He had become an incurable hypochondriac. He said long after that he had been mad all his life, or at least not perfectly sane; and, in truth, eccentricities less strange than his have often been thought grounds for absolving felons, and for setting aside wills. His grimaces, his gestures, his mutterings, sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified people who did not know him. At a dinner table he would, in a fit of absence, stoop down and twitch off

a lady's shoe. He would amaze a drawing room by suddenly ejaculating a clause of the Lord's Prayer. He would conceive an unintelligible aversion to a particular alley, and perform a great circuit rather than see the hateful place. He would set his heart on touching every post in the streets through which he walked. If by any chance he missed a post, he would go back a hundred yards and repair the omission.

Under the influence of his disease, his senses became morbidly torpid, and his imagination morbidly active. At one time he would stand poring on the town clock without being able to tell the hour. At another, he would distinctly hear his mother, who was many miles off, calling him by his name. But this was not the worst. A deep melancholy took possession of him, and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and of human destiny. Such wretchedness as he endured has driven many men to shoot themselves or drown themselves. But he was under no temptation to commit suicide. He was sick of life; but he was afraid of death; and he shuddered at every sight or sound which reminded him of the inevitable hour.

With such infirmities of body and of mind, this celebrated man was left, at two-and-twenty, to fight his way through the world. He remained during about five years in the midland counties. At Lichfield, however, he could find no way of earning a livelihood. He became usher of a grammar school in Leicestershire; he resided as a humble companion in the house of a country gentleman; but a life of dependence was insupportable to his haughty

spirit. He repaired to Birmingham, and there earned a few guineas by literary drudgery.

While leading this vagrant and miserable life, Johnson fell in love. The object of his passion was Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, a widow who had children as old as himself. To ordinary spectators, the lady appeared to be a short, fat, coarse woman, painted half an inch thick, dressed in gaudy colors, and fond of exhibiting provincial airs and graces. To Johnson, however, whose passions were strong, whose eyesight was too weak to distinguish ceruse from natural bloom, and who had seldom or never been in the same room with a real lady of fashion, she was the most beautiful, graceful, and accomplished of her sex. That his admiration was unfeigned cannot be doubted; for she was as poor as himself. She accepted, with a readiness which did her little honor, the addresses of a suitor who might have been her son. The marriage, however, in spite of occasional wranglings, proved happier than might have been expected. The lover continued to be under the illusions of the wedding day till the lady died in her sixty-fourth year. . . .

His marriage made it necessary for him to exert himself more strenuously than he had hitherto done. He took a house in the neighborhood of his native town, and advertised for pupils. But eighteen months passed away; and only three pupils came to his academy. Indeed, his appearance was so strange, and his temper so violent, that his schoolroom must have resembled an ogre's den.

At length Johnson, in the twenty-eighth year of his

age, determined to seek his fortune in the capital as a literary adventurer. He set out with a few guineas, three acts of the tragedy of "Irene" in manuscript, and two or three letters of introduction. . . . It is easy to imagine the humiliations and privations that must have awaited the novice who had still to earn a name. One of the publishers to whom Johnson applied for employment measured with a scornful eye that athletic though uncouth frame, and exclaimed, "You had better get a porter's knot, and carry trunks!" Nor was the advice bad; for a porter was likely to be as plentifully fed, and as comfortably lodged, as a poet. . . .

The effect of the privations and sufferings which he endured at this time was discernible to the last in his temper and his deportment. His manners had never been courtly. They now became almost savage. Being frequently under the necessity of wearing shabby coats and dirty shirts, he became a confirmed sloven. Being often very hungry when he sat down to his meals, he contracted a habit of eating with ravenous greediness. The affronts which his poverty emboldened stupid and low-minded men to offer to him would have broken a mean spirit into sycophancy, but made him rude even to ferocity.

About a year after Johnson had begun to reside in London, he was fortunate enough to obtain regular employment from Cave, an enterprising and intelligent bookseller, who was proprietor and editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine." . . . A few weeks later he published a work which at once placed him high among the writers of his

age. His "London," an imitation of one of Juvenal's satires, appeared without his name in May, 1738. He received only ten guineas for this stately and vigorous poem; but the sale was rapid and the success complete. A second edition was required within a week. . . .

The fame of Johnson's abilities continued to grow. Warburton pronounced him a man of parts and genius; and the praise of Warburton was no light thing. Such was Johnson's reputation that, in 1747, several eminent booksellers combined to employ him in the arduous work of preparing a Dictionary of the English Language, in two folio volumes. The sum which they agreed to pay him was only fifteen hundred guineas; and out of this sum he had to pay several poor men of letters who assisted him in the humbler parts of the task. . . . It was not till 1755 that he at length gave his huge volumes to the world. During the seven years which he passed in the drudgery of penning definitions and marking quotations for transcription, he sought for relaxation in literary labor of a more agreeable kind. In 1749, he published the "Vanity of Human Wishes," an excellent imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal. For the copyright of this poem he received only fifteen guineas. Through the influence of his former pupil, David Garrick, his tragedy, "Irene," begun many years before, was brought on the stage at about the same time. But after nine representations it was withdrawn. . . .

In the spring of 1758, Johnson put forth the first of a series of essays, entitled "The Idler." During two years these essays continued to appear weekly. They

were eagerly read, widely circulated, and, indeed, impudently pirated, while they were still in the original form, and had a large sale when collected into volumes. While he was still busied with his "Idlers," Johnson's mother, who had accomplished her ninetieth year, died at Lichfield. It was long since he had seen her; but he had not failed to contribute largely, out of his small means, to her comfort. In order to defray the charges of her funeral, and to pay some debts which she had left, he wrote a little book in a single week, and sent off the sheets to the press without reading them over. A hundred pounds were paid him for the copyright; and the purchasers had great cause to be pleased with their bargain; for the book was "Rasselas." . . .

By such exertions as have been described, Johnson supported himself till the year 1762. In that year a great change in his circumstances took place. Lord Bute, who was then the head of the treasury, was anxious to be thought a patron of men of letters; and Johnson was one of the most eminent and one of the most needy men of letters in Europe. A pension of three hundred a year was graciously offered, and with very little hesitation accepted. This event produced a change in Johnson's whole way of life. For the first time since his boyhood he no longer felt the daily goad urging him to toil. He was at liberty, after thirty years of anxiety and drudgery, to indulge his constitutional indolence, to lie in bed till two in the afternoon, and to sit up talking till four in the morning, without fearing either the printer's devil or the sheriff's officer.

In 1765, after a delay of nine years, appeared his new edition of Shakespeare. From that time he long continued to live upon the fame which he had already won. He was honored by the University of Oxford with a Doctor's degree, by the Royal Academy with a professorship, and by the King with an interview, in which His Majesty most graciously expressed a hope that so excellent a writer would not cease to write. . . .

In 1781, Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" was completed and given to the world. This is, on the whole, the best of all his works. The narratives are as entertaining as any novel. The remarks on life and on human nature are eminently shrewd and profound. The criticisms are often excellent. . . . This great work at once became popular. There was, indeed, much just and much unjust censure: but even those who were loudest in blame were attracted by the book in spite of themselves.

In June, 1783, he had a paralytic stroke, from which, however, he recovered, and which does not appear to have impaired his intellectual faculties. But other maladies came thick upon him. For several months he battled with a complication of diseases. His temper became unusually patient and gentle; he ceased to think with terror of death, and of that which lies beyond death; and he spoke much of the mercy of God, and of the propitiation of Christ. In this serene frame of mind he died on the 13th of December, 1784. He was laid, a week later, in Westminster Abbey, among the eminent men of whom he had been the historian.

—*From the Essays of Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

THE JOURNEY OF A DAY.

Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire: he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.

As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices: he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove, that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was traveling, but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues.

He, therefore, still continued to walk, for a time, without the least remission of his ardor, except that he was

sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among the hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls.

Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider, whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track ; but, remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river, that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region, with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements, the hours passed away unaccounted ; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky

was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

He was now roused, by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, — to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue, where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself upon the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his saber in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage, and fear, and ravage, and expiration: all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

"Worked into sudden rage by wintry showers,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours:
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise."

Thus, forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labor, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down, in resig-

nation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and, finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither: I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of this wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes, of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety, toward the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavor to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end.

"We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides: we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether

we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road to virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return.

"But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we, in time, lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance, and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue.

"Happy are they, my son, who shall learn, from thy example, not to despair, but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he, who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and, when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

— *Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

NAUSICAA'S WASHING DAY

Meanwhile Athene went to the land and the city of the Phæacians, who of old dwelt in spacious Hypereia. Thence the godlike Nausithous made them depart, and he carried them away and planted them in Scheria, far off from men that live by bread. And he drew a wall around the town, and builded houses and made temples for the gods and meted out the fields. Howbeit, at length he was stricken by fate, and went down to the house of Hades, and now Alcinous was reigning, with wisdom granted by the gods.

To his house went the goddess, gray-eyed Athene. She betook her to the rich-wrought bower, wherein was sleeping a maiden like to the gods in form and comeliness, Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, high of heart. Beside her on either hand of the pillars of the door were two handmaids, dowered with beauty from the Graces, and the shining doors were shut.

But the goddess, fleet as the breath of the wind, swept toward the couch of the maiden, and stood above her head, and spake to her in the semblance of the daughter of a famous seafarer, Dymas, a girl of like age with Nausicaa, who had found grace in her sight. In her shape, the gray-eyed Athene spoke to the princess, saying:

"Nausicaa, how is it that thy mother has so heedless a daughter? Lo, thou hast shining raiment that lies by thee uncared for, and thy marriage day is near at hand, when thou must needs go beautifully clad and have garments to give to them who shall lead thee to the house

of the bridegroom! And, behold, these are the things whence a good report goes abroad among men, wherein a father and lady mother take delight. So, come, let us arise and go a-washing with the breaking of the day, and I will follow with thee to be thy mate in the toil, that without delay thou mayst get thee ready, since truly thou art not long to be a maiden. Lo, already they are wooing thee, the noblest youths of all the Phæacians, among that people who are of thy father's kin. And now come, beseech thy noble father betimes in the morning to furnish thee with mules and a wagon to carry the men's raiment, and the robes, and the shining coverlets. Do this, for it is seemlier far for thee to go thus than on foot, for the places where we must wash are a great way from the town."

So having said, the gray-eyed Athene departed to Olympus, where, as they say, is the seat of the gods which stands fast forever. Not by winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain, nor doth the snow come nigh thereto, but most clear air is spread about it cloudless, and the white light floats over it. Therein the blessed gods are glad for all their days, and thither Athene went when she had shown forth all to the maiden.

Anon came the thronèd Dawn, and awakened Nausicaa of the fair robes, who straightway marveled on the dream, and went through the halls to tell her parents, her father dear and her mother. And she found them within; her mother was sitting by the hearth with the women, her handmaids, spinning yarn of sea-purple stain; but her father she met as he was going forth to the council whither the noble Phæacians had called him.

Standing close by her dear father she spake, saying: "Father, dear, couldst thou not lend me a high wagon with strong wheels, that I may take the goodly raiment to the river to wash? For it is seemly that thou thyself, when thou art with the princes in council, should have fresh raiment to wear. Also, there are five dear sons of thine in the halls, two married, but three are still single and are always eager for new-washed garments wherein to go to the dances. All these things I have had in mind." This she said, because she was ashamed to speak to her father of her own glad wedding day. But he understood it all and answered, saying: —

"Neither the mules nor aught else do I grudge thee, my child. Go thy way, and the servingmen shall get thee ready a high wagon with good wheels, and fitted with an upper frame."

Therewith he called to his men; and they gave ear, and made ready the smooth-running mule wagon, and led the mules beneath the yoke, and harnessed them under the car, while the maiden brought forth from her bower the shining raiment. This she stored in the wagon; and her mother filled a basket with all manner of food to the heart's desire, dainties too she set therein, and she poured wine into a goat-skin bottle, while Nausicaa climbed into the wagon. And her mother gave her soft olive oil in a golden cruse, that she and her maidens might anoint themselves after the bath. Then Nausicaa took the whip and the shining reins, and touched the mules to start them; then there was a clatter of hoofs, and on they strained without flagging, with their load of the raiment

and the maiden. Not alone did she go, for her waiting maids followed with her.

Now when they were come to the beautiful stream of the river, where truly were the unfailing springs where bright water welled up free from beneath and flowed past, — enough to wash the foulest garments clean, — there the girls unharnessed the mules from the wagon, and, turning them loose, drove them along the banks of the eddying river to graze on the honey-sweet clover. Then they took the garments from the wagon, and bore them in their hands to the water, and briskly trod them down in the flowing stream, in busy rivalry.

When at length they had washed and cleansed all the stains, they spread all out in order along the shore of the deep, even where the sea waves had washed the pebbles clean. Then having bathed and anointed them well with olive oil, they took their midday meal on the river's banks, waiting till the clothes should dry in the bright warmth of the sun.

Anon, when they were satisfied with food, the maidens and the princess, they fell to playing at ball, casting aside their veils, and among them Nausicaa of the white arms began the song. And even as Diana, the huntress queen, moves down the mountain, taking her pastime in the chase of the deer, while with her the wild wood nymphs disport them, and high over all she rears her head and brows — and easily may she be known, though all are fair: even so Nausicaa, the girl unwed, outshone the fairest of her maiden company.

— *From Homer's Odyssey, Book VI.*

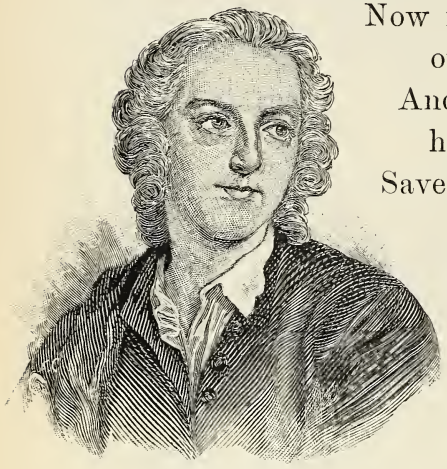
From the Painting by Sir Frederick Leighton.

Engraved by Henry Wolf.

Greek Girls Playing Ball.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

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



Thomas Gray.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

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

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

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;

If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

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

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

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

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

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

THE EPITAPH.

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

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

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

— *Thomas Gray.*

HOW THE DECLARATION WAS SIGNED.

Go with me to Philadelphia as she was a hundred years ago. Observe and watch the movements, listen attentively to the words, look steadfastly at the countenances, of the men who compose the little Congress assembled there. Braver, wiser, nobler men have never been gathered and grouped under a single roof, in any age, on any soil beneath the sun.

Single out with me, as you easily will at the first glance, by a presence and a stature not easily overlooked or mistaken, the young, ardent, accomplished Jefferson. He is just thirty-three years of age. Charming in conversation, ready and full in counsel, he is slow of tongue, like the great lawgiver of the Israelites, for any public discussion or formal discourse. But he has brought with him the reputation of wielding what John Adams well called "a masterly pen," and grandly has he justified that reputation. Grandly has he employed that pen already in

drafting a paper which is at this moment lying on the table and awaiting its final signature and sanction.

Three weeks before, indeed — on the previous 7th of June — his own noble colleague, Henry Lee, had moved the resolution whose adoption on the 2d of July had virtually settled the whole question.

Nothing, certainly, more explicit or emphatic could have been wanted for that Congress itself than that resolution, setting forth as it did, in language of striking simplicity and brevity and dignity, "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

As often as I have examined the original draft of that paper, still extant in the archives of the State Department at Washington, and have observed how very few changes were made, or even suggested, by the illustrious men associated with its author in its preparation, it has seemed to me to be as marvelous a composition, of its kind and for its purpose, as the annals of mankind can show.

This declaration goes forth to the American people with no individual responsibility save in the signature of John Hancock, president, and Charles Thomson, secretary.

Was there ever a more signal distinction vouchsafed to mortal man, than this which was won and worn by John Hancock a hundred years ago? Not altogether a great man; not without some grave defects of character; — we remember nothing save his presidency of the Congress of

the Declaration and his bold and noble signature to our Magna Charta.

Behold him in the chair which is still standing in its old place — the very same chair in which Washington was to sit, eleven years later, as president of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; the very same chair, emblazoned on the back of which Franklin was to descry "a rising and not a setting sun," when that Constitution had been finally adopted — behold him, not yet quite forty years of age, not only with a princely fortune at stake, but with a price at that moment on his head, sitting there in all the calm composure and dignity that so peculiarly characterized him.

He had chanced to come on to the Congress during the previous year, just as Peyton Randolph had been compelled to relinquish his seat and go home — returning only to die; and having been unexpectedly elected as his successor, he hesitated about taking the seat. But grand old Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, we are told, was standing beside him, and with the ready good humor that loved a joke even in the Senate House, he seized the modest candidate in his athletic arms, and placed him in the presidential chair; then turning to some of the members around, he exclaimed: "We will show Mother Britain how little we care for her, by making a Massachusetts man our President, whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation."

Behold him! He has risen for a moment. He has put the question. The declaration is adopted.

It is already late in the evening, and all formal pro-

mulgation of the day's doings must be postponed. After a grace of three days, the air will be vibrating with the joyous tones of the old bell in the cupola over his head, proclaiming liberty to all mankind, and with the responding acclamations of assembled multitudes.

Meantime, for him, however, a simple but solemn duty remains to be discharged. The paper is before him. You may see the very table on which it was laid, and the very inkstand which awaits his use. No hesitation now.

He dips his pen, and with an untrembling hand proceeds to execute a signature, which would seem to have been studied in the schools and practised in the counting room, and shaped and modeled day by day in the correspondence of mercantile and political manhood, until it should be meet for the authentication of some immortal act; and which, as Webster grandly said, has made his name as imperishable "as if it were written between Orion and the Pleiades." —*Robert C. Winthrop.*

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

ADOPTED BY CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

A DECLARATION BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle

them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute depotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the

establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world : —

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

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

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

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

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

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

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

He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries. He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our Legislature.

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

He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation: —

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States;

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury;

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses;

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring Province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies;

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the powers of our governments ;

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

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

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely parallel in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens taken captive on the high seas to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands. He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms : our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of at-

tempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity; and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war; in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, *free and independent* States: that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

JOHN HANCOCK, *President.*
CHARLES THOMSON, *Secretary.*

From the Painting by Jean François Millet.

Engraved by Walter M. Aikman.

The Gleaners.

TWO LABORERS

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the scepter of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike.

Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because I must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed. Thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell and, fighting our battles, wert so marred. For on thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacement of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; . . . thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, — for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavoring towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavor are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, that with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us!

If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him, in return, that he may have light and guidance, freedom, immortality? — these two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching it is, however, when I find both dignities united; and he, that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such a one now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth like a light shining in great darkness.

— *Thomas Carlyle.*

OVER THE HILL.

"Traveler, what lies over the hill?
Traveler, tell to me:
I am only a child — from the window sill
Over I can not see."

"Child, there's a valley over there,
Pretty and wooded and shy;
And a little brook that says, 'Take care,
Or I'll drown you by and by.'"

"And what comes next?" "A little town,
And a towering hill again:

More hills and valleys, up and down,
And a river now and then."

"And what comes next?" "A lonely moor
Without a beaten way;
And gray clouds sailing slow before
A wind that will not stay."

"And then?" "Dark rocks and yellow sand,
And a moaning sea beside."
"And then?" "More sea, more sea, more land,
And rivers deep and wide."

"And then?" "Oh, rock and mountain and vale,
Rivers and fields and men,
Over and over — a weary tale —
And round to your home again."

"And is that all? Have you told me the best?"
"No, neither the best nor the end.
On summer eves, away in the west,
You will see a stair ascend,

"Built of all colors of lovely stones,
A stair up into the sky —
Where no one is weary, and no one moans,
Or wants to be laid by."

"I will go." "But the steps are very steep;
If you would climb up there,
You must lie at the foot, as still as sleep,
A very step of the stair."

— *George Macdonald.*

THE ROMAN'S BEDTIME.

With the lark it was that the Roman rose. Not that the earliest lark rises so early in Latium as the earliest lark in England — that is, during the summer; but then, on the other hand, neither does it ever rise so late. The Roman citizen was stirring with the dawn, which, allowing for the shorter longest day and longer shortest day of Rome, you may call about four in summer and about seven in winter.

Why did he do this? Because he went to bed at a very early hour. But why did he do that? — By backing in this way we shall surely back into the very well of truth. Always, if it is possible, let us have the why of the wherefore. — The Roman went to bed early for two special reasons: First, because in Rome, which had been built for a martial destiny, every habit of life had reference to the usages of war.

Every citizen, if he were not a mere animal kept at public cost, held himself a sort of soldier elect. The more noble he was, the more was his liability to military service. Now, it was a principle of ancient warfare, that every hour of daylight had a triple worth if valued against hours of darkness. That was one reason — a reason suggested by the understanding.

But there was a second reason far more remarkable, and this was a reason dictated by a blind necessity. It is an important fact that this planet on which we live, this little, industrious earth of ours, has developed her wealth by slow stages of increase. She was far from being the rich little globe in Cæsar's days that she is at present.

The earth, in our days, is incalculably richer, as a whole, than in the time of Charlemagne. At that time she was richer by many a million of acres than in the era of Augustus. In that Augustan era we descry a clear belt of cultivation, averaging about six hundred miles in depth, running in a ring fence about the Mediterranean. This belt, and no more, was in decent cultivation.

Beyond that belt there was only a wild Indian cultivation. At present, what a difference! Such being the case, our mother, the Earth, being as a whole so incomparably poorer, could not in the pagan era support the expense of maintaining great empires in cold latitudes; her purse would not reach that cost.

Man, therefore, went to bed early in those ages, simply because his worthy mother Earth could not afford him candles. She, good old lady (or good young lady, for geologists know not whether she is in that stage of her progress which corresponds to gray hairs, or to infancy, or to a "certain age"), would certainly have shuddered to hear any of her nations asking for candles. "Candles!" she would have said; "who ever heard of such a thing? — and with so much excellent daylight running to waste as I have provided gratis! What will the wretches want next?"

The daylight, furnished gratis, was certainly neat and undeniable in its quality, and quite sufficient for all purposes that were honest. Seneca, even in his own luxurious period, called those men "*lucifugæ*" (light-shunners), and by other ugly names, who lived chiefly by candlelight. None but rich and luxurious men — nay, even among

these, none but idlers — did live much by candlelight. An immense majority of men in Rome never lighted a candle, unless sometimes in the early dawn.

And this custom of Rome was the custom also of all nations that lived round the great pond of the Mediterranean. In Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, everywhere, the ancients went to bed, like good boys, from seven to nine o'clock. The Turks, and other people who have succeeded to the stations and habits of the ancients, do so to this day.

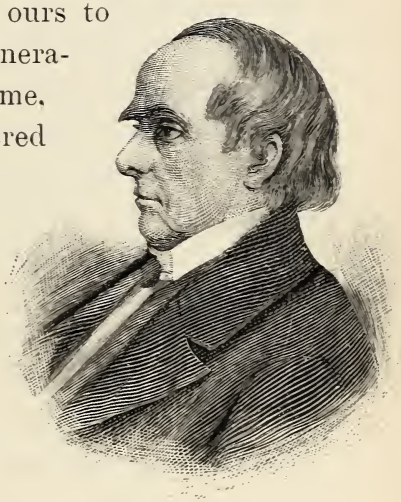
The Roman, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting round the table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilius himself was obliged to trundle off in the dusk. Tarquinius might be a very superb fellow, but we doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rushlight; and, though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that the conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men; both parties were in the dark.

The foregoing is a brief specimen of the style of Thomas De Quincey, the eminent writer of a variety of articles, most of which appeared originally in the English magazines. He claimed to be the author of "a mode of impassioned prose ranging under no precedents that he was aware of in any literature." His style is distinguished for its richness of fancy and its vigorous intellectuality combined with a deliberate, subtle humor; but it is often marred by verbosity and made obscure by over-elaboration.

DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

EXORDIUM OF A DISCOURSE BY DANIEL WEBSTER ON THE LIVES AND SERVICES OF JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS JEFFERSON, AUGUST 2, 1826.

Fellow-citizens, let us not retire from this occasion without a deep and solemn conviction of the duties which have devolved upon us. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us, with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us, from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes — all, all conjure us to act wisely, and faithfully, in the relation which we sustain.



Daniel Webster.

We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much, of what we are and of what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and these institutions of government.

Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government?

Fellow-citizens, there is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefits of this liberty and these institutions.

Let us then acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity, let it not be blasted.

The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us, — a topic to which, I fear, I advert too often, and dwell on too long, — cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals nor nations can perform their part well until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and justly appreciate all the duties belonging to it.

It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance; but it is that we may judge justly of our situation and of our own duties,

that I earnestly urge this consideration of our position, and our character, among the nations of the earth.

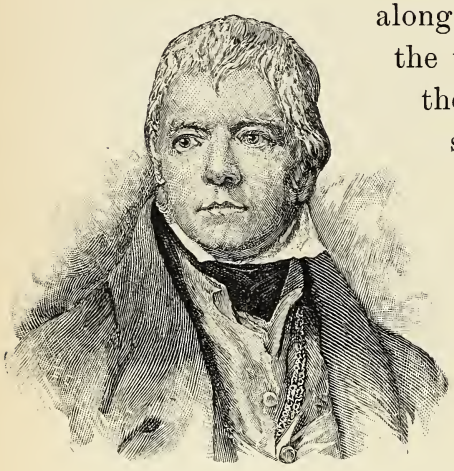
It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, fellow-citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upholden them.

Let us contemplate, then, this connection, which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path.

Washington is in the clear upper sky. Those other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their center, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT AND THE SARACEN.

The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon when a Knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant northern home and joined the host of the crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.



Sir Walter Scott.

The dress of the rider and the accouterments of his horse were peculiarly unfit for the traveler in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armor; there was, also, his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the headpiece.

His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets.

A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion,

with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncel, to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armor, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer.

The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "*I sleep — wake me not.*" An outline of the same devise might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting.

The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In retaining their own unwieldy defensive armor, the northern crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country to which they were come to war.

The accouterments of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armor made to cover the loins.

Then there was a steel ax, or hammer, called a mace of arms, and which hung to the saddle bow; the reins

were secured by chain work, and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short, sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

But habit had made the endurance of this load of panoply a second nature, both to the knight and his gallant charger. Numbers, indeed, of the western warriors who hurried to Palestine died ere they became inured to the burning climate; but there were others to whom that climate became innocent and even friendly, and among this fortunate number was the solitary horseman who now traversed the border of the Dead Sea.

Nature, which cast his limbs in a mold of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had endowed him with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade defiance to almost all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind. His disposition seemed, in some degree, to partake of the qualities of his bodily frame; and as the one possessed great strength and endurance, united with the power of violent exertion, the other, under a calm and undisturbed semblance, had much of the fiery and enthusiastic love of glory which constituted the principal attribute of the renowned Norman line, and had rendered them sovereigns in every corner of Europe where they had drawn their adventurous swords.

Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose even on the iron frame and patient disposition of

the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his midday station. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward with the steady endurance of his master, now lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labor and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier.

"In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe — perhaps, as a vowed champion of the cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the

calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or leveled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard would put his horse to the gallop to encounter him.

But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack

him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards.

A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the emir; for such, and not less, his enemy appeared.

The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defense also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard had hoped to deprive him.

But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force; while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with

missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung with great address a short bow, which he carried at his back, and, putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armor, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse.

But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the lingua franca commonly used for the purpose of commu-

nication with the crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees.

— *From "The Talisman," by Sir Walter Scott.*

From the Painting by Adolph Schreyer. Engraved by Peter Aitken.

A Sheik of the Desert—Present Day.

EARLY HIGHWAYS OF TRAVEL IN THE UNITED STATES.

Along the seaboard during the five years which followed the war of 1812, great improvements were made in the means of travel. The steamboat had come into general use, and, thanks to this and to good roads and bridges, people could travel from Philadelphia to New York between sunrise and sunset on a summer day, and from New York to Boston in forty-eight hours. The journey from Boston to Washington was now finished in four days and six hours, and from New Nork to Quebec in eight days.

In the West there was much the same improvement. The Mississippi and Ohio swarmed with steamboats, which came up the river from New Orleans to St. Louis in twenty-five days and went down with the current in eight. Little, however, had been done to connect the East with the West. Until the appearance of the steamboat in 1812, the merchants of Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, and a host of other towns in the interior bought the produce of the Western settlers, and floating it down the Ohio and the Mississippi sold it at New Orleans for cash, went round to the east coast by sea, and with the money purchased goods at Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, and carried them over the mountains to the West. Some went in sailing vessels up the Hudson from New York to Albany, were wagoned to the Falls of the Mohawk, and then loaded in "Schenectady boats," which were pushed up the Mohawk by poles to Utica, and then by

canal and river to Oswego, on Lake Ontario. From Oswego they went in sloops to Lewiston on the Niagara River, whence they were carried in ox wagons to Buffalo, and then in sailing vessels to Westfield, and by Chautauqua Lake and the Allegheny River to Pittsburg. Goods from Philadelphia and Baltimore were hauled in great Conestoga wagons drawn by four and six horses across the mountains to Pittsburg. The carrying trade alone in these ways was immense. More than 12,000 wagons came to Pittsburg in a year, bringing goods on which the freight was $1,500,000.

With the appearance of the steamboat on the Mississippi and Ohio, this trade was threatened; for the people of the Western states could now float their pork, flour, and lumber to New Orleans as before, and bring back from that city by steamboat the hardware, pottery, dry goods, cotton, sugar, coffee, tea, which till then they had been forced to buy in the East.

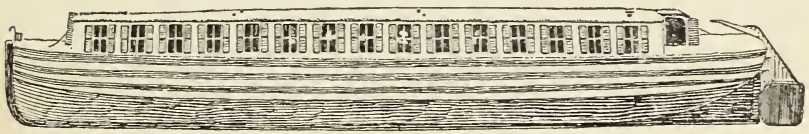
This new way of trading was so much cheaper than the old, that it was clear to the people of the Eastern states that unless they opened up a still cheaper route to the West, their Western trade was gone.

In 1817 the people of New York determined to provide such a route, and in that year they began to cut a canal across the state from the Hudson at Albany to Lake Erie at Buffalo. To us, with our steam shovels and drills, our great derricks, our dynamite, it would be a small matter to dig a ditch 4 feet deep, 40 feet wide, and 363 miles long. But on July 4, 1817, when Governor De Witt Clinton turned the first sod, and so began the work, it was

considered a great undertaking, for the men of those days had nothing but picks, shovels, wheelbarrows, and gunpowder to do it with.

Opposition to the canal was strong. Some declared that it would swallow up millions of dollars and yield no return, and nicknamed it "Clinton's Big Ditch." But Clinton was not the kind of a man that is afraid of ridicule. He and his friends went right on with the work, and after eight years spent in cutting down forests, in blasting rocks, in building embankments to carry the canal across swamps, and high aqueducts to carry it over the rivers, and locks of solid masonry to enable the boats to go up and down the sides of hills, the canal was finished.

Then, one day in the autumn of 1825, a fleet of boats set off from Buffalo, passed through the canal to Albany,



Model of a Canal Packet Boat.

where Governor De Witt Clinton boarded one of them, and went down the Hudson to New York. A keg of water from Lake Erie was brought along, and this, when the fleet reached New York Harbor, Clinton poured with great ceremony into the bay, to commemorate, as he said, "the navigable communication opened between our Mediterranean seas [the Great Lakes] and the Atlantic Ocean."

The building of the canal changed the business methods

of three fourths of our country. Before the canal was finished, goods, wares, merchandise, going west from New York, were carried from Albany to Buffalo at a cost of $120 a ton. After the canal was opened, it cost but $14 a ton to carry freight from Albany to Buffalo. This was most important. In the first place, it enabled the people in New York, in Ohio, in Indiana, in Illinois, and all over the West, to buy plows and hoes and axes and clothing and food and medicine for barely one eighth the price they had formerly paid for such things. Life in the West became more comfortable and easy than ever before.

In the next place, the Eastern merchant could greatly extend his business. How far west he could send his goods depended on the expense of carrying them. When the cost was high, they could go but a little way without becoming so expensive that only a few people could buy them. After 1825, when the Erie Canal made transportation cheap, goods from New York city could be sold in Michigan and Missouri at a much lower price than they had before been sold in Pittsburg or Buffalo.

The New York merchant, in other words, now had the whole West for his market. That city, which till 1820 had been second in population, and third in commerce, rushed ahead and became the first in population, commerce, and business.

The same was true of New York state. As the canal grew nearer and nearer completion, the people from other states came in and settled in the towns and villages along the route, bought farms, and so improved the country that the value of the land along the canal increased $100,000,000.

A rage for canals now spread over the country. Many were talked of, but never started. Many were started, but never finished. Such as had been begun were hurried to completion. Before 1830 there were 1343 miles of canal open to use in the United States.

In Pennsylvania the opening of the Erie Canal caused great excitement. And well it might; for freight could now be sent by sailing vessels from Philadelphia to Albany, and then by canal to Buffalo, and on by the Lake Erie and Chautauqua route to Pittsburg, for one third what it cost to go overland. It seemed as if New York by one stroke had taken away the Western commerce of Philadelphia, and ruined the prosperity of such inland towns of Pennsylvania as lay along the highway to the West. The demand for roads and canals at state expense was now listened to, and in 1826 ground was broken at Harrisburg for a system of canals to join Philadelphia and Pittsburg. But in 1832 the horse-power railroad came into use, and when finished, the system was part railroad and part canal.

This energy on the part of Pennsylvania alarmed the people of Baltimore. Unless their city was to yield its Western trade to Philadelphia, they too must have a speedy and cheap route to the West. In 1827, therefore, a great public meeting was held at Baltimore to consider the wisdom of building a railroad from Baltimore to some point on the Ohio River. The meeting decided that it must be done, and on July 4, 1828, the work of construction was begun. In 1830 the road was opened as far as Ellicotts Mills, a distance of about twenty miles. The cars were drawn by horses.

The early railroads, as the word implies, were roads made of wooden rails, or railed roads, over which heavy loads were drawn by horses. The very first were private affairs, and not intended for carrying passengers.

In 1825 John Stevens, who for ten years past had been advocating steam railroads, built a circular road at Hoboken to demonstrate the possibility of using such means of locomotion. In 1823 Pennsylvania chartered a company to build a railroad from Philadelphia to the Susquehanna. But it was not till 1827, when the East was earnestly seeking for a rapid and cheap means of transportation to the West, that railroads of great length and for public use were undertaken. In that year the people of Massachusetts were so excited over the opening of the Erie Canal that the legislature appointed a commission and an engineer to select a line for a railroad to join Boston and Albany.

At this time there was no such thing as a steam locomotive in use in the United States. The first ever used here for practical purposes was built in England and brought to New York city in 1829, and in August of that year made a trial trip on the rails of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. The experiment was a failure; and for several years horses were the only motive power in use on the railroads. In 1830, however, the South Carolina Railroad having finished six miles of its road, had a locomotive built in New York city, and in January, 1831, placed it on the tracks at Charleston. Another followed in February, and the era of locomotive railroading in our country began.

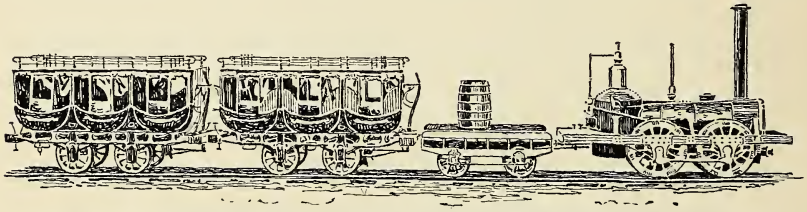
As yet the locomotive was a rude machine. It could not go faster than fifteen miles an hour, nor climb a steep hill. Where such an obstacle was met with, either the road went around it, or the locomotive was taken off and the cars were let down or pulled up the hill on an inclined plane by means of a rope and stationary engine. When Pennsylvania began her railroad over the Alleghany Mountains, therefore, she used the inclined-plane system on a great scale, so that in its time the Portage Railroad, as it was called, was the most remarkable piece of railroading in the world.

The Pennsylvania line to the West consisted of a horse railroad from Philadelphia to Columbia on the Susquehanna River; of a canal out the Juniata valley to Hollidaysburg on the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains, where the Portage Railroad began, and the cars were raised to the summit of the mountains by a series of inclined planes and levels, and then by the same means let down the western slope to Johnstown; and then of another canal from Johnstown to Pittsburg.

As originally planned, the state was to build the railroad and canal, just as it built turnpikes. No cars, no motive power of any sort, except at the inclined planes, were to be supplied. Anybody could use it who paid two cents a mile for each passenger, and $4.92 for each car sent over the rails. At first, therefore, firms and corporations engaged in the transportation business owned their own cars, their own horses, employed their own drivers, and charged such rates as the state tolls and sharp competition would allow. The result was dire confusion. The

road was a single-track affair, with turnouts to enable cars coming in opposite directions to pass each other. But the drivers were an unruly set, paid no attention to turnouts, and would meet face to face on the track, just as if no turnouts existed. A fight or a block was sure to follow, and somebody was forced to go back. To avoid this, the road was double-tracked in 1834, when, for the first time, two locomotives dragging long trains of cars ran over the line from Lancaster to Philadelphia. As the engine went faster than the horses, it soon became apparent that both could not use the road at the same time; and after 1836 steam became the sole motive power, and the locomotive was furnished by the state, which now charged for hauling the cars.

The puffing little locomotive bore little resemblance to its beautiful and powerful successors. No cab sheltered



The first Railroad Train in New Jersey (1831).

the engineer, no brake checked the speed, wood was the only fuel, and the tall smokestack belched forth smoke and red-hot cinders.

But this was nothing to what happened when the train came to a bridge. Such structures were then protected by roofing them and boarding the sides almost to the eaves. But the roof was always too low to allow the

smokestack to go under. The stack, therefore, was jointed, and when passing through a bridge the upper half was dropped down and the whole train in consequence was enveloped in a cloud of smoke and burning cinders, while the passengers covered their eyes, mouths, and noses.

In 1835 there were twenty-two railroads in operation in the United States. Two were west of the Alleghanies, and not one was 140 miles long. For a while the cars ran on "strap rails" made of wooden beams or stringers laid on stone blocks and protected on the top surface, where the car wheel rested, by long strips or straps of iron spiked on. The spikes would often work loose, and, as the car passed over, the strap would curl up and come through the bottom of the car, making what was called a snake head. It was some time before the all-iron rail came into use, and even then it was a small affair compared with the immense rails that are used at present.

Yet another characteristic of the period was the great change which came over the cities and towns. The development of canal and railroad transportation had thrown many of the old highways into disuse, had made old towns and villages decline in population, and had caused new towns to spring up and flourish. Everybody now wanted to live near a railroad or a canal. The rise of so many new kinds of business of so many corporations, mills, and factories caused a rush of people to the cities, which now began to grow rapidly in size.

—*From "School History of the United States," by John Bach McMaster.*

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

John Dryden.

I.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned)
The lovely Thaïs, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:

The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love !)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ;
A present deity ! they shout around :
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound :
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums !
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath. He comes, he comes !
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain :
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Soothed with the sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes:
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changèd his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of fate below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee —
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sank upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raisèd up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
"Revenge! revenge!" Timotheus cries;
"See the Furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!"
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thaïs led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute

And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

—*John Dryden.*

This poem was written by John Dryden in 1697, and was set to music and sung at the festival of St. Cecilia on the 22d of November in that year. It was rearranged by Händel, and performed by him in 1736. The best critics acknowledge it to be Dryden's greatest work. The incidents described by the poet are supposed to have occurred about the year B.C. 331, when Alexander the Great was holding a feast at Persepolis, in celebration of his conquest of Persia. At the close of the revelries, he set fire to the great palace of Persepolis, at the same time leading in a general massacre of the inhabitants. Dryden, in his ode, attempts to show that it was the music of Timotheus, the celebrated flute player from Thebes, that moved the conqueror to commit these excesses. This is not altogether a creation of the poet's imagination, for it is related by the historians of the time, that on one occasion the playing of Timotheus made so powerful an impression upon Alexander that he leaped from his seat and seized his arms as if to repel an enemy.

From the Painting by Ad. La Lyre.

Engraved by Henry Wolf.

St. Cecilia.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

Alexander Pope.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthened notes, and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is pressed with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms:
Each chief his sevenfold shield displayed,
And half unsheathed the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms! to arms! to arms!

IV.

But when, through all the infernal bounds
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appeared,
O'er all the dreary coast!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!
But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortured ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurled hang listening round their heads.

V.

"By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell

In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the heroes' armèd shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband or return the wife!"
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell —
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though Fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodopé's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries —
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heaven.

—*Alexander Pope.*

St. Cecilia, the Christian Polyhymnia and patron saint of music, is said to have been a native of Rome, of good family, and educated in the Christian faith. She with her husband, Valerian, suffered martyrdom about the year 230. A legend relates that such was the spotless purity of this "mayden bright Cecilie" that an angel came from heaven to be her guardian.

"Thou seemst to me like the angel
That brought the immortal roses
To St. Cecilia's bridal chamber."

—*Longfellow.*

She was not only a skillful musician, but was inspired by it to high religious emotions, and a tradition of the Church asserts that she was the inventor of the organ. By Catholics she is regarded as the patroness of church music. St. Cecilia's Day is the 22d of November, and was formerly celebrated with musical entertainments.

Pope's poem was written, at the suggestion of Sir Richard Steele, for such an entertainment in 1708. It was set to music by Maurice Greene, and performed at Cambridge in 1730.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE STUDY OF THIS BOOK.

I.

At first, read the selections consecutively from the beginning. Endeavor to understand that which you read. Refer to a dictionary for every word whose meaning is not perfectly clear to you. In the case of difficult passages or unusual expressions requiring special explanation, look in the Explanatory Notes. Do not pass over any historical or mythological reference without learning all about its meaning.

After reading a selection try to repeat the substance of it in your own words. Ask yourself. What is there in this piece that is particularly beautiful, interesting, or instructive? Or, in what respects is it lacking in interest, beauty, or other literary merit? Try to get at the author's exact meaning. See how much pleasure can be derived from each successive reading lesson. Learn all that you can about each author and each book that is mentioned.

II.

A second reading of most of the selections will be of much advantage. Compare the style of each writer with that of the writers previously studied. Explain, if you can, why the style of one author is more pleasing to you than that of another.

What peculiarities of style distinguish the selection from Goldsmith (page 110)? the selection from Dr. Johnson (p. 160)? the selection from Hawthorne (p. 121).

In what respects is the biographical essay by Robert Collyer (p. 82) more, or less, pleasing to you than the similar essay by Lord Macaulay (p. 151)?

What special features of interest or beauty distinguish Longfellow's "Evangeline" (p. 47)? Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" (p. 114)? Gray's "Elegy" (p. 170)?

Compare the historical sketch by Bancroft (p. 41) with that by Motley (p. 141); with that by Irving (p. 24); with that by McMaster (p. 203).

What points of similarity or dissimilarity do you discover in the essays by Lamb (p. 91), Carlyle (p. 185), and De Quincey (p. 188)?

Which do you esteem the finer poem, Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," or Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day"? Why? Compare them, one with the other, and also with Gray's "Elegy."

Compare the short poem by Shelley (p. 21) with that by Bryant (p. 22); with that by Byron (p. 131); with that by Holland (p. 63); with that by Mahony (p. 148).

As a work of fiction, which is more pleasing to you, the extract from "The Talisman" (p. 194), or that from "The Little Minister" (p. 56)? Why?

Compare the speech of Patrick Henry (p. 64) with the supposed speech of John Adams (p. 128). Compare the eloquence of Webster (p. 191) with that of Winthrop (p. 175.)

As a piece of descriptive composition, how does the extract by Dean Stanley (p. 102) compare with that by Miss Mitford (p. 28), or with that by Longfellow (p. 133).

What are the most pleasing characteristics of each of the following selections from historical fiction: that by Scott (p. 13), that by Hawthorne (p. 121), that by Kingsley (p. 74)?

Why may the selection from the "Odyssey" (p. 165) be regarded as a prose poem? Is there any other prose poem in this volume? Which poem appears to you to be the least like a poem? Why?

Compare the humor of Irving (p. 24) with that of Lamb (p. 91); with that of De Quincey (p. 188).

Name the three selections in this book that are the most deeply interesting to you. Explain why this is so. Which selections are the most beautiful? the most interesting? the most instructive?

The above are only a few of the questions which might and should be asked while making a critical study of the contents of this book. Comparisons like those suggested will help you to realize that which you read, and being able to do this and to comprehend the subtle strength and delicate beauties which distinguish every truly meritorious piece of writing, you will derive from your reading a much deeper and more lasting enjoyment than would otherwise be at all possible.

III.

Almost any person may learn to repeat words, sentences, entire selections, in a mechanical and parrot-like manner by merely knowing and observing the rules of elocution; but the art of reading well is far superior to the art of declaiming, and is acquired only by long, painstaking practice and a careful, discriminating study of the meaning, quality, and style of every production that is read. Nevertheless, there are certain definitions, rules, and principles, pertaining more strictly to the elocutionary art which every reader in the seventh year at school should be able to explain and apply. Let us notice a few of those definitions and rules.

IV.

Articulation, strictly defined, is the utterance of single elementary sounds composing a syllable or a word.

Enunciation is the utterance of combined elements in syllables or parts of syllables.

Pronunciation is the utterance of words according to approved usage and the practice of the best speakers.

It follows that there can be no good oral reading without distinct articulation, correct enunciation, and proper pronunciation.

To learn to articulate distinctly: — There are about forty single elementary sounds in the English language. From a dictionary, or other work of reference, find what these are. Make a list of them, and see whether you can utter each one distinctly and without difficulty. If any should give you trouble, practice upon it until you can speak it with perfect ease and accuracy.

To acquire the habit of correct enunciation: — Select from each reading lesson the words that contain syllables or parts of syllables particularly hard to enunciate — such as *fetched, breadth, reckoned, whelmed, wrestled, chasms,* etc. Make a list of these words, and then practice pronouncing them with great care until they are no longer troublesome. It may be that you are habitually careless about properly enunciating certain syllables. Try to discover your faults and to correct them.

To learn to pronounce correctly: — In all cases of doubt, whether as to the sound of a letter or as to accent, consult some good dictionary, and try always to conform to the best usage. Make a list of such words as are most frequently mispronounced, and then practice pronouncing them accurately and rapidly.

V.

Pauses. The principal use of pauses is so to separate the parts of sentences as to enable the reader to interpret clearly and without possibility of error the meaning intended by the author.

Accent. In words of two or more syllables, one syllable is usually pronounced with more force than the others; that is, it is accented. Words of more than three syllables usually have

two accents, a primary and a secondary. Accentuation belongs to pronunciation, and must be learned, in cases of doubt, from the dictionary.

Emphasis. What accent is to a word, emphasis is to a sentence. A word is said to be emphasized when greater prominence is given to it than to other words in the same sentence.

Inflection is the sliding of the voice upward or downward. The former is called the rising inflection; the latter the falling inflection. The union of the rising and falling inflections in the same syllable of a word is called a circumflex.

To use pauses correctly and to give the proper emphasis and inflections: — Study to understand exactly the meaning of that which is to be read, and then try to interpret that meaning to your hearers in the best and clearest manner possible. This is the only rule necessary.

VI.

Pitch is the keynote, or governing note, upon which the voice most frequently dwells in the speaking or reading of any particular passage.

Compass is the range of voice above and below this note.

Force is the degree of strength, or loudness, with which a sentence or entire passage is rendered. It may be very strong, strong, moderate, gentle, or very gentle.

Quality has reference to the manner of voice, whether it is rough, smooth, harsh, sweet, clear, pure, full, shrill, nasal, hollow, orotund, or aspirate.

Quantity is the time required to utter a sound, a syllable, or a word.

Good oral reading requires careful attention to all these variations of the voice. No rule can be given but this: *Pitch, force, quality, and quantity should always harmonize with the sentiments to be expressed, and with the nature of the subject.*

VII.

The most necessary rules for good oral reading may be summed up and briefly expressed as follows:

1. By persistent and careful practice acquire complete control over your voice, so that its pitch, compass, force, quality, and quantity may always be such as you will.

2. Understand fully that which you read, and endeavor to read it in such manner that your hearers may also understand it clearly and without conscious effort.

3. Avoid all habits of carelessness in articulation or pronunciation, as well as all mannerisms that may savor of too close adherence to formal rules. Be natural. Let all your reading be but conversation from the book.

AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

Bancroft, George: An eminent American historian and statesman. Born in Massachusetts, 1800; died, 1891. His greatest work was a "History of the United States," the first volume of which appeared in 1834, the tenth in 1874. (See selection beginning on page 41.) He wrote also a "History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States" (1882).

Barrie, James Matthew: A Scottish writer; author of "The Little Minister," from which our selection is taken (see page 56), and several other popular novels. Born at Kirriemuir, Scotland, 1860.

Browning, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett: See "School Reading by Grades — Sixth Year," page 228. The lines on page 11 of this volume are from her poem entitled "Lady Geraldine's Courtship."

Bryant, William Cullen: See biographical note in "School Reading by Grades — Sixth Year."

Byron, Lord: George Noel Gordon Byron, a famous English poet. Born at London, 1788; died in Greece, 1824. Author of "The Giaour," "The Corsair," "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," "Don Juan," several dramas, and numerous shorter poems.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor: An English poet and philosopher. Born in Devonshire, 1772; died at London, 1834. His most famous poem is "The Ancient Mariner," which every person who aspires to a knowledge of the best literature should read. He also wrote "Christabel," and numerous other poems, and several prose volumes on literary and philosophical subjects.

Collyer, Robert, author of the essay on Charles and Mary Lamb (page 82), is an American Unitarian clergyman. Born in Yorkshire, England, 1823. He emigrated to the United States in 1850, and, for a time, followed the trade of blacksmith. He founded the Unity Church, Chicago, in 1860, and, since 1879, has been pastor of the Church of the Messiah in New York City. He has written "Nature and Life," "The Life that Now Is," and several other volumes.

Cooper, James Fenimore: An eminent American novelist. Born in New Jersey, 1789; died at Cooperstown, N. Y., 1851. His chief novels are "The Spy" (see page 96), "The Pilot" (1823), "The Last of the Mohicans" (1826), "The Pathfinder" (1840), and "The Deerslayer" (1841).

De Quincey (dē kwĭn'zĭ), **Thomas:** A famous English essayist. Born, 1785; died, 1859. See page 190.

"Dialogues of Plato." See page 40.

Dryden, John: An English poet and dramatist. Born in Northamptonshire, 1631; died at London, 1700. He wrote many poems and tragedies, but few of which are now read. His best poem is "Alexander's Feast," which is conceded to be one of the finest odes in the English language. See page 212.

"Elia, Essays of": Essays written by Charles Lamb under

the pseudonym of Elia, and contributed to the "London Magazine." The first collection was published in 1823.

"Evangeline": An idyllic poem by Longfellow; first published in 1847 (see page 47). During the removal of the Acadians, Evangeline is separated from her lover Gabriel, and each seeks the other, faithfully and hopelessly, for many weary years. Not until Gabriel lies dying in a hospital in Philadelphia do they finally meet. The poem is one of the finest ever written by an American.

Goldsmith, Oliver: A famous English poet, essayist, novelist, and dramatist. Born in Ireland, 1728; died at London, 1774. His most famous work is "The Vicar of Wakefield," from which the extract beginning on page 110 is taken. His chief poems are "The Traveler" and "The Deserted Village" (page 114). His greatest drama is "She Stoops to Conquer" (1774). One of the best biographies of Goldsmith is that by Washington Irving (1849).

Gray, Thomas: An English poet, author of "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" (page 170). Born at London, 1716; died at Cambridge, 1771. He is remembered chiefly for the "Elegy" (1751), which is considered one of the finest productions of its kind ever written in any language.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel: A celebrated American novelist. Born in Massachusetts, 1804; died, 1864. His greatest novels are "The Scarlet Letter" (1850), "The House of the Seven Gables" (1851), and "The Marble Faun" (1860). Among his other writings are "The Wonder-Book" and "Tanglewood Tales," for children, and "Twice-Told Tales," a collection of short stories (1852). See page 121.

Henry, Patrick: An American patriot and orator. Born in Virginia, 1736; died, 1799. He possessed rare natural oratorical powers, such as have not been surpassed in modern times. The speech on page 64 is his most famous production.

"Hereward (her'awärd) **the Wake, the Last of the English":** An historical novel by Charles Kingsley (1866). It is founded upon the history of a noted English outlaw, Hereward, who lived at the time of the Norman Conquest. He defended the Isle of Ely against the Normans, but was finally driven out, and forced to make peace with the conqueror.

Holland, Josiah Gilbert: An American author and journalist. Born in Massachusetts, 1819; died at New York, 1881. Among his novels, the best-known is "Arthur Bonnicastle"; among his poems, "Bitter-Sweet" and "Kathrina" are the most popular. He also wrote several prose works of a didactic nature, and was the first editor of *Scribner's Monthly* (afterwards the *Century Magazine*).

Holmes, Oliver Wendell: An eminent American writer. Born at Cambridge, Mass., 1809; died, 1894. His most famous work is "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" (1857). He also wrote "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" (1859), "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" (1872), "Elsie Venner," a novel (1861), three or four volumes of poetry, and several other works of lesser note.

Homer: The poet to whom is assigned the authorship of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." "His home," says Professor Mahaffy, "seems to have been about Smyrna. His date is quite uncertain; it need not be placed before 800 B.C., and is, perhaps, later, but not after 700 B.C."

Irving, Washington: See "School Reading by Grades — Sixth Year."

Jowett, Benjamin: A famous classical scholar and translator of the Dialogues of Plato. Born at London, 1817; died, 1893. He was for many years master of Balliol College, Oxford, and also vice-chancellor of Oxford University. Besides the Dialogues of Plato, he translated the works of Thucydides (1883) and of Aristotle (1886).

"**Kenilworth**": A novel by Sir Walter Scott, first published in 1821. It is a story of life and manners in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and many historical personages are among the characters introduced. The selection beginning on page 13 very fairly illustrates the style of this work.

Kingsley, Charles: See "School Reading by Grades — Fifth Year."

"**Knickerbocker's History of New York,**" from which the extract on page 24 is taken, is a burlesque history of the old Dutch times in New York, written by Washington Irving, and first published in 1809.

Lamb, Charles: A noted English essayist, humorist, and critic. Born at London, 1775; died at Edmonton, 1834. His sister Mary was born in 1764; died, 1847. See the essay by Dr. Collyer, page 82. Charles Lamb's best work is included in the volume entitled "Essays of Elia." Mary assisted him in writing "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Poems for Children."

Longfellow, Henry W.: See "School Reading by Grades — Fourth Year."

Lubbock, Sir John: A noted English writer and naturalist; the author of the selection "On Reading," page 7. He was born at London, 1834, and has been a member of Parliament since 1880. Among his most popular works are, "The Use of Life," "Fifty Years of Science," "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," "Origin of Civilization," etc.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay: An eminent English historian, essayist, and poet. Born, 1800; died, 1859. His greatest work is a "History of England," published, 1848–1861. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" was published in 1842. His complete works fill eight volumes.

McMaster, John Bach: An American historian. Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., 1852. In 1883 he became professor of history in the University of Pennsylvania. His chief works are "A

History of the People of the United States," and a "School History of the United States," from the latter of which our selection (page 203) is taken.

Mahony, Francis: An Irish journalist and poet, generally known by the pseudonym of "Father Prout." Born, 1804; died, 1866. He is best known by a few scattered poems (such as that on page 148) and by the volume entitled "Reliques of Father Prout."

Mitford, Mary Russell: The author of "Our Village," from which the extract on page 28 is taken. Born in England, 1787; died, 1855. She also wrote several poems, stories for children, and two or three dramas which are now forgotten.

Motley, John Lothrop: An eminent American historian. Born at Dorchester, Mass., 1814; died in England, 1877. His chief works are "Rise of the Dutch Republic," from which our selection (page 141) is taken, "History of the United Netherlands," and "Life and Death of John of Barneveld."

"Our Village." See page 30.

Plato: A famous Greek philosopher and disciple of Socrates. Born, 429 B.C.; died, 347 B.C. He was the founder of the academic school of philosophy, and his teaching has had great influence upon speculative thought to this day. See page 40.

Poe, Edgar Allan: A distinguished American writer. Born at Boston, 1809; died at Baltimore, 1849. His poems, among which are "The Raven" and "The Bells," have been greatly admired. He also wrote several stories of remarkable power, such as "The Gold Bug," and "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque."

Pope, Alexander: A famous English poet. Born in London, 1688; died, 1744. His chief poems are "Essay on Criticism," "The Dunciad," and "Essay on Man." His best short poem is the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" (page 219).

Scott, Sir Walter. See "School Reading by Grades — Fifth Year."

Shelley, Percy Bysshe: A famous English poet. Born, 1792; drowned in the Bay of Spezia, Italy, 1822. His best short poems are "To a Skylark," "The Cloud," "Autumn" (page 21), and "Ode to the West Wind."

Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn. See "School Reading by Grades — Sixth Year."

Stephens, Alexander H.: An American statesman. Born in Georgia, 1812; died, 1883. He was elected to Congress in 1843, and continued there until 1859. In 1861 he was elected Vice-President of the Confederate States, and in 1882 was chosen Governor of Georgia. He wrote "A Constitutional View of the War between the States."

"Talisman, The": A romance by Sir Walter Scott, the scene of which is laid in Palestine during the time of the Crusades. See the extract beginning on page 194. It was first published in 1825.

"Twice-Told Tales": A collection of short stories by Nathaniel Hawthorne, first published in 1837. See page 121.

Washington, George: The first President of the United States. Born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732; died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799. His "Farewell Address to the People of the United States," from which we give a few brief extracts, was revised by Alexander Hamilton, and appeared in September, 1796, when it produced a profound impression upon all classes of people.

Webster, Daniel. See "School Reading by Grades — Fifth Year."

Wotton, Henry: An English statesman and writer. Born, 1568; died, 1639. Although he wrote several prose works on a variety of subjects, he is remembered chiefly because of two or three short poems, one of the best of which is on page 62.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Page 13. "Sir Walter Raleigh." A famous English adventurer and writer, 1552–1618.

14. "Yeomen of the guard." A corps of fifty soldiers whose duty it was to attend upon the king or queen. Instituted by Henry VII. in 1485, and sometimes called "Beefeaters."

15. "Gentlemen pensioners." Gentlemen-at-arms; forty gentlemen and their six officers, whose duty it was to attend the sovereign to and from the chapel royal, and on other occasions of solemnity.

17. "Deptford." A part of London, three and one half miles south-east of St. Paul's, long noted for its dockyard.

24. "Festival of St. Nicholas." Held December 6th in honor of St. Nicholas, the patron of children. It was formerly observed with great solemnity by the boys at Eton and other English schools and colleges.

33. "Delos." A small island in the Ægean Sea, and the seat of the great sanctuary in honor of Apollo. An embassy was sent every year from Athens to the annual festival at Delos.

39. "Asclepius." Æsculapius, the god of medicine. The usual offering to him was a cock.

41. "Banishment of the Acadians." The French inhabitants of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, were deported by the English in 1755. The peninsula had been colonized by the French in 1604, and ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

49. "Angelus." The bell tolled in the morning, at noon, and at night, by Catholics, to indicate the time for repeating the devotion in memory of the annunciation to the Virgin Mary.

63. "Gradatim." Gradually; step by step.

74. "Aldreth," or Ald-reche. The name given to that branch of the Ouse River which wound through the great Haddenham fen, or marsh, in Cambridgeshire, in eastern England. The island of Ely was surrounded by this marsh. See "How Duke William made himself King," in "School Reading by Grades — Fourth Year."

76. "Sow" (sou). A kind of covered shed, used by besiegers in filling up and passing the moat of a castle, or in approaching the walls; probably so called from being used for rooting up the earth.

78. "Quarrels." Arrows with square heads, used in cross-bows. —

"Grapnels," "Rampart," "Parapet." For the meanings of these and similar words, see Webster's International Dictionary.

85. "Garrick." A famous English actor, 1717–1779. Johnson said of him that "his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations." — "Izaak Walton." A noted English author, 1593–1683. Author of "The Complete Angler." — "Micawber." A character in Dickens's "David Copperfield," thought to be a portrayal of Dickens's father. — "Christ's Hospital." A celebrated school in Newgate Street, London, founded by Edward VI.

102. "Sphinx." A great stone figure at Gizeh, Egypt, about a quarter of a mile southeast of the Great Pyramid, supposed to be older than any of the pyramids. It was a local personification of the sun god.

103. "Karnac." A village in Egypt on the site of the ancient city of Thebes. It is famous for its remains of antiquity, among which is the Great Temple, 1200 feet in length.

104. "Stonehenge." A celebrated prehistoric monument in Salisbury Plain, England. — "Appian Way." A famous ancient Roman highway, running south from Rome to Brundisium. Built about 300 years before Christ.

118. "Village preacher." Goldsmith doubtless intended this for a portrait of his own father, while the "ruined spendthrift," mentioned below, was himself.

128. "Adams and Jefferson." The second and the third President of the United States. Both died on the same day, July 4, 1826.

136. "Montrose." James Graham, fifth Earl of Montrose, 1612–1650. A noted Scottish soldier. During the civil war in England he was an adherent of the king, and was made lieutenant general of Scotland. After the execution of Charles I. he headed a Royalist insurrection, and was captured and executed.

138. "Dun Edin." Edinburgh.

139. "St. Andrew's Cross." The Scottish standard — the capital letter X, white, on blue ground.

141. "Leyden" (lī′den). A city in South Holland, six miles from the North Sea. Besieged by the Spaniards, 1573–1574.

149. "Adrian's Mole." The mausoleum of Hadrian in Rome, now called the Castle of Sant' Angelo. — "Notre Dame." A famous cathedral in Paris. — "Vatican." The papal palace at Rome. — "St. Sophia." Originally a famous church of the Greeks at Constantinople, built by Justinian, but since 1453 a Mohammedan mosque. — "Kiosk." A Turkish open summerhouse supported by pillars.

151. "Royal touch." Scrofulous diseases were said to have been cured by the touch of Edward the Confessor. He was believed to have transmitted this miraculous power to his successors, and so all of the sovereigns of England down to Queen Anne touched for the King's Evil. Charles II. touched as many as 92,107 persons. Dr. Johnson was the last person who was touched.

158. "Rasselas." See "School Reading by Grades — Sixth Year," page 137.

165. "Nausicaa" (nạ sĭk'ā ă). The daughter of Alcinous, king of the Phæacians. — "Athene." The goddess of wisdom.

168. "Diana" (dī ăn'a). Goddess of the moon and protectress of the female sex. The Greek Artemis.

188. "Latium." The land of the Latins, including the city of Rome.

190. "Numa Pompilius." The second king of Rome (715–672 B.C.). He was the reputed author of many Roman institutions. — "Tarquinius." Tarquin the Proud, the seventh king of Rome. See "School Reading by Grades — Sixth Year," page 32.

212. "Philip's warlike son." Alexander the Great, a famous king of Macedon (356–323 B.C.). — "Thaïs." A beautiful Athenian woman who had great influence over Alexander the Great. — "Timotheus." A famous musician from Athens. — "Bacchus." The god of wine.

214. "Darius" (da rī'us). The king of Persia whom Alexander had defeated and driven from his throne.

215. "Lydian measures." A term used to designate music of a soft, pathetic character. — "Furies." The Eumenides, or avengers of evil. They were represented as having black bodies, hair composed of twining snakes, and eyes dripping with blood.

216. "Grecian ghosts." Spirits of the Greek soldiers, followers of Alexander, slain by the Persians. — "Helen." The beautiful wife of Menelaus, whose abduction led to the Trojan war. Neither Helen nor Thaïs actually fired a city. But it was through Helen that Troy was destroyed, and it was by the instigation of Thaïs that Persepolis was burned.

219. "Nine." The nine Muses, whose aid was often invoked by the poets. Observe, in the first seventeen lines (and to some extent throughout the poem), the variation of the meter to correspond with the different sentiments and feelings expressed. — "Morpheus." Sleep; the god of sleep. — "First bold vessel." The ship *Argo*, which manned by Jason and his heroes, sailed to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece.

220. "Thracian." Orpheus, the son of Œagrus and the muse Calliope.

When the heroes were unable to launch the ship *Argo*, because of its weight, Orpheus played upon his lyre by the shore, and the ship glided down into the sea. The wife of Orpheus was a nymph named Eurydice. She having died from the bite of a serpent, her husband obtained permission from Pluto to visit the infernal regions and restore her to life. The poet tells the rest of the story. — "Pelion" (pē′ly on). A lofty range of mountains in Thessaly. From the forests of these mountains was obtained the timber with which the ship *Argo* was constructed.

221. "Phlegethon" (flĕg′e thon). One of the rivers of the infernal regions. Flames instead of water flowed in its channel. — "Sisyphus." Founder and king of Corinth. He was avaricious and cruel to strangers, on account of which he was punished in the lower world by being doomed to roll uphill a huge marble block, which, as soon as it reached the top, always rolled down again. — "Ixion" (ix ī′on). King of the Lapithæ. On account of his wicked ingratitude to the gods, his hands and feet were chained to a wheel, which is said to have rolled perpetually in the air or in the lower regions. — "Elysian" (e lĭzh′yan). The Elysian Fields. The abode of the blessed after death.

222. "Proserpine" (prō′ser pīne). The queen of the lower world. Gr. *Persephone*. — "Styx." The principal river of the lower world, around which it flows seven (not nine) times. — "Hebrus." The principal river in Thrace. It rises in the mountains of Rhodopé, and flows into the Ægean Sea. Hæmus is a lofty range of mountains to the north of Rhodopé, now called the Balkans. The worship of Bacchus is often spoken of in connection with the Hebrus. Orpheus, having offended the Thracian women, was torn to pieces by them in their Bacchanalian revels; and his head, being borne by the Hebrus to the sea, was washed finally to the island of Lesbos and buried there.

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