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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

OLD PICTURES OF LIFE.

Old Pictures of Life

by
David Swing
"

With an Introduction
by Franklin H. Head

IN TWO VOLUMES

Volume

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First



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INTRODUCTION.

David Swing.

Sixty-four years ago, in Cincinnati, David Swing was born. His father died soon after, and when David was five years old, his mother having married again, the family settled on a farm near Williamsburg, on the Ohio River. Until he was eighteen years of age he lived upon the farm and did the ordinary work of a farmer's boy, attending the village school and academy during the winter months. In the academy Greek and Latin were taught, and when he was eighteen years old, by his work at the academy and at home, he was fitted for college and entered the Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, from which he was graduated in 1852. In most departments of college work he was a student of simply average ability, but was at the very front in literary work and the classical lan-

guages. After his graduation he studied law for a year in the office of an uncle in Cincinnati, but becoming satisfied that the work of a clergyman was his proper vocation, he exchanged the study of law for that of theology, and in due time was graduated from the Lane Theological Seminary. He then returned to Oxford, and for the next twelve years taught the Greek and Latin languages, and preached every second Sunday in a small country church near Oxford, and frequently in the village churches. In this early day his sermons had many of the characteristics of the work of his maturer years—the breadth of view, the profound scholarship, the exquisite mastery of language, the literary touch, the dainty wit and sarcasm, and the sovereign poetic fancy, which irradiated all. Four years before he came to Chicago he received and accepted a call to a Chicago church, but two or three weeks later he withdrew his acceptance, stating that he felt himself unqualified to permanently

interest a city audience. He received three or four subsequent calls to Chicago, which were declined from the same distrust in his own abilities, but in 1866 came his final acceptance from the insistence of some of his early friends, who more correctly gauged his powers. His first church was presently consolidated with another, forming the Fourth Presbyterian, for which he preached with constantly growing success until 1875. Meantime the church had been burned in the great fire, and until it was rebuilt services were held in Standard Hall and McVicker's Theater. Charges of heresy were preferred against him, upon which he was tried and acquitted by the local Presbytery, but when an appeal was taken to the General Assembly he severed his connection with the denomination rather than to be embroiled in a controversy, which, to him seemed infinitely distasteful and profitless. Central Music Hall was built by those sympathizing with his views, and from its

platform he preached to great and appreciative audiences until the end of his labors.

Such, in brief, is the outline of the life and work of the man who is to-day so widely and profoundly mourned. From boyhood he seemed to have a special facility in the acquisition of languages, and mastered the Italian tongue for the purpose of reading the poems of Dante. His knowledge of the classical languages was phenomenal; his study and teaching of these languages made them seemingly as familiar to him as his mother tongue. His library contained the works of nearly all the Greek and Latin authors, and he usually read several pages daily in each of these languages. This familiarity with the classical authors gave him an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and illustration for the work of his life.

His first national recognition came with his trial for heresy. As we look at this incident, after the lapse of twenty years

when the smoke of the conflict is cleared away, we can see clearly and without prejudice the merits of the issue between Prof. Swing and his principal prosecutor. The Church had a confession of faith, formulated more than two hundred years before, which was supposed at its date to embody the teachings of the New Testament, points in which, however, many of the church members had come to question or to quietly ignore.

Prof. Swing formulated his dissent from these certain points upon the ground that they did not truly represent the teachings of Christ. Dr. Patton's position, in substance, was that the Presbyterian Church was organized upon this confession of faith; that the question was not whether Prof. Swing was right or wrong in his interpretation of the New Testament teachings, but whether he could remain the pastor of a Church founded upon formulæ, which he in part disbelieved. From a purely technical standpoint, we may concede that Dr.

Patton's position was correct, although this position makes the reasoning of past centuries absolutely final in matters of theology, and cuts off all possibility of growth, progress or development, regarding the most vital question pertaining to human life.

The decision of Prof. Swing to sever his relations with his chosen denomination was for him the beginning of a fuller and freer life. He bore no feeling of bitterness towards his former associates, but held them ever in cherished and loving remembrance. He felt, however, that disputes upon questions of doctrine were worse than a waste of time and brain; were, as a rule, regarding questions outside the domain of human knowledge, and tended to keep apart millions of the good and pure who should work in harmony for the salvation of men.

From the broad platform of the Central Church thenceforth doctrinal dogma and the religion of despair were banished, and

a faith was taught full of love, and gentleness, and charity; full of a serene and tranquil belief that the history of man is ever the history of progress; that goodness and virtue will ever rise triumphant in the end.

From his pulpit, too, he reached the widest audience yet accorded to any American preacher. His Sunday's discourse was printed in full the following Monday in one or more of our most widely circulated journals, was copied wholly or in part into other newspapers in every part of the country, and his weekly audience was thus numbered by the hundreds of thousands. The effect of these discourses cannot be overestimated. The thinking world was ripe for the modification of the earlier and sterner tenets of theology, as it emerged more and more into the light of modern civilization; was hungry for the teaching of one who should dwell more upon the love and less upon the rigid justice of the Supreme Father of

us all; of one who should bring us more into touch with the life of the world in which we live, and less into the discussions of those abstract, dogmatical questions which have been debated from the dawn of the historic period, and which, from this very fact, are seen to be incapable of solution by the human intellect, or they would have been settled long ago.

All persons who have reached middle life realize the marvelous change which has come over the teachings of our pulpits within the last thirty years, the most notable change since the Reformation; see the broader charity in matters of abstract belief, the wider recognition of the fact that all the great religious faiths of the world are based upon certain common fundamental principles, but which, by long processes of growth and evolution, are specially adapted to the varied needs of the widely separated and differently constituted peoples. No one in our country has done more to promote this kindly

change than Prof. Swing. No one so grandly paved the way for the great Parliament of Religions, which met in our city in 1893—a gathering which would have been impossible a generation ago—and the beneficent consequences of which will be more and more appreciated as the years go by. He was ever ready and eager to recognize the truth wherever found. Early he had realized fully, as Whittier phrases it, that

“ In Vedic verse, in dull Koran,
Are messages of good to man.
The prophets of the elder day,
The slant-eyed sages of Cathay,
Read not the riddle all amiss
Of higher life evolved from this.

“ Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head.”

Born in the Presbyterian Church, his work bore the abiding fruits of wisdom, of a gracious and tolerant spirit, and a beautiful and intellectual life in all the

Churches. He was a herald of the dawn, and to him all men were brothers, who aided in ways however diverse in the bringing of the better day.

In the great movement of the religious thought of the nation, in the direction of charity and toleration toward those who see not the truth as we see it, the quiet and unassuming preacher of the Central Church, utterly devoid of the graces of oratory, but with a heart full of love and tenderness, with the poet's grasp and the prophet's vision, and with his glowing sentences, which linger in our memories like an exquisite melody, was perhaps the most potent factor.

His sermons abound in paragraphs, epigrammatic in their concentrated wit and wisdom, pure and sparkling gems of thought, from which some loving hand will some time compile an anthology rivaling that of Shakespeare, Franklin or Emerson; phrases musical with the majestic resonance of the psalms; pages where

the orator may seek for metaphors, and the poet may find his inspiration; and maxims which the eloquence of generations yet unborn will crystallize into the common and permanent speech of people to whom his very name may be unknown. He held his vast audience not by the rhetorician's art, but because he had a message to deliver, for which the world was waiting and had waited long.

Outside his pulpit work, the most valuable literary efforts of Prof. Swing were his papers read before the Chicago Literary Club, of which he was long the most loved and honored member. Of late these papers have been largely relative to the leading men of Greece and Rome: Socrates, Cicero, Demosthenes, Pliny and others. From his familiarity with classical literature, these papers are most graphic and admirable pictures of these antique heroes, bringing them before us from the mists of time, with the picturesque vividness of the portraiture of a man of to-day. A volume

of these essays was published some years since, and from his unpublished papers have been selected the contents of the accompanying volumes, covering a wide variety of themes but all believed to possess permanent value.

Prof. Swing, notwithstanding he was never a man of robust health—was for the greater part of his life a partial invalid—yet led an exceptionally sunny and happy life. He appreciated and keenly enjoyed the good and beautiful things of this world. Beautiful scenery, flowers, pictures, music, the drama, and above all the society of his countless friends, were to him sources of perpetual delight. Dining with a friend on the afternoon of the last Sunday in which he preached, in speaking of his summer's vacation, he said: "The rest, the pure air, the trees, the lake, the birds and flowers were delightful, but men and women are more than all else; all those things were as nothing when compared with the welcoming faces of my congregation, and

the greetings of the friends of my soul." His sympathetic nature brought him many friends. To him came those who were bowed down under the burden of their sorrows, who were weary and heavy laden, for words of encouragement, of cheer, and of consolation, which were never wanting. He was an optimist in his views of the future of his countrymen, whom he believed would be the manly and heroic citizens of the ideal commonwealth which was to come in the fullness of time, and which was to be the realization of the dreams of our civilization. Especially was he hopeful of the growth of the religious idea by the garnering of all that was good in the foregone times and the addition of new truths from our better knowledge of the laws which govern the universe. He quoted the words of Emerson :

" The word by seers or sybils told
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost,
The heedless world has never lost."

The approach of old age caused him no unhappiness. To one who recently offered him birthday greetings he said: "As age comes upon us, we must console ourselves with the words of Browning:

" ' Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand,
Who saith a whole I planned.
Youth shows but half. Trust God, see all nor be
afraid.' "

Few more impressive scenes have been witnessed in our city than on the occasion of Prof. Swing's funeral. His audience room was filled with those who had long listened to his teachings. With none of the heralding of a public burial, the body of the great preacher was borne to the platform of Central Music Hall, and everywhere surrounded with the flowers which he loved. In the beautiful autumnal afternoon, from all parts of the great city, the saddened multitudes gathered in reverent silence until the streets were filled with the mourning thousands, who, with lowered

voices, tremulous with tender feeling, spoke of the graces and virtues of the departed, and of the city's remediless loss. Most impressive, however, was the scene upon the platform within, where sat some seventy clergymen, representing nearly every sect and denomination finding a home in our city. There sat the priest of that church, which, among the Christian sects, in point of time was the oldest, in point of numbers in the nation was the greatest, and as a business corporation the most ably managed in church history. There sat the representative of the extreme liberalism of the modern days, reckless of all the ancient landmarks, side by side with those who felt that the ancient landmarks were as the laws of the Medes and Persians, which alter not. There were those representing the various Christian sects, divided upon questions of technical construction of some passage of Holy Writ, or some point of church government, and whose points of difference the great divine

had by his teachings lovingly sought to obliterate, side by side with the learned Jewish Rabbi, representing the nation from which Christianity itself had sprung, and which Christianity had since ceaselessly persecuted. There sat many of those, who, twenty years before, in his time of trial, had criticised his course, and spoken of him words of bitterness, but who, in the intervening time, had in great measure reached the point where he then stood, their views modified largely by his pure and sinless life, his wisdom and loving kindness, his gentleness and abounding charity. All these were met together, bound by the ties of a common sorrow, to testify by their presence, by their reverent bearing, by their hardly subdued grief, their realization of the nation's loss, and of the lovable qualities of him whose death to our vision seemed so sudden and untimely.

To the large circle of his closest friends, great as was their admiration for his intel-

lectual endowment, it was his heart that was greatest. These knew most of the breadth of his love and charity, the purity of his thought and life; they saw most of the genial wit and sarcasm, exquisite and unique as that of Charles Lamb, but ever without sting or bitterness. For them a great light has gone out, and the world which had been enriched and made beautiful by this benignant presence, can to them be never more the same. How many have applied to him within the last few saddened weeks the lines of Tennyson's In Memoriam:

“Yet in these ears till hearing dies,
One set, slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul,
That ever looked with human eyes.

.
Whereof the man that with me trod
This planet was a noble type,
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God.”

One of the tenderest and most appreciative tributes to the memory of Prof. Swing was that of his friend, Dr. Frank W. Gun-

saulus, from which, in conclusion, I quote a stanza:

“ Our poet preacher in his words of prose
 Made life a lyric and its dreams sublime.
Far from his musing and his hope there goes
 Eternal music for the sons of time.”

FRANKLIN H. HEAD.

CHICAGO, October 29, 1894.

AN OLD PICTURE OF LIFE.

An Old Picture of Life.

It is not simply a form of pleasure, but it is also a demand of the rational faculty that the mind should know as nearly as possible all the facts. As educated travelers climb the tall mountains that they may enjoy and comprehend the entire contents of an enlarged horizon, the reading multitude should read a Homer in order to be brought into relation with more of the great races and with a greater valley of centuries. It has never been "well for man to be alone." As a large part of his happiness results from his reasoning faculty, and as reasoning proceeds with and by means of plain *data*, the more data a mind can gather the happier it should seem. A wealth of *data* is better than a wealth of dollars.

The Odyssey of Homer carries the modern man back twenty-seven centuries ; and

from such a time-mountain exhibits the homes, fields, customs and faces of his brothers and sisters. One is introduced to Ulysses and his wife Penelope, and to their son Telemachus; and then to all the friends and enemies of these. To read this book through is like spending three months in Ithaca in the fashionable season. The season is saddened a little by the absence of the King and the anxiety of the faithful Queen, but the time and tide of public life stay for no man. On goes the current of affairs of both business and pleasure. This poem is an old picture of a scene in human life. Sad and happy, it is worth seeing.

Not long since a lawyer in our West, speaking at the inauguration of a college president, lamented that he had once wasted some years in the study of Greek and Latin books—a mental labor which could bring no shoes for the feet nor food for the hungry mouth. The remark abounded in forgetfulness and omission. It forgot that man cannot live by bread alone, and therefore not by shoes alone.

He needs also a spiritual food, such as has often come from the works of human genius. It omitted to make provision for those who already possess bread and all the shoes they need for indoor and outdoor service. Man having but two feet cannot live for shoes alone. The remark also involved in its condemnation the time spent over Shakespeare or among the flowers of the field. No man ever smelled violets until they turned into shoes, or ever gazed at a red sunset until it turned into a lunch for a hungry family.

So far as society has time for the task it must gather up the *data* of all periods. The pyramid that would rise nobly must have a broad base. It must be thought desirable that the pyramid of knowledge should have a base which on one side may touch the Greek rock. Such a structure should spring up not out of any local marsh, but from the world. The scholar must always prefer a world to a township.

The Odyssey points to some one author. It is as much a unit as is the Don Quixote or the Robinson Crusoe. No book

could be more perfect as a work of art. It would seem as though the quarrel over the authorship and unity of the Iliad ought not to disturb the serenity of this volume. It is a simple story like that of Paul and Virginia or of Rip Van Winkle, only much longer, much older, and more varied.

In order to understand the matter rightly the student must imagine Homer to have been a man of a childlike simplicity—a mind not yet touched by the philosophy of a Socrates or the reflection and polish of a Horace—a story-teller not by art like a Peter Parley but by nature. He was an uneducated, gifted tale-maker and tale-teller. He was like a child in this, that he was all eyes. The poem is made up of sights. When Tennyson is read the mind must turn inwardly and reflect, but when Homer is read only the eyes are concerned. His word to us is “Look, children, just see that ship, see that storm, there are the Cyclops, here is Circe. See! She has changed those men into pigs; Ulysses will make her turn them

back again. Here, children, is the island of Calypso. She is an enchantress. Do you see that oldish, sad man on the beach? That is Ulysses. He is a prisoner on her island and wants to go home. The big tears are on his cheek. Every day he goes down to the sea shore and thinks about Penelope and Telemachus."

The simplicity of Homer best explains the repetitions which occur. Telemachus is always "the discreet Telemachus," the sea is always "the wine-dark sea," Ulysses was always "the destroyer of cities," the dawn was "rosy-fingered;" at the end of a day "the sun went down and all the paths grew dim," in starting the oxen we always find "he snapped the whip to start," and when any strange word was spoken the person addressed always said: What word has passed the barrier of the teeth "*ἔρκος ὀδόντων;*" the oxen were always swing-paced, and if a messenger was sent with a message he never departed one vowel from what was given him in the outset.

All these are not those unpleasant repe-

titions which high art so despises, but they were those delightful reiterations which make up the beauty of the House that Jack Built. How our hearts all did once melt under the eternal return of the "rat that ate the malt," of the "cow with crumpled horn," the "maiden all forlorn," and "the priest all shaven and shorn." In those days of childhood we simply wanted the story to be longer and the repetition to be endless. It would not be thought an improvement of this modern production should we say this is the cat which ate the rat, to which reference has already been made, and this is the dog that killed the cat, of which mention was made earlier in the narrative. Homer and his hearers wanted just what he gave them, and perhaps asked for more yet about the sun that went down and let the paths grow dark. The fact that the *Odyssey* lies far above all simple nursery tales does not prevent these literal repetitions from being a part of its poetic beauty. In the long ago years, when Homer ranked along with the Bible and with John Bunyan as good Calvinistic literature, those

words, Δύσετο τ' ἥλιος σκιάωντό τε πᾶσαι ἀγυιαί, "the sun went down and all the roads grew dark," became good book marks for the wonder-reading boys.

To tell the higher import of the story belongs to more formal commentators. The work of the esteemed Denton J. Snider although dealing with the Iliad alone, contains a certain higher exegesis which may well prevail in the study of the Odyssey. The old stories seldom end in the simple spectacle. There is always a hidden part. As the icebergs float with one-third part above the sea and with two-thirds under it, so these classic stories all move along with only a third part glittering in the upper sunshine.

Homer found in Ulysses his early kind of Childe Harold. Homer was not his own Childe Harold; and the Ulysses was less philosophic and moody than the modern. He was more natural. The Greek soldier ought to have gone straight home to remain, after the Trojan city had been sacked. He had a little empire, a noble wife and a promising little son. But his

heart was full of adventure. So he and some small ship-loads of soldiers and sailors concluded to spend a season in all kinds of exploration and adventure. The errand was two-fold—to see the sights of Earth and steal gold and other objects of *virtu*.

Such a wandering hero gave the poetic Homer that opportunity for description which gratified Virgil a few generations later and Byron after twenty-six hundred years had passed. As our greatest merchants have each some agent and specialist in Asia and Japan who is looking after things of rare beauty, so Homer had his agent out and abroad for twenty years with power to go anywhere and with power to act. Ulysses was his name. Virgil sent out Æneas; Lord Byron closed up the home-office and went himself; he became his own foreign purchaser and adventurer. He was too fond of adventure to desire a substitute.

The wanderings of the Greek warrior gave Homer a second opportunity—that of picturing the courtship and carousals

which filled the palace day and night in the long absence of the King. There was a twenty year opportunity at each end of the line.

Penelope was so wise, so beautiful, and these charms were so enhanced by riches, that the local chieftains hastened to assume that she was a widow. Each blooded youth became an aspirant for the Queen's hand. So each one conceived the idea of visiting the palace, of spending a few weeks, comforting the mourning young wife.

No invitations were necessary in those years. A King's palace was always open to distinguished patriots. In ordinary times only a few leaders would perhaps meet in the great house at any one date, but the beauty, wealth, power and assumed widowhood of Penelope created an extraordinary occasion. All the bachelors and dissatisfied husbands of the little kingdom were soon inside the palace gates. The Queen withdrew to her rooms and refused to see any of the visitors. Carousal created carousal; and between

the wandering King and the uproarious palace Homer had his hands full of subject matter. His genius was equal to the task. He managed well the two ends, and at last he made the two ends meet. The book is as perfect a unit as is the Mississippi or Lake Michigan. The author details twenty years of travel and twenty years of high home-life. The reader is invited thus to contemplate two great pictures, the one foreign and the other domestic.

The mental power and culture which could produce a Homer, must necessarily possess a public mind which would ask that some moral lesson be contained in the current, wonderful stories. The legend of Hercules taught that a man ought to be great in works. It was not a simple tale of amusement. Those twelve tasks were of a piece with Solomon's paragraph against the sluggard. The works were immense, and they were all useful. When Æsop came along and told his tale of the grasshopper and the ant, he simply reaffirmed

the moral taught in the Hercules—that work is the chief end of man.

In our Jack and the Bean Stalk, Jack reached the moon by this vine ladder; but the trip was not all for mere fun, for up in that lunar planet, Jack found a giant who was so wicked and brutal as to make his most delightful meals out of travelling Englishmen. When his monster undertook to follow Jack, the nimble, mundane boy laid a plan by which the old cannibal fell headlong to the earth and was more than killed. Besides the common interest of the narrative, there is seen the lesson that any man who was mean enough to eat good, honest people, ought to fall and be dashed to numberless pieces. Thus, all legends contain some lesson of duty or beauty or right. Homer set forth beautifully what legends peopled or occupied certain islands and foreign lands. Circe had power to transform men into animals. But that she might do this, men must first become reckless. It was necessary for them to be ready to listen to a handsome

woman; they must be simple enough to walk into her parlor, and eat her food and drink her wine. It was no more than fair, such thoughtless persons should find themselves changed into pigs. To compose a good contrast for such folly, Homer sets up one man, Eurylochus, who would not listen to Circe. He did not feel willing to trust her kind of food and drink. He remained out in the front yard; and when he heard the grunting and squealing inside the palace, he had the pleasure of going back to the ship in his usual soundness of mind. The good are rewarded.

But the legend must not end here; for even that far-off time had learned that the punishment of foolish folk ought not to be eternal. Earth ought to have no sorrow which heaven could not cure. This notion was not discovered by Thomas Moore. The Homeric hearts had felt the need of such a message as "Come ye Disconsolate," but it was reserved for our Moore to state the thought musically and in the higher lights of modern times. While Ulysses was raving about the awful calamity which had

befallen his exploring party, Hermes came to him and told him of a flower that would compel Circe to kneel at his feet, and then to restore the men to their original form and condition. Hermes helped Ulysses find this plant, and the result was simply marvelous. Circe thus stands for the sins and follies of the foolish, and then to the penitent mortals heaven points out a flower of salvation—a kind of forerunner of the lily of Galilee.

The island of the Cyclops contains the lesson that brutality must sooner or later be overcome by reason and its forms of tenderness. This monster ate the little men of Ulysses, two each day. His strength was tremendous. But his reasoning powers were feeble. He therefore drank wine to excess, and thus the little Greeks were made greater than a Cyclops. Deliberation triumphed over brute force and its forms of gross injustice. The meaning of the story is evident when we behold the lofty mountain-like man, blind and powerless on his island, and the little wise men sailing away on the wide

ocean to visit great cities and to do great deeds. The moral is: "Better is a little wise man than a titanic sensualist."

Calypso's enchanted island was no doubt a most delightful place. Considered as a product of both nature and art it must have ranked along with many a park and palace of the Babylonian King. Ulysses was not a stranger to the beauty of the groves, blossoms, birds and climate of the place. It was no drawback that in this palace and island sat and sang, wove, ate, sipped and danced, a Calypso of amazing talents and loveliness. But the wonders of that fairy land only became a pictured rhetoric for setting forth the fact that a wife and child at home will pull at a good man's heart-strings until no splendor can check its grief; and the love of one's country, even if small and rocky as Ithaca, will make the true patriot shed tears of regret when he finds that he permitted some unworthy passion to turn him away from his own fatherland. When a statesman falls a victim to Calypso he ought to go each day and weep by the lonely sea. When Hermes

went to the island to find and lead away the charmed warrior, he did not find him in the beautiful palace along with the singing beauty. Homer located aright the foolish exile. "He sat weeping on the shore where as of old with groans and griefs racking his heart he watched the barren sea and poured forth tears."

Thus all the wonder-tales in the *Odyssey* turn into a rich ethics. Without a parable spoke he not anything to the people. We are all still making use of his perception of certain sirens as singing along the paths of duty with the design of making great men turn aside from the right. Ulysses was lashed to the mast and the ears of the crew were filled with cement that they might be able to sail straight onward, although the whole air was full of divine music.

Alongside these great ethical pictures are to be seen many sketches of facts in domesticity. As *Æneas* and his companions paused in the palace of *Dido* to look upon great canvases, full of battles and heroes, thus the reader of the *Odyssey* must

pause to note here and there some "bit" of an interior—some scene or custom which prevailed three thousand years before this April day.

Here are men playing checkers. The servants are always scouring dishes, because the vessels being all of silver or gold the family honor lay in the brightness of this table service. Homer never set a meal without making bread a conspicuous article on the bill of fare. No sooner is a meal announced than in comes a servant with a shining dish of bread. When the blessed writer took time to allude to fruit he revealed a partiality for grapes, apples, pears and figs. The guests sat when they ate. At great public dinners sometimes there was a harpist and singer. A new song will often ring a long time in the ear.

A good bride could be bought for twenty oxen. Telemachus slept on a corded bed. Rugs were thrown on these strips or cords. Upon these Telemachus lay down after he had wrapped himself up in a thick fabric made of fleecy wool. While this prince

was seeking in foreign lands for his lost father he called upon Helen to learn if she knew whither the great warrior had gone after the war was over. He found Helen sitting in a high-roofed chamber. Her chair was carved. There was a rug under her feet. There was at her side a silver basket. It had little wheels under it. The distaff in Helen's hand was made of gold. It had dark wool on it, but there were other colors in the basket.

The moment Helen saw Telemachus she was amazed to see how much he resembled his father. She had never before seen two persons look so closely alike. It was wonderful. The husband of Helen then had the politeness to see the resemblance and to note that it did not end with the face but reached to the hands.

It is with pleasure one notes that a fashionable dress was fastened about the bosom with twelve gold buckles; that some of the wives wore veils; that to make iron hard it was heated red hot and then dipped into cold water; that even princesses helped wash the most ornamental articles of ap-

parel ; that they put the washing into a cart and drove to a far off creek or river and did the washing off in the wilds ; that while the clothes were drying the ladies played ball on the clean grass, having first flung down their sunbonnets ; that sulphur was burned to purify infected houses ; that a stranger should be offered the best chair and treated as though a person of great merit ; that a guest must never enter into a contest with his host or host with guest, because it would not be well for either to excel the other ; that men need the help of the gods.

Woman was an underling. On two occasions when Penelope came down to the dining hall and ventured to talk with some of the matrimonial princes and to talk well so far as a modern can judge, Telemachus told her that it would be much better for her to stay in her own private apartments. Next to the coolness with which the son ordered, was the humility with which the mother obeyed. Telemachus also on one occasion told the suitors that if his father did not return within a year he would sur-

render his mother to some one in marriage.

Among the soldiers engaged in this long struggle for a wife there was a small minority who had reached the conclusion that Penelope while acting the part of a heartbroken woman was really deceitful, and was little better than a fashionable flirt. One of these disappointed statesmen addressed to Telemachus the following words: I tell you these Achaian suitors are not wholly to blame. Your mother is partly in fault, for she has a craft even beyond what is common in woman. It has been three years, and is now nearly four, since she began to deceive our Grecian breasts. She makes each one hope. She makes promises to all, but her mind has some other intent. Here is her last pretext. She set up a great loom in her hall and said: Young men, now that my lord Ulysses is dead do not urge me into any marriage contract until I shall have finished this burial robe for father Laertes, to be ready for him when his last day shall come. To such pleadings our hearts consented.

And in the day time she wove busily and then at night she unraveled what she had done. Thus have we been led along." To this speech Telemachus replied that those persons who were dissatisfied could go away to their own homes. He did not think it would be right to send his mother away to live with her father, nor should he compel her to marry. At the end of a fixed time he would order a marriage.

Many translators, and even students err and lose happiness by not realizing the childlike simplicity of Homer. Pope absolutely conceals the dear old fellow. This Homeric poem is no more like Pindar or Sappho or Æschylus than it is like Tennyson or Milton. It is the Robinson Crusoe of antiquity, only it is a thousand times more beautiful and contains a far more immense volume of contents. Let the episode of Nausikaa and Ulysses illustrate this simplicity. The passage is taken from the sixth book. Ulysses has been shipwrecked as usual, only by the time these marine events had come to the sixth book the calamity had reached a greater and

growing sadness; and now the man is cast upon a strange shore, and not only had he no boat, no food and no companions, but he had not a stitch of clothing left for his heroic body. Greek clothes, while graceful to look at, were easily torn off by waves and rocks. Ulysses crawled out as much dead as alive. He reached the fringe of trees. He made a bed of leaves and crept into it, and slept there in peace and warmth for more than forty-eight hours. It so happened that he was in the land of good Alkinoos; and palace and a little walled city were only about five miles away; just over the hills. The literary problem was how to bring the leaf-embowered hero in full dress into the palace. This is the way it all came about. Alkinoos had a delightful daughter—a young princess. She had a dream that as soon as morning should come she ought to go off with her maidens and do the long neglected washing. In the morning she told her dream. Homer may now take up the story, for he knew more about it than we all know:

“Papa dear, can you not order out the

wagon for me, the high one, the one with such good wheels? I wish to take our good clothes to the river to wash them. They are lying aside all dirty. When you are meeting great men in council you ought to have on very nice clothes. Five good sons at home, also; two of them are married indeed, but three of them are still merry and are all the time wishing to go to some dance, and to have clean clothes every time they go."

"My child, I do not withhold the mules nor anything else. Go! The servants shall at once harness the wagon for you, the high one—the one with such good wheels."

Saying this, he called out the servants who gave prompt service. Out in the dooryard they made ready the cart. They brought the mules and yoked them. The girl took from her room all her beautiful clothing and stowed it in the clean wagon. Her mother put up a large lunch of all kinds of food, even some little delicacies and some wine in a bottle. Meanwhile the girl had already climbed into the wagon.

The mother gave her also a little gold flask with oil in that she might bathe and anoint herself. Nausikaa took the whip and the gay reins and cracked the whip to start. There was a rattle among the mules. They carried along the clothes and the maiden. The servants ran alongside.

When they came to the river current where the pools were full and where the rush of the clear water would purify all clothes they let the mules loose from the wagon that they might eat the honeyed grass along the stream. Then from the cart they took all the nice clothes and put them in pools of water and stamped them in pits, vieing with each other as to who could tramp the most rapidly.

Thus runs the Homeric language. The young women finish the washing, spread out the clothes on the grass, eat their lunch, take their play in the water, and then toss ball awhile on the shore. They are hitching up the mules to go home before the dismantled hero of Troy wakes and lifts up his classic head from the midst of the heap of dead leaves. He cried out

to them. At first the playing girls all ran away, but very soon the princess recovered her mental peace, and after much eloquence from the man in the leaves she placed some of her brothers' robes down on the shore, and after Ulysses had gone thitherward and bathed and dressed he went with suitable humility to the group of elegant maidens. They fed him abundantly, and then Nausikaa found that she had caught in her day out one of the most wonderful men in the whole world. He must go to the palace. But the refined girl suggested that he must not go along behind her cart, for the young men in the city would say to each other that Nausikaa had found a beau or a husband. There would be no end of gossip. She therefore gave Ulysses full directions about how to reach the palace. She then drove along by another way.

The wanderer remained at the palace many days, but he was so true to the absent Penelope that he had no heart for showing any marked attention to the white-armed Nausikaa. When at last the guest

must start once more for home, the beautiful young princess said, "Farewell, stranger. When you come to your own land, remember me." To this the departing hero replied, "I will thank you forever, oh, daughter of high-souled Alkinoos, for it was thou, maiden, who gave me life again." (Thus have the two words, *Remember me*, done a noble duty for at least thirty centuries.)

Thus passes along before our age this panorama of that thoughtful and happy society which dotted the orient thirty centuries ago. Blessed be Homer because of his realism! The gods and goddesses are truly always on hand, but they do not disturb much the vision of the human life. A rustling wind was a god; so was a shooting star; a dream was a messenger from heaven. So all this external parade of deities was little else than the heart making external its impulses and emotions. By the time Socrates had come these feelings had become internal, having been changed into the daemon within. Olympus had gone into his bosom. In Xenophon the

divine voice came in a dream. He waked up his officers at midnight and told them his dream. While he was telling it some officer sneezed. That, too, was an omen of good. And indeed along came good from the dream and the sneeze. By the time the great Cæsar had come to live, the senate on Olympus had resolved itself into some ominous words about the Ides of March and into a flight to the left hand of Cæsar's tame pigeons. Oh, beautiful realism in Cæsar's doves, in Xenophon's dream, and in the sneezing of that companion in arms!

Thus the miraculous element in the *Odyssey* so blends with man's own life that the scene is pervaded by a harmony. Pallas, Athene and Penelope are not far apart. Ulysses was almost as wise as Hermes. The divinities, male and female, are only the wishes and capabilities of the heart. Our oceans still possess a Neptune of power and beauty, but he is in the modern mind; our woods still possess a Diana with a new moon on her forehead, but her tent is in our soul; over our wheat-

field Camilla yet skims, bending the grain gently under her trailing feet, but our Camilla is hidden away in the culture and sensibility of the modern mind.

“ Dreams, more than sleep,
 Fall on the listening heart and lull its care :
 Dead years send back
 That treasured half forgotten time,
 Ah long ago,
 When sun and sky were sweet :
 In happy noon
 We stood breast high 'mid waves of ripened grain
 And heard the wind make music in the wheat.”

Thus Camilla is in our wheat as she was in that of Homer or Virgil. We have one Supreme Deity on high, all the other gods are encamped in the mortal bosom. The difference between the two ages is not essential. We are therefore at home with Ulysses and are very willing to help him push out his boat on the Neptunian Sea, or to tie him fast when the Sirens were about to sing. Would he were so situated that he could return the favors !

So great is the realism of Homer that the appreciative student of his works is oppressed by the feeling that he lived with him and was well acquainted with his men

and women. Life does not seem limited to America and these passing days. It seems long and exuberant. The air is full of voices easily heard, of faces easily seen, the sunny days of Telemachus blend with modern days, it is not difficult to hear Penelope's loom and see her rise and go around to pick up and tie a broken thread, the heart seems almost smothered under the roses and manifold blossoms which budded and opened three thousand years ago.

A GREEK ORATOR.

A Greek Orator.

All studies of Greek subjects are of peculiar value to Americans, because Greece was in reality our mother, while England was only a kind and wise step-mother. That freedom we enjoy, the principles which occupied our political ancestors, the modern industry, the gymnastics in our games, the rights and powers of modern woman, the breadth of our literature, the predominance of reason, the prevailing taste for art, are repetitions of what were once the delight of the Greeks. Notwithstanding the intervening centuries the land of Homer and Socrates is near to us. This nearness is not the result of only intellectual resemblances, but it comes from the fact that the Greeks were a nation of writers; and they were not forerunners of Browning. They could indeed produce poems, but they possessed the ability to

compose plain history. The facts of the Greek and Latin times are better known by us than are the facts of the dark ages of the Christian era. Many of the Christian centuries did not care anything about common, historic facts. The moment a mind reached the ability to write it began to discuss some abstract point in metaphysics and theology and had no idea that anybody living, or destined to live, would ever care to know anything about the common things of state, or field, or shop, or home. The two classic states were fair combinations of poetry and practical common sense. There were as many historians as there were poets, because the classic literature included history in its art. Homer was no more the father of poetry than Herodotus was the father of history. The Rome which had a Virgil possessed also a Tacitus.

The fondness of the classics for written truth of all kinds makes those races nearer to us than are the Christians of the fifteenth century. We know more about the expedition of Xenophon to Babylon and return

than we know about the Crusades of the Christian knights. The Crusades lie in our minds much like the stories told by Hermann Grimm, or hinted at in legends of King Arthur, but the expedition of Xenophon is so seen that it resembles not a little, Sherman's march to the sea, or Morgan's raid through Ohio. Xenophon did not make a large enough volume, but so far as it goes it tells a simple story of what took place. We can see Xenophon in his tent, just as the battle is about to open, busy putting on his best clothes that if he should be wounded or slain, he might not be treated with the disrespect which is liable to befall a dead or wounded private. The book is an exact portrait of a piece of the Greek period.

The art of photography came many thousands of years too late. Even when history paints the mind and soul of a past worthy, it is unable to recall his face. An interesting Atlantis has sunk. Could Fortune empower the political student to realize a few reasonable wishes, one of those wishes might well be to have upon

his library wall three portraits : those of Æschines, Demosthenes, and with them Philip of Macedon. These three men vexed the world when it was still young, and as sorely vexed each other. This was in the fourth century before the dawn of our period. Philip held aloft a powerful sword ; and Demosthenes and Æschines debated as to the heads upon which the sword ought to fall. The warrior inflamed the speech of the statesman. While Greece had made language and oratory advance toward perfection, Macedon had built up a military ambition which was to tax to the extreme the power of Athenian thought and utterance. That the sad lines in the face of Demosthenes may be understood, he must be seen in the relations he sustained to the young king of the North, and also to the Athenian lawyer who was brilliant, but base in character and false to his country. In his best days, Demosthenes was met by a victorious sword and an eloquent but deceitful tongue. When the modern dramatist declared the pen to be mightier than the sword, he neglected to

state whether even a great orator ought to be willing to contend against both.

The fourth century (before Christ) was rich in Greek forces. Within its boundaries came the lives and graves of Socrates, Plato, Xenophon and all the members of that rationalistic school. But by this study of logic and all the arts, the best citizens had been turned away from the love of war, and the Greek army became a conglomeration of substitutes. Fighting tasks were let out by contract. A soldier was only a laborer, more devoted to a paymaster than to a flag.

The Athenians had never equaled the Spartans in the love of war. The Athenians were Democrats. They were wedded to an idea which has since become more popular—the idea of the most happiness for the most. Plato had made politics into a poem of which the burden was happiness. Man ought to be educated, musical, graceful and free. The State was indeed to be the greatest object, but its greatness was to be not military but mental. Sparta sustained to Athens such relations as fifty

years ago were sustained by South Carolina toward Massachusetts. Sparta lay infinitely below South Carolina indeed, but these two modern names may illustrate the old Hellenic situation. Sparta had no poets, no writers. It thought art effeminate; and it included oratory among these weak arts. It believed only in maxims; and would have been delighted with the aphorisms in Poor Richard's Almanac could the morals of the almanac have been left out. Of a hundred thousand citizens in Sparta, ninety thousand were slaves. The ten thousand free citizens were marvels of physical excellence. In the education of youth only three branches were taught: obeying a superior, fighting an enemy and suffering with composure. Sparta was an aristocracy composed of stoical athletes. Could Athens and Sparta have been in some manner blended, the good of each having been fully carried over to the new resultant, the history of Philip of Macedon would, if it had traveled so far as to our times, have been only the biography of sudden and great misfor-

tunes. But the two Greek cities possessed no tie of union, except that of language, and even this tie was incomplete, for Attica used the Ionic dialect, while the Doric prevailed in Sparta and the Peloponnesus. The discord reached even to adjectives and verbs.

In this fourth century the political power of the Hellenic peninsula was divided into three sections. Sparta held the southern point, Athens the middle area, Macedon the northern belt. Macedon was of Hellenic origin; but the Greeks called it a foreign nation, and looked toward it only as toward a land of little significance. The traffic, the travel of merchants and scholars, the expeditions of adventurers and warriors were all eastward or southward. Even Italy on the west was of little value compared with Persia and the entire Orient.

Slowly the young King Philip made Macedon become conspicuous. When twenty-three years of age, he became king. Demosthenes was then a promising young lawyer at Athens, and was in his twenty-

fifth year. Philip had been educated at the Greek Thebes and was no longer a barbarian. He had become a Greek scholar, and had derived great benefit from being a pupil and friend of Epaminondas. As far as the intervening centuries and clouds will permit this young king to be seen, he was very much of a gentleman. He must have caught from Epaminondas both the spirit and the tactics of war. This great Greek general having died two years before the young Philip became a monarch, it is not difficult to conclude that the pupil felt that he might do for Macedon what his illustrious teacher had done for Thebes and for the Greek race. Philip was a classic student and scholar, but inflamed with the military ambition of a king. Planning the career of an adventurer, he collected and equipped a band of mountaineers of a certain barbaric savagery. They were rovers who possessed no conception of a home, and who looked upon hardships as the end for which man was created. They loved large work and small pay. Of such men the young king gath-

ered about six thousand and formed them into a military machine, known in all subsequent history as the Macedonian Phalanx. These were the proto-types of the Roman Thundering Legion and of the National Guards of Napoleon.

This famous phalanx of Macedon contained eight thousand men. The soldiers were protected by heavy shields. They stood three or four deep. The spears of the men in the rear row were long enough to enable the soldiers to use them over the heads of the files in front. The phalanx was really a moving fortress or barricade. When the cavalry or light-armed troops were worn out or in peril, they could run behind the phalanx and take breath or lay in new supplies of fighting material.

Epaminondas, the teacher of Philip, had invented the tactics of massing troops at one point. Before his day, all armies had fought in uniform-parallel lines. With his great phalanx and his new mode of assault, Philip made of war a delightful and barbarous amusement and a lucrative pursuit.

In the early days of his military adventures, Philip moved around the borders of the Greek states, acting as though he were only attempting to make the surroundings of the classic land more pleasant to its cultured citizens. He seemed sent of heaven to chastise the barbarians. When some outside city or province fell into Macedonian hands, it seemed to the Athenians a fate well deserved by any community which could not speak and write Greek.

Philip was an early promise of the subsequent Bonaparte. His crown kept him from being an outlaw, his education saved him from being a vandal. He would rather buy a Greek statesman than shoot him through with a dart. He believed in banquets, and in pecuniary rewards of merit. It was not unusual for a Greek politician to make a long journey to some border town, sit down at a banquet with the northern military gentleman, and come home the owner of some elegant country seat—the souvenir of a delightful occasion. Take away the crown and the sword of Philip of Macedon and what remains

of him would have made a great lobbyist in a congress or parliament, or a successful president of a Pacific railway.

Æschines bore a close mental resemblance to Philip. His ambition took the direction of oratory indeed, but his rhetoric was like Philip's sword, wedded to conquest. It was not the art of a great mind used for the spread of truth, it was only a means to an end, the quality of the end being a matter of little significance. He had sixteen years the start of Demosthenes, and thus he made the race more difficult for a mind that was formed for a career of ideal wisdom and integrity.

It was the misfortune of Demosthenes and of Greece that he was born fifty years too late. He came as a physician of wonderful skill, but he reached the bedside after the disease had reached both the brain and the heart. In his oration of the crown he lamented that before he began his work as an orator, Philip had made many conquests. "Before I began my opposition Philip was on his way with many an advantage. Among the Greeks

there had sprung up a crop of traitors and purchasable wretches, men hateful to the gods, such a mass of them as no memory could recall. These Philip secured as his agents and supporters. Those Greek cities which were already unfriendly he led into a still worse attitude toward each other; some he deceived, others he bought, he tore into many pieces a race which should have been a unit in the one purpose of checking the chieftain's ambition." In these words, we see the political portrait of Demosthenes. He possessed that breadth of mind which could comprehend and deeply love a Greek nation. He was an early nationalist, and carried in his thought a race cemented into one brotherhood by art and learning, rather than by the sword. Could he appear in our time and place, he would resemble closely that American orator who uttered the words :

"Now and forever, one and inseparable;" but he came too late. Philip had prepared the way for Alexander the Great, and Alexander in turn made the Greek world ready for bondage to Rome. Demos-

thenes came to Greece when she was dying.

This Greek when a youth enjoyed all the local advantages. His father was a rich man, a manufacturer of furniture, weapons and shields. The son was weak in body and low-spirited, but he was honest, bold, great, laborious, artistic, but simple in manner. It is probable that the story is true that in battle he ran away from the enemy rather than ran toward him. Courage is not a universal virtue. The first battle our nation fought against the Confederates taught us that a majority of poets and essayists and orators possess a fondness for an early and expeditious retreat. And yet many of these men who run readily on the field of battle would die for a great truth, if like a Socrates, or a Cicero they must make a deliberate choice between death and a stultification of their intellect. Very often a great and noble mind is not ready to meet the chaotic tumult of a battlefield. It is not necessary, however, to defend the name of Demosthenes from the charge of timidity. For all any of us know he may have

been as a soldier one of the most finished cowards of all antiquity. In this matter we are not concerned.

At the age of seven the lad was left fatherless. The estate which was worth about twelve hundred dollars a year to the orphan passed into the care of trustees. It may be a comfort to us to know that the child was robbed by his guardians. When a youth of seventeen, the swindled ward brought suit against his guardians and secured a judgment of \$12,000, but it may be an additional comfort to know that in Athens a judgment was no proof that the person who secured the judgment would ever secure any part of the money. Very much of our personal peace comes from contemplating the profound rascality of the past.

A very small income remained for the youth, but his habits fitted themselves to the humbler amount of cash. Between lessons with Plato and Isacus, between efforts to make his voice stronger and his enunciation more distinct, between a hermit's retirement and a few excursions of

travel, years passed, until at the age of twenty-seven the gentle youth disappeared and the orator came into the foreground.

In the Greek court the plaintiff and defendant were more important persons than they are in our day. In civil cases they were compelled to be present in person and to manage the whole case. Demosthenes, therefore, wrote many pleas and orations which his clients delivered. Whether the client committed to memory the speech prepared for him, or read it from the manuscript does not seem known. So much of the court work was done in writing that it is probable the speeches were read. The client did not palm off the oration as his own: he was known to be saying what he had been told to say to the judge and jury. Our age may be thankful for this Greek partiality for written thought since that was the habit which transferred that intellectual people without loss or injury to our time. Thus the courts of law and the popular assemblies combined with the drama, and with all literature in turning attention toward written thought. Athens

probably did not possess any stump-speakers, and must have possessed only one style—that of the higher order of scholars.

The intellectual life of Demosthenes culminates with the oration: *On the Crown*. When we were all in college halls, now near at hand to some, to others far off, the air was full of such words as "*On the Crown*," "*De Corona*," "*Περὶ Στεφάνου*." The books which contained that speech seemed mightier than a Horace or a Virgil. It did not seem more interesting, but it possessed a certain dignity, a greatness which belittled the ode to Macænas, or the love of Dido and Æneas. Nearly all students are fond of orators. The young heart loves a Jupiter Tonans more than it loves the three Graces or a placid Minerva. Demosthenes, Clay, Webster are never absent, because nothing is so dear to young men as plenty of great, deep thunder. It takes man fifty years to outgrow his partiality for earthquakes as scenes of contemplation. The human race has been uniform in its love of a great, deep noise.

Demosthenes had urged the Athenians

on against Philip and had succeeded in filling them with some of his own national ideas, and with not a little of his zeal. He stood in the height of his fame and his years. The Greek troops were day by day drawing nearer to the army of Macedon. The eloquent appeals of the statesman needed nothing but a great victory by the men in the field. A crushing defeat of Philip would have turned orations into the institutes and laws of a mighty nation. The armies met at Chaeronea, sixty miles from Athens. Defeat most wretched befell the troops and the hopes of the orator. The victorious king sent the prisoners back to Athens; he buried decently the dead and even added to the Attic territory the city of Oropus, thus adding to his power to kill the Greek troops the power to buy the souls of living Greek patriots and citizens. Philip did not desire to devastate a beautiful land he seemed destined soon to possess.

In this dark day Athens was true to its great friend. The Council of Five Hundred requested Demosthenes to deliver an ora-

tion in memory of the dead soldiers; and, as a confession of a patriotic life and faithful service, the council voted that to Demosthenes be given a golden crown.

These crowns which from time to time were voted to men of marked usefulness, were emblems of honor: prizes not to be worn on the forehead, but to be kept along with the family gems and articles of high ornament.

It was the privilege of any Athenian citizen to enter a protest against the execution of any public decree. Æschines entered a protest. He required the citizen who had made the motion to show cause why such a gift should be made to this person in question. Thus composed, the case rested eight years. Philip was killed by an assassin and in his stead came Alexander the Great. Æschines had leisure for closing up his case against his overshadowing rival. He showed cause why no such crown should have been voted. Demosthenes was compelled to enter into a personal contest and review his own life. Thus came from the two orators the two

immortal orations : "Peri Stephanou," or "De Corona," or "On the Crown."

Demosthenes uttered a speech which contained about twenty thousand words, the delivery of which may have consumed about five hours. The great speech of Edmund Burke, on the Conciliation of America, was about one-fourth longer than this Athenian prototype. Burke's is the greater speech, because it lies in a greater age.

The *De Corona* is placed in the hands of college men or boys not only because in thought it is the greatest of all the classic orations, but also because it stands as a piece of simple, pure, ideal Greek. It is certain that Demosthenes made words and construction a study. There is no probability that he was fool enough to attempt to speak with a mouthful of pebbles. It is impossible for us moderns to conceive of an articulation which could be improved by the presence of small stones in the various cavities of the throat and jaws. There are persons who can talk while they are consuming great quantities of cheap food,

but we do not desire to have their habit set before us as a means of improving pronunciation. The Greek student may have spoken out in the open air, for it is notorious that the lungs can be made more powerful and the tones deepened by such practice against the sea or the wind. High bred, once rich and never poor, and living in a city which ranked speech and written thought among the finest arts, this youth did attempt to make his orations as good for him as the Corinthian column was for an architect, or as a gold and ivory statue of Zeus was good for a sculptor. Each age which carries forward one beauty carries all, for the mind which acquires a sensibility as to sculpture or painting does not remain cold as to language. An American would not love to say I have "saw" many a great painting. The great paintings ask for a reform of the verb. It is thus, *a priori*, certain that all the Greek students after Pericles gave great attention to each detail in the art of writing and speaking. There must have been a long period of rhetorical study. There was a

sifting of words, a study of euphony, a study of rhythm, a study of elocution. Inasmuch as Greece fell into ruins soon after Demosthenes, or rather as it died with him, it may well be assumed that his speeches stand now for the best Greek ever spoken. Scholars pretend to know good Greek from poor Greek, but much of this scholarship is only one more form of self-delusion, for the only way of finding good Greek is to select some Demosthenes or Xenophon and then cry out, "I have found it," "I have found it," when you have only found *him*. In the Latin speech Virgil is it. He is Latin; in the Italian, Dante; in the English, Macaulay or Charles Sumner are English; in the Greek, the man who spoke for a crown.

As to the oration, *De Corona*, there is not probably a useless word in the whole twenty thousand. A simplicity like that of Tacitus or Theodore Parker runs through the great address. When what are called large words come they are the chariot of great thought and could not be left out without injury to the state. There is no

poetry, no imagination whatever in Demosthenes. It would not seem from his pages that he ever saw a blossom or heard a bird song, or ever looked with joy upon any of the things which the world generally thinks beautiful. He moved along much as moves a theorem in Euclid. In this severity of style he differs from almost the whole army of orators which passed before him, or have come since. His mind was not a Vale of Tempe, nor a woody Parnassus, but rather a rocky mountain-ridge, barren indeed of blossoms and foliage, but covered with a sublimity which was decoration of itself. The Unity of Greece was all the ornament his heart desired.

The Athenian bar admitted the free use of personalities. It seems that to be called "fool," "villain," "traitor," or "block-head" was to be expected by the attorney of either side. In this great contest between two of the greatest names on the roll of Greek lawyers, there came in the due course of argument a period of personal abuse. Each speaker called attention to the degraded youth of the other.

Demosthenes confessed that with reluctance he opened his speech to admit into it such irrelevant matter, but having overcome his hesitation he alluded to his opponent in terms far from eulogistic.

These personalities seem to have been so purely rhetorical and natural that no challenges or street fights ever followed them. In years long afterwards when Æschines taught classes in elocution he made the address of his old enemy a model of eloquence and expressed regrets to his pupils that they had missed the pleasure of hearing it.

A passage precious to our class in college days is the following :

“If you are determined, Æschines, to look particularly into my private life, compare it with your own, and if you shall find mine better than your own, cease reviling me. Look back to the beginning. By the gods, may no one condemn me for bad taste, for I do not think the man possesses much mind if he will either insult poverty or boast that he was born in affluence, but driven into these personalities by the slan-

der and malice of a heartless personage, I shall state the facts with the most possible of self-respect.

“It was my good fortune, *Æschines*, to go to good schools when I was a boy, and I was not compelled by poverty to pursue any degrading pursuit. Passing up out of boyhood, I did things in harmony with my years. I was choir master, ship captain and paymaster; was never behind in private or public benefactions, was useful to both my friends and the state. When it seemed best for me to enter political affairs I pursued a course which led to my being many times crowned not only by Attica, but by all Greece. Even my enemies did not dare say that my conduct was not honorable.

“You, a majestic man! and spitting upon other folks; look at your own experience. When a boy you were brought up in indigence. You had to help your father about the school house; you had to grind ink, you had to sponge the benches, you had to sweep the school room: the tasks of a servant and not of a freeman’s son. When

you grew up you had to help your mother in her fortune-telling business; reading her books and attending to similar parts of the service; at night you wrapped her students in fawn-skins and swilled them and scoured them with clay and bran. You would then raise them up out of their process and tell them to say: 'I have escaped bad things, have found better things,' priding yourself on the loudness with which you could yell (and properly you boasted for we know that such a loud orator must have been once a howler not easily excelled). In the day-time you still led your dupes along the streets; they were crowned with fennel and poplar, you meanwhile squeezing some snakes; and holding them over your head kept yelling out *Evo sabo*, and dancing about to the cry of *Hyes attes*, *Attes hyes*, were saluted by a lot of ugly old women who called you: Leader, Conductor, Box-holder, Fan-bearer, taking for payment pies, biscuits and cakes for which indeed a man might well be thankful to fortune. * * *

"Later along you hired out yourself to

some ranting players and collected from the stage fruit as much as men gather from farms, figs, grapes and olives, realizing more from these offerings than from the performance of the drama, for the war was incessant between the audience and the actors. Compare our lots further. You keep a school house; I go to school. You danced in a chorus, I furnished the chorus; you were the clerk of the assembly, I was its speaker; you acted third rate parts, I heard you; you failed and I hissed; you worked as a statesman for an enemy, I as a statesman for my country."

There was applause at times. In no important particular did the scene in a Greek Court in the time of these two giants differ from a court scene in the existing England or America. Greece lies very near indeed to us. The centuries seem many and long between Athens and London, but the court houses are only a few steps apart.

Whoever studies Demosthenes must soon encounter the problem: What is eloquence? It seems to have little concern

with the "*ore rotundo*," little with gesture, little with small words or large ones. In those enormous languages which possess fifty or a hundred thousand words there are terms for each form of thought; words for the man of science, words for the ordinary intercourse of the street, words for the poet, words for the preacher in his desk, words for the cook in her kitchen, words for Earth, words for Heaven. There are no pianos in Heaven; the celestials deal only in harps. There are no "flats" or "apartments" in poetry, it builds only palaces, cottages and homes. Eloquence must indeed be an eclectic among words, but words will not make the impressive quality. It is confessed to exist where there is imagination and where there is none. It is found in Cicero, in Castelar, in Burke, in Lincoln. But this Greek lawyer comes to us in such an infinite simplicity that he solves the problem by the law of elimination. He casts away all poetry, all fancy, or elaborate or simple ornamentation, all rhetorical art and thus leads to the conclusion that, eloquence is the adequate

expression of a great thought. We have all heard that grammar is the art of speaking and writing with propriety. Eloquence is the adequate utterance of a great thought. Without a great thought there is no eloquence, and a great thought is not eloquent if it is badly expressed. A great thought well expressed is eloquence. Eloquence came when great truths came. The greatness of the ideas created the eloquence. To Demosthenes, powerful by mental gifts, came the conception of a great nation, which was to be educated, intellectual and free. Greece was to be such a country. Its scattered states and cities were to be made a unit in language, art and happiness. This republic was to rear great men, great in learning, patriotism and honor. Events were to make a future which should be worthy of the Athenian fame. These were the largest ideas which had yet come to any political mind, and these truths, well lived-for and adequately uttered in words, wove for the Greek that robe of eloquence which no years or ages can steal from his shoulders. Edmund Burke gath-

ered up more truths; he saw a still greater world; and he mastered a language greater than even the Greek tongue; he equaled the Athenians in the adequacy of utterance, but yet Demosthenes was an intellectual tempest which must have been wonderful to see—a tempest whose roaring seems yet audible in all the classic mountains.

In the *De Corona* great words and great thoughts, and a noble character meet, and the result is an intellectual power. The student of common Greek will on opening this volume of political addresses find himself among new terms, each term full of noble associations. The construction of each sentence is simple because the meaning must be caught instantly. An orator is never followed by a Browning Club. His meaning is seen at once like a flash of lightning, or it is never seen. His photography is instantaneous. Thus Demosthenes, using his select terms, still possesses simplicity and perfect clearness. The exact pronunciation of his language is lost. Lost also the inflections and the probable sing-song of his voice, and lost also the rapidity

or slowness of his enunciation. The Greek text as existing tells us what the famous orator said, but it is only a faded picture of the entire scene. But whoever will read the best he can the last two or three hundred words of the *De Corona* cannot but catch some similitude of that utterance which once thrilled Athens, and which made one name immortal.

Ιούτου γὰρ ἡ φύσις κυρία, τοῦ δύνασθαι δὲ καὶ ἰσχύειν ἕτερα. ταύτην τοίνυν παρ' ἐμοὶ μεμενηκυΐαν εὐρήσετε ἀπλῶς. ὁρᾶτε δέ. οὐκ ἐξαιτούμενος, οὐκ Ἀμφικτυονικὰς δίκας ἐπαγόντων, οὐκ ἀπειλούντων, οὐκ ἐπαγγελλομένων, οὐχὶ τοὺς καταράτους τούτους ὥσπερ θηρία μοι προσβαλλόντων, οὐδαμῶς ἐγὼ προδέδωκα τὴν εἰς ὑμᾶς εὐνοίαν. τὸ γὰρ ἐξ ἀρχῆς εὐθὺς ὀρθὴν καὶ δικαίαν τὴν ὁδὸν τῆς πολιτείας εἰλόμην, τὰς τιμὰς, τὰς δυναστείας, τὰς εὐδοξίας τὰς τῆς πατρίδος θεραπείν, ταύτας αὖξιν, μετὰ τούτων εἶναι. οὐκ ἐπὶ μὲν τοῖς ἐτέρων εὐτυχήμασι φαιδρὸς ἐγὼ καὶ γεγηθὼς κατὰ τὴν ἀγορὰν περιέρχομαι, τὴν δεξιὰν προτείνων καὶ εὐαγγελιζόμενος τούτοις οὓς ἂν ἐκείσε ἀπαγγέλλειν οἴωμαι, τῶν δὲ τῆς πόλεως ἀγαθῶν πεφρικῶς ἀκούω καὶ στένων καὶ κύπτων εἰς τὴν γῆν, ὥσπερ οἱ δυσσεβεῖς οὗτοι, οἱ τὴν

μὲν πόλιν διασύρουσιν, ὥσπερ οὐχ αὐτοὺς διασύροντες, ὅταν τοῦτο ποιῶσιν, ἔξω δὲ βλέπουσι, καὶ ἐν οἷς ἀτυχησάντων τῶν Ἑλλήνων εὐτύχησεν ἕτερος, ταῦτ' ἐπαινοῦσι καὶ ὅπως τὸν ἅπαντα χρόνον μενεΐ φασὶ δεῖν τηρεῖν.

Μὴ δῆτ', ὧ πάντες θεοὶ, μηδεὶς ταῦθ' ὑμῶν ἐπινεύσειεν, ἀλλὰ μάλιστα μὲν καὶ τούτοις βελτίω τινὰ νοῦν καὶ φρένας ἐνθείητε, εἰ δ' ἄρ' ἔχουσιν ἀνιάτως, τούτους μὲν αὐτοὺς καθ' ἑαυτοὺς ἐξώλεις καὶ προώλεις ἐν γῆ καὶ θαλάττῃ ποιήσατε, ἡμῖν δὲ τοῖς λοιποῖς τὴν ταχίστην ἀπαλλαγὴν τῶν ἐπηρτημένων φόβων δότε καὶ σωτηρίαν ἀσφαλῆ.

“It is necessary, oh fellow Athenians, for the common citizen to carry in the soul two sentiments: When in power he must desire to support always the fame and the authority of his country; and always, in all events, a loyal heart. Office may depend upon nature, but not so with power and well-wishing. This spirit of good-will you see me ever cherishing. Recall the facts. When my person was seized, when the Amphictyonic actions were brought; when I was threatened, when violent men were like wolves let loose against me I did not abate my affection for you. From the

outset I have in politics followed a path plain and just, that I might help onward the honors, the power and the glory of our commonwealth, all these things to exalt and in them to have my being. When a foe has triumphed in battle do I rejoice, and, full of delight, walk about in the market place offering my hand in congratulations to all those who would probably announce my joy over yonder? Nor when good news has come do I walk around as though smitten with a chill, in trouble, and gazing at the ground like those godless souls who find fault with Athens; men who look far away from home and exult in those who are prospering on the misfortunes of Greece, and who hope that their prosperity will be for all time?

“Oh, ye gods all, confirm not the wishes of these men. If possible breathe into these persons better judgment and better feelings; but if they are beyond the hope of reform then destroy them in a mass; follow them with destruction on land and sea; and to those citizens who may remain

give deliverance from these pressing fears, and give to us a long-lasting peace."

To realize the power of such sentences the modern lips must not utter the words listlessly, but with a full memory of the troubles that had been for a generation gathering around the orator's country. The speaker and his audience were living in dark days. The wars and diplomatic craft of Philip had been active against Athens for twenty years. He died, but his death brought Attica an increase of misfortune, for the crown taken away from the fallen leader was placed upon the forehead of a youth destined to be called Alexander the Great. This new conqueror had been triumphing for six years when Demosthenes spoke these words to the patriots who had seen greater times and who remembered Greece and Athens as pictured on the canvas of history. The oration was spoken to a vast assemblage who knew all the extent of the "come" and "coming" political adversity. The American must recall if he can dark times when it was not certain that the Union

would long keep its stars upon one flag. There were tender and true hearts in the land which could grow the literature and oratory of Greece. When the speaker mentioned the name of some traitor there were hands which became clenched with dark passion, and when he alluded to the past greatness of cities which had fallen, the simple words fell into old and young minds which made no effort to conceal tears.

Soon after the delivery of this speech Demosthenes was driven into exile, where he soon died, either by a sudden illness or by poison taken by his own choice that he might quit the world.

The oration, *De Corona*, assumes a pathetic quality when it is thought of as the last great speech ever delivered in Athens, and the last great political oration ever delivered in the Greek tongue. It should add also to its import and sacredness that its final sentence is now the prayer of every great statesman, and the sublimest petition for our own Republic — “May the gods deliver us from depressing fear, and grant to us an everlasting security.”

A ROMAN GENTLEMAN.

A Roman Gentleman.

The name Virgil stands not only for certain Latin poetry but also for a period and a people. He was not so great a genius as to be a local anomaly. He was full of only the *genius loci*. His eye instead of "rolling in a fine frenzy," was in the habit of rolling shut early after dark and of rolling open in the morning twilight. Because of this absence of Sappho's wildness, Byron's misanthropy and Poe's insanity, Virgil is the more pleasing object of study. He may not be as awful as a Vesuvius when in violent eruption, but he possesses a beauty which does not tire so quickly, and he illustrates the truthfulness of the romantic maxim, "Love me little love me long." A writer like Carlyle burns up the attention and interest of his reader and is thus like a dog-day sun which cheers the flowers in the morning and kills

them quite dead long before dinner-time. Virgil was much like our Cowper or our Bryant, not liable to rage with the pen as the pirate does with his cutlass or as a Western cow boy with his favorite pistol. His pen was from the wing of a dove not from the pinion of either an eagle or a goose. He seems so much one of the Roman people of the better class, that he may stand before us this evening as a visiting guest, coming from an old nation which we all profoundly respect. In the day of our poet the city of Rome contained a population of about two millions; the empire one hundred and twenty millions. As the city was only thirteen miles in circumference the houses must have been remarkably full of occupants. One-half of the population were slaves. These lived in cellars or garrets or were chained in yards or streets. The dwellings of the lower classes were often sixty feet high, story upon story, and thus within such limited city walls a couple of millions could be cared for in some kind of manner—the poor people for the most part not

being either students or judges of manner. It was enough that they were permitted to live.

After one-half of the population of Rome and its vicinity has been set aside as slaves, another large number must still be subtracted—the low artisans—before we can find that great middle class or upper class which may stand as represented by this intelligent man from Mantua. Virgil's father was a man of the lower rank, but he worked for a man of the upper class; and as it would seem, employed some of his half-holidays in courting the daughter of his merchant-master; but it was not a case of coachman and heiress. The father accepted the man-servant as a welcomed son-in-law. Thus the bard was the son of the humble workman and the fashionable Maia—a woman who possessed education and poetic sentiment enough to enable her to dream that her baby son was to have lips of song so attractive that the bees would fly around them as though they were rose-leaves.

It is well known that one can never

dream a dream above the reach of his intellect. A clergyman never dreams about decisions and reports in law, and the lawyer returns the compliment or the insult by never dreaming about the Trinity or the fall of Adam. No man in the eighteenth century enjoyed a dream about steamboat or steam cars. Joseph himself, when he dreamed of the sheaves in the harvest field, saw his brothers all there, but he could not perceive any reaping-self-binding machine. Thus dreams measure the quality of the waking mind and never go beyond the age. The dream of Virgil's mother is proof adequate that Maia was a woman who had some conception of roses, honey and poetic fame and fervor.

Thus we see Virgil springing up in a family in which the father had possessed romance and courage enough to court a girl much above himself in rank, and in which the mother had education enough to make her desire a literary destiny for her son. From such a family the young lad soon emerged with school books in hand.

The mother had generally been the teacher in the Latin nation and the home had been the school house; but in the last century before the Christian era began, the father had done much in this form of duty—Cicero and Cato being on record as having taught their sons to read and write. Soon small private schools sprang up. To these went many such boys as this Mantuan lad. When the parents were wealthy, a slave accompanied the children, carrying their books. It is probable Virgil carried his own writing materials, grammar and arithmetic.

The common education was very scanty,—three “R’s”—“reading, ritin’, ‘rithmetic,” spelled with a small “r,” being the course to be journeyed over. Hence Plutarch confessed the Roman state to be very defective in its educational policy compared with Athens. The Greeks taught ethics, aesthetics, rhetoric; the Latins only a few lessons in branches of greatest immediate utility. In the reign of Augustus, some new moves were made and academies after the Athenian mode began to be founded

in the Central City and in the great provincial towns.

To one of these colleges, that at Neapolis, the modern Naples, the young Virgil repaired when he was sixteen. Here he mastered the Greek language and literature and laid the foundations of all that mental power and wide information which are characteristic of his writings. Yet his favorite studies were medicine and mathematics. Had he not become the world's poet, he would have died a village doctor, or a dreamy astrologer. His mathematics gave him precision, directness, clearness, and kept him from placing side by side lines of six feet and lines of four or seven or eight, and from mistaking them for rhythmical equals. Mathematics and plain geometry had made this man suppose that hexameter meant six feet, just as right angle implies an angle neither obtuse nor acute. In Robert Browning an equilateral triangle often suffers from one unequal side; his circle is often oblong, his square seems often an attempt to find an average between a semi-circle and a trapezoid.

With this mathematical Latin writer a hexameter verse sustained beautiful relations to the general notion and feeling of six feet. Virgil had mathematical precision.

Virgil was about twenty when he began to be alluded to as a "poet," "a coming poet," "a pastoral poet." He made several trips from his rural home to the capital and in due course of time was introduced to such eminent old millionaires as Pollio and Mæcenas. From these bosoms he passed on to that of Cæsar Augustus.

Pollio was now living in his Tusculan villa, an old grumbler at the Augustan reign, but on speaking terms with the King; richer than a score of Boss Tweeds, but from similar sources of wealth. He had stolen so much statuary while he was a general that he had become a most cultivated judge of goodness in that art; he had so confiscated estates and levied tribute that he had abundant means for gratifying his taste as a scholar, while to these means and ways of happiness his utter failure as a leader had added the blessing

of abundant leisure. As a plunderer he had money, as a stealer of statues he acquired taste, as a failure in war he had leisure.

Mæcenas overshadowed Pollio in almost all the forms of power. He was the prime minister of the Augustan reign. He was as philosophic as Count Cavour or Castelar. He was an earnest pacificator, making great enemies to be as great friends. Augustus could not decide upon any public measure without the help of this valuable man ; thence from this cabinet officer came the reforms, the just taxation, the office of magistrate, the tables of weights and measures, the founding of schools, the suppression of mobs and the religious decency and order which helped make that period a golden age. Indeed it is probable Mæcenas was the Richelieu of that period and might have said to Augustus with the modern Cardinal :

“ I found your kingdom rent with heresies
And bristling with rebellion ; lawless nobles
And breadless serfs.”

The home of Mæcenas was as popular

as the emperor's palace. Whenever Augustus was sick he was carried to the house of his prime minister as being a place of most safety, of most easily reached advice. Augustus was a curious combination of an ambitious Cæsar and a dependent subject, ready to brave Anthony, to dash with an army against both Anthony and Cleopatra or to sit down at the feet of Mæcenas and drink in lessons of political wisdom. Mæcenas helped bring in the Augustan time of peace within the empire. He was fond of literature, and although he wrote bad poetry and bad prose, he was fond of the good work of others and could determine its presence without suspecting the merit of his own. He is said to have lived in luxury, but to have dressed like a street loafer. He never tied his girdle, wore a short shoulder cloak, wore a hood on his head, and walked much like our Southern negro — a walk which is a kind of tumbling forward and then throwing out a foot to prevent a fall.

Meanwhile his palace was large, was abundantly supplied with couches, tables,

food and drink. Musicians, clowns, actors, senators, tribunes, lictors and clerks mingled with literary men; the nights and days were glorious in talk, fun, food and wine. This fine patron lived to see a fine article of wine named after himself, and lived to see a roast of young mule which he had introduced into the dining room become the popular meat of Augustan Rome.

Interesting in the midst of such an assembly stood or reclined Horace, Varius and Virgil. Horace was distinguished as an ode writer, Varius as a dramatist, Virgil as a bucolic muse of heroic tendency. Each having his distinct field, there was no rivalry to mar friendship and embitter criticism; so these three sat around the table in peace, the only discord in the scene arising from Virgil's delicate health, which prevented him from drinking half so deeply as Horace drank and from continuing his vigil as far toward morning as that of Horace was wont to be prolonged. Virgil was a consumptive and was compelled to subject his life to more philoso-

phy than was ever made use of by his famous companion. These men all loved the country. They repaired to the city only for occasional literary purposes or for the less noble reason of dissipation. Horace was fond of digging and toiling on his farm, and it is related that at any time in the busy season he could have been seen toiling with mattock or axe. With sunset he turned into a jovial fellow and at night the neighbors called in, being reasonably sure of a good hour or two of anecdote, talk, wine and varied amusement.

Horace was six years younger than Virgil, but this difference of time was equalized by the more rapid life which the junior poet had been accustomed to live. Horace was sent to school early, and among his forms of fortunes, good or bad (the quality is uncertain), must be mentioned the fact that his principal teacher was Orbilius, a man of Greek, Latin, mathematics and cruelty. A schoolmate of Horace said that in the use of the lash and the rod, Orbilius fell below no one of that epoch. At the age of eighteen this

future ode-maker went to school at Athens and was there in school along with Cicero's young brother when Cæsar was assassinated. Through Varius and Virgil, Horace became acquainted with Mæcenas—a friendship which was made intimate and lasting by their notorious trip to Brundisium. The prime minister had political business at that great seaport on the east shore of Italy. Horace and Virgil must have been only companions of travel, that the rich tables might not be set in vain and old wine drunk in solitude. Mæcenas wished to look into the commerce between Italy and Greece. Virgil wished to see nature and see the world. Horace went partly to keep an engagement with some disreputable woman.

It was the charm of the country which determined the drift of Virgil's first poetry. Particularly did farms become charming in quality when they were likely to be wrested from their long time old owners and handed over to the soldiers to whom Augustus had promised rewards. When Augustus had overcome Anthony and had

seated himself upon the throne made vacant by the murder of his uncle, Julius Cæsar, he began to reward his veterans by allotting them farms and homes in Italy. Pollio was granted a district in which lay the Mantuan lands. Virgil upon a certain morning found himself evicted. Virgil not wishing to entertain any political views which might be displeasing to a mixed audience, soon harped upon a neutral topic. Not long afterward came back to his talent and to his flexibility his old acres. His joy was full enough to explain his eclogues. Lying under the shade of a familiar beech he is in that poetic condition which can pity his old neighbors as they pass along into their sudden exile. One can compose verses better over sorrows not one's own.

Virgil's bucolic writings cannot be called great. They are much like the common modern composition when the theme is the murmur of waters or the return of spring. In the fourth song the poet rises above common rural scenes and thoughts, and expresses a longing for a golden age when

some child shall be so heaven-born as to prefer peace to war and shall lead to a new progress in intellectual and moral pursuits. Whether the ode was written in praise of Augustus or of Pollio is uncertain, but the least probable of all theories is, that it was stolen from the prophecies of Isaiah. Much as all the Roman poets pilfered in that epoch from each other, stealing from the Jews was not one of their literary habits.

The "Georgics" came up not only out of poetic genius but out of a period which was attempting through its statesmen to make amends for a false and destructive policy. Julius Cæsar had begun to see clearly that such an empire as Rome could not be founded or could not endure upon only military skill and power. Plunder could be relied upon for only an occasional supply. Under a long continued system of robbery the colonies robbed would soon become poor, and each year the supply fleets would have to sail further and find less. Provinces cannot be robbed each autumn without ruining the agricul-

tural zeal of the next spring. Cæsar contemplated great reforms. He divided large estates into smaller ones. He drafted a law requiring that one-third of the laborers should be free men. Under the guidance and impulse of this extraordinary intellect, a period of what might be called domestic science was about to succeed generations of ruinous war. The death of this colossal chieftain interrupted this form of progress, but after Anthony and his style of manhood with its Cleopatra accompaniment had died away in a dissolution of debauchery, the reforms dreamed of by Julius began to be fulfilled by Augustus. Under his flag of truce, literature, art and all their inseparable companions began to reappear, and the probability is, that Virgil wrote his farm-songs that he might help his king, his patron and his country to prefer the field of wheat to the field of battle. He had no great amount of confidence in the future. He was calm and not a little given to distrust. He hoped much of the new king and said :

"Gods of the soil, my father's gods and mine,

* * *

Suffer our young hero succor still to lend
 To this distracted century. Long ago
 Blood of our blood atoned with ample flow
 The broken oaths of Laomedontian Troy.
 But long, O Cæsar, Heaven grudged us thee.

* * * Wherefore is it we see

Chaos of right and wrong and awful throes
 Of strife abroad and endless crimes and woes.
 The plow receives no more its honor due,
 The fields are waste, their tillers all afar.

* * * Rumors of war

Have suddenly in all the earth increased,
 At once from Germany and the utmost east
 Of the Euphrates they arise; to-day
 E'en sister towns the bonds of peace despise
 And wicked Mars holds universal sway."

Thankful for what prospect of good lay visible, Virgil wrote his "Georgics." The name is Greek and implies farm-life as the theme.

In those times, inasmuch as education was finished at Athens, each writer used Greek terms far enough to convey gently the information that he had studied abroad. As French terms are now seen and heard in American speech to remind us that the speaker is standing with his feet upon two continents, so in all former periods each scholar has shown, here and there, some

anxiety to intimate that in making up such a personage as himself, two or three worlds had been decimated or wholly consumed. Thus came Greek terms into the works of Virgil, and then Latin terms into a later literature, and then French into our speech.

The Georgics are in this distant age good pictures of life in the rural districts around classic Rome. As Virgil stands for the average high citizen, his farm-poems recall the better style of farm-thought, fancy and custom, and the prevailing agriculture. His farm can thus be visited. His corn and grapes need different kinds of soil. He dislikes oats and flax, because they exhaust the field. He saves all ashes and compost that the power of the ground may be renewed. He attempts to have each field lie idle each alternate year, that the sun and air and rain may renew its virtues. He has a plow with two iron mould boards turning the earth to the right and the left. He has a boy or two to beat upon pans or boards to frighten birds away. Having no shot-gun he sets

snares for some troublesome feathered thieves, and in wet days he makes traps for cutting off the career of moles and mice. He even assails the harmless toad. He points us with no little pride to his Iacchus fan for cleaning up his wheat, but the nature of this concern is not clearly seen. There stands a mattock for digging purposes; there are saws for cutting wood lengthwise to supersede the rude splitting by means of the wedge; we see rollers to be dragged over the wheat to thresh out the kernel; baskets also quite numerous; a wagon is visible, while on the beams of some workman's hut and over the fire there are numbers of hickory sticks drying eternally to be ready for replacing a plow beam or some broken implement. This farmer grafts some trees and buds others and thus improves the quality of his fruit. The seed he is to sow or plant he soaks for a night that nature may be aided a little in the outset of its great task. Four times each year he digs all through the vineyard; he trims the vines; he makes his wine before the grapes are fully ripe; he has

apples, olives, pears and berries of many kinds.

His cows are many and good, but he dwells longer upon his horses and is inclined to prefer the bay as the best color. These bay horses will plunge into a stream or cross a ledge or enjoy a noise and only arch the neck and dance, while a white horse will turn and run from anything a little unusual.

On this suburban farm the beehive is an attractive object of inquiry and admiration. Virgil's servants make the hives out of pliant boughs or of strips of bark. The crevices are daubed with clay. The doorway is made small that there may be no wind or storm within. The hive is located in the shade, also where no violent wind can touch it, because bees coming home laden and tired, must not struggle with a powerful wind while trying to make their harbor. The hives should be near water. Virgil remarks that blackbirds and swallows eat many of these useful laborers, that the bee is neither male nor female, that young bees are licked up from the borders of a

certain kind of leaf, that there are drones which do no work, that there is a king whom all follow and obey, that when bees fight the owner must kill the weaker one outright and put a permanent end to that quarrel; when the hive swarms a great noise must be made, that pounding upon brass makes the best noise for this purpose.

Thus our Virgil had not yet learned that the king of his hive was a queen and did all the egg laying of the community, and that the drones were the suitors of this Penelope, and that the working bee sustained no relation whatever to the matter of population. Nor had Virgil yet learned from Darwin that this sexual individuality of bees is coming along and has reached only the queen and the drone, and will strike the whole hive somewhat later in world history, and then each bee will be a queen or a drone and the honey business will cease forever.

We have not time to walk with Virgil all over his farm and see his sheep, his calves and then his pack of dogs of all sizes and colors. They are in his heart in the form

of discourse, but the day is far spent and the sun is setting.

When great rains came or wintry weather began to make outdoor work unpleasant, then the hands made baskets, sharpened plow-points, made bags for grain and marked them with the farmer's name, cut boughs for the wine press, marked the cattle, cut props for the vines, parched wheat and ground it, and mended broken tools.

The superstitions and signs of the Roman world are seen in these farm poems. The fifth, ninth and seventeenth days of each month were unlucky. The forecast of the weather began with the marking of any haze about the sun and then it branched off into a study of the noises and actions of crows, ravens and sea-gulls. That age did not enjoy the advantage of the prophetic power which is contained in the modern ground-hog, but this loss was atoned for in part by the flight of meteors. When in harvest time the Roman weather became very bad and grain was decaying in the field or grapes were moulding from excess of rain

or dying for want of moisture, then the farmer must resort to prayer, and woo the gods with many a sacrifice.

Four long essays full of the science and labors of the farm were thus prepared for the Roman public, by a hand most skillful in statement and in the power to decorate all the events of rural life. When one of the oxen falls dead in the furrow it is not as though a tree had fallen, but it is the death of a conscious form of being, and the farmer hastens to unyoke the living from the dead, "right sorrowfully from the side of the fated brother. The shady grove, the rich pasture, the brooks clear and bright, pouring along over pebbles, will no more delight the animal which has toiled so lovingly for man." Thus under a tender and cultivated mind passed in review that pursuit which had been so ruined by the love of war. Pathos, humane sentiment, imagination, variety and musical verse combined to make these poems a great event in the day of their publication. These essays were read aloud in Rome as an entertainment, and must have contributed no small part

to the public taste which created the Augustan period.

The great poem of Virgil—the history of Æneas—is too large for the hour. Its effort was to follow Æneas from the day when he sailed from Troy to his final settlement in Italy and the founding of Rome. The first six books are consumed with an account of the exile's efforts to reach his destiny in Italy. It is copied from Homer's history of Ulysses. Details differ. Storms blow him out of his course, but fortunately the shipwrecked men are taken to the residence of a widowed Queen, Dido, of Carthage, and since the Trojan leader had lost his wife in the destruction of Troy, he and Dido were not slow to conduct a poetic and highly ornamented courtship. The second and third books are made up of what the man of destiny said to the woman of destiny. He gave her a glowing account of the destruction of Troy, of his own exploits both in assault and retreat; told all about his sailing in search of a new country; about storms, about Cyclops that had one eye

only ; about Harpies which could talk ; and by the time the gifted story-teller had recited what makes sixteen hundred of Virgil's verses, the Queen was deeply smitten, and with her passion, pleadings, grief and death the fourth book is filled. The fifth and sixth books are taken up with the effort of Æneas to find the mouth of the Tiber. On the way he pays a short visit to the hell of that period. At last he reaches the place marked out by the deities for the founding of Rome. Here there is a change of the woman of the play. Dido having killed herself a new leading lady is found in Lavinia, a local beauty of great rank and fame. She was sought in marriage by Turnus, a local prince and soldier ; but she was promised by the fates to the itinerant Trojan, and it remained therefore for Æneas and his band to fight with the local chieftain and his troops for the hand of this second Helen. This war occupies the last six books of the great epic. Æneas wins. It is a novel with two heroes and two heroines and two deaths.

The story is not grandly told, but it is

most beautifully told. The picture is not sublime, but the finish is exquisite—a finish of rhythm, of language, of poetic style, of delicacy and purity. In it are seen the best patriotism, the best manners, the best religion, the best literary skill of classic Rome. Virgil arose on the border of a Latin style which had been very verbose. Mæcenas was fond of using all the words he could find time to utter. A reaction was setting in. Virgil did not originate it, but he made the condensed method the choice of the age. Then came the possibility of literature, for as excessive dress and ornament ruin the beauty of woman, as abundance of foliage indicates an absence of fruit, so a love of words always accompanies the decline or death of great thought. Virgil and Horace followed Julius Cæsar in the reaction toward simplicity. To speak and write elegantly became such an accomplishment that Augustus is said to have written down and studied over the remarks he was going to make to his wife. The style of Hortensius was so florid that even the word-loving

Cicero said his style was Asiatic. His dress was so exquisite that he once brought action against a man who had run against him, or rather against his neatly tucked-up robe; his palace in Rome cost about four millions of our dollars, and with these externals his literary style was in perfect sympathy; and hence from his incessant motion while he was speaking and from the studied grace of these motions, he was nicknamed *Dionysia*—a famous dancing girl who had preceded the great lawyer. In the later years of *Hortensius* the courts were wont to laugh at the manner of the pleader who had led the bar in early life. Thus the hunger for a stronger style, an Athenian power, was growing in the world ready to be aided by the *Virgil* of the next generation. *Virgil's* style was Greek. His stealing from *Homer* and *Theocritus* may be forgiven, because of the new and grand Latin with which stolen ideas were re-clothed—a Latin made as powerful as the Athenian Greek. To the skeletons of the *Iliad* and of the pastorals of *Theocritus*, *Virgil* added the best of Latin and Greek

expression, culled from Athens and Rome in their best days. If Virgil stole, he is worthy of praise for knowing so well what goods to convey from the past to the future.

This appropriation of others' thoughts was not wholly a weakness—much less a crime in the past; because a great story, a great comparison in literature became like a Corinthian or Ionic capital in architecture—an idea which any one might put into his house; or like a tune in music which any one might sing or work some strain from into his new piece. It thus became perfectly proper for Homer to use the Hercules which the Aryans had used before Homer. The Egyptians owned the dog Cerberus before Homer made use of the many-mouthed, loud-barking animal. Virgil had the same right to the creature which Homer had enjoyed; and when Milton came along and introduced the being—

“About whose middle round
A cry of hell hounds never ceasing barked
With wide cerberean mouths, full loud, and rung
A hideous appeal,”

we cannot but be glad that that dog eludes the police of the ages and entertains over and over again the world's big children. Our century is almost the only one in all history which has made the demand that each thinker parade before the world only his own thought as his own. The world has become so full of books and thinkers that it has at last become necessary to forbid repetition, the only question of to-day being not whether a thing may be said twice, but whether it is worthy of even a first utterance.

But we do not go back of our century far before we come to the long era when men had their literary things much more in common. By the time we reach Shakespeare's period, the work of any given author becomes problematical indeed. We are the cooks and all the guests throw a little salt into the broth, and when the dinner is served no guest tasting that saline soup can tell who under heaven did or did not pass by that boiling pot as an expert seasoner. The further back we go the greater the cloud over intellectual

titles, and the inquiry arises in vain who was Homer; and for all we know the Songs of Solomon were written by some Swinburne of antiquity and sung by Hebrew lovers as the best love-odes of their day and generation. It is not known what Socrates said, because he and Plato and Xenophon are, by the peculiarity of the old world, all melted into one body, as though a whole planetary system had fallen together and made one flaming sun. All we know is that the sun is there in that Athenian sky, shining upon our earth with a rich flood. So in Thucydides, we know little where lies the boundary between the historian and his tremendous speakers, because all literary things were in common, and any Patroclus might go to battle wearing the armor of any Achilles. Not much grief need come to us from these clouds of title; the benefit to mankind comes not from the identity of a Socrates or a Shakespeare, but from that grand light which drops down from a sun made by the melting and union of many worlds. If all the future birthdays of

Washington should be devoted to the single inquiry who wrote Richard III, one page of the play would be worth more than a thousand years of the inquiry.

Virgil stands related to modern literature as an ancestor to a child. He helped transfer the power and beauty of Greek and Roman culture to the subsequent ages. His book was a great transfer ship on a wide and dark sea. That Dante chose Virgil for his companion in his great visit to the spiritual world, tells us with what force those Latin lines were still sounding in scholars' heads in the first part of the fourteenth century. But the University of Oxford was then flourishing, the University of Padua was graduating by scores its Dantes and Petrarchs; Florence, Milan, Rome and Venice possessed great institutions in which Virgil held a place even higher than that occupied by him in his own Augustan world.

He should still be studied by all students who may command the time needed for such a task. To the young, whose style of speech is in its formative shape, he will

come as a model of clear speech, of a style which carries no useless word, no excess of ornament, no dreary lack of decoration, a style as pure as snow; he will come with a love of nature, an absence of egotism, with a breadth of knowledge, a pathos and a piety.

But, after all these complimentary things are thought and said by our century to the Latin bard of such memory, it must at last be admitted that this dear Virgil was a child compared with Dante, Milton and Shakespeare and even compared with many a modern name of the second class of merit. Two thousand years have carried the human mind onward. No Greek or Latin poet could have built up such a creation as Milton's apostrophe to Light. Had Homer or Virgil stood in the Vale of Chamouni along with Coleridge, they could have made no approach toward composing the Coleridge Hymn to that awful mount. Homer could have alluded to any wild boar chase down the wooded sides, or he could have described a battle in the Vale; Virgil could have alluded to the moon passing in and

out among the night clouds over vale and mount, but neither the Greek nor the Latin could have made any approach toward that spirituality and sublimity which mark the poem of the Englishman. The "Thanatopsis" of Bryant, the "Closing Scene" and the "Drifting" of Buchanan Read, many of the passages in the "In Memoriam," the "Elegy in the Country Churchyard" possess a form of spiritual insight and meditation which did not come within the grasp of the classics.

In such a world where present greatness is fastened to a past greatness, where modern beauty is linked by a golden chain to old beauty, it will be always the duty and the happiness of the student who can command his own time to collect the gems which lie upon the shores of both seas. When the old giants wished to reach the sky, they piled Pelion on Ossa and then rolled upon Pelion, the leafy Olympus. The ideal intellectual course of life-long study will be that which shall take the classic, the French, German and English mountains and roll them upon

each other, and make of them all one lofty and symmetrical and new Parnassus, diviner than could have been reared by the single hand of the great present or the great past.

THOUGHTS ON GREEK
LITERATURE.

Thoughts on Greek Literature.

So little is known of the early history of man that it is vain to inquire what causes brought about such a result as the Greek race. A race of such a physical form, such a mental power, such a bias and faculty of the beautiful, must have possessed an ancestry; for reason will not permit us to assume that Greece was a great miracle. No form of literature is more poverty-stricken than the history of the human family. Not many years have passed since great scholars sat down at perfect rest by a little human race—a succession of mortals who began their career only a short time ago. The college youth could once name all the leading men who had ever lived. The excursion was easy from Adam to George Washington. In those days history was very rich and full; but this was because the human race was so poor in

duration and in deeds. Now man is seen running back into measureless ages; and as this vista of the past widens, history reveals its abject poverty. The student can do little but study the fragments of an intellectual universe. Job comes to us a bit of a broken vase, with no hint as to when and where the vase stood perfect in symmetry. Such an essay as that one designated as Job becomes instantaneous evidence of a lost nation. Only a highly endowed state could have produced the profound thought and unequalled eloquence of that man of Uz.

We must think of Greece as being a detached fragment; and as our astronomers cannot tell what sphere it was, and whether inhabited, which burst into those asteroids which are attempting to act as planets in the great open country between Mars and Jupiter, so the students of the world cannot inform us what power projected into time and space that Greek meteor which lightened up the Ægean Sea. The heart must rest in the general affirmation that there were grand nations before the classics as we

are reminded by Horace that there lived brave men before Agamemnon. (Ode IV.)

Philosophical writers allude to the accessibility of the Grecian peninsula, that talent from Asia and Egypt could easily move thitherward, but such reasoning is made defective by the parallel fact that the same accessibility was offered to criminals, bandits, pirates. Canada is lying as open as Greece was to an influx of learning and genius, but the poets and philosophers who resort thither are few in number compared with the army of those who migrate to that land on account of defective service elsewhere in the departments of loss and gain. The accessibility of Greece will not therefore account for the high quality of those found at last upon her shores.

Out of a clouded horizon arises that spiritual sun which for about twelve hundred years shone brightly upon its own special children and which has shone more or less brightly upon the nineteen Christian centuries. One or two centuries must be confessed to have preceded Homer; for such a fact of language, thought and poetic

skill as stands in the Iliad could not have come up from the ground in a night. If we consider the Greek literature as virtually closing with Plutarch and Epictetus, its living eloquence covered a space of time more than twelve hundred years in breadth.

Homer began brilliantly an era that ended solemnly in the morals of Epictetus. Standing at the origin of his times, Homer shares the fate of all those who make a beginning. He is about as visible as Hercules or Romulus or William Tell. "They say" that Menalippus in Asia Minor married the daughter of a certain Homyres. His daughter Critheis was left an orphan with some property. The girl and the property passed by marriage, to a man unworthy of either, much more of both. He atoned for his fault by dying in less than a year. She spun and wove like Penelope; named her little son Homyres after his maternal grandfather. Other accounts exist of the early life of Homer, but this one surpasses all in the quantity of internal probability.

Homer has suffered more from unseen Bacons than Shakespeare from the visible one ; but he enjoys the advantage of that shelter which many centuries afford and the advantages of a language not familiar to all who would love to deny or affirm. Whether these metrical stories were woven by Homer himself ; whether he simply collected and revised popular epic melodies ; whether he was assisted by some local statesman or local musician must be considered as unanswerable inquiries. They are of no moment ; because the merit of an age depends upon the quality of its literature, law and art, and not upon the personality of an author or jurist or artist. Who invented the telephone is a question between two or three persons ; but the age claims the science which could apply so well a force of nature, and claims also the daily use of the instrument. The Greek world held the mental power that could produce the Iliad and Odyssey. It is of no importance to England who wrote the Shakesperian plays. It is enough that they were composed by English civilization and

culture—the question of authorship concerns only the family of Lord Bacon and the family of the reputed author.

Greek literature began as did the English in the department of romance and imagination. All the great intellectual streams have risen in the mountains of the fancy and have tumbled along down crag and through ravine to become deep and placid in the fields of reason. The path from Homer to Plato is much like the road from Chaucer to Herbert Spencer and Stuart Mill. Between Homer and Plato lie five hundred years; between Chaucer and Gladstone five hundred. Rapid though the world now is, this quickness of step is quite recent. Up to the edge of the present the motion of society was as slow in Europe as it was in old Greece, quite uniform in all times, and poetry has always been its intellectual starting point. Not all nations have lived to reach the philosophic period; but all have followed one path so far as they have been capable of any forward motion.

The catalogue of Greek writers contains

about two hundred names, which may be deemed worthy the fame of being styled "gifted" or "great." The farther back, the more the predominance of the poetic; Homer, Hesiod and Sappho having sung many generations before Socrates came.

Sappho stands related to Socrates about as Edmund Spenser stands related to John Bright or Gladstone. All histories contain the picture of passion as being transformed slowly into the forms of pure thought. Hesiod was indeed a form of agricultural poet; but his writings are full of those fabrications which mark Homer, and the farm plays a small part compared with that taken by the popular personages of fancy. His Theogony contains some account of thirty thousand gods; and as though not satisfied with such a treatise in the amazing theology of the day, he decorated his poem on farm life and deities by a long special account of the creation of Pandora. He was simply a rustic dreamer.

Almost two hundred years were exhausted in gratifying the public passion for things

external and wonderful rather than for things wise. In Alcæus, Æsop and Solon, the themes of poetry began to become internal and moral. Alcæus came with his "Ode to the State," an ode so true and deep that its thought has been appropriated by many pilferers all along from Themistocles to Sir William Jones. Aristides said: "Neither walls, theatres, porches nor equipage make states;" Themistocles repeated the words with approval; Alcæus had said in his rich verse: "Not stones nor wood nor art can make a state, *but where men are who know how to take care of themselves.*" At last came Sir William Jones with his popular poem,

"What constitutes a state?
Not high raised battlements nor labored mound,"

but the

"Men
Who know their rights and knowing dare maintain."

Æsop's fables came with their powerful lessons of wisdom; Solon came with a wonderful mingling of poetry and philosophy, such a mingling that Plato declared that Solon could have equaled Homer in

the department of verse had he pursued from youth that form of expression.

All the Greek scholars could write good verses when so disposed; because not to be able to arrange words poetically was to be out of favor and out of fame. Fashion then ruled the world as it does to-day, only in the classic period language and composition were the objects in which pride and even vanity found expression. From the Greek Alcæus to Cæsar Augustus, egotism boasted over poems and elegant speech as now it points to house, furniture and toilet. The Latin lawyer Hortensius became so bombastic in his law speeches and so exquisite in his gestures and attitudes in the court-room, that when Cicero and Cæsar brought in a simpler style, the judges began to laugh at Hortensius, and the wits of the age called him *Dyonisia*, a dancing-girl of that period.

In those days of literary pride Augustus Cæsar was wont to write out in advance wise remarks he intended to make to his wife, and Pliny was always passing his own poems and essays around among his

friends as being a method of making them exceedingly happy. Thus the entire classic literature was exalted by fashion.

After the great epic taste had declined, the period of the elegy and the lyric verse set in, and men seemed to exult in a form of letters which did not ask for new stories, new wars, new Ajaxes and Agamemnons. The world of personal emotion succeeded that of mere memory and observation. From a picturing of the old, external heroes, the mind turned inwardly, toward itself; the verse of narrative gave place to the verse of sentiment. As there are as many kinds of emotions as there are pursuits and conditions, the Greek elegiac and lyric productions put on many forms, so that no branch of the public family might feel slighted. There were *hymnia* for those who were worshiping gods, *encomia* and *epinicia* for those who were worshiping great men or generals; there were *symposiaca* for dining-room use, *threnodia* for mourners; the vine-dresser enjoyed a grape song; the farmer was honored with

a *bucolica*; for the beggar on the streets there was a special style of versification. When the swallows came back and proclaimed the advent of the balmy air which was so precious to classic tramps, these mendicants sang the *chelidonisma*, the swallow song, and then passed around the hat; there are *epithalamia* for any persons just getting married, and then came general love-songs for all persons in or out of the marriage relation. An English student discovers more than fifty different forms of lyric verse to meet fifty different contingencies in human life.

Thus the age of admiration of external phenomena was followed by a long period of introspection. Homer looked out upon a distant landscape; his successors looked into each other's hearts, and out of this change came all the song writers and the mighty dramatists. Homer gratified his age with such words as these:

"E'en as she spoke the gold-throned morning came;
On me she put a cloak and tunic as my raiment,
The nymph bedecked herself with robe of silver-white
Fine spun and graceful, she then bound
A beautiful gold girdle round her waist,

And fixed a veil upon her head. Then through the house
I passed and called my men :

Sleep now no more,
Nor drowse in pleasant slumber, let us go
For potent Circe has told us to go free."

thus showing an external scene; but when one reads the verses of Solon and Æsop, one perceives the new and more spiritual form of thought:

"The man who boasts of golden stores
Of grain that loads his threshing floors,
Of fields with freshening herbage green
Where bounding steeds and herds are seen,
I call not happier than the swain,
Whose limbs are sound, whose food is plain,
Whose life a beauteous wife endears,
Whose days his smiling offspring cheers."

Æsop said:

"Let not a death unwept, unhonored be
The melancholy fate allotted me,
But those who loved me living, when I die
Let them but keep some cherished memory."

Up from this new soil sprang Sappho, midway between Homer and Socrates, equally removed from the dealer in imagined heroes and the dealer in pure reason. Of the history and poems of this Greek girl, the world is now quite empty. She was too beautiful as a woman and too sentimental as a writer to meet the views of

the ascetics and theologians who dominated the East and Europe, through the first ten centuries of our own era; and in the general burning of all classic books, Sappho suffered more deeply than her male associates in the poetic art. The Roman and Greek scholars found nothing in her lyrics except a pure, powerful passion, but with the early Christian rulers, clergy and thinkers, it was difficult for anything else than Roman theology to escape being destructive either in its immediate or remote tendency. In the fourth century an edict was passed, ordering all persons who might cherish some hope of attaining to heaven to burn the verses of the Greek woman and to read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen in their stead. From the scarcity of Sappho's verses, we may now infer how general was the desire in the fourth century to escape eternal torment; but it is a singular fact that while this fear of future suffering availed for the destruction of the Sapphic verses, it was powerless to make a poet out of Gregory Nazianzen. Fear drove the public from Sappho, but rather

than read the hymns and autobiography of Gregory done in numbers, the public took the great risk depicted by their priests.

According to Alma-Tadema, who painted recently a life-sized portrait of Sappho, she was wonderfully beautiful. Herodotus recorded the local estimate, that she was "Very lovely in person." The air around her was full of such epithets as Sappho the "rosy-cheeked." When the poet Alcæus wrote to her he called her the "weaver-of-violets," "the pure," "the gently smiling," and confessed that he felt too much overawed to permit him to express freely his emotions. The life and literary merit of this personage are attested by a kind of common fame which, taking its rise in her own period, underwent no modifying as long as the classic tongues were living and were untrammelled. From Aristotle who lived nearer her period, to Longinus who was a renowned Greek critic just before the Church began its warfare against the pagan books, there was a constant and admiring allusion to this woman's mental power and personal beauty. It might be

offered as evidence of her real excellence, that more than a hundred quotations are now found in Greek and Latin writers made for the purpose of showing how Sappho had used a certain word or a certain form of syntax. Aristotle quoted one of her fine moral sentiments: her notion that shame was caused by bad thoughts. Solon hearing his nephew sing a song and having been informed that it was one of Sappho's, learned it by heart in his old age, because he said he did not wish to die ignorant of such a poem. Thus a large number of authors quoted with great approval from the Lesbian. Catullus and Horace paraphrased at least one of her odes, while her detached expressions are scattered like roses all the way from Alcæus to Lord Byron and Tennyson. After Sappho, Tennyson could speak of the "stars that looked sweetly around the moon" and after the Greek girl had said:

"O, Evening, thou bringest home all which the Morning scatters, the sheep, the goat, the child to its mother."

Byron could the more easily say:

" Oh, Hesperus ; thou bringest all good things,
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
 To the young bird the parent's brooding wing.

.

Are gathered round as by thy look of art,
 Thou bringest the child, too, to its mother's heart."

A few stanzas, a hundred lines or phrases and a long line of compliments constitute all that remains of a most popular and most brilliant woman. In the middle of Greek literature lies this vast Sapphic-island from one coast of which we can see the fading shore of Homer, from the other the nearer shore of the dramatists, the orators and philosophers.

Before passing away from this ode-period it must be conceded that men have always been partial to these inspirational women. To admire this dark-haired, rosy-cheeked weaver of verses, this gently-smiling mistress of language, of verse and passion, was a task which involved no difficulty whatever for either an Alcæus, an Aristotle, or a Solon. When we remember how the negligent and practical Socrates was wont to glory in his acquaintance with Aspasia and that he took amazing delight

in reciting to some friends an oration the eloquent woman had taught him, how the old sage talked with Theodota, and when to this old evidence we add the fact that Sappho has been translated by the Hon. William E. Gladstone and similar Englishmen, the confession must come that Sappho has never suffered from any want of appreciation among the scholars, statesmen and theologians of recent centuries. Addison, Merivale, Herbert, Symonds, have joined Mr. Gladstone in sending to the far-away Lesbian girl many expressions of kind regards. But to the credit of all these admirers it must be stated that Greece had several Sapphos and that *Rhodopion* was the title given to many a woman whose cheeks were red. Recent studies go to show that the Sappho of wild, suicidal history was not the person who enchanted the world with lyric verses. There were plenty of Sapphos and plenty of bad history.

Sappho and the ode period led along by beautiful steps to that more wonderful spiritual thought embodied in the Greek dramatic art. Those great works called

Œdipus, Prometheus, Antigone, were only culminations of that study of the mind and heart which had been begun by Æsop, Solon and Sappho.

A drama is only a vast collection of odes, like pearls gathered upon a string. In the drama, living persons come out upon the stage and recite odes to each other. Antigone, the sister, recites many an ode on sisterly affection and the higher law. In Shakespeare odes make up a string of jewels. Hamlet utters one on the world to come; Wolsey utters one on false ambition. Upon music, youth, love, sleep, old age, honor, remorse, there are numberless apostrophes in Shakespeare. In these lie the art and value of the drama. The false drama is that modern one in which the actor or actress comes upon the stage without any ode, that being left behind the scenes along with the clothes of the performer. Into the Greek drama the Greek Ode period emptied like a river into an ocean.

The wonder-loving Homeric age moved onward into the more reflective period of

odes, hymns and dramatic writing, and these introduced those intellectual celebrities who enthroned reason and created a great literature of thought. Socrates, Plato, Xenophon and Aristotle took possession of the Greek mind, and, following or going along with the deep thinking dramatists, became to that classic peninsula a power very much what Pascal, Voltaire and the encyclopædists were to Europe and England. The two groups, although more than two thousand years apart, resemble each other in both genius and achievement. The recent group was by much the more powerful, but the old group must have that honor which comes from having been pioneers in the pathless wilderness.

A series of inquirers had preceded the Socratic school, but with their ethereal discussions about the "*nous*" and about all-creating "fire" or "water," or the omnipotent "3" or the figure "7"—the "*ens*" and the "*ouk ens*,"—they resembled the schoolmen who discussed the incomprehensibly abstract in the dark ages before the coming of Lord Bacon. Anaximander

evolved the world out of the "indeterminate;" Pythagoras from "numbers;" Parmenides from an eternal *ens*; Empedocles from enmity and love, attraction and repulsion; Anaxagoras from mixture. There was always active in Asia a mind like that of our schoolmen of the middle ages—a mind that took delight in only the obscure. It was before the Christian era began that the Arabian deep thinkers had inquired how many red hairs can a white cow have before we should cease calling her a white cow? Socrates was the disgust which finally arose out of fully two centuries of this intellectual nonsense. In those days some one said that Homer and Hesiod ought to have been marched out of the Greek camp for teaching the people to believe in childish fables.

Socrates and his school came with a new and additional career for literature. He was to add philosophy to beauty. He was to push back the mere creations of the fancy and the atoms of false speculators and bring the actual of humanity to the front. How he came we know not. He

took his place in the world. He was about as well-dressed as was John the Baptist, but he was more of a jolly fellow; and when opportunity afforded he could eat a good meal and could sit up late and talk and talk until the cocks crew all over Athens. He was as simple as Selkirk in his island or H. D. Thoreau in the woods, but he was ten times as amiable as Carlyle or Judge Jeffrey.

When Xenophon was a lad of perhaps fifteen he was going through a narrow and dark passage in a building in Athens, when suddenly Socrates reached out his cane against the opposite wall and brought the youth to a rather willing pause. Socrates said: "Can you tell me, my son, where those things can be bought that are necessary to human life?" While Xenophon was wondering whether it could be possible that the man did not know of any store or corner grocery, another question was offered: "Can you tell me where any good men can be found?" This second inquiry led Xenophon away from the first blush of the affair, and compelled him to wonder

himself that earth had not some shop full of the greatest good instead of shops only for the sale of wine, preserves, fish, oysters and sausages.

Thus opens the literature or philosophy of the *dialectic*. All the early Greek literature had appealed only to the faculties of enjoyment and admiration. Amazing stories were the food of the world. They had been such from the time when the she-wolf had nursed Romulus and Remus to the detailed account in Hesiod of the birth of Pandora. At Socrates the period of questioning set in. The beautiful youth in the dark hall coming up against a hickory cane was admiration meeting with a dialectic arrest.

The Greek term *dialego* implied a spreading out of things so that all could be seen and estimated. In thought, it soon began to imply a thorough search into a subject. Mere admiration was a faculty which admitted great quantities of false subject matter into man's world. It was very pleasing and wonderful to think of Circe with her cup of enchantment, or

Orpheus and his lyre ; but this delight was a poor gateway for the entry of knowledge. *Dialectics* implied a rigid inquiry into the nature of all propositions and affirmations which came as candidates for mental acceptance. It involved a direct and a cross examination as to alleged phenomena. Declarations had once rushed into literature and life *en masse*. Dialectics was an examination of the whole crowd, the exclusion of many ideas, the admission of a few. Socrates came with an all-absorbing tendency to find the true. With an infinite good humor he must have asked from a hundred to a thousand questions a day or a week for half a century. He loved to meet a boy or a pedant, a fashionable girl or a king, and then ask differentiating questions until the brain thus attacked had become freed from all extraneous conceptions.

In great external plainness moved this acute questioner against the whole army of dreamers, pretenders, impracticables and balloon-philosophers, and the panic and rout were complete. Plato and Xenophon

and Aristotle gave their lives to the amplification of their master — three men strangely blending into one impulse of rationalism. This form of thought went onward and made the Latin genius express itself in such reasoners as Cicero, Cæsar, Tacitus and the two Plinies; and lying dormant for fifteen hundred years, dawned again in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries of our epoch.

Socrates was the father of philosophy. Philosophy is reasoned thought. The story of Achilles, or Hercules, or of Lohengrin is a thought stated, but the talks of Socrates are thought reasoned. Mr. Grote says that Napoleon asked his prime minister how he could account for the death of Robespierre, and was answered that "His case was judged, but not pleaded." "*Est un procès jugé et non plaidé.*" In philosophy all cases are pleaded; in all other literature they are judged without witnesses and with the pleadings omitted. In the epic, the imagination prevails, in tragedy and the odes, introspection is the chief element; in philosophy, the intellectual pow-

ers are called into service. The difference between Socrates and Homer, is the difference between reasoned and unreasoned thought. The method of this thinker was invariably as follows:

When aroused one morning at about three o'clock by an enthusiastic friend, Socrates called out, "Hippocrates, do you bring any news?"

H. Yes, Protagoras is in town.

S. Well, does he do you any harm?

H. No, but we must go to see him.

S. It is not light yet. I will get up and we will walk around and talk until day-break.

In this walk Socrates asks the friend what he expected Protagoras could do for him.

S. Will he teach you the painter's art?

H. No.

S. The sculptor's art?

H. No.

S. Will he make you a physician?

H. No.

S. A statesman?

H. No.

S. And what then is the great man able to do ?

H. He is a Sophist.

S. What is a Sophist ?

H. A man of learning.

S. Is he learned in music ?

H. No.

S. In medicine ?

H. No.

S. In art ?

H. No.

S. In what branch of wisdom ?

H. I do not know.

S. Are we to pay him money to hear him ?

H. Yes.

S. Do we wish to become Sophists ?

H. No.

S. If he has nothing why should we pay to learn it ?

Thus walk these two friends, arm in arm, in the cool air of the morning, and as they walk Socrates empties the Hippocratean skull of an immense amount of idle, useless freight, and inserts instead a few forms of pure thought.

Glaucon, a young aspirant to a seat in government, was attempting in a public address to win the people to his cause. His meeting with Socrates must have created some germ of self-distrust.

S. Do you desire to govern our State?

G. I do.

S. By Jupiter, you seek an honorable office; you can benefit the nation; you can gratify desires; what plan have you for securing a regular revenue?

G. I have no plan.

S. What revenue does the State now enjoy?

G. I do not know just at present.

S. Let us pass by the matter of revenues until you may have considered the matter. What benefits do you intend to confer upon the State?

G. I cannot state just at this moment.

S. Have you the scheme written out at your home? I should love to go and see it.

G. No, dear Socrates, I have not yet formed any plan of benefiting the State.

S. Then let us pass by that subject until we may have some reason of conversation.

You will have enemies to fight. How strong are our enemies?

G. I do not know.

S. What is the military strength of our city?

G. I cannot state at present.

S. Well, let us pass by this question of military weakness and strength. Do you not consider it a difficult task to manage a common dwelling-house? To see that it is clean, healthy, that there is food for all, work for all?

G. I do.

S. Are there not about ten thousand homes in Athens which will come under your superintendence? Can you take good care of so many?

G. I do not know how many there are in Athens.

S. Let us then pass away from the subject of dwelling-houses until we shall have more data of remark.

At Xenophon's banquet there were present Xenophon, the host; Callias, a local millionaire; Autolycus, a fashionable young man; Lycon, his father; Niceratus,

a friend of the millionaire, just married, and able to repeat Homer's Iliad from memory; Hermogenes, a public writer; Critobulus, a bridegroom; Charnides, a soldier; Phillipus, a clown; a Syracusan musician who led in a boy and a girl who played on a flute and harp, and another girl who gave fancy dances, and last and greatest, Socrates.

Socrates was fully alive to the occasion, and when the girl danced he admired, and he himself made a whirl or two to the amusement of all present. But, after the feasting and music, dancing and fun had held sway for two or three hours, and songs had been sung, Socrates brought the dinner party to a full stop by saying that, "It appears to me, my friends, that as wine and songs and dances and musical children can entertain us, we ought to see if we are not able to entertain ourselves and each other. Since our host has given us a sample of his wine, food, fun and song, he should not let us go home until he has given us a sample of his wisdom," and in a few minutes the company was busy in a free dialogue about:

What is virtue? What is beauty? What is wealth? Thus in high debate hours passed away.

To close the dinner party a little drama or charade was given, and so delightful was it that all clapped hands and said, "Eboon authis!" ("Again! Again!")

Thus Socrates was the intellectual and moral soul of the company.

Such was his attitude toward Athens. But his philosophy was so reaching, so high, so unanswerable, that the dissolute rulers soon hated his street eloquence and felt that, with that man out of the world, life would meet with fewer rebukes. The man who brought charges against the old hero was a kind of light-headed upstart who had behind him a large group of influential but ignorant men of the market-place and of the feasting and drinking saloon. He died as Rev. Haddock died for opposing whiskey, as Lovejoy died for coming into conflict with the slave power.

Socrates is the greatest figure in all antiquity. Barefooted, hatless and coatless, he was such in a period which did not make

dress a matter of first moment. When Xenophon and others demanded of him why he dressed so poorly and ate such plain food, he replied with so much wisdom and good humor that the dialogue generally ended in Xenophon's going to his room and writing down all the plain citizen had said about coats, sandals and dinners. Aspasia and Theodota loved to leave their gaudy world and, by talking with such a man, rise to a serener height; Pericles had time for long discourse with the deep thinker; the well-dressed Xenophon and the elegant Plato did not find the poor wardrobe of the great questioner any bar to an intimate friendship. The scene was not one of painful deformity, but was rather one in which the royal soul in the chariot turned the mind away from the dust on the wheels. The thought of the Greeks was very broad in that period, and Socrates was granted a personal liberty he had helped to create. He dressed and fared plainly that he might teach without accepting a fee. His teachings were free to highest or lowest, and thus we have the

spectacle of a man teaching the world a long and high course without having accepted from that world a single coin by way of tuition.

Looking back upon this intellectual phenomenon called the classic literature, the best form of conclusion or classification or comparison would seem that which makes English literature and classic literature both one in essence. The two are one river taken at different parallels of its long seaward flow. Latin, Italian, French, German speech are places where the river of Eden breaks up into many channels, but the branches were fed chiefly by one Greek fountain and, in the English mind, the divided waters give some signs of reunion into one flood. Milton and Shakespeare, Bacon, Goethe, Burke and Webster are greater than their Greek parallels, but this fact does not affect the intellectual relationship nor mar the friendship between the old parent and the gifted children. The oak of Greece is simply older in England, but it is the same tree.

There is one power possessed by classic

literature which modern poetry and prose have not and cannot in our times possibly possess :—the strange power that is but expressed by the words “Long Ago.” In those responses which many Englishmen recently made to a personal demand by one of their Reviews that each would tell what lines in prose or poetry seemed greatest to each ; many of these eminent scholars found in the Greek books words of the greatest charm. Matthew Arnold quotes from Homer and Horace ; Andrew Lang from Homer’s twenty-fourth book—the scene of Priam seeking the dead body of Hector ; George Meredith a passage from Virgil ; Swinburne, the Agamemnon of Æschylus ; Lord Derby among many favorite works places the Phædo of Plato, the Agamemnon of Æschylus, the Agricola of Tacitus ; Sir John Lubbock includes Plato’s Phædo ; Symonds says the two greatest passages known to him are the eighteenth book of the Iliad and the poem of Job. Thus lords, bishops, professors, canons and statesmen come to us with these classic passages, saying these are our

favorites chosen from the whole wide world.

Such a cloud of witnesses need not be a matter of surprise or complaint ; but a full explanation of this judgment must be found in three causes, two of which lie generally in concealment. One cause is found in the absolute value of the paragraphs so chosen and so loved. A second cause must be found in the associations these classic books sustain with the early years of all these eminent men. With many of us Homer and Virgil are dear just as the days are now dear in which we crossed the fields or college-grounds with those books under the arm ; but upon reflection we will find that the words of Priam when he sought the body of Hector are no more pathetic than is the memory of the dogwoods and red-buds which blossomed in the springs when those thoughts of Homer first unveiled themselves to the heart. Virgil and early life are embalmed together in one amber.

The third cause and the most hidden, reposes in the strange force or inspiration

found in the heaping up of the centuries. Homer is not to be praised because his kingdom is now so ancient. Socrates did not make the gulf between himself and our time; but none the less do their words come to us crowned and enthroned by antiquity. That reach of years which makes Rome so impressive, which makes rhetoric call her the "Eternal City;" which makes Jerusalem seem to have been built by divine hands, and to be surrounded by cedars and olive trees through which the winds are still sighing a requiem over David and Solomon; that wide expanse of time which makes the struggle of Thermopylæ put on the form of a Miltonian conflict of angels with evil spirits; which transforms the East into a land too sacred for an invasion by modern inventions and arts; this great sweep of years will forever weave chaplets for the forehead of Homer, will redouble forever the beauty of Sappho's face and will make the bare feet of Socrates too noble to admit of any help from even sandals of pure gold. His bare head seems no longer to be under a too

stormy or a too sunny sky ; it seems bared rather because of the friends whom he is meeting in Time's great porches ; bared not against snow and rain, but to receive the laurels which modern thinkers are still reaching out toward his deeply marked but broad forehead. That half tearful, loving kindness of Nature, which persuades her to pour her sweetest moonlight upon the columns of the Parthenon or into the arches of the Coliseum ; which compels her to exalt the ivy and cedars along the river Avon above the vines and groves of this new world, this partiality came long ago to all those Greeks between Homer and Xenophon, and over their words dimly seen in old manuscripts, she passed her hand and made the letters stand out in light and compelled our friendship to turn into love and love into veneration.

England, Germany, France, America, can write a broader and greater literature than Greece ever penned, but they can never find a modern Sappho whose cheek will have the same kind of redness as that

which charmed Plato and Aristotle, and which faded many summers before the Autumn leaves showed their tints to the army of Xerxes; nor can they produce a street singer like Homer whose song shall be the picture of a civilization whose vases and jewels are under the ruins of many earthquakes and the dust rain of three thousand years; nor can these three gigantic modern states all combined create a Socrates whose bare feet shall seem to move with so much fitness upon ground too holy for shoes to mar.

Rich in the multiform splendor of genius, Greek literature comes to us with this additional power given it by Time's mighty transfiguration. Long centuries render all the old things sacred. How beautiful must have been the sunsets which poured out their colors for Sappho and Ruth and Naomi! Beautiful, because so long ago they passed on into night. We cannot feel that there could have been any worm in the roses which Pindar gathered, or any stain in the lilies which Virgil strewed with full hand. His blossoms like

the lilies which Christ saw, stand protected and glorified by antiquity. Thus over the Greek literature there hangs a glory-cloud which is made more resplendent by the long night which fell down upon studio, porch, grove and temple.

In all times students and scholars will repair thitherward, not because more truths or greater truths are to be found in that old peninsula than are spread on the present's greater shore, but because the cultivated human soul does not live upon information alone but also upon all that impressiveness which the uncounted years of the past can add to each truth and to each lofty or pathetic sentiment.

CORDELIA AND ANTIGONE.

Cordelia and Antigone.

It must not be assumed because Shakespeare is the greatest of all poets that in this superiority must be included every detail to be found in literature. Madame DeStael was great and impressive, but her foot was too large. Burke was one of the greatest of orators, but he had often poor judgment as to the best length to which an oration might attain. His remarks were sometimes so out of proportion with the size of the theme that when rising to speak he was designated as "The Dinner-Bell" of the House of Commons. Cicero was, upon the whole, verbose. It was the lesson of the fable in which some bird wondered why an ugly nightingale should sing so well and the beautiful peacock sing so badly, that Nature does not give all charms to any one bird. The student can pass with more pleasure among the great names

of history if he shall not expect to find in any one name all the shapes of mental perfection. Emerson said the mountain made sport of the squirrel, reminding the little fellow that he could not carry great trees upon his back. In defense, the delicate little animal asked the mountain if it could make a delightful breakfast upon a hickory nut.

The merit of Shakespeare is so vast that the most ardent admirer of his work need not desire to be always adding to its volume. He is not poor enough to need any pennies from charity. His fortune is so ample that instead of living from hand to mouth this intellectual Croesus lives in affluence from age to age.

The Greek dramatists were less vulgar than Shakespeare and in some one or more particulars were greater than our dramatist; but in the summing-up of valuable qualities the English plays sustain toward the Greek plays the relations which the modern times sustain toward the classic period. The mind of Shakespeare places before the world more subjects. He makes a more

complete picture of the entire human life; because he lived in a world which had passed over more themes of study and wonderment than had been analyzed when the race was younger. The modern page will generally contain some apostrophe which to the Greek mind was impossible. No Greek king would appear upon the stage to utter such a monologue on sleep as that one which begins with the pathetic thought:

“How many thousands of my poorest subjects are at this hour asleep?”—and ends with that rich climax:

“Canst thou, oh partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet seaboy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night
With all appliances and means to boot
Deny it to a King?”

In many particulars the English mind must be beyond the Greek.

Listen to Shakspeare on his native land :

“This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, this demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,

This precious stone set in a silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house
 Against the envy of less happy lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

Such amplification is seen in many a page :

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

But no ancient could have expressed the excess so well. But they all would have omitted the entire twenty-seven lines, because they would not have thought of sleep as being a candidate for such immortal words. Mankind sleeps many centuries before it analyzes the singular kind of useful unconsciousness. The difference between the Greek's drama and that of Shakespeare is the difference between a harp of three strings and the modern harp of half a hundred. Shakespeare had greater variety, but the Greeks more sublimity. The Greeks surpassed in the ideal of woman.

Antigone stands for a path along which

Sophocles moved with great power, Cordelia stands for a path along which our Shakespeare moved. No doubt each composer attempted to paint a picture of a noble woman ; but it must be remembered that the two artists had not one and the same task ; for the main purpose of the Greek was to delineate Antigone, while the main purpose of the Englishman was to delineate King Lear. If the modern piece had been named Cordelia, the two compositions would have been more like a contest between the old and the new periods. But the modern piece was composed in the interests of a king, while the ancient work was all wrought out in the interests of a woman. If Cordelia is less than Antigone, it may be affirmed that Shakespeare was painting a monarch and made use of a woman's face partly to secure contrast in his picture. All the Anglo Saxon race would be justified in feeling that Shakespeare might have written an Antigone had he only made the effort ; but the joy men derive from thinking what Shakespeare might have done is checked not a little by the

fact that he did not perform this definite task. He permitted the Greek to work all alone at an Antigone. He might have described a noble woman but he forgot it.

In order to accomplish his great purpose with his hero, our dramatist permitted the subordinate Cordelia to become slightly unnatural. Her method of telling the measure of her love was invented or created for the purpose of throwing the King into a tremendous passion. The other sisters, Goneril and Regan, were permitted to be perfectly natural, and when the father asked of each, how much she loved him, each resorted to all that eloquence which is so well known to all the dwellers upon earth.

“Tell me my daughters,
Which of you shall we say dost love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend,
Where nature doth with merit challenge:
Goneril, our eldest born, speak first.”

In compliance with this request Goneril poured out all those words, phrases and similies of affection that have been the common property of loving talkers ever

since the composition of the Song of Solomon. Goneril had a love that surpassed words; her father was dear as her eyesight; he was no less than life; she had a love that made breath poor and speech unable.

As inadequate compensation for such esteem Goneril received a large part of the happy father's domain, plenty of shadowy forests with champaigns riched with plentiful rivers and wide-skirted meads.

When it came time for the second daughter to declare the quantity of her filial devotion, she adopts Goneril's speech as her own; declares those sentiments to be her's, but she begs permission to add an item to the love-store of her sister. Regan had reached that condition of attachment which made a positive pain out of any other task than that of loving her father.

As a confession of this daughter's faithfulness the King assigned to her one-third of his fair kingdom.

It now came the golden opportunity of Cordelia. She enjoyed that ad-

vantage which comes from having the closing speech. She knew what her sisters had said, and could therefore sum up the speeches of both and then add to this sum-total her own parcel of real eloquence. The task was made the more easy for her by the fact that she was the favorite of the monarch. The partiality she enjoyed would have made her words very effective with the fond parent. But when her father said:

"Now, our joy, what can you say to draw
A third, more opulent than your sisters?"

what was Cordelia's reply?:

- "Nothing, my lord."
L. "Nothing!"
C. "Nothing."
L. "Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again,"

Thus urged the dear girl moans out:

"Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
According to my bond, nor more, nor less,"

Thus did the girl part with all naturalness that she might help make up the play called "King Lear," for had Cordelia re-

vealed what is called human nature there would have been no story. It was essential that Lear should be made insanely angry; that he should roar around like a baffled Cyclops and thus make that upsetting of things which is the soul of tragedy. Hence, instead of being a resistless woman ruling in the omnipotence of love, Cordelia put on the ambiguity of a Sibyl and the intellectual dignity of Diogenes. It was not therefore the purpose of Shakespeare to make Cordelia stand for an ideal daughter or ideal woman, but it was his purpose to have the anger of the king so perfectly aroused that a drama with plenty of scenes should be unavoidable. King Lear cut Cordelia off without a shilling, a treatment the lovely girl richly deserved. The Cordelia is thus a combination of three parts noble woman and one part exigency of the play. In the Greek production all the parts are womanhood, because the purpose of the dramatist was to set forth the ideal moral law as announced by an ideal woman.

It is not forgotten that neither the Greek nor the Englishman created his own story. Each found his story in the air; but credit must be given Sophocles for having selected an ideal woman as his main theme; while Shakespeare chose a legend in which his woman was to act a secondary part and was to be only as charming as the roaring and blustering career of her father could admit without an injury to the tragedy.

In a late operatic season in this city the interest of the week was to depend largely upon a certain soprano voice. It was therefore essential that this soprano voice should designate the nature of the alto that should combine with it in part-pieces. The public must therefore not have and enjoy the absolute and greatest living alto as Scalchi, but it must accept of such an alto as would not drown the economical voice that pertained to the chief personage. The alto must not therefore be ideal and sound out like a trumpet; but it must be subdued and self-possessed in order to

permit the soprano to reap its reward and at the least cost to itself. Thus from these musical nights a celebrated alto was absent. The unities rejected her.

Thus King Lear is a duet in which the Cordelia was compelled to sing so as to promote the anger of the monarch, because the whole performance was to result in the ruin of homes and not in the delineation of a daughter. In this case the soprano had to be chosen so as to suit the bass. The Greeks were narrower than Shakespeare, but more sublime.

No one man ever did more than Shakespeare; and no man ever did his work better; but to set forth an ideal woman was not one of Shakespeare's tasks. He never said: "Now I shall sit down and paint a truly great woman. I shall ransack Egypt, Greece, Rome, Italy and England for pictures of this kind of mortal and then, with a charm borrowed from each, I shall compose a sketch for all time." One might wish he had done this if one were cruel enough to wish that Hercules

had been compelled to perform thirteen labors instead of twelve. "Insatiate Public, will not twelve suffice?"

Nearly all of Shakespeare's characters point toward justice. They reveal the march of sin toward retribution. In his spectacles the wicked are seen tumbling from office or throne. Thus the moral side of the universe receives great momentum from these dramas ; but the world was too great to be reviewed and treated in detail by this one mind, however strong and active. He omitted the picture of a perfect woman as an acting embodiment of higher law and infinite love.

Most of the virtues are personified as wearing some form of womanhood. From Solomon and from Homer alike comes the notion that Wisdom must not be personified as a man but as a woman. Art has never had much use for a man. In the center of Dante's upper world stands Beatrice. Even were men as moral and noble as woman it would be necessary for morals to be personified as a woman, because if man were the possessor of good-

ness he would have to borrow woman's face in order to become an expression of the fact, inasmuch as the beauty of morals asks for a beauty of symbol, and man is not beautiful enough to perform the office demanded. Even if he has wisdom he must ask woman to stand or sit for it. The Greek dramatist asked Antigone to stand up as an emblem of all high moral thought. She was not to be modified by the claims of any King Lear. She was to shine forth as a daughter and as a sister and then die for her ideals. There was no alto or bass that might overshadow her soprano. The harp was all in her own hands. Her path led very high up, into the mountains ; up to where the gods were ; but she ran over it. Her sister begged her to come back ; or at least pause and look back, but she declined the allurements and thus failed to become a pillar of salt. Never was an old and blind father led more faithfully than Œdipus was led by Antigone. Exiled, not by sins or by errors but by the decrees of fate, the king, daughter-led, came to the border of won-

derfully high and white temples. The daughter said :

“ My woe-worn father, we are nearing a city that has towers all around it; but here is a consecrated spot, a place all full of bay trees, olives and vines, and within it a large flock of nightingales sing sweetly. Here, rest upon this unpolished stone, for thou hast traveled a long way.”

The bay-tree, that laurel which crowned all merit, the olive tree, standing for the delightful food of mankind, the vine, whose associations surpass in beauty all trees and all flowers, the nightingales, numerous because the girl's love was abundant, and they were protected by piety, the unpolished stone expressing the absence of human art and the dominance of nature, all support and proclaim the tenderness of the girl's attachment and offices.

It became necessary at last for the daughter to move a few paces from her father, because the awful thunder had revealed to the blind King that the end of his life was only a little space distant.

“ Oh, my children! the foretold doom

is coming, there is no longer any escape.' ”

“ How do you know this, father ? from what do you conjecture ? ”

The chorus replies: “ Oh, oh, how terribly the piercing thunder rolls around us. ”

“ Oh, my children, there is no longer to you a father. ”

Thus clinging to one another they wept.

At last Œdipus tore himself away from his children, and blind although he was, he moved along the path that led to the shrine of the god. The fire of the thunder made the way visible to his soul rather than to his eye. When the cloud had passed, Antigone stood without a father. Body and mind, he had gone from the world. The play having ended which set forth Antigone as a daughter, then came the drama of Antigone as a sister.

Cordelia reveals the same faithfulness, but she injures her fame by making an absurd speech before she enters upon the revelation of her affection. She had announced that if ever she should marry she would withdraw half of the love she had

once given her father and would give it to her husband. Her loyalty was less than that of the man (no doubt a Frenchman) who having been asked whether if the skiff should sink he would save his wife or his mother, replied, his mother, because he could easily secure another wife. Cordelia did not know that the heart is infinite, and that a husband cannot displace a father. It would have been better for Shakespeare's ideal daughter had he made her enter into her love-work without that opening speech on her lips—a speech which pictured her as loving her father according to the bond, no more no less, and then discounting the face of that bond one-half in case she should accept of a husband. Cordelia took a husband, and thus the close of the drama is weakened by its opening. The Greek girl moves into her scene wholly unincumbered. No mention is made of any bond or any husband. Her love shines out matchlessly from the rise of the curtain to its fall. There is no spot on that Greek Sun.

In the play called by the name

of the girl, the action all centers around the fact that Creon had passed a decree of death upon any one who should give a lawful burial to the body of Poly-nices. This youth had been slain in a revolt against the King. To lie unburied, a feast for vultures, was to be denied a life after death. He was the brother of Antigone. The tender girl who had led her blind father along until the thunder-cloud bore him away, now appears on the scene to defy the King and bury her brother.

Not only does the remonstrance of friends fail to affect her purpose, but such words are only like straws in a flood. She said if her brother did wrong, all wrong ends at the grave. If her brother had rebelled against the King, that rebellion ended in his death. Death takes the offender away from the jurisdiction of earthly courts. The King said:

Did you know of my decree?

An. Yes, it was well published.

Cr. How dared you defy my decree?

An. Because it was not God nor Justice that heralded the command. I did not

think your proclamation coming from a mere mortal should transcend the eternal laws of God. Your law was passed as of yesterday, but these other laws live eternally. Had I left my brother unburied I should have suffered sorrow, but now I suffer not. I count not that a sorrow that is to be followed by an eternal sense of right. Do you wish anything more of me than to put me to death?

Cr. I indeed wish nothing more.

An. Why then do you delay?

It is amid such lofty truths Antigone is led away to her death. The girl passes upward into sublimity. Her conduct is simple but grand.

One could well wish that the Greek dramatist had possessed that amazing power of detail that fell to the lot of Shakespeare. There is a magnificence of subject in Antigone that needed the touch of that greater hand and greater period that worked up the finish of art seen in the English tragedies. It is probable Shakespeare could have given us an Antigone had not Sophocles passed over the field with so much

of power. If Shakespeare could have preserved the sublimity of the piece his version would have been a great drama, for the modern man would have told us how beautiful was the Greek Sister. There would have come to her the many charms and attributes of woman, for in our Shakespeare no one of these is left out.

The soft voice of woman, her face, her speech, her song, her love, her faithfulness, her emotions are to be seen scattered here and there in the Shakesperian pages. These "membra disjecta" could all have been assembled around the *mythos* of Sophocles.

DANTE.

Dante.

Each myth is probably believed by the tribes which first utter it. Children are often six or seven years old before they turn away from the realism of Santa Claus and his sleigh, but no lapse of years can turn the mind away from Santa Claus as a symbol. To us who are oldest the myth is just as valuable as it was when it was *not a myth but a truth* to the mind of our childhood. By the time a race has reached the power to produce a literature it has passed the period of belief in its own wonderland. What was once true turns into mental furniture, ornament, available capital, a pictorial language. We Americans have just as much use for Hercules as Virgil had, because the story enables us to express the difficulty of cleaning the Augean stables of a city, and to slay that Lernæan Hydra which infests each

metropolis of the American Occident and Orient.

It is impossible to learn now how much Homer believed of his own tale, but it seems almost certain that he dealt with the dog Kerberus just as the Egyptians had used the animal before Homer and exactly as our Milton made use of the Hell Hound in recent years.

Some Greek realist of the Socratic period said that Homer ought to be removed from Greek thought, because he taught the people a mass of fables; but the human family has not regarded the suggestion, for fables are what we all want. We do not need them as truth, but as powerful illustrations of truth. We want them as language. We do not want Lot's wife as a pillar of salt, but we do desire to keep in mind that if an educated and beautiful woman starts toward some noble life and then concludes after all that she would rather dance and sing in a basement saloon, she ought to be smitten into some insensate stick, stock or stone. Her life possesses no value.

It seems just to Dante to look upon him as making that use of the wonderful to which Virgil and Ovid had subjected it, but only for nobler purposes—for the decorations of a higher theme. Milton did not believe in any of his details, but we all come from the *Paradise Lost*, with the simple feeling that we have for hours and hours been in a world above and beyond our setting sun.

When Dante finds a group of souls existing in the form of trees of which the leaves sigh in eternal sorrow and drip with a bloody dew, he simply borrows from Ovid, and especially from Virgil, whose companions in attempting to pull up a shrub are amazed to hear its roots cry out: "Do not lacerate me thus, for I am Polydorus." To Dante's living human trees are added as appropriate birds the harpies which had figured at the camp of Æneas.

Each writer in each successive period becomes heir to an enormous lot of images and pictures which become his language. The personal relation of Virgil to his myths was that of Goethe to his Faust,

and of Milton towards his Satan, and of Klopstock towards his elegant angel Ithuriel. Mr. Hamilton Mabie delineates in one of his books some mysterious movements on the part of Nature. The winds, the black clouds, had been angry for many hours; they had in some manner impressed the lightning and thunder into the atmospheric misunderstanding; great volumes of blackness had been flung at the sun by day and into the face of the moon at night. The unpleasantness was all a mystery until daylight having come, our friend threw open his shutter and saw the appletrees in full bloom. We now dismiss all the intellectual machinery of which the writer made use and simply thank him for dispelling our stupidity and coaxing us to look at a blossoming orchard. He did not believe in any quarrel in the upper air. Thus Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton and Shakespeare are all practical common-sense men, but they are rich in intellectual furniture. Their ability to put a truth on a stage was wonderful. But Dante and Beatrice are

not a piece of absolute realism. The sweet girl was much more loved than many, but so was Virgil a favorite of Dante. Beatrice was simply the one blossom, highest and reddest of a luxuriant soul. Virgil, Statius, Rachel and Matilda all share with Beatrice in this outpoured love.

Dante was nearly forty years old when he toiled at the production of the now illustrious poem. He was about thirty years distant from that boyhood morning in which he looked with such rapture upon the child Beatrice. Whatever may have been the dazzle of those youthful days, nearly all thoughtful persons who live in this century cannot but feel that that romance of the tenth year could have reached the fortieth only in the form of a beautiful memory. Romantic love is one of those small boats which, although magnificent as the barge of Cleopatra, is better for a coast service than for crossing the wide sea. Thirty years are too wide an ocean; Dante's bannered barge did not cross it. But there is an event that is com-

mon—that of a sensitive and noble mind looking back and bedecking with new tears the object it kissed long ago. When cares and misfortunes have been many, and when the future becomes too small to contain much of hope, the past all reopens and the heart arises and says: I will go back to my father's house. There love and plenty await me. The more husks and swine about the feet, the more willing and grand is the return.

It is quite unjust to Dante to think of him as “the lover sighing like a furnace with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow;” for although he did inscribe a mighty sonnet to the eyes of his mistress, he must be granted the credit of having waited until the love which came at first sight had been subdued by all the worldly events of more than thirty years. He was, indeed, wonderfully sentimental, but he was also a soldier, a statesman, a scholar. Beatrice was only a color thrown over a varied life like the color of a sunset, whose hues turn sky, land and trees, living or dead, into pure gold. But there was noth-

ing of the weak young man in the nature of Dante. His era was romantic. To be in love was the privilege of each separate person; and so open-hearted were the Italians that the new or the old attachments of each one were matters of confession and common conversation equaled in our day by the themes of science or politics. Dante and Beatrice were paralleled in the lives of many men and women of those intermediate centuries. The Minnesingers and the errant knights had made song and love rank as fine arts. It was the wonderful prevalence and power of love-song that induced Dante to break friendship with the Latin language and utter his soul in the current words of the people. He wrote the first part of the *Inferno* in the classic tongue, but in the years in which that manuscript was resting he reached some new appreciation of the popular speech, and when he resumed the comedy the thoughts ran out in harmonious Italian. It is probable that the Latin tongue had become so associated with the law and theology of the age that it seemed unable to

be the accompaniment of the song the poet intended to sing. Language, like all other objects, is liable to become the victim of associations. The same sentimentalism which exalted Beatrice exalted the Italian dialect. The language of his love overpowered the language of his theology.

Admitting that all the fashionable people of that period made romantic love a channel and expression of culture, we must concede that Dante possessed a poetic sensibility which made him almost out-do his own age. Whatever may be the genius of a time, there will be leaders in the dominant pursuit or condition. If the age be scientific there will be Newtons; if it be philosophic there will be Lockes and Hamiltons; if it be religious there will be Xaviers and Marquettes. While, therefore, Dante loved according to the custom of his times, he was eminent in his department and no doubt surpassed the common crowd in a kind of adoration of persons. In our own times it is evident that John Stuart Mill, Henry Hallam, and Robert Browning were capable of

carrying more than the common quantity of affection. The death of young Hallam, the death of Mrs. Mill, and of Mrs. Browning were shadows wonderfully deep in the hearts upon which they fell. Mill and Hallam never again saw earth in its old beauty. Those two graves made each sunset bring tears. Upon Dante there must be seen falling the full, rich untorn mantle of his country and epoch. In the midst of love he was above all; he was a dashing leader in the great battlefield of the heart.

The age which made this poet so romantic also transformed the adored child and woman. When a girl possessed great beauty and greatness of character, she became an emblem while she lived and almost a divinity after her death. The world was still so young and illogical, so wonder-loving, that it personified all spiritual beauties and virtues. The concrete was dearer than the abstract. The Greeks and Romans worshiped a little army of Minervas, Junos, Venuses, Dianas, and nymphs, because they did not respect the real

woman enough to tempt their hearts to make for her a throne or a pedestal. Each Minerva proclaimed the absence of the real woman. When woman became great in learning or talent she declined in morals, and Aspasia and Cleopatra were so affected by gossip that when men wished to worship womanhood they turned toward Minerva rather than toward the favorites of Pericles and Mark Anthony.

The invasion of the world by the New Testament wrought a gradual but at last a radical change. Those gospels and letters chased the Venuses and Dianas out of art and created a demand for such earthly symbols as the Marys and the Magdalens. Cecilia, Teresa, and quite a long roll of human saints made the worship of Beatrice possible. Much as the Protestants may be opposed to the mariolatry of the Roman Catholics, they should confess the services which the "Ave Marias" have performed in behalf of womanhood. They have taken from the clouds, the groves, the fountains and the sea the virtues of a thousand nymphs and have conferred them upon

the terrestrial woman. John Stuart Mill and his wife make up of womanhood a better picture for man than that of Numa Pompilius and the goddess Egeria. Since the Mary of Bethlehem came, humanity has wasted less worship over the chimeras of the childish ages. It has used all its intellect and sentiment in the upbuilding of the kingdom of womanhood. It has not been drained of wealth by a costly foreign policy.

To exchange the goddesses for womanhood was not only what would seem a good form of barter looked upon in any light, but it was rendered more profitable to civilization by the fact that the womanhood must be idealized in order that the orators, poets and lovers could pass from Diana to Mary, from a Juno to a Beatrice. There must be some resemblance between the old divine and the new human. The Marys and Marthas were thus thrown upward into a figure larger than the reality. The New Testament so exalted the plane of female life that it soon became very possible to have in Rome or

Florence human emblems of a physical and moral beauty which had always been supposed celestial. Olympus was displaced by Florence.

It was in a climate full of warmth of nature, in an age of romance, in a time of transition between the unreal and the real, Dante met the girl of exceeding beauty. That she was the loveliest creature of the times no one need deny. According to Carlyle, each generation contains its loveliest face as well as its worst book or meanest man. By very slow degrees Dante wove this loveliest face into his poems as a most fitting motive. Not only did he wait for the beauty to die and become an angel, but he had patiently and silently passed over the time and fact of her marriage. It was ten years after her death and about fourteen years after Dante's marriage to another woman, that his poems began to appear in the name of the infinite friendship.

It would thus seem that the poet in the noon of his sad experience, driven by his inward genius to hold up his generation to

the gaze of the people, selected this dead and half-idolized beauty to be the motive of his long symphony.

Dante did not bear patiently his banishment. He made repeated attempts to get back to his city with its beauty and precious friendships, and at each failure his heart became more melancholy and his fury more flaming. The volume which slowly grew in his mind was not a simple poem, not a love-story. It was an encyclopædia of Italy. Italy had been in a political turmoil for the several generations in which the two parties struggled for supremacy—the papal power and the temporal power—the former an absolute throne, the latter a constitutional monarchy. The papal party was founded upon miracles, the limited monarchists upon the history of Greek and Roman law. The struggle of these two ideas made Florence and Rome battle-grounds not only for swords but for words: and by the time Dante had drunk in a heart-full of political wrongs and sorrows, he had in mind a large number of persons who ought to be

thought of as in hell or purgatory, and his heart held a memory of many noble ones who ought to be dreamed of as in heaven. The book was thus too great to be a love story, it was intended to be the history of a period—a bar of judgment created as an outline of the final day of punishment and reward. If any persons now living should open the volume with the thought of finding in it any love-making, any rapturous kisses over proposal and acceptance, it is not in the power or extent of this essay to express the disappointment they will experience as they read; but if any one loves to mark what political and religious ideas were moving slowly across the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, what silent formations of cloud and storm were reaching up in the sky, what rifts there were through which shone the sun, what kind of political leaders needed perdition, what kind of popes, cardinals and bishops needed the limbo of pain and regrets, what noble ideas had come down from the classics, what nobler ones from the simple truths of Palestine, what lofty

beings had risen up in every age, what groupings of truths genius can make, what lofty decorations the art of literature can rear upon the thrilling or beautiful facts of our race, and how poetry can draw the truest portrait of history, to such a one the work named "Dante" will seem not a tale of romance but a vast stream of knowledge and eloquence.

Dante was not a Beau Brummell, nor an N. P. Willis. He was a heroic character, ready to be a soldier or an ardent student of Paris or Padua. He was once ruler in chief of the Principality of Florence; a citizen king of the town that could grow such people as Beatrice. He was no languishing lover. He was rather a combination of part Pericles and part Homer. Beatrice was not a part of Dante's life, so much as a part of his literary art. In life, he loved her a little, in literature he loved her deeply.

Dante was the transition heart between the old poetic epic and the new era of novels. When the Divine Comedy was written, no novel had ever been com-

posed. Had this Florentine lived six hundred years later, his beautiful girl would have become a Mrs. Robert Ellsmere, and Dante's scorn would have missed the Pope and smitten John Calvin and modern orthodoxy. But fortunately for us, in the thirteenth century the novel had not yet been invented.

What is a novel? Literature in general is that part of the world's thought that is beautiful. The truth in the algebra or in the grammar is real and useful, but it is not beautiful. As music is not sound, but only beautiful sound, as architecture is not the art of building, but of building beautifully, so literature is that thought or truth which comes to us commended by ornament. The novel is a book of truth or thought, ornamented by the presence of an attractive woman. As man has viewed and measured his world, the most attractive object under the wide heavens is woman. Man thinks well of daisies and roses; he approves of the rainbow; he can not but speak kindly of the ocean, but his words grow the most eloquent when he

comes to speak about some woman of great absolute or alleged beauty.

Bowing before this shrine, Homer asked a Helen a Briseis, a Penelope, to decorate his long stories, Sophocles had impressed into sweet duty the matchless Antigone; Virgil had used Dido and Lavinia to act as colors for all his fields and clouds. When in the last lines of Virgil, the dying Turnus says to his rival: "Tua est Lavinia conjux," etc. "Lavinia is thy wife. Follow me no longer with thy vengeance;" those words were prophetic of a day when a beautiful or a frail woman would ornament a million books which should terminate each one in a wedding or a funeral. But Dante was yet living under the Greek and Latin administration. As Homer had asked Penelope to wave perpetually her flag of beauty, as Virgil had made Dido and Lavinia allure the world along over his lines, so Dante knew perfectly well that we should all pass along more willingly through hell and purgatory, and through heaven's gates, were we all aware that before us ran or floated a half

divine Beatrice. When in mature life, this Italian leader and statesman determined to write an epic of Italy, he could not forget that a beautiful womanhood had often been the musical accompaniment of human reflections. Manhood has also stood for an ornament, but man as such has never equaled woman in the ability to create or furnish a fine art. Dante marked how the Homeric verses had made thoughts plead and fail or triumph around an attractive Helen. Had not Penelope inspired a poem of general travel and adventure? Had not Dido and Æneas helped Virgil to make a continuity of beads of every size and color? Beatrice was so matchless in beauty and character, and had been so exalted by the absence the grave had brought, and she was so precious to Dante's personal memory, that his lips must have said: "I will ask her to cast a charm over my survey of the Italian state. She will exalt the reader while she exalts me. She shall be a standard of virtues in comparison with which the blackness of the age will remain undoubted. She will

gladly come back to me, for my misfortunes will make all the scenes of my youth return, and the past will fill a heart that no longer possesses a future." Thus comes the book to us, a song indeed, but also a history, a philosophy, a sketch-book, an oration, a gallery of pictures, a synopsis of the thirteenth century.

Dante might well be called the first statesman of the Christian period. He came in advance of English and German letters and although the Magna Charta had been created in England a few years before Dante was born, one of the twenty Oxford colleges had just been founded. It was a mere grammar school in those days. London and Paris were on the margin of that political light which was still shining out from the classic sun. Italy was nearer the centre. The politics of the Greeks and Romans flowed westwardly along with their languages, but they had not gone much beyond Florence when this great mind studied them.

In this continent when a great railway is opening out westwardly, industry,

wealth, houses, streets, schools and churches spread out fan-like around the terminus of the highway. When after some years pass the road is carried a hundred miles onward, the local congestion diminishes and the power passing along the iron rail runs to another terminus and repeats there its fan-like opening. Thus in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the vast Greek and Roman highway ended in Florentine Principality and as leaves and blossoms grow where the vine is cut off, thus a high politics threw out its leaves where the Latin road ended or the Latin vine was broken. Two parties arose, sometimes called the Guelphs and Ghibellines, sometimes the Whites and the Blacks. Called by whatever name, those two divisions were the same old ones of all times. The Guelphs implied the rule by one or a few persons, the Ghibellines a rule by constitutional law. Following the example of nearly all great minds, Dante espoused the broadest right and principle and became the Black Republican of his period. He

argued for the separation of church from the state and won the fame of orator before he won the fame of poet. He antedated Count Cavour five hundred years, and wrote down political maxims which are now the practice of the whole Western world.

The treatise *De Monarchia* carried the idea of constitutional politics so far that it argued for a unity of all the states of Europe with such home-rule here and there as a change of circumstance should demand. The monarchy Dante dreamed of differed little from the England and America of to-day. To meet this unity of States the same broad thinker advocated a unity of language and showed how the fourteen dialects of Europe were at bottom only one tongue. Of this unity of law and language and race the Papal absolutism was the one natural enemy. Hence came the parties, Guelphs and Ghibellines, hence the skirmishes and battles of centuries, hence the slaughter of the Albigenses which came a few years before the birth of the

poet, hence the slaughter and exiles of the Huguenots long after, hence all the horrors which came between.

It was Dante's attachment to the idea of human unity that made him select Virgil and Statius as *dramatis personæ* in the poem in which the Christian Beatrice was to be the leading character. Such a grouping came from the feeling that genius and morality make all times and persons to be one. In Dante's visions pagan and Christian move along side by side. David was crowned King of Israel while Æneas was landing in Italy, and Christ came into the world at a time when He could be aided by the reign of Cæsar Augustus. Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras and Cicero were the same in substance with the fathers of the church. In the eternal world he saw Plato, the idealist, and Aristotle, the realist, sitting down together in equal honor or imperfection. Boethius, the philosopher, coming five hundred years after Christ, joined with the pages of Cicero in making Dante declare that philosophy had become the mistress

of his soul. As Solomon had long before painted Wisdom as an attractive woman who took her place near the city gates and uttered lessons to the passing throng, so Dante, deeply colored in all the profound thought which lay between Plato and Boethius, declared his Beatrice to be the living emblem of that wisdom of the world:

“O lady, thou in whom my hopes have rest,
Who for my safety has not scorned, in hell
To leave the traces of thy footsteps marked,
For all mine eyes have seen, I to thy power
And goodness, virtue owe and grace. Of slave
Thou hast to freedom brought me, and no means
For my deliverance has left untried.

Thy liberal bounty still toward me keep
That when my spirit which thou madest whole
Is loosened from this body it may find
Favor with thee. So I my plea preferred;
And she so distant far, looked down,
Smiled once and toward the eternal fountain
turned.”

The scene preliminary to this prayer seems to take the poet away from the mere character of a lover and transform him into a mind busy among the problems of Florence and of society. Beatrice had vanished from his side, and when he had cried out, “Whither has she vanished?” an aged man appeared instead and replied that the loved

one had sent him to point out the higher throne to which she had risen. So Dante let his eye run upward, throne above throne, and there he beheld his idol high up among the eternal truths and the infinite liberty. It is not probable that Beatrice stood for any one form of truth, that of religion or politics, but for that philosophy which is the highest form of truth and thought attainable in all the departments of mental industry. She was to Dante a living embodiment of what our more abstract century has embodied in the hymn "Nearer to Thee." Beatrice stood for all height—political, ethical and religious.

With such internal reasons of being, this poem began at once a career of influence. It would not have created the Italian language had it not possessed an internal greatness which clothed its melodious words with power. Dante did not make a language by joining the dictionary to mere poetic beauty; he was made more powerful by his having the courage and the statesmanship that could attach language and beauty to what was greatest in civilization.

That which compelled one pope to forbid the reading of the verses was the element in them which carried them along. It was known that Dante had declined in anger a permission to return to Florence if he would return a penitent and pay also a fine. He said he was not so earthen-hearted as to go back like a truant school-boy or as a criminal. He must return in honor or not at all. He could see the sun and stars when outside the city, and could ponder over sweet truth under any sky. Thus the poem rested upon fundamental truths and the person of a hero.

To the dignity of its themes the work adds all the confessed elements of true poetry. The art is a high art. The natural style of Dante is as full of surprises as that of Hugo. It is intense and condensed. Often a word or a phrase rings out like a trumpet or the discharge of a heavy gun, and then follows the tranquillity of a few lines. One of his cantos begins thus:

“Broke the dead stillness of my brain a crash of heavy thunder.” He arose and looked around. The reader is aroused

along with the writer. The thunder was the only bell fit to awaken such a traveler in the Inferno. No rap on the bed-room door, no breakfast bell would be adequate call for one who is to advance a few paces and find men and women in the regions of eternal grief. A crash of heavy thunder was just the awakening the traveler needed in that awful gulf. When the fact or event needs the softened speech of sympathy, the rude sounds all cease, and the poem runs along like the bird song in the Siegfried of Wagner.

To the now living reader of Dante the book has become only a treasure of detached gems. So many persons in the work are so unknown to us that but for humanity's sake we should not care whether the poet had sent them to heaven or hell. We cannot pass judgment upon their doctrines or their condition. It is necessary to leave many such matters with the artist; but at intervals all through the long creation come episodes that belong to the nineteenth century and thirteenth alike. The continuity of the tale is gone,

but there is a lap-full of pearls now off their silken string. When Dante speaks of a forest in springtime it is for our hearts he speaks. The woods is the one through which we have all walked in some happy day of perhaps early life.

“Through that celestial forest whose thick shade
With living greenness the new coming day
Attempered, eager now to roam and search
Its limits round, forthwith I left the stream,
Through the wide woods leisurely my way,
Pursuing o'er the ground which on all side
Delicious odor breathed. A pleasant air
That intermitted never, never veered
Smote on my temples—a mild wind
Of touch the softest, at which the boughs
Obedient all bent trembling toward that point
Where first the Holy Mountain casts its shade.
Yet were not so disordered but that still
Upon their top the feathered quiristers
Applied their wonted art, and with full joy
Welcomed those hours of prime and warbled loud
Amid the leaves which to their happy notes
Kept tenor, just as from branch to branch
Along the piney forest, on the shore
Of Chassi rolls the gathering melody.”

Dante knows just when silence is more eloquent than speech. He detects those moments when two or three words contain more power than a hundred, but he also knows of those places where speech is

richer than silence, and the man who upon one page is as condensed as Tacitus becomes upon the next page as full and free as Virgil. He is as mutable as water, which is capable of acting either as dew-drop or as ocean.

His lessons as artist or painter, taken in his youth, may have added to his love of those pictures in which his verse abounds. As a painter he opens many a canto which he is to close as a philosopher :

“ It hath been heretofore my chance to see
 Horsemen with martial order shifting camp
 To onset sallying or in muster ranged
 Or in retreat sometimes outstretched for flight
 Light-armed squadrons and fleet foragers
 Scouring thy plains Arezzo have I seen
 And clashing tournaments and telling jousts
 Now with the sound of trumpets, now of bells,
 Drums or signals made from castled heights
 And with inventions multiform, our own
 Or introduced from foreign land.”

The power of Dante to group details is not less than that of those illustrious successors which time brought, in Shakespeare and Milton. When Beatrice stood watching, to note on the horizon the chariot of Christ, she became a type of such gentle-

ness and affection that the poet could but liken her to a little mother bird :

“ Who midst a leafy bower
Has, in her nest, sat darkling through the night
With her dear brood, impatient to discern
Their looks again and to bring home their food,
In the fond search unconscious of all toil.
In the long meanwhile on the boughs
That overhang the nest with wakeful gaze
Watches for sunlight, nor till dawn
Removeth from the east her eager ken.”

Here the “leafy bower,” “the waiting in darkness,” “impatient for light to reveal the hidden faces,” the eagerness to bring home food, “the unconsciousness of toil,” the “sitting toward the east” that she may detect the light the sooner, watching for day on the leaves that overhang her nest, make up that richness which belongs to the universe of an Infinite Creator. The common mind can allude to a bird upon the nest and can join some humane associations for inculcating lessons of mercy to the wild boys of the street, but a Dante alone can grasp the entire scene and can make the soul of the little bird stand for that great human race which in the long night of earth watches for dawn and in the long

shadows turns the face forever toward the sunrise of a morrow. Dante's style is all through that of a brocaded silk. Five hundred years have separated us from much in the poem that was once powerful and beautiful, but enough remains to secure for the work a place among the most wonderful pieces in the literature of the entire world.

What ought to add value to the poem is the thought that it helped lead Europe out of error and to create for it those waves of light which soon began to roll after each other over Germany, France and England. The verses were perhaps most powerful in the fourteenth century. They were recited in the clubs and parlors of Italy and France, and were sung in the streets. They were so full of sentiment, thought and rapture that while they were laying the foundations of political law they were inspiring all the arts, and while they were the preludes of the reformation in religion and politics they made Angelo and Rafael appear in the arena of beauty. Those harmonious verses differed from those of

Anakreon which would not sound anything but love. These Italian lines not only sang love as never Greek or Latin sang it, but they made liberty as eloquent as love, and leave us to wonder whether Beatrice was not herself an emblem of that Supreme Wisdom all whose ways are pleasantness and peace.

THE ENLARGED CHURCH.

The Enlarged Church.*

The Christian church bows to a constitutional law of our planet and slowly changes and advances. As the state under Victoria or King Oscar is not that state which once answered to the name of Zenobia or Augustus, as the literature of the English nations is not that shape of thought which once found utterance through the Hebrew and Sanscrit tongues, so the popular religion of our period is not that faith and practice which prevailed when King David ascended the marble steps of his temple, or when Paul delivered his sermon on Mars Hill. As in painting the artist first draws in outline, and with a few pencil-marks foreshadows a great picture, so in religion the earliest ages drew a mere sketch of the virtues and deeds which the subsequent times must produce.

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All the good of our race is cumulative. If the physical globe is growing under a perpetual shower of star-dust which makes the sky blue and helps compose the rich colors of the sunset, not otherwise do knowledge and sentiment grow wider and deeper as the centuries come and go. That would not seem a wise providence which should permit the mind to remain shallow and should constantly deepen the earth's dust.

It is not known in what form, or when, or by what means man came into existence, but he has always acted in harmony with this formula: Given, a good or a beauty, to find a greater beauty or a greater good. His world has therefore been cumulative, and his religion has always passed from one idea toward two, and from one virtue to many virtues. All students of the qualities and habits of primitive man find his religion to have been composed largely of fear. Unable to escape the notion that an effect implied a cause, the primitive mind soon reached the conclusion that some cause or causes lay back of the many things

the eye could see and the hand touch, but only a high education could have attached to this Godhood great moral qualities. Early man could not ascribe to his deity attributes undreamed of by man himself. The conception of a great cause must have reached our world long in advance of the notion of an all-wise and benevolent cause.

The historic religion began more as a dread than as a loving worship, and the first cardinal doctrine of early orthodoxy must have been formulated in the words that God must be daily appeased; that to keep on good terms with such a powerful being was the chief end of man. It exhausted the genius of priest and philosopher to invent the ways and means of keeping the sky at peace with the earth. The ill-nature of God was as extensive as His existence and ability. Kings, generals and great citizens were always wondering how many lambs and oxen would be required to keep Jove or Jehovah in friendship with the fields until the wheat had been garnered and the grapes had escaped the last form of blight. The great poem of

Œdipus cannot by all its eloquence and many-shaped excellence prevent the modern reader from regretting that Zeus should have become so indignant at a noble young prince who had unwittingly married his own mother. When Œdipus learned that his wife was also his mother, his own grief was so great as to render the wrath of the gods a spectacle wholly uncalled for. But with even the semi-cultured Greeks the more the divine wrath, the more perfect the religion. The early problem of religion was not chiefly how to fling a sweet "sop to Cerberus," but it was rather how to make a sop rich enough and sweet enough to pacify the Olympian group. Virgil was at last sufficiently thoughtful to raise the question whether ill-nature were the ideal condition of celestial minds (*Tantæ ne iræ?*), but of the merit of hot indignation as a divine attribute primitive theologians had little doubt.

This First Cause not only was capable of great and prolonged wrath, but it was the embodiment of all that egotism and selfishness which in the department of human life

came with authority and power. If a chief of a tribe or the monarch of a state were always marked by a certain self-consciousness, which our times might perhaps designate as self-conceit, what a colossal self-esteem must have characterized the creator and owner of all things in the whole circle of space and time? The ancients assumed the unbounded self-love of the deity, and therefore to fear, the early worshiper added the perpetual desire to confess Heaven's greatness. Along came the people with their two sentiments—dread and self-abnegation. As when the king was passing the true subjects lay down in the dust or mud, that in such rows of prostrate forms the potentate might read his own greatness, so when the loyal subject of a god assumed himself to be near his deity down went his body to the dust, that in such acts of human humility the Heavenly King might reach a new sense of his own exalted condition and destiny.

Language and art and passion urge into the service of expression the well-known power of contrast. Painters do not make

the color of a sky or of a piece of woods by working only at the sky or at each leaf. They work in some adjacent spot or spots of the canvas and exalt the blue of the air or the picture of the woods by artistic manipulation of what is neither sky nor forest. From no field of thought has this power of contrast been absent. When the early religionist longed to confess the glory of his Maker, unable to put a more brilliant jewel in the divine but invisible crown, he placed ashes upon his own head and thus made sackcloth and dust proclaim the splendor which no art or language could directly express.

It is not necessary that the student of religion should find how far into the history of Christianity these two sentiments, dread and contrast, moved, and how rapidly they faded before the widening and deepening truth of an advancing race, but it does seem the painful duty of the Christians of to-day to confess that under those simple words, "The Glory of God," lay for many a century the unhappiness and degradation of mankind. It is almost within the

reach of living memory that God was thought of as a mighty conqueror, who was made only the more illustrious by the length and breadth of the desert left behind by his chariot wheels. The barbaric primitive human taste, which could once be thrilled with pleasure by the exploits of an Alexander or a Cæsar, advanced far into the career of Christianity and clothed with attractiveness the sweeping desolation which the Almighty had wrought among the earthly millions, and which was liable at any moment to be repeated in the present or future arenas of life. Our fathers not remote felt that religion was all to be exhausted in the effort to compliment the Creator. The "glory of God" was little else than an enormous self-love. In the Christian centuries in which this "glory" flourished humanity sank that God might be exalted. The story repels by its sadness. Heaven was the home of a selfishness which asked all things and gave but little. Men, women and children complimented the Infinite Father because He had for a time at least kept them away from a

consuming fire. It was often assumed that the greatness of God made His will an absolute, spotless morality and that no creature might complain at the alleged theory and practice of the Creator, for the infinity of Jehovah permitted Him to do what He would with His own. The lump of clay must not dictate to the potter. It must bless the potter for the privilege of revolving on his wheel.

The Christian Church may well designate as sad and wasteful all those centuries in which it attempted to encourage and gratify the infinite self-love which seemed enthroned in the heavens. It ought to have perceived that all moral principles are universal and perpetual. Their arena is not only amid human life, but it expands and is amid all the forms of intelligent being. If the human soul cannot be ennobled by a self-aggrandizement, pure and simple, a divine soul must be subject to the same incapacity. It is not possible for self-love to be the attribute of a God. In all those times when the worshipers in both pagan and Christian temples were

marching up marble steps that they might tell the Lord again and again the story of His own greatness, the air was full of rebukes and whisperings. The Almighty must have wished that His children would bring to His altars the many-shaped greatness of their race. Could the sacred temples have spoken for their Deity they would have uttered the sublime ethics of Jesus: "What ye do for these little ones ye do for me."

The past of the Church includes not only this long effort to applaud the Almighty, but also a period of the supremacy of doctrine. By processes, which seem lost, the Infinite Being was made into an ardent admirer of forms and fashions. The vastness of creation and the sweep of years which struck with awe the astronomer and the geologist, the amazing heights and depths, that grandeur which not only thrilled the Galileos and the Newtons, but which created them, did not excuse the Almighty from being partial to a mode of baptism and from a disposition to make his children study hard the lessons

of "eternal procession" and "total depravity." There were centuries which were rich in the possession of about two hundred doctrines, each one of which was assumed to be utilized in saving a soul and in pleasing the Heavenly Father. Before the constitutional republics of America and France came into existence there passed along a great procession of nations founded upon practices which are now designated as "red tape." In the theory of Darwin man wriggled a million years while he was learning to walk nobly and erect. In the history of nations there was a long wriggling period. Mankind was waiting for principles to arrive. No history of the Church will be complete which shall omit those years in which, vital ideas being absent, the clergy governed with a red-tape-manual the kingdom of man's God.

These facts may be recalled the more willingly because the heart is cheered by the reflection that they have passed away. God's self-love has been eclipsed by His love of His rational beings. The awful

isolation and solitude of the Creator have been broken up and the father is with the children. Worship has not declined, but it has asked an elevated humanity to be a part of its hymn and prayer. As the classic matron said, "These are my jewels," so the Christian Church would point to happier men and women and say, "These are a part of my prayers."

It has now been about three hundred years since the human mind began to study itself and its world. The new philosophers assumed that man must master his own planet. If it were true that he were on his way to a second life he must all the more industriously exhaust the lessons and duties of this career. If man has two lives they must be cognate. If death only divides, it must divide a lesser beauty from a greater, wisdom from more wisdom and love from love. This new philosophy opened to society a new field of action and to the Church a new form of religious being and conduct. It began to say: I must build up this earthly kingdom. It is a part of the divine empire. Any slights shown the

Earth are shown to Heaven because all human years are interwoven.

The Church of the present is seen reaching out toward man in all the great breadth of that term. It still busies itself over the salvation of the soul, but it has slowly added to that work the task of making the rescue assume the preliminary form of salvation from ignorance and vice and poverty. The older church worked to remove or obviate a special misery called by the many names of "hell," "eternal pain" or "banishment," but the later logic asks the sanctuary to consider all misery as near of kin and to connect the mind which suffers in this life with the mind which may perhaps suffer beyond the tomb. Ignorance, vice, poverty, injustice, are viewed as calamities and must be treated as part of that deep shadow which in its blackest form makes up a "lost soul." All tears need pity, fall in what world they may.

Worship has added to its repertory the notion of honoring God through His works. As the best praise of an artist is the matchless beauty of his canvas, as the

best fame of a vocalist is found in the sweetness of the song, so the most rational and most impressive worship of the Deity will be found in that hour or nation which shall lead up to His altars the most enlightened and most moral characters. The worship can be most improved by improving the worshiper. The Book of Common Prayer need not be read more frequently nor with louder voice. The little volume standing the same from generation to generation asks only for lips which can utter its petitions in more of uprightness and peace.

It is indeed possible that some congregation or some pastor may be making his meeting-house too earthly and may be teaching a gospel that is too "muscular," but these cases seem sporadic and need not weigh heavily against the new truth that the Christian Church is looking toward and must look toward the complete interest of man as a mind, a body, a soul. If we assume the existence of a personal God we must assume that the Church is such a general agent of God that it must see to it

that man "suffers no detriment." Whether the detriment threatens to come from the state or from the misfortunes of society or from its vices, the Church must stand forth as the defender and savior of the sufferer. It is the earthly administrator of a celestial kindness and right. It is, however, no such agent of Heaven as that one which once under the name of Protestant or Catholic attempted to rule the race. It is only an administrator of Heaven's wisdom, Heaven's eloquence, persuasion and solicitude. It is an agent of Heaven as art is an agent of beauty. Art carries no whip. It does not drive slaves, it leads lovers, it studies and seeks and expresses all the forms of beauty. It watches the leaf fluttering in the wind, it notes the drifting summer cloud; it studies the features of Madonna. It is the purveyor of a heart which it daily makes more hungry. Thus the new Church of the Christian discovers and secures for its members and friends the most possible of all physical and spiritual good. It possesses no authority. It cannot decree like a state. It rules

only as a vast wisdom joined to a vast friendship.

The present situation of the Church would seem expressed should we say that its old kingdom of worship had opened to admit the kingdom of benevolence. Rich and beautiful is this new *imperium* in the old *imperio*. Even when the Salvation Army marches at night in the streets of London or Liverpool or Paris it is not difficult to admire that wisdom and kindness which appeal to the higher nature of a wicked, reckless man and persuade him to dress and act like a soldier and to march under a banner inscribed with the name of the Lord. There may be puerilities in the code and practice of that organization, but when a depraved and purposeless, hopeless soul turns away from its moral ruin and begins to march toward that goal marked out by such a captain of salvation as that one who first led men in Judea the puerilities fall away from the case and leave it worthy of manhood's highest respect.

The annexes to the Holy Temple are

numerous. Sometimes the modern meeting-house contains a well-furnished kitchen. Perhaps an exhaustive criticism would "draw the line" at kitchens. This essay is not meant to contain a last analysis. Acute minds will perhaps arise to find the exact religious and social bearing of the strawberry festival and oyster supper. Up to this date the most popular objection to the religious oyster supper has been embodied in the complaint that too much happiness and nutriment have been expected from a single member of this bivalve family. Let us have little to do with such details. It is evident that the Temple has been enlarged and improved. The names of the additions would fill a page. The Young Men's Christian Association, The Young Woman's Christian Association, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Society of Christian Endeavor, the Red Cross and the White Cross Societies, the Episcopal Guilds, the Helping Hands, the Young Woman's Friendly, are only a few of those terms which tell the story of a widening Church.

When the Church began to care for mind, soul, and body and began to make a cultivated Earth the logical prelude to the ultimate streets of gold, it compelled the pulpit to widen in scholarship, mental power and sympathy. A demand sprang up for minds which could make a survey of man's condition and hopes. Theology at once expanded until it admitted social questions and inquiries, and the men who once needed only to apply texts of Scripture to a careless sinner or a trusting saint found themselves compelled to study the whole history and need of mankind. Heaven suddenly annexed Earth. The men who had preached about paradise were compelled to add to their subjects the fields and shops and mines and the duties and perils of labor and capital. The Church in studying man as man indirectly acted upon its clergy and compelled them to prepare themselves for a wider intellectual career. This new mental power, this new influx of practical earthly philosophy is the potent cause of the decline of doctrine which is now

visible in many of the Christian denominations. The mind which once loved to find and mark hidden meanings in the Scripture and wonderful distinctions between terms and entities, longs now to work in and for the swarms of human life and to say with Charles Kingsley: "I have loved the world, I now love it, I shall love it always." The difference becomes less between the clergyman, the statesman and the philanthropist. Each one must equal all manhood.

There is no proof that these new applications of the Church are making the Christian character less full of worship. It is probable that the greater mankind becomes the more adorable will be its origin. By so much as society enlarges and ennobles itself, by so much should it bow the more lovingly before the power which set going such wheels of mind and heart. The King is made great by the growth of his empire. If man could go from all degradation and sorrow to the altars of praise, with a profounder piety may he repair thitherward from a civiliza-

tion full of greatness and happiness. As the most learned philosopher carries in his spirit a deeper sense of the world's mystery than can be found in the thoughts of a school boy, so an age may well expect all its growth of learning and virtue to deepen the solemnity of its thoughts and feelings about God.

Worship ought to grow with the growing reasons for worship.

· It is difficult to measure at a given place and time the status of this sentiment. Not all ages are open-hearted. Some races are silent in hours when other peoples are talkative. It is difficult to map and measure underground streams. There is reason to hope that the Christian Church of to-day in its espousal of the temporalities of mankind is not moving away from the altars at which all kindreds and tongues have cast down their offerings and chanted their psalms. Inasmuch as the greater man becomes the more he loves greatness, it ought to follow that an enlarged religion—enlarged in wisdom, power and love—ought all the more to be thrilled by

thoughts over the Creator of all things and all life. It would be a misfortune should the sentiment of worship decline on this continent. The misfortune would not in the least fall upon man's God, but rather would it all rest upon that human soul which in order to be great and blessed must enjoy the advantages of living amid sublime thoughts and divine, even infinite, longings and passions.

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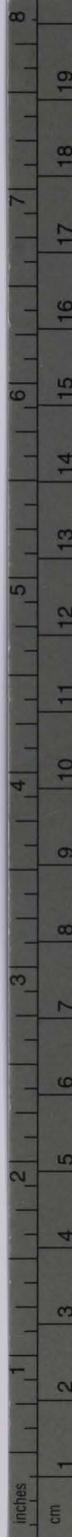


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