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OLD PICTURES OF LIFE.

Old Pictures of Life

by
David Swing
"

With an Introduction
by Franklin H. Head

IN TWO VOLUMES

Volume

2

Second



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CHICAGO

STONE AND KIMBALL

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THE SUBMERGED CENTURIES.

The Submerged Centuries.

The mass of submerged centuries lying in our Christian era is not definitely marked. No natural phenomenon comes with sharply defined borders. The earthquake at New Madrid, which drew down fifty miles of farms along the bank of our great river, made other hundreds of miles tremble. The convulsion which was so terrific at Krakatoa made the sleeping citizens awake at night six hundred miles away. Thus, the sunken spiritual period in our era cannot be marked out with any precision. By some students of history it is said to reach from the fifth century to the fifteenth. By the law of sympathy and gradation the trembling that was so loud and heavy around the wild King Clovis was not very slight around Julius Cæsar; and the jar of the houses that was so marked around Christopher Columbus was

felt by the common people around Luther and Calvin. If seven centuries are said to be sunken, there is a long dragging down process visible on both sides of the gulf. If we assume the ninth century to be the bottom of this intellectual abyss, we may make the circumference of this crater to sweep around near Carthage in the times of Cleopatra, and near Geneva, in the times of Calvin. In the moral world there are no perpendicular walls of upheaval or subsidence. All borders gently slope and go slowly from flint to grass.

About three hundred years before our era, Greek statesmen began to complain that their army was composed of hired soldiers; that patriotism was a languid sentiment; that statesmen and generals could be bribed. The orator who made these charges delivered the last great speech ever made in Athens and in the Greek tongue—the speech of Demosthenes for a crown.

Under the Latin flag, the Greek decline was somewhat arrested and literature and all wisdom reached such a height that

popular poets like Virgil began to sing of a golden age. The subsequent satires of Martial and Juvenal expose the brass or cheap gilt of the Augustan period. Cicero and Cæsar and hundreds of great men had been assassinated, and slowly but surely had come the sentiment of Tacitus that it was dangerous for a man to be honorable. The Judean Star was still only a poor Jewish candle, not visible far from Nazareth. What Roman virtue and religion remained in men like the Antonines existed in the form of a gloomy stoicism. It was unable to keep alive learning and taste and enthusiasm. The young Christianity was too weak and too full of terrific days of persecution to admit of its floating the world. All the civilization of the past slowly settled, and by the fifth or sixth century the great historic races had become submerged. There had been schools of Latin and Greek. They were closed one by one for want of students and want of sympathy; and in the sixth century the last Athenian school-house closed its doors.

Tacitus, the last great Latin writer and

thinker, uttered at the end of the first century words which might have foretold such a result. He declared the army to be ruined by the theaters and the circus; that the people were a mob which stood ready to yell over any new thing, regardless of any principles the despot might represent. By the close of the fifth century that mental realm which had been powerful and beautiful from Homer to Tacitus had passed beneath the surface. A spiritual Atlantis had disappeared.

It used to be taught us in college, and afterward from the various pulpits, that Christianity came at the most opportune moment after the fall of Adam; that the Roman flag and the Roman language stood ready to carry the new religion to a hundred millions of educated people. From these popular estimates there seems now to have been too much omitted. It would have been better to make them less rosy and more true. Some facts seem overlooked; that Christ came just in time to find a Herod who would put to death all the babes in Bethlehem, so as to be sure of

killing the right one; Christ came just in time to need an escape into Egypt; he came just in time to have his friend John beheaded to please the dancing girl of a Roman official; he came just in time to prepare young converts for the wild beasts in the amphitheatres; just in time to see noble persons made into pitch-torches for the night-shows of Nero. The prevalence of the Roman language was of little value to St. Paul, for having made his orations in the Greek tongue his head was cut off by the men who spoke Latin.

To add to the embarrassment of the new religion the existing thinkers and writers had become almost wholly transcendental and abstract. There had recently come a new charm in what was called deep thought. It was generally assumed that learning must be something much deeper than ordinary forms of thinking, and into this error ran almost the entire flock of intellectual men in Egypt, Arabia, Asia, and afterward Greece. Aristotle and Plato were injured not a little by the old custom. In Arabia, and before the Christian era, arose a delightful exercise

of logic and rhetoric for their own sake. The nature of a spirit, the dimensions of an angel when compared with a needle-point, the origin of things, were themes much better for logical practice than were any of the inquiries which might be raised in the department of utility. For Christ to be born in such an age was something of a misfortune, for the great thinkers took up the intricacies of his case, and omitted what was most pertinent to human life. In less than a hundred years after the death of Jesus, Alexandria and Rome and all the shore of the Mediterranean swarmed with men who could write or discourse for hours or days upon the enigmas which were made possible by the Christian religion. The Asiatic pagans believed in starvation, daily washings, sacred water, and in passing the hand along the back of a sacred cow.

While classic literature was dying under the influence of despotism and immorality, the new religion was building up a form of reflection and sentiment which cared little for the temporalities of mankind. If Virgil wrote the *Georgics* to make agricul-

ture more popular among the declining youth of the age, he composed his appeal a hundred years too late, and we cannot find any similar task undertaken by the advocates of the new religion. Along with Virgil himself his fields disappeared. The end of the world was so near that all Christian rhetoric was busy over the strange country whither all were going. Heaven had reduced the value of farm-lands. By the time the classic men had all died to make room for Christian philosophers Origen had come with his interminable commentaries; and by the time the new era was well versed in his volumes, Plotinus was on hand with a genius that dazzled the third century, and with ideas that formed a labyrinth compared with which that of the Minotaur was only a two-roomed log-cabin. Christianity had become a factory of conundrums.

It is universally admitted that Plotinus taught that in order to have perfect knowledge the subject and the object must be omitted; that the thing apprehending must not be apart from the thing apprehended; that the spirit of man must have everything

within itself; that intuition is the path to knowledge; that by the spirit the unconditioned might be discerned; that out of the spirit comes the soul; and that by the means of the soul the spirit comes into contact with a material world. For a long time it was not known whether these writings were the friend or the enemy of the new Christianity; but after the church had been out in the woods long enough to lose all knowledge of what it was itself, it found no difficulty in feeling that it and Plotinus were both one. It is easy to be either of two things when neither of the things can be understood.

The first mental faculty to fall into ruin was the reasoning power. The classic lands had created a race of logicians who can now be compared to the great moderns, such as Burke, Mill and Webster. Between Aristotle and Tacitus lay a great period of logical excellence. The famous Greek orator in his greatest oration spoke about four hours without using a single line of poetry or a single phrase from the storehouse of fancy. In the speeches of

Demosthenes, no flower bloomed, no bird fluttered with bright wings, no nightingale sang. One would as soon expect a lily to bloom in Euclid's Geometry as to rise up in an oration of that old master. Each sentence was a part of an argument of which a geometrician would be proud. Cicero and Tacitus were at the western end of this mental force. Both the Plinies and Sallust and Horace were models of the same style. When Rome fell not only did agriculture fail and Virgil's fields grow up in blackberry bushes, but reason fell and men who would have been logicians in Pagan times became wonder-lovers, big-eyed and easily deluded. The only punctuation mark needed for a thousand years was the exclamation point. The dark ages were caused by a new style of punctuation. The interrogation point of Socrates was superseded by the exclamation point of magicians.

It was not the Goths that overthrew Rome. The Goths simply plundered the World's Fair grounds after the exhibition had been closed. Out of the debris of

both the Court of Honor and the Midway Plaisance they made an intellectual and theological junk-shop. By means of internal corruption, Rome had committed suicide. The great men from Cæsar onward hastened to kill each other. All the eminent men having been slain, public vice prevented their sons from ever being great enough to be worthy of assassination.

To the ravages of all the vices the new religion added its literature of abstraction and credulity. The destruction of Jerusalem had broken up all the relations of Judaism and its offspring to an earthly nation. The Jews were scattered and broken-hearted; the Christians looked only to a millennium and heaven. So far as the new religion touched Roman thought, it made it religious and dreamy and transformed possible Ciceros and Plinies into such persons as Origen and Augustine. There was no longer any conception of any grand nation except the one that was going to have gates of pearl and streets "inlaid with patines of bright gold." All the new politics was that of the upper air. A scien-

tific career like that of Pliny was not noble or possible. The statesman faded into a priest, and the word patriotism was displaced by the word salvation, and the salvation was to come after death.

Naturalism, that is reason, fell out of all literature because it had been eliminated from all public life. Tacitus had a human style. He spoke and might yet speak to the entire human family. His last paragraph on Emperor Otho would fit into any existing newspaper or magazine or formal history. "Such was the end of Otho in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He was born in the municipal city of Ferentum. His father was of consular rank; his grandfather was a prætor. On his mother's side his descent was respectable, but not illustrious. The features of his character, both in his early days and in later youth, have been delineated. By two actions, the one atrocious, the other magnanimous, he earned from posterity an equal amount of both infamy and honor." Such was the style of Tacitus.

The style of Cicero may be seen in any

sentence or paragraph of his works. He was always clear. "Law is the security for all the high life in a republic. It is the fountain of liberty. In the laws are found the will, the spirit and the judgment of the state. As our bodies can be of no use without being guided by our intellectual faculties, so the state cannot, without the help of law, use its parts, its blood, nerves and members. We must all be the slaves of the law that we may be free men."

In any page of even the poetry of Virgil the literature is as simple and intelligible as an orchard of apples or a field of wheat. "In the meantime Æneas climbs up a hill-side that he may get a wider survey of the sea. He hopes to find in sight the ship *Antheus*, or *Capys*, or the Phrygian triremes, or the arms of *Caicus*. No vessel is to be seen; but on the shore he sees three deer wandering. These afar off a large number follow feeding along in the valley. Æneas takes the bow and arrows which *Achates* was carrying. He brings down the leaders and then he pursues the whole multitude through the leafy woods."

Such was the form of thought and expression that prevailed from Homer to Tacitus, almost a thousand years, but not such was the form of thought that led down to the dark ages. St. Augustine illustrates the form of intellectual action that was so effectual in dispelling day and attracting night. Augustine on music would hardly be an authority in Berlin or Boston. "The delights of the ear had more firmly entangled and subdued me, but Thou, oh, Lord, didst loosen and free me. Now in those melodies which Thy words breathe soul into, when sung with a sweet and attuned voice, I do a little repose, yet not so to be held thereby but that I can disengage myself when I will. At one time I seem to give the tunes more honor than is seemly, feeling our minds to be more holily and fervently raised into a flame of devotion by the holy words when thus sung than when they are not sung. But this contentment of the flesh, to which the soul must not be given over to be enervated, doth often beguile me, the sense not so waiting upon reason as patiently to

follow her. In these things I sin unawares, but am afterward aware of it. At other times I err in too great strictness and do often wish the whole melody of sweet music banished from my ears, and do feel that that mode is safer, which I remember to have been told me by Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, who made the reader of the Psalm utter it without anything like singing. Thus I fluctuate between the peril of pleasure and of approved wholesomeness. Yet when it befalls me to be affected by the voice more than by the words then I sin penally and would rather not hear music. See now my state. Oh, weep with me and weep for me! But Thou, oh, Lord, my God, hearken, behold and see and have mercy and heal me, Thou in whose presence I have become a problem to myself."

It was not the Goths and Vandals that had brought such a calamity upon that human thought that had once built up the classic civilization. The ruin was caused chiefly by an internal foe. There remained no national spirit, and therefore the states-

men and lawyers had died out, for the most robust and rational literature reposes upon nationalism, The dominance of a religion that had become false and foolish led the new generations more and more toward interpretations of old writings and toward the exercise of faith and the enjoyment of wonderful phenomena and events. Augustine had come to believe that figs when broken from the twig cried, and that the mother tree shed tears of milk over these lost babies.

While Roman nationality was dying the fall of the intellect was hastened and made more hopeless by the advent of a crazy Orientalism. All the better families fell in love with fakirs, hermits, wisemen, and fools from the far East. In earlier times the family of the emperors and of senators supported a salaried philosopher—some man who could give advice and help entertain distinguished company. Seneca recalls this kind of paid official. He was tutor, library, mentor, and chaplain of Nero. Long afterward a great invoice of family philosophers was imported from Arabia

and Asia. They were no more infamous than Seneca, but outranked him in ignorance. These persons had no conception of Rome; had no scheme of life above that of a lazy beggar; had weak minds and a mixed language. They permitted their hair to go uncut. Their finger nails grew as unrestrained as their hair. They were negligent in dress. Thus equipped and working within the bosom of the family they gave the descending Romans a new impulse toward a lower deep. These men helped eliminate from the Latin mind all its old, beautiful forces, and from the language its perfection; they substituted big stories for great thoughts; they made the incomprehensible bring a premium and helped usher in a period when the mind that could utter the most nonsense was to be reckoned the most inspired.

In our brief histories of Rome's calamities we are taught that the empire was destroyed by the Goths and Vandals. This is too vague a statement. It is in part true, but it is too general. The names of the surrounding tribes are of no value. Every

center implies a circumference. Rome was a center whose circumference reached up to the Baltic, out to our England, and to the west shore of Spain. This vast area was full of a barbarism modified by the distance from the luminous center. None of these outlying millions were blockheads or mere children. They were not like the Bushmen of Africa. The term "barbarian" meant non-Roman. The Roman light had spread over the whole area swept by this long radius. The old walls and remains in England assure us that the tribes hidden in the European fields and mountains had minds quite well awakened and not wholly misinformed. There were, all through that outside country, plenty of religions, a full supply of gods and goddesses, not a little poetry, plenty of courage and ambition.

Along Cæsar's path to Britain the Druids flourished. Their religion, as described by that general, was not much better or worse than his own. It dealt in many virtues, in worship and immortality, and then held in high esteem about as many absurdities

as are to be found in any of the average theologies of that time. All through the day of Roman splendor it could not have been possible for the classic civilization to end abruptly at any geographical line. There must have been some diffusion of light in even the most remote parts of the great circle. The Roman ideas must simply have diminished as the square of the distance from Rome increased. The wars and raids of the greater upon the less always ended by a great importation of slaves into the central Italia. It was not uncommon for some Latin grandee to possess ten or twenty thousands of these captives. These all became traitors to their new nation, and became the bearers of information from the center toward the border. The Christians repudiated paganism and lived only for an imaginary kingdom of God, while the millions of slaves hated their captor because of his crimes. Thus, at last, of the population of Italia there were many millions to hate it and few to deeply love it. Those who were patriotic had sunk in intellectual force.

There were five times as many Goths and Vandals in the empire as there are Irish in New York or Germans in Cincinnati. With an Oriental taste in the high families, acting along with all the vices enumerated in the Jewish ten commandments, and with swarms of barbarian slaves on the farms, the old Romans sunk rapidly, and the new Christianity absorbed equal quantities of absurd thought and childish custom.

By degrees the circumference began to fall in upon the center. The Roman armies were compelled to make their raids nearer home. Their rope began to be wound around their stake. The thundering legions did not dare thunder far east, north or west. Their own heroism was dying, while the skill and mind of the barbarians were enjoying a rapid growth.

Rome was repeating the calamity of Athens. While the Athenians were becoming the victims of their own luxury and were filling up their army with hired soldiers of any tribe and color, Philip of Macedon was turning wild men into heroes. Demosthenes delivered his ora-

tions to traitors and Greek fops. Philip was meanwhile drilling the Macedonian Phalanx. The end was not far away. Demosthenes delivered the last great oration ever uttered in the Greek language. Rome found its Macedon much later and was flinging away its oratory on a public, a heterogeneous, corrupt, licentious and silly crowd, while on its horizon millions of stalwart countrymen were being rapidly transformed into vast migrating armies.

A new fable might be written called the Sea and the Woods. The Sea and the Woods had a fight. The fight lasted nearly a thousand years and then the Woods beat the Sea.

While Cæsar was making enormous raids into Gaul he came upon one populous tribe that surpassed their neighbors in every form of good quality. He wrote in his journal, "Of all these the Belgæ are the bravest because they are the farthest removed from the refinement of our province, and therefore the merchants do not reach them to import all those things that pertain to a weakening of the mind." The

Belgæ were only a fair sample of that human swarm that was called Germans, Gauls, Celts, or Helvetii at the varying wish of the historian or the poet.

These numberless Gauls built good houses of wood and stone mixed. They had metal works, tin and iron. They had quite a good agriculture and were fond of wagons and chariots. They made cheese which Pliny said was sour; they made beer against which no complaint has ever been recorded. They were all members of an orthodox druidical church. They used the mistletoe boughs instead of the piney evergreen, they held in high esteem the heavenly bodies and all the wonders of the sky. The popular education of Gaul was gymnastic because the greatest of all pursuits was war. The young men did not dare eat or drink very heavily. Each man had to report at times to his chief to have the measure of his body taken. If he gave any signs of consuming too much food or beer he was rebuked and degraded. When a call to war was sounded the last man to reach the encampment was put to death.

With millions of such human animals on the circumference of Rome it is not to be wondered at that there was trouble when they converged on the center.

The sea has always been able to create great cities, but it has not only been a means of transporting goods and learning and arts, but its facilities for the creation and spread of vices have been unsurpassed. Solomon's ships made their round trip once in two or three years, and having gone out with wine and other delicacies from Palestine, they brought back gold and silver, ivory, apes and peacocks. From the fact that complaint was made against that king, that one of his wives was an Egyptian, it may be inferred that he was indebted to maritime transportation for not a few of his rare collection of female beauties. The sea offers cheap transportation not only to wheat and corn, literature and art, but also to the youth who, like Byron, are anxious to see the "Maid of Athens," or of Carthage or Alexandria, and who, on some Roman holiday, wish those cities to return the call. In the times of Cæsar

and Anthony there were thousands of barges like that of Cleopatra, and there was a group of perfumed simpletons in each barge. In those days Roman fashionable young men powdered their bare arms. Blessed would the ocean be if it carried only the products essential to man's welfare and carried only good persons to some good port. The ships to China are full of opium, those to Africa are heavy with Boston rum. Those ships that sailed long ago, whose hulks are now on the bottom of the Mediterranean still wearing the figure-heads designed by some Roman woman or famous artist, helped Rome not only to find glory, but to fall later in death. Julius Cæsar and Pompey won fame by their swift destruction of the pirates who had for generations been plundering on sea and shore. Of this kind of craft these two energetic leaders sunk thirteen hundred, but the lawful commerce had long been busy in destroying the Roman intellect and its once patriotic heart. Cæsar destroyed the piracy of goods and money, but he did not check the piracy of the soul.

Meanwhile the men of the far-off woods were building up great muscular power and were training it for the one art of war. The simple food, the fresh air, the exercise, the unconscious inspirations that the mountains, valleys, the rivers and fields pour into the mind, the fanaticism of religion, the indifference to pain, the pleasure found in long marches, the allurements found in Rome's wealth combined to create a brute force which the effeminacy of the maritime cities was unable to resist. When at last the great war came between the woods and the sea, the forests from the Danube to the mountains of our Switzerland waved their branches in triumph. The sighing winds were the requiem of Rome.

The woods possessed a religion as definite as that of the great empire. If the outer rim lacked in intelligence it was overflowing with fanaticism. Ambition and covetousness abounded, and the story of Rome's wealth had not been made less fabulous by being passed northward from tribe to tribe. The drunkards, gluttons,

debauchees, loafers and hermits of the long sea-coast faded away before the men who had roamed in the wide valleys and climbed mountains.

It must have seemed for a time that Constantine was to be the leader in a restoration. He became a convert to the Christian religion, but he was a half-hearted convert; and the religion was as half-hearted as the convert. This man was careful not to be baptized and not to become an actual deacon or an actual elder. He kept a part of his soul for the use of his millions of pagan friends. He flattered all parties, and instead of checking a mental and spiritual decline, he inflamed not only all the political tricksters who remained, but he subjected all the religious and philosophic babblers to a new inflation. After Constantine came chaos.

Among the early acts of this mongrel religion were decrees against the reading of Greek and Latin literature. The men of the woods approved of these decrees, for they had no knowledge of the classic tongues, and they had some story books of

their own; the Christians liked the decrees because they were making some new pages better fitted to the growing mental infirmity—pages full of marvels and empty of reason and of application to man's life.

Some Druids met some Christians that they might determine which party held the better religion. In our age such a dispute would involve a comparison of principles. But the fourth century had set reason aside as a most stupid process. These wise men built a temporary house—one-half of dry wood, and the other half of green wood. A Christian saint sat down in the dry part. He wore a Druidical tunic. A Druid sat in the green part and wore the saints' tunic. The torch was applied. The green part instantly burned up, but the Christian tunic on the Druid was not even soiled. It lay on the ashes as sweet and as clean as a piece of lace in a modern Columbian show case. In the Christian half of this conflagration the tunic of the Druid was one of the first things to burn. The dry house went up in a flash, but Benignus, the

saint who sat in the fire, enjoyed only the balmy air of a spring morning.

When Patrick Calpurnius, the person who afterward became saint of Ireland, lay dead and in waiting for a long-delayed burial, it was impossible for night to come for nearly two weeks. The sun went down each evening as usual, but so many angels came to honor the funeral and to escort the soul heavenward that the diffused beams from their halos made darkness impossible.

While this missionary was going from point to point in his adopted country, he paused to rest a while under a large tree. The limbs of the tree were bending with fresh snow. Recognizing the traveler, the tree gave a toss to its branches and each snow crystal turned into a flower, and such a pelting from blossoms as Patrick enjoyed no girl or youth ever received in Italy on flower day. Moving on from these kind attentions the saint came to a little stream, but he threw his cloak on the water and on that dear little bridge he moved, perhaps a two hundred-pound fairy, from bank to bank.

This form of literature filled up the deep valley now called the dark ages. To reach such a mental and moral condition the world had flung away the grandeur of Greek and Roman thought. When the student reads Sophocles and Cicero and then reads the journal of some alleged Christian between Patrick and Margaret Mostyn, the sunken centuries are no longer a mystery. Between Patrick and Margaret Mostyn a large period lay, but all through that long period this brainless thought lay wide and deep. It still made half ridiculous Luther and Calvin, beclouded the chambers of legislation and justice, made science a form of black art and made the wig of Sir Matthew Hale hang down gracefully over a skull half full of nonsense.

Reason, the most vital of human faculties, is the most difficult of cultivation. To keep it is also as difficult as to acquire it. A tender plant, it blossoms with great reluctance and dies readily. It must from birth contend with active enemies. Imagination is a foe. Poetry, passion, envy,

jealousy, self-interest, separately or combined, can in an hour compel reason to vacate her throne. When a man becomes an ardent Democrat or Mugwump or Republican, he assumes his political attitude by laying aside a large part of his reasoning ability; when a mortal acquires a large amount of religion he hastens to become a fanatic; when he becomes a musician or an artist he is no longer able to conduct an argument, and when he falls in love he celebrates his happiness by becoming an amiable fool. By much effort the classic states reached a fair rational potency. So great was it that it consumed in dying fully seven hundred years.

As by the magical and miraculous the dark ages came, so by the logical and natural the cloud was dispelled. Reason discovers the real. By degrees realism worked its way back to mankind.

In the thirteenth century the impossible lives of the saints began to lose their old charm and the sweethearts of Dante and Romeo were pieces of realism that were seen on the streets. Dante and Romeo

differed greatly from Saint Patrick and Saint George. Both these new pieces of naturalism belonged to the Catholic Church and to the close of the thirteenth century. Beatrice and Juliet were contemporaries. They were handsome pieces of terrestrial fact, fond of society; not given to monastic life, not averse to marriage. Neither of them could cross a stream on her cloak; and when they died no angels came to sit up with their marbleized faces. No halos of angels kept night from coming. So in the Roman Church, where reason had died, it began to resume life.

Petrarch had preceded Dante in the study of Virgil and had paraded his Laura along in advance of the noble Beatrice. Laura was as real as Virgil's Creusa or Queen Dido or Lavinia. Then the North added Chaucer to this new impulse; and soon a hundred of these streams emptied into that sea we now call by the name of Shakespeare. In this great name the realistic literature again found place in the world. The fabulous in Shakespeare is only an artistic decoration for the most

perfect forms of naturalism. In those plays we see the human race coming back after a long absence. It came back not in perfect beauty. It came back quarrelling, fighting, loving and swearing, eloquent, wise and silly, but yet it was a great blessing to the world to have all this earthly business resumed at the old stand. This return of reason made it easier for Lord Bacon to reach and teach his earthly philosophy. The dark ages had dispensed with all terrestrial data. The fields, the woods, the homes, the political questions gained nothing from observation and experience. Bacon asked mankind to study its own affairs, from its government down to its wagon-road; to turn away from magical scenes and study only the phenomena that come always, for all and in obedience to law. It must exchange celestial data for earthly facts.

When an age possesses a literature, that literature will always reveal the condition of the separate times, and will explain each successive rise or fall. If we look back from our London to early Athens we perceive

that entire period to be contained in a most prolific growth of written thought. In that thought lies an adequate biography of the men and women who lived and died in the twenty-five centuries. This literature is the glass in which we still see all those absent faces. As often villages are seen in the sky reflected upward and held in the blue, so literature spans the past, and like a mirror picks up the pictures of the Cicero who wore the greatness of a statesman, and the picture of the assassins who murdered him for his virtues; the pictures of Augustine, who was a citizen of only the new Jerusalem; the picture of a saint for whom the snow turned into blossoms; the picture of the Shakespearean persons who stood on the solid ground; the picture of Francis Bacon urging the surrounding scholars to become the lovers of reason and the students of facts. But this mirror composed of literature does not tell us all the particulars that once lay beneath. It catches only great outlines of causes and results. It permits us to imagine through the dark ages great pencils of light and sunny islands in the

shadowy sea. Youth, middle life, and later age acted their sweet dramas. The four seasons worked on and on as the sublime artists of nature. There was some child to hunt in the grass for each blossom, there was some beautiful girl to chant her love song in the moonbeam.

On the farther side of the dark ravine the human race marched down as magicians. They are like spiritualists in a long seance. On this side of the ravine they are emerging as philosophers — their magic having been left behind. The Roman church helped lead men into the dark valley. It helped lead them out. Dante and Beatrice, Romeo and Juliet were Catholics. They all belonged to the close of the thirteenth century. The St. Cecilians and St. Bridgets and St. Patricks did not emerge from the sunken country. As we watch and listen we perceive that the saints are gone, and that Romeo and Juliet are whispering among bowers that are full of nightingales. Literature had let fall its burden of incredible wonders that it might evermore carry lovingly the rich realities of human life.

THE NOVEL.

The Novel.

In speaking of the novel, it is not my purpose to eulogize nor to decry it, but simply, in an impartial manner, to inquire as to the position in literature that the novel should occupy. I shall speak only of the ideal novel, and shall say little of it in the concrete. Every branch of fine art springs out of something within human nature. All the arts are the external expression of something in the spirit, and literature, being one of the arts, must also be the external expression of something within. In seeking for the cause of some branches of the fine arts, it is often essential that we fall back upon our rights as human beings, and, placing our hands upon our hearts, say, "I love this or I love that because—I do." None of you can rise in your place and tell why you love music. Very often we have to be like the young

man who was walking in the garden among the Romans—I am sure it was in the Roman days—with an old philosopher, and, having come to a bed of poppies, the young man said, “Father, why is it the poppy makes people sleepy?” Now, the custom of these old Latin and Greek professors was never to admit ignorance of anything, but always to know the whole reason—and there are men yet living of that class, theologians generally. The old philosopher, looking upon the ground, said: “My son, the poppy makes people sleepy because it possesses a soporific principle;” and the young man was happy. Walking through the garden of literature, this flower called the novel—not this poppy, for the sermon is the true poppy of literature—this rose rises up before you and asks if you can tell the source of its gorgeous coloring. In doing this it is necessary to go back.

First, having found out what literature is, we may infer whether the novel is a part of true literature. Literature is that thought which is universal. True literature must be universal truth appealing to man

as man, not to man as a Methodist, Calvinist, an Englishman, or an American. Hence the writings of Shakespeare, of Homer, of Milton pass into all languages, because the great thoughts of those writers belong to the human heart. But the element of universality is not sufficient, because the truths of the multiplication table are universal. The whole human family believe that twice two makes four. Besides the universality, you will find that all the thoughts of literature spring from the soul, that is, from the emotions, from the sentiments, rather than from the intellect alone. So that in literature you must have a universality of thought, and thought ornamented, thought decorated—the thoughts of the heart. This is sufficiently inclusive, if it includes poetry, the drama, the great histories, the great essays, and religion, and is sufficiently exclusive if it throws out encyclopedias, *The Congressional Globe*, and, what is better yet, arithmetic, and also dogmatic theology—which is no part of literature.

Secondly, all the fine arts spring from a

basis of sentiment. They are the outward expression of sentiment, and for the most part all the fine arts spring from a single sentiment, that of the beautiful. Music, statuary, painting, architecture are the outward expression of our sense of beauty. Literature is nothing else than thought ornamented. Where, then, is this element of beauty that makes the novel a part of literature and secures for it an admittance into the great world of art? Go back with me, if you choose, two thousand years, and you will see upon the walls of every old temple, of every palace, of every dwelling-house a certain form or figure, and the likeness is—woman. The forehead is not high, as our girls used to think twenty years ago—I believe the notion has perished—that thought made the forehead high; nor is the hair black, as our girls still think, but brown. The cheek, the chin, the nose, the shoulders all express beauty in the undulating lines that are supposed to convey it. The Greeks called this image *Andromeda*, or *Helen*. Along came the Latins and called it *Minerva*, or

Zenobia. Along came the Italians and called it Beatrice. The Bible built a beautiful garden around about it and called it Eve. But call this creature what you may, this is the Atlas upon whose shoulders the world of the novel turns and passes through the vicissitude of day and night, summer and winter. This is the element of beauty that entered into that part of literature, and for the most part acts as the adorning element, the decoration of the thought.

I affirm, therefore, that of the novel woman is the satisfactory explanation, the ample apology. The novel is that part of literature which is decorated, for the most part, by the beauty of woman. It is woman in literature. I mean by this, not that woman is the whole subject-matter. She cannot be; but she is the inspiration, the central figure in the group, the reason of the grouping, the apology for it, the explanation of it, the decoration, the golden light flung over the thought. Let me illustrate. While Madame Recamier lived the great men of France—generals, statesmen, scientific men, literary men of every

kind, and even clergymen—met in her parlors every day at four o'clock. Not because they loved her or she them—for it is said she loved nobody deeply, and they met, not because of her conversation, for she said little, but they convened every day because there was an inspiration in her presence, something that sweetly molded the hour. They met because her beauty, her friendship, was a glorious flag under which to convene, and when she departed from life those great men convened no more. Not because the questions of war or theology had been answered, but because their hearts had been freed from that charming entanglement. This is all. What a power to inspire has the single sentiment called "love!" I believe that is the best name for it—or friendship. What an influence it does exert upon all our years between fifteen and—and—eighty. We have all known the poor sewing-girl to bend over her machine and sing far into the night, not because sewing-machines and poverty are sweet, but because there is something in that deep attachment she

has to some human being which will take up a life of varied cares and sorrows and will baptise them all into its great flowing river and make this very life all beauty by its coloring.

This, then, is what I mean by saying that woman is the inspiration of that part of literature called the novel. The great Hindoo nation produced a beautiful system of morals and quite a good system of scientific thought and truth, but no novel. Why? Because the reason of the novel had not been permitted to exist. The Hindoo world denied the existence of woman as a mental and spiritual being, and thus, having held back the cause, the effect failed to put in an appearance. The novel rose up out of the land which emancipated woman; and ever since that day the novel has been the photograph of woman, beautiful as she is beautiful, wretched where she declines. In the days of Sir Walter Scott it was nothing but the history of a green country courtship long drawn out and full of monotony, that is, to the rest of mankind. Had not Sir Walter

Scott woven into his novels a vast amount of scenery, and costume, and history his works to-day would be entirely crowded from our shelves. In Sir Walter Scott's day the entire effort of genius in this line was to postpone a wedding. Just think of it! Escapes from bandits, Indians, poisoning and mothers-in-law enabled the novel-writer then to accumulate stuff enough for two volumes, and then came a wedding or a funeral.

Every novel, too, must have its hero, as well as its heroine. But candor compels me—I emphasize the word—the sense of justice compels me to say that there is not in the masculine faith or nature the element of beauty that will ever enable it to become the basis of fine art. It is discouraging, but true. When any painter wishes to place upon canvas his idea of beauty, he never asks me to sit. Who ever saw Faith, Hope, and Charity pictured as three men?

I now proceed to the most difficult part of my discussion, viz., that the more the novel gets away from woman the greater the book. This I suppose you will think

is heresy, but I expect to show you that it is orthodox. That is, the more she is made the priestess of the religion without herself becoming the religion the greater the book. In his preface Montaigne says, "I have gathered flowers from everybody's field, and nothing is mine except the string that binds them." So, the modern novel, that is, the ideal novel — and the modern novel is approaching the ideal novel — is a book in which the truth is gathered from every field, from science, from religion, from politics, and woman is the white ribbon that binds them for us. That is all. To illustrate: Let us take the German novel, by Richter. Who was Richter? Was he some young man trying to palm off on the public an account of his courtship? By no means. For fifty or sixty years had the sun gone down in beauty along the Rhine in his sight. For fifty years had he been a sincere follower of Jesus Christ. The hair hung snow-white upon his shoulders when he sat down to commit to writing his deepest thoughts regarding education, and religion, and the development of character; and he chose

Linda, a beautiful being, and set her down in the midst of his thought after weaving around her all the flowers of his mind's best moments, and we are all allured along by her shining figure through the deepest thoughts of that German philosopher. In George MacDonald our religion is reinstated. The religion of the past is all reconstructed — not overthrown, but beautifully reconstructed. In his works the gates of hell are made a little narrower, so that not quite so big a crowd are forced therein. In his works the gates of heaven are made a good deal larger, so that millions of beings whom our ancestors shut out forever from this blessed abode all come crowding in there, a happy throng, through its pearly gates. What need I say of Bulwer, and George Eliot, and all this modern school? I will only say this, that they are gates of beauty through which often appear the holiest truths of life.

Now, if education was simply the accumulation of truths I should not be willing to enter this plea, but education is never the accumulation of facts. Other-

wise all the books we would need would be the encyclopedia, the dictionary, the daily press. Education is the awakening of the heart, it is life, vitality, the arousing of the spirit. And hence all the arts come beside the truths of life. Education, being the power to think, the power to act, what we need is not information only, but awakening something that moves the sluggish blood in our hearts and makes us truly alive. This is what we all need, because man is not only by nature totally depraved, but totally lazy. Edmund Burke was indeed a man that knew much, but you can find many a German professor in his garden that knew ten times as much. So Daniel Webster; but Daniel Webster felt deeply some of the truths of life. They flowed all through his blood, tingled in his finger ends—liberty, for example, the Union. Education, therefore, is not the amassing of truths, but it is the deep realization of truth, and hence around the great forehead of Daniel Webster all the shouts of liberty in all the ages of the past echoed a great music in the upper air.

This was education, the power to think and to feel deeply. I speak with feeling upon this point, because one of the great calamities with which we all have to battle is narrowness, that is, we all become attached to our little path in life, and we think that is the God-appointed life. The physician feels that if only the whole human family would read some of the rules regarding health, they would need little else. They would not need much daily newspaper, or preaching, or magazine. He has come to feel that the wisdom of the world is all along his path. It is so with the lawyer, and who is an exception to this? I am not sure but that the editor of the daily paper—the best in the land—feels that if we would all take his paper—and it is the best in the land—we would need nothing else. And then along comes a clergyman, and he is perfectly certain—if the clergyman ever has an assurance of faith, it is on this point—that if the whole world were brought before his pulpit every Sunday morning, it would need very little of the novel, or the news-

paper, or the magazine, for does he not know it all?—and so cheap! It is the fine art that helps the newspaper, and the newspaper that helps the fine art and the pulpit the same, and he has the educated soul who permits all these rays of light to fall right down through his intellect upon his heart.

The question, Who should read novels? is perfectly absurd. There are in all the arts the high and the low. The wit of Rabelais is low, of Cervantes lofty. The paintings of the old Dutch school were humble, being most of them scenes in grogshops, but in the Dusseldorf school lofty, being for the most part great scenes from the world of nature. The poetry of Swinburne is low for the most part, that of Bryant lofty. These two colors, white and black, run through all the arts everywhere, and it is for us to choose. Who should read the novel? Everybody should read the novel where woman decorates the great truths of life; but where the novel is the simple history of love, nobody. And especially should those read novels who the

most don't want to; they the most need them. And there ought to be a law requiring a certain class of people to read one novel a year—persons who, through some narrowness of law, or of medicine, or of merchandise, or, what is most probable, of theology, have been reduced to the condition of pools of water in August—stationary, sickly, scum-covered, and just about to go dry.

Nor are we to love only the novel in the day when history has become so deep, so broad, so grand, not being the history of wars any more, but of thought, of science, of art. In such a day, to love only the novel, and to read only the novel, is to offer an insult alike to God and to man; but even Tyndall ought to turn away from his perpetual analyses of drops of water, everlasting weighing of dust, and over the pages of John Halifax pass from a world of matter to a world of spirit. So must you all live, with all the beautiful things and the powerful things of God's world falling right into your open hearts, feeding the great flame of life. As miners look up a

long shaft and see a little piece of sky which they call heaven, so there are men who look through a long punched elder, very long and very slim, and they see through the other end of it a spot, and call it a world. It must be the effort of our lives to get right away from this imprisonment. To be too near any one thing—that is fanaticism. It is the eclipse of God's great Heavens in favor of our tallow candle.

THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

The Scholar in Politics.

In a republic each man must live, in part, for his country. It is sufficient in a despotism, if the king is a great statesman. At least all merit away from the king is ineffectual. When William the Conqueror lay dead there was no visible reason why the learned men of the land should read principles and teach them. They ran and barred their homes against thieves, and the attendants of the monarch ran away from the palace, carrying in all directions clothes, bedding, furniture and plate, for at the death of each absolute monarch came chaos. Only a few nabobs were interested in the successor. In a republic the palace, the plate, the furniture, the national wealth and the succession in office are the property of the majority. In order to bring chaos it would be necessary, not for a president to die, but for the peo-

ple to go crazy or perish. To steal from the nation would be to break into one's own residence and run off with its contents.

In addition to the duties of his trade, pursuit or profession, each American must make his nation an aim and a task, for he is a piece of its king. A republic is a joint stock company in whose profits each citizen has the same interest. Each voter holds a bond and must see to it that it is always as good as gold.

The scholar is assumed to be a person of learning, mental sensibility and of high morals. He may be a most polished criminal, but the laws of the human intellect compel the best morality to attach itself to an education that knows good paths to good ends and that creates a sensibility in favor of the best path. While many a good scholar has been hung and many others should be at a rope's end or behind bars, yet it remains a most grand and evident truth that the whole globe has been created and made beautiful by its scholars. History is very incomplete and does not lead us very far back, but it always finds

great epochs to start in some group of minds eminent for a local intellectual greatness. From Moses to Pericles and from Pericles to Augustus the flag of the state was always related to the education of the times. It is absurd to suppose that the old constitutional monarchies or republics, like those of the Hebrews, Greeks and Romans, could have emerged from the most ignorant classes. They came from the most advanced thought of each place and time. Out of dense ignorance despotisms are born.

Each Greek scholar was enamored of his State. His poetry, his prose, his eloquence, his physical power pointed to the beloved nation. Alcæus said that "Walls, theatres, porches and equipage will not make a state, but only great men can create such a result." To this definition Aristides and others added this thought: "Where great men are who know how to take care of themselves, there is the State." This is that old wisdom that Sir William Jones rendered into the English poem: "What Constitutes a State?"

It should impress the modern mind deeply that those two nations whose names are worn out by everlasting allusion, never became so degraded as to elect a block-head for a national leader. Scholars ruled for a thousand years. Vice conquered at last, but the scholars compelled the evil day to defer its coming. When Cæsar fell he was the leading student, writer and orator of his age. The writings of Homer demonstrate that the Greek state began in a superior scholarship, those poems being abundant evidence that Homer came up out of an Aryan civilization as great as his songs. The law that something comes from something applies to Homer. So great, those poems came from something great. We are bound therefore to think of all the space between Homer and Cæsar as being dominated by the highest education of the entire ten centuries.

The Roman civilization died in the death of the literary spirit, and when in the fourteenth century national life and beauty reappeared it first presented itself at the doors of the universities. It came,

restudying the wide learning by neglect of which it had died. Before Protestantism had being scholarship had reappeared in the Roman Church and had created men like Dante, and all that new thought that was destined to run on to Bacon and Shakespeare. Luther was himself created by the new mental beauty Romanism had assumed. The Church had grown weary of the senseless literature of the fanatics and had compelled the old classic masters to return to the desk of the schoolmaster and the studio of the thinker. This great return created the Luthers and Melancthons, and made the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The classical awakening that created a group of Luthers made also a group of Bossuets and Fenelons inside of the old Sanctuary. Whoever shall read the *Telemachus* of Fenelon will perceive that the Catholic Church had gone back toward the scholarly power of old Athens.

The pot-house politician is named after the ale house in which he passed his waking hours. In our land the word "saloon" displaces the term "pot-house," but leaves

unchanged the kind of statesman that is created and sustained by the friends of the jug and the sawdust. The pot-house statesman can often read and write; and he has at his tongue's end some words of more or less import. He relies more upon profanity than upon argument, because to affirm something by the devil or by the Almighty is a shorter cut to a conclusion than the path followed by a logician. What a scholarly statesman would study over for years a pot-house politician can determine in a few seconds when he and his audience are as full of ale as they are empty of intelligence. To the intellect of this form of mental ruin a city or a nation is as inconceivable as eternity or the beginning of time. The word "City" or "Nation" implies only a mass of money to be gotten. This pile of money is not in a mine to be dug out with a pick; nor in the field to be coaxed out with a plow. It is heaped up on a table covered with green baize, and is to be secured by means of marked cards or loaded dice. The saloon politician has the intellect that can see the

pile of money and can load dice or mark cards. Humble as the pot-house politician may be he is a great favorite in large cities and, being an enlarged thief he is clothed at the ballot-box with an opportunity as large as his desire.

Cicero, perhaps the broadest scholar of the Pagan age, says in his essay on the Republic, "That at no point of thought and feeling does man's virtue resemble more the divine nature than when the statesman is founding and caring for a commonwealth." *De Rep.* Chap. 1. 7. This luminous sentence is verified when the modern student reads the history of the modern great nations and finds them made and guided by the most profound men of the whole world. Hamilton, Burke, Pitt, Jefferson, Washington, Cavour, Castelar and Gladstone are only specimens of the names that underlie the modern State.

In common speech a scholar is not a person who is an expert among languages and among the forms of grammar and rhetoric. The term is equivalent to the

word "philosopher" or "wiseman." The history of his race lies outspread before him. He knows at least in great outline the careers pursued by the great races of our planet and by what paths they came to their ruin or success. He is familiar with the laws and duties that spring from the relations of man to man. He can see in the forest of life the paths that lead to the most happiness for the greatest number. He is not a critic of style and speech only, but he is somewhat familiar with the needs and capabilities of the human family.

All this wide survey of the human wants and condition must be expressed by the mind which at the same time possesses this rich wisdom and lives in a Republic. Be the individual a lawyer or physician or clergyman or writer or merchant, he must bring his scholarship to bear upon the national government because the Nation depends upon the culture and sense of the majority. There can be no division of labor by which one scholar can preach or teach or write books, and leave to some other

scholar the task of caring for the commonwealth. There is no security that the ignorance and vice of a continent will not ask some one distinguished for ignorance and vice to represent them at the local and national elections. If ignorance and fraud move in bulk so must all the contemporary education and morality move in its totality. When an educated man avows himself to be neutral in politics he confesses that his education is very defective in the department of principles. He may be able to compose a sonnet or to speak his native tongue with propriety, but it would be an insult to Milton and John Stuart Mill and all the greatest men of all times to call him a student or a wise man. A man's vision would be thought defective if he could not see the sky or the ocean; defective is the American scholarship that cannot see that oceanic object loved and died for as the Nation.

Scholars the highest and the most sincere will differ as to the best path to the best end, but out of the long and earnest

exchange of opinion greater truth will come than can be hoped for from an age of ignorance and inaction. The differences of scholars are a matter of regret and are a delay of progress, but in vice and ignorance there is no hope whatever. An age of intellectual activity is always evolving great principles. When our nation began, slavery was not seen in its true light. The scholars differed as to the moral quality of the bondage of black to white, but out of educated reflection came at last a general acceptance of the equality of all human rights. The truth may come slowly from scholarship, but that is the only source from which it has been known to come.

Each nation, with its many millions of people, presents all the vicissitudes possible to human life. All scholars must stand near to the people that they may utter the eloquence and write the essays and poems of the people's sorrows and joys. All the old Hebrew writers were students and scholars for the commonwealth. The best education of that period went to the heads of the republic and afterward to the throne.

The classic states also were presided over by their scholars.

All the American scholars, from the poets like Whittier up to the college presidents like Woolsey and Hopkins, should keep so near to the daily needs of the republic that the congress at Washington would see them taking seats in the House or the Senate to help make wisdom and integrity assume a high place in the laws and deeds of the country. If there be any meaning in learning or wisdom, our nation should be seen sending to its central legislature and supreme bench and presidential chair only its best men in all the senses of that significant phrase; but by scholar we must not mean a graduate of some university, but the man who by some means has reached a wealth of information, a symmetry of intellect, a habit of reflection and a purity of heart.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo and Juliet.

The story of Romeo and Juliet is a part of the romantic wealth which lay in vast heaps in the Italy of the fourteenth century. The facts which lay at the bottom of the drama are dated at 1303 of our period; the final form of the story was written by Shakespeare about 1590, thus granting the tale more than two hundred and eighty years for getting moulded into its final beautiful shape. Several of the forms assumed by the long line of story-tellers remain, of which assortment that by the English genius is by much the greatest in many details of the play.

Verona, the scene, was a large and popular town when Virgil was farming and writing at Mantua. It was only twenty-five miles north of Virgil's home, and it is quite probable that he strolled along in its streets long in advance of the dramatic

Romeo. The city was a favorite of both the Pagans and Christians. In the early part of our era the Pagans built there an amphitheatre nearly equal in size and grandeur to the Coliseum, the Christians came and added churches, a cathedral and many a marble palace. By the time the two Shakesperian lovers stood in need of any trees, blossoms, balconies and rope-ladders there was many a palace with high-walled gardens and many a shadowed walk in which a lover could escape the observation of an unsuspecting Capulet or Montague. If it took hundreds of years to rear the old walls and palaces of our world, so it consumed many years to adorn them with great gloomy forests and heavy masses of ivy. By the time Juliet had reached her fourteenth year and her father and mother and the nurse had conferred together about marrying her to a Paris as elegant as the one who had adorned many a page of Homer, the foliage on the parental estate had become dense enough to conceal the visits of an attractive rival. From the words made use of by this beautiful girl in her

part of the courtship, we know that the nightingales had homes in her vines, and that there was more of blessed moonlight all over her father's grounds than there was of watch-dog or police. Before full daybreak came the lark appeared to take up the song put aside by the chorister of the night.

Juliet was only fourteen years old when she enacted the part assigned her in the sad but interesting story. The remarkable language used by this girl in her part as daughter and sweetheart and young wife, came not from her, but came from the period. It would aid us not a little if we knew the age of Romeo.

It would not be a bad guess should he be reckoned at twenty or twenty-two. Capulet himself confesses that he quit dancing at thirty. He left such activity to younger men. If then by the time men were thirty the many vices had worn them into a general stupidity, we should not place Romeo much beyond twenty, for his gay life seemed full around him and before him. The same form of reasoning would place the

age of Paris at twenty. We have then this group: My Lord Capulet was sixty, Lady Capulet twenty-nine, Juliet fourteen, Romeo and Paris not far from twenty. The time of this grouping is early in the fourteenth century.

The story when first told did not contain the infinite richness which marked it when it left the finishing shop of Shakespeare. What entered his factory as raw material emerged as silk. Shakespeare had three centuries of variations and beauties from which to make his selections. After he had worked in each play as a gifted eclectic, he became a more gifted creator. Many versions of the tale are still in existence, but these must be few compared with the paraphrases that must have become extinct. Among the tales and legends of all places, always some one narrative surpasses all its companions. Accident or invention happens upon some form of excessive grief or joy. The Greek long had its *Œdipus* and its *Antigone*. Of a thousand strange things some one will be the strangest. There was a wonderful harvest of tales in

the fourteenth century, and it is more than probable that in all that period there

“ Never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.”

Although the age had to express for her her courtship, Juliet was old enough to reach and contain her own vast quantity of love. In the southward lands love may be deeper at fourteen than at twenty. Suicide is easier in such youth than it is in later years. Often when one is very young a sweetheart becomes the whole universe. It makes a God unnecessary; for all space is filled by a sentiment. The spring comes on account of the happiness of the two fortunate hearts. For these two hearts the clouds float dreamily and grow red in the dawn and in the twilight. The grass and violets have no end other than to make a carpet for the Juliet. When books or orators are speaking of courage, chivalry and honor, they are only describing Romeo. One life alone is of no value. Each lives in the other, and it takes the two lives to make the one. Away from these two lives the world is dead. One can with difficulty

be too young to become entangled in this philosophy of the universe. Dante and Beatrice were much under fourteen when the whole heavens and earth sunk into their hearts and became bounded by only two Florentine children.

Juliet was fully able to contain all the love so poured out in the drama. She was fully able to feast her eyes many times upon Romeo before it had been her happiness to meet him. It was not difficult for her to prefer this young Montague to the young son of the Capulet faction. These choices of the heart do not ask for years or wisdom. A child will run with delight to a bed of flowers long before it has become a philosopher. Thus Juliet ran to Romeo with the foot of a wild deer; she flew to him with the wings of a dove. One of the glorious incidents of the play is to hear this beautiful child tell her father and mother and all the parties concerned that they may bring what suitable husbands they like, and may fix wedding days according to their fancy, but that for her part when the wedding shall actually take

place Romeo will be the actual husband. No older mind feels willing to affirm that such talk is the wisest, but yet it is sweet to listen to. It takes a Juliet to feel the force of such sentiments, but only a Shakespeare can express them.

That period of romantic literature has indistinct borders. It may be that the girl Juliet lived in the middle of it. The sixteenth century brought upon the arena a dialectic taste; and a part of scholarship and literary skill was then turned toward the useful in religion and politics. Lord Bacon came to make a turn in the long lane. But while Romeo and Juliet were having their happiness and their troubles Bacon was far away. Life was made up of discords between great families; of fights and feasts, battles, duels, murders, weddings, funerals. Each town contained only one or two great families. It was difficult for these to remain at peace with each other. The sons of these families were all military men, and to thrust a neighbor through with a sword was the common mode of getting on in the world.

The people were as far from common sense as they were from Lord Bacon.

The crusades had swept along filling several centuries with not only the migrations of aimless adventurers, but with intellectual and emotional nonsense, too vast ever to be written.

Our college professors used to tell us of the benefits which the crusades conferred upon European civilization; that the pilgrims going from land to land brought back new ideas from Palestine and Greece and Italy; but it is now probable that the best thing in the history of the crusades is the fact that the great majority of the wandering knights never came back. One consequence cannot be denied: They enhanced the value of the sword and the dagger and made the soldier much nobler than the scholar. It was understood that a street fight was a part of each day's duty. Not many persons could read or write, but in the use of the sword all were experts. The play of Romeo and Juliet is no bloodier than was the Europe which composed the drama.

It is also probable that the Crusades put a new layer of love and of all sentimentality upon a world already almost smothered in that attar of roses. No great ideas of church or state or of education had yet come. The greatest object under the sun was love; the greatest personage under the sun was a lover; and, therefore, the popular literature was composed of the exploits of men and women and of the sweet or bad words they spoke in the midst of their hearts' prosperity or adversity. What Latin and Greek letters were coming back were used only in adding to the flame of romance. As magnetic iron will select only iron dust and will not pick up even particles of silver or gold, so the classic books came to the lovers of the nineteenth century and not to the statesmen. The speeches of Demosthenes would have been dry stuff to Verona and Mantua. Homer, Virgil and Ovid came first to Italy, from Rome to Verona. Demosthenes and Aristotle had to wait for Lord Bacon.

The proof of these assertions is found not only in the quality of the play now

before us, but also in the names of the men of genius who surrounded this handsome Juliet. Dante and Juliet must have been contemporaries; for it is said that this tragedy took place about 1303; and we know that the lover of Beatrice was then about forty years old. Not only was Dante in the world when Juliet was here, but what is more significant, he was in Verona in those very days when the daughter of the Capulets was so smitten with the son of the Montagues. Dante was making his home with the grandee Scala, the ruler of the city. When we remember that Dante had a weakness toward beautiful women, and remember also that Beatrice was in heaven and fully out of the field of terrestrial exploit, it does not involve any strain upon the imagination to assume that at least upon some walk around outside the walls of the Scala palace the host and guests may have met a most charming school girl and to Dante's question, "What child is that?" Scala may have said, "That is Juliet, the daughter of my neighbor Capulet. She is in love with Romeo, while

her father wants her to marry Paris." "Ah," said Dante, "my Juliet is in heaven." Some historians place Dante's stay at Verona three years after the death of the Capulet girl; but if the girl was not on the palace sidewalk her sad, sweet story filled all the town, and Dante's heart was not as desert air in which such a flower would waste sweetness and blush unseen.

Do you think there was indeed such a girl? It admits of little doubt. It would seem absurd to behold four or five centuries almost wholly given up to romance, given up to the elaboration of friendships, to a feasting and dancing which made men old at forty, given up to a chivalry which drew much of its inspiration from the assumed beauty of female faces and female souls, centuries infatuated with marriages, open or clandestine, times which made a regular pursuit of love and murder, and then on the basis of such history ask somebody to invent a Juliet for literary purposes. This would be a new way indeed for carrying a basket of coal to the smoky and begrimed Newcastle.

Beatrice and Juliet were real and wonderfully beautiful. The only question is whether they could read or write. It is probable they could, for the classic literature had always been within sight of the Italian ruling families; and the age that was kind to Dante would not be unkind to two such leading ladies of Florence and Verona. We are embarrassed by the fact that we have never heard from the woman's side of the old history. In the one instance Dante did all the talking, in the other instance the talking was done by a long line of gossips reaching from Da Porta of Italy to William Shakespeare of England. No word has ever come to us from the adored womanhood itself. Not long after the Dantean period there were women in Florence who knew Virgil by heart. This fact implies an air of learning around Juliet, for no day ever comes except through the gray dawn.

Dante differed from Romeo only in being intensely religious; Romeo was an average worldly and entirely human lover. His own particular words are lost, but his

actions and some of his outbursts may have gone into the first version of the romance. But our study now is of the quality of the thought and sentiment which reached from the twelfth century to the fifteenth. It was excessively romantic. Listen to Romeo :

“ Oh she doth teach the torches to burn bright.
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use ; for earth too dear.
As shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
So yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.”

* * “ What light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun!
Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who's already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.”

She speaks :

“ O speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night being o'er my head
As is a winged messenger of Heaven
Unto the white, upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.”

“ How camest thou hither? tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.”

“With love’s light wings I did o’erperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt,
Therefore, thy kinsmen are no stop to me.”

“Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.”

Juliet :

“Wilt thou be gone! It is not yet near day,
It was the nightingale and not the lark
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear,
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree;
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.”

Romeo :

“It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East.
Night’s candles are burnt out and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.”

This is all very beautiful, but it was not that climax of language and ideality which grew up beside it in the pages of Dante. Those five centuries never heaped up elsewhere such a mass of declaration as was lifted up over the form of Beatrice. The words spoken to Juliet were more human, the words uttered to Beatrice were all more moral and highly spiritualized. The poem and the *Vita Nuova* are the most wonderful love-music ever sung into the ear of

woman. Any page in the New Life will illustrate this stream of eloquence: "I confess that whenever she appeared in any place, in the hope of her marvelous presence there no longer remained to me an enemy. A flame of benevolence possessed me and I at once pardoned all who had ever done me a wrong." "And at that time had any one asked me a question my reply would have been 'love.'" "When she was about to speak to me a spirit of love destroyed all the spirit of my other senses." Such was the Dantean language until a volume is quoted out of his amazing idolatry. Sweet and wonderful as is the courtship in the drama of Juliet it has only a faint sweetness compared with that honey which Florence distilled for Beatrice. To us mortals, so modified by common sense, the *Vita Nuova* reads more like the ravings of some moonstruck soul, but the book was nothing of the sort to those generations in which a knight would ride on horseback a hundred miles to secure a smile from some beauty; and in which a lady's glove flung among wild

tigers would soon be picked up by some lover who, while employed in such a noble undertaking as securing the glove of a woman, would think it an honor to be eaten up by wild beasts. To this stream of sentimentality which had become so swollen in the times of Juliet and Beatrice, the works of Boccaccio added their volume. His mind first attempted to find happiness in commerce, but not being happy there it entered zealously upon the study of the law, but his mind was like the instrument of Anakreon—able to play love-tunes only. Anakreon says :

“ I did wish to sing of Atrides
And then I thought of Cadmus,
But the sound of love followed.
I put new strings upon it
And the whole harp remodeled
And made Hercules my subject,
But the tune was all of lovers ;
So fare ye well, my heroes,
True love shall be my theme.”

As Boccaccio brought Greek into Italy, he may have imported Anakreon in some ship which sailed in advance of the barge which brought Homer, for by the time this poet was twenty-five years old he was in

love with the daughter of the King of Naples and was compiling a volume of poetry to her name. The poem was called the *Flammetta*, but what seemed a "gentle flame" in those days would in our times assume the magnitude of a conflagration. From this "*flammetta*" he proceeded to the construction of the *Decameron*—a book which would have been in harmony with Dante and Romeo had it not been injured by coarseness. In later years this author threw himself into the study and dissemination of Greek poetry. He gave Homer to Italy and then brought his life to an honorable close by lecturing upon the verses of Dante.

In all this, meanwhile, there was another man who was blowing the bellows for love's fire. To Juliet and Beatrice we must add the Laura of Petrarch. The father of Petrarch was in exile along with Dante. The highly-endowed youth took up the Dantean harp and made those Italian hills, which had just resounded with the name of Beatrice, echo all over again with the elegant name of Laura.

Who Laura was will never again be known, but we are interested only in knowing that the genius of that period refused to pursue the path of philosophy or science or religion or literature in its widest significance. Nothing was beautiful except the gorgeous colorings of romance. Petrarch did wander somewhat from Laura, and on account of his influence in causing a revival of the classic letters he was crowned poet-laureate of his country. Among his near friends was the Rienzi of history and Bulwer.

In those remarkable years when nobody was thinking of a machine or an invention or a discovery or of anything which seems so valuable in modern days, what was going on in the English part of this planet? Chaucer was then writing with the greatest industry. But what was his masterpiece? The Canterbury Tales. He had once met Petrarch and was at all times the child and victim of the age. He was an English continuance of that style of thought which had done so much sing-

ing around Beatrice, Juliet and Laura. He came to add "The Romance of the Rose," "The Legend of Good Women" and "The Flower and the Leaf" to that romantic bouquet which had already become so large and so fragrant.

Then, as though there were no danger of upsetting the earth by loading it upon only one side, Spenser followed Chaucer with whole armfuls of the same kind of intellectual blossoming. In this great mind all the former three or four centuries ran mad, as though the time had come for making all the old dead beauties and legends, all the knights, lords and ladies come back to life under the flag of the Faerie Queene.

In these four centuries in which the land, sea and sky were colored by only one sentiment, woman was great only as a sweetheart. It was not necessary that she should read or write. As a candidate for a political marriage, Juliet stood high in the esteem of her father, but when the handsome girl expressed a partiality for

Romeo she instantly turned into baggage. The indulgent and highly-cultivated father expresses himself in these terms :

How now, how now, chop logic! What is this?
 "You go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
 Or I will drag you on a hurdle thither.
 Out, you green sickness carrion; out, you baggage,
 You tallow face."

"God's bread, it makes me mad.
 Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
 Alone, in company, still my care hath been
 To have her matched, and having now provided
 A gentleman of noble parentage.

And then to have a wretched, puling fool,
 A whining mammet in her fortunes tender,
 To answer, 'I'll not wed,' 'I cannot love,'
 'I am too young,' 'I pray you pardon me;'
 But if you do not wed I'll pardon you;
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me."

In such scenes as this one, we of this later century perceive a wonderful scattering of the nightingales and a great indisposition on the part of day to stand jocund on the mountain tops. All in all, those centuries were a strange combination of beauty and deformity, of beloved sweethearts and enslaved, degraded womanhood; a strange union of gorgeous romance and ineffable meanness. Bride-

grooms seemed fond of going to their wedding through the gates of murder, and in the delightful marriage service the dagger was as beautiful and honorable as the bouquet.

After Spenser and with him came Shakespeare. He came to sum up all the loves and hates, the poison, the daggers, the larks, the nightingales, the moonbeams, intrigues, virtues and vices, ghosts and realities which had been spread out over Europe from the tenth century to the fifteenth. This tidal wave of romance rolled highest around Beatrice and Juliet. It reached from Rome to Stratford-on-Avon and tossed things about for five hundred years. It drowned out all philosophy, all science, all theology. It turned priests and bishops into licentious tricksters and changed statesmen like Demosthenes or Brutus into little adventurers whose statesmanship lay in an ability to mount a horse and plunge a javelin through the breast of some neighbor.

At last these strange centuries came to Shakespeare to be expressed. They were

soon to die. The writings of Aristotle and Lord Bacon were rapidly displacing the dialogues of a continent full of lovers, and the growth of nationality had turned the knight-errant into a common citizen and the tournament grounds into a wheatfield. Literature was about to widen so as to take in all of society and all the sides of the human soul. John Milton was coming with a mind which could grasp all the great principles concerned in the highest welfare of mankind, and coming with a verse which was to ask little from Romeo and Juliet. He was to detach the vine, the wall, the nightingale and the lark from the home of the Capulets and the rope-ladder of their sweet daughter and was to hand them over to the entire human race. When Milton spoke of "vernal bloom" and "summer's rose" and "flocks and herds" and "human face divine" he was thinking of the sublime relations of nature to the happiness of the heart. Beyond Milton was to come the modern sweep of thought. It was to contain a vast spoken eloquence, it was to burst forth in essays,

in philosophy, in history, in all the height and depth and richness of the complete human intellect.

It is as though the romantic period, being about to die, was moved by some hand of Providence to go to Avon, that its *dramatis personæ* might be pictured before they should move along the path of no return. Thither all that moving throng which had adorned, amused and disgraced every hill and vale between the Mediterranean and the lakes of Scotland repaired, that the great artist of the North might paint the portrait of each one, from king to clown, and might as a matchless orator express all the thoughts and feelings which had been uttered in the past days of agony or ecstasy. What a procession toward the studio of our Shakespeare! He was the combined Angelo and Raphael for those forms and faces. The kings and queens went on their thrones, the assassin wore his black cloak, his hand holding the stiletto; thither went Lear with his daughters; thither ran, or walked, or rode all the eminent ones of a long past. The

artist was worthy of the long journey from any Verona or Venice, for there was not a tear or a smile he could not throw upon his canvas. But of all the faces which the Avon artist gave to immortality no two were sadder than those of Romeo and his Juliet.

A TRUE LOVE STORY.

A True Love Story.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

While I sympathize with the Chicago Literary Club in its desire to find if possible in its ranks some man who as a novelist might rank with Mason as a historian, and with Thompson as a poet, and while I confess the right of the club to experiment with its members for the purpose of discovering what ones may conceal some signal ability for finding the most of invention and the least of fact, yet I cannot but feel that it was almost an insult to a clergyman to ask him to give a specimen of "sheer fabrication" to a society composed almost wholly of members of the legal fraternity.

CHAPTER I.

The name of Linda Mellet carries the mind far back in time and far away in space, and asks the heart to transfer itself

to the banks of the Mississippi and to the earliest days of this century. The Mellet family had left France when Louisiana was still in possession of the old nation. The fame of the great river, of its fertile banks and perennial spring, had induced some of the poets of an earlier day to call that district the "Second Eden."

Inasmuch as the term "Eden" sounded oftentimes like an exaggeration, the region was named Louisiana, after the eighteen monarchs who had lived and perished between 778 and 1773. Between Charles the Great and Louis Phillippe, there stood a long line of Louis's. Distinguished among these were Louis le Debonnaire, Louis the Child, Louis the Bavarian, Louis the German, Louis the Stammerer, Louis the Simple, Louis the Sluggard, Louis the Fat, Louis the Pious, Louis the Lion, Louis the Obstinate and Louis the XIV. When France contemplated the histories and the tombs of all these illustrious children, she took away from our southwest the name of "New Eden," and called it "Louisiana." Soon afterward a part of

the west bank of the river sunk under such a tremendous weight of French virtue.

The marble home of Linda Mellet escaped this submergence, but from her attic window she could see the tops of the sunken forest, and where once had stood cypress trees a hundred feet in height were to be seen now a few green bushes growing out of the new lake, which had been excavated by the awful machinery of nature. This tract of land was eighty miles long and seventy wide, and was more than six months in sinking out of the sight of the beautiful Linda.

The parents of this girl, whose history became at last a more impressive shock to the southwest than the earthquake of New Madrid, brought to the new world great wealth as well as great taste. They erected at once a home that was in full sympathy with the architectural glory of Louis the Magnificent. The home of Linda was on a high bank on the west side of the river. On the front it reached over nine hundred feet; while in depth the structure, which assumed the shape of two ells, ran

back 270 feet. In the open court in the rear the western sun made possible all the flowers and fruits of the tropics. Governed by the kind hand of the amiable girl this rear court was a perfect bower for all the birds of bright plumage and sweet song. So wild and untouched by man was the landscape that often when Linda, by waving her parasol, was scaring the buffaloes from the front porch she could hear the American nightingale singing in the fig trees at the other end of the long hall.

The attic-room to which allusion has been made was the resort and retreat of the gifted young woman only in hours when she wished to work at the musical sonnets which were rapidly giving her a local fame. Her own proper room was on the second floor, and being fifty feet in width ran back a hundred and thirty-two feet to the open court. A second course of marble columns graced the front of her apartment. The stone, the ironwork, the brass, the fastenings, the mahogany carvings all came in sailing vessels from France.

The floor of Linda's chamber was carpeted with rugs which had been recaptured from a pirate's ship that had overhauled merchantmen plying between the Orient and Boston. These costly fabrics had been confiscated by Lord Bellamont in 1699 and had been purchased by an ancestor of this beautiful girl.

Her bedstead was made of mahogany and on this dark wood was almost endless filigree of silver. On the top of each bedpost was a globe of gold so made that one of them told the sleeper the hour of the day, another the day of the month, another the day's lesson from the Book of Common Prayer, the fourth played for the girl beautiful French melodies.

Before the east windows of this room lay the Mississippi, with its deep waters full of prophecy regarding a wonderful republic; before the west windows lay the savannahs, where grass mingled with vine and shrub; where the dogwood excelled the magnolia in whiteness, while the magnolia excelled the dogwood in perfume.

In one of these half-forgotten years

Linda ran down the marble stairs in impatient haste, for behold at her palace door stood François August Vicomte de Chateaubriand. At his left hand stood a youth of noble form and of distinguished face. An air of romance seemed to breathe from his large blue eyes. He could at once have sat for the portrait of an ideal lover, but the charms and the probable destiny of this young Frenchman were overshadowed by the amazing genius and fame of the older visitor.

After Chateaubriand had implanted a few kisses upon either cheek of the dear exile from Paris, he sat down with the family and told them soon that he had come to the new world that in a story to be called "Atala" he might treasure up the sweet and sublime things of an Eden that must soon pass away. He brought kisses also from Madame Recamier, who was then in her twenty-fifth year, and was as wonderful in her court dresses as Chateaubriand was in the pages of his rhetoric. The great writer had just received from all civilized lands infinite

thanks for his "Genius of Christianity." It had made atheism unpopular and had made Christianity resemble closely a gallery of art, or one of those thousand-acre fields from which the people of Smyrna extract the attar of roses. Laden with unbounded fame, the eloquent thinker longed to compose a story in honor of primitive nature. Little did this wanderer dream that the two young people now listening so intently were about to live a story many times more thrilling than that of Atala. While the prose poet of France was delineating the life of the red woman, these two white exiles from Europe were to weave a friendship too vast to be dreamed of by an Indian maiden.

CHAPTER XIII.

Chateaubriand contemplated in youth the career of a priest, but he was frightened away from the pulpit by the narrowness of its literary scope. Genius of a high order does not toil well under any form of restraint. Genius does not love with orthodoxy to fix the number of gods at

three; because days or nights might come in which the mind might feel that there were four potentates in the sky; and then other days or nights might sweep along in which it would seem task enough to establish firmly the existence of even one such celestial monarch.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is not a little against the charm of the sermon that its manufacturer feels under a common-law promise to make use of facts. The sermon discourages imagination in the fields of history and science, and permits it to exercise its function in only the department of theology. The sermon may describe hell as best it likes, but in speaking of Illinois, for example, it feels bound to locate the State in America, and does not feel willing to separate it many miles from Lake Michigan. Chateaubriand sighed for a general release from such galling chains, and with the privilege of locating hell or heaven where he saw fit he desired the full permission to do what he might please with Louisiana and Atala.

Among the labor-saving devices one must reckon a certain sweet and delicious falsehood. A Marquette, in writing a history of the Indian girl Atala, would have been compelled to travel, observe, tear his clothes upon thorns, go often a day without food, swim streams, sleep in a smoky wigwam, and hear a great quantity of poor French spoken by squaws not wholly attractive in custom or costume. Creative genius uses an easier method. It goes away from the object it desires to describe. It asks distance to make dirt and beauty both one. It asks only distance to make a negress and a Greek girl look alike. It goes into its attic room and, looking far away upon the smoky hills, it sees an Indian woman eating a piece of raw liver, and at once it says: "I have seen Minerva alight on the summit of Parnassus. The perfume of her divine breath reaches me. Her cheek glows with eternal youth. Her gold girdle flashes in the sun. She has a lute in her hand. Oh! I am full of rapture! Come, my pen, and help me tell the story of the goddess and her mountain!"

And at the call the pen comes. We must all thank Chateaubriand for what he has done toward lessening the quantity of labor for all literary shoulders. If you would transform a poor picture into a good one, you must step back a half mile. If the assumed goddess looks like a squaw, you must step a league further back. High literature is fond of magnificent distances.

CHAPTER XX.

After a night of refreshing sleep, Chateaubriand began to compose some fresh literature; Linda repaired to a bower in the court-yard and to some songs of her own composing she played an accompaniment upon a harp. Sappho herself could not have been more beautiful or have caroled more pleasing melodies. The morning hour, the happiness of the birds, the glitter of dew drops, the perfume of blossoms, the presence of the greatest intellect of France, and the flood of romantic life that flowed in the young girl's heart, combined to make the soul regret that the name of Eden had been taken away from the vale

of this New France. In any court of Europe Linda would have been exceptional in beauty, but her face and form became almost angelic when they thus found a setting among the most wonderful and exquisite beauties from the hand of omnipotence.

When Chateaubriand had composed a few pages, he strolled into the court, and sitting upon a marble bench, over which Linda had thrown the robe of an American lion, he read a group of magnificent words that gave a picture of the scene which was about to surround the Indian girl Atala, as it now surrounded the noble Linda. As the genius read, the air became clouded with green and red and yellow parrots; the groans of the river, evoked by its sad efforts to roll uprooted forests down to the gulf; the sighing of the trees which the waves were undermining; the dancing of a thousand rainbows that were made by unseen cataracts; the whisperings of the bridges the vines had formed from tree to tree, joining the pine to the top of the poplar and the poplar to the top

of the hollyhock, over which entangled vines the wild rose and clematis were running in joyful haste that they might make of the suspension bridges an interminable garland of flowers; the eagles, the water fowl, the red flamingoes, the large and small heron, the flashing humming birds, wild bear, intoxicated by eating too many wild grapes, the black and the gray squirrel, the majestic buffalo, all united to make Linda's heart swell with emotion and with thankfulness that her days were passing in so blessed a land. Overcome with emotion, she sang a low, sweet song. Chateaubriand bestowed upon the girl's lips another kiss which he had brought from Madame Recamier; and arm in arm they passed from the bower to a well-stocked sideboard that had done perpetual duty for Louis the Fourteenth.

CHAPTER XXV.

Traveling merchants, such as sell books and lightning-rods in the homes of the common people, are first taught to recite a brief address. This oration is composed

for the man or woman by the same person, —the owner of the copyright or the factory. On entering a peaceful home he considers the head of the family to be an adequate audience and he begins at once to recite his part of the play. His function intellectually is only that of a parrot. It has not been long since one of the members of this industrial family entered my own home at the Cross Roads and discoursed as follows: "Of all writers none except Job equaled Shakespeare. Shakespeare should lie open in the presence of the young. This book holds the mirror up to nature. The young are captivated by its sentiment, while the old are sustained and comforted by its wisdom. A home without a well-edited and well-illustrated Shakespeare is as sad as a home without a mother. Here, sir, is *The Family Shakespeare*. Here you see a steel engraving of the soldiers carrying away the *corpse* of Ophelia." "Do you not mean the corpse of Ophelia?" I said. He said that in the cities and centers of light the word used indeed to be pronounced corpse, but that

core was now the pronunciation adopted by the persons of most advanced culture. Chateaubriand saw the air all colored with clouds of gaudy parrots. Similar men of genius say that at the dawn of this century these beautiful birds were working their way to the Ohio and had begun to chatter on the line stretched by Mason and Dixon. What became of those clouds of parrots? Their story is short but sad. Coming to the Ohio and seeing the advancing line of book-agents, they all turned back.

CHAPTER XXX.

Let us now return to Linda. With hair falling negligently upon white shoulders, with eyes full of not only beauty but soul, she asked the mighty exile if he actually had ever seen a bear that had been rendered an inebriate by eating grapes. "I was taught that fruit contained no intoxicating principle until its juice had passed through the process of fermentation. Does not digestion make wine impossible?"

Chateaubriand then kissed Linda and said: "Ah, my dear child, there is a new

literature coming which deals only in impressions. It is called the impressionist school. If I see a bear among grape vines in autumn, if he wabbles and rolls around a little as he advances or retreats, if I am under the impression that the bear is drunk, my impression is of much more value than a fact. So in my notes on Niagara Falls I am to describe that cataract. I shall use the following language: 'Eagles carried along by the current of air are whirled down to the bottom of the gulf, and carcajous hanging by their flexible tails to the ends of bending branches wait to snatch from the abyss the crushed bodies of bears and elks.' Now, Linda, no man of true artistic feeling can inquire whether the air over the cataract does suck eagles down. Have I an impression that such a suction would add power to my page, then down must go the eagles into the abyss, because the impressions of a sensitive, gifted soul are far better than many eagles. Nor need I remember that the carcajou has a tail too short to be wrapped around a limb, and that the animal

might watch a whole century before a mangled elk would pass under his dangling head. I was under the impression that the falls were much enhanced by the picture of that living denizen of the woods watching for the bodies of those slain by the awful power of the watery avalanche." Linda bowed before the greater genius and sat in silent and almost solemn admiration.

CHAPTER XXXI.

At this point the young Frenchman joins the company, and from this date he changes the color of the whole picture and the destiny of Linda. We must soon add great misfortune to great beauty.

And now the youth who had been eclipsed by the presence of the great man of letters begins to assume a captivating part in this story of human and Western affection. He and Linda often while walking were accustomed to fall a few steps behind the famous poetical essayist, and while the eloquent tongue was discoursing about the wars of the Red man, or the Cedars of Lebanon, or the tombs of

the Orient, the listening children would press each other's hands gently and exchange a few kisses that had nothing to do with Madame Recamier. If at intervals the famous Chateaubriand paused that the audience might draw nearer the speaker, soon some vine crossing the path would impede Linda's foot, and while the vine was being disentangled from skirt and foot there was more touching of hand to hand and more of mysterious reading of happy eyes. Each step in the primeval forest was a step in love. Each bird song became a love song; and when the thrush poured out a heart full of melody the charming Linda would look up toward the songster and whisper out: "Oh, sweet bird, those are my sentiments." Silent kisses followed and in the meanwhile Chateaubriand would discourse about the brook Kedron and the Vale of Sorrows.

These scenes came before any steam palaces had begun to move on sea or river. Linda went to New Orleans and back in an elegant barge. It floated down with the current. It was pushed back by poles

or was drawn by a line held by slaves, who walked slowly on the shore. In this barge was a complete home. Bedchambers, library, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, wine-room were under the roof. Each room was a piece of special elegance. The carpets, the tapestry, the pictures, the piano, the harp, joined in one rich scenic effect. The roof of the barge was flat and being covered with sheet lead it held rich earth and was made to hold up a most beautiful garden. The orange tree was in perpetual bloom. Twining roses ran along the railing around the edge of the barge. The morning glory made the dew drops more brilliant. Birds lived in this traveling bower and got their food from the hand of the girl whom all that lived could but love. A few girl slaves dressed in brilliant colors dipped up water from the great river and cared tenderly for the fruit that was ripening and the rose that was bursting with color and perfume.

On the tenth of June, 18—, the Mellet family and the two guests went down into this barge and soon were out in the gentle

current. When one is in a floating paradise why should one wish to go fast? Slowly moved the barge on a journey which to the idolized Linda was to bring no return. Her heart passed into a long period of cloud.

(This story is a serial and will be read in sections until the Club may seem satisfied.)

HUMANITY TO MAN AND
BEAST.

Humanity to Man and Beast.*

A few days ago a man who resides in this city put an entrapped rat into a box, poured kerosene on it, and then set the animal on fire. Such ferocity came in part from the assumption that the rat is an avowed enemy of mankind. That small-brained human being who applied the coal-oil assumed that the rats were laying plans for the injury of man's property and happiness. He met the rat as one would meet a highwayman when plying his profession, but he was fined twenty-five dollars and costs.

All humane thinkers know that the little animal which this man tortured sustains toward man feelings just as kind as those entertained by the tame pigeon or the gray squirrel. The rat when tamed becomes

*Read at the World's Auxiliary Congress, October 11, 1893.

one of the most devoted of friends. In the gnawing and destroying which this animal does in man's house and barn it is simply seeking its living just as the robin is seeking its living when it takes cherries from our orchard or berries from the raspberry bush. The fact that rats and mice are unwelcome does not affect their moral character. The rat differs from a nightingale only in his misfortunes.

No one can reach the full height of the humane philosophy without realizing first the friendship of the brute world toward man. This feeling is strongest in the domestic animals because it has been called forth and called forward by the long action of evolution; but many of the creatures that are wildest are on the borders of friendship and seem waiting only for man to meet them half way.

Two years ago a family spending the summer a few miles from the city caught a young woodchuck. It was resolved to keep it for a pet. In a week it began to eat out of the hands of the children. In less than two weeks it followed the children all over

the house. It soon reached great size and weight, but it could not bear separation from the family. It seemed to surpass all creatures except the dog in the power to express friendship. It cried and was miserable except when with the children.

The common turtle and the cold-blooded goldfish are susceptible of friendship. Last summer a Chicago man gave a crumb of meat to a little spider in its web. He repeated this a few mornings. Soon the little creature that was not larger than a mustard seed answered to its name and would run out eagerly to meet its big human friend. This affair of the heart continued for six weeks. The big city compelled the human half of the partnership to exchange the little satin web for noisy, stony streets. That spider's brain did not hold Latin or Greek or politics, but it held friendship. In those summer days it had each morning a heart full of hope—hope for meat. After the large man came away, had the little thing any memory and any grief?

Last summer a family that went from this

city to spend a season at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, soon formed an alliance of love with the ground squirrels and gray squirrels in the adjoining woods. Each day the squirrels and the children drew nearer each other. Before August had passed the acquaintance ripened into love, and the little chipmunks learned to take nuts out of the children's pockets and the gray squirrels were fed from the children's hands. Squirrels and children became chums.

In the recent centuries of barbarism the human animal has lived a repellent life. Not only has he been anxious that no dumb brute should venture upon terms of familiarity with him, but the leading male personage of the house was for a long time careful that even the wife and children should know their place. They should temper their friendship with misplaced awe. An English lord rebuked his wife for kissing him when after a long separation she met him at the railway station. She was his second wife and the great man told his new spouse that his

former companion had never done anything so full of presumption! The Humane Society has rescued a great many shipwrecked sailors and has come between many a stage-horse and his tormentors, but one of its noblest deeds is to be found in the fact that it is preventing many a husband and father from being all the year through an icy, repellent and otherwise complete fool. To rescue a stage-horse is well, but to prevent a husband or a father from becoming a perfect fool is the triumph of charity.

The egotism of man is a great enemy of the humane sentiment. Man kicks a dog because the animal was so presumptuous as to come near his highness. What! a dog come near Me! Me! That brute draw near to me! I guess he does not know that I live at 500 South Street, and ran last summer for alderman! The man who had fun this month in burning a rat, based his fun upon his own egotism. The rat was tortured to make fun for a very great creature. Of the two beings the rat was the nobler. It was exalted by its suf-

ferings. The man was degraded by his laughter.

The two great stumbling blocks in the way of the humane sentiment are ignorant barbarism and civilized self-conceit. The Reverend Lindsay whipped his little child to death because it could not say correctly the Lord's Prayer. After it had received the first few blows from a shingle its little mind made still worse blunders through fear and agony, but the personal gusto of the father arose to the occasion. He said, "I will show you," and when the blatant egotist had gotten through with his instruction the child was dead. The man was a graduate of an Eastern college, but not a graduate of that grander institution that assembles here to-day.

Nearly all cruel people are confirmed egotists. The English husband often says to his wife, "Will you hush while I am talking?" That form of vanity crossed over in the Mayflower. The early homes of this country used to be permeated and nauseated by the command to the children

not to make such a noise "*in my presence,*" and often the timid mother would whisper to the children to be still, that their father was coming in at the gate or was in the next room.

Our Humane Society exists in part for the suppression of colossal egotism. In the great art-gallery of the Columbian Fair an innocent kind of lady was turning around and around among great pictures, and as she turned her neat silk umbrella touched once or twice, or perhaps thrice, another woman who also was turning around and around between the canvases of perhaps the "Virgin Mary" and "God Bless Our Home." The woman who had been touched by the stick of the sunshade suddenly whirled and knocked the instrument fully ten feet and said with high emphasis, "I will teach you a lesson, madame." To appreciate this story you must put an awful emphasis upon the word "I." The woman who offended with the parasol was a poor, miserable worm of the dust compared with the party of the second

part. It is almost certain that the female who gave the violent knock had a husband "who had struck oil"—or her.

The Humane Society springs up out of the purest philosophy now known to the human mind. Its genius is all contained in the question: How would you wish to be treated? How would you like starvation? How would you like to-day the whipping you gave your horse or your child yesterday? How would you like to be vivisected and left for days bleeding and bound and dying? Thus the society stands founded upon infinite justice. It hates the actions that come from barbarism, from egotism and from insane temper, and loves only deeds and a life founded upon an infinite equity. It would make the study of equity a passion. As painters make their art their love, as musicians make music their calling and their happiness, thus our society asks no nobler aim than the study and pursuit of an infinite justice. It is not satisfied with an equity that may reach only the rich and the high. It must reach the poorest and then must

gather up in divine arms the brute world. If love and justice are the most beautiful things known in the universe, then ought they to be planted and cherished everywhere.

The humane societies are not founded alone in the name of the victims of cruelty, but also in the name of those who are or may be guilty of cruel acts. It is not only the song-bird that needs protection from stone and gun, the boy or man who holds the gun or stone needs to be protected from the ravages of a vice. Men and women who have once tasted of the humane sentiment look back with regret upon the years in which the heart was almost empty of that universal love. When we protect the birds and the brutes we also protect the hearts of our children. It is sad that a song-bird is killed, but the heart that kills it is struck by a sadder death. That heart possesses existence, but it does not truly live. That which is empty of love and justice is not worthy of being called life.

One of the Greek philosophers discusses

the question whether morality can be taught. He knew that rhetoric, grammar and geometry could be taught in the schools, but he wondered whether goodness could be thus handed to one mind from another. He reached the conclusion that the mind is just as ready to learn justice as it is to learn language or mathematics.

The modern world indorses the result reached by the Greek, for no branch of learning has advanced in our century more rapidly than the study of justice and mercy. While the thousands of students were passing in and out of our college walls with the classic books and the sciences under the arm, the study of mercy was being pursued everywhere in school and church and home. When slavery met with an obstacle in 1861 it could not overcome it. The study of equity had taken away its old-time charms. The institution that had been almost omnipotent ever since the days of Moses grew powerless at last, and having been created by cruelty it was slain by love. The age

that taught science and art had taught morality.

Thurlow Weed, for sixty years an editor, was remarkable for a uniform calmness of mind. Having been asked how it came that he seldom wrote in anger, he answered that a man could not afford to get mad; that the after-feeling and after-thought were so distressing that he could not endure them. He preferred a perennial sweetness because it did not involve the dust and ashes of remorse. We need a civilization that shall make man scorn to commit any deed of cruelty. We cannot afford to produce in our hearts such a mental sea-sickness.

Our local society ought to have fifty thousand members, not only on account of the dumb brutes, but on account of this dumb fifty thousand. They cannot afford to live an unsympathetic life. From kindness toward all creatures, the soul passes into a universal sympathy, and if one object in nature is dear, all objects are dear. When the song-bird is sacred, sacred is the grove where it sings and sacred the

flowers under it. To take up one object of nature with affection is to take up the whole world. When the poet Cowper espoused the cause of the wounded hare, he espoused the cause of the human race, and when Bernard Carpenter had composed his poem on a religion of love for man, he was ready to write his hymn of mercy toward dumb brutes. When the Greeks sang in the spring their swallow song, they loved alike the spring-time and the bird:

“ The swallow has come,
The swallow has come,
O, fair are the seasons and light
Are the days that she brings
With her dusky wings
And her bosom of snowy white.”

When the children of Rhodes sang this song in the streets, the bird and the trees and the sunbeams were all a part of one sentiment.

Thus our humane society means education, culture, civilization. If a man is fully pervaded by this sentiment, it will hardly be necessary for him to make an effort to get religion. He has something which at heaven's gate would seem won-

derfully like the wedding garment worn by the saints.

This Congress will be of infinite value if it shall help popularize the humane sentiment. All perceive that it is slowly reaching more hearts and is affecting them more deeply. The police and the police-courts are rapidly learning that all cruelty is a crime and that the humane laws are not only the statute laws of the country, but they are the common laws of a high civilization. They are not arbitrary enactments like those which a despot often imposes upon his helpless subjects; they are a part of that vast equity upon which all law ought to be based.

Not only may we find under our association the eternal equity of the universe, but there we find also the awful mystery of life. The reflecting heart should always be very unwilling to inflict pain upon that strange quality called mind. We may not believe with some of our Hindoo friends that the soul of some ancestor is in the body of our humble creatures. We may not be in accord with that mystical person

who, as one of our poets says, "Is watching the spirit of some departed friend who is now passing in yonder pigeon;" but it is easy for us to feel that the soul of the horse or the dog is something too sacred for us to slash with a whip, and that the spirit of the pigeon, without the help of our ancestor, is too full of life and mystery to permit us to make of the bird's death an elevated pleasure. It does not add much to the fame of the dog that he may be the incarnation of some one of our ancestors. We ought to place a high estimate upon Tray and Towser and feel that their souls are their own. If some ancestor is in the wood-pigeon, he must have been a man of great moral beauty and is now nearing the angelic state. Be all these things as they may, man should walk carefully among all those creatures that can see, and hear, and feel, and love, and think, and die. To inflict needless pain upon any form of animal life must be looked upon as a disgrace to the name of man. We must rise above that form of weakness and vice. All pain inflicted upon the lower animals degrades

our own nature. It may be they can endure the pain, we cannot endure the disgrace. The suffering of brutes is man's infamy.

EXCESS.

Excess.

Poor as our human world is man suffers much from excess. His condition is that of the grain which grows upon a soil too rich. It never ripens. Its stalks break of their own weight. Overdone is a term which applies not only to some results in the kitchen, but also to results in the intellectual kingdom. More things are overdone in the parlor than in the kitchen. When man began making a language many thousands of years ago, he fell into all kinds of extravagance and made adjectives ten times as large as the actual demand. Thus man was tempted to be a dealer in falsehoods because the qualifying words were gross exaggerations. The sun went down in a bed of gold, the moon touched all things into silver, the eyes ran rivers of tears or darted forth flame, the heart broke almost daily, the feet flew along the path

of love or mercy, the voice was musical as a harp, the face shone like the sun. By the time language had become formed, man had become a habitual liar. Bayard Taylor said that while talking to the Arabs he never dared tell a plain truth. He assured them that there were men in New York who had large warehouses full of gold money and that the family man paid off his help by scooping gold coins into the servant's bucket with a gold shovel. We have now reached a state of being in which no lady of deep feelings and of cultivated taste can find an adjective or adverb equal to her emotions. Words have been expanded until most of them have burst and gone out of business. Could there be a hospital for overworked words we should find in its walls these once popular creatures of lips and pen—"perfectly splendid," "golden west," "dew of youth," "weird," "too agreeable," "ever and anon," "fascinating," "auburn ringlets," "solitary horseman," "fine address," "charming presence," "clever," and "naivété." In the theological ward of this hospital we should find

“gracious outpouring,” “by good providence,” “breaking the bread of life,” “sore conviction of sin,” “walls of Zion,” “horns of the altar,” “droppings of the sanctuary,” and “never-dying worm,” and many similar victims of excess. Once these words and terms were good, and even impressive, but they came into a world which possessed no moderation, and as a result we have on our charity hundreds of these worn-out words—dead beauties wrapped in mummy-bands and soaked in asphaltum

“Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil.” The meaning of this proverb is obscure, but it seems to imply that the poor mendicant will acquire no wisdom or moderation by being mounted; that instead of going on foot to a tolerably bad end, he will avail himself of the quadruped and ride to the most highly-finished misery known to theologians. But this beggar represents the human race in general. Give man food and he eats too much, offer him wine and he drinks too much, teach him to play cards and he buys

a blank book for keeping a poker account and agrees with some companions to play a thousand games and then settle. When croquet first became popular there were towns in Ohio and Indiana in which business was virtually suspended from March until October, the business men of the place being the victims of ball and mallet. A Methodist conference of preachers condemned the game as wicked, and those who put away the ball and mallet organized a base-ball club and practiced all the secular days of the week and caught a few balls in the backyard on Sunday. The Methodist conference should be more radical and thorough, and should resolve to exterminate the human race.

For the preachers themselves are members of the same family and are the victims of excess. Who ever directed them to preach three times, or even twice, or even once every Sunday? The old orthodox family had eight prayers a day—one before and after each meal, and morning and evening worship. Eight times each day the young people were compelled to com-

pose their faces and wait for a solemnity to pass by. Prayer being a needful and beautiful privilege, man must have reached the conclusion that the more of it the better. Hence in some villages concerts and lectures are opened with prayer, and cornerstones of almost all kinds of structures have been laid with a little of the mortar of piety. One would not make light of religion, but there being no law of quantity discernible, the praying saints resolved the universe into prayer just as quickly as Napoleon resolved it into war, or Mozart into music, or Bogardus into a shot-gun.

After man has discovered a good, he then passes to a new kind of ignorance—ignorance of its use. The theater was discovered by the Greeks two thousand eight hundred years ago, but no one has yet discovered how often one should attend it. The Germans, before Tacitus, discovered beer, but no one has come in the long interval to tell us how many glasses to consume in a day. Franklin discovered certain laws of electricity, but we are sadly in need of a man to tell us whether we must have elec-

tric soles to our shoes, and be girt with electric belts, and wear an electric hat, and wash in electric baths. Thus the generations fly from the folly of ignorance to the folly of quantity, and spring upon the world a new inquiry, Which is the bigger dunce, the one who never heard of electricity or the one who attempts to wear it in his boots? Thus nature has made ample provision for keeping up the general supply of fools. In the great temple of knowledge we acquire some information in the basement and pass up to become perfect simpletons on the next floor, and having mastered the second degree, we then go up another flight of stairs to become relative fools again, and we die and are buried before we get out of the woods.

“Dress warmly,” say the doctors, but one more doctor is needed to tell us how warmly. The modern lady hears, and puts on silk underwear, the chamois-skin jacket, then a dress and a sealskin sack; the Chicago negro hears, and puts on a linen coat; the Chinaman hears, and puts on a blouse that comes two inches nearer

his sandals; the preacher hears, and before going out in November all the female members of his family of three generations bring something to wrap around the dear man's valuable but talkative neck.

So the value of travel has been discovered. It broadens the views and warms the sympathy of man with man. The Greeks denied the value of travel because there could be nothing better than Athens; but some noble minds stole away from curiosity and came home, as Herodotus or Plato, and left the homeguard to die as mere gymnasts, whose names even were erased from the rolls of history. Cicero studied in a foreign land, and thus gathered up the riches of two states and became twice as large as his own state. Thus Moses was made by adding Egypt to Canaan. Thus in the modern times travel carries mind about to the things to be learned and thus a citizen of a township is made a citizen of the world. The nations cannot come to us, and the alternative is the individual must go to them. Off the coast of Scotland there is an island ten miles in diameter, in

the middle of which are some poor families who have never seen the ocean. Their few acres are their world. There are poor families in Ireland no member of which was ever five miles from the place of his birth.

It would thus appear that among the educational forces travel must be granted a high place. It is a second degree in the college of life. But to man having made this discovery no one has come to bring the supplemental information about how to use this good. Who must travel and how much? Must one hundred and fifty thousand persons sail from America every summer to spend millions of money in Europe? And to bring home only two things—new goods and the desire to go again? What kind of persons should remain in their own country and how much travel can anyone undergo without injury? Man as a thinker and as an educator of himself must be much of life in his own room and in his own town. He cannot rise to greatness while in cars, or steamships, or in the hotel. The soul goes into

retirement when its owner goes out with trunk and ticket. When the owner returns from his journey the soul goes out and takes possession once more of its world. Man is himself only at home. Be he lawyer, or doctor, or editor, or preacher, or scholar, or writer, or friend, the machinery of the mind runs best amid all the associations of friendship, and work, and its results. Having reached the conclusion that travel is of great value, we now reach the parallel conclusion that greatness comes by staying at home. Travel leads to unrest and makes a common chatterbox out of a man who would, had he remained in his city or state, have become an orator, or an author, or a philanthropist. It remains therefore for our century, which has built railways and steamships, to tell us how often we may go on board and how far we need go. Better have had no railways if we must travel every summer and then go somewhere each winter. Better no steamships if we must be always planning a voyage. Home is exhausted by these absences. Absence by travel is much

the same as absence by death, only the return from absence by death is subject to a longer delay. If a doctor and a lawyer go abroad for six months they return to find the men at law and the men in bed have forgotten them. If any find a different experience it is because their hold upon home is too delicate and unreal to be capable of any further attenuation. It remains therefore for those geniuses who have made travel so rapid and easy to discover how far and how often car and boat should carry the passenger. When does the beneficiary become the victim?

Our nation is now suffering from excess of domain. All may be well enough five hundred years from this date, but as we shall not then be capable of earthly happiness the outlook is gloomy. We must endure excess for five hundred years that some future millions may sit down in the blessedness of just enough. Our land is so abundant that towns are three thousand miles apart which should be only five or six hundred. The chief business of our nation is the carrying trade. Of course it

is. Vast railways are built that there may be carried from Dakota wheat that should be raised in Ohio, and Indiana, and Illinois. Thousands of millions of dollars are thus wasted in carrying things. The question for years has been "How to reach Portland, Oregon, by rail?" The proper answer would have been, Do not reach it. Pave the streets and clean up the mud of Chicago, build its libraries, its opera houses, its churches, its parks, make a tunnel of its river, make it a credit to the human race, and let Portland go to the tender care of the far-off future. You say, We shall need the North Pacific road a half hundred years from now. Very well. Then let us have a Chinese wall at the Mississippi, and tear it down when things are decent on the east side of it. Our extent is our ruin. We lay the foundations of Chicago, and having broken the sod and having stirred up the mud we proceed westward and lay the foundations of Kansas City, and send off eighty thousand people to stir up the mud there who should be conquering the mud here. It thus has come to pass that

a large part of our population is on the journey from one scene of disorder to locate another, and as a result instead of having a gallery of finished works of art our nation is an old barn full of the efforts of apprentices — clay heads with the nose broken, Venuses with the lips not yet made and with one ear gone, Jupiters with one eye — all from the excess of domain, and from fortunes and souls consumed in the carrying trade. He who travels much will soon have nothing to carry. An old lady who had a thousand dollars' stock in a railway was observed to be in the cars of her line daily. To an inquiry why she traveled so much she replied that she wished to enable her company to declare a dividend. The United States is thus a similar old lady, constantly traveling and shipping goods that its railways may be able to pay something to somebody.

One of the most singular forms of the ravages of success is found in the professions and pursuits. They are all virtually alike. For example, the pulpit. At some age of the world preaching was discovered

or invented. It was a good thing in its way. At times some wise man had accumulated a fund of ideas and the community, or some part of it, gathered at his feet once in a few years and listened with delight and profit. In due time the man became an orator, and when he died it was found he had made ten great addresses in fifty years. The community wondered over the grave of this orator whether any successor would ever appear. Another came and in a long career upon earth he addressed the people twelve times upon the deep things of eternity.

Preaching was thus invented, and soon the world said since preaching is a good let us have more of it. Let us buy it. Let us pay men for doing it. The doctors say "dress warmly" and at once each person buys a cartload of clothes; the railway came and all travel all the time; beer was discovered by the old Germans and the modern Teuton drinks daily thirty glasses; preaching came and society said, Let us have that blessing all the time, twice or three times each Sunday and in the middle

of the week; and now the modern pulpiter dies in old age, having preached four thousand sermons for a consideration each. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a living clergyman recently said that if upon writing a discourse he found that he had two ideas, he always put aside one of them for a future Sunday.

Thus was a great calling ruined by making it into a livelihood. All pursuits suffer by being made a remunerative profession. A curious world—if a man does not work for pay he will starve; if he does, his profession will starve. Poor man, he accepts of the latter alternative and the preacher becomes fat and his preaching declines to a skeleton.

The question, "How many sermons a year will save a soul?" is never raised. It is irrelevant. It is all a question of livelihood and excess. As the Dutchman asks, How many glasses can I drink without imperiling health and the peace of my family? so the clergyman asks, How many sermons can I preach without dying and without killing the congregation?

Thus also the profession of law is injured by being made a means of revenue, for all talk should be based upon the simple fact that something must be said. No person should ever say anything if he can avoid it. But when talk is made and sold as a commodity it is degraded to the level of wood, and coal, and cabbage and onions. A thief or forger could purchase two hours of language from Rufus Choate, and when a man burns a barn or kills a neighbor for money he sends out to some great circle of lawyers and buys a large quantity of eloquence. But all real oratory springs up from the longings of truth to be spoken. The Greeks had no professional lawyers. Great men plead causes when the matter was so important that words had to come or the heart would have burst. No one was a lawyer, but all men were liable to become such in some hour of vast import. Our age has found the excess of this old beauty and now one city will possess fifteen hundred lawyers, twelve hundred of whom will say as much over the wrong side of a suit involving

twenty-five dollars as Demosthenes uttered against the intrigues of Philip, and as much as Cicero said in defense of the poet Archias.

It is only after the lawyer has neared the end of life and has become rich enough and great enough to accept of only large cases the intrinsic merit of his calling becomes visible, but to the end of life, be he eloquent, and learned and honest, he suffers from the fact that the general market has become overstocked with the verbal articles of manufacture. As preachers are injured by the everlasting chattering of the pulpit, so the lawyers are suffering a parallel injury from the infinite vocalization of the bar.

Thus moves onward this destructive flood of excess. That it will bury us all as mud and lava buried Pompeii, and as fire and brimstone overwhelmed Sodom and Gomorrah, no sane philosopher can for a moment doubt. Quantity is as fatal as quality. Snow falling on a man will kill him as surely as rocks, only it will require more of snow than of rock. A farmer

near Lake Erie was killed by the gentle herb known as peppermint. Buchanan Read, the poet, was wont each summer to spend a few weeks fishing, and he made the plain home of a country farmer his summer home. The agriculturist formed thus a limited partnership with the poet—limited to August. They divided equally the fish on their return each day, having divided the whisky before they went out. But after a few days the poet taught the farmer to pound peppermint to mix with the sugar and whisky. For five summers this general business was conducted by Horace and Agricola, Horace neglecting more and more his poetry, and Agricola his fields and flocks. At last Horace became unable to make his annual tour to join his partner on the lake, and thus five years of separation passed. Once again the poet visited the old holy ground and stood at the door of the farm-house. A woman in black, sad and reproachful, appeared and said: “Ah! Mr. Poet, you taught my husband to mix mint with his morning glass, and now he sleeps in the ground

back of the orchard." With tears Mr. Read strolled to the lot behind the orchard, and, sure enough, there was the grave all overgrown with a perfect entanglement of peppermint. Buchanan Read sat down by the romantic but melancholy hillock and then and there did not compose the following meditation:

With sparing hand, dear noble mind,
Hadst thou on this romantic shore
Plucked the wild mint, no guest would find
A weeping widow at thy door.

Man wants but little here below,
For he is made of fragile stuff.
That he must drink, we full well know,
But one rich mint a day 's enough.

Ye passers-by, a warning here ;
Emotion all must check and stint.
The grave contains the ashes dear
Of one who gathered peppermint.
The harm was not the mint, as such,
But, ah! he gathered far too much.

Perhaps no profession suffers any more from excess than that of the physician. When it became, ages ago, a source of emolument, or a common living, it fell under the temptation to find too many diseases and too many cures. And with the abnormal growth of the doctor came

the abnormal growth of the patient. Each side of this inflammation aggravated the other. As the doctor added to his labels and definitions, the patrons added to their infirmities by the law of sympathy. The discovery of a cure has often come in advance of the disease. The disease has come as a result. After trips to Baden-Baden and Carlsbad were found valuable as against clergymen's sore throats, the number of diseased throats greatly increased, and the hills in Germany are covered in July and August with clergymen, whose coughing and sneezing only increases under American treatment. Thus a remedy often increases the quantity of disease, for why should there be remedy unless there is the person to use it. Thus, as generations have passed slowly by, the practice of medicine has obeyed the motto, *Crescit eundo*, and man, having lived and died under a bunch of sage for a tea—sage hung to a rafter in autumn—also a bunch of hellebore for more serious illness, passed into other centuries and epochs, and now, when a man dies, a large cart could

not at one load remove the bottles from his late residence. Thus the grand medical profession is as much injured by the excess of bottles as is the man who empties them.

Would to heaven we could look around and find something not injured by excess. The editor who writes for a daily paper must at times feel that his remarks are thin. A gold dollar can be spread over a square yard, but it is no longer a beautiful, symmetrical piece of gold. You must hold your breath when you approach it. You can make no use of it unless you use mud, or wood, or plaster for a basis. So mind can be hammered out until its substance is gone, and it must be used as a veneer upon wood or plaster. Hence a wooden-head or a mud-head is the necessary accompaniment of thought hammered thin.

The relations of money to all high industry are thus a disturbing force. To a certain degree money acts as an inspiration, but it more frequently acts as a deteriorating influence and leads to an

excessive manufacture of what should be high products. When Alfred Tennyson was pensioned he may have felt inspired for a few days, but the fine phrensy must have passed away when the queen requested a poem on John Brown. Thus excessive production has exhausted many writers who came into active life with unusual powers.

Man was made by nature to resemble a field in his need of a half year or an alternate year of rest. In idle years the field absorbs richness from the air, and sun, and rain, and from chemicals unknown to man's laboratory. So man must be a seeker of great rests and long silences. Edison invents too much and discovers too much. Some man will come up out of the backwoods, with his soul fresh as a daisy from the brookside, and he will discover something which the weary eyes of an Edison cannot now see.

Evidently we are all passing along through a delicately-made world. It is necessary to step softly, for we are on holy ground. The rude animals have passed away. All the brutes of heavy tread have

met their just fate by sinking into the earth, from which they came. Their bones are exhumed here and there as a warning to the higher animal, bidding him to grow wings rather than feet. In the highest state of civilization men and women will move in mind and sentiment more like the Camilla, who could skim over a grain-field without bending the ripening wheat. Out of simple food and simple drink come the highest mental power and peace. The romance of life fills the house of him who does not remember his dinner with regrets. Delicate must be the use of language, for words will suffocate almost as quickly as escaping gas. Delicate must be even our prayers, for you all remember what a flood came in the garden of that elder whose pastor prayed for rain too loud and long. Delicate must be our labors, as far as fortune or misfortune will permit, for much labor makes age come too sadly and too soon.

A Boston lady declares that no other city seems to be worthy of the name of home; for there seldom does a week pass

when you cannot go to some friend's house and hear an essay and two pieces on the piano. Let us be thankful that a thousand miles intervene! Great rests, sweet pauses, blessed retreats, sublime solitudes should enter into each life. The love of gold often rubs the velvet and the color off of the blossoms of the heart. Some fields are so rich that nothing of grain or vine ever ripens. The soil needs a little help from poverty. So our feasters and our decorators, our lovers of costumes, our word-weavers, our inventors, our physicians, our ladies of fashion all need a certain assistance from one kind of poverty. Over almost everything, except our virtues, there might be written the condemnation: *Too much.*

PECULIARITIES OF MAN.

Peculiarities of Man.

In man there is a principle of mental progress not to be found in any other form of life. The wild pigeon and wild rabbit may improve in color and become white or chocolate or beautifully mottled, but the tame pigeon is no wiser than the wild one, nor is the domestic rabbit any more thoughtful or poetic than the one of the thicket and field. The tame pigeon is prettier than the wild one, but it comes no nearer to speech, or reason, or art than its wildest ancestor. And this holds true all through the brute world. Although the common monkey has been a pet of man for several thousands of years, it gives no sign of becoming a painter or a carpenter, and has framed no word of speech, and gives no promise of ever starting a newspaper.

The history of man has not a single line

of resemblance to this phenomenon, for under the least opportunity man rapidly advances, and, while the monkey and the elephant have added nothing to their brain power, man has passed onward to language, and science, and government, and the arts, and is traveling onward to-day even more rapidly than he journeyed thousands of years ago. Man's morrow is always better than his yesterday. The brute world is stationary. Man's life is a forward motion, pointing toward the infinite.

If it be said that there are brutes which can perform some feats as of reason, it must be claimed in reply that man must teach those tricks or actions, whereas no animal taught man. Man teaches the elephant to pile up lumber and the horse to walk backward, but we never see the elephant repay the kindness by teaching man a new art. Man thus steps above the comparison by teaching himself. Man makes his own language, and railways, and engines; he taught himself poetry and astronomy, but no elephant ever taught another elephant

how to pile logs. Not only does man differ from all earthly life in this power of making an advance, but his advance is something amazing. Whoever will attempt to enumerate the productions of human genius will in a few hours weary of the simple enumeration of names. Pronounce the words poetry, painting, statuary, music, literature, architecture, railway, steamship, telescope, microscope, telegraph, telephone, house, palace, cathedral, watch, clock, organ, piano, bridge, printing-press, and at last the heart rises far above all thoughts of the brute world and asks the question, Are we not dealing with a God? What an infinite mystery is man! Man separates himself from the brute world by his taste for the beautiful. There is no evidence that the animal world has any conception of ornament, or decoration, or of the scenery of nature. You may go with your favorite horse or dog out into the woods or along the bank of a most charming river in June, but neither of these companions of man betrays any appreciation whatever of the scene on the

right hand or the left. To the most intelligent horse or dog the valley of the Yosemite has far less charm than a peck of oats or a piece of cold meat. Take your trained dog to Niagara Falls and place before him that sublime cataract, and also a plate of remnants of the hotel dinner table, and he will instantly leave the awful river to the exclusive use and joy of his master. It is perfectly vain to lead out your admirable elephant into a prairie of ten thousand flowers, for he will trample down flowers exactly as he would trample down weeds, and would far rather see a bundle of dry hay than a hundred acres of the trailing arbutus. The eye of the brute world is purely practical—it is utterly unable to discern beauty. The swallow would as soon build its nest under the eave of a log stable as of a marble temple; and the peacock, in all his notorious vanity, is just as willing to spread his tail in the barnyard of a drunken negro as in the palace yard of a queen, and with a rare democracy of feeling would as soon have the attention of pigs and cows as those of

an assemblage of educated human beings. The turkey has the same pomposity of style as that of the peacock, because neither one has any more sense of the beautiful than is felt by the barnyard itself where the feathers are spread. When one turns away from this brute creation and sees a group of children running to and fro in the fields in spring, plucking the first violets and daisies, or in the woods breaking off branches of the red-bud or the dogwood; when one finds land and sea full of travelers and voyagers making long journeys that they may see the grandeur of the Swiss mountains, or the Rhine, or the Hudson, or the amazing cañons of Colorado, and when one sees how man pours his joy into literature, the thought must come that none of the explanations of animal life will account for the presence of man upon earth. He must be allowed some distinct chapter in the history of existence.

Let us go away from man for a moment to note that the materialistic theory will not explain the world of decoration. The evolution theory might make some

approach toward deducing man from the inferior animals and may find a variety of species to be the result of one genus. The struggle of life may shape limbs, or bones, or wings, or lungs, or the organs of sight and of digestion, and from some old unity a great variety of life might proceed and much might be explained by that phrase "the survival of the fittest," but all these changes fall under the law of utility and leave unexplained the prevalence of the beautiful. If the nightingale is the offshoot of an oyster that is no reason why this bird should sing a beautiful song in the silent night. That such a rich melody should be poured out in that silence when music can be heard and when the human heart most wishes to hear the notes are not results which can fall under the law of "survival of the fittest," for while the laws of use may lighten the wing of the ostrich and in a million years transform him into an eagle, and while rabbits chased by hounds for a million years might make a kangaroo out of their old rabbit-hood and make the hound rival an arrow or a

rifle-ball, no such development will ever make the rabbit sing a beautiful song in the quiet midnight. Nor will any amount of peril and mutation of climate and food explain the tail of the bird-of-paradise, nor the eyes in the tail of a peacock. Nor can the theories of evolution make that proud bird spread out fanlike his gorgeous colors. In the department of the beautiful the law of physical evolution fails. The materialistic philosophy will not explain the spots on a guinea-fowl, nor the stripes on a tiger, nor the tints of a rose, nor the perfume of a violet. But man is the only creature that appreciates all this infinite decoration. The tiger does not admire his own frescoed covering; nor is the bird-of-paradise any more of an *esthete* than is a hen or a goose. Man alone sees and appreciates the world of ornamentation, and therefore may we conclude him to be all alone in the domain of life—not an animal, but a *unique*.

AN INJURED WORLD.

An Injured World.

While Babylon was in its splendor of architecture and gardens and all which art could invent and riches attain, it was also infamous in crime and vice. Power was acquired and retained in the old ages not by treaties or purchase, but by force, and self was enlarged by the destruction of the distant neighbors. When by the labors of a few centuries some town had become a great city it then became an object of envy and toward it armies began to march. Thus every city was a fortress. As the moneyed institutions of the present contrive vaults that may protect gold from the grasp of criminals, so each city of the earliest epochs was kept as in a safe, for all the surrounding tribes were its confessed and natural enemies. What assaults were made upon Damascus, and Jerusalem, and Carthage? Isaiah had seen Babylon reaching

out her cruel hands, and having stained them with blood withdraw them laden with treasures into the imperial city. He had seen remote provinces plundered by the Assyrian kings, as Tacitus knew of a time when the Roman generals had marched out northward into flourishing nations and had made a solitude and called it peace.

This scene, taken from almost any page of ancient history, shows us how man injured his own world all through those remote periods, and having shown us those old solitudes it asks us if man is not still making his own home tremble and his domain to be as a wilderness. In a different manner from that seen by Tacitus our times make a solitude out of the great areas over which they march. A great world indeed we possess after all the insults and wrongs we have heaped upon it, but it seems that compared with what it might be it is only a wilderness. Disposed in the economy of nature to blossom, man denies it the privilege and tramples over it until, instead of being a garden of verdure, it is

a field of dust. *A priori* our planet ought to be a very delightful one, for it was made by a great workman, one not liable to place out in the universe an inherent moral failure. The sacred poetry tells us that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and all religious minds accept of such a psalm and sing it with delight; but the logical inference must be that there are elements of greatness in the earth if it came from such a sublime origin. There must be some mistake about it if in any way we think it a poor design or a badly executed design. There must be possibilities here invisible to us. If we make a comparison between the irrational and the rational forms of life, we shall find among the animals a generic success, a success of the lion, a perfection of the elephant, a perfection of the deer and the antelope. The nightingale and the bird of paradise, and all the thousands of species of birds, reach at once their form of happiness and the decoration of plumage and song; and, as though they attained this by the order of a thoughtful God, those which enjoy a

perfection of plumage do not receive a perfection of song, and those which are allowed song are denied the pictured or painted plumes. To each is assigned a form of goodness of some grade and all the individuals reach it. You will find no leopard that has not beautiful spots and no oriole that cannot build the little cottage on the end of a swinging bough. Out of such a comparison we must emerge with the feeling that man, too, must have been granted great forms of success, not as inevitable, like the spots of the leopard or the voice of the linnet, but as being easily possible to all. The universe coming from a single mind, and that mind far removed from caprice or injustice, must bear in its contents the impress of this one mind, and if the bird, and the brute, and the gold-fish, and silver-fish reach at once a special perfection, we must include man in the fortunate group and declare that his higher faculties were made for a still nobler triumph than can be found in the woods where the deer seems so happy or in the groves where the birds sing. Above the

irrational world in his powers, he was destined for a greater result.

Anakreon in one of his minor odes, in order to compliment the friend of his heart, says that each creature has its armor and weapon—its outfit for its special fortunate career. "The ox can defend with his horns, the hare by its fleetness, the lion with its 'chasm of teeth,' the bird can escape by flying, to man is given wisdom and to woman beauty." This poem harmonizes with our assertions thus far and reveals the law that the universe must possess the same elements in all its details, and that man was born not into misery but into a beautiful land of both possession and pursuit. But now comes the application of Isaiah's words. Some destroyer has passed over it, and is still passing over it, making it to tremble, turning its gardens into a wilderness. Some Babylonian or other despots are reaching out and desolating homes and provinces, and are either annihilating public goods or are gathering into one house the food, and clothing, and jewels which should have

been permitted to bless and ornament the outspread lands. We cannot embody this ruin and call it by an individual name. It is a many-headed, many-handed monster, powerful and insatiable. It tramples into dust our gardens and brings into ridicule the rich compliment of Anakreon, for not many men have wisdom and not many women have beauty. The nightingale does not fail to reach its song, but many men fail of wisdom and few of the countless millions of earth have attained to a happiness in harmony with the mental and emotional powers bestowed upon man. Some great wrongs have entered into our planet and have diverted its millions from their ordained path. The linnæ and the oriole have flown away from the evil and their song is still with them, but man had no wings, and, overtaken by the storm, he is ruined and is now often found weeping.

The older school of theologians explain the sorrows of society by going back to the first human family and by asking us to see a crafty serpent beguiling our first parents into a disobedience of their Maker.

Milton enlarges the story into a grand poem on

“Man’s first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe.”

He expresses thus that first step in man’s downward course:

“Her rash hand, in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she ate!
Earth felt the wound and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost.”

It might be of little importance how much of truth or of legend there were in this song or in that basis of it found in Genesis, for the question of an evil or of its cure is not generally much affected by the question how the evil came. In the merits of our late emancipation it mattered not whether the slaves came from Africa or Cuba, or whether in British or Spanish ships, the final fact of slavery was one and the same. Thus it would be naturally of no importance how man took his first lesson in evil. But the story was not left to take a natural path. It did not injure Rome to have lying back of her magnifi-

cence the simple story of Romulus as nursed by a sympathetic wolf, because the story lay in the books without harmful adjuncts and deductions. But not so with the story of man's fall. It was made the basis of an argument against the human will—against the thought that man could ever rise to goodness or happiness here; his inability became total, his ruin complete, his hopes vain. The story, simple in itself and evidently full of spiritual truth, became harmful in the deductions which theologians drew from it for the future entanglement and discouragement of society. It would have mattered little how man had fallen so low had not theology espoused the notion that he was powerless to get up. Genesis is flowing poetry, but this stream of poetry turned into molten lava as it ran and burned up the luxuriant lands through which it passed. Theology early began to oppress the mind and to make our earth a place of expected misfortune and the future world the only place of blessedness.

You must not hold in mind now any

modern system of theology, for this underrating the human will and hopes set in long centuries before Calvinism gave the world its summary of doctrine. Calvinism was only one shock in a long series of earthquakes, one single eruption of an old fiery mountain. Vesuvius has again and again aroused the sleeping thousands around its base. Before the scientific mind had become active enough or thoughtful enough to record its exploits, that mountain, according to Strabo, showed that it had been no stranger to awful flames. Since it came to men intelligent enough to describe its fury, it has ten or more times hurled forth its awful volumes of smoke, and flame, and liquid rock, and involved villages, and homes, and vineyards in its waves of fire. So theology is a mountain, not of one eruption only, to be followed by a perpetual peace, but a mountain which in all the long ages past has at intervals opened its gates to send forth anew its terrors of flame and smoke. Calvinism is only a late disturbance of the long historic line of fearful scenes. In old Egypt and India

the human heart was generally discouraged, and hence tens of thousands became hermits and self-torturers that they might eradicate the evil from the body. The Roman philosophers were generally stoics and felt that nothing of earth was valuable except tranquillity of mind. The countless monks, and hermits, and ascetics, and flagellants, which marked the Christian periods, came in alike from pagan and Christian theology and tell us in part why man's world to-day comes so far short of being the scene of universal prosperity and happiness. The despots from Babylon have spoiled the homes and fields of the heart.

Perhaps the most awful enemy of the earth has been its human government. It was an inherent necessity of mankind that they should form into nations. Out of this fact arose a governing class, and from reasons unseen the governed millions readily accepted of the degradation of slaves. Their labor, their money was rapidly transferred to a central city, and instead of building up rural homes all over the world, the toil of the people went to

the capital to turn into sin. Virtue was laughed at in Babylon and Rome. Times came here and there when the common people were dying of poverty and the rich were living in vice. Public men who gave signs of morality were arrested, and Tacitus says that there were reigns of Roman emperors when "virtue was a sentence of death." That government which the Creator designed to be only a method of law and order, a method by which millions could help each other, just as a great chorus of music is made by many singing in harmony, became, as far back as history leads us, the overwhelming misfortune of the people. In government our earth received a shock from which it will be long in recovering. Man rises from these prostrations very slowly. Degradation is transmitted. The law of inheritance is not limited to the color of the eyes, or the hair, or to the expression of the features, but it is universal and makes the governed classes come into the world with necks ready for a yoke and with minds that look downward. The millions of the abject poor feel

as though some one ought to strike them or take away a large part of their money, or in some manner touch them with the rod of power. By as many centuries as it requires for the human race to go down into this valley, by so many centuries will it march out. Webster was seventy years old, but his love of liberty was the child of centuries.

We are not therefore living in a planet which God made all through and through, but one begun by Him and finished by the human will. Begun well, it has suffered much in the finish. The happy song-birds and even the striped tiger of the jungle are not marred by the uncertainties of a bird-will or a tiger-will, but to what good they have they are carried resistlessly by the unchanging wish of God; but man's career passes from the Throne above to enter a human workshop for its finish, and man has not realized the grandeur of his trust and has not risen up with inspiration suited to his task. His religion has hastened to transform God into a demon; his politics has hastened to make each subject

a slave, and as a result our earth rolls on its orbit to-day a deeply-injured world, but beautiful still.

Wounded in the house of those two great friends, religion and politics, other vandals invade to assist in making its fields a wilderness. The body is injured by the widespread transgression of natural, that is divine, law. Divine laws are nothing more than the track along which the wheels of life are to run—the channel of the river. They cover all possible actions and states of being, and even the thoughts of the heart. Nothing is too small or too large for their notice. As in nature the spider's web sustains or breaks according to the same law of strains which applies to a railway bridge swung over a Niagara, so in the experience of man each action or thought either fulfills a law or breaks one, and thus sustains intimate relations to human joy or pain. As there is a rock-bound coast which restrains the sea from over-running America, as the sea perceives the boundary reaching from Maine around Cape Horn to Oregon, and

respects the awful barriers of rock and mountain, and must rise and sink in storm and roll hither and thither its tides, but dares not harm the fields of grain and the homes of all our dear ones, so there are laws around the soul not to imprison it but to protect it from encroaching waters full of night, and death, and bitterness. The laws of nature are the soul's refuge and home. If the modern civilized nations were ignorant of these wishes of God their case would at least call for sympathy, but with our eyes wide open we break over these boundaries and laugh with delight at what we call liberty. But the laughter is of brief duration. The air soon becomes full of whispers that we are a nation of drunkards, or of gluttons, or of idolators of money. The whispers are not fully true, but they do tell us with awful closeness to the truth that we have deeply injured our time and place in the universe; we have made our earth ten times as unhappy as it was made by the mere fact of ignorance, and sickness, and death. Compared with intemperance and the

painful degrading vices, sickness and death are minor calamities, for if society were law-abiding sickness would touch only a few days of life, and death coming in old age would seem a sleep whose morning would dawn in a better land ; but the vices strike life in all its days and hours and fill even the young heart with disease, and with a loss of buoyancy, and with a sense of infamy. The sins of the guilty involve the innocent also and thus leave nothing free from its cost or stain.

In excavating in the ruins of Rome, or Pompeii, or Jerusalem, many pieces of statuary, many carved columns and ornaments, have been found and brought back to the public gaze, but every object is marred ; a leaf is gone from this Corinthian capital, this frieze is broken in the middle and its upper half is gone, we have the feet of horsemen and the lower part of the chariot wheels, this Venus has lost the arms, the brow of this Apollo is stained and chipped, a child is absent from this Laocoon. Taken all in all what traces of genius and beauty, and yet what

traces of violence of war, or earthquake, or of the cruel elements! Could some inhabitant of another planet visit our world and move around amid its institutions, if the guest were from a perfect world he would be amazed at the marred images that would rise up before him—a home with the father going in intoxicated, his little children and trembling wife escaping into the cold by another door; a man once in honor robbing his partners of all their wealth; men making wrecks of their bodies by excessive toil, millions ashamed of politeness either as given or as received; children savagely beaten by their parents; homes ashamed of friendship; marriage with the features of tenderness all marred, the wife's wedding-ring having become a manacle—the emblem of her bondage and grief. Millions toiling fifteen hours a day on a globe where four hours were perhaps the day's work intended by nature for each one; millions being worn out by the effort to meet factitious wants, exhausted in a conflict with fashion in a world where simplicity of soul and man-

ners was to be the divinely beautiful. Such would be the collection of injured works of a high art found in our planet by this visitor, works which would show traces of a divine hand and traces of a barbarian invasion and overthrow, scenes full of the light of God but full also of the darker shadow of man.

The atheistic writers and speakers are fond of citing the dreadful spectacles of earth as going to show that there is no wise or benevolent God. Ennius, a Roman poet, was applauded in the theater when he taught that the gods took no part in the affairs of men. Such teachers have risen up in each century, few indeed in number, but able to read a long catalogue of such misfortunes as a god would not create. But the answer to these voices is that man was granted a free will and a godlike reason, and was to be a child of God and carry onward the Father's wishes. Man was to plant the wheat which the Father gave him, was to build a cottage out of the wood made by the Master, and was to cultivate by his window flowers sown a million

years ago by the angels of the Almighty. The earth bears this impress of a god but also the impress of man; and the atheist gathers up only one-half of these phenomena. If we cannot infer God from man it is because we have so injured that creation that the battered form is not recognized readily in this great morgue—friends, deep thinking, pass around the body, and do not think it looks much like a child of God.

And now comes the cheering part of our meditation. The injuries done to earth are diminishing as the centuries pass. We have looked out upon a storm, but upon one that is abating. The atheist would better hasten with his cold eloquence, for this earth, so long draped in mourning, is weaving the garments as of a bride. The number of slaves is diminishing. The multitude is becoming more and more enlightened, and free, and ambitious, and hopeful. The rivers of vice, at flood height once, are falling, and to be virtuous is no longer a sentence of death. Love is displacing violence in the affairs of nations and of the fireside. Chil-

dren, beaten less and loved more, are wearing faces more smiling than the faces which saw the poverty and cruelty in the long past. Our earth stands to-day injured indeed, wounded in the house of its friends, but its bitterest days are back of it, its hottest tears fell long ago. It is moving onward toward more and better friendships, toward a wider distribution of property and culture. It has in it great possibilities. It is full of the undeveloped evidences of a God. It is full of an equity not yet secured to the people; it is full of a beauty yet unseen, full of a music yet unwritten, full of kinder words than have yet been spoken, full of sermons, and hymns, and prayers truer, and sweeter, and richer than any which have yet been flung down as flowers before the throne of the Father.

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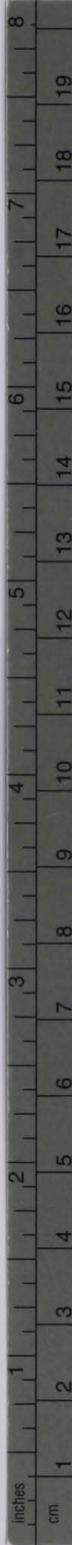
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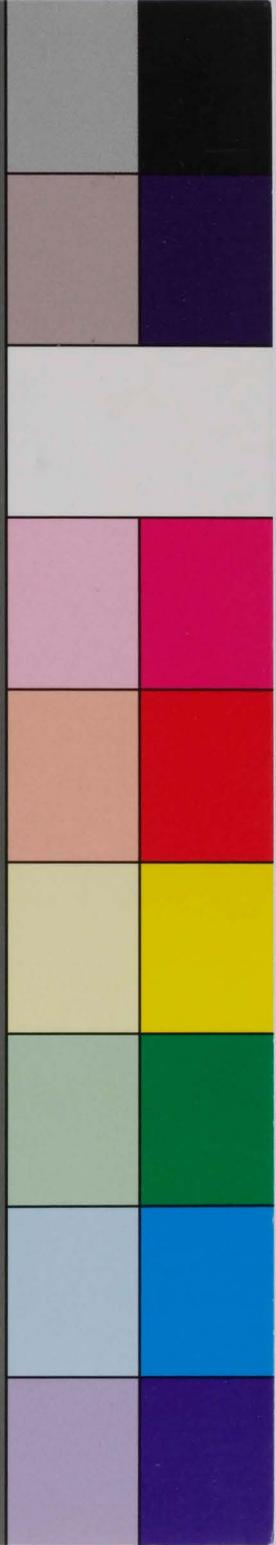
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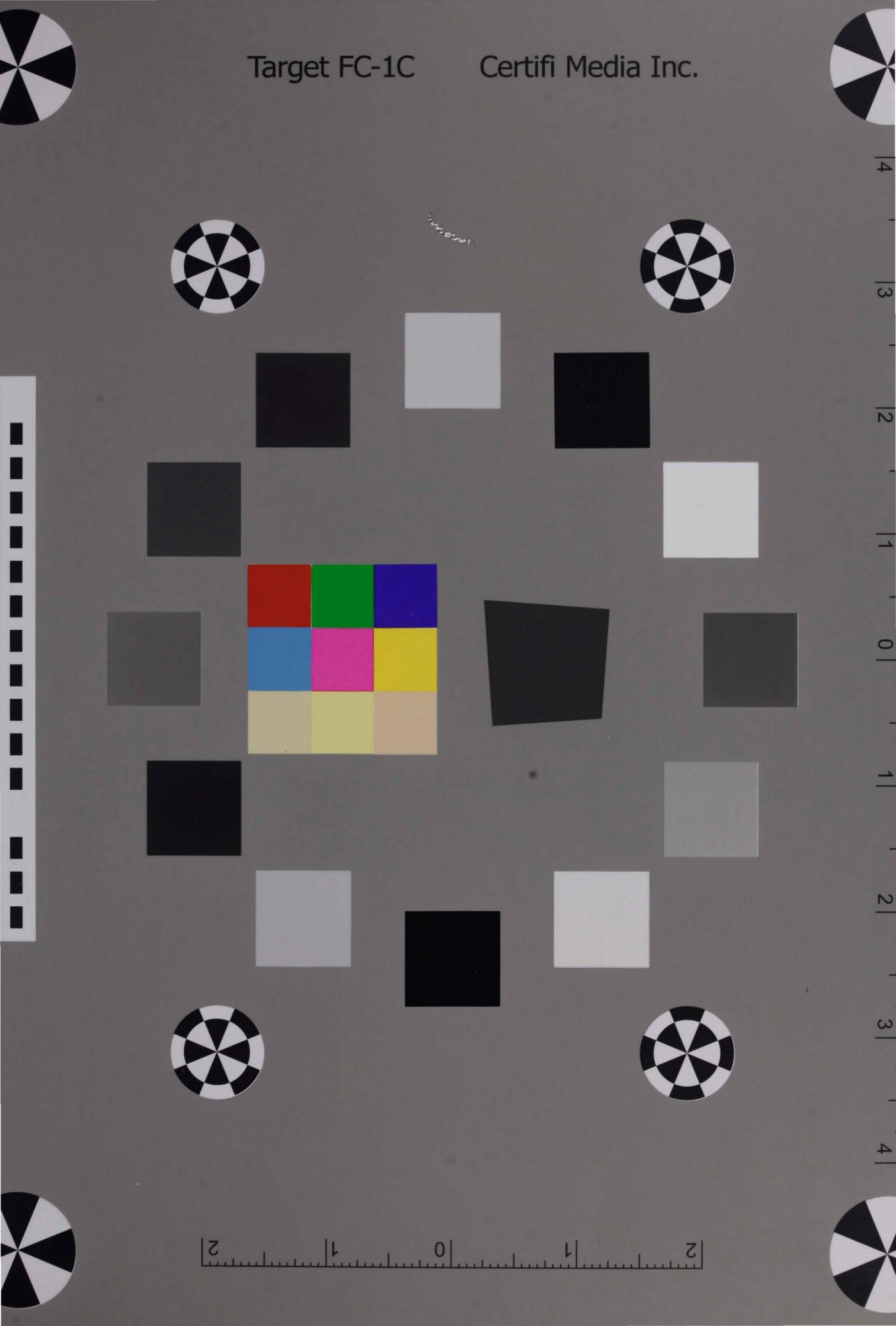
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