

Great Lives
from the British Isles

MONTH THREE

SELECTED AUTHORS

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from the British Isles

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Libraries of Hope

Great Lives from the British Isles

Great Lives Series: Month Three

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America

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Scotland

Saint Patrick
Robert Bruce
James Watt
Sir Walter Scott
Charles Lyell
Robert Louis Stevenson

Saint Patrick

4th century A.D., Scotland

No saint's name is more familiar than holy Saint Patrick's. Legends have sprung up around it as thick as the grass of Ireland from which he is believed to have chased the serpents into the sea—but in all the calendar hardly a saint is known less about than this marvelous man, who carried the Christian religion to every corner of the emerald island.

Saint Patrick was not a native of Ireland—he was born, perhaps in 373 A. D., in the little town of Banavem Taberniae, a Roman town in ancient Scotland not far from the modern city of Glasgow. Rome had ruled the world for hundreds of years and the swords of her soldiers had been uplifted in every known land. Hence it was that Saint Patrick came into the world as a future citizen of Rome and the son of a wealthy and respected Roman colonist. His father was named Calpornius and was a deacon of the Christian church in the town where he lived, and the mother of the future saint was also a devout Christian, the niece of the renowned Bishop Martin of the city of Tours in France.

Calpornius and his wife were so ardent in religion that they spent day and night in teaching their son the story of the gospel and the psalms. They desired first of all that he should be a good Christian and a bearer of the faith—but they wearied the growing boy with long hours of study and monotonous recitals of religious hymns and proverbs when he was eager to be ranging the hills or playing with his fellows. At that time he had no particular desire to be a priest, and, like most boys, was far more interested in the stories of heroes than the stories

of saints, preferring to hear of the wild Scottish chiefs and the Roman Generals with whom they had engaged in bitter warfare.

He thirsted for adventure, and adventure was to come to him. Those were wild days, and law only reached as far as it could be upheld by the sword and the arrow. Pirates harried the seas, and from the north the galleys of the sea robbers were soon to range southward in search of lands where plunder was to be found and men and women to be carried into slavery.

One night, when a gale was blowing from the northeast, St. Patrick, we are told, sat with some friends in the glowing light of a great peat fire, where they warmed themselves at the same time that they told stories of adventure and sang Scottish songs as wild and melancholy as the wind that was scouring the hills. Saint Patrick was now a lad of sixteen, with well knit limbs and a powerful body that made him appear older than he really was, and at the same time gave promise of greater strength to come. He listened keenly to the singing, but at the same time gave ear to sounds that he heard without the hut, for the rough voices of men speaking an unknown tongue seemed to be mingling with the noise of the storm. At last he sprang up with a shout of warning, a shout that was answered by a battle cry from without. A pirate galley had made its way to the shore and the crew were engaged on a raid to capture slaves. Some of Saint Patrick's companions were clubbed or cut down where they sat, but he was thrown and strongly bound, dragged roughly to the shore and tossed on board the robber craft that quickly made its way to sea in spite of the tremendous surf that broke over the backs of the oarsmen.

For several days they fought the sea and at last came to the coast of northern Ireland, where Saint Patrick was sold as a slave to an Irish chief named Miliuc. It is probable that the pirates gained a rich reward for the clean-limbed boy, whose

strength and ability were evident to all who saw him. When the bargain was finished they boarded their vessel and sailed away, leaving the luckless boy in the hands of his new master.

And straightway there commenced for Saint Patrick a bitterly hard life, for little kindness was wasted on those who were sold into bondage, and slaves were compelled to labor terribly with aching muscles and empty bellies, beaten and cuffed at the whim of their master—who had a perfect right to slay them if he so desired. Hunger, blows and fatigue were Saint Patrick's portion and were added to the homesickness of a young man torn from affectionate parents.

And then Saint Patrick found consolation in the religious teachings that had been drummed into his unwilling ears, and in the midst of his suffering he turned to his faith for comfort. He remembered the psalms that had been taught by his father and mother and said them repeatedly, and he even forbore at times to eat his meagre rations, thinking that by fasting he might prove worthy in the eyes of the Lord.

And one night he had a dream in which he heard a voice, which said to him: "Fast no more, but fly, for a vessel now awaits you to carry you away from your bondage. Truly you shall behold your parents again and once more be free and happy."

Saint Patrick woke in amazement after this dream, but he was so certain that the voice which spoke to him was real that he did not hesitate to obey it. Watching his opportunity he slipped away from the chief who had held him for six years in bitter servitude, and walking and running by turns he made his way southward in search of the vessel that he knew must be awaiting him.

He did not concern himself about the path, for he felt that Heaven would guide him; and indeed after he had marched for two hundred miles, he came to the coast, and just as he had dreamed a vessel lay at anchor near the shore and some of the sailors were standing on the beach.

Saint Patrick ran up to them and implored the captain to carry him away from Ireland back to his own country. His wild appearance startled the master of the vessel, but after considerable doubt the captain consented, and Saint Patrick boarded the ship where he was to work his passage across the channel.

They set sail at once and bent their backs to the oars, for in those days ships were moved over the water by rowers as well as by sails; and after three days they came not to Scotland, but the shore of France, landing in a wild and desolate region where no human habitation was to be seen. Their provision had run low and they were in danger of dying of hunger, when the captain, who had closely watched Saint Patrick during the voyage and observed his piety, asked him to pray to the Christian god to bring them food, for the captain himself was not a Christian and believed that his own prayers would be worthless on this account. And Saint Patrick knelt and prayed, and before he had risen to his feet again a wild boar ran from the thicket and then another and still a third, all of which were promptly slain and the meat roasted on sticks.

Then Saint Patrick bade farewell to his shipmates, and made his way to the city of Tours, where to his joy he met Bishop Martin, who was his own great uncle. And he stayed at the home of the Bishop for four years.

After this time he tried again to reach Scotland, to which he was drawn every hour by ties of blood and affection; and at last he embarked on a vessel bound to a port very near his own native town. He found his father and mother still living and they rejoiced mightily to see him, for to them he was as one who had returned from the dead. In place of the boy they had lost there appeared a tall and finely built man with a face hardened by toil but made noble by thought and suffering. And they had a feast to celebrate his return and wept for joy because they had their son again.

But the dreams that Saint Patrick had experienced in Ireland once more came to him, and in his sleep he heard the Heavenly voice telling him that he had been rescued from slavery for no mean or ordinary purpose, but must go again into Ireland as a priest, and teach the Christian religion to the savage Irish clans. So Saint Patrick knew that he must return to Ireland, and, bidding his parents farewell, he departed to become a priest in preparation for the labor that lay before him.

He studied to such purpose that he became a Bishop, celebrated for his learning and famous among the clergymen; and when this was accomplished he set sail once more for Ireland with a retinue of priests and clergymen accompanying him. But although he was going to a savage land where he had already experienced much bitterness and sorrow, he went unarmed, and among his entire company there was not so much as a single sword or lance.

He came to a place called Strangford Lough and there landed with his band of missionaries. The Irish fled at his approach, for they feared that the tall man who bore the cross was the leader of an invading army, and also that he possessed the arts of magic by which he would do injury to them.

Many of the Irish believed in the religion of the Druids—a strange faith that brought in the magic arts and endeavored to teach above all other things that a man's soul when he dies enters another human body. This belief was widely established throughout the world, and it is true that many persons beside the Druids believed in it; but the Druids had other beliefs that were cruel and dangerous. They were said to perform human sacrifices and their priests to practise black magic. These priests wore about their necks the "serpent's egg," a ball formed of the spittle of many poisonous snakes; they knew many strange things about animals and plants and held the oak tree to be sacred. For this reason they worshipped in oaken groves, and considered the mistletoe that

grew around oak trees to have divine powers. It was cut by white-robed priests with golden knives in an impressive ceremony.

It can readily be seen that such people, who believed in such a faith, would not easily become Christians. Their priests were clever and knew how to place the stamp of fear and wonder on their minds. And—in company with all other people in those days—the Irish distrusted outsiders and were far more ready to believe them coming in treachery than in friendship.

When Saint Patrick and his followers set foot in Ireland it was the time of a great religious festival in which no lights were allowed to be lit or fires to be kindled for several days. Saint Patrick knew this, for he was well versed in the religious customs of the Irish, and he knew, too, that the penalty for disobeying the priestly order was a terrible death.

None the less, and in spite of being unarmed, he ordered his followers to build an enormous fire that could be seen for miles. When the great logs and the faggots were piled together Saint Patrick kindled the pile with his own hands and the flames shot high in the air, throwing strange shadows on the trees and causing the Irish to cry out in fear and astonishment. The Druid priests were greatly angered and perturbed at what Saint Patrick had done, and they went at once to the King, who was named Laoghaire MacNeill, telling him that the foreign band had desecrated the Druid faith and must be punished with death. Then the King told the priests to go and fetch Saint Patrick and bring him to judgment, but the priests feared the fire that had been kindled, thinking that it had magic powers. So they went as far as they dared and called out to Saint Patrick, summoning him to appear before the judges of the land.

Promptly and with fearless demeanor, Saint Patrick joined the priests and was taken before the King. And when the King demanded of him how he had dared to disobey the laws of the

country and profane its religion, Saint Patrick answered that he did so because the light of the Christian faith was infinitely brighter than the light of any fire that he or anyone else had power to kindle; and that the fire he had built was merely a sign to call the Irish to the worship of the true God. Then he preached, and his words were so wise and spoken with such weight of eloquence that many that heard him became Christians on the spot, and the work of converting Ireland was soon well under way.

There were many of the Irish that loved Saint Patrick, but he had many bitter enemies. On one occasion a powerful Irishman, who was enraged at the Saint for having taken a stone sacred to the Druids for a Christian altar, vowed that he must die. So he lay in wait in a patch of woods near a road over which he knew Saint Patrick would pass, with a sharp javelin to pierce his heart.

Saint Patrick had an Irish boy for his servant and this boy knew of the threat and the place and was greatly afraid for the life of his beloved master. But he knew, too, that it would be useless to ask Saint Patrick to go by another road, for fear was unknown to him. So the boy pretended to be weary and asked Saint Patrick to take the reins of the horse that they were driving; and the brave lad seated himself in his master's place. They came to the wood; there was a sudden stirring of the bushes and the hiss of a javelin which imbedded itself in the boy's heart, killing him instantly. The assassin had taken his master for the ordinary driver and Saint Patrick's life was saved.

Ardently the Saint set to work to bring about the conversion of the Irish, and he did his work so well that when he became an old man there were no heathen left in Ireland, and his name was loved and venerated from one end of the island to the other. And the legends grew up so quickly about him that it is hard to separate the true from the false.

He had written a famous hymn which was called "the

breastplate," being as he said the best and strongest armor he or any other Christian could bear, since it was a confession of his faith in the Christian religion. On many occasions, when men sought his life, it is said he chanted this hymn and they let him pass.

Saint Patrick is said to have driven all the snakes out of Ireland into the sea—and it is notable that there are no snakes there today. And the other marvelous things he is believed to have accomplished are manifold. He died at a ripe old age and from the day of his death to the present one no man has been more revered in the land where he labored—for the name of Saint Patrick is in every Irish heart and Saint Patrick's Day is celebrated by Irishmen in every part of the world.

Alfred the Great: The Beginning of Old England's History

849 – 899 A.D., England

When I was very, very little, I hated history more than all my other lessons put together, because I had to learn it out of a horrid little book, called somebody's "Outlines of English History"; and it seemed to be all the names of the kings and dates of battles, and, believing it to be nothing else, I hated it accordingly.

I hope you do not think anything so foolish, because, really, history is a story, a story of things that happened to real live people in England years ago; and the things that are happening here and now, and that are put in the newspapers, will be history for little children one of these days.

The people in those old times were the same kind of people who live now. Mothers loved their children then, and fathers worked for them, just as mothers and fathers do now, and children then were good or bad, as the case might be, just as little children are now. And the people you read about in history were real live people, who were good and bad, and glad and sorry, just as people are nowadays.

You know that if you were to set out on a journey from one end of England to another, wherever you went, through fields and woods and lanes, you would still be in the kingdom of King Edward. When you travel through Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and then cross the great ocean to Australia, and, perchance, go on to India, and back home by the Suez Canal, you are all the time in the larger Empire of good King Edward.

But once upon a time, hundreds of years ago, if a child had set out to ride on horseback, he might have begun his ride in the morning in one kingdom, and finished it in the evening in another, because England was not one great kingdom then as it is now, but was divided up into seven pieces, with a king to look after each, and these seven kings were always quarreling with each other and trying to take each other's kingdom away, just as you might see seven naughty children, each with a plot of garden, trying to take each other's gardens and spoiling each other's flowers in their wicked quarrels.

But presently (A.D. 827) came one King, named Egbert, who was stronger than all the others; so he managed to put himself at the head of all the kingdoms, and he was the first King of all England. But though he had got the other kings to give in to him, he did not have at all a peaceful time. There were some very fierce wild pirates, called Danes, who used to come sailing across the North Sea in ships with carved swans' heads at the prow, and hundreds of fighting men aboard. Their own country was bleak and desolate, and they were greedy and wanted the pleasant English land. So they used to come and land in all sorts of places along the sea-shore, and then they would march across the fields and kill the peaceful farmers, and set fire to their houses, and take their sheep and cows. Or sometimes they would drive them out, and live in the farmhouses themselves. Of course, the English people were not going to stand this; so they were always fighting to drive the Danes away when they came here.

Egbert's son allowed the Danes to grow very strong in England, and when he died he left several sons like the kings in the fairy tales; and the first of these princes was made King, but he could not beat the Danes, and then the second one was made King, but he could not beat the Danes. In the fairy tales, you know, it is always the youngest prince who has all the good fortune, and in this story the same thing happened.

This prince did what none of his brothers could do. He drove out the Danes from England, and gave his people a chance of being quiet and happy and good. His name was Alfred. This happened about A.D., 871.

Like most great men, this King Alfred had a good mother. She used to read to him, when he was little, out of a great book with gold and precious stones on the cover, and inside beautiful songs and poetry. And one day she said to the young princes, who were all very fond of being read to out of this splendid book—

"Since you like the book so much, I will give it to the one who is first able to read it, and to say all the poetry in it by heart."

The eldest prince tried to learn it, but I suppose he did not try hard enough; and the other princes tried, but I fear they were too lazy. But you may be quite sure the youngest prince did the right thing. He learnt to read, and then he set to work to learn the poems by heart; and it was a proud day for him and for the Queen when he was able to say all the beautiful poetry to her. She put the book into his hands for his very own, and they kissed each other with tears of pride and pleasure.

You must not suppose that King Alfred drove out the Danes without much trouble, much thought, and much hard work. Trouble, thought, and hard work are the only three spells the fairies have left us, so of course he had to use them. He was made King just after the Danes had gained a great victory, and for the first eight years of his reign he was fighting them continually. At one time they had conquered almost the whole of England, and they would have killed Alfred if they could have found him.

You know, a wise prince always disguises himself when danger becomes very great. So Alfred disguised himself as a farm laborer, and went to live with a farmer, who used to make him feed the beasts and help about the farm, and had

no idea that this laborer was the great King himself.

One day the farmer's wife went out—perhaps she went out to milk the cows; at any rate it was some important business—and she had made some cakes for supper, and she saw Alfred sitting idle in the kitchen, so she asked him to look after the cakes, to see they did not burn. Alfred said he would. But he had just received some news about the Danes, and he was thinking, and thinking and thinking over this, and he forgot all about the cakes, and when the farmer's wife came in she found them burnt black as coal.

"Oh, you silly, greedy fellow," she said, "you can eat cakes fast enough; but you can't even take the trouble to bake them when other people take the trouble to make them for you."

And I have heard that she even slapped his face. He bore it all very patiently. "I am very sorry," he said, "but I was thinking of other things."

Just at that moment her husband came in followed by several strangers, and, to the good woman's astonishment, they all fell on their knees and greeted her husband's laborer as their King.

"We have beaten the Danes," they said, "and everyone is asking where is King Alfred? You must come back with us."

"Forgive me," cried the woman. "I didn't think of your being the King."

"Forgive me," said Alfred, kindly. "I didn't think of your cakes being burnt."

The Danes had more fighting men than Alfred; so he was obliged to be very cautious and wise, or he could never have beaten them at all. In those days very few people could read; and the evenings used to seem very long sometimes, so that anybody who could tell a story or sing a song was made much of, and some people made it their trade to go about singing songs and telling stories and making jokes to amuse people who could not sing songs or tell stories or make jokes themselves. These were called gleemen, and wherever they went

they were always welcomed and put at a good place at table, and treated with respect and kindness; and in time of war no one ever killed a gleeman, so they could always feel quite safe whatever was going on.

Now Alfred once wanted to know how many Danes there were in a certain Danish camp, and whether they were too strong for him to beat. So he disguised himself as a gleeman and took a harp, for his mother had taught him to sing and play very prettily, and he went and sang songs to the Danes and told stories to them. But all the time he kept his eyes open, and found out all he wanted to know. And he saw that the Danes were not expecting to be attacked by the English people, so that, instead of keeping watch, they were feasting and drinking and playing all their time. Then he went back to his own soldiers, and they crept up to the Danish camp and fell upon it while the Danes were feasting and making merry, and as the Danes were not expecting a fight, the English were easily able to get much the best of it.

At last, after many fights, King Alfred managed to make peace with the Danes, and then he settled down to see what he could do for his own people. He saw that if he was to keep out the wicked Danes he must be able to fight them by sea as well as by land. So he learned how to build ships and taught his people how to build them, and that was the beginning of the great English navy, which you ought to be proud of if you are big enough to read this book. Alfred was wise enough to see that knowledge and, as he wanted his people to be strong, he tried to make them learned. He built schools, and at University College, Oxford, there are people that will tell you that that college was founded by Alfred the Great.

He used to divide up his time very carefully, giving part to study and part to settling disputes among his people, and part to his shipbuilding and his other duties. They had no clocks and watches in those days, and he used sometimes to get so interested in his work as to forget that it was time to leave it

and go on to something else, just as you do sometimes when you get so interested in a game of rounders that you forget that it is time to go on with your lessons. The idea of a clock never entered into Alfred's head, at least not a clock with wheels, and hands on its face, but he was so clever that he made a clock out of a candle. He painted rings of different colours round the candle, and when the candle had burnt down to the first ring it was half an hour gone, and when it was burnt to the next ring it was another half-hour, and so on. So he could tell exactly how the time went.

He was called Alfred the Great, and no king has better deserved such a title.

"So long as I have lived," he said, "I have striven to live worthily." And he longed, above all things, to leave "to the men that came after a remembrance of him in good works."

He did many good and wise things, but the best and wisest thing he ever did was to begin to write the History of England. There had been English poems before this, but no English stories that were not written in poetry. So that Alfred's book was the first of all the thousands and thousands of English books that you see on the shelves of the big libraries. His book is generally called the Saxon Chronicle, and was added to by other people after his death.

So many abbeys had been burnt and the monks killed by the Danes, that there were hardly any books to be had, or scholars to read them. King Alfred invited learned men from abroad, and wrote and translated books himself for them; and he had a school in his house, where he made the young nobles learn with his own sons. He built up the churches, and gave also to the poor; and he was always ready to hear the troubles of any poor man. Though he was always working so hard, he had a disease that used to cause him terrible pain almost every day. His last years were less peaceful than the middle ones of his reign, for the Danes tried to come again; but he beat them off by his ships at sea, and when he died at fifty-two years old,

in the year 901, he left England at rest and quiet, and we always think of him as one of the greatest and best kings who ever reigned in England, or in any other country. As long as his children after him and his people went on in the good way he had taught them, all prospered with them, and no enemies hurt them; and this was all through the reigns of his son, his grandson, and great-grandsons. Their council of great men was called by a long word that is in our English, "Wise Men's Meeting," and there they settled the affairs of the kingdom. The king's wife was not called queen, but lady, and what do you think lady means? It means "loaf-giver"—giver of bread to her household and the poor. So a lady's great work is to be charitable.

Alfred made a number of wise laws. It is believed that it was he who first ordained that an Englishman should be tried not only by a judge but also by a jury of people like himself.

Though he had fought bravely when fighting was needed to defend his kingdom, yet he loved peace and all the arts of peace. He loved justice and kindness, and little children; and all folk loved and wept for him when he died, because he was a good King who had always striven to live worthily, that is to say, he had always tried to be good.

His last words to his son, just before he died, were these—"It is just that the English people should be as free as their own thoughts."

You must not think that this means that the English people should be free to think as they like or to do as they like. What it means is, that an Englishman and his descendants should be as free to do good deeds as he is to think good thoughts.

Robert Bruce

1274 – 1329, Scotland

If you ask a Scot who is the greatest man that ever lived he will probably say Robert Bruce. It does not matter that Robert Bruce died six hundred years ago—his name is as bright in Scotland as though he had lived yesterday. Songs and stories are told about him there and every school boy hears of him as soon as he is old enough to listen to the tales of his country.

The reason for this is that Robert Bruce made the Scots free from the rule of England, which country they used to hate. Also because he was a great warrior, so strong in body and with such courage that it was almost impossible for any foe to stand against him.

When Edward the First ruled over England he extended his power over the free land of Scotland, where the race and the speech were different from those of the English. A dispute had arisen among the Scottish chiefs as to who was to succeed to the Scottish throne. Many claimants came forward, and as a result of this the chieftains were embroiled among themselves, giving Edward a chance to seize their country which he was not slow to take.

So great had been the jealousy among the Scots that many joined Edward's army to fight against their fellow countrymen. Among them was a young nobleman named Robert Bruce, whose grandfather had himself been one of the claimants to the Scottish throne.

It was not a noble deed on the part of Robert Bruce to serve under the English banner. Indeed, in his younger years

he does not seem to have been a hero at all. While the great Scottish chief, Wallace, was waging bitter war against King Edward, Bruce was content to rest under Edward's protection—even after Wallace was captured and put to a cruel death in Berwick castle, where he was beheaded at Edward's order.

At last, however, Bruce began to show that he intended to become a champion of the Scottish cause. He did not do this all at once, and, in fact, he acted treacherously both to the Scots and to the English—for he renounced his fealty to Edward on two separate occasions, and each time was won back to him and received gifts and forgiveness from him. At last, however, Bruce was obliged to fly for his life from the English court and trust his fortunes to the Scottish cause.

He had been betrayed to Edward by a nobleman called Lord Comyn, and he now determined that Comyn must be slain. He sent his two brothers as messengers to Comyn, asking this lord to accompany them to a church in Dumfries, where Bruce was waiting for him at the altar. When Comyn approached, Bruce told him that his treachery was discovered. "Be assured you shall have your reward," he cried loudly, and drawing his dagger he plunged it in Comyn's breast.

Murder was little thought of in those days, but murder in a church, before the altar itself and under the very eyes of the priests who were engaged in their religious offices, was a crime that made the whole civilized world ring with horror. And it blackened the name of Robert Bruce with a stain that has lasted to this day, in spite of his great glory.

Bruce, however, had been greatly provoked to this bloody deed, and was now to prove himself a true champion of the Scottish people. He sought safety in flight for a time, and at last rallied the Scots about him at Lochmaven Castle, from which place he told them that he would make himself King over all Scotland and liberate the land from the English yoke.

With his vassals and retainers about him, he issued proclamations for all who would fight against England to join his banner, and at Scone he had placed on his head the Scottish crown.

When King Edward heard of what Bruce had done—how he had murdered Comyn and been crowned king and was inciting all of Scotland to rise against the English rule, he fell in such a rage that he could hardly speak for anger, and swore a great oath that the rest of his life should be devoted to punishing Bruce for his crimes. A strong English army was promptly raised and sent against the new Scottish King.

The English soldiers under the Earl of Pembroke fell on the Scots at night in the woods at a place called Methven, when the followers of Bruce believed themselves to be safe from attack, and had taken off their armor. As the English with shouts and battle cries attacked the unguarded Scots, Bruce leaped to his horse and with his great two-handed sword drove his enemies before him like chaff. But while the English recoiled before the blows of his powerful arm, they succeeded in routing his followers. A large number of Bruce's friends and retainers were captured, and he himself only escaped by killing with his own hand three men who laid hold of his equipment and were trying to drag him from his horse. For the time being the Scots were thoroughly defeated, and were obliged to take shelter wherever they could find it.

With his army scattered and only about five hundred followers remaining faithful to him, Bruce fled into the mountain forests of Athole. His troubles had only begun, for many fierce Scottish noblemen themselves were his bitter enemies on account of wars between the different Scottish clans, and particularly because of the foul murder of Lord Comyn.

Then began a period of wandering and suffering for Bruce and his followers. They made their way across the mountains to Aberdeen, where their wives joined them, preferring to be hunted outlaws with their husbands rather than to remain in

safety away from them. And finally the little band of ragged highlanders came to Argyl, where they were confronted in battle by a Scottish chief called John of Lorn.

Bruce's men were in poor condition on account of the hardships they had undergone and were also outnumbered by their enemies. The result of the battle was a second defeat for Bruce, who now must hide more closely than ever, as his enemies were hunting for him everywhere.

Once more his wife had to part from him, for his state was now so dangerous and the hardships he endured so great that no woman could withstand them. And the lords who remained in his company had likewise to say farewell to their wives and children. No spot in Scotland was safe for them. Nowhere could Bruce rest his head and be sure that his enemies would not attack him before morning. English soldiers and Scots who had become their allies were looking for him everywhere. Moreover, those Scots who fell into the hands of the enemy could not hope for mercy. If they were men of low degree and with no title of nobility they were hanged. If they were of noble birth, they suffered the more aristocratic fate of beheading.

Still further misfortunes were to follow Bruce. The Pope could not forget his desecration of the church and passed on him what is known to all followers of the Catholic faith as the sentence of excommunication. This was a terrible punishment, for it meant that so far as the power of the Church went—and that power was absolute in those far days—Bruce could never be received in Heaven or even have the privilege of repenting for his sins. He was cast out of the Church into the outer darkness, and the hands of every priest and of all righteous men were turned against him.

He was obliged to flee to a little island off the coast of Ireland, where with a few followers he had a comparatively safe hiding place, although the ships of King Edward were hunting for him high and low. In the meantime his Queen

and her ladies, whom he believed he had sent to a safe refuge in a stronghold called Kildrummy Castle, were captured by the English and kept in close confinement, being made to undergo many indignities because Bruce himself had succeeded in eluding vengeance.

But all the time he lay in concealment Bruce considered how he could go back to Scotland, whose shores he could see from his hiding place, and he and his followers were constantly making desperate plans to return. Chief among them was one James Douglas, who was a brave and noble warrior, second only to Bruce himself in the strength of his arm and no way inferior to him in the quality of his courage. After many a talk with Douglas and the rest of his followers as to what would be best for them in their extremity, Bruce decided to send a trusty messenger in a small boat to the Scottish shore to learn if there was any discontent under the British rule, and if the time for a second uprising had not perhaps arrived. For Bruce knew he had many friends, if he could only reach them and gather them to his side.

The messenger who made this dangerous journey was to signal to Bruce if it was safe for him to return by lighting a beacon fire on the headland that was most visible from the Island of Arran where Bruce was then hiding. If Bruce saw the fire on the following night he and his followers were to embark at once for Scotland. There they would be met by friends and their further course made clear to them.

How great was Bruce's joy when the night fell to see the beacon fire spring up on the distant headland! With a high heart he and his followers embarked and pulled strongly at the oars. They believed that Scotland would be theirs again.

But when Bruce and his small band of followers arrived on the mainland they found the messenger awaiting them. It seemed that some ill chance had befallen, for the beacon had been kindled by accident and for some other purpose than to call Bruce from his hiding place. So far from being prepared

for his invasion, Scotland seemed more dangerous than ever for him. Two of his brothers had been captured by the English and both had been beheaded. Bruce learned also that the Queen and her ladies whom he believed to be safe in Kildrummy Castle had fallen into English hands and were pent in dungeons like wild beasts.

Discretion told the little band of adventurers to return to their island retreat, but after consulting together over their bitter fortunes, they decided to make a bold stroke for success and die if it did not succeed. An English garrison lay at Turnberry Castle not far off, and had been divided in two parts, one being billeted in a nearby village, while the other occupied the castle itself. It was decided to attack the English soldiers who were in the village and not to leave a man of them alive.

Silently Bruce and his men stole up to the little town. As the frightened English came running half-clad into the streets they were met by the swords and axes of the Scots. Few escaped the grim vengeance of that attack, and Bruce retaliated heavily for the injuries the English had worked on his wife and his kinsmen in his absence.

The Scots, however, did not rally to Bruce's standard as quickly as he hoped, and he was once more compelled to take shelter in the mountains. To escape the enemies who fell on his little band in far superior numbers and with better arms and equipment he was obliged to flee as swiftly as possible. His enemies, however, had tracked Bruce himself by a bloodhound, and it seemed impossible for him to escape the unerring scent of this terrible animal, which picked up his trail from among those of his followers. At last, with a few men, he separated entirely from his soldiers, telling them of a rendezvous where they were to meet him in case he should escape.

Bruce avoided the bloodhound by wading through a running stream, and then had adventures which have become

the subject of legends in his country. At one time he was ambushed and attacked by three traitors of his own force, who hoped to make their fortunes by bringing his head to the English. Instead of this they dug their own graves, for Bruce slew all three with his own hand. On another occasion he took refuge with a single companion in a deserted house where three more enemies endeavored to kill him as he slept. Bruce had a companion at his side, but both were worn out by the hardships they had undergone and were fast asleep as the ruffians with drawn swords and daggers stole upon them.

The good angel of Scotland made one of them tread too heavily. All at once Bruce awoke and leaped to his feet with his mighty two-handed sword in his grasp. His companion was slain, but alone Bruce struck down and killed the three murderers that had set upon him.

There are many stories about Bruce while he lay hiding in the mountain fastnesses of Scotland. We are told that on the day following his victory over the three would-be assassins he went to the house of an old woman and asked for something to eat. And when he begged for food she replied that she would give it to him willingly for the sake of one wanderer that she loved; and Bruce inquired of her who that might be.

"No other than King Robert himself," she responded. "He is hunted now and without friends, but the time will come when he shall rule all Scotland." "Know, then, woman," said Bruce, overjoyed at this evidence of devotion that had followed him in his trouble, "that I am he of whom you speak and have returned for no other purpose than to resume my crown and throne."

When the old woman recovered from her amazement she did him reverence as the rightful King of Scotland and called in her three strong sons to wait on him and join the ranks of his soldiers.

Bruce slowly collected the men that had remained faithful to him, and at Loudon Hill in May he and his followers met

an English army. The English leader, whose name was De Valence, had done everything in his power to make Bruce come forth from his mountain retreat and do battle with the English, for he believed that on open ground he could defeat the Scots decisively and do away with the long chase of Bruce that was wearying himself and his followers. So De Valence sent Bruce a letter in which he called him a base coward for refusing to meet him in battle, and challenged Bruce to stand up to him as a soldier at Loudon on the tenth of May. Stung with anger, Bruce accepted the challenge and the crafty English leader rejoiced because his enemy had delivered himself into his hands.

Bruce, however, had no intention of being defeated. He arrived on the appointed spot several days before the English and studied his ground with the eye of a trained general. He knew the route that must be taken by the English and so arranged his forces that it would be impossible for his enemies to outflank him, entrenching himself behind marshes and ditches that the English could not pass.

On the appointed day he saw the gay banners and shining armor of his enemies. They approached recklessly and hurled themselves against his line in a headlong charge. But the Scots held firm. Again and again the English sought to break the Scottish ranks or to take them on the flank, but to no avail. And then when their ranks showed signs of wavering, Bruce himself gave the signal for the charge. With a shout his men rushed forward and the English were routed. Victory had crowned the arms of a tattered and ragged band of outlaws who fought with English halters around their necks.

Then a terrible calamity befell the English and turned the scale still further in favor of Bruce. Old King Edward, embittered because his cherished schemes regarding Scotland had failed, died, and with his last breath he asked his son, the Prince of Wales, to see his bones were carried in their coffin at the head of the English army invading Scotland.

The Prince of Wales who succeeded him was called Edward the Second and was a hollow echo of his father's greatness. While Edward had been the finest general of his time either in England or in Europe, the new king knew little of military art and was idle and of a pleasure loving nature. He knew nothing of generalship and cared less, being content to leave the leading of his armies in the field to the nobles who served him.

At once it was seen that the death of the strong King Edward the First was a great stroke of good fortune for his equally strong opponent. In the two years that followed King Edward's death nearly the whole country of Scotland rose against the English and threw off the foreign yoke, acclaiming Bruce as their rightful king. Border warfare was constant and raids and skirmishes were carried on both by the Scots and the English, with varying success on either side.

In these raids, sieges and forays one of Bruce's followers particularly distinguished himself. This was James Douglas, who had shared all his leader's hardships.

While most of Scotland was now under Bruce's banner, the English still held many important strongholds which were thorns in the side of Bruce and his followers. Chief among these fortresses were those of Stirling and Berwick.

Realizing that the overthrow of these strong fortresses was necessary to the success of the Scottish cause, King Robert in the autumn of 1313 sent his brother, Edward Bruce, to lay siege to Stirling Castle. So well did the Scots succeed and so ruthlessly did they beset the strong walls of Stirling that at last the English commander, one Sir Philip Mowbray, agreed to surrender, providing the besieged soldiers were not relieved by the English before the twenty-fourth of June of the following year. This was a strange agreement and showed that the old laws of chivalry which bound all noblemen to certain forms of warfare and certain conditions of fighting were still in operation.

But the English had no intention of allowing Stirling Castle to fall into the hands of the Scots and before the stipulated date a strong army advanced into Scotland, led by King Edward the Second in person. It numbered, we are told, about one hundred thousand men, while the total number that Bruce was able to muster was thirty thousand, so that his force of seasoned veterans was compelled to fight at odds of more than three to one.

Bruce sent out scouts to keep close watch of all the English movements, and on the twenty-second of June they brought him word that the English were advancing on Stirling Castle by way of a place called Falkirk.

This information enabled Bruce to know exactly how his enemies must travel, for to reach Stirling after passing Falkirk they would have to cross a stream called Bannock Burn, and Bruce was thoroughly acquainted with the country in the vicinity of this stream.

He assembled his army on its bank and strengthened his position with hundreds of pits in which sharp stakes were planted to trip and impale the English cavalry. When these pits were prepared they were covered up again with turf in such a way that they were practically invisible. Bruce also took his position at a ford in the river, knowing that his flanks would be protected by deep water and high banks so that the enemy could not get around him.

When his men had taken their positions he spoke to them. He told them that the hour had come when they were to make Scotland free or die as they faced the foe. If the men did not like his conditions, he continued, they were free to depart before the battle began. But the Scots stood firm. Although they had an idea of the odds against which they must fight, their confidence in their leader was so great that they had no doubt in their minds that victory would be theirs. Behind their rude fortifications, with sharpened pikes and swords, they awaited grimly the coming of Edward's

horsemen.

The battle opened in a curious manner. While Sir Thomas Randolph, one of Bruce's kinsmen, was fighting with a body of English cavalry that sought to outflank Bruce and make its way to Stirling Castle, Bruce himself engaged in single combat with an English knight named Sir Henry de Bohun. This knight had recognized Bruce as the latter rode up and down in front of the line of Scottish warriors and spurring his horse with lance in rest he charged at the Scotch King. Bruce was only mounted on a small pony, while the Englishman rode a heavy charger—but when the knight was upon him, Bruce, by a deft twist of the bridle, avoided the deadly lance, and in another second had driven his battle axe through the skull of his enemy with so mighty a blow that the handle broke in his hand.

A great cheer rose from the Scottish ranks as they beheld this deed, and with the greatest bravery they routed the English as they charged. The English had not reckoned on such stubborn resistance from a force far inferior to their own, both in size and equipment, and as the day was waning they withdrew in good order, planning to hold a council of war and gain the battle on the following day.

Early in the morning the Scots were in position, and with a great rush of horses and men the English surged upon them. It was to no avail. Again and again the flower of the English nobility charged the squares of Scottish infantry and were driven back in confusion.

At last the English lines wavered and with a deafening cheer the Scots rushed upon them. Pell mell the English retreated and the battle was won. It is said that thirty thousand Englishmen were slain in this encounter—a number equal to the total number of the Scottish army.

The victory that Bruce won at the battle of Bannockburn changed the entire course of English history. Instead of being a hunted fugitive he was now acknowledged as king and

openly received the fealty of his subjects. The English strongholds in Scotland were overthrown, and Scotland became a kingdom in fact as well as in name. Moreover, Bruce's wife and daughter, who had been imprisoned in England, were set at liberty. Fighting was not yet over, however, and border warfare for a time continued with varying success on either side. Edward Bruce, the brother of King Robert, was killed when fighting in Ireland.

In 1328 a treaty was signed with England in which the English recognized that Scotland was now fairly entitled to her independence and that Bruce was her rightful ruler.

But the great king was not to enjoy for long the fruits of his victory. His hardships in the wilderness when flying from his enemies, and his great suffering and lack of food when he fled in the Scotch heather like a hunted animal, had made him fall prey to a terrible malady—the disease of leprosy. So great was the love in which the Scots held him that even this did not make them shun him with the fear that is shown toward ordinary sufferers from this disease. Surrounded by friends, Bruce gradually wasted away and died in 1329. His noble follower, Douglas, who had won the name from the English of "the black Douglas," took the heart of the dead king and placed it in a silver box, planning to carry it to Jerusalem. But Douglas himself did not live to place it there, for he was killed in a battle with the Moors.

In all history there have been great soldiers and chiefs of Scottish birth. How great the Scots are as soldiers has been shown in the recent war, where they rendered the most distinguished service for Great Britain, fighting under the British flag, their former quarrels with England reconciled, if not forgotten. But of all none was more glorious than Robert Bruce, and his name is a household word today through the whole of Scotland.

Queen Elizabeth of England

1533 – 1602, England

We will now tell the story of a young girl who became the most famous Queen that the world has ever known and laid the real foundations for the modern greatness of the English nation. The name of this girl was Elizabeth, and the time in which she lived has since been called the Elizabethan Era. For England at that time was rich in the bravest soldiers, the most daring sailors and the greatest men of genius, and Elizabeth knew well how to surround herself with these men and use their great talents to benefit her country.

Elizabeth was the daughter of King Henry the Eighth, and his wife, Anne Boleyn. Her childhood was far from being a happy one, for Henry was a cruel tyrant and showed harshness to the princess in many ways. When Elizabeth was only three years old her mother was imprisoned in the Tower of London and then beheaded at King Henry's order, and her own right to succeed him on the throne of England was taken away from her. Then she was sent into the country to be brought up by servants and attendants, and seldom was allowed at the Royal Court.

King Henry married a lady named Catherine Parr and Elizabeth became a favorite with her step-mother. For the first time in her life she received a little affection and kindness. Catherine saw that she had the attention she needed and brought her back to Court, but although she was still only a child something she said or did once more awakened her father's anger, and Elizabeth was sent away in disgrace and not permitted to return until after his death.

A son had been born to Henry the Eighth by another wife named Jane Seymour; and this boy, who was christened Edward, succeeded his father on the throne of England. Elizabeth, who was noted for her demure bearing, was then thirteen years old and became a great favorite with her brother, the boy king, who called her "sweet sister Temperance," and gave many signs of his regard for her. But Edward the Sixth did not live very long. He had a serious disease that wasted him away, and Elizabeth's half-sister named Mary, became Queen.

Now Mary was an ardent Catholic, and desired that all England should come under the power of the Catholic Church. To bring this about she persecuted the Protestants in her kingdom mercilessly until anybody who professed to the Protestant faith was in danger of being burned at the stake. Mary, moreover, had married the dismal Spanish King, Philip the Second, who tried to have her treat her subjects as he had done with the people of the Low Countries, until through the efforts of William the Silent, they won their freedom. And Mary was surrounded with advisors who were even more fanatical and cruel than the Queen herself.

One of Mary's first acts when she became Queen was to send for her sister Elizabeth and command her to become a Catholic. Elizabeth had been brought up as a Protestant and believed in the Protestant religion, but to save her life she decided to pretend to obey her sister's order and to adopt the outward forms of the Catholic faith. And then more trouble befell Elizabeth, for due to her sister's harsh rule which had won her the name of "Bloody Mary," a revolt broke out among a number of the English people to place Elizabeth upon the throne. For the Protestants had not been deceived by Elizabeth's pretended conversion. They knew that she was Protestant at heart, and that if she were only Queen the cruel persecutions would straightway be ended. And a young man named Wyatt began a rebellion in Elizabeth's name that was

only put down after severe rioting.

Wyatt was captured and stated that the Princess Elizabeth had known of the plot; and Elizabeth was summoned to Mary to explain the accusations against her and prove if possible that she had no share in the undertaking. Elizabeth was very much frightened, and in fact she had every reason to be. She dressed herself all in white as a symbol of her innocence and went through the streets of London on her way to the Queen; and the people gazed at her sadly and shook their heads, for they were afraid that she was going to her death. Mary, who was influenced by her advisers, refused to see her sister and would not listen to her assurances of innocence, and finally an armed guard came before Elizabeth and told her that she must go at once to the Tower of London, where she was to be held a prisoner.

The Tower of London, which is standing today, is a gloomy fortress that was built in the time of William the Conqueror, and since that time had been the scene of many tragedies and executions, for the most dangerous political prisoners were confined there. Elizabeth's own mother had been put to death within its solid walls, and Elizabeth had every reason to fear that a similar fate was intended for her by her sister Mary. Guarded by soldiers, the Princess was taken on a boat down the Thames River; but instead of stopping at the usual entrance to the Tower, the boat drew towards a portal known as "Traitor's Gate," where many of the worst prisoners entered, only to meet the axe of the executioner.

"I am no traitor," Elizabeth cried out angrily when she saw where she was, "I will not pass in by way of the gate of Traitors."

And when she was sternly told that she must obey, she added:

"Here lands as true an English subject as ever set foot on these stairs!"

That she was near death she knew very well; and

whenever she heard any unusual bustle or stir in the prison courtyard, she tried anxiously to see what was going on there, for she feared that they might be building a scaffold for her execution. And her fears were only too well founded, for the Queen's advisors hated Elizabeth and did not think that Catholic rule in England was safe as long as the Princess was alive. This, rather than the charge of treason that had been trumped up against her, was the real reason for her imprisonment.

On one occasion, we are told, Mary fell ill; and her counselors took the opportunity to have Elizabeth put to death. A warrant for her execution was prepared, and an order was sent to the keeper of the Tower to carry out the punishment at once.

"Where is the Queen's signature?" demanded that official.

"The Queen is too ill to sign it, but it is sent in her name," was the reply.

"Then I will wait until she is well enough to send her order in person," said the keeper—and Elizabeth's life was saved. For Mary was furious when she learned how her counselors had tried to take the law into their own hands, and in spite of their remonstrances Elizabeth was soon afterward taken from the Tower and set at liberty.

Queen Mary died in 1558, when Elizabeth was twenty-five years old, and as it was known that Elizabeth would now come to the throne, there was great rejoicing throughout England. Bonfires blazed and bells were rung; and in joy at the accession of Elizabeth the people forgot to mourn for the dead Queen, whose gloomy reign and religious cruelties had caused her to be feared and hated everywhere.

From the first day of her reign Queen Elizabeth showed that she was a Protestant at heart and she put an immediate end to religious persecution. But Elizabeth was too shrewd to take any steps that would cause the Catholics to hate her. She

wanted the love and respect of her entire people, and always shaped her course in such a way that she could gain the good will of the greatest number of her subjects.

Elizabeth hated war and carried on her rule in such a way that she could avoid it as far as possible. She encouraged trade and commerce and learning and the sciences, and had in her possession long lists of her subjects who had shown great ability, either as soldiers or sailors, or in the fields of art and scholarship. As she rewarded such men richly, the ambition of all Englishmen was to make themselves worthy of being placed on one of these lists.

As a result of this policy, which was almost unparalleled in the history of the world, England began steadily to forge ahead in the occupations of peace, and a number of great and illustrious men sprang into fame. The poet Shakespeare commenced to write his immortal plays, and Spenser and Bacon both made deathless contributions to English literature. The great explorers, Martin Frobisher and Sir Francis Drake, brought back from their voyages priceless knowledge of geography, and many treasures and discoveries to enrich England. The English statesmen Cecil and Walsingham followed a shrewd and far-sighted policy, allowing England to grow strong through the wars of other nations without engaging in them herself, and put a stop to the former extravagant proceedings in which the public money had been wasted.

But in spite of her desire to keep out of war, many troubles beset Elizabeth. In Scotland there was a young queen called Mary Queen of Scots, Elizabeth's cousin, who claimed the throne of England in addition to her own. Mary had always been the center of trouble and turmoil and had frequently been embroiled with England; and being a Catholic there were many among Elizabeth's subjects who would have been rejoiced to see her on the throne in place of Elizabeth. On one occasion, however, when Mary had been engaged in civil

war in Scotland, she was compelled to fly across the Scottish border and throw herself on the protection of the English Queen.

Elizabeth did not dare leave Mary at liberty in England, for she feared the plots that might arise as a result, so Mary was promptly put in prison and kept there for eighteen years, with considerable pomp and state as befitted her high birth, but a captive for all that and one that was closely watched.

Holding Mary a prisoner was, however, a very foolish thing for Elizabeth to do, for at once the Scottish Queen became the subject of conspiracies among the English Catholics. Many of these were detected, and Elizabeth's statesmen urged the Queen to sign Mary's death warrant and put an end once and for all to the cause for internal trouble in England that would continue as long as Mary lived. But Elizabeth was most unwilling to take the life of her own cousin, who had come to England of her own accord for safety, and she continued to keep Mary under lock and key.

At last, however, a plot was discovered in which Mary was not only to be rescued, but placed on the throne of England; and the plot went so far as to plan the murder of Queen Elizabeth. And there was evidence that Mary had actually shared in this conspiracy and to some extent had directed it from her prison. The Scottish Queen was taken to Fotheringay Castle, where she was tried for high treason and sentenced to death, and Elizabeth very reluctantly signed the warrant. So Mary was beheaded, going to her death with a dignity and firmness that have added to her fame throughout the centuries.

These internal troubles were not the only ones that Elizabeth had to contend with. Philip of Spain had tried to marry her after the death of her sister, because he wanted to continue to influence English politics. Elizabeth had refused him and the King of Spain had long been her enemy, and was seeking to bring England back under the Catholic rule.

Although outwardly professing friendship, Philip was preparing for war with England. And his ships captured English vessels on the high seas and their crews were sent to torture or death because they were Protestants. England did not sit meekly by and watch these depredations on her seamen. English sailors were as good as any, and often captured Spanish ships in their turn; and Spanish gold frequently found its way to the English treasury, instead of into the coffers of Philip.

England was poor, and had not then come to her full power as a great nation, and Elizabeth did not feel able openly to go to war with Spain, much as she desired to do so. But while she would not give orders for her sailors to attack Spanish ships, she was not a little pleased to have her share of the Spanish gold. Chief among her sailors who brought home treasure in this way were Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake. The last of these was a great friend of Elizabeth's on account of his bold deeds and his great discoveries. For he not only took many rich ships from Spain, but sailed around the world, bringing back with him great knowledge and gold and gems of priceless value. And although Elizabeth had warned Drake to "see that he did no harm to her good friend, Philip of Spain," she rewarded him richly for his deeds.

The death of Mary Queen of Scots had greatly angered Philip, and the deeds of the English buccaneers filled him with rage. He labored for years collecting a great fleet to invade England, and crowded the decks of his vessels with soldiers. This fleet was called The Invincible Armada and set sail for England in 1588.

Elizabeth rallied her countrymen, and with the utmost coolness and bravery made her preparations for defense. Every Englishman who could wield a sword was called to the defense of his country. Boys of eighteen were enlisted and men of sixty once more became men at arms. For Elizabeth

knew that if Philip ever gained a foothold in England, the same terrible scenes would be enacted there that had taken place in the Low Countries.

But the Spanish army never landed in England. When its sails appeared, and it seemed as though it must overwhelm the small English fleet that was opposed to it, Queen Elizabeth on horseback rode among her soldiers, encouraging and cheering them, and urging them to fight to their last drop of blood in defense of their country. But the English fleet, under Sir Francis Drake, put the Spanish ships to flight and sunk a great number of them. And a gale of wind did the rest, wrecking the unwieldy Spanish boats and drowning thousands of Spanish soldiers and sailors.

Elizabeth's courage and the loyalty with which she had been served by her brave subjects had saved England, and never since that time, with the exception of a raid by the American sailor, Paul Jones, have British shores been reached by a foreign foeman. The English nation was changing in Elizabeth's reign more than in any former period, and many blessings were being given to the Queen's subjects that they had never hitherto known. Her reign saw the last vestige of bondage and servitude die out; and men were now allowed to practise the Protestant religion without the constant fear of death. They became, moreover, used to a better manner of living and enjoyed luxuries that their fathers had never known. Of course, from our standards their lives would have seemed poor and rough, but none the less they were a distinct advance over all that had gone before.

The brilliant court kept by Elizabeth was surpassed by no other in all Europe, and the magnificence of her dress had never been equaled. In this respect the Queen resembled her father, Henry the Eighth, who always had loved display. She had a thousand gowns of silk and rich materials, all richly decorated with gold and precious stones. Her hair was bright with gold and gems and in her Palace gold and rare jewels

were seen on every side.

The Queen was very fond of traveling in state through England, and on her way would arrange to visit different noblemen in their castles, where they had to provide for her entertainment. These trips were called her "Progresses." And the noblemen selected to entertain her considered themselves unlucky enough, for they had to go to enormous expense to satisfy her whims, and were never sure of her gratitude—while on the other hand, they were always certain to hear from her if anything displeased her. The most costly banquets, the richest wines, the most brilliant pageants, the most extravagant novelties and flatteries were expected, if not demanded, by the Queen in the course of these entertainments.

Among her courtiers Queen Elizabeth had many favorites and perhaps the worthiest of them was Sir Walter Raleigh. This gentleman was famous for his courtly speech and gentle manners—things that delighted the Queen—as well as for the richness of his apparel. On one occasion in the course of a trip the Queen had to cross a muddy place in the road and hesitated before soiling her delicate slippers, but Sir Walter Raleigh slipped off the rich blue velvet cloak that he wore and cast it in the mud in front of the Queen for her to walk upon. He well knew that she would return the value of the cloak twenty times over in the benefits she would confer on him, and this proved to be the case.

Sir Walter Raleigh was an explorer as well as a courtier, and had been interested in the establishing of a colony in the New World, calling the lands there "Virginia" in honor of the virgin Queen—a name that has lasted to the present day. And from Virginia the potato and tobacco were first brought into England—and Sir Walter Raleigh used to smoke tobacco in a silver pipe, sometimes in the Queen's presence.

The Queen had other favorites beside Sir Walter Raleigh, and chief of these was the Earl of Leicester. It was believed for

a time that she would marry him—but this did not come to pass. Another of her favorites was the Earl of Essex, a self-willed and spoiled young man, who frequently had difficulties with the Queen. On one occasion he rudely turned his back on her, and Elizabeth retorted by boxing his ears. Almost always after these affairs Essex left or was sent from Court, but ultimately was pardoned and returned. The Earl of Essex was put in command of troops in Ireland, and word of his mismanagement was soon brought to Elizabeth. When he was recalled and punished he believed that a great wrong had been put upon him and engaged in a conspiracy against the Queen. For this he was imprisoned in the Tower and beheaded.

Elizabeth reigned over England until she was seventy years old. As she grew older she was troubled with ill-health, but her indomitable spirit never failed her. She continued to ride until she had to be lifted to her horse, and she ruled with a firm hand long after her health had failed and she had grown ill and feeble.

But the end of her life was not happy. The throngs of courtiers who had offered her the flattery and homage that were so dear to her, found some excuse or other to go elsewhere and to bow themselves before the feet of James of Scotland, the son of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, for James was now the recognized heir to the English throne. One after one Elizabeth's followers deserted her and at times she was found alone and in tears by the few faithful attendants that remained. She could, of course, command attendance, but not the love that she had formerly known—for there was now little to be gained from serving her, and she had, moreover, been made unpopular by the execution of the Earl of Essex, who was loved by the common people.

Elizabeth died in her sleep in 1603, passing away without pain. And we are told that when her coffin was borne to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried, that all the former

love of her subjects returned and she was mourned as no sovereign has been mourned before or since her time. And this was only fitting, for in spite of her many faults, her like has seldom been seen upon a throne or in the course of history.

The Good Protestants: An English Tale

Mid 1500s, England

It was a lovely morning in October, and the sun shone bright and clear over the ancient city of Oxford, with its numerous large and massive buildings, glittering in its first rays.

This magnificent place has been the centre of learning since the time of Alfred the Great, an early English king, who, whether considered as a sovereign, a hero, a scholar, or a patron of letters, may be safely compared with the best men of either ancient or modern times. It is almost one thousand years since he founded the College of Oxford, for the purpose of enabling his nobles to bestow a liberal education on their sons; and since then, it has been the nursery of some of the brightest minds that ever lived. Oxford is generally remarkable for the quiet and sober appearance of its exterior; but on the particular morning to which my story refers its streets were thronged with the bustle of a confused and irregular multitude; the windows of every house around Baliol College, situated in the northern part of the city, were filled to overflowing; and a long and motley crowd came pressing across the Magdalen Bridge, which forms one entrance from the surrounding country, over a small stream.

At a distance, judging from the numbers, of all ages, and both sexes, who thus met together, a stranger would have supposed it to be a great festival-day; but a nearer view disclosed sullen frowns, and revengeful gestures, and desponding forms, among the crowd, telling, as plainly as words could tell, of some sad and momentous circumstance which was about

to take place. Men spoke in low and subdued tones, as they stood in groups together; and women and children watched with that straining glance, which ever reveals the approach of some uncommon spectacle.

Presently there was a stir among the multitude, and a pathway was forced by armed men, while a band of the same assembled around an open square, where stood a huge pile of fagots of wood, about the centre stake of which hung a heavy iron chain.

Every eye now turned to the end of the long, living avenue, through which the victim slowly came, for whom the pile was intended. The cathedral bells tolled with melancholy sound, and the prisoner appeared, seated on a hurdle or sledge painted black, and drawn by a white horse. It was the good Bishop Latimer, one of the most pious and humble Christians that ever lived, who was now sentenced to be burnt to death.

"O! father," exclaimed Julia, "what could induce anybody to burn so good a man to death?"

"You may well be astonished, my daughter," answered Mr. Seymour, "that our religion, whose distinguishing trait is benevolence, should have been ever employed as an engine of persecution. In our happy age, every man may judge for himself, and safely adopt whatever creed he chooses, without endangering his life or property. But it was a very different case in England, three hundred years ago. A cruel queen then reigned, by the name of Mary, every feature of whose character seemed marked by bigotry, violence, revenge, and cruelty. She was ardently devoted to the Romish faith, and instead of allowing the Protestants to live quietly, she treated them in the most barbarous manner; and during three years of her short but bloody reign, more than three hundred Protestants were burnt to death, because they would not become Papists. She offered a pardon to Latimer, if he would recant, but the good old man was not afraid to die; and when they tried to shake his faith, he sent the messengers away, to

tell Queen Mary, that he would rather lose his life than his soul."

For sixteen months he had been confined in a dark and dismal prison, and when the day for his execution arrived, he seemed quite cheerful, as he was led out into the bright sunshine; and as he moved along on the sledge, dressed in a white shroud, with his silvery head palsied with age, many of the spectators burst into tears, while a few fearless friends, who loved him dearly, entreated for the old man's blessing. When the open square was reached, he gazed calmly on the pile, and a sweet smile played on his lips, as, with the aid of his staff, he ascended it, cheerfully observing to a fellow-sufferer, at his side, "Be of good courage, brother! stand fast like a man! for we shall this day light a candle in England, that shall not speedily be put out;" by which he meant, that the Protestant religion should at last rise triumphant, in spite of all the efforts of its persecutors.

The executioner firmly fastened the iron chain around his body, and placed a blazing fagot in the pile of wood. Sighs and lamentations broke from many, amid the multitude, as they saw the wild flames rising around their beloved Bishop, but no one ventured to release him, because they feared Queen Mary's guards, who were stationed in every part of the city, and whose cruel vigilance would mark out every one who made any resistance to her authority.

But among that horror-stricken crowd was one, whose distress prevented all measures of prudence. Alice Bertram was a poor widow, whose husband had died two years before, leaving her with a young daughter, and small means of support. It was a dark day to Alice, as she returned to her miserable home, after having seen her husband's remains committed to the lowly grave. While her partner lived, she had cheerfully contended with want and privation of every kind; but when his loss fell on her, like a sudden and unexpected blow, her buoyant spirit gave way to the deepest

despondency, and, after seeing the last clod thrown on his coffin, she sank beneath that cold, cold heart-chill, that comes with the startling conviction that we are left friendless in the world. But a good Providence still watched over the widow and her little daughter. As she sat, on the evening of her husband's funeral, paralyzed with grief, and regardless of the young Lucy's caresses, she was startled by a soft rap at her cottage door. It was Bishop Latimer, who had marked her deep dejection, as she passed by his house; and although an entire stranger, he slowly followed in her footsteps, for he was in the habit of paying visits to many a lowly hovel, which was ever cheered by his charities and consolations.

The Bishop was very happy to learn that she was a Protestant; and before he departed, Alice Bertram seemed much comforted, for, after reading a beautiful and tranquillizing portion of the Scriptures, which he always carried secretly about his person, he placed in Lucy's hands a small amount of money, to assist them in their present need.

From that period, Bishop Latimer was a constant and most welcome guest at the cottage; and when he presented the widow with a plain, but strongly-bound New Testament, she felt that she owned a treasure of more value than all the Queen's wealth.

"Was printing then discovered?" asked George Somers.

"Yes," replied Mr. Seymour, "but the purchasers of books, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, were almost wholly confined to the class of nobles, and the richer citizens, and scholars by profession."

No wonder, then, at the widow's distress, when she heard that her beneficent friend was about to be put to death in so dreadful a manner. "I cannot go! I cannot go!" said she, when an humble neighbor came to invite her to join the multitude, who had assembled to see Latimer die. But then she remembered what a testimony to the truth of her religion it would be, to watch the martyr in his last trial; and after shedding

many tears, she took Lucy by the hand, and, with a fervent prayer for strength, went the way leading to Baliol College.

Alas! Alice Bertram little imagined her want of fortitude. While the procession moved to the stake, she stood in a deep revery, or as one stupefied by a frightful dream; but when the flames burst out, and wrapped Latimer in their devouring mantle, she rushed forward, regardless of consequences, and tried to clasp the burning fagots, calling her friend by the most tender names, and entreating those around to save him.

"Throw the wretch into the flames, with her Bishop!" shouted the savage Bonner, a man of the most brutal character, and who seemed to take delight in executing the commands of his cruel sovereign. But before the executioner could accomplish the unfeeling deed, a kind neighbor rushed from the surrounding crowd, and, seizing the fainting Alice by the arm, dragged her rapidly through the streets, until he lodged her safely in her own home.

But her devoted attachment to the martyred Bishop had not passed unnoticed. When the curfew bell tolled that evening at eight o'clock, a regular signal, that all the inhabitants of the city should extinguish their lights and fire, the widow blew out the small lamp by which she had been spinning, and, approaching the door of her cottage, listened for a moment, if any noise could be heard in the streets. All was as still as death, and Alice knew that they might safely read their accustomed chapter in the New Testament, which their friend had given them. She quickly blew the dying embers to a low blaze on the stones; for in those times they had no chimneys to their houses, but the fire was kindled on a rude mass of rock or stone in one corner of the apartment, and the stifling smoke escaped partially through the door and windows; then, with Lucy's assistance, she displaced a block in the chamber floor, and took out the precious volume, which she devoutly kissed before she placed it in her daughter's hands. The child followed her mother's example as she

unlatched its metal clasp, and then, stooping over the fire, commenced reading, in low and subdued tones, a favorite chapter from the Gospel of St. John, in which Jesus Christ so beautifully comforts his distressed disciples with hopes of heaven, and promises that every sincere and heart-felt prayer shall be answered by our heavenly Father.

Every now and then Lucy paused, as her mother explained some difficult text, or rose to listen at the casement, if any sound could be heard in the neighborhood, for she well knew that theirs was a dangerous employment.

"How strange it seems to me," exclaimed Alice Somers, "that anyone should be punished for reading that best of books. I will love my Bible better hereafter, when I think of poor little Lucy trying to read hers in that dark and dismal cottage. But why were they in danger?"

"Because, in those days, none but the priests were allowed to own a copy of the Scriptures, and even they, who enjoyed this privilege, could only read portions of its contents to the people."

A half hour passed by, and still no sound was heard, save the sighing of the autumn winds, when suddenly distant footsteps advanced along the street, and approached nearer every moment. "Who can they be?" thought Alice; "few walk after the curfew bell ceases to ring, in these dreadful times;" but before she could express her surprise, the cottage door was forcibly burst open, and two hard-featured men rushed in. One of them rudely seized Alice by the arm, while the other, with a brutal laugh, tore the Sacred Volume from the hands of the terrified Lucy, who clung to her mother's garments, and trembled like some timid fawn when pursued by the hunters.

"Make haste! and confine the woman," cried the elder of the men to his companion, "or we shall find it hard to fill the London cage with a fresh show, by the time it needs."

The unhappy Alice stood, at first, motionless with distress, but, aroused by the cries of her daughter, who had

received a threat from one of the armed ruffians, she threw herself at their feet, as they were about binding her hands with cords, and exclaimed, "For God's sake, tell me, why are you here? and how have I offended?" "This paper will inform you," said the elder officer, for the intruders were indeed servants of the cruel Bonner, who had that morning observed the widow's conduct, and resolved to punish her temerity.

Alice opened the order of arrest, which was presented, and judge of her horror when she discovered that she was accused of heresy. It was a dreadful moment to the unhappy mother. When they bade her follow them, she fell on Lucy's neck, and shrieked aloud, "My daughter! my daughter! and must I leave you? Oh! what will become of my poor child!"

"Away with the little heretic," growled the excited officer, at the same time levelling a blow with his sword, that threw the young girl senseless on the pavement. "Come, Barnes, let us be off;" and so saying, they succeeded in dragging the lifeless Alice across her own threshold, and soon disappeared with their unresisting victim round a neighboring corner.

Several hours elapsed before Lucy recovered from her stupor, and found herself in utter darkness. "Mother! dear mother! where are you?" she murmured, as, groping along the floor, she at last succeeded in finding the low couch on which they usually reposed. But her mother was not to be found! Then the poor child recollected what had happened, and, throwing herself on the bed, gave way to her passionate despair, crying aloud and repeatedly, "Mother! mother! come back! come back! what shall I do without you!" until at last she became exhausted by the violence of her emotions, and fell into a heavy and unrefreshing sleep, on the straw, which alone formed her pillow. The kind neighbor who had that morning rescued Alice from the flames, was awakened by the noise in her cottage, but he did not dare to venture out to her assistance, because he knew that in so doing he would himself fall a sacrifice. With the first peep of dawn, he however left

his dwelling, and hastened to the widow's cottage.

Lucy was still asleep, but there was a restless motion about her lips, and a fresh gush of tears on her pale cheek, that showed that even her slumbers had been visited by frightful dreams. She started up, as the good man approached, and joyfully uttered her mother's name; but on discovering her mistake, she sobbed convulsively, as, throwing herself on her neighbor's shoulder, she earnestly entreated him to bring back her lost parent.

William Dupré tried in every way to comfort her, until at last, lifting her in his arms, he carried her to his own door, where his warm-hearted wife stood ready to welcome the hapless orphan. He was an excellent weaver, and had just finished a small quantity of very fine cloth, which he intended selling to some of the rich nobles in the Queen's court; but when his wife heard Lucy's sad story, she determined, with her husband's approbation, to appropriate it to a very different purpose.

"Depend upon it, William," said she, addressing her husband, "our Queen has a woman's heart after all; and something tells me, that if our pretty Lucy could reach London, and force her way to her Majesty's throne, she would not come back to us broken-hearted. But then she must not go empty-handed; and I am sure, that with some of yonder beautiful cloth, I could make a pair of hose that would not disgrace the best lady in the land. Only speak the word, and I will set to work immediately."

Dupré readily consented, and, with the aid of their eldest daughter, who was skilful in embroidery, his industrious wife soon completed a pair of stockings, which were really beautiful, both for texture and workmanship.

"But what awkward things they must have been," observed Mary Grey; "why did they not rather prefer a pair of embroidered silk? They would be so much more pliant and elastic."

"Because neither cotton nor silk manufactories were then established in England, and the first pair of silk stockings worn in that country graced the feet of Mary's successor, Queen Elizabeth, to whom they were presented by one of her ingenious tire-women." Their next difficulty was to contrive the best way for reaching the capital, where her Majesty resided. Neither private nor public coaches were to be seen in those days, but even the Queen was obliged to sit behind her Chamberlain, as he rode on horseback, when she wished to take exercise in the open air.

William Dupré was desirous of purchasing some pewter ware, which was then as much esteemed by the lower classes, as silver is, at the present day. He therefore determined, with the above charitable purpose in view, to visit London, at the distance of more than fifty miles, and bargain, himself, for the needed utensils.

The parting was almost cheerful between Lucy and her kind friend; for the former rejoiced in the hope of soon embracing her beloved mother, and the latter encouraged her by the assurance, that the Queen would certainly lend an ear to her prayers, and release her fond parent from prison. After a wearisome journey, they reached the great city, and Lucy, if left to her own inclinations, would immediately have sought the way to the palace; but her more prudent friend insisted that she should rest quietly for one night, at the inn, and be thus strengthened for the next day's trials. But whoever has anticipated some great joy or sorrow, will believe me, when I tell them, that the poor child's eyelids hardly closed for a single hour, that night. She tried over and over again to repeat what it would be best to say to Queen Mary; but every time that she made the attempt, so overcharged was her heart, that fresh tears stole down her cheeks; and when daylight dawned, it hardly shone on a more wan and pallid face than hers. Dupré offered her a mug of ale, and a piece of oaten bread, for her breakfast, but the anxious girl could not

swallow a single mouthful; and drawing her dark hood over her head, she hurried her good friend so much in his breakfast, that at the moment when the palace door was opened, she stood a suppliant on its threshold. At first the porter refused to grant her admittance; but when he glanced at her pale and beautiful face, and marked the despairing clasp of her small hands, his heart smote him strangely, and bidding her follow in his footsteps, he showed the way into the splendid mansion, while Dupré, with a hearty blessing, bade her take comfort, promising to call for her on his return from another errand.

The Queen's palace was as elegant and costly, as the fashion of the times would admit. The walls were hung with heavy tapestry, and the stone floors were completely covered with fresh and sweet-smelling rushes, in place of carpets, which, although now often found in the humblest dwellings, had not then been dreamed of, even in the English Queen's palace. All that wealth could purchase or power command, was lavished on Mary's person and habitation; but the first glance that stole from Lucy's drooping eyelids, discovered that she was not happy. Her thin cheek looked paler, when contrasted with the crimson couch on which she reclined; and the jewelled coronet was pushed far back from her brow, which wrinkled beneath, as if it were angry with its costly ornament.

Several handmaidens sat on low stools around her, and tried to engage her in conversation on different topics; but she listened to none of them, but sat listlessly, holding in her hands a letter, from her absent husband, King Philip, whom she loved very dearly, but who ever rewarded her affection by cold looks and harsh words, until, at last, he departed for his native country, Spain, and would not return to England, although his Queen sent numerous letters, entreating him once more to bless her with his presence. The above-mentioned epistle was, however, more friendly than usual, for he had

need of money, and knew well enough, that a few kind lines of remembrance would rouse his weak wife's spirit, and cause her to lay heavy and fresh taxes on her British subjects, rather than refuse his unreasonable request.

The sound of approaching footsteps aroused the Queen from her pleasant revery, and her face grew red with anger at this untimely interruption. But when the young stranger, springing lightly forward, fell, in graceful humility, at her feet, and raised her tearful blue eyes, with a beseeching glance, to Mary's face, the softened Queen, though seldom prompted to acts of kindness, laid her jewelled hand on Lucy's head, and said, in a soft tone, "Speak out, child! for here you have no cause for fear." The suppliant kissed her Majesty's hand, as she arose, and opened a neatly-tied and perfumed package, containing her present, the embroidered hose. Mary took the stockings, and, with her maidens, admired their fine texture and needlework, till, suddenly throwing them aside, she sharply added, "Now, speak out, wench, for I well know that this is only the opening to some favor, that you would ask of me." Her assent was all that Lucy wanted. In a moment she was kneeling again at the Queen's feet, with her eloquent face suffused with a crimson blush, as she told, in faltering accents, of her father's death; of the kindness of the martyr Bishop; and, more than all, of the dreadful manner in which her only parent had been lately torn from her home.

As Mary heard the name of the ill-fated Latimer, she rose in the excitement of hatred and passion, and would have driven Lucy away from her presence; but when the suppliant clung to the hem of her garment, and, beseeching those around to pity her, told of the dark and lonely fate that awaited her, now that she was separated from the only being whom she dearly loved, the Queen glanced at her husband's letter, thrown on the couch, by her side, and perhaps she contrasted the child's sorrow, for a moment, with her own; or what else, save sympathy, could have made her look so kindly

on Lucy, as she bade her rise, and dry up her tears.

Alas! the presence of one cruel being, who just then entered, cast a dark and threatening cloud over this scene of breaking sunshine. Lucy had been only a short time seated at her Sovereign's feet, telling, with many tearful interruptions, the favor which she came to supplicate, namely, the restoration of her mother to liberty, when quick and hurried steps were heard in the passage, the door was thrown open, and the Protestant's most unrelenting enemy, the cruel Bonner, stood before them. He advanced with the assurance of one privileged in every respect by his mistress; and, approaching the couch, laid on it a list of fresh victims, whom he had hunted out among the persecuted sect, muttering, in a few inarticulate words, some dreadful threats against the horde of base heretics, as he called them. Lucy's heart fluttered with hope, before his entrance, but when she heard her Sovereign call him by name, a despairing pang darted through her mind, and, falling at his feet, she tried to pray for mercy; but the tyrant's angry eyes fixed themselves upon her, with the strange spell of the poisonous rattlesnake, and paralysed her so completely, that the words died away, ere she could utter them, and all that came from her parted lips, cold and white as marble, was, "Mother! mother! Oh! save my mother!"

"Who is this?" asked Bonner, turning familiarly to the Queen, who was carelessly looking over the list of victims, about to be sentenced to the stake. "This girl is the daughter of one Alice Bertram of Oxford, whom you have had imprisoned for heresy," replied Mary; "yet I am almost ready to part company with her, for the sake of this pretty one who pleads her cause so well."

"Ha!" exclaimed Bonner, with a haughty start, as he approached his Sovereign; "has our Queen changed sides? and does she reject the counsel of her faithful servant, that she would dream of granting grace to one of these heretical wretches?"

"No more! no more!" cried his mistress, striking her clinched hand on the stone table. "Who dares dispute my authority? Let him beware, as he values his own life!"

A strange expression flitted over her minister's countenance, as, with apparent humility, he knelt before Mary. It was an expression of triumph; for he felt sure, that one single chord, which he had often struck before, would jar every charitable feeling in the Queen's mind. King Philip, her husband, was a rigid Papist, and encouraged every measure, however violent, which his servant could contrive for the destruction of the Protestants. Bonner was fully aware of the despotic power which her absent consort exercised over his wife's inclinations, and was certain, that the most unholy act would meet with her sanction, if only agreeable to Philip. There was policy, then, in his seeming humility, as, in a subdued tone, he replied, that it grieved him to awaken the anger of his mistress, when he had only desired to obey his absent master, whose strongest earthly wish was, to free his beloved kingdom from the nest of intriguing heretics, which already had planted its sting in the minds of so many of the most devoted servants of the church.

The name of her cold and calculating husband, roused the fanatical flame, that had slumbered for a moment, in the Queen's breast. Springing wildly from the couch, with her woman's countenance changed to that of a demon's, she almost shrieked aloud her commands, as, stamping furiously on the ground, she bade Bonner, in the King's name, seize on the unoffending girl, and convey her instantly to the noisome prison, where her mother was already confined.

Even as some bright flower bows its head, beneath the blow of the sudden tempest, so the frail and delicate Lucy sank under the harsh words and infuriated gestures, that now met her alarmed senses. She was entirely unconscious of what followed, until she found herself in a gloomy dungeon, but, what a comfort! clasped in the arms of her weeping parent.

I will not tell you of the weary days and nights, passed in that prison-cell; for they were all alike, save that the last was always the saddest and darkest, because it brought the dreadful moment of execution somewhat nearer. For many months, those innocent sufferers were shut out from the light of heaven; with no food, but bread and water, and that of the most indifferent kind. The Queen's ill health prevented her cruel minister from pressing on her the execution of the sentence against heretics, and he only waited some change in her disease, to determine him in his horrid course. One morning, he learned that Mary was better than usual, and accordingly hastened to receive her seal of approbation, for the immediate burning of the prisoners. The next day, as Alice reposed on the floor of her cell, with her young daughter by her side, the door was thrown open, and a band of the Queen's officers appeared, who, placing in her hands the warrant for immediate death, bade her awaken the girl, and follow them without loss of time. What tongue can describe the anguish of that mother's heart, as she aroused her precious child from a refreshing sleep, never to lie down again, until her fair body should blister and consume in the indescribable torments of a fiery death.

The officers mistook her agonizing distress for irresolution, and one of them remarked, that perhaps even now his merciful mistress would relent, if Alice would but abjure her faith, and sign a scroll to that effect.

"Sooner would I die a thousand times over," answered the noble-minded woman, "sooner suffer by the rack, the flames, ay, even lingering and life-gnawing hunger, than buy existence, by such base hypocrisy. Man I may deceive; but I will not, I cannot deceive my God!"

"Unfeeling mother!" said one of the men, who affected humanity: "and then you can stand by unmoved, and see your innocent daughter condemned to a cruel death? ah! far more horrible than you have ever dreamed of. Unnatural woman

that you are!" The taunt was too much for a mother's heart to bear, and, uttering a ringing shriek of despair, the miserable parent pressed the now awakened girl to her bosom, and murmured irresolutely, "The choice is mine! my child or my God! The choice is mine!"

"Mother! dear mother! God wills that we should die together," murmured a clear, silvery voice. It was that of the young Lucy.

"My blessed one! my daughter! thou hast directed me," exclaimed Alice, rising, with a heavenly smile, from her momentary weakness. "The path of right lies straight before us. Let us walk together therein;" then, turning to the officers, she calmly bade them lead her out.

It was a most touching sight to witness the mother and daughter, as they took their place in the long procession of victims. At first, Lucy seemed to shrink from the dense crowd, that pressed on either side, and would have hid her face in her mother's arms: but when she marked her parent's serene and placid countenance, she felt suddenly elevated above fear, and when, at a secret signal, the loving pair raised a well-known hymn, their low but modulated voices mingled strangely with the hoarse scene of discord around them, as they continued the chant, unbroken, even to the foot of the pile.

Every preparation was already made, and the executioner stood, with a blazing pine fagot in his hand, ready to kindle the whole frightful fabric. The officer had just given the signal, and the blazing match was already placed within the dry pile of wood, when a sudden stir took place among the multitude. In a moment more, the noise of horsemen was heard from a distance, trumpets pealed merrily on the air, the city bells rang out, with loud and startling violence; troops of cavaliers approached at full speed, bearing white banners in their hands, on which was inscribed, "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" and the whole populace, who dearly loved that

princess, took up the words, and shouted aloud, in one thundering peal, "Long live Queen Elizabeth! Long life to our blessed Queen!"

I need hardly mention, that Mary had died suddenly, after a long illness, and that the persecutions of the Protestants ended with her reign.

"And, father! tell us quickly," exclaimed Julia, "did poor Lucy and her mother escape quite unhurt from the burning pile?"

"O yes! some of the cavaliers rushed immediately forward, burst the chain which confined them to the stake, and, locked in each other's arms, they were tenderly conveyed to the neighboring college, where proper remedies soon recovered them from their faintings, and restored them to life and future happiness."

"Ah! Mr. Seymour, are you sure they were always happy after that dreadful day?" asked Mary Grey.

"Yes! Alice lived to a good old age, and received many favors from her Protestant Queen, and, among other blessings, she had the pleasure of seeing Lucy united to a pious clergyman, whose eloquence and earnest zeal often won royalty itself to sit beneath his preaching."

"But, now that the tables were turned, I suppose the Papists met with pretty bad treatment from Elizabeth," observed Frank.

"No!" answered Mr. Seymour; "she had received a liberal education, and therefore determined to allow all sects their rightful privileges, although, I own, her heart inclined most to favor the Protestants. She was a very vain woman, yet, during her reign, England enjoyed greater prosperity, both in secular and religious matters, than it had ever done before; and hers may well be called the golden age of Great Britain, if the number of learned men, the success of heroes, and the triumphs of genius, form the gold, if I may so say, of any country."

"Yes, indeed!" remarked Mrs. Seymour; "Shakespeare,

Spenser, Sidney, Jonson, and Raleigh form a bright galaxy of stars, such as will shed a glorious and immortal light over England, through coming ages. But see! tea is quite ready, and I am sure you are all willing to enjoy the pleasant beverage."

The light meal was soon despatched, and after receiving each a copy of the following lines, the little party separated, with a promise to meet again, on the next evening.

Within the dungeon cell they laid
The mother and her child,
And gentle sleep hung like a veil
Across their features mild;
For though a harsh Queen's stern decree
Had all life's comfort riven,
She could not break that chain of faith,
Which bound them unto heaven.
But soon, at a loud, startling sound,
The parent sprang from sleep,
And firm, before the armed men,
She stood, too proud to weep;
Until they bade her wake the girl,
Who look'd so full of bloom,
And smiled so sweetly, O! 'twas hard
To rouse her for the tomb.
With a low, ringing shriek, she kiss'd
The slumberer's blue-vein'd brow,
And murmur'd, with her white, cold lips,
"My daughter! wake thee now!"
Till when the sweet child raised her head,
And shook back her bright hair,
The hapless mother look'd as if
A statue of despair.
"The choice is mine!" she cried, at last,
"My daughter or my God,—
Would, would that death would come and break

This agonizing rod!"
But, as she spoke, a soft voice said,
"God wills that we should die;
Mother! dear mother! let us go,—
No fear of death have I."
"My blessed one!" the parent cried,
"'Twas but for thy young sake,
That, for a moment, I delay'd
The right, clear path to take;
But now thy cheering faith shines out,
And guides me like that star,
That lit the Saviour's humble couch,
With radiance from afar.
"Yes! let us go!" and as she spoke,
They left the darksome cell,
And join'd a host, to whom life, now,
Was but a funeral knell;
Till, as the long procession moved,
The mother and her child
Raised a soft, soothing, sacred hymn,
Which all their grief beguiled.
Thanks be to God! we dwell within
A land, where Christian prayer
Is fearless breathed by every sect,
Who in the Gospel share;
Where "peace and good-will unto men,"
Is still the growing sound;
And O! may it increase, and soon
Echo, the world around.

Rachel, Lady Russell

1636-1723, England

Rachel Wriothesley was the daughter of the Earl of Southampton and a French Huguenot lady whom he had married when travelling in France, and who was renowned for her beauty and virtue. Rachel was born in 1636. She never knew her mother, who died when she was an infant. Her father married again, and we know nothing about her relations with her stepmother, but we know that she dearly loved her sisters, and was very good friends with her stepsister. England was passing through troublous times during her childhood on account of the disputes between Charles I and his Parliament. Lord Southampton was a sensible, moderate man, and he could not approve of the king's doings, but he remained true to him and took his side when the civil war broke out. When the terrible end came and Charles I was beheaded in 1649, Southampton got permission to watch by the king's body during the night after the execution. He is reported to have told a friend that, whilst he was watching, at about two o'clock in the morning, he heard a step on the stair and a man entered, muffled in a cloak, and stood by the body. He heard him sigh, "Cruel necessity," and knew by the voice that it was Cromwell.

Southampton's moderation was so well known that, though he had been the king's friend, the Parliament did not seize his lands, and he was suffered to live quietly on one of his estates in Hampshire. Rachel was then about thirteen years old and must have benefited from the companionship of her father during these quiet years. We know nothing of her

education, and she does not seem in after life to have possessed any learning; but no doubt it was from her father she gained the good sense and the deep religious faith which distinguished her through life. She was an heiress since her father had no son, and only two of his other daughters survived him. As was the custom in those days, a suitable marriage was soon arranged for her. She was only seventeen when she married Lord Vaughan, who died four years afterwards. All that is known of their married life is that Lady Rachel behaved so as to win the love of her husband's family, who always remained her friends. When her husband died, she went to live in Hampshire with her sister Elizabeth, to whom she was deeply attached. Each of the sisters possessed a fine place in Hampshire, and when Elizabeth died both these places, Tichfield and Stratton, belonged to Rachel. Her father had lived to see the restoration of Charles II and to be one of his first ministers, but he was now dead and Rachel was completely her own mistress. There was no one to arrange a marriage for her, and she was able to choose for herself a man whom she deeply loved. She had known William Russell, the younger son of the Duke of Bedford, for two years before they were married. He had shown his devotion to her for some time, but perhaps because he was a younger son and she was an heiress, he hesitated at first to ask her to be his wife. They were married at last in 1669, and fourteen years of perfect happiness began for Rachel. The only real sorrow that came to her was the death of her sister, whom she described as "a delicious friend." Her other sorrows were her brief separations from her husband when he had to visit his father at Woburn.

William Russell's elder brother had died, and he was now heir to the dukedom of Bedford. He was not a brilliant man, but he was a very good man, devotedly attached to his family and his friends, and very anxious to do his duty. When they were separated, Lady Russell wrote constantly to him, telling him all she heard that might interest him. When he had only

been gone a few hours she wrote that she could not "let this first post night pass, without giving my dear man a little talk." Once, when she had gone over to Tunbridge Wells to drink the waters, she wrote: "After a toilsome day, there is some refreshment to be telling our story to our best friends. I have seen your girl well laid in bed, and ourselves have made our suppers upon biscuits, a bottle of white wine, and another of beer mingled my uncle's way, with nutmeg and sugar. Beds and things are all very well here: our want is yourself and good weather." They had three children, two girls and a boy, and her letters are full of allusions to the eldest: "Our little girl is very well, and extremely merry and often calls Papa. She gets new pretty tricks every day." And another time: "Your girls are very well; Miss Rachel has prattled a long story, but I must omit it. She says Papa has sent for her to Woburn, and then she gallops and says she has been there, and a great deal more."

Lord Russell was in Parliament, but at first he did not take much part in public affairs: he had no ambition and liked his quiet home life better than the bustle of public life. For many years he sat silent in Parliament but his strong love of liberty and of the Protestant religion at last drove him to be more active. There was much discontent with the government of Charles II and with the favour which he showed to the Roman Catholics. Lord Russell joined himself with a number of others, to whom the nickname of Whigs was given, who were anxious to maintain the rights of Parliament, and to prevent the king's brother James, Duke of York, who was a Roman Catholic, from being considered the heir to the throne. Lady Russell was very anxious lest her husband should do or say anything rash, and even once sent him a little note to the House of Parliament begging him to be silent. People were then very excited and very bitter against those who thought differently from them. An impostor, named Titus Oates, pretended to have discovered a popish plot to

destroy the king, and by his false accusations caused many innocent men to be put to death. A few years afterwards, others pretended to have discovered a Whig plot to kill Charles II and his brother. Lord Russell had not joined in any of the violent accusations made against those opposed to him, nor had he been aware of any plot, but he was a man of great influence, one of the leaders amongst the Whigs, and he too was anxious to keep James from succeeding to the throne. When people were angry and alarmed at the supposed Whig plot, the king and his friends thought it a good opportunity to get rid of some of the Whig leaders. There was one amongst them, Lord Howard, who was ready to secure his own safety by betraying the others. Lord Russell knew that he was in danger, and one day a man was set at his front gate to watch and prevent his going out. But there was no one at his back gate so that he could easily have escaped had he wished. This was perhaps what his enemies wanted. But he felt that to escape would be the same thing as confession of his guilt. He sent his wife out to ask the opinion of his friends, and they agreed with him. So he stayed quietly at home, and the next day he was fetched to appear before the King's Council, and was afterwards sent as a close prisoner to the Tower. He knew the fury of his enemies, and said to his servant that "they would have his life;" and when the servant answered that he hoped they would not have the power, he said, "Yes, the devil is loose."

From that moment, Lord Russell allowed himself no hope. He looked upon himself as a dying man, and turned his thoughts away from this world to another world. But his friends, of course, were eager to do everything to save him. We can imagine what the suffering of his wife must have been; she who had found it hard to bear a separation of a few days, had now to face the terrible probability that he would be condemned to death for high treason. Her first letter to him in the Tower was sent concealed in a cold chicken.

Afterwards she seems to have been able to communicate with him more easily. Her courage was equal to her love, and she set to work at once to try to collect evidence in his favour. Her efforts never ceased during the fortnight which passed before he was brought to trial, and she got hold of every possible fact that could be urged in his defence. Moreover, she was brave and self-controlled enough to determine to be present at his trial. She wrote to ask his leave saying: "Your friends believing I can do you some service at your trial, I am extremely willing to try; my resolution will hold out—pray let yours. But it may be the court will not let me; however, do you let me try." When Lord Russell was brought before the Bar at the Old Bailey, he asked for pen, ink, and paper, and the use of the papers that he had, and said, "May I have somebody to write to help my memory?" He was told that he might have one of his servants to write for him, and he answered, "My wife is here, my lord, to do it." The Lord Chief Justice said, "If my lady please to give herself the trouble." So Lady Russell was allowed to be at his side to help him. He was accused of conspiring against the king's life, and of plotting to raise a rebellion in England. Both these accusations he firmly denied. The witnesses against him were men of despicable character and there is no doubt that their evidence was false; but the jury found him guilty, and he was condemned to death as a traitor.

There was only a week left before he was to be executed. His wife and his friends could not give up hope. His father offered the king £50,000 if he would spare his life, and begged him not to bring his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. People of all kinds interceded with Charles, but it was all in vain. Lady Russell never ceased her efforts. It was suggested that she should try to surprise the king in the park and throw herself at his feet, but this does not seem to have been possible. At her earnest entreaty Lord Russell wrote to the king asking his pardon for having been present at any meetings which may

have been unlawful or provoking to the king. But Charles never hesitated. He seems to have regarded Lord Russell as a dangerous person. Lord Russell himself was absolutely resigned to his fate, and only wished to be left in peace to prepare for his death. Every day he was visited by a clergyman, Dr. Burnet, who has left an account of his last days, and Lady Russell was also much with him. She did not distress him by her lamentations, but showed a greatness of spirit which was an immense comfort to him. Sometimes when he spoke of her, the tears would come into his eyes and he would quickly change the subject. Once he said that he wished she would give up beating every bush for his preservation. But he realised that it would help her afterwards to think that she had done everything in her power, just as it helped her during those sad days to have something to do. He was always cheerful and ready to talk and even joke with those who came to see him, but he gave his mind chiefly to prayer and religious thoughts, and to preparing a statement of his opinions which he wished to be distributed after his death. On the last evening of his life, he signed this paper and sent it to be printed. Then some of his friends and his children came to see him, and he was calm and cheerful with his children as usual. He bade his wife stay to supper with him, saying, "Stay and sup with me, let us eat our last earthly food together." He talked cheerfully during supper on various subjects, and particularly of his two daughters. When a note was brought to Lady Russell with some new plan for his deliverance, he turned it into ridicule, so that those who were with him were amazed. At ten o'clock Lady Russell had to leave him. He kissed her four or five times, and she, brave to the last, kept her sorrow so within herself that she gave him no disturbance by their parting. After she was gone, he said, "Now the bitterness of death is past," and he talked long about the blessing she had been to him, and what a comfort it was that in spite of her great tenderness she had never wished him to

do a base thing in order to save his life. He said, "What a week should I have passed, if she had been crying on me to turn informer and be a Lord Howard." He thanked God for giving him such a wife, and said that it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such a mother's hands, and that she had promised to him to take care of herself for their sakes. Then he turned to think of the great change that was before him, and at last went to bed and slept soundly. Those who were with him next morning were amazed at the temper he was in. He thanked God that there was no sort of fear nor hurry in his thoughts, and so he prayed and waited till they came to take him in his coach to his execution. He was still cheerful as he went, singing softly a psalm to himself. As they came near his own house and then turned from it into another street, he said, "I have often turned to the other hand with great comfort, and now I turn to this with greater." But as he looked towards his house, some tears were seen to fall from his eyes. So he remained calm and cheerful till he laid his head on the block and all his troubles were over.

We do not know and we can hardly bear to think how his wife passed those terrible hours after she had parted from him. Seven years afterwards she wrote: "There was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe, that in some measure kept me from being then overwhelmed." She was roused, only a few days after Lord Russell's death, to defend his memory, since it was asserted that the paper which he had written before his death, and which had been printed and widely read, was not his but had been written by Dr. Burnet. She wrote to the king describing herself as a woman "amazed with grief," and begged him to believe that "he who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so false a thing as to deliver for his own what was properly not so." Still Dr. Burnet was regarded with such suspicion that he thought it wise to leave the country for a time.

Lady Russell left London and went with her children to Woburn, the place of the Duke of Bedford, her father-in-law. She had kind friends to help her in her sorrow. The Duke of Bedford cherished her and her children with tender affection, and for long she made her home with him. He addressed her in his letters as his "dearest daughter," and signed himself "your most affectionate father and friend." A clergyman, Dr. Fitzwilliam, who had been her father's chaplain and had known her from infancy, wrote often to her, and to him she poured out her sorrow, as to one who had known both her and her husband and had seen their life together and therefore would be patient with her whilst her "disordered thoughts" and her "amazed mind" made it difficult for her to speak of anything but her grief. She had promised her husband that she would live for her children, and to their care she now devoted herself, determining to teach them herself, and we do not hear that her daughters ever had any other teacher. Mr. Hoskins, her lawyer, helped her in the management of her affairs with most tender sympathy, and tried to persuade her by degrees to take some interest in them, so that she might not be too entirely absorbed in her sorrow. He told her that great persons had great trials, but also had more opportunity than common people to fit their minds to bear them.

Her children were too young to know what they had lost, and she was determined to do all in her power for them, and particularly for her son, that he might not feel, if he grew to be a man, that it would have been better for him had he had a mother "less ignorant or less negligent." She said that she had no choice in any matter for herself, and could not like one way better than another, so long as what was done was for the good of those young creatures whose service was all the business she had in the world. But she hardly realised how dear her children were to her, till the serious illness of her little boy showed her what it would cost her to part with him.

When he recovered she felt that she had indeed something still to live for, and that she might be blessed with some joy and satisfaction through her children. Her little boy was heir to his grandfather, the Duke of Bedford, and on all matters connected with his education she consulted the duke. Neither of them wished to make him begin study too soon, but Lady Russell was anxious that he should have a French tutor, that he might learn the language. There were many Huguenots in England, who had fled from the persecutions in France, and by engaging one of them she was able both to do a charity and to be of use to her son.

Only two years after Lord Russell's execution Charles II had died and been succeeded by his brother, James II. James II's attempt to upset the authority of Parliament, and to rule by his own will alone, led to the rebellion which, in 1688, made his daughter, Mary, and her husband, William of Orange, King and Queen of England. Whilst these stirring events were passing, Lady Russell was living quietly in the country, her only fear was lest her children should run any risk. Once things were settled, she knew that she could count upon the friendship of William and Mary, and at the Duke of Bedford's wish, she went with him to London. She was full of thankfulness for the change, and wrote that it was difficult to believe that it was more than a dream, yet it was real and an amazing mercy. Her husband's friend, Dr. Burnet, came over with Mary, and was made Bishop of Salisbury. One of the first acts of the new government was to reverse the sentence passed on Lord Russell, and the House of Commons decreed that his execution had been a murder.

Lady Russell was now in a position of influence and importance, but she did not change her quiet way of living. A paper that she wrote about this time for her children shows her loving anxiety for them. In it, after bidding them never to forget their prayers morning and evening, she tells them about her own prayers, and how she always carried with her a little

piece of paper on which she noted her faults, that she might ask forgiveness for them; in this way she had gained a habit of constant watchfulness.

One of her anxieties had been to arrange suitable marriages for her children, and it was a great joy to her when her husband's closest friend, the Duke of Devonshire, proposed that his son should marry her eldest daughter. When this marriage was decided on, Lady Elizabeth was only fourteen and Lord Cavendish not sixteen. Lady Russell had to go to London to make the necessary arrangements, and felt it right to go more into society, though she said that going to parties was hard for one with a heavy and weary mind. The marriage was delayed by the bride having an attack of measles, and when it did take place, the young couple only spent three weeks together under Lady Russell's care, and then Lord Cavendish was sent to finish his education by travelling on the continent for two years. A few years later Lady Russell married her younger daughter to the eldest son of the Duke of Rutland, the best match in England. When her son was only fifteen, a seat in Parliament was offered her for him, but she refused because she thought him too young. She had, however, already arranged a marriage for him to a girl in whose education she took the deepest interest. He was married when he was fifteen, but his wife stayed at home with her mother and he went to Oxford for a year's study, during which his mother often visited him. At seventeen he was sent to travel abroad, as Lady Russell believed that to "live well in the world, it is for certain necessary to know the world well." During his travels he caused her some anxiety for he took to gambling, and lost so much money that when he came home, she had to ask his grandfather for money to pay his debts. Shortly afterwards his grandfather died, and he became Duke of Bedford. Now it seemed as if Lady Russell's anxieties were over, since her three children were all happily married, but sorrow followed her to the last. Her son, in the fulness of life

and health, was seized with smallpox, the haunting terror of those days before vaccination was discovered. His wife and children had to fly from the infection, and only his mother, with her never-failing courage, stayed to soothe his last moments. Shortly afterwards her younger daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, died. Once again a demand was made on Lady Russell's courage. Her only remaining daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, had just given birth to a child; it was feared that, if she heard of the death of her sister, the shock might be fatal; so her mother stayed with her and did not let her learn the truth, telling her that she had that day seen her sister out of bed, by which she really meant that she had seen her in her coffin.

Another trouble of Lady Russell's later life was the fear of blindness; but she bore this calamity with patience till an operation restored her sight. She lived till the age of eighty-eight, when she died after a short illness, watched over by the loving care of her only remaining child. During a long life, her courage, her love, her faith had never failed her in spite of her sore trials. It is interesting to remember that three of the chief families of England, the houses of Devonshire, Bedford, and Rutland, look back to this pure, warm-hearted woman and her murdered husband as their common ancestors.

Sir Isaac Newton and the Finding of the World Secret

1642–1727, England

From the time that men first began to speculate about the earth, one of the principal questions was how it was held in its position in the universe, and the ancients had many curious theories regarding this subject.

One of the oldest beliefs was that the earth was supported by Atlas, the Titan, who had rebelled against the authority of the gods and was punished by being made to stand in the centre of the Western Ocean and bear the world on his shoulders.

Still another theory was that the earth rested on the back of an enormous tortoise; and a third belief, which was held by some of the Eastern nations, was that the world was carried by a large whale, whose sudden movements caused earthquakes and other such calamities. Another philosopher declared that the world floated in the ocean like an egg, the half that was above the water being the part that was inhabited.

But these different speculations failed to satisfy even the minds of the early students of nature, and as time passed and scientific knowledge increased, it was found necessary to account in some other way for the earth's support.

The establishment of the Copernican system made the problem all the more perplexing, as it was more difficult to imagine a support for a world that was whirling through space than for one at rest, and after the discovery of Kepler's laws the subject became more interesting than ever, and received

a larger share of attention.

Kepler himself had suggested that the motion of the planets might be caused by spokes radiating from the sun and pushing the planets with them as they rotated. And absurd as this theory seems, Kepler spent considerable time in trying to verify it, and it was regarded as highly plausible by many other astronomers.

Descartes, the great French philosopher, invented the theory that all space was filled with air, in which there were innumerable whirlpools and vortices. One great vortex was supposed to exist around the sun, which carried the planets around, and just as the centre of a whirlpool in a river revolves more rapidly than its outer circles, so those planets near the sun would be carried around faster than those farther away. This theory accounted for the movement of the moons around the planets by supposing that they were carried by smaller vortices around their individual centres, while the elliptical figure of the orbits was explained by imagining the planets pushing one another a little out of a circular path.

But although the name Descartes was celebrated enough to cause his theory to be received with great respect, and although it was supported by some of the most eminent scientific men, it was never fully accepted, as it was thought impossible that nature, whose known laws were so simple and harmonious, should have so blundered in describing the orbits of the planets as to make it possible for them to push one another out of their paths.

Those philosophers who combined scientific experiment with a belief in astrology and the supernatural, still held the old belief of the crystal spheres in which the planets were borne around, and which has a mystic relation to the ten heavens and the atmospheres of air and fire; while a more common and simpler theory, which was admitted by some of the most learned men, was that each planet was carried through its orbit by an angel.

But the sixteenth century was a time of earnest thought, and of great men whose achievements had already made it famous in the history of science, and it was felt that whatever problem might vex the human mind would be solved at last, if painstaking labor and devotion to knowledge were of any avail.

The Copernican system had set the current of speculation in new directions, and on the day of the death of Galileo, its most famous supporter, there was born in Woolsthorp, Lincolnshire, England, a child whose name now stands as the greatest in the history of science, and whose work it was to perfect the great theory and prove its truth by means of the most splendid discovery that the world has ever known.

This was Isaac Newton, the descendant of a line of English farmers, who passed the uneventful years of his boyhood in a quiet country home, whose humdrum life gave no hint of the brilliant future in store for him.

A mile from his home was the little hamlet of Stoke, where he attended day school, and where he learned to read and write; and with this first knowledge of books, he displayed also that love of mechanics which showed even at that early age the bent of his mind. He was always making little models of machines, finding hints for them in his plays, and in the suggestions of the world of nature with which he was so early familiar; and the little water-clocks and sun-dials which he made served a still greater purpose than an hour's amusement, for they developed a sense of observation and accurate reasoning which were of the greatest service later on.

When he was twelve years old he entered the grammar school at Grantham, but attracted no attention for any especial talent, and had it not been for the books which he read at home, his school life might have passed without leaving any particular mark upon his character.

But it was during this period that Newton was attracted by some works on chemistry, alchemy, and magnetism, and

the reading of these books made an impression upon his mind which was never lost, and which went far toward determining his career.

From this time a new world was opened to the thoughtful lad who, as he wandered over the meadows around his home, or through the pleasant English lanes, puzzled his head over the questions that had occupied the gravest thinkers of all ages, and wondered if ever the answers would be reached.

Newton entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1661, and almost immediately, attracted the attention of his teachers by his extraordinary talent for mathematics. Subjects which his fellow-students found most difficult he grasped with apparent ease, and he soon became known as one from whom great achievements might be expected. And this expectation was not disappointed, for before leaving college Newton gave proof of the originality of his mind by making certain discoveries in mathematics which at once attracted the attention of scientific men, and promised a future of renown.

It was in the same year that he left college—1665—that Newton conceived the great idea that won him eternal fame, and, strange as it may seem, this idea was something quite apart from the studies in mathematics and light which had hitherto occupied his mind.

The great question of the motion of the earth was ever before men's minds, and Newton's experiments in light and his mathematical discoveries still left room for thoughts of the problem that had not yet been solved by ancient or modern philosophers, although from time to time some hint of the meaning had been given. The old Greeks had claimed that all motion in the universe was caused by the action of two forces which they called love and hate, and the alchemists had taught that all nature was pervaded by a subtle power which could not only change base metals to gold and give man an infinite existence on the earth, but also held sway over the remotest regions of space, and bound the stars and planets in

its mystic rule.

Newton's early studies had made him familiar with the older theories, and also with the laws of chemistry, which demonstrated the close relation which existed between different forms of matter. Kepler's laws exactly describe the motions of the heavenly bodies which Galileo's telescope had first proven, but the question still remained—what gave the planets their motion, and carried them around the sun—and Newton, in is twenty-fourth year, gave evidence of the masterly powers of his mind by offering an explanation so clear and yet so simple as to perfectly harmonize with the known laws of nature, and place its probability beyond a doubt.

Experiments had shown that magnetism, or the power of attraction, existed between certain bodies, but the nature and power of this force were quite unknown. The ancients were content to say that certain bodies had a breath, or life, which attracted other bodies, and so let the mysterious power alone; and in later times, while it was known that this power of attraction existed in a far greater degree than had formerly been supposed, it was still an almost unknown subject. Kepler and other astronomers even went so far as to say that the planets attracted one another, but how great this attraction was and what result it would have were not demonstrated.

Still the subject was one of intense interest to philosophers, and was ever present in their thoughts, and as the smallest incident often leads to great results, so in the case of Newton, the simple circumstance of an apple falling from a tree in the garden in which he was sitting, suggested a train of thought which finally led to the discovery of the great law which holds the planets in their courses and governs the remotest stars.

It was an accepted fact in philosophy, that all objects on the earth were held there by magnetism, or the force of attraction, and that in fact the earth was a great magnet which held all things upon it in their places, and kept them from flying

off into space, just as surely as the loadstone attracted steel.

The fall of the apple from the tree led Newton to the thought that the magnetic power of the earth must also extend to things beyond its surface, and not in actual contact with it, and this suggested the still greater idea that, if the earth had any attractive power at all, this power must be felt to the farthest limit of the solar system, though in a much less degree. Newton at once perceived that if this were true the earth would exert an attraction over the moon, and he immediately undertook to see if this were so.

Ever since the establishment of the Copernican system, astronomers had been trying to find out what power kept the moon revolving around the earth; for it was evident that, according to the laws of motion, the moon would fly off into space were it not for the action of some powerful but unknown force.

Newton decided that whatever this power was, it must also exist between Jupiter and his moons in order to agree with the harmonious working of the universe, and he therefore made a calculation which proved that Jupiter's moons revolved around him and were kept in their orbits by the same power which the earth exerted over all objects on and near it, and that this power was greater or less according to the distance of the satellite from the planet; or that Jupiter exerted a certain power over the nearest moon, less power over the next in order, and so on. This being established, it was an easy matter to determine if the earth kept her moon in place in the same way. But the most accurate calculations failed to prove the truth of the theory, and Newton was obliged to own to himself that his reasoning had been at fault. He therefore said nothing of his hope or disappointment, resolving to keep both secret until time should have given better opportunities for a study of the problem.

Ten years afterward a French mathematician announced that the accepted theory of the moon's distance from the

earth was incorrect, and that the moon was in reality farther from the earth than had been supposed. This discovery at once led Newton back to his old theory in regard to the attractive power of the earth, for, since the degree of attraction depended upon the distance, he saw that his former hope might still be realized. He therefore began another calculation based upon the new value of the moon's distance, and so great was his joy on finding that the numbers were coming out as he wished, that his excitement prevented him from finishing the calculation, and he had to ask the aid of a friend. This success was immediately followed up by calculations on the satellites of Saturn, and the same result was obtained. Newton then extended his observations to the revolution of the planets around the sun, and to the motion of comets; and finally, after innumerable experiments and calculations, gave to the world his great law of attraction, viz., that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force depending upon the weight and the distance—a body twice as heavy as another body exerting twice the force, and a body at twice the distance exerting one-fourth the force.

This law, which is generally known as the law of gravitation, is considered the greatest discovery ever made by the human mind.

Not only did it solve the question of the means by which the planets were carried around the sun, but it proved that the planets had this motion simply because of their mutual attraction, and the attraction of the sun; and that the whole universe was governed by the same law, which kept the planets in their orbits, governed the movement of comets, and controlled the entire mechanism of the heavens.

Newton also deduced from this law the correct figure of the earth, proving that gravitation, which caused the earth to rotate on its axis, would also give it a spheroidal shape, and not make it the perfect sphere which it had been supposed to be; the simple experiment of a circular elastic hoop made to

rotate around a fixed axis being sufficient to prove that a rotating body always tends to assume a spheroidal form, and to be flattened at its poles in proportion to the rapidity of movement. And although at this time there was no means of finding out the figure of the earth by actual measurement, later on it was proven by conclusive experiment that Newton's theory in regard to it was so correct as to approach very nearly to the actual amount of oblateness.

Newton also proved that tides were caused by the attraction exerted by the sun and moon upon the earth, the moon exerting much more force than the sun, because of its nearness to the earth. When the sun and moon are both on the same side of the earth their force is united, and they draw the water away from the earth toward them, and the earth away from the water at the point directly opposite; and when the sun and moon are on opposite sides of the earth the same thing happens; so that at these times—at new and full moon—the highest tides occur; the lowest tides occurring when the sun and moon are at right angles, for then their forces do not act together, one drawing in one line and the other in a line perpendicular to it, so that much of the attraction is lost.

These and many other phenomena were explained by Newton as having their origin in the attraction of gravitation, and the results of his investigations, together with his work on other subjects, were finally summed up in his great work called the "Principia," which was published in 1687, the cost of the printing being born by Halley, the astronomer, as Newton himself could not afford the expense.

Although it might have been supposed that the grand, yet simple, principles laid down in the "Principia" would appeal to every scientific mind, yet such was not the case, and Newton had to suffer from that misapprehension and prejudice which fall to the lot of every original thinker. But few people were capable of understanding the new ways of reasoning which Newton introduced, and some of the most

celebrated astronomers of the day derided the conclusions as absurd and false. Books were written to prove that the phenomena of the heavens could be explained on entirely different principles from those laid down in the "Principia," and it was even said that the Newtonian philosophy was simply another form of the old superstition of the ancients, who believed in the presence of mysterious agents, working in undiscoverable ways, and holding all the universe in their subtle power. But the new thought made its way surely, if slowly, and during the next century was accepted by the whole world of science.

The mystery which had baffled the ages was unfolded at last, and the old dreams of the "world-secret," the faith of Copernicus, the vision of Galileo, and the inspiration of Kepler, were triumphantly shown to have been, not idle play, but divine leadings toward the discovery of the greatest truth of nature that has ever been revealed to man.

What this mysterious power is which binds the universe together in one harmonious whole, we do not know. We can only see its workings, and define its results, and the rest is unknown. Nature holds her grandest secrets close, and even Newton, her greatest interpreter, after a long life of research, could only sum up his experience in these significant words: "I have been but as a child playing on the sea-shore; now finding some pebble rather more polished, and now some shell more beautifully variegated than another, while the immense ocean of truth extended before me unexplored."

Susanna Wesley

1669-1742, England

One of the extremely interesting places in London is Bunhill Fields, completely filled with graves, a quiet, suggestive spot in the midst of the commotion of a great city. John Bunyan has been long sleeping there. Close to his grave is one beside which thousands have stood, and will stand, in the years to come. It is the grave of the mother of John Wesley.

Here he preached at her death one of his most eloquent and impressive sermons. She was his companion, his guide, his ideal woman. He hoped he might find one like her in marriage, but he failed. He hoped he might not survive her, but he was spared many years to do his wonderful work. She was, says Isaac Taylor, "the mother of Methodism in a religious and moral sense; for, her courage, her submissiveness to authority, the high tone of her mind, its independence and its self-control, the warmth of her devotional feelings, and the practical direction given to them, came up and were visibly repeated in the character and conduct of her son."

She was the twenty-fifth, and youngest, child of Dr. Samuel Annesley by his second wife, and was born in London, Jan. 20, 1669. Dr. Annesley was an able and prominent dissenting minister, dignified and handsome, closely related to the Earl of Anglesey. Mrs. Annesley was a lovely woman, the daughter of a member of parliament, who was also one of the Westminster Assembly of divines. Susanna was always a favorite with her father, who gave every attention to her education. "Greek, Latin, and French, and both logic and metaphysics, had formed part of her studies," says Dr. Adam

Clarke. She was deeply interested in the absorbing religious discussions of the day. Though her father was a Nonconformist, she was permitted to think for herself, and joined the Church of England when she was thirteen. In these early years a youth, Samuel Wesley, six and a half years older than herself, visited at the Annesley home.

When Samuel was sixteen, his father died, leaving his widow and children in very poor circumstances. Several persons contributed thirty pounds a year, and sent the lad to school in London, where he met Susanna Annesley and, doubtless, enjoyed her bright conversation, and admired her beauty.

At twenty-one, he, too, left the Nonconformists and joined the Church of England; possibly he had influenced Susanna in her choice.

Determined to study and enter the ministry, he walked to Oxford one August morning, in 1683, with a little over two pounds in his pocket, and entered Exeter College. He maintained himself by teaching and some literary work, and after graduation became a curate in London, with an income of thirty pounds a year. This he doubled by writing, and on sixty pounds a year the young couple—Samuel, twenty-seven, and Susanna, twenty—began their married life in London lodgings in 1689.

It must have required great faith to marry on this income; it required something more than faith in the years of privation which followed. The young husband was an untiring student, a man of cheerful nature, and devoted to his work. The wife was a person of fine manners and uncommon beauty. Dr. Adam Clarke says: "She was not only graceful but beautiful in person. Her sister, Judith, painted by Sir Peter Lely, is represented as a very beautiful woman. One who well knew both said, 'Beautiful as Miss Annesley appears, she was far from being as beautiful as Mrs. Wesley.'"

The Marquis of Normandy heard of the poverty of the

young minister, and obtained for him the position of rector at South Ormsby, where the salary was fifty pounds a year, instead of thirty. Mr. Wesley was not preaching for money; but having a son four months old, named Samuel, after himself, added to his family, he looked upon the twenty pounds' increase as a great blessing.

They left London with its activities, its libraries, and its cultivated people for the little parish of thirty-six houses and two hundred and sixty persons, at South Ormsby. Mr. Wesley tried to make the best of it, and found expression for his loneliness in verse:—

> "In a mean cot, composed of reeds and clay,
> Wasting in sighs the uncomfortable day;
> Near where the inhospitable Humber roars,
> Devouring by degrees the neighboring shores.
> Let earth go where it will, I'll not repine,
> Nor can unhappy be, while Heaven is mine."

The next year, in 1691, a little girl was born to the Wesleys, but died two years later. In January, 1692, Emilia was born, and in 1694 twin boys, Annesley and Jedediah, who died in infancy. A few months after their death another little girl was born, named Susanna; and then Mary, who, through a fall, became deformed and ill.

Mrs. Wesley's life was already full of cares. Three children had died, and of the four who were living, one was continually ill, while the mother, a slight, frail woman, was not yet twenty-seven years of age.

Besides his parish work, Mr. Wesley was writing his heroic poem in ten books, on "The Life of our Blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." The work was dedicated to Queen Mary. Pope and others pronounced it "intolerably dull," but it went through a second edition. It was probably of little pecuniary help to the beautiful wife and four children.

Mr. Wesley thus describes his wife in the volume:—

"She graced my humble roof and blest my life,
Blest me by a far greater name than wife;
Yet still I bore an undisputed sway,
Nor was't her task, but pleasure, to obey.
Scarce thought, much less could act, what I denied.
In our low house there was no room for pride
Nor need I e'er direct what still was right,
She studied my convenience and delight:
Nor did I for her care ungrateful prove,
But only used my power to show my love:
Whate'er she asked I gave without reproach or grudge,
For still she reason asked and I was judge."

As Mrs. Wesley was a person of very strong will, and could not have been the grand woman that she was without it, perhaps the "undisputed sway" was somewhat imaginary, but seeming real to him was doubtless comforting.

In the latter part of 1696, Dr. Annesley died, and Mrs. Wesley sincerely mourned her gifted father, but believing in the communion of departed spirits with those left on earth, she found great consolation in the thought that he was always near his favorite child.

Early in 1697 the Wesleys removed to Epworth, a small market town of two thousand inhabitants. It is said that Queen Mary, not forgetting the dedication of the life of Christ, shortly before her last illness expressed a wish that Mr. Wesley should have the living of Epworth, worth two hundred pounds.

The house was of timber and plaster, three stories high and thatched with straw, with large grounds attached. Mr. Wesley determined to farm his own glebe, and therefore purchased oxen and the necessary farming implements. He was in debt already, and was obliged to borrow one hundred and

fifty pounds to furnish the house, move his family, and begin life in the new parish. These debts he was never able to cancel, and they proved the intolerable burden of his life.

Soon after the family were settled, Mehetabel was born; the next year the ninth child, which soon died, and in the two years following, John and Benjamin, both of whom died in infancy.

In May, 1701, poverty, even worse than usual, stared Mr. and Mrs. Wesley in the face. The latter was feeble, and often confined to her bed for six months at a time. Writing poetry for London publishers brought little remuneration. Coal was needed, and the last six shillings were used to buy it.

It is probable that the parishioners did not inquire whether the rector had any money in his pocket so long as he preached the gospel regularly. Fortunately, Archbishop Sharpe heard of their poverty, spoke to several of the nobility about it, and even appealed to the House of Lords.

The Countess of Northampton, moved to pity, sent twenty pounds to the family, ten of which Mr. Wesley gave to his own widowed mother. The money was received in both families with thanksgiving.

That evening, May 16, a boy and a girl were born in the Wesley home, but soon died, and the next year, 1702, Annie was born.

The children must be educated; but how? There was no money for schooling, and Mr. Wesley had little time to spare from his church and his writing. The educated but delicate mother must do it.

She, therefore, began her household school, and for six hours a day through twenty years she continued it. When her son John had become a noted man, he begged her to write some details of the education of her children, to which she reluctantly consented. She said, "No one can, without renouncing the world in the most literal sense, observe my method; and there are few, if any, that would devote above

twenty years of the prime of life in hopes to save the souls of their children, which they think may be saved without so much ado; for that was my principal intention, however unskilfully and unsuccessfully managed."

The children were early taught to obey, and to "cry softly." A child was never allowed to have a thing because he cried for it, and John Wesley used to emphasize this in his talks to parents, urging that if a child obtained a thing because he cried, that he would cry again. Mrs. Wesley says, "That most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house."

One cannot help wishing that Mrs. Wesley had lived on through the centuries to teach this doctrine.

"Drinking or eating between meals was never allowed," she says; "unless in case of sickness, which seldom happened. ... At six, as soon as family prayer was over, they had their supper; at seven the maid washed them, and, beginning at the youngest, she undressed and got them all to bed by eight, at which time she left them in their several rooms awake, for there was no such thing allowed of in our house as sitting by a child till it fell asleep."

The children were taught never to address each other without prefixing "brother" or "sister," a fashion which John Wesley followed through life, as indeed he did thousands of things taught him by his mother. Her will was law with him, her letters through college his oracles, her life his blessed example.

With great firmness she combined great patience. Once, when she repeated the same thing to one child twenty times, her husband said, "I wonder at your patience; you have told that child twenty times that same thing."

"If I had satisfied myself by mentioning it only nineteen times," she replied, "I should have lost all my labor. It was the twentieth time that crowned it."

Psalms were sung every morning and night at the opening

and the closing of school. Each elder child took a younger one morning and evening, and read a chapter in the Bible with him or her, after which each went to private devotions. As soon as they could speak the Lord's Prayer was taught them.

They were to be courteous in all things; a servant was never allowed to grant a favor unless the child said, "Pray give me such a thing." If a child confessed a fault and promised to reform, he was not punished. "This rule," says Mrs. Wesley, "prevented a great deal of lying." Nor was he ever reminded of it afterwards. Acts of obedience were commended. Mrs. Wesley had learned early that the world forgets to commend, but rarely forgets to blame. No one could take the property of another, even to the value of a pin. Every promise must be strictly observed, and a gift once bestowed could not be taken back. The children were not taught to read till they were five years old, and then the letters and small words were learned from the first chapter of Genesis.

In 1702 Mr. Wesley had published his "History of the Old and New Testament attempted in verse, and adorned with three hundred and thirty sculptures," but for this money failed to flow in as he had expected. He therefore went on horseback to London and appealed in various quarters for aid. The Dean of Exeter gave him ten pounds, the Archbishop of Canterbury ten guineas, and others to the amount of sixty pounds. Possibly these were subscriptions previously promised.

He had been home but a short time when his house took fire. He wrote to Archbishop Sharpe, "He that's born to be a poet must, I am afraid, live and die poor; for on the last of July, 1702, a fire broke out in my house by some sparks which took hold of the thatch this dry time, and consumed about two thirds of it before it could be quenched.... I got one of his horses [a sick neighbor's, whom he was visiting], rode up, and heard by the way that my wife, children, and books were saved, for which God be praised, as well as for what He has

taken.

"I find it is some happiness to have been miserable, for my mind has been so blunted with former misfortunes that this scarce made any impression upon me."

The house was rebuilt with great difficulty. A fifteenth child was born into the home June 17, 1703, old style, or June 28, new style, and this was John Wesley, the founder of Methodism.

A few weeks later Mr. Wesley's crop of flax was set on fire, perhaps by some incendiary. As that was a day of theological conflicts, and Mr. Wesley was not disinclined to be belligerent with his pen, he doubtless made some enemies.

Samuel, the first born, had been sent to Westminster School, where he became distinguished for scholarship. His fond mother wrote him long letters, chiefly about religion, asking him to preserve them till he was older and could better understand them. He seems to have confided in her. Would not anybody in such a mother? She writes: "If you have wasted or misemployed your time, take more care of what remains. If in anything you want counsel or advice, speak freely to me, and I will gladly assist you. I commit you to God's protection.... If you can, possibly, set apart the hours of Sunday, in the afternoon, from four to six for this employment [prayer and meditation], which time I have also determined to the same work. May that Infinite Being, whose we are, and whom I hope we endeavor to serve and love, accept us and bless us.... I think your health and studies require that you should take a pretty deal of exercise. You know whether your heart be too much set upon it. If it be, I will tell you what rule I observed in the same case when I was young and much addicted to childish diversions, which was this: never to spend more time in any matter of recreation in one day than I spent in private religious duties."

Again, she writes: "I would advise you, as much as possible in your present circumstances, to throw your business into a

certain method, by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find an unspeakable facility in the performance of your respective duties.... Appoint so much time for sleep, eating, company, etc., but above all things, my dear Sammy, I command you, I beg, I beseech you, to be very strict in observing the Lord's Day. In all things endeavor to act on principle, and do not live like the rest of mankind, who pass through the world like straws upon a river, which are carried which way the stream or wind drives them.... I am sorry that you lie under a necessity of conversing with those that are none of the best; but we must take the world as we find it, since it is a happiness permitted to a very few to choose their company."

She writes him as "the son of my tenderest love, my friend, in whom is my inexpressible delight, my future hope of happiness in this world, for whom I weep and pray in my retirements from the world, when no mortal knows the agonies of my soul on your account, no eyes see my tears, which are only beheld by that Father of Spirits of whom I so importunately beg grace for you that I hope I may at last be heard."

Mr. Wesley writes earnest letters to his beloved Samuel, and speaks thus beautifully of his noble wife: "You will, I verily believe, remember that these obligations of gratitude, love, and obedience, and the expressions of them, are not confined to your tender years, but must last to the very close of your life, and even after that render her memory most dear and precious to you.... You will endeavor to repay her prayers for you by doubling yours for her, as well as your fervency in them; and, above all things, to live such a virtuous and religious life that she may find that her care and love have not been lost upon you, but that we may all meet in heaven.

"In short, reverence and love her as much as you will, which I hope will be as much as you can. For though I should be jealous of any other rival in your heart, yet I will not be of her; the more duty you pay her, and the more frequently and

kindly you write to her, the more you will please your affectionate father."

The Epworth household went on as usual, except that financial matters were growing worse. Hard-working Mr. Wesley had written a poem of nearly six hundred lines, "Marlborough, or the Fate of Europe," on the duke who had gained the battle of Blenheim, August, 1704.

The faithful Archbishop Sharpe showed the poem to the duke, who appointed Mr. Wesley to the chaplaincy of Col. Lepelle's regiment, but the Whigs gaining a victory in politics soon after, the rector was deprived of the chaplaincy, and insulted by a mob on account of his Tory sympathies. They fired pistols about his house, and under the window where his wife lay ill. Her infant of three weeks old had been carried across the street to a nurse, who, broken of her rest by the disturbance, smothered the child when she fell asleep; and then, nearly crazed by the accident, carried it dead to the arms of its mother.

Brave Susanna Wesley bore all these things well; for her husband writes to the archbishop, "All this, thank God, does not in the least sink my wife's spirits. For my own, I feel them disturbed and disordered."

Other troubles soon followed. Mr. Wesley owed some money to one of the persons whom he had angered in the recent election, was arrested and sent to Lincoln jail. The archbishop, in deep sympathy, wrote asking how much he owed. Mr. Wesley replied, "Three hundred pounds"; but he cheerfully adds, "I hope to rise again, as I have always done, when at the lowest, and I think I cannot be much lower now."

While in jail he devoted himself to his companions, and wrote Archbishop Sharpe: "I don't despair of doing some good here (and so long I sha'n't lose quite the end of living), and, it may be, do more in this parish than in my old one, for I have leave to read prayers every morning and afternoon here in the prison, and to preach once a Sunday, which I choose to do in

the afternoon, when there is no sermon at the minster. And I am getting acquainted with my brother jail-birds as fast as I can, and shall write to London, next post, to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, who, I hope, will send me some books to distribute among them." The cows on his farm were mutilated, and also his house-dog, because he barked; but Mr. Wesley adds, "'T is not everyone who could bear these things, but I bless God my wife is less concerned with suffering them than I am in the writing, or than I believe your grace will be in reading them."

The Archbishop of York went to see Mrs. Wesley, and said, "Tell me, Mrs. Wesley, whether you ever really wanted bread."

"My lord," said she, "I will freely own to your grace that, strictly speaking, I never did want bread. But then I had so much care to get it before it was eat, and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant to me. And I think to have bread on such terms is the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all."

"You are certainly right," said the archbishop, and gave her a generous sum of money.

Mr. Wesley remained in prison for three months. His heart must have been touched when his wife sent him her rings to help cancel the debt, "because she had nothing else to relieve me with," he says. But he returned them. Finally, several persons raised money enough to pay half the debts; and Mr. Wesley joyfully writes, "I feel I walk a deal lighter, and hope I shall sleep better now these sums are paid.... I am a bad beggar, and worse at returning formal thanks, but I can pray heartily for my benefactors." He returned to his rejoicing family.

In the latter part of 1706 another child was born, Martha, who closely resembled John, both in looks and character. On Dec. 18, 1707, Mrs. Wesley's eighteenth child was born, Charles, whose hymns have been the delight of thousands.

The babe was so delicate that he was wrapped in wool, and "neither cried nor opened his eyes for several weeks," says Eliza Clarke in her "Life of Susanna Wesley."

A most trying calamity was coming to the Wesleys. They had suffered poverty, imprisonment, and the horrors of debt. On the night of Feb. 9, 1709, Epworth Rectory was burned to the ground. Five days afterwards Mrs. Wesley thus describes the desolation to her eldest son, Samuel: "The fire broke out about eleven or twelve at night, we being all in bed, nor did we perceive it till the roof of the corn chamber was burnt through, and the fire fell upon your sister Hetty's bed, which stood in the little room joining upon it. She awaked, and immediately ran to call your father, who lay in the red chamber.

"We had no time to take our clothes, but ran all naked. I called to Betty to bring the children out of the nursery; she took up Patty and left Jacky [John] to follow her, but he, going to the door, and seeing all on fire, ran back again. We got the street door open, but the wind drove the flame with such violence that none could stand against it. I tried thrice to break through, but was driven back. I made another attempt and waded through the fire, which did me no other hurt than to scorch my legs and face.

"When I was in the yard I looked about for your father and the children, but, seeing none, concluded them all lost. But, I thank God, I was mistaken. Your father carried sister Emily, Sukey, and Patty into the garden; then missing Jacky, he ran back into the house to see if he could save him. He heard him miserably crying out in the nursery, and attempted several times to get up-stairs, but was beat back by the flames; then he thought him lost, and commended his soul to God, and went to look after the rest. The child climbed up to the window, and called out to them in the yard; they got up to the casement and pulled him out just as the roof fell into the chamber. Harry broke the glass of the parlor window, and

threw out your sisters Matty and Hetty, and so by God's great mercy we all escaped."

And then she adds to this pitiful letter, homeless and penniless as they are, "Do not be discouraged; God will provide for you."

Mr. Wesley writes to the Duke of Buckingham, that when he heard that "killing cry" of his Jacky, and could not help, "I made them all kneel down in the garden, and we prayed God to receive his soul."

John Wesley, who was then six years old, always felt that God had miraculously saved him. He believed that the moment when his father was praying for him in the garden he awoke.

"I did not cry, as they imagined," he says, "unless it was afterwards. I remember all the circumstances as distinctly as though it were but yesterday. Seeing the room was very light, I called to the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtains and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could get no farther, all beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed up on the chest which stood near the window; one in the yard saw me, and proposed running to fetch a ladder.

"Another answered, 'There will not be time; but I have thought of another experiment. Here, I will fix myself against the wall, lift a light man and set him on my shoulders.' They did so, and he took me out of the window. Just then the whole roof fell in; but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once. When they brought me into the house where my father was, he cried out, 'Come, neighbors, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children; let the house go; I am rich enough.'"

The books which had been purchased with the utmost self-denial were all gone; the collection of Hebrew poetry, the papers of the Annesley family, twenty pounds in money, and their clothing. A month after the fire, in March, 1709, Mrs.

Wesley's nineteenth and last child was born, Kezia, who, like Charles, was extremely frail.

The fire, for a time, broke up the Epworth household. Susanna and Hetty went to London to stay with their uncles, Samuel Annesley and Matthew Wesley. Emilia, who was seventeen, and fitting herself to be a governess, stayed with her mother for a year in lodgings, caring for her with a peculiar tenderness and sympathy.

The rectory was rebuilt, after a time, in the Queen Anne style of red brick, at a cost of four hundred pounds, and the scattered Wesleys were gathered again into the fold. The rector, though he could ill afford it, journeyed to London for several winters as the representative of the clergy in his diocese, in convocation.

Mrs. Wesley's teaching went on as usual. Sometimes, in the evening, Emilia read to her mother. The latter writes to her husband at London that Emilia has been reading an account of a Danish mission to Tranquebar: "Their labors refreshed my soul beyond measure," she says; "and I could not forbear spending a good part of that evening in praising and adoring the Divine goodness for inspiring those good men with such ardent zeal for His glory. For some days I could think and speak of little else.

"It then came into my mind, though I am not a man nor a minister of the Gospel, yet if I were inspired with a true zeal for His glory and really desired the salvation of souls, I might do more than I do.... However, I resolved to begin with my own children, and accordingly I proposed and observed the following method: I take such a proportion of time as I can best spare every night to discourse with each child by itself, on something that relates to its principal concerns. On Monday I talk with Molly, on Tuesday with Hetty, Wednesday with Nancy, Thursday with Jacky, Friday with Patty, Saturday with Charles; and with Emily and Sukey together on Sunday."

These Thursday talks with John were never forgotten by him, and he wrote her years afterwards when he was a Fellow of Lincoln College: "If you can spare me only that little part of Thursday evening which you formerly bestowed upon me in another manner, I doubt not it would be as useful now for correcting my heart, as it was then for forming my judgment."

Since John had been so wonderfully preserved to her, Mrs. Wesley writes in her private meditations: "I do intend to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child, that Thou hast so mercifully provided for, than ever I have been, that I may do my endeavor to instil into his mind the principles of Thy true religion and virtue."

Besides Mrs. Wesley's school duties, she prepared for the religious instruction of her children three text-books: "A Manual of Natural Theology," "An Exposition of the Leading Truths of the Gospel, based upon the Apostles' Creed," and "A Practical Exposition of the Ten Commandments," besides sixty pages of manuscript, entitled "A Religious Conference between Mother and Emilia."

Reading of the Danish mission was about to bear fruit, even if Mrs. Wesley was "not a man nor a minister of the Gospel," for in 1710 she began to hold service every Sunday evening in the rectory kitchen for the benefit of her own children and servants. Others asked permission to come till soon two hundred or more were present, and many were obliged to go away for lack of room. She read a sermon and then held converse with the people. A woman who could write theological books for her children could talk as acceptably, doubtless, as the curate who preached in Mr. Wesley's absence.

This was indeed an innovation, and Mr. Wesley wrote to his godly and intellectual wife remonstrating with her.

She replied in a way that must have been convincing if not conclusive: "The main of your objections," she writes, "against our Sunday evening meetings are—first, that it will

look particular; secondly, my sex; and lastly, your being at present in a public station and character.... As to its looking particular, I grant it does; and so does almost everything that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls, if it be performed out of a pulpit, or in the way of a common conversation.... To your second, I reply that as I am a woman, so I am also a mistress of a large family. And though the superior charge of the souls contained in it lies upon you, as head of the family and as their minister, yet in your absence I cannot but look upon every soul you leave under my care as a talent committed to me, under a trust, by the great Lord of all the families of heaven and earth.... I never durst positively presume to hope that God would make use of me as an instrument in doing good; the farthest I ever durst go was, 'It may be; who can tell? With God all things are possible.'"

To his third objection that he was in a "public station," she replies: "If I and my children went a-visiting on Sunday nights, or if we admitted of impertinent visits, as too many do who think themselves good Christians, perhaps it would be thought no scandalous practice, though, in truth, it would be so.

"Therefore, why any should reflect upon you, let your station be what it will, because your wife endeavors to draw people to the church, and to restrain them, by reading and other persuasions, from their profanation of God's most holy day, I cannot conceive. But if any should be so mad as to do it, I wish you would not regard it. For my part, I value no censure on this account."

When Mr. Inman, the rector, wrote Mr. Wesley asking him to stop his wife's meetings, and saying that more people went to hear her than came to the church to hear him, Mr. Wesley again remonstrated. Mrs. Wesley wrote back that some who had not been inside a church for seven years came to her meetings, and then she wisely puts the responsibility on

him: "If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you desire me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me your positive command, in such full and express terms as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ."

John Wesley never forgot these precious services, and felt that if his mother could win souls, other women should not be debarred from such a labor of love. It is not strange that in his great work in after years, women should have been his invaluable helpers, both by word and deed.

Nearly two centuries have come and gone since the mother of Wesley held services in the Epworth rectory. How many noble and educated women since then have prayed and preached! And what human being shall dare to close the door which Susanna Wesley helped to open for her sex?

John had entered Charterhouse School, London, when he was a little over ten years of age, on the nomination of the Duke of Buckingham. Here he studied for six years, and became a favorite with both teachers and pupils. Through the tyranny of the older boys, who took away the food of the younger, he says, "From ten to fourteen I had little but bread to eat, and not great plenty of that." He was ambitious, and necessarily so, if, as Addison says, "Men of the greatest abilities are most fired with ambition."

Of course, letter after letter passed from the devoted mother to her son. Now she wrote of the "knockings" at the rectory which have never been accounted for; now to keep courage in his struggle with poverty—he had gone to Christ Church, Oxford, on a forty-pound scholarship from the Charterhouse School—"and to hope for better days."

A rich brother, Samuel Annesley, was coming from India, and he would probably help them all. Mr. Wesley had acted as his agent for a time, but the arrangement had not been

satisfactory. He blamed Mr. Wesley, and the loyal wife replied that her husband might not be "fit for worldly business," but added, "Did I not know that Almighty wisdom hath views and ends in fixing the bounds of our habitation, which are out of our ken, I should think it a thousand pities that a man of his brightness and rare endowments of learning and useful knowledge in relation to the church of God should be confined to an obscure corner of this country, where his talents are buried, and he determined to a way of life for which he is not so well qualified as I could wish."

Sukey, who had been led to expect aid from her uncle, becoming discouraged by poverty, married, unwisely, a man from whom she afterwards separated. Mrs. Wesley went to London to meet the brother from India, but he did not come, and was never heard from afterwards. When John learned that his mother was going to London, he wept for joy at the thought of seeing her, but as he had no money, he could not leave Oxford.

On closing his college life, John began to think of becoming a clergyman. He wrote to his father, who counselled him to wait, fearing that he might be inclined to this step merely as a profession, but his mother understood him better, and wrote at once, "I was much pleased with your letter to your father about taking holy orders, and liked the proposal well.... I approve the disposition of your mind, and think the sooner you are a deacon the better." Mr. Wesley soon agreed with his wife.

John wrote her, making inquiries about predestination and other doctrines which troubled him, and she, with her superior education, answered with rare ability and clear judgment. She advised what books to read. Thomas à Kempis, on the "Imitation of Christ," and Jeremy Taylor's "Rules for Holy Living and Dying" made a lasting impression upon John Wesley. After reading the latter, he said, "I resolved to dedicate all my life to God—all my thoughts and words and

actions,—being thoroughly convinced there was no medium." What John Wesley would have been with an ignorant mother, it is difficult to conjecture. The old question of ways and means could not be ignored. The expenses of ordination must be met. Poor Mr. Wesley wrote his son, "I will assist you in the charges for ordination, though I am myself just now struggling for life."

John was ordained deacon Sept. 19, 1725, and in the following March was elected Fellow of Lincoln College. His father had interceded for him with Dr. Morley, rector of the college, telling John meantime to "study hard lest your opponents beat you"; and when elected, with a glowing heart, though burdened with debt, writing, "I have done more than I could do for you.... The last twelve pounds pinched me so hard that I am forced to beg time of your brother Sam till after harvest to pay him the ten pounds that you say he lent you. Nor shall I have as much as that, perhaps not five pounds, to keep my family till after harvest.... What will be my own fate God only knows. Wherever I am, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln."

For more than a quarter of a century John Wesley held this honorable position. He laid out a plan of work, and closely followed it. Mondays and Tuesdays he devoted to Greek and Roman historians and poets; Wednesdays to logic and ethics; Thursdays to Hebrew and Arabic; Fridays to metaphysics and natural philosophy: Saturdays to oratory and poetry, chiefly to composing; and Sundays to divinity. He perfected himself in French, and gave considerable time to mathematics and optics.

He wrote to his brother Samuel, "Leisure and I have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live."

In the summer of 1727 John came to Epworth to assist his father who had become somewhat disabled by paralysis. He was now sixty-five years old, and poverty and labor were telling upon the rector of Epworth. Brain work was fatiguing, but

poverty a thousand times more so, and the never-to-be-lifted debt was eating like a cancer. Strange that somebody did not lift the burden! And yet we are as blind today as were the people of Epworth. To be our "brother's keeper" was, and is, a very difficult part of religion.

All were delighted to have John at home. He seems to have fallen somewhat in love with Betty Kirkham, which he confides to his mother, but he is soon recalled to Lincoln by Dr. Morley to become Greek lecturer and moderator of the classes, with several private pupils, and is so busy that his love matter is neglected or forgotten. When John returned to college he found that his brother Charles, who was at Christ Church, Oxford, had gathered round him a small band of Christian young men who not only studied earnestly, but met frequently evenings to read the Greek Testament together. Charles attributed his increased spirituality to "somebody's prayers—my mother's, most likely."

John at once joined the little band, and, being older, became the leader. They were all devoted churchmen, visited the poor and the sick, prisoners and debtors—the Wesley boys must have had a tender feeling for the latter—went without all luxuries and many necessities for the sake of doing good; and, living with all the method to which they had been trained by Mrs. Wesley, were nicknamed "Methodists."

John Wesley began to rise at four o'clock in the morning for his work, and continued in this habit for sixty years. In the first six years the number of Methodists grew to fourteen. Who supposed then that it would ever grow to over fourteen millions?

John wrote his father of the work they were doing, and the good old man wrote back, "I have the highest reason to bless God that He has given me two sons together at Oxford, to whom He has granted grace and courage to turn the war against the world and the devil."

A curacy was offered to John eight miles from Oxford, at

thirty pounds a year, which he accepted in addition to his other work. When he had thirty pounds a year, he lived on twenty-eight pounds, and gave away two. The next year, receiving sixty pounds, he lived on twenty-eight, and gave away thirty-two. The third year he received ninety, and gave away sixty-two.

One cold winter's day, a young girl whom the Methodists were keeping at school, called upon John Wesley. She looked nearly frozen. "You seem half starved," said Wesley; "have you nothing to wear but that linen gown?"

"Sir, this is all I have," said the girl.

Wesley put his hand in his pocket, and found it nearly empty. Then he looked at the pictures on his walls. "It struck me," he says, "will thy Master say, 'Well done, good and faithful steward'? Thou hast adorned thy walls with the money which might have screened this poor creature from the cold! O justice! O mercy! Are not these pictures the blood of this poor maid?"

This habit of giving he continued through life. When he was an old man he wrote in his journal, "For upwards of eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly. I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can: that is, all I have."

In one of his last impassioned sermons, he says, "Leave children enough to live on, not in idleness and luxury, but by honest industry. And if you have not children, upon what scriptural or rational principle can you leave a groat behind you more than will bury you?... Oh, leave nothing behind you! Lend all you have before you go into a better world! Lend it, lend it all unto the Lord, and it shall be paid to you again."

In the spring of 1731, Mr. Matthew Wesley, of London, came to Epworth to visit his brother, and on his return wrote a very stern letter to the rector, because he was rearing his family in such poverty. He did not realize that it cost more to

support and educate the rector's eight children than it did his only child.

Mrs. Wesley, as ever, was enduring trials. Several of her daughters, tired of the struggle with poverty, had married unfortunately, and increased their troubles. The bright and beautiful Hetty, who read Greek at eight, married against her will a drinking man, who ill-treated her. Martha, a woman of unusual loveliness of character, married a curate who led a most unworthy life. When he was dying, after he had made her unhappy for forty years, he said, "I have injured an angel—an angel that never reproached me." Kezia died at thirty-two, her affections having been won by the man who was already engaged to Martha.

Mary, the deformed girl, was married to a young man whom the Wesleys educated, and then gave him the living at Wroote, a part of Mr. Wesley's parish. The young couple had fifty pounds a year to live on. Mary and her infant child died a year after her marriage. Mrs. Wesley took this death very much to heart.

In 1734 Mr. Wesley made his last visit to London to see his "Dissertations on the Book of Job," dedicated to Queen Caroline, through the press. Five hundred copies were printed, and Samuel and John, as well as their father, obtained all the subscriptions possible.

Mr. Wesley was growing old, seventy-two—the wonder was that he was not growing discouraged—and how to leave his family provided for was a serious question. He wrote pitifully to Samuel, urging him to become rector of Epworth, and thus care for his mother at her home: "As for your aged and infirm mother, as soon as I drop she must turn out unless you succeed me, which, if you do, and she survives me, I know you'll immediately take her then to your own house, or rather continue her there, where your wife and you will nourish her till we meet again in heaven; and you will be a guide and a stay to the rest of the family."

Samuel did not wish to live at Epworth, and John was urged to come, but he gave twenty-six reasons against it. As ever, through life, Mr. Wesley's hands seemed tied, and he could do no more.

Mrs. Wesley saw that the end was approaching, and wrote John and Charles to come to Epworth. They arrived in time to talk with their father. He longed to see his "Job" through the press and his debts paid, but both these comforts were denied him. Mrs. Wesley came into the room but seldom, for she fainted each time and had to be carried out. At sunset, April 25, 1735, the debt-burdened, devoted Samuel Wesley passed away, while John was praying. Mrs. Wesley was comforted, because she believed that her prayers were answered in his easy death.

The day after the burial in Epworth churchyard, the landlady seized all Mrs. Wesley's "quick stock," Charles wrote to his brother Samuel, valued at forty pounds, for the fifteen pounds which his father owed her. "It will be highly necessary," he adds, "to bring all accounts of what he owed you, that you may mark all the goods in the house as principal creditor, and thereby secure to my mother time and liberty to sell them to the best advantage.... Let the Society [which gave aid to the widows of clergymen] give her what they please, she must be still in some degree burdensome to you, as she calls it. How do I envy you that glorious burden, and wish I could share it with you! You must put me in some way of getting a little money, that I may do something in the shipwreck of the family, though it be no more than furnishing a plank."

Mrs. Wesley moved away from Epworth, the place of so many joys and sorrows to her, and went to live with Emilia, who had been helped by her brothers to establish a school at Gainsborough.

A short time after the death of Mr. Wesley, John and Charles were invited by Gen. James Edward Oglethorpe, a

member of Parliament who had founded the State of Georgia, to go to the New World and help Christianize the natives as well as minister to the colonists. John declined to leave his aged mother. On being urged to go if she would consent, he visited her, determining to abide by her decision. When asked her advice, the brave woman replied, "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more."

This, of course, was decisive, and the two young men bade her farewell, and sailed Oct. 14, 1735, for America.

In her first letter to her beloved John, she mourns that she "does not long to go home, as in reason I ought to do. This often shocks me; and as I constantly pray (almost without ceasing) for thee, my son, so I beg you, likewise, to pray for me, that God would make me better, and take me at the best." One does not wonder that she desired to live, if only to see brighter days if possible! After spending a year or more with Samuel, she went to live with her daughter, Martha.

On the voyage to America the two young ministers used every hour well. Wesley studied German, Spanish, and Italian, when not talking with the passengers or holding service. He found the Indians ready to hear the Gospel, though "they would not be made Christians as the Spaniards make Christians," one of the chiefs said. After two years or more, Wesley decided to return to England, not satisfied with his success, though Whitefield said, "The good Mr. John Wesley has done in America is inexpressible. His name is very precious among the people."

Early in 1738 Wesley met Peter Böhler from Germany, an educated Moravian, who "preached justification through faith in Christ, and of freedom by it from the dominion and guilt of sin." Böhler taught that a man may be converted in an instant from sin to joy in the Holy Spirit. Wesley felt that there was a peace in believing and an assurance of pardon which he did not then possess, and was determined to find it

through prayer.

He was troubled for many days, till, on the evening of May 24, 1738, he experienced a great change. "I felt my heart strangely warmed," he says. "I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins." His joy and peace were not unbroken, but from that time onward he knew no rest in his marvellous work. His message forever after was, "By grace are ye saved, through faith."

"Christians are called to love God with all their hearts, and to serve Him with all their strength," he said, "which is precisely what I apprehend to be meant by the scriptural term, perfection."

He began to preach with renewed ardor. He talked to the felons in Newgate; he spoke in churches and before societies, and the congregations grew larger every day.

Soon the church doors began to be closed against him and Whitefield, and they preached in the open air.

"At first," he says, "I could scarce reconcile myself to this strange way of preaching in the fields; having been all my life, till very lately, so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church."

During the last eight months of 1739 Wesley delivered five hundred discourses, only eight of which were given in churches. At Blackheath, from twelve to fourteen thousand persons gathered to hear him, and quite as many at Moorfields, Kennington Common, and elsewhere. Good Mrs. Wesley was seeing the fruit of her labors.

Persecutions had begun in earnest. John Wesley was forbidden by the sheriff to speak at Newgate, the last place where prohibition was to be expected! The Methodists were called "crack-brained enthusiasts, profane hypocrites, and mad dogs."

In Staffordshire a crowd surrounded Wesley, struck him

with clubs on the breast and mouth till the blood flowed, and one seized him by the hair. The slight, sweetfaced John Wesley said, "Are you willing to hear me speak?"

"No, no; down with him; kill him at once!"

"What evil have I done? Which of you all have I wronged in word or deed?"

"Bring him away, bring him away!" cried the mob.

Wesley began to pray, when the ring-leader said, "Sir, I will spend my life for you; follow me, and no one shall hurt a hair of your head."

"From the beginning to the end," says Wesley, "I found the same presence of mind, as if I had been sitting in my own study. But I took no thought for one moment before another; only once it came into mind, that, if they should throw me into the river, it would spoil the papers that were in my pocket. For myself, I did not doubt but I should swim across, having but a thin coat and a light pair of boots."

Sometimes cattle were driven among the congregations; stones were thrown, one of which struck Wesley between the eyes, but wiping away the blood, he continued preaching. Women were kicked and dragged by the hair, and their clothes set on fire by rockets. Men were knocked down and thrown into the gutters. The houses of those who were called Methodists were torn down and the furniture was broken into fragments.

Thousands of conversions were reported, and many marvellous answers to prayer. Samuel Wesley had become alarmed at such strange doings, and the more so that he had heard that his mother had attended one of these gatherings. He wrote her: "John and Charles are now become so notorious, the world will be curious to know when and how they were born, what schools bred at, what colleges, if in Oxford, and when matriculated, what degrees took, and where, when, and by whom ordained; what books they have written and published. I wish they may spare so much time as

to vouchsafe a little of their story. For my own part, I had much rather have them picking straws within the walls, than preaching in the area of Moorfields.

"It was with exceeding concern and grief I heard you had countenanced a spreading delusion, so far as to be one of Jack's congregation. Is it not enough that I am bereft of both my brothers, but must my mother follow too?"

Two weeks later Samuel Wesley was called away from such earthly distractions as John was engaged in. He died suddenly, Nov. 5, 1739, at the age of forty-nine. Mrs. Wesley bore the death of her first-born and dearly loved Samuel with composure, saying, "He is now at rest.... He hath reached the haven before me, but I shall soon follow him."

A month later she wrote to Charles: "Your brother, whom I shall henceforth call Son Wesley, since my dear Sam is gone home, has just been with me and much revived my spirits.... I want either him or you; for, indeed, in the most literal sense, I am become a little child and want continual succor."

Shortly after Samuel's death, in 1739, John Wesley purchased the old Foundry, near Moorfields, London. It had been used by the government for casting cannon, till in 1716 an explosion left it in ruins. He had no income save the Oxford fellowship, but friends loaned and gave money, some four, six, and ten shillings a year, so that at an expense of about eight hundred pounds a plain chapel to accommodate fifteen hundred persons was built, with a house for lay preachers, and a band-room, large enough for three hundred, where the classes met, and where five o'clock morning service was conducted. The north end of the room was used for a school, and the south end for a book-room where Wesley's publications were sold and the proceeds devoted to Gospel work. During his long ministry he wrote hundreds of pamphlets and books which had an extensive sale.

Besides his own works, he prepared about fifty volumes of the "Christian Library," which were made up of extracts from

the best writers, grammars of five languages, natural philosophy, history, memoirs, etc. His object was "that peasants and persons of neglected education might have the means of acquiring useful knowledge at the smallest expense of time and money."

He used to say, "It cannot be that the people should grow in grace unless they give themselves to reading. A reading people will always be a knowing people."

Over this band-room were the rooms of John Wesley, and thither he brought his idolized mother to live with him. He was then thirty-six. These must have been happy days for tired, trusting Susanna Wesley. She and her son talked together of theological matters. When Thomas Maxfield, one of the first lay preachers, was almost insensibly led from praying with the converts to preaching, and John was disturbed at this new departure, Mrs. Wesley said, "John, take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits of his preaching, and hear him yourself."

Wesley was convinced, and said, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good. What am I, that I should withstand God?"

A little later, Emilia, who had married an impecunious apothecary, was left a widow, and came to live at the Foundry.

Wesley was drawn into some Calvinistic disputes with Whitfield and others, but, in the main, his life was devoted to the one purpose of winning souls. He was punctual, always kept his word, would ride all night rather than fail to meet an appointment, and was careful in the use of time. Once, when he was kept waiting, he exclaimed sadly, "I have lost ten minutes forever!"

Meetings were being held all over Great Britain. The persecutions continued, and so did the conversions. Charles, too, as well as John, was becoming known and loved for his hymns. During his life it is said that he composed not far from six

thousand six hundred. The Wesleys collected and furnished the tunes for their people. John said to his preachers, "Exhort everyone in the congregation to sing, not one in ten only."

In 1742, when John was thirty-nine, he visited his old home at Epworth. He offered to assist Mr. Romley, the curate, either by preaching or reading prayers; but the offer was declined, and a sermon preached against enthusiasts. At six o'clock, therefore, Wesley preached in Epworth churchyard, standing on his father's grave, to the largest congregation ever gathered in the town. He remained eight days, every evening preaching on the grave. The effect was magical. On one occasion the people on every side wept aloud, and then broke into praise and thanksgiving. Men who had not been inside a church for thirty years were deeply moved. The "brand plucked from the burning," when he was six years old, had kindled such a fire at Epworth as would never go out. The fifteenth child of the patient Susanna Wesley was paying her a thousand-fold for all her care and sacrifice.

Wesley was building more chapels in London; one had just been opened by him in Seven Dials; visiting the sick, going among the poor, preaching several times a day—never weary, never despondent, never fretting, he said, "I dare no more fret than curse and swear."

Wesley preached without notes. As he was about to preach in Allhallow's Church, London, when he was eighty-five, he said to his attendant, "It is above fifty years since I first preached in this church. I came without a sermon; and going up the pulpit stairs, I hesitated, and returned into the vestry, under much mental confusion and agitation. A woman who stood by noticed my concern, and said, 'Pray, sir, what is the matter?' I replied, 'I have not brought a sermon with me.' Putting her hand on my shoulder, she said, 'Is that all? Cannot you trust God for a sermon?' This question had such an effect on me that I ascended the pulpit, preached extempore, with great freedom to myself and acceptance to

the people, and have never since taken a written sermon into the pulpit."

Wesley's style was always simple and clear—two characteristics of all good writing or speaking. He said, "When I transcribe anything for the press, I think it my duty to see that every phrase be clear, pure, proper, and easy."

Feeling that relief for the needy and Christian consolation should go hand in hand, Wesley divided London into twenty-three districts, and appointed visitors to call upon the sick three times a week, and relieve the wants of the poor. One rule he especially emphasized: "Be mild, tender, and patient." Those who asked relief were to receive "neither an ill word nor an ill look." He carried this out in his own life.

Once, when he was eighty, on leaving Norwich, a crowd of poverty-stricken people gathered about him. He had given so much that he had just enough left to take him to London. He said, somewhat sharply, "I have nothing for you. Do you suppose I can support the poor in every place?"

At the moment he was stepping into his carriage, his foot slipped and he fell to the ground. Feeling that God had rebuked him, he said to a friend nearby, "It is all right; it is only what I deserved; for if I had no other good to give, I ought, at least, to have given them good words."

Wesley said, and with truth, "Money never stays with me; it would burn me if it did. I throw it out of my hands as soon as possible, lest it should find a way into my heart."

When asked by the Commissioners of Excise to pay a tax on his silver plate, he replied by letter, "I have two silver teaspoons at London, and two at Bristol. This is all the plate I have at present, and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread."

When he was eighty-four years old, the white-haired preacher spent five days in traversing the streets of London, often ankle-deep in mud and melting snow, to collect funds for the poor. This he did each year.

An eminent artist once asked Wesley to have a cast of his face taken, and he would pay him ten guineas. He refused, but finally consented and took the money. On leaving the house, he saw an excited crowd surrounding an auctioneer who was selling the furniture of a poor debtor; even the bed upon which the man was dying. Wesley rushed into the crowd, and asked the amount of the debt.

"Ten guineas," was the answer. "Take it," said Wesley, "and let the man have his furniture again. I see why God sent me these ten guineas," said the devoted preacher.

Two small houses were added to the Foundry for needy and deserving widows. A school was opened with about sixty children, most of them so poor that they were taught and clothed gratuitously. A lending society was also started, Mr. Wesley begging from the London people fifty pounds, to be loaned in sums not to exceed twenty shillings, payable within three months. With this small sum two hundred and fifty persons were helped in one year. Mr. Wesley said, "If this is not lending unto the Lord, what is?" The capital was increased later to one hundred and twenty pounds, and the maximum loan was five pounds. And all this time Mr. Wesley was preaching day and night to assembled thousands, and organizing societies of Christians in the various chapels. He had no thought of separating from the Church of England, and, indeed, never did leave the church; his one desire being, as he said, "Church or no church, I must save souls."

The blessed work of Susanna Wesley was about to end; no, not to end, for it was to be carried forward by millions after her. What must have been her feelings as she saw societies and schools springing up throughout the land? Books and tracts scattered by thousands; people sitting up all night in the chapels for fear they might not be awake in time for the five o'clock service before the great preacher left the town!

While preaching in Bristol on Sunday evening, July 18, 1742, John Wesley heard of his mother's illness. He hastened

to the Foundry in London. "I found my mother on the borders of eternity," he writes in his journal; "but she has no doubt or fear, nor any desire but, as soon as God should call her, to depart and be with Christ."

On the morning of Friday, July 23, as she awakened from sleep, she cried, "My dear Saviour! art Thou come to help me at my last extremity?"

"About three in the afternoon," writes Mr. Wesley, "I went to my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bedside. She was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but, I believe, quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle or sigh or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled the last request uttered before she lost her speech: 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'" The poverty and the struggle were over at seventy-three. These last days must have been the best and brightest.

Mrs. Wesley was buried on Sunday, Aug. 1, in Bunhill Fields. John records in his journal: "Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon, I committed to the earth the body of my mother, to sleep with her fathers. The portion of scripture from which I spoke was, 'I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.' It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see this side eternity."

Mrs. Wesley's tombstone having become defaced by time, eighty-six years afterward, in 1828, a new monument was set

up over her grave, and in December, 1870, an obelisk of Sicilian marble was erected to her memory opposite the City Road Chapel, fronting Bunhill Fields.

The triumphant words of Charles Wesley, "God buries his workmen, but carries on His work," were true, and though the remarkable mother had gone, the remarkable sons went forward in their untiring labors.

The amount of Mr. Wesley's work seems almost incredible. During the fifty years of his itinerant ministry it is estimated that he travelled a quarter of a million miles, usually on horseback, reading poetry, philosophy, and history, while the bridle hung loosely on the horse's neck. He loved poetry and sometimes wrote it, but his mother said, "Make poetry your diversion and not your business," and he accepted her advice. He delivered more than forty thousand sermons, a large part of these in the open air, and sometimes preached four and five times a day; he wrote books, he superintended churches and schools, he carried on a vast correspondence; he was accessible to the highest and the lowest.

"When you met him in the street of a crowded city," said Southey, "he attracted notice, not only by his band and cassock, and his long hair—white and bright as silver—but by his face and manner, both indicating that all his minutes were numbered, and that not one was to be lost." Wesley said, "Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry; because I never undertake any more work than I can go through with perfect calmness of spirit."

On Feb. 23, 1791, John Wesley arose at four o'clock as usual, and set out for Leatherhead, eighteen miles from London, where he preached in the dining-room of a magistrate from the words: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near." This was his last sermon.

The next day he wrote his last letter to Wilberforce on the abolition of slavery. "Unless God has raised you up for this

very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but, if God be for you, who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God? Oh, be not weary in well doing. Go on in the name of God, and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it."

Each day he was failing. On Tuesday, March 1, he said, "I want to write." A pen was put in his hand, but he could not use it. "Let me write for you," said a friend; "tell me what you wish to say." "Nothing," he replied, "but that God is with us."

He tried to speak, but it was difficult to understand him. He was able to communicate to them that he wished his sermon on "The Love of God to Fallen Man" given to everybody. And then, with great effort, he said, "The best of all is, God is with us!" And after a pause, while lifting his arm in triumph, he reiterated, "The best of all is, God is with us!"

During the night he repeated scores of times, "I'll praise! I'll praise!" In the morning, at ten o'clock, the friends present knelt around his bed, while one prayed. "Farewell!" said the dying man, and passed away March 2, 1791.

The excitement was so great when it was learned that Wesley was dead, that it was decided to have the funeral at five in the morning. He was buried March 9, behind the chapel in City Road.

He left "six pounds, to be divided among the six poor men, named by the assistant, who shall carry my body to the grave; for I particularly desire there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of those that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom."

A great multitude came notwithstanding the early hour, and sobbed aloud when their precious dead was buried from their sight.

Southey said, "I consider Wesley as the most influential mind of the last century; the man who will have produced the greatest effects, centuries, or, perhaps, millenniums hence, if

the present race of men should continue so long."

Wonderful son of a wonderful mother! Both educated, both saving every moment, both cheerful. Wesley said, "I do not remember to have felt lowness of spirits for one quarter of an hour since I was born." Both brave to meet every trial; both consecrated to the winning of souls.

It was a blessing to the world that Susanna Wesley ever lived, and the work of her and her noble son is only in its beginning. What shall it be centuries from now?

Benjamin Franklin

1706 – 1790, America

"To say that his life is the most interesting, the most uniformly successful, yet lived by any American, is bold. But it is, nevertheless, strictly true." Thus writes John Bach McMaster, in his life of the great statesman.

In the year 1706, January 6 (old style), in the small house of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler, on Milk Street, opposite the Old South Church, Boston, was born Benjamin Franklin. Already fourteen children had come into the home of Josiah Franklin, the father, by his two wives, and now this youngest son was added to the struggling family circle. Two daughters were born later.

The home was a busy one, and a merry one withal; for the father, after the day's work, would sing to his large flock the songs he had learned in his boyhood in England, accompanying the words on his violin.

From the mother, the daughter of Peter Folger of Nantucket, "a learned and godly Englishman," Benjamin inherited an attractive face, and much of his hunger for books, which never lessened through his long and eventful life. At eight years of age, he was placed in the Boston Latin School, and in less than a year rose to the head of his class. The father had hoped to educate the boy for the ministry, but probably money was lacking, for at ten his school-life was ended, and he was in his father's shop tilling candle-moulds and running on errands.

For two years he worked there, but how he hated it! not all labor, for he was always industrious, but soap and candle-

making were utterly distasteful to him. So strongly was he inclined to run away to sea, as an older brother had done, that his father obtained a situation for him with a maker of knives, and later he was apprenticed to his brother James as a printer.

Now every spare moment was used in reading. The first book which he owned was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and after reading this over and over, he sold it, and bought Burton's "Historical Collections," forty tiny books of travel, history, biography, and adventure. In his father's small library, there was nothing very soul-stirring to be found. Defoe's "Essays upon Projects," containing hints on banking, friendly societies for the relief of members, colleges for girls, and asylums for idiots, would not be very interesting to most boys of twelve, but Benjamin read every essay, and, strange to say, carried out nearly every "project" in later life. Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good," with several leaves torn out, was so eagerly read, and so productive of good, that Franklin wrote, when he was eighty, that this volume "gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than on any other kind of reputation; and, if I have been a useful citizen, the public owe the advantage of it to that book."

As the boy rarely had any money to buy books, he would often borrow from the booksellers' clerks, and read in his little bedroom nearly all night, being obliged to return the books before the shop was opened in the morning. Finally, a Boston merchant, who came to the printing-office, noticed the lad's thirst for knowledge, took him home to see his library, and loaned him some volumes. Blessings on those people who are willing to lend knowledge to help the world upward, despite the fact that book-borrowers proverbially have short memories, and do not always take the most tender care of what they borrow.

When Benjamin was fifteen, he wrote a few ballads, and

his brother James sent him about the streets to sell them. This the father wisely checked by telling his son that poets usually are beggars, a statement not literally true, but sufficiently near the truth to produce a wholesome effect upon the young verse-maker.

The boy now devised a novel way to earn money to buy books. He had read somewhere that vegetable food was sufficient for health, and persuaded James, who paid the board of his apprentice, that for half the amount paid he could board himself.

Benjamin therefore attempted living on potatoes, hasty pudding, and rice; doing his own cooking—not the life most boys of sixteen would choose. His dinner at the printing-office usually consisted of a biscuit, a handful of raisins, and a glass of water; a meal quickly eaten, and then, precious thought! there was nearly a whole hour for books.

He now read Locke on "Human Understanding," and Xenophon's "Memorable Things of Socrates." In this, as he said in later years, he learned one of the great secrets of success; "never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words certainly, undoubtedly, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; it appears to me, or I should think it so or so, for such and such reasons; or, it is so, if I am not mistaken…. I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given to us, to wit, giving or receiving information or pleasure…. To this habit I think it principally owing that I had early so much weight with my fellow-citizens, when I proposed new institutions or alterations in the old, and so much influence in public councils when I became a member; for I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words,

and yet I generally carried my points." A most valuable lesson to be learned early in life.

Coming across an odd volume of the "Spectator," Benjamin was captivated by the style, and resolved to become master of the production, by rewriting the essays from memory, and increasing his fulness of expression by turning them into verse, and then back again into prose.

James Franklin was now printing the fifth newspaper in America. It was intended to issue the first—Publick Occurrences—monthly, or oftener, "if any glut of occurrences happens." When the first number appeared, September 25, 1690, a very important "occurrence happened," which was the immediate suspension of the paper for expressions concerning those in official position.

The next newspaper—the Boston News-Letter—a weekly, was published April 24, 1704; the third was the Boston Gazette, which James was engaged to print, but, being disappointed, started one of his own, August 17, 1721, called the New England Courant. The American Weekly Mercury was printed in Philadelphia six months before the Courant.

Benjamin's work was hard and constant. He not only set type, but distributed the paper to customers. "Why," thought he, "can I not write something for the new sheet?" Accordingly, he prepared a manuscript, slipped it under the door of the office, and the next week saw it in print before his eyes. This was joy indeed, and he wrote again and again.

The Courant at last gave offence by its plain speaking, and it ostensibly passed into Benjamin's hands, to save his brother from punishment. The position, however, soon became irksome, for the passionate brother often beat Benjamin, till at last he determined to run away. As soon as this became known, James went to every office, told his side of the story, and thus prevented Benjamin from obtaining work. Not discouraged, the boy sold a portion of his precious books, said good-bye to his beloved Boston, and went out into the world

to more poverty and struggle.

Three days after this, he stood in New York, asking for work at the only printing-office in the city, owned by William Bradford. Alas! there was no work to be had, and he was advised to go to Philadelphia, nearly one hundred miles away, where Andrew Bradford, a son of the former, had established a paper. The boy could not have been very light-hearted as he started on the journey. After thirty hours by boat, he reached Amboy, and then travelled fifty miles on foot across New Jersey. It rained hard all day, but he plodded on, tired and hungry, buying some gingerbread of a poor woman, and wishing that he had never left Boston. His money was fast disappearing.

Finally he reached Philadelphia.

"I was," he says in his autobiography, "in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with travelling, rowing, and want of rest. I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing, but I insisted on their taking it; a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

"Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till near the Market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness, nor the names of bread, I bade him give

me threepenny-worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

"Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous figure.

"Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther."

After this, he joined some Quakers who were on their way to the meeting-house, which he too entered, and, tired and homeless, soon fell asleep. And this was the penniless, run-away lad who was eventually to stand before five kings, to become one of the greatest philosophers, scientists, and statesmen of his time, the admiration of Europe and the idol of America. Surely, truth is stranger than fiction.

The youth hastened to the office of Andrew Bradford, but there was no opening for him. However, Bradford kindly offered him a home till he could find work. This was obtained with Keimer, a printer, who happened to find lodging for the young man in the house of Mr. Read. As the months went by, and the hopeful and earnest lad of eighteen had visions of becoming a master printer, he confided to Mrs. Read that he was in love with, and wished to marry, the pretty daughter, who had first seen him as he walked up Market Street, eating his roll. Mr. Read had died, and the prudent mother advised that these children, both under nineteen, should wait till the printer proved his ability to support a wife.

And now a strange thing happened. Sir William Keith,

governor of the province, who knew young Franklin's brother-in-law, offered to establish him in the printing business in Philadelphia, and, better still, to send him to England with a letter of credit with which to buy the necessary outfit.

A mine of gold seemed to open before him. He made ready for the journey, and set sail, disappointed, however, that the letter of credit did not come before he left. When he reached England, he ascertained that Sir William Keith was without credit, a vain man and devoid of principle. Franklin found himself alone in a strange country, doubly unhappy because he had used for himself and some impecunious friends one hundred and seventy-five dollars, collected from a business man. This he paid years afterward, ever considering the use of it one of the serious mistakes of his life.

He and a boy companion found lodgings at eighty-seven cents per week; very inferior lodgings they must have been. There was of course no money to buy type, no money to take passage back to America. He wrote a letter to Miss Read, telling her that he was not likely to return, dropped the correspondence, and found work in a printing-office.

After a year or two, a merchant offered him a position as clerk in America, at five dollars a week. He accepted, and, after a three-months voyage, reached Philadelphia, "the cords of love," he said, drawing him back. Alas! Deborah Read, persuaded by her mother and other relatives, had married, but was far from happy. The merchant for whom Franklin had engaged to work soon died, and the printer was again looking for a situation, which he found with Keimer. He was now twenty-one, and life had been anything but cheerful or encouraging.

Still, he determined to keep his mind cheerful and active, and so organized a club of eleven young men, the "Junto," composed mostly of mechanics. They came together once a month to discuss questions of morals, politics, and science. As most of these were unable to buy books—a book in those days

often costing several dollars—Franklin conceived the idea of a subscription library, raised the funds, and became the librarian. Every day he set apart an hour or two for study, and for twenty years, in the midst of poverty and hard work, the habit was maintained. If Franklin himself did not know that such a young man would succeed, the world around him must have guessed it. Out of this collection of books—the mother of all the subscription libraries of this country—has grown a great library in the city of Philadelphia.

Keimer proved a business failure; but kindness to a fellow-workman, Meredith, a youth of intemperate habits, led Franklin to another open door. The father of Meredith, hoping to save his son, started the young men in business by loaning them five hundred dollars. It was a modest beginning, in a building whose rent was but one hundred and twenty dollars a year. Their first job of printing brought them one dollar and twenty-five cents. As Meredith was seldom in a condition for labor, Franklin did most of the work, he having started a paper—the Pennsylvania Gazette. Some prophesied failure for the new firm, but one prominent man remarked: "The industry of that Franklin is superior to anything I ever saw of the kind. I see him still at work when I go home from the club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed."

But starting in business had cost five hundred more than the five hundred loaned them. The young men were sued for debt, and ruin stared them in the face. Was Franklin discouraged? If so at heart, he wisely kept a cheerful face and manner, knowing what poor policy it is to tell our troubles, and made all the friends he could. Several members of the Assembly, who came to have printing done, became fast friends of the intelligent and courteous printer.

In this pecuniary distress, two men offered to loan the necessary funds, and two hundred and fifty dollars were gratefully accepted from each. These two persons Franklin

remembered to his dying day. Meredith was finally bought out by his own wish, and Franklin combined with his printing a small stationer's shop, with ink, paper, and a few books. Often he wheeled his paper on a barrow along the streets. Who supposed then that he would some day be President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania?

Franklin was twenty-four. Deborah Read's husband had proved worthless, had run away from his creditors, and was said to have died in the West Indies. She was lonely and desolate, and Franklin rightly felt that he could brighten her heart. They were married September 1, 1730, and for forty years they lived a happy life. He wrote, long afterward, "We are grown old together, and if she has any faults, I am so used to them that I don't perceive them." Beautiful testimony! He used to say to young married people, in later years, "Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it."

The young wife attended the little shop, folded newspapers, and made Franklin's home a resting-place from toil. He says: "Our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. My breakfast was, for a long time, bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a twopenny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon: but mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle. Being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings! for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors."

The years went by swiftly, with their hard work and slow but sure accumulation of property. At twenty-seven, having read much and written considerable, he determined to bring out an almanac, after the fashion of the day, "for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely

any other book." "Poor Richard" appeared in December, 1732; price, ten cents. It was full of wit and wisdom, gathered from every source. Three editions were sold in a month. The average annual sale for twenty-five years was ten thousand copies. Who can ever forget the maxims which have become a part of our every-day speech?—"Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."—"He that hath a trade, hath an estate."—"One today is worth two tomorrows."—"Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today."—"Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour."—"Three removes are as bad as a fire."—"What maintains one vice would bring up two children."—"Many a little makes a mickle."—"Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship."—"If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing."—"Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt."—"Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other."

An interesting story is told concerning the proverb, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." John Paul Jones, one of the bravest men in the Revolutionary War, had become the terror of Britain, by the great number of vessels he had captured. In one cruise he is said to have taken sixteen prizes; burned eight and sent home eight. With the Ranger, on the coast of Scotland, he captured the Drake, a large sloop-of-war, and two hundred prisoners. At one time, Captain Jones waited for many months for a vessel which had been promised him. Eager for action, he chanced to see "Poor Richard's Almanac," and read, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." He went at once to Paris, sought the ministers, and was given command of a vessel, which, in honor of Franklin, he called Bon Homme Richard.

The battle between this ship and the Serapis, when, for three hours and a half, they were lashed together by Jones'

own hand, and fought one of the most terrific naval battles ever seen, is well known to all who read history. The Bon Homme Richard sunk after her victory, while her captain received a gold medal from Congress and an appreciative letter from General Washington.

So bravely did Captain Pearson, the opponent, fight, that the King of England made him a knight. "He deserved it," said Jones, "and, should I have the good-fortune to fall in with him again, I will make a lord of him."

No wonder that Franklin's proverbs were copied all over the continent, and translated into French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Bohemian, Greek, and Portuguese. In all these very busy years, Franklin did not forget to study. When he was twenty-seven, he began French, then Italian, then Spanish, and then to review the Latin of his boyhood. He learned also to play on the harp, guitar, violin, and violoncello.

Into the home of the printer had come two sons, William and Francis. The second was an uncommonly beautiful child, the idol of his father. Small-pox was raging in the city, but Franklin could not bear to put his precious one in the slightest peril by inoculation. The dread disease came into the home, and Francis Folger, named for his grandmother—at the age of four years—went suddenly out of it. "I long regretted him bitterly," Franklin wrote years afterwards to his sister Jane. "My grandson often brings afresh to my mind the idea of my son Franky, though now dead thirty-six years; whom I have seldom since seen equalled in every respect, and whom to this day I cannot think of without a sigh." On a little stone in Christ Church burying-ground, Philadelphia, are the boy's name and age, with the words, "The delight of all that knew him."

This same year, when Franklin was thirty, he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly, his first promotion. If, as Disraeli said, "the secret of success in life is for a man to be

ready for his opportunity when it comes," Franklin had prepared himself, by study, for his opportunity.

The year later, he was made deputy postmaster, and soon became especially helpful in city affairs. He obtained better watch or police regulations, organized the first fire company, and invented the Franklin stove, which was used far and wide.

At thirty-seven, so interested was he in education that he set on foot a subscription for an academy, which resulted in the noble University of Pennsylvania, of which Franklin was a trustee for over forty years. The following year his only daughter, Sarah, was born, who helped to fill the vacant chair of the lovely boy. The father, Josiah, now died at eighty-seven, already proud of his son Benjamin, for whom in his poverty he had done the best he could.

About this time, the Leyden jar was discovered in Europe by Musschenbroeck, and became the talk of the scientific world. Franklin, always eager for knowledge, began to study electricity, with all the books at his command. Dr. Spence, a gentleman from Great Britain, having come to America to lecture on the subject, Franklin bought all his instruments. So much did he desire to give his entire time to this fascinating subject that he sold his printing-house, proper, and almanac, for ninety thousand dollars, and retired from business. This at forty-two; and at fifteen selling ballads about the streets! Industry, temperance, and economy had paid good wages. He used to say that these virtues, with "sincerity and justice," had won for him "the confidence of his country." And yet Franklin, with all his saving, was generous. The great preacher Whitefield came to Philadelphia to obtain money for an orphan-house in Georgia. Franklin thought the scheme unwise, and silently resolved not to give when the collection should be taken. Then, as his heart warmed under the preaching, he concluded to give the copper coins in his pocket; then all the silver, several dollars; and finally all his five gold

pistoles, so that he emptied his pocket into the collector's plate.

Franklin now constructed electrical batteries, introduced the terms "positive" and "negative" electricity, and published articles on the subject, which his friend in London, Peter Collinson, laid before the Royal Society. When he declared his belief that lightning and electricity were identical, and gave his reasons, and that points would draw off electricity, and therefore lightning-rods be of benefit, learned people ridiculed the ideas. Still, his pamphlets were eagerly read, and Count de Buffon had them translated into French. They soon appeared in German, Latin, and Italian. Louis XV was so deeply interested that he ordered all Franklin's experiments to be performed in his presence, and caused a letter to be written to the Royal Society of London, expressing his admiration of Franklin's learning and skill. Strange indeed that such a scientist should arise in the new world, be a man self-taught, and one so busy in public life.

In 1752, when he was forty-six, he determined to test for himself whether lightning and electricity were one. He made a kite from a large silk handkerchief, attached a hempen cord to it, with a silk string in his hand, and, with his son, hastened to an old shed in the fields, as the thunder-storm approached.

As the kite flew upward, and a cloud passed over, there was no manifestation of electricity. When he was almost despairing, lo! the fibres of the cord began to loosen; then he applied his knuckle to a key on the cord, and a strong spark passed. How his heart must have throbbed as he realized his immortal discovery!

A Leyden jar was charged, and Franklin went home from the old shed to be made a member of the Royal Society of London, to receive the Copley gold medal, degrees from Harvard and Yale Colleges, and honors from all parts of the world. Ah! if Josiah Franklin could have lived to see his son come to such renown! And Abiah, his mother, had been dead

just a month! But she knew he was coming into greatness, for she wrote him near the last: "I am glad to hear you are so well respected in your town for them to choose you an alderman, although I don't know what it means, or what the better you will be of it besides the honor of it. I hope you will look up to God, and thank him for all his good providences towards you." Sweetest of all things is the motherhood that never lets go the hand of the child, and always points Godward!

Lightning-rods became the fashion, though there was great opposition, because many believed that lightning was one of the means of punishing the sins of mankind, and it was wrong to attempt to prevent the Almighty from doing his will. Some learned men urged that a ball instead of a point be used at the end of the rod, and George III insisted that the president of the Royal Society should favor balls. "But, sire," said Sir John Pringle, "I cannot reverse the laws and operations of nature."

"Then, Sir John, you had perhaps better resign," was the reply, and the obstinate monarch put knobs on his conductors.

Through all the scientific discord, Franklin had the rare good-sense to remain quiet, instead of rushing into print. He said, "I have never entered into any controversy in defence of my philosophical opinions; I leave them to take their chance in the world. If they are right, truth and experience will support them; if wrong, they ought to be refuted and rejected. Disputes are apt to sour one's temper and disturb one's quiet."

Franklin was not long permitted to enjoy his life of study. This same year, 1752, he was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and reelected every year for ten years, "without," as he says, "ever asking any elector for his vote, or signifying, either directly or indirectly, any desire of being chosen." He was also, with Mr. William Hunter of Virginia, appointed postmaster-general for the colonies, having been the postmaster in Philadelphia for nearly sixteen

years. So excellent was his judgment, and so conciliatory his manner, that he rarely made enemies, and accomplished much for his constituents. He cut down the rates of postage, advertised unclaimed letters, and showed his rare executive ability and tireless energy.

For many years the French and English had been quarrelling over their claims in the New World, till finally the "French and Indian War," or "Seven Years' War," as it was named in Europe, began. Delegates from the various colonies were sent to Albany to confer with the chiefs of the Six Nations about the defence of the country. Naturally, Franklin was one of the delegates. Before starting, he drew up a plan of union for the struggling Americans, and printed it in the Gazette, with the now well known wood-cut at the bottom; a snake cut into as many pieces as there were colonies, each piece having upon it the first letter of the name of a colony, and underneath the words, "Join or Die." He presented his plan of union to the delegates, who, after a long debate, unanimously adopted it, but it was rejected by some of the colonies because they thought it gave too much power to England, and the king rejected it because he said, "The Americans are trying to make a government of their own."

Franklin joined earnestly in the war, and commanded the forces in his own State, but was soon sent abroad by Pennsylvania, as her agent to bring some troublesome matters before royalty. He reached London, July 27, 1757, with his son William, no longer the friendless lad looking for a position in a printing-house, but the noted scientist, and representative of a rising nation. Members of the Royal Society hastened to congratulate him; the universities at Oxford and Edinburgh conferred degrees upon him. While he attended to matters of business in connection with his mission, he entertained his friends with his brilliant electrical experiments, and wrote for several magazines on politics and science.

After five years of successful labor, Doctor Franklin went

back to Philadelphia to receive the public thanks of the Assembly, and a gift of fifteen thousand dollars for his services. His son was also appointed governor of New Jersey, by the Crown. Franklin was now fifty-seven, and had earned rest and the enjoyment of his honors. But he was to find little rest in the next twenty-five years.

The "Seven Years' War" had been terminated by the Treaty of Paris, February 10, 1763. Of course, great expenses had been incurred. The following year, Mr. Grenville, Prime Minister of England, proposed that a portion of the enormous debt be paid by America through the Stamp Act. The colonies had submitted already to much taxation without any representation in Parliament, and had many grievances. The manufacture of iron and steel had been forbidden. Heavy duties had been laid upon rum, sugar, and molasses, and constables had been authorized to search any place suspected of avoiding the duties.

When the Stamp Act was suggested, the colonies, already heavily in debt by the war, remonstrated in public meetings, and sent their protests to the king. Franklin, having been reappointed agent for Pennsylvania, used all possible effort to prevent its passage, but to no avail. The bill passed in March, 1765. By this act, deeds and conveyances were taxed from thirty-seven cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents apiece; college degrees, ten dollars; advertisements, fifty cents each, and other printed matter in proportion.

At once, the American heart rebelled. Bells were tolled, and flags hung at half-mast. In New York, the Stamp Act was carried about the streets, with a placard, "The folly of England and the ruin of America." The people resolved to wear no cloth of English manufacture. Agents appointed to collect the hated tax were in peril of their lives. Patrick Henry electrified his country by the well known words, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I had his Cromwell, and George III"—and when the loyalists shouted, "Treason!" he continued, "may profit by

their example. If that be treason, make the most of it."

Grenville saw, too late, the storm he had aroused. Franklin was now, as he wrote to a friend, "extremely busy, attending members of both houses, informing, explaining, consulting, disputing, in a continual hurry from morning till night." His examination before the House of Commons filled England with amazement and America with joy. When asked, "If the Stamp Act should be repealed, would it induce the Assemblies of America to acknowledge the rights of Parliament to tax them, and would they erase their resolutions?" he replied, "No, never!"

"What used to be the pride of the Americans?"

"To indulge in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain."

"What is now their pride?"

"To wear their old clothes over again, till they can make new ones," said the fearless Franklin.

The great commoners William Pitt and Edmund Burke were our stanch friends. A cry of distress went up from the manufacturers of England, who needed American markets for their goods, and in 1766 the Stamp Act was repealed.

America was overjoyed, but her joy was of short duration; for in the very next year a duty was placed on glass, tea, and other articles. Then riots ensued. The duty was repealed on all save tea. When the tea arrived in Boston Harbor, the indignant citizens threw three hundred and forty chests overboard; in Charlestown, the people stored it in cellars till it mildewed; and from New York and Philadelphia they sent it home again to Old England.

In 1774, the Boston Port Bill, which declared that no merchandise should be landed or shipped at the wharves of Boston, was received by the colonists with public mourning. September 5 of this year, the First Continental Congress met at Philadelphia, and again a manly protest was sent to George III. Again the great Pitt, Earl of Chatham, poured out his

eloquence against what he saw was close at hand—"a most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unjust, and diabolical war." But George III was immovable.

The days for Franklin were now bitter in the extreme. Ten thousand more troops had been sent to General Gage in Boston, to compel obedience. Franklin's wife was dying in Philadelphia, longing to see her husband, who had now been absent ten years, each year expecting to return, and each year detained by the necessities of the colonies. At last he started homeward, landing May 5, 1775. His daughter had been happily married to Mr. Richard Bache, a merchant, but his wife was dead, and buried beside Franky. The battles of Lexington and Concord had been fought; the War for Freedom was indeed begun.

Franklin was now almost seventy, but ready for the great work before him. He loved peace. He said: "All wars are follies, very expensive and very mischievous ones. When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration? Were they to do it, even by the cast of a die, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other." But now war was inevitable. With the eagerness of a boy he wrote to Edmund Burke: "General Gage's troops made a most vigorous retreat—twenty miles in three hours—scarce to be paralleled in history; the feeble Americans, who pelted them all the way, could scarce keep up with them."

He was at once made a member of the Continental Congress, called to meet May 10, at Philadelphia. George Washington and Patrick Henry, John and Samuel Adams, were in the noted assemblage. They came with brave hearts and an earnest purpose. Franklin served upon ten committees: to engrave and print Continental money, to negotiate with the Indians, to send another but useless petition to George III, to find out the source of saltpeter, and other matters. He was made postmaster-general of the United States, and was also full of work for Pennsylvania.

England had voted a million dollars to conquer the colonies, and had hired nearly twenty thousand Hessians to fight against them, besides her own skilled troops. The army under Washington had no proper shelter, little food, little money, and no winter clothing. Franklin was Washington's friend and helper in these early days of discouragement. At first the people had hoped to keep united to the mother country; now the time had arrived for the Declaration of Independence, by which America was to become a great nation. Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston of New York were appointed to draw up the document. Jefferson wrote the Declaration, and Franklin and Adams made a few verbal changes. And then, with the feeling so well expressed by Franklin, "We must hang together, or else, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately," the delegates fearlessly signed their names to what Daniel Webster well called the "title-deed of our liberties."

And now another important work devolved upon Franklin. The colonies believed that the French were friendly and would assist. He was unanimously chosen commissioner to France, to represent and plead the cause of his country. Again the white-haired statesman said good-bye to America, and sailed to Europe. As soon as he arrived, he was welcomed with all possible honor. The learned called upon him; his pictures were hung in the shop-windows, and his bust placed in the Royal Library. When he appeared on the street a crowd gathered about the great American. He was applauded in every public resort.

"Franklin's reputation," said John Adams, "was more universal than that of Leibnitz or Newton, Frederick or Voltaire; and his character more beloved and esteemed than any or all of them. His name was familiar to government and people, to kings, courtiers, nobility, clergy, and philosophers, as well as plebeians, to such a degree that there was scarcely a peasant

or a citizen, a valet de chambre, coachman or footman, a lady's chambermaid or a scullion in a kitchen, who was not familiar with it, and who did not consider him a friend to humankind. When they spoke of him they seemed to think he was to restore the golden age." Royalty made him welcome at court, and Marie Antoinette treated him with the graciousness which had at first won the hearts of the French to the beautiful Austrian. France made a treaty of alliance with America, and recognized her independence, February 6, 1778, which gave joy and hope to the struggling colonies. Franklin was now made minister plenipotentiary. What a change from the hated work of moulding tallow candles!

The great need of the colonies was money to carry on the war, and, pressed as was France in the days preceding her own revolution, when M. Necker was continually opposing the grants, she loaned our country—part of it a gift—over five million dollars, says James Parton, in his admirable life of Franklin. For this reason, as well as for the noble men like Lafayette who came to our aid, the interests of France should always be dear to America. When the Revolutionary War was over, Franklin helped negotiate the peace, and returned to America at his own request in the fall of 1785, receiving among his farewell presents a portrait of Louis XVI., set with four hundred and eight diamonds. Thomas Jefferson became minister in his stead. When asked if he had replaced Dr. Franklin, he replied, "I succeed; no one can ever replace him."

He was now seventy-nine years old. He had been absent for nine years. When he landed, cannon were fired, church-bells rung, and crowds greeted him with shouts of welcome. He was at once made President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and at eighty-one a delegate to the convention that framed our Constitution, where he sat regularly five hours a day for four months. To him is due the happy suggestion, after a heated discussion, of equal representation for

every State in the Senate, and representation in proportion to population in the House.

At eighty-four, in reply to a letter to Washington, he received these tender words:—

"If to be venerated for benevolence, if to be admired for talents, if to be esteemed for patriotism, if to be beloved for philanthropy, can gratify the human mind, you must have the pleasing consolation to know that you have not lived in vain. And I flatter myself that it will not be ranked among the least grateful occurrences of your life to be assured that, so long as I retain my memory, you will be recollected with respect, veneration, and affection, by your sincere friend,

George Washington."

The time for the final farewell came, April 17, 1790, near midnight, when the gentle and great statesman, doubly great because so gentle, slept quietly in death. Twenty thousand persons gathered to do honor to the celebrated dead. Not only in this country was there universal mourning, but across the ocean as well. The National Assembly of France paid its highest eulogies.

By his own request, Franklin was buried beside his wife and Franky, under a plain marble slab, in Christ Church Cemetery, Philadelphia, with the words—Benjamin and Deborah Franklin 1790.

He was opposed to ostentation. He used to quote the words of Cotton Mather to him when he was a boy. On leaving the minister's house, he hit his head against a beam. "'Stoop,' said Mather; 'you are young, and have the world before you; stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps!' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me, and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high."

Tolerant with all religions, sweet-tempered, with remarkable tact and genuine kindness, honest, and above jealousy,

he adopted this as his rule, which we may well follow: "To go straight forward in doing what appears to me to be right, leaving the consequences to Providence."

Samuel Adams: "The Father of the Revolution."

1722 – 1805, America

> "A man whom Plutarch, if he had only lived late enough, would have delighted to include in his gallery of worthies, a man who, in the history of the American Revolution, is second only to Washington —Samuel Adams."
>
> —*John Fiske.*

The fugitives paused on the crest of a ridge just beyond Granny's hill, and looked back toward the town. In the east the day was just breaking, for the dawn comes early about Lexington in April; through the scant spring foliage they could catch glimpses of the vanishing forms of Sergeant Munroe and his guard of eight minute-men, from Captain Parker's Lexington company, for this escort had left the fugitives on the Woburn road, and had at once hurried back to join their comrades on the Common.

Only a little while the watchers waited; then there came to their ears from the village green the indistinguishable command which all the world has heard now, better than did those listening fugitives on the distant hill: "Disperse, ye rebels! ye cowards, lay down your arms and disperse!" Then followed other indistinguishable shouts, the fatal pistol shot, never yet explained, the rattle of arms, and the historic, unanswered volley that made up the battle of Lexington. And as these sounds climaxed in the volley of British guns one of the fugitives on the hill turned on the other and made what

is set down as "one of the few exultant outbursts of his life."

"What a glorious morning is this for America!" he exclaimed; for he knew that the result he had long foreseen had come at last, and in what he considered the right way. The British soldiers had fired first; the blame and the responsibility were theirs; conciliation was impossible; the conflict had begun. England was in the wrong.

For a brief space they stood, listening intently; then, not knowing what orders concerning them the vindictive Gage had given his redcoats, the two fugitives hurried on to Burlington, and thence to Billerica, where they made a substantial dinner off cold salt pork and boiled potatoes, served in a wooden tray. Then they were up and off again. And so at last they made their risky way to Philadelphia and the Continental Congress.

For those two fugitives on the Lexington hill on that nineteenth day of April, in the year 1775, were two historic Americans—Samuel Adams, the patriot, and John Hancock, whose bold signature we know so well as it heads the signers of the Declaration of Independence. And it was Samuel Adams who made the enthusiastic remark, as upon his ears fell the crack of the British guns at Lexington.

He had long been preparing for that important event. Away back in his college days he had felt it coming. For at Harvard he had made resistance to tyrants the theme of his Commencement oration: "Is it lawful to resist the supreme magistrate if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be protected?" And the young A.M. distinctly announced that it was not only lawful but imperative. From that day forward the right of Americans to resistance and to liberty had been his chief thought, even when others repudiated the idea of independence, and reiterated their loyalty to the king.

But Samuel Adams educated the people to resistance. To the neglect of his business and his personal comfort and desires he took up the grand idea of personal liberty and direct

representation, and drew his fellow countrymen away from old to new truths.

Samuel Adams was Boston born and bred. Reared in his father's fine old house on Purchase street in that sturdy, democratic old town, he was instructed in its schools, developed amid its influences, and early called to share in its affairs, as a sober-minded, well-balanced, public-spirited young man.

He was an associate of James Otis in all plans that touched the public welfare, distancing even that ardent and impulsive patriot in his opposition to British measures and methods. He made the life of the royal governor Bernard a burden and finally forced him from his post; he waged a never-ending feud with Hutchinson, chief-justice and later governor; he fought with vigor the kingly attempts to fasten a state church upon Puritan New England; he succeeded to the leadership of the patriot party when Otis had been beaten into insanity; he denounced unsparingly and unceasingly the quartering of British troops in Boston, and, after the Boston massacre, actually succeeded in having the obnoxious regiments removed from the rebellious town; he led and strengthened public opinion through the colony by his advice to the towns and his practical use of the great power of the town-meetings—those assemblies in which New England people freely spoke their minds; he organized the opposition of the people against the hated Stamp Act and advised the action that led to the famous "Boston tea party;" by letters and speeches, by conferences and counsel, he drew his countrymen into a union for mutual protection against the encroachments of the British crown; he helped form the Committees of Correspondence by which the different colonies came into touch and accord with each other on the subject of concerted action; he advocated the Congress of the Colonies which James Otis had first proposed, and he labored to bring it about; he went as a delegate to the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia, and there took a stand as the

uncompromising opponent of all concessions to the British crown and as the open advocate of independence; he recommended and took part in the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts at Concord, and when, in the Continental Congress, fears were expressed lest the bold stand of the colonies should lead to an open rupture with England, it was Samuel Adams who bravely declared, "I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty though it were revealed from heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish and only one of a thousand to survive and retain his liberty. One such freeman," he said, "must possess more virtue and enjoy more happiness than a thousand slaves; let him propagate his like and transmit to them what he has so nobly preserved."

So bold and outspoken an enemy to kingly authority could not but be a marked man, and it is no wonder that the British government wished to silence him, or that Gage, the British commander in Boston, sought to arrest and imprison Samuel Adams as a rebel to the king. That watchful patriot was wary, however, and the general was slow to act. But when Adams saw that more soldiers were coming from England he warned the people to be ready for them and to oppose, if need be, an expedition of troops out of Boston to search for concealed arms or warlike supplies.

It was this warning that led to the active preparations of the New England militia, and especially of the minutemen of Massachusetts; it was this, therefore, that induced the rallying of the minutemen when Paul Revere and his compatriot, William Dawes, galloped out from Boston to warn the country towns of the coming of the regulars; and it was because of this that we may claim for Samuel Adams the credit and responsibility for the now immortal battle of Lexington.

When that clash came Samuel Adams saw that his determined and persistent efforts had at last borne fruit; he felt that resistance to tyranny had indeed taken form, and that the

spirit of the people was aroused for a stand for right, for justice, and for liberty. Do you wonder, then, that, as he and John Hancock, arch-rebels both, and fugitives from British oppression and persecution, stood on Granny hill in Lexington, on the nineteenth of April, 1775, and heard from the Common the sounds of resistance and conflict, he should have exclaimed thankfully and with an enthusiasm not often displayed by one so sober and self-contained, "What a glorious morning is this for America"? In that open act of popular resistance Samuel Adams, patriot and lover of liberty, recognized the dawning of a new day for America—the sunrise of independence.

When the tidings of that bloody day at Lexington and Concord and the tidings of the twenty-mile harrying of the redcoats by the aroused farmers of Middlesex were speeding through the colonies, arousing them to action, Samuel Adams was posting south to Philadelphia to join his associates in the second Continental Congress. That Congress was still slow to act, and while they hesitated and temporized, considering new and useless appeals to king and Parliament, Samuel Adams stood almost alone as the champion of absolute independence. Gradually, however, men came to his opinion; one after another they joined him in his firm and uncompromising stand, and at last on the fourth of July, 1776, Samuel Adams saw the fulfilment of his hopes and the fruitage of his high desires in the passage and signing of the Declaration of Independence. "For Samuel Adams," so one writer declares, "that was the most triumphant moment of his life."

Even his enemies admitted his great power in this leadership of the forces of revolt. One of them said of him at that time: "Samuel Adams is the Cromwell of New England; to his intriguing arts the Declaration of Independence is in great measure to be attributed;" and Governor Hutchinson, then a fugitive in London, assured King George that Samuel Adams

was the arch-rebel of the colonies, for the reason that "he was the first that publicly asserted the independency of the colonies upon the kingdom."

As for Samuel Adams's fellow-countrymen, we are told how they regarded him in those years of his crowning triumph. John Adams, of Massachusetts, his kinsman and associate in Congress, declared that "Sam Adams was born and tempered a wedge of steel to split the knot of lignum vitæ that tied America to England." Josiah Quincy, an ardent patriot, seeking health in England, wrote: "I find many here who consider Samuel Adams the first politician in the world. I have found more reason every day to convince me that he has been right when others supposed him wrong;" and Thomas Jefferson said, "If there was any Palinurus"—that is, pilot—"to the Revolution, Samuel Adams was the man. Indeed, in the Eastern States, for a year or two after it began, he was, truly, the 'Man of the Revolution;'" and of his influence in the Continental Congress Jefferson said, "Samuel Adams was so rigorously logical, so clear in his views, abundant in good sense and master always of his subject, that he commanded the most profound attention whenever he rose in an assembly by which the froth of declamation was heard with the most sovereign contempt."

How far he was the "Man of the Revolution" in New England, as Jefferson declared, you have seen in the brief summary of his fearless actions in behalf of independence, and his education of the people of the Massachusetts towns in lessons of liberty. But with the signing of the Declaration of Independence his great life-work practically came to an end. "Had he died then," one of his biographers admits, "his fame would have been as great as it is now. What further he accomplished, though often of value, an ordinary man might have performed." He seems to have been raised up to show the people the only clear path to independence; after that the leadership was taken by others.

Historians tell us that Samuel Adams was what they term "the architect of ruin"—that is, he carefully and persistently planned the overthrow of kingly authority in America; that was his mission; he was fitted neither to plan nor organize the successful Republic. You can see from the glimpses I have given you of the man and his career that his work was destructive rather than preservative. He was, as you have seen, a rebel against the British throne from boyhood, and this in spite of the fact that both he and his father were, at one time in their lives, tax-collectors for the crown. You have seen that almost his first notable oration at college was a plea for resistance to tyranny, and that his entrance into public life was as the declared opponent of the kingly prerogative. He was the leader and chosen representative of the restless and aggressive people—the "tribune of the yeomanry," as someone called him. He advocated and organized rebellion; he urged on the farmers of Middlesex to stand their ground at Lexington and Concord; and when they had "fired the shot heard round the world," as Emerson puts it, none was more jubilant, none more enthusiastic, than Samuel Adams.

This was all destructive work, you see—the overthrow of constituted authority in America. When it came to upbuilding, the new nation looked to other hands than those of Samuel Adams. Throughout the Revolution he served in the Congress, but his position was rather that of a critic than a leader. And when the government began to take definite shape, and the plan of departments that was finally adopted as most practical was proposed, Samuel Adams strongly opposed it. He objected to the establishment of a State Department, of a War Department, and of a Treasury Department—the leading executive branches of our government and the chief presidential helpers. Instead, he advocated the outgrown and cumbersome conduct of those important departments by committees of Congress, as had been the method during the Revolution. It would have been a great

mistake had his plan been carried out; but even in this opposition he was the same Samuel Adams fearful of the concentration of authority in the president, fearful lest that office become a "one man power" or tyranny, and desirous of having all government and all direction come from the people, through committees selected from them—the people whose servant and leader, whose advocate and mouthpiece, he had been so long.

He disliked to exchange the old Articles of Confederation of 1781 which he had helped draw up for the Constitution of 1789, under which we live today. The Constitution would centralize things, he feared; the independence of the separate and sovereign States would be given up; and so, not liking the new order of things, he went home to Massachusetts.

There he worked in his beloved town-meetings—the people's tribunals—to help the Commonwealth of Massachusetts prepare and adopt a State Constitution; there he served the Commonwealth as lieutenant governor and governor; and there he outlived the century which he had helped to make both notable and historic, dying at last on the second of October in the year 1803, in his house on Winter street in his beloved home-town of Boston—so beloved by him and so much a part of his very existence that one of his associates and fellow workers declared, in just a bit of good-natured complaining, "Samuel Adams would have the State of Massachusetts govern the Union, the town of Boston govern Massachusetts, and Samuel Adams govern the town of Boston. Then, he believes, the whole would not be ill-governed." Samuel Adams, you see, was a patriot for his own times and generation. The Samuel Adams of the America of 1775 would be out of place, lost, and confounded in the America of 1900.

How much his State and town revered the stout old patriot let me show you.

There had been an election in Massachusetts—the hotly

contested State election of 1800. The political opponent of the old ex-governor had been elected, and he himself was rather despairing of the Republic. Inauguration day came, and, up Winter street in Boston town, marched the great procession escorting the governor to the State House on the hill. There were bands of music, flags and banners, parading troops and political clubs, all jubilant over their victory and filling the narrow Boston street with noise and show and color.

As they passed the modest house on the corner of what is today Winter street and Winter place and where, in recent years, a tablet has been erected in honor of "the Father of the Revolution" who once lived on that corner, the old patriot, then nearly eighty years old, was observed by the new governor watching the parade from his window.

"Halt!" commanded the governor-elect, and procession and music alike came to a stop. Then stepping from his carriage, while the troops presented arms and the people waited uncovered, the new governor—political rival and opponent though he was—stood with bared head and extended hands before the door of Samuel Adams, and, in a few brief but tender words, did graceful honor to his political opponent the patriot and leader of the people, whose efforts had freed the colonies and given liberty and independence to the land.

For the times comes the man. Revolution was inevitable, and God raised up Samuel Adams to be its organizer and earliest leader. Beneath the bronze statue of this historic American where it stands amid the rush and bustle of what is now called Adams square in the city of Boston you may read this estimate of the man: "A statesman incorruptible and fearless." And that is strictly true. As rugged and immovable as the great bowlder that, as the century closes, has been placed above his resting place in the Old Granary burying-ground, in Boston town, Samuel Adams was at once grand and noble—a fearless, sincere, unyielding, and incorruptible patriot—a true American.

And free America owes much to Samuel Adams. He proposed the Revolution; he advocated the Continental Congress; he signed the Declaration of Independence; and was so sharp a thorn in the side of the British Government and of the British generals that they tried first to bribe and then to kill him. But they could neither bribe nor kill him. He lived to see the redcoats of King George driven from Boston and, in time, from America; he lived to hail the final triumph of the principles for which he labored and suffered, and to see the people whose welfare he held above all selfish considerations of gain or position free and independent Americans, beginners and designers of a nation whose greatness even he could not comprehend or prophesy.

John Adams:
"The Colossus of Independence."

1735 – 1826, America

> "There is not upon the earth a more perfectly honest man then John Adams. Concealment is no part of his character…. I know him well, and I repeat that a man more perfectly honest never issued from the hands of his Creator."
>
> —*Thomas Jefferson.*

There was worry, uncertainty, and anxiety in the second Continental Congress. In the east room of the ever-famous and ever-precious Independence hall in Philadelphia the members sat or walked and talked, disconcerted and perplexed. They had organized revolution; they had plunged into war; and now they needed a leader for the soldiers they had summoned to fight the battle against British oppression, invasion, and assault. Collisions were frequent; forces were divided; the army lacked unity and leadership, and where could be found the right man for the important post of commander-in-chief?

Boston was beseiged by a patriot army. In New York the Tories "durst not show their heads." In Philadelphia two thousand men were under arms. In Virginia the militia was ready and waiting. Something must be done speedily, but it must be done well, for success in the field and a systematic conduct of the war depended upon the man to whom should be given the charge and oversight of this enthusiastic spirit of war.

The Congress was divided. Leaders of ability there were, each with his following and supporters, but none had the unanimous approval of the members, who must decide as to selection and authorization. Jealousies and divisions were already apparent and threatening, as each section advocated the claims of its favorite for the chosen head of the army; something, it was seen, must be done speedily if the army of the Congress was to take the initiative and fight the power of Great Britain on the offensive rather than the defensive ground.

Then it was that a Massachusetts man rose to the situation. He had his personal likes and dislikes, for he was a man of strong feelings and pronounced ideas. But he sunk all these for what he esteemed the public good. If a New England army led by a New England general fought the fight it would be, he said, a New England rather than an American quarrel, and, above all things else, John Adams, of Massachusetts, wished to nationalize and not localize the American Revolution.

He made up his mind speedily. On a certain June morning, in 1775, on his way to the session of the Congress in Independence hall, he caught his cousin and colleague, Samuel Adams, by the arm, and said emphatically:

"We must act on this matter at once. We must make the Congress declare for or against something. I'll tell you what I am going to do. I am determined this very morning to make a direct motion that Congress shall adopt the army before Boston, and appoint the Virginian, Colonel Washington, commander of it. What do you say?"

But Samuel Adams would say nothing. He was not yet ready to give the prize to a Southern rather than a Northern soldier, and although he esteemed Colonel Washington he would not agree to waive his preferences for Heath or Ward or Hancock.

So John Adams acted upon his own responsibility. As soon as that day's session of the Congress had opened he took

the floor and introduced a motion of precisely the nature confided to his cousin, Samuel Adams. Of course, it would not be like John Adams not to explain his motives, so he made a little speech, in which he reminded Congress of the perilous situation of the colonies, their need of united and systematic military protection, the uncaptained condition of the army at Cambridge, the perfection and discipline of the British soldiers whom the Americans must face in fight, and the absolute necessity, if victory were to be achieved, of bringing this army under the authority of Congress, and the appointment of a commander subject to Congress and trained to service.

"Such a gentleman I have in mind," said honest John Adams, drawing nearer to the plan he had at heart; and, at the words, those members of Congress who had favorite generals, or those who themselves desired the position of commander-in-chief, became deeply interested, or tried to look unconscious. Those members from New England who wished General Heath or General Ward selected, those others who had already decided that the Irish adventurer Lee was the only fit man for the post, prepared to advance the claims of their favorite, while ambitious and aristocratic John Hancock, the president of the Congress, was confident that he was the man in Mr. Adams's mind, and looked correspondingly pleased and prepared. But the next words of John Adams dispelled all these dreams of leadership:

"I mention no names, but every gentleman here knows him as at once a brave soldier and a man of affairs. He is a gentleman from Virginia, one of this body, and well known to all of us. He is a gentleman of skill and experience as an officer; his independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character would command the approbation of all the colonies better than any other person in the Union."

At these significant words Mr. John Hancock's face dropped suddenly. He thought that, of course, his friend and

colleague, Mr. Adams, had meant him. The other advocates of special favorites were disgusted and disappointed; for every member of the Congress knew who the gentleman from Virginia was; but the majority welcomed the suggestion as settling a hard question, and they were quite ready to support Mr. Adams's motion.

But as all eyes in the room turned in one direction, as they recognized Mr. Adams's description, a modest, sturdy-looking gentleman, in a colonel's uniform of buff and blue, flushed uncomfortably with surprise, hurriedly rose from his seat among the delegates from Virginia, and slipped from the room, seeking refuge in the library.

It was Colonel George Washington, of Virginia. But that motion of John Adams's saved the country; for, two days after, on the fifteenth of June, 1775, after the question had been quietly discussed, the disappointed ones won over and the timid ones brought around, Mr. Johnson, the delegate from Maryland, made a formal motion, based on John Adams's suggestion, and George Washington was unanimously elected, by ballot, commander-in-chief of the Continental army, so called to distinguish it from the British force then besieged in Boston, and usually styled the Ministerial army.

John Adams lived long enough to see what a wise and patriotic thing he had done when, setting aside all local prejudices and colonial selfishness, he had named the Virginian colonel for commander-in-chief. For that action brought into service and developed into greatness America's choicest, noblest, and most efficient man. He lived to see George Washington the saviour of his country, the victor over its foes, and its first president; while he, John Adams, of Massachusetts, was associated with him as the first vice-president of the Republic, and became his immediate successor in office, as the second president of the United States.

The story of this famous son of Massachusetts is one of

constant action, progress, appreciation, and advancement. Born on the thirteenth of October, 1735, he was forty years old when the American Revolution broke out, and was recognized at that time as the clearest mind and wisest head in all the long list of New England patriots. The little old Braintree farmhouse in which the "Father of the Fourth of July" was born still stands, a treasured relic, in what is now known as the city of Quincy, a few miles to the south of Boston.

His father was a thrifty farmer of the thrifty Bay Colony, worth perhaps seventy-five hundred dollars in lands and stock. But he put his son John through Harvard College, from which the boy graduated at twenty, and after that let him strike out for himself as a schoolmaster in Worcester. Then he became a lawyer in Boston and Braintree, heard that famous speech by James Otis in the Old Boston State House against the writs of assistance, and was so moved and stirred by it that he became at once an earnest and active advocate of protest, resistance, and finally of independence for America. His intelligence and ability were speedily recognized by his associates and the people. He was sent by them as a representative to the Legislature—the Great and General Court it was called in those days; and when Massachusetts decided upon union of action he was one of the five Massachusetts delegates sent to the first Continental Congress in Philadelphia. From that day on, for fully fifty years, he was prominently before the country as one of its best and chosen men, a typical New Englander, a patriotic American.

Bold, outspoken, upright, and true, he was sometimes conceited, opinionated, long-winded, and brusque; but his faults were far outweighed by his virtues; for he always had what is called the courage of his convictions, and no man dared more or was ready to sacrifice more for the cause of independence and the Republic than John Adams, of

Braintree. The acts and deeds for which America remembers him are many; but the first was especially significant. This was his manly defence of the British soldiers, unwisely tried for murder after the affray with the street mob known as the "Boston massacre" of 1770—all the more manly because there was no bolder patriot than John Adams, but there was none more desirous of seeing fair play than he. This stands out as his earliest "act of fame." The others are his demand for a Continental army and his proposing of George Washington as its commander-in-chief, in 1775, of which I have just told you; his speech on the first of July, 1776, which resulted in the adoption of the Declaration of Independence; the recognition, secured by him from Holland, of the United States of America as a nation and the timely loan of money which he obtained from the thrifty but friendly Dutch when the young American Republic was sorely in need of funds—both accomplished by him in 1782; the great treaty of peace with England which he "put through" in 1783; his patriotic keeping the peace with France when he was President, in 1800, and when everyone was shouting for war; and last, but by no means the least, his brave, bold struggle for religious liberty in Massachusetts in 1820, when the rugged old patriot was old in years but young in energy.

In wise and broad humanity, in bold and outspoken loyalty, in practical and helpful patriotism, there is no American who can show a better record as there are few to be held in more lasting remembrance than this same honest, stanch, stout, courageous, fussy, hot-tempered, but always fine old patriot John Adams, of Quincy, second president of the United States.

People have called him the "Father of the Fourth of July," not only because he was instrumental in making that day famous as a proposer and signer of the immortal Declaration of Independence, but because it was John Adams, of Massachusetts, who saw at once the deep and lasting meaning

of that great act, and prophesied its celebration by all Americans in later ages. We call it the fourth, but it was really the second of July, 1776, the day on which Congress passed the famous resolution introduced by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, declaring the United Colonies of America to be free and independent States. It was on that day, writing home to his patriotic wife in Quincy—Abigail Adams, one of America's noblest and most remarkable women—that John Adams made his memorable prophecy.

"The second of July, 1776," he wrote, "will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great Anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward, forever more."

The formal Act of Declaration was signed on the fourth day of July, but that was really only a ratification of the work of July second, so that we can fairly allow to John Adams the claim of being the prophet and father of our glorious Fourth of July.

This was by no means John Adams's first bit of prophecy. For when he was quite a young fellow, in 1755, the very year of Braddock's defeat, he declared that if the American and English soldiers succeeded in driving the French power from Canada the American colonists would increase and grow so strong that in another century they would exceed the British, and then, he added significantly, "All England will be unable to subdue us."

That prophecy has indeed come true; and today, as the twentieth century opens, the England that John Adams defied and the America he helped to build are drawing closer together as "brothers-in-blood," rivals and foemen no longer.

It is well to recall the public services of John Adams, who,

not liking public life, was yet continually in it for over forty years, always doing his duty honestly and fearlessly, like the honest and fearless man he was. A member of the first and second Continental Congresses, he was also elected chief-justice of Massachusetts, first secretary of war to the Republic —or war minister, as he called it—envoy and minister to France, Holland, and England, vice president of the United States, and then president; he closed his career, as I have told you, as a member of the convention called to prepare a new Constitution for Massachusetts into which he labored hard to introduce a clause permitting absolute religious tolerance in the Bay State. But the home of the wise and bold, though harsh and often bigoted ministers of the Puritan days was not yet ready for this open welcome to all religions—the efforts of the old man of eighty-five were not then successful; but today the State he loved so dearly and worked for so unselfishly follows the aged patriot's wise counsel, and opens wide its doors to all who, in different ways, but in a common spirit of toleration, serve the Lord after their own fashion and desire.

The life of John Adams was filled with great purposes and great endeavors; to it were linked many of the grand events that have long since become historic, and, as a fitting close to so notable a life, he died on the anniversary of the day he had helped to make famous, the Fourth of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the American Republic.

Like Governor John Winthrop, John Adams kept a diary. Indeed, he kept one nearly all of his life, and this diary, with the letters to his gifted wife, have been a never-failing source from which to draw descriptions of events, now historic, of men and manners long since passed away, and of the early, formative, sprouting days of the Republic. Men often write too much and talk too much, so that personalities frequently get them into trouble. This was sometimes the case with John Adams. He loved to gossip; he was careless as to what he said about people, and he frequently got into trouble and turned

former friends into enemies, especially men of prominence and patriotism like Jefferson and Hamilton. But we can forgive his eccentricities and indiscretions when we remember how much of good he did in his day and generation; especially may we be lenient when we discover that the cutting things John Adams said about people were very often true, and either led them to change their way or opened their eyes sufficiently to enable them to see the right way to do things.

He had said a great many hard things about George, king of England, and King George had certainly said many hard things about John Adams, chief rebel. In fact, there were points about each of these men that were similar, though what in King George we are quick to call obstinacy in John Adams we recognize as firmness and loyalty to principle! Both were strictly honest and very plainspoken, so when they met, at the time John Adams was sent to England as the first minister of the United States to the Court of St. James, people wondered what they would say to one another and who first would lose his temper.

But those who expected an explosion were disappointed. John Adams had gone to school to experience and had learned to keep his temper and how to drape the bare truth with the veil of diplomacy.

We can imagine the meeting. The short and stout American of the Yankee type is presented to the short and stout Englishman of the German type; each hating the other cordially, but both having the courtesy and dignity to treat each other like gentlemen.

They met in the private apartments of the king at St. James palace, known then as the king's closet.

"I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow citizens," said the first minister from the king's revolted colonies now acknowledged a nation, "in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your majesty's presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I

can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your majesty's royal benevolence and in restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or, in other words, the old good-nature and the old good-humor, between people who, though separated by an ocean and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, and kindred blood."

And the king, evidently affected and with a tremor in his voice, replied as honestly as John Adams had spoken.

"I will be very frank with you, sir," he said. "I was the last to consent to the separation; but the separation having been made I will be the first to meet the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments as yours prevail and a disposition to give this country the preference, that moment I shall say let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect."

This being concluded, the king, who detested the French, intimated that he had understood that Mr. Adams did not like the French as much as some Americans did. Whereupon John Adams, "embarrassed," as he tells us in one of his delightful letters, "but determined not to deny the truth on one hand nor leave him to infer from it any attachment to England on the other," boldly but pleasantly replied: "That opinion, sir, is not mistaken. I must avow to your majesty I have no attachment but to my own country."

"An honest man will never have any other, sir," the king replied with a bow, and the two honest, if obstinate men separated, not loving each other any better, but with an increased respect for each other's sincerity, courage, and loyalty.

Sincerity, courage, and loyalty were indeed the three things that marked John Adams's life and made him the safe and reliable guide for the Republic in its days of struggle and beginning. It was these that led his fellow countrymen to

place so many responsibilities upon him, to trust in his wisdom and have faith in his ability, and, at last, to raise to the highest position in their gift the strong, truth-loving, devoted patriot, whom, in the days of '76, men had delighted to call "the Colossus of Independence."

Thomas Jefferson

1743 – 1826, America

Five miles east of Charlottesville, Virginia, near where the River Rivanna enters the James, Thomas Jefferson was born, April 13, 1743, the third in a family of eight children.

Peter Jefferson, his father, descended from a Welsh ancestry, was a self-made man. The son of a farmer, with little chance for schooling, he improved every opportunity to read, became, like George Washington, a surveyor, and endured cheerfully all the perils of that pioneer life. Often, in making his survey across the Blue Ridge Mountains, he was obliged to defend himself against the attacks of wild beasts, and to sleep in hollow trees. When the provisions gave out, and his companions fell fainting beside him, he subsisted on raw flesh, and stayed on until his work was completed.

So strong was he physically that when two hogsheads of tobacco, each weighing a thousand pounds, were lying on their sides, he could raise them both upright at once. Besides this great strength of body, he developed great strength of mind. Shakespeare and Addison were his favorites. It was not strange that by and by he became a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses.

When Peter Jefferson was thirty-one, he married into a family much above his own socially—Jane, the daughter of Isham Randolph, a rich and cultured gentleman. She was but nineteen, of a most cheerful and hopeful temperament, with a passionate love of nature in every flower and tree.

From these two the boy Thomas inherited the two elements that make a man's character beautiful, not less than a

woman's—strength and sweetness. With his mother's nature, he found delight in every varying cloud, every rich sunset or sunrise, and in that ever new and ever wonderful change from new moon to full and from full to new again. How tender and responsive such a soul becomes! How it warms toward human nature from its love for the material world!

When Thomas was five years old, he was sent to a school where English only was taught. The hours of confinement doubtless seemed long to a child used to wander at will over the fields, for one day, becoming impatient for school to be dismissed, he went out-of-doors, knelt behind the house, and repeated the Lord's Prayer, thus hoping to expedite matters!

At nine he entered the family of Rev. William Douglas, a Scotch clergyman, where he learned Greek, Latin, and French. So fond did he become of the classics that he said, years later, if he were obliged to decide between the pleasure derived from them and the estate left him by his father, he would have greatly preferred poverty and education.

All these early years at "Shadwell," the Jefferson home—so named after his mother's home in England, where she was born—Thomas had an especially dear companion in his oldest sister, Jane. Her mind was like his own, quick and comprehensive, and her especial delight, like his, was in music. Three things, he said, became a passion with him, "Mathematics, music, and architecture." Jane had a charming voice, and her brother became a skilled performer on the violin, often practising three hours a day in his busy student life.

Peter Jefferson, the strong, athletic Assemblyman, died suddenly when Thomas was but fourteen, urging, as his dying request, that this boy be well educated. There was but one other son, and he an infant. The sweet-tempered Mrs. Jefferson, under forty, was left with eight children to care for; but she kept her sunny, hopeful heart.

When Thomas was a little more than sixteen, he entered

the college of William and Mary, at Williamsburg. He was a somewhat shy, tall, slight boy, eager for information, and warm-hearted. It was not surprising that he made friends with those superior to himself in mental acquirements. He says, in his Memoirs: "It was my great good-fortune, and what, perhaps, fixed the destinies of my life, that Dr. William Small of Scotland was the professor of mathematics, a man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of communication, correct and gentlemanly manners, and an enlarged and liberal mind. He, most happily for me, became soon attached to me, and made me his daily companion when not engaged in the school; and from his conversation I got my first views of the expansion of science and of the system of things in which we are placed. Fortunately, the philosophical chair became vacant soon after my arrival at college, and he was appointed to fill it per interim; and he was the first whoever gave in that college regular lectures in ethics, rhetoric, and belles lettres. He returned to Europe in 1762, having previously filled up the measure of his goodness to me by procuring for me, from his most intimate friend, George Wythe, a reception as a student of law under his direction, and introduced me to the acquaintance and familiar table of Governor Fauquier, the ablest man who had ever filled that office."

The governor, though an accomplished scholar and great patron of learning, was very fond of card-playing, and of betting in the play. In this direction his influence became most pernicious to Virginia. Strangely enough, young Jefferson never knew one card from another, and never allowed them to be played in his house.

He devoted himself untiringly to his books. He worked fifteen hours a day, allowing himself only time to run out of town for a mile in the twilight, before lighting the candles, as necessary exercise. Though, from the high social position of his mother, he had many acquaintances at Williamsburg,

Thomas went little in society, save to dine with the prominent men above mentioned. These were a constant stimulant to him. A great man, or the written life of a great man, becomes the maker of other great men. The boy had learned early in life one secret, of success; to ally one's self to superior men and women.

Years afterward, he wrote to his eldest grandson, "I had the good-fortune to become acquainted very early with some characters of very high standing, and to feel the incessant wish that I could ever become what they were. Under temptations and difficulties, I would ask myself, what would Dr. Small, Mr. Wythe, Peyton Randolph do in this situation? What course in it will insure me their approbation? I am certain that this mode of deciding on my conduct tended more to correctness than any reasoning powers I possessed. Knowing the even and dignified lives they pursued, I could never doubt for a moment which of two courses would be in character for them. From the circumstances of my position, I was often thrown into the society of horse-racers, card-players, foxhunters, scientific and professional men, and of dignified men; and many a time have I asked myself in the enthusiastic moment of the death of a fox, the victory of a favorite horse, the issue of a question eloquently argued at the bar or in the great council of the nation, well, which of these kinds of reputation should I prefer—that of a horse jockey, a fox-hunter, an orator, or the honest advocate of my country's rights?"

The very fact that Jefferson thus early in life valued character and patriotism above everything else was a sure indication of a grand and successful manhood. We usually build for ourselves the kind of house we start to build in early years. If it is an abode of pleasure, we live in the satiety and littleness of soul which such a life brings. If it is an abode of worship of all that is pure and exalted, we walk among high ideals, with the angels for ministering spirits, and become a blessing to

ourselves and to mankind.

In these college-days, Jefferson became acquainted with the fun-loving, brilliant Patrick Henry, forming a friendship that became of great value to both. After two years in college, where he had obtained a fair knowledge of French, Spanish, and Italian, besides his Latin and Greek, he went home to spend the winter in reading law. But other thoughts continually mingled with Coke. On every page he read the name of a beautiful girl of whom he had become very fond. She had given him a watch-paper, which having become spoiled accidentally, the law student wrote to his friend John Page, afterward governor of Virginia, "I would fain ask the favor of Miss Becca Burwell to give me another watch-paper of her own cutting, which I should esteem much more, though it were a plain round one, than the nicest in the world, cut by other hands." He asked advice of Page as to whether he had better go to her home and tell her what was in his heart. "Inclination tells me to go, receive my sentence, and be no longer in suspense; but reason says, 'If you go, and your attempt proves unsuccessful, you will be ten times more wretched than ever.'"

He battled with Coke all winter and all the next summer—a young man in love who can thus bend himself to his work shows a strong will—going to Williamsburg in October to attend the General Court, and to meet and ask Miss Burwell for her heart and hand. Alas! he found her engaged to another. Possibly, he was "ten times more wretched than ever," but it was wise to know the worst.

A young man of twenty-one usually makes the best of an unfortunate matter, remembering that life is all before him, and he must expect difficulties. The following year, a sister married one of his dearest friends, Dabney Carr; and the same year, 1765, his pet sister, Jane, died. To the end of his life, he never forgot this sorrow; and, even in his extreme old age, said "that often in church some sacred air, which her sweet

voice had made familiar to him in youth, recalled to him sweet visions of this sister, whom he had loved so well and buried so young."

After five years spent in law studies, rising at five, even in winter, for his work, he began to practise, with remarkable success. He was not a gifted speaker, but, having been a close student, his knowledge was highly valued. Years afterward, an old gentleman who knew Jefferson, when asked, "What was his power in the courtroom?" answered, "He always took the right side."

Parton says, in his valuable life of Jefferson, "He had most of the requisites of a great lawyer; industry, so quiet, methodical, and sustained that it amounted to a gift; learning, multifarious and exact; skill and rapidity in handling books; the instinct of research, that leads him who has it to the fact he wants, as surely as the hound scents the game; a serenity of temper, which neither the inaptitude of witnesses nor the badgering of counsel could ever disturb; a habit of getting everything upon paper in such a way that all his stores of knowledge could be marshalled and brought into action; a ready sympathy with a client's mind; an intuitive sense of what is due to the opinions, prejudices, and errors of others; a knowledge of the few avenues by which alone unwelcome truth can find access to a human mind; and the power to state a case with the clearness and brevity that often make argument superfluous."

In 1768, when he was only twenty-five years old, he offered himself as a candidate for the Virginia Legislature, and was elected. He entered upon his public life, which lasted for forty years, with the resolution "never to engage, while in public office, in any kind of enterprise for the improvement of my fortune;" and he kept his resolution.

Two years after he began to practise law, the house at "Shadwell" was burned. He was absent from home, and greatly concerned about his library. When a colored man came to

tell him of his loss, Jefferson inquired eagerly for his books. "Oh," replied the servant, carelessly, "they were all burnt, but ah! we saved your fiddle!"

A new house was now begun, two miles from the Shadwell home, on a hill five hundred and eighty feet high, which he called afterwards "Monticello," the Italian for "Little Mountain." This had long been a favorite retreat for Jefferson. He and Dabney Carr had come here day after day, in the summer-time, and made for themselves a rustic seat under a great oak, where they read law together, and planned the rose-colored plans of youth. Sweet, indeed, is it that we have such plans in early years. Those get most out of life who live much in the ideal; who see roses along every pathway, and hear Nature's music in every terrific storm.

Jefferson was building the Monticello home with bright visions for its future. Another face had come into his heart, this time to remain forever. It was a beautiful face; a woman, with a slight, delicate form, a mind remarkably trained for the times, and a soul devoted to music. She had been married, and was a widow at nineteen. Her father was a wealthy lawyer; her own portion was about forty thousand acres of land and one hundred and thirty-five slaves. Although Jefferson had less land, his annual income was about five thousand dollars, from this and his profession.

Martha Skelton was now twenty-three, and Jefferson nearly twenty-nine. So attractive a woman had many suitors. The story is told that two interested gentlemen came one evening to her father's house, with the purpose of having their future definitely settled. When they arrived, they heard singing in the drawing-room. They listened, and the voices were unmistakably those of Jefferson and Martha Skelton. Making up their minds that "their future was definitely settled," as far as she was concerned, they took their hats and withdrew.

Jefferson was married to the lady January 1, 1772, and after the wedding started for Monticello. The snow had fallen

lightly, but soon became so deep that they were obliged to quit the carriage and proceed on horseback. Arriving late at night, the fires were out and the servants in bed; but love keeps hearts warm, and darkness and cold were forgotten in the satisfaction of having won each other. This satisfaction was never clouded. For years, the home life deepened with its joys and sorrows. A little girl, Martha, was first born into the home; then Jane, who died when eighteen months old, and then an only son, who died in seventeen days. Monticello took on new beauty. Trees were set out and flower-beds planted. The man who so loved nature made this a restful and beautiful place for his little group.

The year after Jefferson's marriage, Dabney Carr, the brilliant young member of the Virginia Assembly, a favorite in every household, eloquent and lovable, died in his thirtieth year. His wife, for a time, lost her reason in consequence. Carr was buried at "Shadwell," as Jefferson was away from home; but, upon his return, the boyish promise was kept, and the friend was interred under the old oak at Monticello, with these words on the stone, written by Jefferson:—

"To his Virtue, Good-Sense, Learning, and Friendship, this stone is dedicated by Thomas Jefferson, who, of all men living, loved him most."

At once, Mrs. Carr, with her six little children, came to Jefferson's home, and lived there ever after, he educating the three sons and three daughters of his widowed sister as though they were his own. Thus true and tender was he to those whom he loved.

For some years past, Jefferson had been developing under that British teaching which led America to freedom. When a student of law, he had listened to Patrick Henry's immortal speech in the debate on the Stamp Act. "I attended the debate," said Jefferson in his Memoir, "and heard the splendid display of Mr. Henry's talents as a popular orator. They were indeed great; such as I have never heard from any other man.

He appeared to me to speak as Homer wrote…. I never heard anything that deserved to be called by the same name with what flowed from him; and where he got that torrent of language from is inconceivable. I have frequently shut my eyes while he spoke, and, when he was done, asked myself what he had said, without being able to recollect a word of it. He was no logician. He was truly a great man, however—one of enlarged views."

The whole country had become aflame over the burning of the Gaspee, in March, 1772—a royal schooner anchored at Providence, R. I. The schooner came there to watch the commerce of the colonies, and to search vessels. She made herself generally obnoxious. Having run aground in her chase of an American packet, a few Rhode Islanders determined to visit her and burn her. The little company set out in eight boats, muffling their oars, reaching her after midnight. The Gaspee was taken unawares, the hands of the crew tied behind them, and the vessel burned.

At once a reward of five thousand dollars was offered for the detection of any person concerned; but, though everybody knew, nobody would tell. Word came from England "that the persons concerned in the burning of the Gaspee schooner, and in the other violences which attended that daring insult, should be brought to England to be tried." This fired the hearts of the colonists. The Virginia House of Burgesses appointed a committee to correspond with other Legislatures on topics which concerned the common welfare. The royal governor of Virginia had no liking for such free thought and free speech as this, and dissolved the House, which at once repaired to a tavern and continued its deliberations.

Soon a convention was called, before which Jefferson's "Summary View of the Rights of British America" was laid. It was worded as a skilful lawyer and polished writer knew how to word it; and it stated the case so plainly that, when it was

published, and sent to Great Britain, Jefferson, to use his own words, "had the honor of having his name inserted in a long list of proscriptions enrolled in a bill of attainder commenced in one of the Houses of Parliament, but suppressed by the hasty step of events." Remoteness from England doubtless saved his life.

Jefferson went up to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, which opened May 10, 1775, taking his "Summary View" with him. The delegates were waiting to see what Virginia had to say in these important days. She had instructed her men to offer a resolution that "the United Colonies be free and independent States," which was done by Richard Henry Lee, on June 7. Four days later, Congress appointed a committee of five to prepare a Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson, only thirty-two, one of the youngest members of Congress, was made chairman. How well he had become fitted to write this immortal document! It was but a condensation of the "Summary View." He was also, says John T. Morse, in his life of Jefferson, "a man without an enemy. His abstinence from any active share in debate had saved him from giving irritation."

The Declaration still exists in Jefferson's clear handwriting. For three days the paper was hotly debated, "John Adams being the colossus of the debate." Jefferson did not speak a word, though Franklin cheered him as he saw him "writhing under the acrimonious criticism of some of its parts."

When it was adopted, the country was wild with joy. It was publicly read from a platform in Independence Square. Military companies gathered to listen to its words, fired salutes, and lighted bonfires in the evenings. The step, dreaded, yet for years longed for, had been taken—separation and freedom, or union and slavery. Jefferson came to that Congress an educated, true-hearted lover of his country; he went back to Martha Jefferson famous as long as America

shall endure. He was reelected to Congress, but declined to serve, as he wished to do important work in his own State, in the changing of her laws.

But now, October 8, 1776, came a most tempting offer; that of joint commissioner with Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane to represent America at the court of France. He had always longed for European travel; he was a fine French scholar, and could make himself most useful to his new country, but his wife was too frail to undertake the long journey. She was more to him than the French mission, and he stayed at home.

Born with a belief in human brotherhood and a love for human freedom, he turned his attention in the Virginia Legislature to the repeal of the laws of entail and primogeniture, derived from England. He believed the repeal of these, and the adoption of his bill "for establishing religious freedom," would, as he said, form a system by which every fibre would be eradicated of ancient or future aristocracy. "The repeal of the laws of entail would prevent the accumulation and perpetuation of wealth in select families…. The abolition of primogeniture, and equal partition of inheritances, removed the feudal and unnatural distinctions which made one member of every family rich and all the rest poor…. The restoration of the rights of conscience relieved the people from taxation for the support of a religion not theirs."

There was much persecution of Dissenters by the Established Church. Baptists were often thrown into prison for preaching, as Patrick Henry declared, "the Gospel of the Saviour to Adam's fallen race." For nine years the matter of freedom of conscience was wrestled with, before Virginia could concede to her people the right to worship God as they pleased.

Jefferson was averse to slavery, worked for the colonization of the slaves, and in 1778 carried through a bill against their further importation.

He wrote later, in his "Notes on Virginia": "The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism, on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other…. I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situations, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest." When his State could not bring itself to adopt his plan of freeing the slaves, he wrote in his autobiography, in 1821, "The day is not distant when it must bear and adopt it, or worse will follow. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free." How great indeed was the man who could look beyond his own personal interests for the wellbeing of the race!

He worked earnestly for common schools and the establishment of a university in his native State, believing that it is the right and duty of a nation to make its people intelligent and capable of self-government.

In June, 1779, Jefferson was made governor of Virginia, to succeed Patrick Henry, her first governor. The Revolutionary War had been going forward, with some victories and some defeats. Virginia had given generously of men, money, and provisions. The war was being transferred to the South, as its battle-ground. British fleets had laid waste the Atlantic coast. Benedict Arnold and Cornwallis had ravaged Virginia. When General Tarlton was ordered to Charlottesville, in 1781, and it seemed probable that Monticello would fall into his hands, Jefferson moved his family to a place of safety.

When the British arrived, and found that the governor was not to be captured, they retired without committing the slightest injury to the place. This was in return for kindness shown by Jefferson to four thousand English prisoners, who

had been sent from near New York, to be in camp at Charlottesville, where it seemed cheaper to provide for them. Jefferson rightly said: "It is for the benefit of mankind to mitigate the horrors of war as much as possible. The practice, therefore, of modern nations, of treating captive enemies with politeness and generosity, is not only delightful in contemplation, but really interesting to all the world—friends, foes, and neutrals."

Two faithful servants at Monticello, fearful that the silver might be stolen by the red-coats, concealed it under a floor a few feet from the ground; Cæsar, removing a plank, and slipping through the cavity, received it from the hands of Martin. The soldiers came just as the last piece was handed to Cæsar; the plank was immediately restored to its place, and for nearly three days and nights the poor colored man remained in the dark, without food, guarding his master's treasures. When a soldier put his gun to the breast of Martin and threatened to fire unless Jefferson's whereabouts was disclosed, the brave fellow answered, "Fire away, then!" A man or woman who wins and holds such loyalty from dependents is no ordinary character.

After holding the office of governor for two years, Jefferson resigned, feeling that a military man would give greater satisfaction. Such a one followed him, but with no better success among the half-despairing patriots, destitute of money and supplies. Jefferson, with his sensitive spirit, felt keenly the criticisms of some of the people, saying, "They have inflicted a wound on my spirit which will only be cured by the all-healing grave." He refused to return to public life, and looked forward to happy years of quiet study at Monticello.

How little we know the way which lies before us. We long for sunlight, and perchance have only storms. We love to be as children who must be carried over the swamps and rough places, not knowing that strength of manhood and

womanhood comes generally through struggling. The "happy years" at Monticello were already numbered. Another little girl had come to gladden the heart of the man who so loved children, and had quickly taken her departure. And now Martha Jefferson, at thirty-four, the sweet, gentle woman who had lived with him only ten short years, was also going away. She talked with him calmly about the journey; she said she could not die content if she thought their children would have a stepmother. The young governor, without a moment's thought as to his future happiness, taking her hand, solemnly promised that he would never marry again, and he kept his word. It is not known that any person ever entered the place left vacant in his heart by Martha Jefferson's death.

For four months he had watched by her bedside, or had his books so near her that he could work without being separated from her. When she died he fainted, and remained so long insensible that the attendants thought he could never be restored to consciousness. For three weeks he kept his room, ministered to by his little daughter Martha, who wound her arms about his neck, with that inexpressible consolation that only a pure, sweet child-nature can give. She said years later, "I was never a moment from his side. He walked almost incessantly, night and day, only lying down occasionally, when nature was completely exhausted…. When, at last, he left his room, he rode out; and from that time he was on horseback rambling about the mountain, in the least frequented roads, and just as often through the woods. In those melancholy rambles I was his constant companion, a solitary witness to many a burst of grief."

He longed now for a change of scene; Monticello was no more a place of peace and rest. Being elected to Congress, he took his seat in November, 1783. To him we owe, after much heated discussion, the adoption of the present system of dollars and cents, instead of pounds and shillings. In May, 1784, he was appointed minister to France, to join Dr.

Franklin and John Adams in negotiating commercial treaties. He sailed in July, taking with him his eldest child, Martha, leaving Mary and an infant daughter with an aunt.

The educated governor and congressman of course found a cordial welcome in Parisian society, for was he not the author of the Declaration of Independence, endeared to all lovers of liberty, in whatever country. He was charmed with French courtesy, thrift, and neatness, but he was always an American in sentiment and affection. He wrote to his young friend, James Monroe, afterwards President: "The pleasure of the trip to Europe will be less than you expect, but the utility greater. It will make you adore your own country—its soil, its climate, its equality, liberty, laws, people, and manners. How little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy!" More and more he loved, and believed in, a republic. He wrote to a friend: "If all the evils which can arise among us from the republican form of government, from this day to the day of judgment, could be put into scale against what this country suffers from its monarchical form in a week, or England in a month, the latter would preponderate. No race of kings has ever presented above one man of common-sense in twenty generations. The best they can do is to leave things to their ministers; and what are their ministers but a committee badly chosen?"

Jefferson spent much time in looking up the manufacturing and agricultural interests of the country, and kept four colleges—Harvard, Yale, William and Mary, and the College of Philadelphia—advised of new inventions, new books, and new phases of the approaching Revolution.

He had placed his daughter Martha in a leading school. His letters to her in the midst of his busy life show the beautiful spirit of the man, who was too great ever to rise above his affectional nature. "The more you learn the more I love you," he wrote her; "and I rest the happiness of my life on

seeing you beloved by all the world, which you will be sure to be if to a good heart you join those accomplishments so peculiarly pleasing in your sex. Adieu, my dear child; lose no moment in improving your head, nor any opportunity of exercising your heart in benevolence."

His baby-girl, Lucy, died two years after her mother, and now only little Mary was left in America. He could not rest until this child was with him in France. She came, with a breaking heart on leaving the old Virginia home and her aunt. On board the vessel she became so attached to the captain that it was almost impossible to take her from him. She spent some weeks with Mrs. John Adams in London, who wrote: "A finer child I never saw. I grew so fond of her, and she was so much attached to me, that, when Mr. Jefferson sent for her, they were obliged to force the little creature away."

Once in Paris, the affectionate child was placed at school with her sister Martha, to whom Jefferson wrote: "She will become a precious charge upon your hands…. Teach her, above all things, to be good, because without that we can neither be valued by others nor set any value on ourselves. Teach her to be always true; no vice is so mean as the want of truth, and at the same time so useless. Teach her never to be angry; anger only serves to torment ourselves, to divert others, and alienate their esteem."

The love of truth was a strong characteristic of Jefferson's nature, one of the most beautiful characteristics of any life. There is no other foundation stone so strong and enduring on which to build a granite character as the granite rock of truth. Jefferson wrote to his children and nephews: "If you ever find yourself in any difficulty, and doubt how to extricate yourself, do what is right, and you will find it the easiest way of getting out of the difficulty…. Give up money, give up fame, give up science, give the earth itself, and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act. And never suppose that, in any possible situation or any circumstances, it is best for you to do a

dishonorable thing." Again he wrote: "Determine never to be idle. No person will have occasion to complain of the want of time, who never loses any. It is wonderful how much may be done if we are always doing."

After five years spent in France, most of which time he was minister plenipotentiary, Dr. Franklin having returned home, and John Adams having gone to England, Jefferson set sail for America, with his two beloved children, Martha, seventeen, and Mary, eleven. He had done his work well, and been honored for his wisdom and his peace-loving nature. Daniel Webster said of him: "No court in Europe had at that time a representative in Paris commanding or enjoying higher regard, for political knowledge or for general attainments, than the minister of this then infant republic."

Even before Jefferson reached home he had been appointed Secretary of State by President Washington. He accepted with a sense of dread, and his subsequent difficulties with Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, realized his worst fears. The one believed in centralization of power—a stronger national government; the other believed in a pure democracy—the will of the people, with the least possible governing power. The two men were opposite in character, opposite in financial plans, opposite in views of national polity. Jefferson took sides with the French, and Hamilton with the English in the French Revolution. The press grew bitter over these differences, and the noble heart of George Washington was troubled. Finally Jefferson resigned, and retired to Monticello. "I return to farming," he said, "with an ardor which I scarcely knew in my youth."

Three years later, he was again called into public life. As Washington declined a reelection, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson became the two Presidential candidates. The one receiving the most votes of the electors became President, and the second on the list, Vice-President. John Adams received three more votes than Jefferson, and was made

President.

On March 4, 1797, Jefferson, as Vice-President, became the leader of the Senate, delivering a short but able address. Much of the next four years he spent at Monticello, watching closely the progress of events.

Matters with the French republic grew more complicated. She demanded an alliance with the United States against England, which was refused, and war became imminent. At the last moment, John Adams rose above the tempest of the hour, went quite half-way in bringing about a reconciliation, and the country was saved from a useless and disastrous war.

The Federalists had passed some unwise measures, such as the "Alien Law," whereby the President was authorized to send foreigners out of the country; and the "Sedition Law," which punished with fine and imprisonment freedom of speech and of the press. Therefore, at the next presidential election, when Adams and Jefferson were again candidates, the latter was made President of the United States, the Federalists having lost their power, and the Republicans—afterwards called Democrats—having gained the ascendancy.

The contest had been bitter. Jefferson's religious belief had been strongly assailed. Through it all he had the common-sense to know that the cool-headed, good-natured man, who has only words of kindness, and who rarely or never makes an enemy, is the man who wins in the end. He controlled himself, and therefore his party, in a manner almost unexampled.

March 4, 1801, at the age of fifty-eight, in a plain suit of clothes, the great leader of Democracy rode to the Capitol, hitched his horse to the fence, entered the Senate Chamber, and delivered his inaugural address. Thus simple was the man, who wished ever to be known as "the friend of the people." Alas! that sweet Martha Jefferson could not have lived to see this glad day! To what a proud height had come the hard-working college boy and the tender-hearted, tolerant man!

As President, he was the idol of his party, and, in the main, a wise leader. He made few removals from office, chiefly those appointed by John Adams just as he was leaving the Presidency. Jefferson said removals "must be as few as possible, done gradually, and bottomed on some malversation or inherent disqualification." One of the chief acts was the purchase from France of a great tract of land, called the Territory of Louisiana, for fifteen million dollars.

During his second four years in office, there were more perplexities. Aaron Burr, Vice-President during Jefferson's first term, was tried on the charge of raising an army to place himself on the throne of Mexico, or at the head of a Southwestern confederacy. England, usually at war with France, had issued orders prohibiting all trade with that country and her allies; Napoleon had retorted by a like measure. Both nations claimed the right to take seamen out of United States vessels. The British frigate Leopard took four seamen by force from the American frigate Chesapeake. The nation seemed on the verge of war, but it was postponed, only to come later, in 1812, under James Madison.

Congress passed the Embargo Act, by which all American vessels were detained in our own ports. It had strong advocates and strong opponents, but was repealed as soon as Jefferson retired from office. Owing to these measures our commerce was well-nigh destroyed.

At the age of sixty-five years, Jefferson retired to Monticello, "with a reputation and popularity," says Mr. Morse, "hardly inferior to that of Washington." He had had the wisdom never to assume the bearing of a leader. He had been careful to avoid disputes. Once, when riding, he met a stranger, with whom engaging in conversation, he found him bitterly opposed to the President. Upon being asked if he knew Mr. Jefferson personally, he replied, "No, nor do I wish to."

"But do you think it fair to repeat such stories about a

man, and condemn one whom you do not dare to face?"

"I shall never shrink from meeting him if he ever comes in my way."

"Will you, then, go to his house tomorrow, and be introduced to him, if I promise to meet you there?"

"Yes, I will."

The stranger came, to his astonishment found that the man he had talked with was the President himself, dined with him, and became his firm friend and supporter ever afterward.

For the next seventeen years, Jefferson lived at Monticello, honored and visited by celebrities from all the world. Sometimes as many as fifty persons stayed at his home over night. One family of six came from abroad, and remained with him for ten months. His daughter Martha, married to Thomas Mann Randolph, presided over his hospitable home, and with her eleven children made the place a delight, for she had "the Jefferson temperament—all music and sunshine." The beautiful Mary, who married her cousin, John W. Eppes, had died at twenty-six, leaving two small children, who, like all the rest, found a home with Jefferson.

In the midst of this loving company, the great man led a busy life, carrying on an immense correspondence, by means of which he exerted a commanding influence on the questions of the day as well as on all social matters. To a child named for him, he wrote a letter which the boy might read after the statesman's death. In it are these helpful words: "Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence."

To his daughter Mary he wrote these lines, which well might be hung up in every household:—

"Harmony in the married state is the very first object to be aimed at. Nothing can preserve affections uninterrupted but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and a determination in each to consider the love of the other as of more

value than any object whatever on which a wish had been fixed. How light, in fact, is the sacrifice of any other wish when weighed against the affections of one with whom we are to pass our whole life. And though opposition in a single instance will hardly of itself produce alienation, yet everyone has his pouch into which all these little oppositions are put. While that is filling, the alienation is insensibly going on, and when filled it is complete. It would puzzle either to say why, because no one difference of opinion has been marked enough to produce a serious effect by itself. But he finds his affections wearied out by a constant stream of little checks and obstacles.

"Other sources of discontent, very common indeed, are the little cross-purposes of husband and wife, in common conversation; a disposition in either to criticise and question whatever the other says; a desire always to demonstrate and make him feel himself in the wrong, and especially in company. Nothing is so goading. Much better, therefore, if our companion views a thing in a light different from what we do, to leave him in quiet possession of his view. What is the use of rectifying him, if the thing be unimportant, and, if important, let it pass for the present, and wait a softer moment and more conciliatory occasion of revising the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to these little rules of prudence."

Jefferson rose early; the sun, he said, had not for fifty years caught him in bed. But he bore great heart-sorrow in these declining years, and bore it bravely. His estate had diminished in value, and he had lost heavily by indorsements for others. His household expenses were necessarily great. Finally, debts pressed so heavily that he sold to Congress the dearly prized library, which he had been gathering for fifty years. He received nearly twenty-four thousand dollars for it, about half its original value. But this amount brought only temporary relief.

Then he attempted to dispose of some of his land by lottery, as was somewhat the fashion of the times. The Legislature reluctantly gave permission, but as soon as his friends in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore heard of his pecuniary condition, they raised about eighteen thousand dollars for him, and the lottery plan was abandoned. He was touched by this proof of esteem, and said: "No cent of this is wrung from the tax-payer; it is the pure and unsolicited offering of love."

Jefferson was now, as he said, "like an old watch, with a pinion worn out here and a wheel there, until it can go no longer." On July 3, 1826, after a brief illness, he seemed near the end. He desired to live till the next day, and frequently asked if it were the Fourth. He lingered till forty minutes past the noon of July 4, and then slept in death. That same day, John Adams, at ninety-one, was dying at Quincy, Mass. His last words were, as he went out at sunset, the booming of cannon sounding pleasant to his patriotic heart, "Thomas Jefferson still lives." He did not know that his great co-laborer had gone home at midday. "The two aged men," says T. W. Higginson, "floated on, like two ships becalmed at nightfall, that drift together into port, and cast anchor side by side." Beautiful words!

The death of two Presidents at this memorable time has given an additional sacredness to our national Independence Day.

Among Jefferson's papers were found, carefully laid away, "some of my dear, dear wife's handwriting," and locks of hair of herself and children. Also a sketch of the granite stone he desired for his monument, with these words to be inscribed upon it.

Here was buried
Thomas Jefferson,
Author of the Declaration of Independence,

He was buried by his family and servants, on the spot selected by himself and Dabney Carr in boyhood, his wife on one side and his loving Mary on the other.

The beloved Monticello passed into other hands. Martha Jefferson and her children would have been left penniless had not the Legislatures of South Carolina and Louisiana each voted her ten thousand dollars. Thomas Jefferson Randolph, the grandson, with the assistance of his daughters, who established a noted school, paid all the remaining debts, many thousand dollars, to save the honor of their famous ancestor.

To the last, Jefferson kept his sublime faith in human nature and in the eternal justice of republican principles, saying it is "my conviction that should things go wrong at any time, the people will set them to rights by the peaceable exercise of their elective rights." Whatever his religious belief in its details of creed, he said, "I am a Christian in the only sense in which Jesus wished anyone to be—sincerely attached to his doctrines in preference to all others." He compiled a little book of the words of Christ, saying, "A more precious morsel of ethics was never seen."

In his public life he was honest, in his domestic life lovable, and he died, as he had lived, tolerant of the opinions of others, even-tempered, believing in the grandeur and beauty of human nature. What though we occasionally trust too much! Far better that than to go through life doubting and murmuring! That he believed too broadly in States' Rights for the perpetuity of the Union, our late Civil War plainly showed, and his views on Free Trade are, of course, shared by a portion only of our citizens. However, he gave grandly of the affection of his heart and the power of his intellect, and he received, as he deserved, the love and honor of thousands, the world over.

John Metcalf:
A Blind Boy

1717 – 1810, England

Few of us realize how life is simplified by good roads. The fact that a good path leads from one place to another, means (1) that it will save us time and strength getting between the two places; (2) that someone made it.

There was born nearly two centuries ago into the family of poor working people, a son, who was named John Metcalf. At the age of six John was afflicted with smallpox, which destroyed his sight.

He used to grope about the house, learning how to find his way by remembering the order of the doors, the wall, the mantelpiece. When he had learned to do this in the house, he began in the same way to learn the little village where he lived. In three years he could find his way alone to any part of the town without help.

Being an active boy, he joined in all the sports of his companions. He learned to climb trees, to swim, to ride a horse, and to do many other things that showed the unusual activity of his mind.

One night a man met him and asked the way to a neighboring town. John offered to go with him. He led him across fields and moors, through little lanes and bypaths, and brought him to the door of the inn where the gentleman was to stay.

Samuel smiles, in telling this story, relates that the gentleman remarked to the landlord of the inn that the boy had probably been drinking.

"Why!" asked the landlord.

"I judge so from the very peculiar look in his eyes."

"Why," said the landlord, "the boy is stone blind."

"Call him in again," said the gentleman.

"Are you really blind, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, I have been blind from my sixth year."

"Had I known that I would not have come over that road with you for a hundred pounds."

"And I," said John, "would not have lost my way for a thousand pounds."

That he was not afraid to travel, however, is shown by the fact that he went alone by steamer to London. To help pay his expenses he took his fiddle with him, and by playing earned many a penny now and then.

From the fact that John was fond of going about as freely as one who could see, he learned of the bad state of the roads that led from town to town over England. When, by an act of Parliament, it was decided to construct a turnpike road in the North of England, John offered to undertake the work, blind as he was, and to construct a satisfactory roadway. He secured the contract and began in a thoroughly businesslike way to become a road constructor.

For thirty years that blind man went on building highways and bridges. He became an expert judge of soil formation. He learned to survey, and to manage large gangs of laborers successfully.

At the age of seventy he gave up this occupation, but, finding that to be happy he must be busy, he interested himself in the cotton business, learning it in the same thorough way that he had learned everything else that he turned his mind to. He bought and operated several spinning and carding machines.

But the cotton business offered him less real satisfaction than road-making did, so once again he turned to it. He secured a contract to build a difficult piece of road for the sum

of seventeen thousand, five hundred dollars. This work lasted two years, and when he accounted for the expense involved in it he found himself the loser by two hundred dollars.

No man can guess the span of his own life, but there remained yet to John Metcalf twenty-three years of activity. He died at ninety-three, and was admitted to be the greatest and most scientific roadmaker of his time.

The misfortune of being blind never troubled him. His mind was so full of plans, his spirit so fearless, his ambition so great, he surpassed thousands of men of his day who had no such handicap as he—so far as eyes were concerned.

But they had, and thousands of us in these days have, a far worse handicap than blindness of the eyes, and that is blindness of the mind. A man who has that is doomed. But if the mind be full of activity, if the spirit craves to work, the man can easily overcome the most terrible affliction.

James Watt:
The Inventor of the Steam Engine

1736 – 1819, Scotland

In a small cottage at Greenock, near Glasgow, in Scotland, there was living, about a century and a half ago, a very bright but delicate boy. In many ways he was quite unlike other boys of his age. He was very fond of books, yet he disliked going to school so much that, being feeble in health, his parents kept him at home. He was a very truthful boy. When any dispute took place between him and his playmates, his father would always say, "Let us hear what James says about it. From him I always get the truth."

When this boy was seven or eight years old a neighbor said to his father, "Why don't you send this lad to school? He is wasting his time doing nothing here at home."

"See what he is doing," was the father's reply, "before you say he is wasting his time."

The neighbor looked down at James, who was seated on the hearth. He was not amusing himself with playthings, but was very busy drawing triangles and curves and other mathematical lines. "You must pardon my hasty words," said the neighbor; "his education has not been neglected; he is, indeed, no common child."

Not far away from his own home lived an aunt of James, with whom he often stayed. One day, the aunt found him in the kitchen, studying her tea-kettle. He was bent over it, and was closely watching the steam which puffed from its spout. Then he would take off the lid, hold a cup over the steam, and carefully count the drops of water into which it was

condensed. The aunt roundly scolded him for what she thought his trifling. She little dreamed that the boy was taking his first lesson in a science, by the pursuit of which he was destined to change the whole character of the industries of the world, and win for himself an immortal fame.

James Watt's pastimes and tastes, indeed, from earliest boyhood were very different from those of other lads. His father kept a store for the sale of articles used by ships, and it was a favorite recreation of James to spend his time there among the ropes, sails, and tackle, finding out how they were made, and to what uses they were devoted. He was often found in the evening, too, sprawled at full length on the sward of the hill near Greenock, gazing for hours together at the stars. Already an ambition to learn the great secrets of astronomy had arisen in his mind.

When he was fifteen years old, young Watt was known in his neighborhood as a prodigy of learning for his age. He had now been to school for a year or two, and had ardently studied mathematics and natural philosophy. At the same time he had learned a great deal about mineralogy, chemistry, botany, and physiology. Not only had he derived much knowledge from books, but he understood how to apply this knowledge in many ways. He had become a good carpenter; he knew how to work in metals; and he took great delight in making chemical experiments in a little laboratory which he had fitted up at home. But perhaps the most wonderful thing that he did was to construct a small electrical machine, which astonished everyone who saw it.

There was a queer old man in Glasgow, which was not very far from Greenock, who kept a small dingy shop, where he mended spectacles, fishing-tackle, and fiddles. In this shop young Watt worked for a while as an apprentice. But he was now eighteen years old, and quite a man in his thoughts and aims. He longed to make his way in the great world; above all, he desired to see London, and learn what could only be

acquired in that great city. So one day, supplied with a small bundle of clothes, and accompanied by his friend, John Marr, he set out for London on horseback. It took the travellers ten days to make their journey, and as Watt had never before been far away from his native place he saw many sights on the way which interested and delighted him.

His father was poor, and Watt carried but a small sum of money with him. So when he at last reached London he looked up some very humble lodgings in an obscure part of the city. He ate only enough to keep body and soul together, and after spending a few days in viewing the wonders of the vast, crowded capital, he set to work on his studies with all his might. He took service with an instrument-maker, and soon became very skilful in making quadrants, compasses, and other instruments.

But so delicate in health was he that he soon broke down with hard work and meagre fare, and was obliged to go back home again. His native air restored his strength, and he resumed work with redoubled zeal. At the age of twenty-one Watt opened a shop of his own in Glasgow, and put out his sign as a mathematical-instrument maker. But he did many other things besides making instruments. He constructed organs, fiddles, guitars, and flutes. At the same time he pursued other studies with the greatest ardor, and soon knew a great deal about engineering, natural history, languages, and literature. He became well known to the professors and students of Glasgow University, in the shade of which his little shop stood, and his amiable disposition and ripe knowledge made him a great favorite with them, and secured him many warm and valuable friends.

It was while Watt was engaged in these many busy and useful occupations that an incident occurred which changed the whole course of his life, and which in time led to fame and fortune. One day an old steam engine, made by a man named Newcomen, was brought to him to repair. This engine was the

best that had ever been invented; but it was a clumsy affair at best, and could not do better or quicker work than horses. As soon as Watt's keen eye examined it, he saw that the Newcomen engine was not good for much. Yet it showed him that an engine might be made which, with the use of steam, would perform wonders.

From that time he gave himself up to an absorbing study as to how to make a really useful and powerful steam engine. There was something wanting—what was it? This was the question which perplexed him for days and weeks, and even years: how to keep the cylinder of the engine always as hot as the steam which entered it, and yet to have the cylinder get cold enough to condense the steam when the piston descended. Many a time Watt was on the point of giving up the problem in despair; but his resolute will kept him at work, and impelled him to persevere bravely.

One day, as with knitted brow he was sauntering across the Glasgow common, all of a sudden an idea struck him which solved the difficulty which had so long worried him. It occurred to him that, since steam was elastic, it would rush into any space or vessel the air in which had been exhausted. He hurried home in a fever of impatience. He constructed a vessel separate from the cylinder, and made a connection between them, and the vessel being exhausted of air, he found that the steam rushed into it.

This was the most important of all Watt's discoveries. He worked away on his engine now with redoubled zeal; but years were to pass before his great object was fully achieved. It was ten years after his walk on Glasgow common before his idea had taken shape in an actual working steam engine. His health more than once failed him, and on one occasion, so discouraged had he become, he bitterly exclaimed, "Of all things in the world, there is nothing so foolish as inventing!"

But the triumph of his life, bringing with it worldwide renown and ample wealth, came at last. About a hundred

years ago Watt set up his first complete steam engine in London. It saved labor, and in many industries at once took the place of man and horse power. All the world saw after a while what a wonderful machine it was; but no one then could have foretold to what vast uses the idea of Watt's engine was to be put. We, who live in the days of steamships, railways, great mills, elevators, and a thousand other results of Watt's invention, can more clearly see of what enormous benefit it has been to mankind.

James Watt lived to a happy and prosperous old age, crowned with honors and revered by all his countrymen. He pursued his labors and researches to the end, and many were the ingenious devices which he invented. A fine statue of him stands in the Museum at Glasgow, near which the little model of his steam engine, made by himself, was long kept for everyone to see. The visitor to Westminster Abbey may observe among the memorials of poets, statesmen, and the most famous of Britain's sons, a statue of Watt, in a sitting posture, with an eloquent inscription by Lord Brougham.

Frederick William Herschel and the Story of the Stars

1738–1822, England

The early state of society is sometimes called the childhood of the race, when none of the questions which vex the human mind had yet been asked and mankind accepted all things as a child does, without doubt or comment.

And as the child looks without wonder on all the marvels of creation, and fears nothing, knowing that the day-world, with all its beauty, will only fade away to be supplanted by the night-world, with its charm of star and moon and dream, so did the early races look with the same unquestioning eyes upon the succession of day and night, and starlight and sunlight were to them but two separate kingdoms, over which they had equal dominion but of whose resources they had no knowledge.

The Chaldeans and Egyptians were the first nations who have left us records of their studies of the world of nature, and it is to them that we owe the faint beginnings of scientific thought. Believers in a fate or destiny which ruled all the affairs of men from the greatest to the smallest, they sought, in every manifestation of nature, a sign, or lesson, and their faith in the influence of the stars upon the lives of men gave to the study of the heavens a special value.

This superstition passed, with the progress of knowledge, into the minds of other nations, and among the Greeks there early arose a separate class of students called astronomers, from the word aster, a start, which had for its object the study of the stars, and it was from this desire to connect all the

working of nature with the affairs of daily life that the science of astronomy was born.

For ages the stars and planets, "the lamps of heaven," were regarded with a superstitious awe, and the old faith of the Chaldean priests could be found living in the breasts of the mystics of the Middle Ages, long after the race had outgrown its childhood, and astrology, the science which professed to foretell the fate of man from the constellation which ruled at his birth, still flourished when the advancements of thought had brought about a state of society in which science and the arts played an important part.

But modern thought finally freed itself from this intellectual bondage, and set about the study of the stars in the same practical manner that a seaman would undertake a voyage of discovery, and from that time astronomical knowledge made rapid progress.

Among the greatest of modern astronomers was William Herschel, who was born in the city of Hanover in 1738. His father was an oboeist in the Hanoverian Guards, and the child's first impressions were connected with the little musicales that were held every evening in the unpretentious family sitting-room. Money was scarce in this obscure little household, the father's salary hardly sufficing to bring needed comforts to the children, but there was not a happier family in the city, for all that. The father had all a musician's love for his art, and wanted nothing more, when his hours of duty and teaching were over, than to gather his children around him and improvise a family concert, training the little performers with earnest care, noticing their improvement with fatherly pride, and refreshing himself with the thought that he was supplying them with a resource that, no matter how hard their lot might be, would always be a comfort and help to them in the future.

William was the second son, and very early was considered an important personage in the family group, showing

an extraordinary taste for music, and developing a great talent for discussion; for, besides their musical bent, the family were given to grave talks about everything that attracted their attention. As the children grew older the father adapted these conversations to subjects best suited to develop their minds, and art and philosophy were as eagerly discussed as music. Sometimes, before the evening was over, they would all go out of doors, and spend an hour in studying the constellations and listening to their father's remarks on astronomy, which seemed just as interesting to them as their lessons in music, although it was quite understood that all the sons were to be musicians, a calling that seemed the most honorable and enviable of any to the entire family.

With the idea of initiating them as early as possible into the mysteries of their chosen professions, the father allowed them from time to time to take part in public concerts, their talent being so unusual that even as children they were given solo parts to play, and thus, while yet a little boy, the future astronomer was made to assume certain responsibilities, and to look upon life seriously.

The Herschel boys attended the garrison school in Hanover, where they learned the ordinary branches, their father taking care that any deficiency in the course should be supplied at home, and letting them feel that in all their pursuits and enjoyments he wished to be their companion and friend. It was necessary, however, for the children to aid in the support of the family as soon as possible, and therefore the two oldest sons were yet lads when they entered the guards, William accepting the position of oboe-player. The family concerts, however, still continued, only interrupted by the making of musical instruments and all sorts of mechanical toys, for which the father and sons had a fancy, and the family discussions still formed an interesting part of their life, more than half the night often being passed in animated talk as to the merits of the different artists, philosophers, and naturalists

who were then famous.

William remained in the army for four years, one year of which was spent in England, and at the age of nineteen left the guards on account of delicate health, and returned to England, with the hope of being able to earn his living there.

A less enterprising youth might have been dismayed at the prospect of being homeless and friendless in a foreign land, but Herschel did not consider his lot by any means hopeless. He could speak English well enough to make himself understood, could play on the oboe, violin, and organ with sufficient skill to assure him some kind of a living, and, above all, his wants were few and modest; and so his new life in England did not frighten him, and he began it with a brave heart.

Some years were spent by the young musician in wandering from one town to another, without having any permanent employment, but finally he came under the notice of Dr. Miller, a well-known organist of Durham, who was so delighted with Herschel's rendition of the works of his favorite composers that he invited him to come and live with him, promising to do all that he could to advance him in his profession. Herschel accepted this generous offer in the same good faith in which it was made, and from this time his success was assured.

Miller's influence procured him the place of first violin in the popular concerts at Durham, where he speedily became a favorite, and was soon offered as may pupils as he could take; and as his popularity spread he was offered one advantageous position after another, until he was finally appointed organist of the principal church in Bath, where the gay society and intelligent companionship of his new friends, together with increased means at his disposal and larger facilities for study, made up a life as pleasant as could be desired.

Herschel was at this time about twenty-eight years old, and had made such progress in music that he soon began to

publish his compositions, and to have the satisfaction of seeing them favorably received by the public. At this time, although an earnest student and devoting every spare moment to study, he seems to have had no other ambition than to become a good musician; and in order to accomplish this, he began a careful study of harmony, using for his instruction a work on harmonics which then enjoyed considerable fame. The study of harmony is dependent upon a knowledge of mathematics, and this led to kindred subjects. The author of the "Harmonics" had also written a work on optics, which fascinated Herschel to such a degree that he pored over it every leisure moment of the day, and spent long hours of the night in studying it. His interest was turned in this way to astronomy, and so absorbed did he become in this subject that he had no rest until he had procured a telescope and looked out all the objects in the heavens which were described in the books. And when this point was reached, his true work in life first began. From the time that he first saw the magnificent spectacle of the heavens revealed to him in its hitherto unknown splendor, he devoted himself to its study with an ardor that made all his previous interests seem insignificant.

Pupils were dismissed in order to gain more time for study and observation, although he could not well spare the money, and his brother and sister, who now lived with him, were drawn off from their musical studies and pressed into the service of making telescopes and other instruments necessary for surveying the heavens.

The brother and sister gave themselves to the new work with the energy that characterized the family; and soon the house was turned into a huge workshop, and stands, tubes, and mirrors were turned out as fast as possible.

Herschel became so engrossed that he would not leave the workshop even for his meals, and his sister could only induce him to eat by standing by his side and putting the food

into his mouth, while at the concerts and theatres where he led large orchestras, it was no uncommon thing for him to rush out between the acts and spend the time in snatching brief glimpses of the heavens. This industry was well rewarded, for Herschel was so successful in his experiments that he was able to produce telescopes far superior to any that had yet been made, and received quite an addition to his income by the sale therefrom; and the careful study of the heavens which he then began proved of infinite service to him later on.

Herschel's great object was to make a more thorough survey of the stars than had yet been attempted, and, in order to do this, he mapped out the heavens in sections, determining to study each part with the greatest care; and so earnestly did he carry out this plan that for years he never went to bed of a clear night while a star was visible, remaining winter and summer in the open air until the day dawned. While thus engaged Herschel noticed one night a star of different appearance and much larger than the small stars near it, and a careful observation for two or three nights showed him that the body did not remain stationary, and scintillate as the stars, but that it shone with a steady light and appeared to change its place. Herschel thereupon decided that he had found a new comet, and at once announced the discovery to the world. All the astronomers of Europe immediately turned their attention to this interesting object, and mathematicians at once began to observe its motions and calculate from them the size and shape of its orbit. All the comets that were known had been found to have orbits very elliptical in form, but, after many months of calculation, astronomers were forced to admit that the new comet could not move in an orbit similar to those of other comets, but that, on the contrary, it was travelling in a path only slightly elliptical, like that of the earth and other planets.

This conclusion at once led to the suggestion that perhaps

the new object was not a comet, after all, but a planet, and, startling as this idea seemed, it was finally demonstrated by the French astronomer Laplace, that Herschel had really discovered a new planet.

The world of science was electrified by this discovery, which was not only the greatest that had been made by the telescope since the splendid revelations of Galileo, but the greatest that had ever been made. The other planets had been known as far back as the memory of man extended, and the finding of new stars, or of the satellites of the planets, seemed of much less importance than the discovery that there was still another member of the system of planets, like them bound by the mysterious influences that held them together, and performing its regular revolution around the sun, although its presence had been unknown and unsuspected through all the countless ages of the world.

Astronomy was invested with a new interest, and all eyes were turned with eager gaze to the starry fields of heaven, for who could tell what new wonder might not be found, far away in the dim recesses of space?

And in the meantime honors were showered upon the one who had read this new secret, and who had hitherto only been known to the world as a clever amateur astronomer who had spent the intervals between his musical studies in writing a theory on the height of the mountains of the moon, or in manufacturing telescopes.

Herschel wished to name the new planet after George III., King of England, but this was objected to by other astronomers, some of whom proposed to call it after its discoverer and others thinking it would be more in harmony with the traditions of science to give it the name of one of the old Greek deities. These last carried the day, and the planet was finally named Uranus, after the oldest of the gods.

Uranus was discovered on the 13th of March, 1781. It had been before this mapped as a star, and, in order to connect

the discovery of its planetary character with the name of Herschel, its sign in astronomical records is the letter H with a suspended orb.

It was now generally acknowledged that the labors of such a genius as Herschel should be devoted to science alone, and accordingly the king granted him a pension which enabled him to give up teaching. Some time after this the family moved to Slough, where there were better opportunities offered for study, and Herschel at once began the construction of an immense telescope which, when finished, greatly aided him in his survey of the heavens.

A new satellite of Saturn was discovered the day after the completion of the great telescope, and in 1787 it was found that Uranus was furnished with two moons. This discovery filled Herschel with delight, being added proof of the harmony that extended throughout the universe. Before making it known, and in order to be absolutely sure that he had not been mistaken, Herschel prepared a sketch of Uranus and his revolving satellites as they would appear on a certain night, and great was his joy, when the moment came, to find that the position and appearance of the group exactly corresponded to his drawing.

This experiment seemed to give him a greater hold than ever upon the secret of the heavens, which he spoke of as a luxuriant garden filled with choice flowers, whose life might be watched from the bursting of the seed through all the successive stages of foliage, bloom, maturity, and decay, just as plants are studied from the time of the sowing of the seed to the fall of the last leaf in autumn.

Two thousand years before the time of Herschel a catalogue of the stars had been executed by Hipparchus, the Greek astronomer, who was led to the work by the appearance of a new star of unusual brilliancy which disappeared after a while from the heavens. And although from time to time after this, star-catalogues were prepared, it was reserved

for Herschel to make the first thorough and systematic attempt to construct a catalogue in which the stars were classified according to their relative brightness. In preparation of this catalogue the conclusion was reached by Herschel that there are certain stars which appear and disappear, and others, whose light increases and diminishes for no known reason. Such stars are called variable stars, and it is of the utmost consequence in preparing a catalogue to take these into account. In catalogues, the stars are classed as of the first magnitude, second magnitude, and so on, according to their brightness. Stars of the sixth magnitude are visible to the naked eye, while the telescope even reveals those of the seventeenth magnitude; but these numbers do not signify the actual degrees of brightness, as a star of the first magnitude shines with one hundred times the brilliance of one of the sixth.

When viewed through a telescope, certain stars which appear only as brilliant points to the naked eye can be separated into one or more stars, and a careful study of these interesting bodies led Herschel to one of his grandest discoveries.

He observed these stars through several years, and at last came to the conclusion that in all cases of double stars one revolved around the other, just as the moon revolves around the earth.

Newton's system of gravitation bound the earth and planets to the sun, and made of the solar system a harmonious whole, but Herschel's discovery of the revolution of one star around another went even further than this, and extended the harmony to the farthest regions of space, and the grandeur of this discovery was alone sufficient to make the name of Herschel famous in the history of science.

In connection with his study of the stars, Herschel undertook to measure their distances from the earth, and to find out if their brightness depended upon their nearness to or

remoteness from us. And after a long series of careful experiments, he determined that if stars of the first magnitude, like Sirius and Arcturus, were removed twelve times their actual distance, they would be just visible to the naked eye, while if stars which are only now to be seen through a telescope were to be brought nearer to the earth so as to be only one-tenth as far away as they now are, they would shine with the brightness of the largest and most brilliant stars. He concluded, therefore, that the brightness of the stars depended on their distance, and that the fainter stars were the more distant ones, and even devised a method based on this idea by which their relative distances would be ascertained.

It is now known that he was wrong in this view, for some of the faintest stars have been found to be among those nearest the earth; but the difficulties met in determining star-distances are so great that it was not till sixteen years after the death of Herschel, and when the instruments for making observations had been greatly improved, that the distance of a fixed star was actually measured. Herschel's investigations and experiments on the light of the stars and their distance led the way to some of the most valuable and wonderful results of modern astronomical research and have given him the position of a pioneer in the science.

In connection with these studies, Herschel also took up the subject of the nature of the sun and its place in the universe. The accepted theory of the sun's nature was that it was a solid, surrounded by a luminous atmosphere which gave it its brightness, and this theory, with some changes, was also held by Herschel. But his deductions in regard to the sun's place in the universe were of more importance. His discovery of the revolution of double stars could only lead to speculation with regard to all the objects of creation, and it was but natural to conclude that motion, which was a property of so many, should belong to all.

Observations extended from the time of the ancients had

led to the conclusion that some of the largest stars of the first magnitude had changed their places within the historic period, and they were therefore supposed to have an individual motion, and from this fact Herschel argued a corresponding motion for the sun, which he decided was itself a small star. He therefore began a series of experiments, and finally came to the conclusion that the sun, with all his attendant company of planets and comets, was in reality moving through space at a marvellous rate of progress, and that, in accordance with the law of gravitation, he was passing through an orbit of inconceivable magnitude having for its centre one of the remote stars.

It has been thought that this great central fire whose mighty forces thus govern the mechanism of the solar system is the star Alcyone, in the Pleiades, but of this we cannot be sure. We only know that the sun, with his great retinue of revolving worlds, is moving toward some unknown point in the heavens, and that the stars, which were once thought to be brilliant globes firmly fixed in crystal spheres, are in reality probably the centres of attendant planets which they carry with them in their majestic progress through the boundless regions of space; and that, if it were possible to view the heavens as they really are, we should see an infinite number of such systems, with orbitals crossing and recrossing, in the most intricate manner, but in place of the apparent confusion and entanglement there exist the most exquisite order and symmetry.

Herschel's study of the heavens also included observations on those cloud-like appearances called nebulæ which are seen in various constellations, and of which the Milky Way is the greatest example.

From the earliest times this broad band of light had attracted the attention of mankind, and many quaint legends were connected with it. The Romans called it the Highway of the Gods, and in later times it was sometimes spoken of as

Jacob's Ladder; but even among the ancients some true idea of its character existed, for Pythagoras declared that the Milky Way was only a great assemblage of stars, and Galileo's telescope had proved that in the main the theory of the old Greek was correct. At first Herschel was led to believe that all nebulæ could be seen to be made up of stars, if viewed through a sufficiently powerful telescope. But later he changed his opinion, and came to the conclusion that there were two kinds of nebulæ—the resolvable, which are made up of great star-clusters which have a cloudy appearance from their immense numbers and great distance, and the irresolvable, which are immense masses of self-luminous matter which gradually is condensing into solids like the sun and stars. This last idea was not new to Herschel, for Tycho Brahé and Kepler had both suggested that the "new stars" which appeared from time to time might be caused by the condensation of the ether which filled all space. And although all "new stars" are really believed now to belong to the temporary stars which appear and disappear with regularity, yet the thought that the universe had been evolved out of such matter shows in a marked degree the originality and boldness of Kepler's genius.

The French astronomer Laplace, a contemporary of Herschel, also held this theory of the nebulæ, which he published in a work called the "Nebular Hypothesis."

Laplace conceived that the solar system consisted originally of matter in the form of gas or vapor of an enormously high temperature; that as it cooled unequal currents were formed, which gradually caused it to rotate; that its rate of motion increased until the outside, which was of a lower temperature than the centre, would become detached and break up into smaller parts; that these parts came together finally and formed spheroidal masses which revolved around the centre; that the sun was what was left of the original matter, and the planets and asteroids were the parts that had

been thrown off. This theory, which had its foundation in the action of the law of gravitation, may apply not only to the solar system but to the entire universe, and Herschel's idea of the irresolvable nebulæ, consisting of a shining fluid which was solidifying into stars, has been supported by later astronomers, for when the light from these nebulæ has been analyzed it has given out the colors of matter in a state of gas, while an analysis of the light of the stars gives a very different result.

And thus Herschel's comparison of the heavens to a flower-garden may be seen to have a deeper significance than would at first appear; and if we consider the claims of the nebular hypothesis, we might say that the nebulæ are the great seed-repositories of nature, from which are evolved all the stars and planets which, passing through the time of bloom and maturity, come at last to a state resembling that of the dead moons—the withered flowers of these celestial gardens—from which all life has passed away.

Herschel made many observations on light and heat in connection with his other studies, but he is chiefly remarkable for his exhaustive survey of the stars.

He died in 1822, at the age of eighty-four, preserving his great mental powers till the last, and claiming, with truth, that he had looked farther into space than any other eye had yet penetrated.

The nebular hypothesis which his researches helped to formulate is as yet but an unproved theory, and whether it embodies the true secret of creation or not we cannot tell.

Thomas Bewick: The Father of English Wood Engraving

1753 – 1828, England

Thomas Bewick, born in 1753, was known as the Father of English Wood Engraving. He came of a very poor family. His mother, before her marriage, was kitchen maid in the house of a schoolmaster. When she was not busy with housework she taught the class in Latin.

The impulse to write poetry was no stronger in Robert Burns than to make pictures was in Thomas Bewick. Indeed, Bewick showed his talent much earlier in life.

When he was old enough he was sent to school, and from his first school day to his last he was, on the one hand, full of mischief; on the other, full of industry.

When he had written out the lesson on his slate he used to rule off all the remaining space, where he drew pictures of all kinds. And yet, at this time, he tells us that with the exception of a sign or two in the hamlet where he lived, he had never seen a picture.

When he grew old enough to read and study from a book, he thought himself very fortunate, for he could use the margin of every page for drawing pictures. Very soon he had no margin left on which to draw. Having no paper, for paper cost money, he was hard put to it to find a place on which to practice his talent. Finally he thought of the parish church, and going into its burying ground, he drew pictures in chalk on all the gravestones.

The boy's father scolded him for wasting his time in picture-making; but he went on looking for space of any kind

on which he could make a mark. When he had filled all the gravestones, he began on the white-washed walls of the cottages.

Of what did he make pictures?

Practically everything in nature "furnished me with an endless supply of subjects for study."

All the people in the village thought him a great artist and he decorated the walls of their rooms, as he once said, "at a very cheap rate." On one wall there were birds and insects; on another, the picture of a hunter; on others, of his horse, and of every dog in the hunting pack.

One day, while he was still a little boy a great piece of fortune came to him. A friend gave him some paper. With a pen and ink made from the brambleberry which grew wild about his home, he felt that he could try his hand at anything.

The boy made so many pictures of beasts and birds, and followed so many hunting parties that he soon began to see the cruelty of killing animals and birds for sport. This came about because, in studying them as the subjects of drawing, he learned that their beauty is greatest when it is unmarred by blood. He learned very early in life that a bird or an animal has a wholesome enjoyment of life, just as a human being has. A good many people do not know that important fact yet.

But this boy, who studied nature so much, had other things to do; picking up firewood, tending sheep, planting and gathering crops. Hence, all his picture-making had to be done in odd minutes. But by using his odd minutes earnestly he became a successful man.

Biography seems to teach us that odd minutes will make any man famous if he employs them to one purpose. He may use the working day as he pleases; if he only takes care of his spare time his future and fortune are safe.

Then there were the winter evenings that came early. The family and the neighbors gathered together to sing songs and tell tales about the strength and bravery of the heroes who

fought in the border wars. On fair days he watched the bees and spiders, the bugs and fishes, and learned to draw them so true to nature that the skill he was then gaining was one day to make him famous.

Then he grew to be fourteen years old, and, following the custom of the times, he was "bound out" as apprentice to an engraver; a fine fortune for him, for his practice in drawing came into play.

All kinds of work was brought into the shop. The boy learned it from the very bottom; from sharpening and tempering the tools, to engraving with them. He had a good master. "I think," he said, "he was the best master in the world for teaching boys, for he obliged them to put their hands to every variety of work."

After he had learned to do the coarser kinds of engraving —he was then about fifteen—his master gave him what they called in the shop "nicer jobs." Every time such a job came to his hands he tried to do it better than the master himself could do it.

Meanwhile, between the nicer jobs, he learned to make steel punches, to engrave letters, and to cut seals. When he had learned these arts, he was entrusted with making the blocks to be used to illustrate children's story books. This task aroused his ambition so far that he worked "better than his best" on it, and as a result, the Society for the Encouragement of Arts awarded him a prize. The prize was to be, as he wished, a gold medal or seven pounds in money. He chose the money.

Being but a boy one wonders how so much money—for it was quite a lot in his time—would affect him. He answers this himself: "In my solitary walks the first resolution I made was that of living within my income, and of never getting anything on trust."

So when the seven pounds came, he said: "I never in my life felt greater pleasure than in presenting it to my mother.

In the course of time Thomas Bewick made pictures and

engraved them for many books; some were children's books, for which he drew as fine pictures as he could, so that other children might have better illustrations in their books than he, as a boy, had in his. From such work he proceeded to the animals, birds and fishes of his country; then to engraving a bank note of such nature that it could not be counterfeited.

Yet his impulse in all the work he did was to go to nature for his models, for he had learned as a little boy that her supply of everything having life is so great that no one could exhaust it.

All his life long this man was simple, looking to nature, and listening to her. As an inspiration to any boy who wants to win success, his life is full of interest. He was born very poor; he loved his home, poor as it was, and he loved amusement, but whatever he did, whether fishing, hunting, planting or playing, he kept one idea before him always, and that was to make his pictures better and better every day.

Thomas Bewick went to school but little, and yet he became so well educated that his life, written by himself, reads like the work of a man whose profession was letters and not engraving.

When he signed his name, which he wrote in very beautiful letters, he imprinted upon it the impression of his thumb, showing that he knew the value of a finger print in identifying a man.

Sir Walter Scott: Author of *Ivanhoe*, *Lady of the Lake*, and the *Waverly* Novels

1771 – 1832, Scotland

About the time of our American Revolution, in the pasture of a certain Scotch hillside, we might have seen a blue-eyed baby boy, lying among the flocks of nibbling sheep and looking quietly at the moving clouds, or reaching for a bit of pink heather. Because his right leg had been lamed by a bad fever, so that he could not run or even creep, he was taking a queer remedy. Dr. Rutherford had said that if young Walter could live out-of-doors and lie in the "skin of a freshly killed sheep", he might be cured. So, there he was at Sandy Knowe, in the kindly care of his grandfather, and placidly companioned by all these pasture playfellows.

From the power either of the Scotch breezes or of the warm sheep-skin coat, the child grew strong. First he began to roll about on the grass, or crawl from flower to flower, and, by and by, he learned to pull himself up by a farm-house chair, and, finally, with the help of a stick, to walk and run. No doubt he was a great pet with the warmhearted Scotch neighbors, and no doubt they brought him things to play with and flowers to love long before he could clamber over the rocks and get the sweet honeysuckle for himself. He used, wistfully, to watch for the fairies to dance on the hills, and he had a secret fluttering hope that sometime, when he fell asleep on the grass, he might be carried away to fairyland. One day he was left in the field and forgotten—till a thunder-

storm came up. Then his Aunt Jane, rushing out to carry him home, found him sitting on the grass, clapping his hands at every flash of lightning, and crying, "Bonny! Bonny!"

It is no wonder that such an out-of-doors baby loved animals. On the hills, they huddled round him in woolly friendliness. His Shetland pony, no bigger than a Newfoundland dog, used to go with him into the house. One day, the child, sobbing pitifully, limped to his Grandfather's farmhouse and sat down on the steps. A starling lay in his lap, its stiff little feet stretched out beseechingly, its brown feathers quite cold. The bird, which Walter had partly tamed, was dead. By and by, the child's passion subsided; but the "laird" who had hushed the starling's singing was not forgiven so soon, and the Scotch laddie had to take a long gallop on his pony to cool his aching head.

As Walter would play contentedly among the rocks for hours, or ride his pony without tiring, so for hours he would listen, in rapt imagination, to Aunt Jane's ballads, until he could repeat whole passages by heart. Stretched on the floor, with shells and pebbles drawn up in order, he would fight the battles or shout forth the rhymed stories to chance visitors. "One may as well speak into the mouth of a cannon as where that child is," exclaimed the parish preacher, with some disgust, for, after Walter learned to read, he was even more excitable. From one of Mrs. Cockburn's letters we can imagine the six-year-old boy reading the story of a shipwreck to his mother. "His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his hands and eyes. 'There's the mast gone!' he exclaimed wildly. 'Crash it goes! They will all perish!'"

From the time he was six, he read ravenously; and it was owing to his wide reading that one time, when he was only fifteen, he became, for a few moments, the center of a group of learned men. It was when the poet Burns visited Edinburgh and had shown great interest in a picture of a soldier lying dead in the snow with a dog keeping patient watch beside

him. Beneath the picture were some beautiful lines, but neither Burns nor any of those learned men knew who their author was, until young Walter Scott, who happened to be present, whispered that the lines were by Langhorne. Then Burns turned to him with glowing eyes and said: "It is no common course of reading that has taught you this;" adding, to his friends: "This lad will be heard of yet."

How proud the lad felt! How wistfully joyful in the warmth of the great poet's praise; and then how suddenly forgotten when, only a few days later, Robert Burns passed him in the street without a glance! Scott's moment of fame had vanished.

At school, however, he held the fame of the playground. Though he was lame, he was one of the best fighters and one of the readiest fighters among his fellows; and he was the very best story-teller. At recess, those who did not join in the running games crowded round the bench at his invitation, "Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I'll tell you a story." And so, now reciting whole pages by heart, now filling in from his own wild imagination, the boy Scott carried his playmates into a "wonderful, terrible" world. "I did not make any great figure in the High School," he tells us. "I made a brighter figure in the *yards* than in the *class*." However, he was never distinguished as a "dunce", as some have thought; but simply as an "incorrigibly idle imp."

Dr. Adam, however, by praising the lad's appreciation of Virgil and expecting him to do well, made him feel that Latin was more a pleasure than a task.

Though Scott merely dabbled in foreign languages, he devoured English romance. English poetry, too, such as Shakespeare's plays, Spenser's poems, and, dearest of all, Percy's wonderful collection of ballads, flew away with his fancy into a dream-world. Before he was ten, he had painfully copied several note-books full of his favorite ballads, most of which he could recite from beginning to end.

Meanwhile, he was growing more and more to love natural beauty. Like Irving, he longed to paint, and only gave up his efforts to do so with sad reluctance. Great crags and rushing torrents filled him with a reverence that made his "heart too big for his bosom." And when he found an old ruin and could crown that ruin with a legend, his joy was complete. Handicapped by lameness, Scott rode wonderfully, even as a little boy, and was always joyously daring. Almost to the day of his death, he would rather leap the trench or ford the flood than "go round."

Moreover, as he said, he was "rather disfigured than disabled by his lameness," so that he managed, limpingly, to wander far, often twenty or thirty miles a day. In rough cap, jacket, and "musquito trousers", and carrying a long gun, he used to wade into the marshes to shoot ducks, or to fish for salmon by torch-light—"burning the water", befriended by his pack of dogs. A bold cragsman, he took no account of passing hours, sometimes even staying out all night. "I have slept on the heather," he tells us, "as soundly as ever I did in my bed." Little enough patience his father had with such "gallivantings." "I doubt, I greatly doubt, sir," Mr. Scott would scold, "you were born for nae better than a gangrel scrape-gut."

After leaving school, Scott, like many other authors since his day, was apprenticed to the law. "A dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyances," he called it; but it was his father's profession, and, though the out-of-doors boy disliked the drudgery and detested the office confinement, he loved his father and wanted to be useful. We can easily imagine how he "wearied of the high stool", and how glad he was to see daylight fade and to go home to read exciting stories by a blazing fire. Great credit, then, is due him for the five or more years that he persevered at the dull law, and much to his master, Mr. David Hume, who fitted him for that profession. Law study not only gave Scott system, but also

training in persistence.

And yet it was largely the effortless education and entirely the self-education that made him an author. His real studies, he tells us, were "lonely" and "desultory," "driving through the sea of books like a vessel without pilot or rudder," or, according to Lockhart, "obeying nothing but the strong breath of inclination." On his long walks and reckless rides, he was educated by the wind and sky, and by the rough people whom he has made immortal. He knew, personally, the charming beggar of "The Antiquary"; and he had seen in his youth "some who knew Rob Roy personally" and who had found him, like the English Robin Hood, "a kind and gentle robber." In "The Pirate" he immortalized an actual old sibyl "who sold favorable winds to sailors"; in "Guy Mannering," a real gipsy, with her "bushy hair hanging about her shoulders" and her "savage virtue of fidelity"; and in "The Heart of Midlothian" he glorifies the simple Jeanie Deans in "tartan plaid and country attire."

The old warriors of the highlands were more than willing to fight their battles over again for Scott, and he used to say that the peasants of Scotland always expressed their feelings in the "strongest and most powerful language." He found more solid fun in talking with the "lower classes," whose superstitions were almost a faith, than in spending hours with the more conventional people of his own rank. What to some was idle gossip, to him, was living history. "He was makin' himself a' the time," said an old Scotchman, "but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed. At first, he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun." The "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" is an echo of his rambles, and "The Lady of the Lake," a "labor of love" in memory of Loch Katrine.

All of his interests widened rapidly; society, law, love, soldiery, all came to have their claims. At twenty-two, he began to apply his legal knowledge by acting as counsel in a

criminal court, and so valiantly did he defend an old sheep-stealer that the man received the verdict "not guilty."

"You're a lucky scoundrel," Scott whispered to his client.

"I'm just o' your mind," came the happy answer, "and I'll send ye a mankin (hare) the morn, man."

Though Scott was less successful in defending a burglar, he was thanked for his efforts; and lawyer and condemned had a long, chummy talk in the prison-cell about the little, yelping dogs and the clumsy, rusty keys that were the burglars' worst enemies.

Before Scott was twenty-five he fell in love with a "lassie" who was later betrothed to one of his own best friends. Scott thought his heart was broken; but it was "handsomely pieced," as he said a few years later, though the "crack remained" to his dying day.

In the meantime, he lived the life of a man of action.

In February 1797, when all Scotland feared the invasion of the French, his fighting blood rose to the call, and with many other young men he volunteered to serve.

Too lame to march, he helped to organize a troop of cavalry of which he was made quartermaster because of his dependableness. The fighting spirit of his childhood had never died. His mother always said that if he had not been a cripple he would have been a soldier. That means we should have lost him as an author. And so we have to thank his first great handicap, lameness, for the two hundred volumes he gave the world.

Besides training a regiment on Portobello sands, astride his big black horse, Lenore, Scott's army life forced him to rise at five to drill. In addition to this, his business as Clerk of the Sessions, undertaken in 1806, demanded at least four or five hours a day for six months of the year, during which time he had to make a daily change from soldier's uniform and spirit to clerk's gown and brain.

Though now his time was closely packed with hard work,

these years were holidays compared to his later struggles. Before long, he was combining the duties of lawyer and quartermaster with those of county sheriff, "speculative printer", and author. Let us get a little into the heart of the man, however, before we study him as an author, or visit him at Abbotsford.

When Sheriff Scott was compelled to judge a poacher, Tom Purdie, his human nature softened before the victim's plea of poverty and hunger, and he took Tom into his own employ as shepherd. Nothing could have been more characteristic of him. He loved to help people. Among the friends whom he helped to his own disadvantage, Hogg is conspicuous. I suppose that rough peasant took more thankless help than will ever be known. He had a way of accepting assistance as his right; and seemed as unconscious of any indebtedness as he was that his muddy feet had no place on Mrs. Scott's chintz sofa, where he stretched himself full-length the first time he called. Scott bore with all such peculiarities because he enjoyed Hogg's humor and rustic charm; and, though, years later, Hogg repaid Scott's kindness by bitter jealousy, the greater man proved his greatness by his loyalty. When he heard that "The Ettrick Shepherd" was very sick in an "obscure alley" in Edinburgh, he paid for the best medical care; and no doubt did him many unrecorded services. Scott's own memory dismissed such things about as soon as they were done. Now he wrote sermons for a tired minister; now he created a place for William Laidlaw, dictating gipsy stories for him, and then writing:

"*Dear Willie:*—While I wear my seven leagued boots and stride in triumph over moss and muir, it would be very silly in either of us to let a cheque twice a year of £25 make a difference between us." Just at that time, however, Scott's "seven-league boots" were losing their giant stride. And yet, when he could least spare it, he furnished the unlucky Maturin with £50.

One more story of his friendships, a fine example also of quick wit: There was a poor German named Weber, who, though he had a passion for strong drink, had won this great author's loving pity. One day, when Weber had been sitting at Scott's table, apparently as friendly as ever, he suddenly charged Scott with insulting him, flew into a rage, and produced a pair of pistols. With perfect coolness, Scott asked him to lay the pistols on the table, saying that it would be too exciting for Mrs. Scott and the children to hear the noise of shooting, and that, if Weber would stay to dinner, the duel could be fought soon after, out-of-doors, and strictly according to rule. With that, he quietly picked up the pistols, locked them in a drawer, and stepped for an instant from the room to despatch a messenger. Weber stayed to dinner, seeming perfectly rational; but that night he proved to be a hopeless maniac. To the end of his life he was supported by Scott in a New York asylum.

These stories suggest some of the costs of friendship—costs never entered in the accounts of the noble spender's heart. Yet we must remember them, later, in our reckoning of Scott's great business failure.

Let us look, first, however, at Scott the author, and Scott the home-maker.

His literary life may be divided into two parts of eighteen years each. During the first eighteen years, a period of joy, he wrote poems; and during the last eighteen years, novels. As everyone knows, Lord Byron's striding popularity made Scott give up verse. We get this from his own frank admission that he "would no longer play second fiddle to Byron"; and, "Since one line has failed, we must just strike into something else." Certainly his last poem, "The Lord of the Isles," was not equal to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel", "Marmion", or "The Lady of the Lake." Scott himself called it a failure; but, whether it was a failure or not, we are glad that something made the great man, with all his hidden powers, turn to prose. We are

as glad Byron beat him at poetry as we are that lameness hindered him from being a soldier. Step by step, through handicaps and failures, the buried genius of the man is found. In his warm admiration for Maria Edgeworth's Irish tales, he had once modestly thought that he might write stories of Scotland.

One day, when Scott was looking in a drawer for fishing-tackle, he came on the roughly written sheets of "Waverley," begun many years before. As he read those unfinished pages, he wanted to go on with the romance; and so, to those first discarded sheets, we owe the whole set of the "Waverley Novels." For years, their authorship was a mystery. Book after book came out "By the Author of Waverley," while the puzzled world called him "The Great Unknown" or "The Wizard of the North." He never accounted for his disguise except by saying it was his "humour." No doubt he felt more confident in his "Coat of Darkness"; for, while he was sure of his reputation as a poet, he was merely trying his hand at prose.

And yet many think today that he was a greater novelist than poet. During the time that he was editing his "Complete Edition," one percent—one in every hundred—of all the people in Edinburgh were at work in the making and selling of his books. In those two hundred volumes he could say truthfully, "I have tried to unsettle no man's faith," and of them he could humbly hope that, "if they did no good, at least they would do no harm." But they did do good. It is good to entertain and rest a tired world. Scott carries us into another realm,—"to society, if not better than our own, at least more interesting." His books ring with horses' hoofs and the sound of the trumpet. Like himself, they are full of fight; his people have throbbing hearts and blood and muscle.

If you have never thrilled with the "Stranger, I am Rhoderick Dhu" of that heroic law-breaker; or, with Rebecca, dared Brian du Bois Guilbert to advance one step farther

toward that dizzy parapet; or cried over Kenilworth, if you are a girl; or acted Ivanhoe and Rob Roy, if you are a boy—then you have missed something that belonged by right to your youth. I remember how the child-gang in our neighborhood used to act Scott; the boyleader was Robin Hood, and the fat boy, with the largest appetite, was Friar Tuck.

Many love history more through Scott than through any other medium; perhaps it is not the most authentic history, but it is history gloriously alive. And many more have learned from him to be tender to the "underdog." It may be a real dog, like Fangs; it may be a court fool, or a gipsy, or some member of the once-despised race of Jews; but Scott will always make you "square" to the "fellow who is down." He may even make you love someone whom the rest of the world has forgotten to love.

Rich in sympathy and tingling with courage as the "Waverley Novels" are, they were written, most of them, at a great price—not of money but of effort. Before entering on Scott's life of darkening struggle however, let us see him in the glow of peace. Some years after his marriage, we find him quietly settled at Abbotsford with four happy children round him.

It would be interesting to visit the place where most of those wonderful novels were written, Scott had bought the farm of one hundred and ten acres in a rough condition. Many of the trees growing there today were planted by his hands, and he and Tom Purdie used to tramp over the place on windy days to straighten up the young saplings. Little by little the farm changed to a noble estate, beautiful without and within, and the Abbotsford of today, robbed of its master, is more like a museum than a home. The footsteps of sight-seers echo through its great rooms—their walls enriched with suits of armor, with tapestry, and relics; and their floors so slippery you can "almost skate on them." There is the portrait of Scott's great-grandfather, Beardie, that loyal Tory who

refused to have his beard cut after Charles I was executed; and there is a portrait of Scott's son, Walter, who died of India fever just after being made Colonel. The grim armory speaks of many battles; the relics recall many stories. Among these are a brace of Bonaparte's pistols; the purse of Rob Roy; a silver urn given to Scott by Byron; and a gold snuff-box given him by George IV.

From the time of Scott's first land purchase, the estate grew from one hundred and ten acres to fifteen hundred. If we had gone to Abbotsford with merry-hearted Irving, during Scott's lifetime, and even before he was made Baronet, we should have seen it less as the great castle, which it is today, than as a "snug gentleman's cottage" beaming from the hillside above the Tweed. The branching elk-horns over the door gave it the look of a hunter's lodge; but the scaffolding surrounding the walls, and great piles of hewn stone, hinted a grander future. As Irving entered, "out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound, and, leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking." This was Hamlet. "His alarm brought but the whole garrison of dogs—all open-mouthed and vociferous." Then, up the gravel path limped the master of the house, moving along rapidly with the help of a stout walking-stick. We can almost see him—his broad, freckled face and sandy hair; his eyes "sparkling blue" under the old white hat; his big figure dressed in a dingy green shooting-coat and brown pantaloons; and his worn shoes tied at the ankles. By the master's side, with great dignity, jogs the gray stag-hound, Maida, trying to display gravity enough for all that yelping pack. It would hardly be a welcome without this gathering at the gate.

"Come, drive down, drive down, ye're just in time for breakfast," urges Scott, and then adds, when Irving explains that he has had his breakfast, "Hoot, man, a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast."

And so, with Irving, we see the great "minstrel" at his chief meal, and with Irving we are expected to eat huge slices of the sheep's head and of the big brown loaf at Scott's elbow. Of course, at the table, there is no discussion of the children; but a short visit displays their natures: Sophia, joyous and musical; Anne, quiet; Walter, his father's pride because he is such a fine shot; and Charles, a lovely boy of twelve. Scott said there were just three things he tried to teach his children: "to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth." And when they rode he taught them to think nothing of tumbles. "Without courage there can be no truth," he would say, "and without truth there can be no other virtue."

The dogs are allowed in the dining-room: Maida, beside Scott; the pet spaniel, Finette, with soft, silky hair, close to "Mama"; and a large gray cat, stealing about with velvet steps, expects delicate bits of breakfast from all the family, and cuffs the dogs in a friendly way with his paw.

After breakfast, they all set out through the sweet, rough country, Scott limping rapidly ahead as usual, pointing out the badgers' holes and sitting hares (which he is always the first to see) while the dogs beat about the glen, barking and leaping, or boundingly answer the call of the ivory whistle that swings from their master's buttonhole. The little terriers, Pepper and Mustard, are as excited as Maida is dignified. Snuffing among the bushes, they have started a hare, and Hinse, the cat, joins the chase in hot pursuit.

By and by a shower springs up, and Scott shares with Irving the tartan plaid which Tom Purdie has been carrying. And so the two great men, congenial as old friends, snuggle under the Scotchman's warm shelter; and while rain soaks the pink heather and mist folds the hills, they talk of trees and nations, homes and dogs, now and then matching each other's legends. Their hearts are in wonderful harmony. Irving tells Scott of the grand American forests, and Scott answers: "You love the forests as much as I do the heather. If

I did not see the heather at least once a year, I think I should die."

So cordial and out-doorish is our host, so ready to guide in our rambles, "overwalking, overtalking, and overfeeding his guests", as his wife used to say, that we may easily forget his business in life, or that he has anything else to do but entertain. But Scott rose, presumably, this day, as all others, at five o'clock and was writing away rapidly by six, so that he "broke the neck of the day's work before breakfast." This was his regular program. While he bathed and dressed, his thoughts were "simmering" in his brain, so that he dashed them off "pretty easily" when his pen was in his hand. With no interruption except breakfast, he worked steadily till eleven or twelve. By this system, very rarely broken, he could afford a ride after lunch, and, at one o'clock, rain or shine, he could mount his big horse for a gallop over the hills. The pictures he saw on these rides are in his books, and so is the joyous out-door spirit. One of his first poems, "Marmion," was practically written on horseback, the lines coming into his brain while he trained his regiment, raced over the moors, or plunged through floods.

And just as he would not let his work cheat his outdoor life, so he would not let it cheat his children or his friends. When Irving visited him, he had to excuse himself after breakfast to correct proof; but often he wrote in a room filled with people. Perhaps he used manuscript sheets the same size as letter-paper, so that he might write his books and yet seem to be writing a common letter. The shouts of his children playing marbles or ninepins around him, or his dogs sleeping at his feet or even leaping in and out of the open window, could not interrupt his thought, though occasionally the father stopped to tell a story to the pleading pets who talked, or to give an affectionate pat to those who only looked their love. And then his active hand drove on, laying aside sheet after sheet.

Let us stop a few minutes to speak of Scott's affection for all his dumb friends. It cannot easily be exaggerated. Of his horses, neither Captain nor Lieutenant nor Brown Adam liked to be fed by anyone but him. When Brown Adam was saddled and the stable door opened, he would trot to the "leaping-on stone" (a help to his lame master), and there he would stand, firm as granite, till Sir Walter was well in the saddle, when he would neigh trumpetingly and almost dance with delight. Under Scott's hand, he was perfectly trustworthy; but he broke one groom's arm and another's leg with his wild capers. The beautiful snow white horse, Daisy, proved less faithful than Brown Adam. He was as full of jealousy as he was of life. When Sir Walter came back from a trip to the Continent, he found Daisy had changed toward him. Instead of standing still to be mounted, he "looked askant at me like the devil," said Scott; "and when I put my foot in the stirrup, he reared bolt upright, and I fell to the ground." For any of the grooms the horse stood perfectly; but Scott tried, again and again, always with the same result. At last he had to give Daisy up. When someone suggested that the snowy animal might have felt hurt at being left in the stable, Scott said: "Aye, these creatures have many thoughts of their own.

"Maybe some bird had whispered Daisy that I had been to see the grand reviews at Paris on a little scrag of a Cossack, while my own gallant trooper was left behind bearing Peter and the post-bag to Melrose."

Among Scott's dogs, his earliest friends were his bull terrier, Camp, and two greyhounds, Douglas and Percy. These used to race over the hills beside their galloping master, and nose round in the bushes while he stopped to fish. Of the three, Camp had most perfectly his master's confidence. Scott used to talk to him just as if he were a human being; and the servant, setting the table for dinner, would say: "Camp, my good fellow, the Sheriff's coming home by the ford," or: "The Sheriff's coming home by the hills," and, even when Camp

was old and sick, he would pull himself up from the rug and trot off as nimbly as his strength would let him, to meet his master by the Tweed or the Glenkinnon burn.

Dear old Camp! He was buried by moonlight in the garden just opposite Scott's study-window. "Papa cried about Camp's death," Sophia Scott told Irving. Indeed, we all know that the affectionate master felt so bereft that he broke an engagement at dinner that evening and gave as his perfectly honest excuse "the death of a dear old friend." Other spots on the estate remind us of other dogs. Maida's grave at Abbotsford is between Sir Walter's bedroom window and the garden. There is a life-sized statue with the head raised as if looking toward the window for his master's face. The Latin inscription means:

"BENEATH THE SCULPTURED FORM
WHICH LATE YOU WORE,
SLEEP SOUNDLY, MAIDA,
AT YOUR MASTER'S DOOR"

Percy was buried not very far away with the epitaph:

"HERE LIES THE BRAVE PERCY"

Scott had one dog, a Highland terrier, that sometimes grew tired of the chase, or "pretended to be so," and would whine to be taken up on his master's horse, where he would sit as happy as a child. And there was a large wolf greyhound which had posed for so many artists that he would get up and saunter out of the room at the sight of brushes and a palette—portrait-painting was a great bore! One last story, and we must leave Scott's kennels and stables for a closing study of the man himself. One clear September morning, boys and girls, dogs and ponies, Scott, Laidlaw, Mackenzie, and many others set out for a day's fishing. Maida gamboled about the prancing Sibyl Grey who tossed his mane in glee at the thought of a day's sport. Just as the joyous party was ready to

gallop away, Anne Scott shouted delightedly: "Papa, Papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet." At her merry laughter, Scott turned, and there, in the roadway, frisking about his pony's feet, was his little black pig. It took only a moment to lasso the eager little grunter, and drag him away from the sportsmen; but Scott said, with mock gravity:

> "What will I do gin my hoggie die—
> My joy, my pride, my hoggie?"

That pig was as ridiculous in his claim for a place in the inner circle as the hen that cackled for intimacy, or the two donkeys which used to trot to the edge of the pasture bars, and stretch out their long, hairy noses for a "pleasant crack with the laird."

After the dreadful business failure, however, Scott had little time for any of this playfulness. We need not postpone the sad story any longer, though we want to make it as short as possible. The crash came in 1826. Within six months of each other fell his two greatest sorrows: his wife's death and this business collapse. In the partnership with James and John Ballantyne, whom Scott had known at school, Sir Walter had furnished nearly all the capital, and the Ballantynes had been made responsible for the accounts. It did not seem to occur to either of the brothers to keep the great author informed of the business situation, and Scott, who was over trusting, did not demand an exact statement. There was, besides, a complication with Messrs. Constable, a publishing house in which the greater portion of Sir Walter's fortune was involved. Things are as tangled to the reader as they were to the business partners. Failure, which they did not know how to help, was closing round them. Both the Ballantynes seemed to postpone the evil day of facing facts. Scott might have examined the accounts; he should have; but he was not warned, and he did not suspect how serious the debt was, till, with Constable's failure, the crash came, and all were ruined. Let

us tell the truth: Scott was blind; he was unbusinesslike; he was over hopeful; he was extravagant. He was always too ready to make loans, and far too ready to spend money on his life-hobby, his dear estate of Abbotsford. But, when he realized his dilemma, he came to the fore with a majesty of honor seldom, if ever, equaled in history. He refused all props, the loans urged by his friends; the offered pensions. "Now he worked double tides, depriving himself of out-door exercise altogether." "This own right hand shall work it off," reads his diary, though into that same diary creeps a note of discouragement: "I often wish I could lie down to sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can." On his sundial, he carved with his own hand: "I will work while it is yet day," and his brave motto was: "Time and I against any two."

The natural question comes, why did he not sell Abbotsford? It had grown to be a magnificent place. Well, he did. He quitted the estate, leaving orders for sales of his entire collection of paintings, relics, and furniture; but it was the pride of his life, the home for which he had worked all his days, and which he had dreamed would belong to his children. As he said, his heart clung to what he had created; there was hardly a tree that did not owe its life to him. In 1830 his creditors gave him back fifteen thousand pounds' worth of his own books, furniture, and relics; he and his children returned; and again the place was beautiful, though there was little time to enjoy it.

Working at fearful pressure, the out-of-doors Sir Walter shut himself from savage hills and roaring streams, while his horse whinnied for him in the stable, and his dogs lay restless at his feet. Over page after page he raced, not stopping to dot an i, or cross a t, punctuating by a hurried dash, or not at all, and spelling, like Stevenson, with perfect carelessness. If, with a mental microscope, we can find a blessing in this agonizing business failure, it is in the fine collected edition, with its charming introductions, part of "Woodstock," "The Fair

Maid of Perth," "Anne of Geierstein," "The Life of Napoleon," and "Tales of a Grandfather." But the effort of these works cost Scott his life.

He wrote till his fingers were covered with chilblains and his brain was threatened with exhaustion. He had always been a rapid writer, and undeterred by sickness. "Guy Mannering" was struck off in six weeks at Christmas-time; "Ivanhoe" was dictated in great pain and punctuated with groans—Scott's amanuensis, Laidlaw, begging him to stop. "Nay, Willie," came the heroic answer, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves." One morning before breakfast he finished "Anne of Geierstein," and, as soon as breakfast was over, set to work on his "Compendium of Scottish History." In a little over a week, immediately following the news of ruin, he wrote one whole volume of "Woodstock"; the entire book was written in less than three months. To these facts, literature gives no parallel. There was no waiting for inspiration. Conquering moods and weather, Scott made himself work at set times. Perhaps the drudging law, at which one time the young man had written a hundred and twenty folio pages without stopping for food and rest, trained into him this wonderful tenacity. The life-habit of work may have made this cruel need of work less irksome. But "a single season blanched his hair snow white."

All must not be told. Let us spare ourselves the painful details of the battle. We need to know not so much how deep the sword-thrust or how our hero lost in blood, as the heart of the man, the thing that made him will to fight and die for honor's sake. The failure that darkened, ennobled his life. Scott, the man, was even greater than his books. As with anxious watch we follow the struggle, twice we see him fall. But he rises again, gropingly reattacks his labor, and writes on, in spite of blood "flying to his head," a fluttering memory, and stiffened hands.

Haggard and thin, with hesitating steps and words, he would try to tell a story in his old, merry way, and, before he reached the point, would stop "with the blank anxiety of look that a blind man has when he has dropped his staff." "How gladly," says his diary, would he have compounded for "a little pain instead of the heartless muddiness of mind."

In October 1831, the doctors absolutely forbade work. Following their advice, he went to Italy, with the lame hope of cure. But not the blue sky of Naples, nor any sunfilled breeze could take the place of his dour Scotland. With all its roughness, the land of the thistle was the land of his heart. The buffeting wind of a lifetime, the bleak hills cloaked in mist, the water of the Tweed rushing over its white stones—he needed them all. "Let us to Abbotsford," he begged.

And so they took him home. As they traveled, he showed little interest in anything but far-off Scotland. His sad eyes waited for his own trees, the plentiful heather, the climbing gorse that painted the hills with gold.

As they journeyed on, he grew more and more sure that his debts were all paid; and his friends, knowing how he had struggled, never told him that this was not quite true.

"I shall have my house, and my estate round it, free, and I may keep my dogs as big and as many as I choose, without fear of reproach." So he comforted himself.

When, about the middle of June, they reached London, Sir Walter was too weak to go on without rest. Outside his hotel, gathered begrimed day-laborers with the awed question; "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?" By careful stages, early in July, he traveled on, crossed the last salt water, and was tenderly lifted into a carriage for the last drive. Unawake as he had been to everything else, the well-known roads and foaming streams roused his memory: "Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee" he murmured expectantly. When, above the trees, they saw Abbotsford towers, he grew more and more excited, and when they crossed

Melrose bridge over the Tweed, it took three men to hold him in the carriage. Pitifully weak though he was, he wanted to run to meet his home. Then, trembling, he saw Laidlaw; then his dogs, trying to kiss him with noses and tongues and paws, and to tell him how much they had missed him. They were very gentle, though, as if in their loving hearts they knew the days of rough comradeship were over. Scott smiled and sobbed together at their welcome.

For a few days he lingered, to be wheeled about in a chair among his roses or under his own dear trees. Sometimes his grandchildren tried to help push.

"I have seen much," he would say again and again, "but nothing like my ain house—give me one turn more."

"My dear, be a good man...be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." This was his farewell to Lockhart, a few days before he died.

"Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" Lockhart gently asked.

"No," with his old brave calm. "Don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all."

The end came with its peaceful relief, September 21, 1832. It was a beautiful day. Through the open window streamed warm sunshine, and the Tweed sang on that soft, old music that would have suited its sleeping master better than the most wonderful requiem.

They say the line of carriages that followed Sir Walter to Dryburgh Abbey was over a mile long. But perhaps his heart would have been more pleased by the host of yeomen who followed behind on horseback; the villagers, with heads uncovered, gathered in sorrowful black crowds to say good-bye to the "Shirra"; or even the little act of one of his horses, which drew him on that final day. It halted of its own accord, at the end of the climb, on the very spot where horse and master had so often stood to view the steadfast hills.

Charles Lamb:
Tales from Shakespeare

1775 – 1834, England

To little Charles Lamb everything around him must have seemed old. He lived in an old house in an old street in the old city of London. All his books were dingy and queer. He was ten years younger than his sister, Mary, and eleven years younger than his brother, John; and next to his brother and sister and father and mother, the best friends he had were old Mr. Salt, old Aunt Hetty, and his Grandmother Field. But there is a sort of gentle tranquility about old surroundings that the shine of newness cannot give—and as for old people, what little boys to please other little boys will do as much as a grandmother?

Charles was born in a small room in the Inner Temple in the year of our American Revolution. When he was still very little, before he knew much more than the alphabet, he would curl himself up in a corner with the "Book of Martyrs" on his lap and read its grim pictures of wonderful people who preferred to die rather than give up their religion. Charles felt a fascinated awe in the pictures of burnings at the stake. With his little hand laid boldly on the flames, he thought them hot and glowed with holy pride that he, too, was dying for his faith.

When Charles and Mary visited in the Hertfordshire country, they had a beautiful time, for they were partners in play before they were partners in pluck. Sometimes they went to see their Great Aunt Gladman at Mackery End; sometimes, Grandmother Field at Blakesware. When Charles was

six or seven, Mary was sixteen or seventeen, and so she was old enough to take him on short trips.

How fresh the fields looked after murky London! They were full of sparkling flowers. The sun and grass and sky seemed all new-born. It must have been Mackery End which Mary described in "Mrs. Leicester's School": "hens feeding all over the yard" and "little yellow ducklings with a mother hen. She was so frightened if they went near the water." Then she told how the good-natured spotted cow let the children stroke her during the milking, and how, though they hunted for hens' eggs, they were never allowed to rob the birds. It was probably Aunt Gladman who said the "little birds would not sing any more, if their eggs were taken away from them," "A hen," she said, was "a hospitable bird, and always laid more eggs than she wanted, on purpose to give them to her mistress to make puddings and custards with." In currant and gooseberry time, old Spot, the shepherd, used to come in from sheepshearing to toast his face and feet by the crackling fire, while the crickets chirped in the chimney-corner, and the room was filled with flickering light. Beautiful, peaceful Mackery End!

In one of Charles's Elia Essays we have the Blakesware picture—lonely, but full of child-content. Grandmother Field was the paid housekeeper of the old mansion, and probably her thin little grandson, with the wistful brown eyes and queer stammer, was hardly noticed by the great people of the house. But their indifference could not cage his soaring imagination. The little boy dreamed long dreams. Everything, indoors and out, was his, as if he had been sole heir: the tapestried bedroom, the Marble Hall with its mosaics and "stately busts," the faded banner on the stairs with glory in its tattered folds. His was the fruit-garden, with its "sun-baked southern wall" and "murmuring pigeons"; his, the dear old gallery full of family portraits. How he and Mary loved to roam there—she wishing for a fairy's power to "call the children down from

their frames to play."

From the magic of this Blakesware world, the children crept back into the dusky corners of their London home. In a few years Mary began to take in sewing for a living, and Charles was sent to "The Blue Coat School," called, too, "Christ's Hospital."

Though this school was for poor boys, it bore no brand of Charity. Instead, every boy felt proud to be in a school as honored as it was old. For one thing, he could not get in without some kind of "pull"—as we should say today; that is, some man with money, had to vouch for his character, and promise to pay damages, if necessary, to the amount of $500. (Where boys play together, something does *sometimes* get broken.) A written statement was sent with each boy saying that his father was too poor to educate him. Probably Charles Lamb got into Christ's through his father's employer, Samuel Salt.

Within the last few years the fine old school has been moved from the heart of London, to the more open country; but in Lamb's day anyone could have seen the Blue-Coat Boys playing in the solemnly neighbored courtyard, with Newgate Prison opposite, Christ Church on one side, and an old burying-ground on the other. Perhaps, since ball was forbidden, Charles played battledore and shuttle-cock, and we can imagine him running about, hatless like the others and like them wearing a long blue coat something like a wrapper, a broad white band for a collar, bright yellow stockings, and a red leather belt into which he probably tucked the awkward skirt that *would* cling round his ankles when he ran. Below the skirt came strong, brown corduroy trousers, and below them, the long, slim, yellow legs looked even longer and slimmer than they were.

From the noisy crowd we might have singled out Lamb's best friend—a quiet boy, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. They were "new boys" together. Coleridge was two years older than

Lamb, and brighter in almost every way. "The inspired Charity boy," they used to call him. But young Lamb had no such nickname. Though he, too, could turn his Latin into graceful English, except for this, the most striking things about him were his thoughtful brown eyes and his bad stutter—which was never wholly cured. Coleridge, on the other hand, was positively brilliant.

In outward circumstances, however, he was less happy than Lamb. His family lived too far away for him to go home, like Charles, for the half or whole holidays, and he had no Grandmother Field. His best fun came through excursions to the New River when the boys would "strip under the first warmth of the sun, and wanton like young dace in the streams."

At the Blue Coat School their appetites were "damped", not satisfied. To Coleridge every day had its dish. Monday brought the faithful return of tasteless "blue milk porritch"; and Saturday, "pease soup, coarse and choking", while young Lamb on home holidays could vary his diet with "a slice of extraordinary bread and butter from the hot loaf of the Temple"; and sometimes Aunt Hetty, Lamb's second-mother —or third, if we count motherly little Mary, would "toddle" to school to bring him goodies. As she seated herself on the "old cole-hole steps," opened her apron, and took out her "bason," Coleridge would stand enviously by, "feeling alone among six hundred playmates," and Lamb, though he liked the gift, would feel just a little ashamed of the giver; and, years later, bitterly ashamed of that shame. Once he gave an old beggar the "six-penny whole plum-cake" which Aunt Hetty had brought, smoking hot. He cried about it afterwards, not wholly for the cake, though he was not above the love of cake, but because he had cheated her; she had never saved her pennies for that old man, but in her generous love, had planned for small Charles Lamb to eat that cake. And he knew it.

If he was going to give his cake away at all, he might better have given it to one of the other boys instead of to that lazy beggar. There was one poor little fellow at school who used to save the scraps of meat left on the plates, carry them to his room, and hide them there. One "leave day" two of the other boys, who had already condemned him as half-ghoul, half-miser, saw him glide, solitary, through the great gate, carrying something in a blue-checked handkerchief. Too curious to resist, they slunk after him, through the gate, down the street, and up the four dark flights of stairs of an old house. There they found the boy's father and mother, hungrier than himself. From that day, to the credit of the boys at Christ's, the half-miser was counted as a hero.

From Coleridge, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and others, we get combination pictures of some of the teachers at this school. The Rev. Mr. Field "came late of a morning; went away soon in the afternoon; and used to walk up and down, languidly bearing his cane, as if it were a lily." During his classes the school-room had the soothing air of "summer slumbers." Not so, stout little Boyer, with his "close and cruel" eye, condemning spectacles, and hands "ready for execution." Boyer was known by his wigs: "one, serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betokening a mild day"; the other, "old, discolored, angry," threatening storm.

"Od's my life, Sirrah," he would roar, "I have a great mind to whip you." Then, after waiting long enough for the culprit to "forget the context," he would yell, *"and* I WILL *too!"*

This is Lamb's and Hunt's picture. Coleridge, with more zeal for learning, found Boyer as sensible as he was severe. He was a keen, though merciless critic of compositions: "Harp? Harp? Lyre?" he would demand. "Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, Muse? Your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring? Oh, aye! the cloister-pump, I suppose!"

One day, when Coleridge had just come back from his holidays, Boyer found him crying. "Boy! the school is your

father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! Boy! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying." Wouldn't any boy be convinced by such sympathetic tenderness?

With time, however, all these school troubles grew smaller and smaller, to vanish, at last, entirely, or to be remembered dimly, as mere jokes; while one thing won at school would last forever—the beautiful friendship of Lamb with Coleridge. "Oh, it is pleasant," Lamb said years later, "as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty which at thirteen helped it turn over the Cicero."

Lamb's days at Christ's Hospital ended when he was only fourteen. Then his old friend, Mr. Salt, got him a position at the South Sea House. Here, beginning at a salary of about two dollars and a half a week, he stayed for three years. When he left the South Sea House, it was to work at a weary, monotonous clerkship in the East India House. For the first three years in this position, Lamb had no salary at all; it was considered privilege enough to learn the business. Once learned, however, his work was very fairly paid, and he was raised steadily and generously.

Though the office took his hours, it could not take his heart. Devotion to his home and family, particularly to his sister Mary, was his very life, compared to which his business, his love of books, and even his friends were of small account. And so, to understand him at all, we must think of him as at home; and a sad, hard place it was—to bear that name. Besides Mary, there were his father, once merry, but now an old man too feeble to work; his invalid mother, unable to walk; his brother John, who, though he had had some business success, chose to live independently and to enjoy life by lightly shirking its responsibilities; and old Aunt Hetty, bringer of his boyhood's plum-cake. Aunt Hetty had a small income; but, except for that, all the money that came into the

Lamb household was earned by Charles's bookkeeping and by Mary's sewing. The oldest brother had left home without once offering to help. For the two who shared the load, it was a long, dreary struggle: for him, the desk all day and wearisome games of cards with his father at night; for her, nerve-wearing indoor life with two infirm old people. (She even slept with her mother.)

As the nettling littlenesses of house- and needle-work grew more and more irksome, Mary weakened in unseen ways. Still she endured until one day, September 22, 1796, when Charles was only twenty-one, there came a sudden, violent breakdown—a fearful tragedy—which one may dimly imagine from Lamb's short letter to Coleridge, the only friend to whom he could turn in his overwhelming grief: "My poor dear, dearest sister in a fit of insanity has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only in time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me, 'the former things are passed away,' and I have something more to do than feel. God Almighty have us all in His keeping!"

How his friend longed to take him away from London and the ever-depressing walls of his "home" to the uplifting hills of the lake region! "I wish above measure," he wrote, "to have you for a little while here; no visitants shall blow on the nakedness of your feelings; you shall be quiet, and your spirit may be healed. I charge you, my dearest friend, not to encourage gloom or despair. You are a temporary sharer in human miseries that you may be an eternal partaker of the Divine Nature."

But of course Lamb could not make the proposed visit. There was for him no little holiday; there could be no hours under the strengthening hills; or in the sound companionship of his best-loved friend. Not even for a few days could he drop

the burden. He must act—stand at the wheel and steer. He took Mary to a private asylum at Islington, and, when business hours were over, made a home, as well as he could, for his father and Aunt Hetty. For a little while Aunt Hetty visited a rich relation, but she was soon returned as "indolent and mulish."

It was a heavy weight and a fixed weight for a young man just out of boyhood; but he bore it, and perhaps only the one friend knew how his heart yearned sometimes for his sheltered youth. But he must be a man now, and a man for life. And so, back to that "thorn of a desk" all day and the dull games of cards at night.

Imagine ourselves going with him some morning to the East India House, to the office where he clerked for the best hours of his life.

"I notice, Mr. Lamb," comments one of his superiors, "that you come very late every morning."

"Yes, but just see how early I go," is Lamb's logical answer.

Another day, one of the heads of the department asked:

"Pray, Mr. Lamb, what are you about?"

"Forty, next birthday."

"I don't like your answer."

"Nor I your question."

De Quincey has given us the best description of the circumstances under which Lamb worked. He sat on a high stool at his desk, railed in—in a kind of pen, with five other "quill-driving gentlemen"—from the main room. When De Quincey called, Lamb's first greeting was an unforgettable smile. Then, so as not to converse from a height, he began to dismount, turning his back as one would to come down a ladder, assuring De Quincey that he was not going to "fly," and laughing heartily as he made his steep descent.

Though he says comparatively little about his business, even to his best friends, it is easy to imagine how tedious he found it—that young man, with his love of merriment, his

strong impulse to write, his quivering fear of home disaster, all mixed up in mind and heart. No wonder that his "spirits showed gray before his hair"; no wonder if he found the single days at Christmas and at Easter too brief to commemorate the seasons, and the one week of summer too short to repair his strength.

Frequently, like many business-men of today, he had to stay at his office till almost seven o'clock every day for a week or so, "starving...without my dinner," and often, then, some young man hanger-on—one of many to feel Lamb's charm—would walk home with him. "The burs stuck to him," and, though "they were good; and loving burs," he would have been as comfortable burless. "I am never C.L., but always C.L. & Co.," he exclaimed. Young would-be writers pestered him. "One of them accompanies me home, lest I should be solitary for a moment; he at length takes his welcome leave at the door; up I go, mutton on table, hungry as a hunter...knock at the door...in comes somebody, to prevent my eating alone!—a process absolutely necessary to my poor, wretched digestion. Oh, the pleasure of eating alone!—eating my dinner alone! let me think of it."

Meanwhile, old Mr. Lamb, who had been sitting round through all the empty day planning Charles's evening full of cribbage, could hardly wait for his son to finish his meal, and, if the younger man showed the least reluctance to begin those "repeated games" would grumble out, "If you won't play with me, you might as well not come home at all."

Within three years after Mary's necessary exile, Aunt Hetty and Mr. Lamb both died, and then Charles, who was perfectly fearless for himself, brought his sister back home. So it was that they wrote the "Shakespeare Tales," as well as much else, in partnership—she managing the comedies, and he, the tragedies—the work being divided so as to keep her mind only on happy things. In some of their other books it is hard to tell where he laid down the pen and she took it up.

Meanwhile even the wearisome business life was turned by Lamb into something sunny.

Little by little he dropped into writing for the papers—poems or bits of prose—anything that darted into his mind. "The very parings of a counting-house," he said, "are in some sort the setting up of an author." The "Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," the "South Sea House," and the "Superannuated man" are nothing but descriptions of the old men he knew on the street or in the office. Piece together his essays and his letters and there is his autobiography—half sad, half playful. He takes our arm, in his intimate friendliness, and with him we laugh and reflect over all the little things that make the mighty world. Finding interest in trifles was one of his great gifts. He turned the common things of every day into literature and made them live. His "works" shine on our book shelves—a ten-volume set; but these were really his "recreations." He who first wrote hiding behind the name of "Elia," called his works "the ledgers in the office." "There is nothing of the author about me but hunger."

Some lives brim with variety, others with drudgery. Aside from the over-shadowing gloom, whatever novelty there was in Charles Lamb's life he put there by his own sparkling interpretation. Of course, if frequent movings and change of address meant novelty, he had that. Mary's illness sometimes forced a move. As she grew older, her breakdowns lasted longer and came closer together. But neither of these partners in pluck would let the sunlight of the present be dimmed by a future cloud. Though both were all awake to cruel facts, they were both all alive to the need of joyousness. After each of her recoveries, she seemed better in every way—as if the absence of the mind had kept its temple fresh. She had a quick wit, clear brain, and particularly strong memory. Healing brought with it marvelous serenity and new vigor. She wanted and needed work, and, as the brother and sister worked together, she sagged no more than he. He spoke of her as a

"prop," In their "sort of double singleness," the partnership was as sweet as it was solid. Charles said they were as inseparable as "gumboil and tooth-ache." They shared letters and they shared friends; they shared reading and writing and vacation. After wandering about the old grounds of Oxford and Cambridge in the holidays, they were full of imaginary learning. "Mary rode home triumphing as if she had been graduated."

Office and home then made up Lamb's humdrum days—dull enough they were, all of them, in the eyes of dull-hearted hundreds. Boil down the bare facts and we have his thirty-six years in business as a common clerk, "chained to the desk's dull wood," his browsings of leisure moments in old book-stores and old print-shops, evenings spent in reading, writing, smoking, card-playing, and talking—cozy evenings with fire-light and candle-light and Mary; and—that was all—that, and the fun and the pathos and the measureless fidelity with which the old bachelor watched over the old maid who was at once his care, his chum, his treasure, and his life. His greatest conquests were lowly ones. At twenty-one, he began a lifelong campaign to conquer domestic difficulties. The giant Atlas held up the sky; this slim little man went about his day's business with a rainbow somewhere underneath his coat, that two hearts—and often many more—might grow strong in its promise.

The gloom overhanging him must not darken this sketch. He would not have wished it to. He smiled back at the blue sky above his head and he buried life's pathos in humor. Lamb's friends would take any amount of teasing from him. They laughed, and felt no hurt. He was like a bee bearing honey but no sting; or, as he said of another,

"All his whips were rods of roses."

When Martin Burney lounged back from a visit to the veal-pie and seated himself at the card table. Lamb quietly commented, "M-Martin, if d-dirt was trumps, what a hand

you'd hold!"

"Charles, have you ever heard me preach?" asked Coleridge.

"I've never heard you do anything else," came as swiftly as the stutter would allow.

And when Wordsworth said, "I believe I could write like Shakespeare, if I had a mind to try it," "Yes, n-nothing is w-wanting but the m-mind," was Lamb's equally keen answer.

"You rascally old Lake poet," he once called Wordsworth, and it is whispered that another time he even pulled Wordsworth's nose!

When Hazlitt's little boy was born. Lamb wrote: "Well, my blessing and heaven's be upon him, and make him like his father, with something a better temper and a smoother head of hair."

He and Mary made a fine team at teasing. Even when she had grown to look like a Quakerish old lady, he would slap her on the back, like a boy comrade. Though she was strikingly feminine, with her soft voice, small hands, busy with sewing or knitting, gray gown, and snowy kerchief, and though she was little and bent and had grown deaf, he treated her with a kind of tender roughness, as if, a "boy man" himself, he was afraid she might begin to feel old. Once when someone, out of courtesy, placed a comfortable armchair for her, he exclaimed, pulling the chair away:

"Don't take it, Mary. It looks as if you were going to have a tooth drawn."

One day he wrote a letter for her, explaining (sure that she would read his explanation): "The truth is, she writes such a pimping, mean, detestable hand, that she is ashamed of the formation of her letters." The words go "staggering up and down shameless as drunkards in the day-time. Her very blots are not bold like this (illustrated by a bold blot), but poor smears" (illustrated by a smear). He called himself, though, "the worst folder-up of a letter in the world, except certain

Hottentots, in the land of Caffre, who never fold up their letters at all."

Don't imagine that Mary failed to fire back her fun. Laughingly she wrote of Charles's ear for music (or lack of it):

> "Of common tunes he knows not anything
> Nor 'Rule, Britannia' from 'God save the King.'"

Meanwhile, the outside world shared the humor of the Lamb fireside. For a while, at sixpence a piece, Charles furnished jokes for a paper; but he hated this, as almost anyone would—six jokes a day—out of the air, out of nowhere, price 75c: "Reader, try it for once, only for one short twelvemonth," he sighed. The joy of wit is that it is unstudied, unmeasured, unpaid for. When it becomes a little package "seven lines" long, it is spoiled. It was a mercy that Lamb could turn out this commercialized humor and still keep his spontaneity!

One day when he was returning from a dinner, the stagecoach made a short stop at Kentish Town.

"Are you full inside?" inquired a feminine voice. Lamb stuck his head out of the window:

"Yes, I am quite full inside; that last piece of pudding at Mr. Gillman's did the business for me."

One of the bright chapters in Lamb's story tells how, at the age of fifty, one April day in 1825, he came home from the office "For Ever," honorably discharged and pensioned for faithful service. This surprise of liberty was as great as it was joyful: "Every year to be as long as three—to have three times as much real time in it!" Yet, being Lamb, he missed his old office cronies and was half homesick for the peg where his hat used to hang. He called himself rather sadly "A Superannuated Man."

Whether we look at his life before or after this retirement, one thing is true of it always: He *had time for people* and, unless they belonged to the immortal family of bores, he had a heart-

welcome for them too. They might be only the "dim specks" of humanity, the grimy chimneysweeps. But what then? They were children, feeling cold and hunger, loving the smell of sassafras-tea, and the taste of sizzling sausages, and knowing what to do with an unexpected coin or the savory dinners which Lamb and his friend Jem White beamingly served. We imagine how the dusky youngsters grinned at the feast, and how, when someone, Lamb himself probably, took a tumble in the street, one little face twinkled with mirth—with "joy snatched out of desolation."

Perhaps it was the *people* of London, from its sweeps to its pastry-cooks, that made Lamb love it as he did: "O, her lamps of a night! All her streets are pavements of pure gold. A mob of men is better than a flock of sheep." Although, when he and Mary visited Coleridge, he learned to love the towering mountains—"Skiddaw and his broadbreasted brethren, all dark with clouds upon their heads"—as a rule he was not "romance-bit about nature." He loved to scoff at Coleridge and Wordsworth, with their passion for sky and hills, and declared that he was "more fond of mensects than insects."

Among his whimsical letters decorated with blots and smears—and one of them was written in alternate red and black ink—we find invitations for "mensects" to dine: "Leg of Lamb, as before, hot at 4. And the heart of Lamb ever"; and "Turkey and contingent plumb-pudding at four (I always spell plumb-pudding with a *b, p-l-u-m-b,* I think it sounds fatter and more suetty."

During their last years, Mary could not bear company, but during many previous ones she was a gracious hostess to the strange but interesting group that straggled in for their Wednesday or Thursday evenings. Tables for four were scattered about the room, and "whist" was salted with racy conversation. At about ten o'clock, Becky spread a white cloth for the supper of cold meat and porter and smoking baked potatoes, and, soon after, Hazlitt would drop in from a

concert, Kenney, from his successful new comedy, and lovely Fanny Kelly, still fresh after an evening of acting. Meanwhile Mary moved gently among them, with a smile as winning as her brother's. She was a master of the *Live and Let Live Creed,* and as little disturbed by the rings of smoke as she was by the hearty cheer.

While the Lambs laughed at affected people, such as the woman who *would* talk French because they didn't understand it, they sympathized with all sorts of others. Mary's heart was half of many a kindness, though the *action* mainly had to come from Charles. His sympathy was of the practical kind that found a man a job, and tried to work up a little school for a woman. Scores of benefits to scores of people are written in the heart's indelible record. For years he gave an annual sum of $160 to one of his old teachers, one who had taught him when he was a very *little* boy, and he was faithful in this till the day she died. His spontaneous giving showed itself in countless ways, from ready money for beggars—the value of the coin unnoticed—to the open gate through which he urged a hungry donkey to graze on the Lambs' front lawn.

Leigh Hunt, if no one else, knew that Lamb was no fair-weather friend. When Hunt was imprisoned in Surrey Gaol for his published ridicule of the Prince of Wales, Charles and Mary were among his most faithful visitors. They seemed to choose the gloomiest days to bring their sunlight in. Hunt wrote:

> "When the sad winds told us rain would come down,
> Or snow upon snow fairly digged up the town,
> And dun yellow fogs brooded over its white,
> So that scarcely a being was seen towards night,
> Then, then said the lady yclept near and dear.
> Now, mind what I tell you—the L—s will be here."

The "near and dear lady" was Mrs. Hunt. Perhaps the

Lambs came to see four-year-old Thornton as much as his parents. They so loved children! No matter how bright the ever mirthful father could make his prison, it was a prison for all that, and no place for a little boy's home. Feelingly Lamb wrote:

> "Gates that close with iron roar
> Have been to thee thy nursery-door;
> Chains that chink in cheerless cells
> Have been thy rattles and thy bells."

Lamb's love of walking, added to his love of children, often led him twenty-two miles from London, to a girls' school kept by Miss Betsy and Miss Jane Norris. "His head would suddenly appear at the door in the midst of lessons, with 'Well, Betsy! How do, Jane?' 'Oh, Mr., Lamb!' they would say, and that was the end of work for that day." He would tell the girls stories and generally either stay to dinner or eat some bread and cheese in his favorite seat in a tree. Then with a troop of children to the village shop. Leaning over the lower half of the Dutch door, he would beat his cane or umbrella on the floor, demanding, "Abigail Ives! Abigail Ives!"

"Ah, Mr. Lamb," in a delighted voice, "I thought I knew your rap."

"Yes, Abigail, and I've brought my money with me. Give these young ladies six pennyworth of Gibraltar rock." Then Mrs. Coe, who tells these stories of her childhood's friend, goes on to explain that "Gibraltar rock was Abigail Ives's specialty and six pennyworth was an unheard of amount except when Mr. Lamb was in the village. It had to be broken with a hammer!" We can imagine how the little storekeeper grew to look forward to his coming—the slim gentleman in rusty black, with the noble head and the "immaterial legs," the green umbrella under his arm, and the exhaustless wealth in his pocketbook. Wouldn't the children of today like to

have him interrupt their school, with his holidays, his stories, and his candy! Whenever Hazlitt's little girl expected Lamb to visit her father, she would run into the street, stop any stranger she met, and exclaim, gleefully, "Mr. Lamb is coming to see me!" Charles and Mary used to throw books into a strawberry-patch for a certain boy to find.

It does not surprise us that these partners, with the hearts of a father and mother, adopted, in their old age, a young Italian orphan, Emma Isola. In a letter to Mrs. Shelley, Lamb joyfully describes her youthful struggles to learn Latin and her still greater struggles to write poems: "I am teaching Emma Latin to qualify her for a superior governess-ship. Her prepositions are suppositions; her concords disagree; her interjections are purely English 'Ah!' and 'Oh!' with a yawn and a gape in the same tongue; and she herself is a lazy, block-headly supine. As I say to her, ass in *praesenti* rarely makes a wise man *in futuro*" Then in a letter to Dibdin, "Emma has just died, chok'd with a Gerund-in-dum. On opening her, we found a Participle-in-rus in the pericardium;" and to Hood, "Inclosed are verses which Emma sat down to write (her first) on the eve after your departure. What to call 'em I don't know. Blank verse they are not, because of the rhymes; rhymes they are not, because of the blank verse; heroics they are not, because they are lyric; lyric they are not, because of the heroic measure. They must be called Emmaics."

It took far more generosity to give Emma away on the day of her wedding, than it took to give her a home. The brother and sister were older now and needed her youth and mirth. If you can own, to read and re-read, only one of Charles Lamb's essays, let it be that exquisite hint of the hopes of his heart, "Dream Children." It is too perfect to be mangled by quotation or interpretation;—the only thing for us to do is to read it as a whole, to be silent, remembering and imagining, and then read again.

"Saint Charles!" exclaimed Thackeray when he read one

of Lamb's letters; and Thackeray, from the hidden sadness of his own life, understood only too well Lamb's loyalty and cheer. But Lamb would have winced under any such title as Saint. His faithfulness was of the instinctive, doglike kind that did not recognize itself. If a halo had been made to fit him, he would probably have said it pricked! And he would have been the very last to want his virtues magnified. Hiding nothing but his goodness, in the open book of his life he has engraved his faults and weaknesses, as if to invite our condemnation. We love or despise him according to what we are. Some, shaking their heads, sigh out: "Lamb must have been very irreligious. He hardly ever entered a church except when it was empty!"

But didn't he find silent worship there? Didn't he read his Bible, and say, "No book can have too much of silent scripture in it"? He shuddered at those who "make a mock of holy things." Is *life* no argument of faith?

A few years before Lamb died he wrote to a friend, "I shall go and inquire of the stone-cutter, that cuts tombstones here, what a stone with a short inscription will cost; just to say, 'Here C. Lamb loved his brethren of mankind.'" Two days after Christmas, in 1834, and a few months after Coleridge's death, Charles Lamb slipped quietly away. Before the end, he had been "brave enough and loving enough to live with his sister at the Asylum." The plain stone in Edmonton churchyard, to the memory of Charles and Mary, does not bear the inscription Charles laughingly chose. Inconspicuously cut at the base of the stone, on which a quaint jingle tries to suggest his nature, are the words, "Restored by a Member of the Christ's Hospital School." So the boys of the Blue Coat School remember him still, and other boys, and all the world. No one can pity him. He was too rich for that. In sweetness and strength, in mind and in friendships, in all the things that make money worthless, he had a wealth that almost anyone might envy. His was a hard, steady pull; but he sang vigor into

his muscles; and he kept the covenant with himself to guard his "*best* friend" to the end, saving enough money for her care if he should be the first to go.

And he was. Mary outlived him twelve years.

Lucas has described one sweet memorial. Long, long after the tall grass had grown over the resting-place of these partners, a Blue Coat Boy walking on a London street, stopped and turned at the unexpected words, "Come here, boy. Come here." A perfect stranger, bareheaded and old, stood on a door-step and was beckoning to him. The boy went. Oh, plumb-cake and Gibraltar rock! hot sausages for hungry sweeps! And sixpences for numberless small waifs! the gentleman had slipped a five-shilling piece into the little welcoming hand, "In Memory of Charles Lamb."

Jane Austen:
Author of *Pride and Prejudice, Sense and Sensibility, Emma*

1775 – 1817, England

It was a very happy family that lived in the Rectory at Steventon from Seventeen Hundred Seventy-five to Eighteen Hundred One. There were five boys and two girls, and the younger girl's name was Jane. Between her and James, the oldest boy, lay a period of twelve years of three hundred and sixty-five days each, not to mention leap-years.

The boys were sent away to be educated, and when they came home at holiday time they brought presents for the mother and the girls, and there was great rejoicing.

James was sent to Oxford. The girls were not sent away to be educated—it was thought hardly worth while then to educate women, and some folks still hold to that belief. When the boys came home, they were made to stand by the door-jamb, and a mark was placed on the casing, with a date, which showed how much they had grown. And they were catechized as to their knowledge, and cross-questioned and their books inspected; and so we find one of the sisters saying, once, that she knew all the things her brothers knew, and besides that she knew all the things she knew herself. There was plenty of books in the library, and the girls made use of them. They would read to their father "because his eyesight was bad," but I cannot help thinking this a clever ruse on the part of the good Rector.

I do not find that there were any secrets in that

household, or that either Mr. or Mrs. Austen ever said that children should be seen and not heard. It was a little republic of letters—all their own. Thrown in on themselves, for not many of the yeomanry thereabouts could read, there was developed a fine spirit of comradeship among parents and children, brothers and sisters, servants and visitors, that is a joy to contemplate. Before the days of railroads, a "visitor" was more of an institution than he is now. He stayed longer and was more welcome; and the news he brought from distant parts was eagerly asked for. Nowadays we know all about everything, almost before it happens, for yellow journalism is so alert that it discounts futurity.

In the Austen household had lived and died a son of Warren Hastings. The lad had so won the love of the Austens that they even spoke of him as their own; and this bond also linked them to the great outside world of statecraft. The things the elders discussed were the properties, too, of the children.

Then once a year the Bishop came—came in knee-breeches, hobnailed shoes, and shovel hat, and the little church was decked with greens. The Bishop came from Paradise, little Jane used to think, and once, to be polite, she asked him how all the folks were in Heaven. Then the other children giggled and the Bishop spilt a whole cup of tea down the front of his best coat, and coughed and choked until he was very red in the face.

When Jane was ten years old there came to live at the Rectory a daughter of Mrs. Austen's sister. She came to them direct from France. Her name was Madame Fenillade. She was a widow and only twenty-two. Once, when little Jane overheard one of the brothers say that Monsieur Fenillade had kissed Mademoiselle Guillotine, she asked what he meant and they would not tell her.

Now Madame spoke French with grace and fluency, and the girls thought it queer that there should be two languages

—English and French—so they picked up a few words of French, too, and at the table would gravely say "Merci, Papa," and "S'il vous plait, Mamma." Then Mr. Austen proposed that at table no one should speak anything but French. So Madame told them what to call the sugar and the salt and the bread, and no one called anything except by its French name. In two weeks each of the whole dozen persons who sat at that board, as well as the girl who waited on table, had a bill-of-fare working capital of French. In six months they could converse with ease.

And science with all its ingenuity has not yet pointed out a better way for acquiring a new language than the plan the Austens adopted at Steventon Rectory. We call it the "Berlitz Method" now.

Madame Fenillade's widowhood rested lightly upon her, and she became quite the life of the whole household. One of the Austen boys fell in love with the French widow; and surely it would be a very stupid country boy that wouldn't love a French widow like that! And they were married and lived happily ever afterward.

But before Madame married and moved away she taught the girls charades, and then little plays, and a theatrical performance was given in the barn. Then a play could not be found that just suited, so Jane wrote one and Cassandra helped, and Madame criticized and the Reverend Mr. Austen suggested a few changes. Then it was all rewritten. And this was the first attempt at writing for the public by Jane Austen.

Jane Austen wrote four great novels. "Pride and Prejudice" was begun when she was twenty and finished a year later. The old father started a course of novel-reading on his own account in order to fit his mind to pass judgment on his daughter's work. He was sure it was good, but feared that love had blinded his eyes, and he wanted to make sure. After six months' comparison he wrote to a publisher explaining that he had the manuscript of a great novel that would be

parted with for a consideration. He assured the publisher that the novel was as excellent as any Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, or anyone else ever wrote.

Now publishers get letters like that by every mail, and when Mr. Austen received his reply it was so antarctic in sentiment that the manuscript was stored away in the garret, where it lay for just eleven years before it found a publisher. But in the meantime Miss Austen had written three other novels—not with much hope that anyone would publish them, but to please her father and the few intimate friends who read and sighed and smiled in quiet.

The year she was thirty years of age her father died—died with no thought that the world would yet endorse his own loving estimate of his daughter's worth.

After the father's death financial troubles came, and something had to be done to fight off possible hungry wolves. The manuscript was hunted out, dusted, gone over, and submitted to publishers. They sniffed at it and sent it back. Finally a man was found who was bold enough to read. He liked it, but wouldn't admit the fact. Yet he decided to print it. He did so. The reading world liked it and said so, although not very loudly. Slowly the work made head, and small-sized London drafts were occasionally sent by publishers to Miss Austen with apologies because the amounts were not larger.

Now, in reference to writing books it may not be amiss to explain that no one ever said, "Now then, I'll write a story!" and sitting down at table took up pen and dipping it in ink, wrote. Stories don't come that way. Stories take possession of one—incident after incident—and you write in order to get rid of 'em—with a few other reasons mixed in, for motives, like silver, are always found mixed. Children play at keeping house: and men and women who have loved think of the things that have happened, then imagine all the things that might have happened, and from thinking it all over to writing it out is but a step. You begin one chapter and write it this

forenoon; and do all you may to banish the plot, the next chapter is all in your head before sundown. Next morning you write chapter number two, to unload it, and so the story spins itself out into a book. All this if you live in the country and have time to think and are not broken in upon by too much work and worry—save the worry of the ever-restless mind. Whether the story is good or not depends upon what you leave out.

The sculptor produces the beautiful statue by chipping away such parts of the marble block as are not needed.

Really happy people do not write stories—they accumulate adipose tissue and die at the top through fatty degeneration of the cerebrum. A certain disappointment in life, a dissatisfaction with environment, is necessary to stir the imagination to a creative point. If things are all to your taste you sit back and enjoy them. You forget the flight of time, the march of the seasons, your future life, family, country—all, just as Antony did in Egypt. A deadly, languorous satisfaction comes over you. Pain, disappointment, unrest or a joy that hurts, are the things that prick the mind into activity.

Jane Austen lived in a little village. She felt the narrowness of her life—the inability of those beyond her own household to match her thoughts and emotions. Love came that way—a short heart-rest, a being understood, were hers. The gates of Paradise swung ajar and she caught a glimpse of the glories within, and sighed and clasped her hands and bowed her head in a prayer of thankfulness. When she arose from her knees the gates were closed; the way was dark; she was alone—alone in a little quibbling, carping village, where tired folks worked and gossiped, ate, drank, slept. Her home was pleasant, to be sure, but man is a citizen of the world, not of a house.

Jane Austen began to write—to write about these village people. Jane was tall, and twenty—not very handsome, but better, she was good-looking. She looked good because she

was. She was pious, but not too pious. She used to go calling among the parishioners, visiting the sick, the lowly, the troubled. Then when Great Folks came down from London to "the Hall," she went with the Rector to call on them too, for the Rector was servant to all—his business was to minister: he was a Minister. And the Reverend George Austen was a bit proud of his younger daughter. She was just as tall as he, and dignified and gentle: and the clergyman chuckled quietly to himself to see how she was the equal in grace and intellect of any Fine Lady from London town.

And although the good Rector prayed, "From all vanity and pride of spirit, good Lord, deliver us," it never occurred to him that he was vain of his tall daughter Jane, and I'm glad it didn't. There is no more crazy bumblebee gets into a mortal's bonnet than the buzzing thought that God is jealous of the affection we have for our loved ones. If we are ever damned, it will be because we have too little love for our fellows, not too much.

But, egad! brother, it's no small delight to be sixty and a little stooped and a trifle rheumatic, and have your own blessed daughter, sweet and stately, comb your thinning gray locks, help you on with your overcoat, find your cane, and go trooping with you, hand in hand, down the lane on merciful errand bent. It's a temptation to grow old and feign sciatica; and if you could only know that, someday, like old King Lear, upon your withered cheek would fall Cordelia's tears, the thought would be a solace.

So Jane Austen began to write stories about the simple folks she knew. She wrote in the family sitting-room at a little mahogany desk that she could shut up quickly if prying neighbors came in to tell their woes and ask questions about all those sheets of paper! And all she wrote she read to her father and to her sister Cassandra. And they talked it all over together and laughed and cried and joked over it. The kind old minister thought it a good mental drill for his girls to write

and express their feelings. The two girls collaborated—that is to say, one wrote and the other looked on. Neither girl had been "educated," except what their father taught them. But to be born into a bookish family, and inherit the hospitable mind and the receptive heart, is better than to be sent to Harvard Annex. Preachers, like other folks, sometimes assume a virtue when they have it not. But George Austen didn't pretend—he was. And that's the better plan, for no man can deceive his children—they take his exact measurement, whether others ever do or not—and the only way to win and hold the love of a child (or a grown-up) is to be frank and simple and honest. I've tried both schemes.

I cannot find that George Austen ever claimed he was only a worm of the dust, or pretended to be more or less than he was, or to assume a knowledge that he did not possess. He used to say: "My dears, I really do not know. But let's keep the windows open and light may yet come." It was a busy family of plain, average people—not very rich, and not very poor. There were difficulties to meet, and troubles to share, and joys to divide.

Jane Austen was born in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-five; "Jane Eyre" in Eighteen Hundred Sixteen—one year before Jane Austen died.

Charlotte Brontë knew all about Jane Austen, and her example fired Charlotte's ambition. Both were daughters of country clergymen. Charlotte lived in the North of England on the wild and treeless moors, where the searching winds rattled the panes and black-faced sheep bleated piteously. Jane Austen lived in the rich quiet of a prosperous farming country, where bees made honey and larks nested. The Reverend Patrick Brontë disciplined his children: George Austen loved his. In Steventon there is no "Black Bull"; only a little dehorned inn, kept by a woman who breeds canaries, and will sell you a warranted singer for five shillings, with no charge for the cage. At Steventon no red-haired

Yorkshiremen offer to give fight or challenge you to a drinking-bout.

The opposites of things are alike, and that is why the world ties Jane Eyre and Jane Austen in one bundle. Their methods of work were totally different: their effects gotten in different ways. Charlotte Brontë fascinates by startling situations and highly colored lights that dance and glow, leading you on in a mad chase. There's pain, unrest, tragedy in the air. The pulse always is rapid and the temperature high.

It is not so with Jane Austen. She is an artist in her gentleness, and the world is today recognizing this more and more. The stage now works its spells by her methods—without rant, cant or fustian—and as the years go by this must be so more and more, for mankind's face is turned toward truth.

To weave your spell out of commonplace events and brew a love-potion from everyday materials is high art. When Kipling takes three average soldiers of the line, ignorant, lying, swearing, smoking, dog-fighting soldiers, who can even run on occasion, and by telling of them holds a world in thrall—that's art! In these soldiers three we recognize something very much akin to ourselves, for the thing that holds no relationship to us does not interest us—we cannot leave the personal equation out.

Jane Austen's characters are all plain, everyday folks. The work is always quiet. There are no entangling situations, no mysteries, no surprises.

Now, to present a situation, an emotion, so it will catch and hold the attention of others, is largely a knack—you practise on the thing until you do it well. This one thing I do. But the man who does this thing is not intrinsically any greater than those who appreciate it—in fact, they are all made of the same kind of stuff. Kipling himself is quite a commonplace person. He is neither handsome nor magnetic. He is plain and manly and would fit in anywhere. If there was a trunk to be carried upstairs, or an ox to get out of a pit, you'd

call on Kipling if he chanced that way, and he'd give you a lift as a matter of course, and then go on whistling with hands in his pockets. His art is a knack practised to a point that gives facility.

Jane Austen was a commonplace person. She swept, sewed, worked, and did the duty that lay nearest her. She wrote because she liked to, and because it gave pleasure to others. She wrote as well as she could. She had no thought of immortality, or that she was writing for the ages—no more than Shakespeare had. She never anticipated that Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Guizot and Macaulay would hail her as a marvel of insight, nor did she suspect that a woman as great as George Eliot would declare her work flawless.

But today strong men recognize her books as rarely excellent, because they show the divinity in all things, keep close to the ground, gently inculcate the firm belief that simple people are as necessary as great ones, that small things are not necessarily unimportant, and that nothing is really insignificant. It all rings true.

And so I sing the praises of the average woman—the woman who does her work, who is willing to be unknown, who is modest and unaffected, who tries to lessen the pains of earth, and to add to its happiness. She is the true guardian angel of mankind!

No book published in Jane Austen's lifetime bore her name on the title-page; she was never lionized by society; she was never two hundred miles from home; she died when forty-two years of age, and it was sixty years before a biography was attempted or asked for. She sleeps in the cathedral at Winchester, and not so very long ago a visitor, on asking the verger to see her grave, was conducted thither, and the verger asked: "Was she anybody in particular? So many folks ask where she's buried, you know!"

But this is changed now, for when the verger took me to her grave and we stood by that plain black marble slab, he

spoke intelligently of her life and work. And many visitors now go to the cathedral, only because it is the resting-place of Jane Austen, who lived a beautiful, helpful life and produced great art, yet knew it not.

Sir Humphrey Davy and Nature's Magicians

1778–1829, England

Davy was born in 1778 at Penzance, in Cornwall, where his family, who were of the middle class, had lived as farmers for over two hundred years. The country about Penzance is healthy and beautiful, diversified by hill and glen and stream, green fields and orchards, and bounded on one side by the sea, across whose waters shone the gray slopes of Mount Michael. And besides these advantages, the neighborhood possessed other attractions well calculated to charm the attention of an imaginative boy; for here were the great monuments of the Druids, the most famous in England, the massive piles seeming to hold old memories of an almost forgotten past, and here also were the not less interesting mining works, celebrated all over the world, and the source of all the wealth of Cornwall.

Such surroundings made an early impression on the mind of Davy, and, while he was yet a child, his love for the marvellous and his taste for natural history were visible in a marked degree. Penzance was then famous for its ghostly traditions of haunted houses, there being hardly a dwelling in the neighborhood that was not marked by some supernatural horror, while its proximity to the sea also made the place a popular resort for smugglers, and thus gave it an added fascination to a mind that had a leaning toward the adventurous, and it is thus not to be wondered at that the early years of the boy were filled with thoughts of the marvellous, and that life from the first was endowed with poetic and unusual interest.

All the old tales of the region were poured into his ears by his grandmother, a woman of fervid imagination, who thoroughly believed in ghosts, witches, and fairies, and when this fund failed, the Arabian Nights proved a still more fruitful source of pleasure; and when there were no more stories to be had in any way, then the boy turned story-teller himself, and, mounted on a cart, would thrill his young companions with exciting tales of sea and land, in which genii, ghosts, and smugglers played interesting parts, embellishing his narration by his own imagination, and earning a great local reputation by his dramatic representation of the events under consideration.

This taste for the marvellous, which was such a marked characteristic of his childhood, was still prominent in boyhood, and was the principal factor in his choice of a profession. The natural surrounding of his home, with its ever-changing sea and skies, the great variety of minerals produced from the mines and the various kinds of rocks that formed the outlying cliffs and headlands, all joined to awaken a keen sense of the marvels of nature and a desire to understand the laws which could produce such results. His school-days were not only devoted to the study of text-books, but were occupied with excursions, which had for their object the pursuit of natural history; mineralogical and geological specimens were eagerly sought after, and a collection of birds and fishes were also added to the young naturalist's stores.

When he was fifteen years of age, Davy was apprenticed to a physician, and from this time his studies assumed a more serious form, and he laid down a regular plan of reading, which included among other things works on botany, chemistry, and astronomy. For the next four years his time was fully occupied with these various duties. His reading included a copy of Lavoisier's "Elements of Chemistry," and almost immediately after his acquaintance with this work he began a set of experiments to prove the propositions contained in it;

and although his apparatus was very simple, consisting of wine—cups, tobacco—pipes, glass bottles and earthen crucibles, his materials being the mineral acids and other articles in use in medicine, and he was obliged to work at the kitchen fire because he could not afford one in his own room, yet the quality of the work was so fine, and the experiments such a success, that he was encouraged to go on; and from this time he made such rapid progress in his scientific studies that before he was twenty years of age he had propounded certain theories of light and heat which brought him to the notice of other students of science, and which are now considered as embodying the true theory of heat as accepted by modern physicists.

In his twentieth year Davy was appointed superintendent of an institution in Bristol, which had for its object the treatment of disease by different gases. The institution was supported largely by scientific men who wished to find out the remedial qualities of gases, and was furnished with a hospital, laboratory, and lecture-room. And this appointment proved of the highest service to the young superintendent. Time and the best apparatus were at his disposal, and he could work in the consciousness that he had the intelligent sympathy of some of the first intellects of the day.

He began his work here by the publication of his theories on light and heat, and this was immediately followed by experiments in gases. His first experiment was with nitrous oxide, a gas which was supposed to be harmful to the animal system, and capable of destroying life if inhaled in large quantities. Davy, in the course of his experiments, proved that this view of nitrous oxide was a mistaken one, and found that he could breathe in six quarts of the supposed harmful gas without the least injury, and declared that instead of being a deadly poison, the gas could be used with great benefit by physicians who wished to render patients insensible to pain, nitrous oxide being the first anaesthetic ever employed by the

medical faculty. The publication of his researches in gases which came out in 1800, excited considerable attention among scientific men, and resulted in his appointment as Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Institution in London, and in 1801, he delivered his first lecture there, which at once made him famous. His lectures were attended by the most celebrated people, and men of science did not more eagerly seek the lecture-room than did the noblemen, and leaders of fashion, who immediately opened their houses to receive such a distinguished guest, and vied with one another in bestowing flattering attentions upon him.

But these things were of minor importance to the young chemist, who declared that his life was filled with his work, and that amusements seemed to him only like the dreams which came between his hours of waking. The fine laboratory now at his disposal would have amply compensated him for the loss of popular favor, and from this time his devotion to science was greater than ever, and the next few years were marked by a series of brilliant chemical discoveries, unequalled in the history of any other scientist. These discoveries related chiefly to the connection between chemistry and electricity.

The discovery by Galvani of galvanic electricity, and the investigations of Volta that had led to the construction of the voltaic battery, had given an immense impetus to electrical science; and subsequently the truth of Lavoisier's theory that water was composed of oxygen and hydrogen was proved by the use of the battery in decomposing water into its two elements.

Davy was from the first intensely interested in the subject of applying electricity to chemical experiments, and said that the Voltaic battery was an alarm bell to every scientist in Europe, calling them to new fields of action; and his own great fame rests chiefly upon his chemical researches in connection with electricity.

When water was decomposed by the electric current, it was noticed that the positive and negative poles of the current showed the presence of other substances than hydrogen and oxygen, and this phenomenon was for many years a great puzzle to scientists, who were forced to the conclusion, that, notwithstanding the fact that they could combine the two gases in such proportions as to make pure water, still there must, in reality, exist other elements in water than they had yet discovered.

Davy believed that the presence of the other substances at the poles of the current was due to impurities in the water, and, after a series of interesting experiments, proved to the entire satisfaction of the scientific world that chemically pure water consists of oxygen and hydrogen alone.

These experiments extended over many years, and were carried on under unusually favorable conditions, as Davy had at his command all the resources of the Royal Institution, which included the largest galvanic battery in the world, and a staff of assistants whose intelligence and fidelity aided greatly in the progress of the work.

The remarkable power of electricity to break up chemical combinations and apparently neutralize the most powerful chemical attractions, as was shown in the decomposition of potash and soda and separation of the metals potassium and sodium, led Davy to the conclusion that chemical affinity and electrical attraction both resulted from the same cause, acting in the one case on the particles of substances and in the other case on their masses.

This theory proved useful in his work, because it suggested a number of experimental inquiries that were fruitful of important results.

Davy also suggested that light, heat, electricity, chemical attraction, and gravitation might all be manifestations of the same power. But this speculation, interesting as it is, reaches out into a region in which darkness and obscurity still reign,

in spite of the light of modern science. Yet there is now no doubt but that electricity and light are most intimately connected, and it is more than possible that electricity plays a part in all chemical actions.

In the progress of his work Davy made many experiments of a practical nature in order to put his discoveries to daily use. He visited tan-yards to investigate the various processes used, and to try and aid this branch of industry by some suggestions of his own; he also paid great attention to agriculture, which he claimed could be carried on to much better advantage if farmers understood the principles of chemistry, and suggested that much of the sterility observable in mining districts was due to the presence of the poisonous productions from the mines, the refuse of which lay in heaps over the ground, impregnating the streams and making the atmosphere impure.

Davy discovered the metals sodium and potassium, and assisted other scientists in identifying other new elements. His discovery of sodium and potassium is considered his greatest contribution to chemistry, with the exception of his theory of the connection between electrical and chemical forces.

The wish of Davy to make all his discoveries serve some practical use to man, led him to make one of the most important inventions in the history of physics. From his earliest years he had been acquainted with the dangers and horrors which constantly beset the lives of miners, and his mind had always been drawn to the subject of some means of preventing those terrible explosions, which from time to time caused such sorrow and desolation in every mining district.

These explosions were caused by the inflammable gas, called fire damp, which always accumulates in great quantities in mines, and which is ignited by a lighted candle or lamp. Although fire damp is always present in mines, it is only dangerous when mixed with a certain proportion of common air, and the danger lies in the inability of the miner to detect

this condition, in the power of the gas to issue in enormous quantities in a comparatively short space of time, and in a great measure, in the carelessness which characterized that class of men, with whom constant peril had rendered almost indifferent to danger.

In 1815, Davy began a series of chemical experiments to investigate the nature of fire damp, and arrived at these results: that it requires to be mixed with a very large quantity of common air before becoming dangerous, that it requires a greater amount of heat to ignite it than any other gas, that it produces little heat when burning, and has small power of expansion; he found also, that the mixture of fire damp and air necessary for explosion will not ignite in metal tubes, and that it can be made non-explosive by adding carbon or nitrogen to it.

Mining could not be carried on without the use of lamps, lamps could not burn without air, and air if mixed with fire damp would cause explosions; the problem, therefore, was to invent a lamp which could burn in safety in the presence of fire damp, and this Davy did. He surrounded the flame of the lamp with wire gauze which took the place of metal tubes, in lowering the heat; the gauze allowed the fire damp to rush in and surround the flame which ignited it, but although this happened inside of the wire, so much heat was carried off by the metallic surface, that the temperature outside was not raised to the explosive point before the miner had a chance to escape.

This safety lamp, which is always known by the name of its inventor, has been one of the greatest gifts of science to man, and it has been estimated that it has saved more lives than any other invention, having robbed one of the chief industries of the world of its greatest terror, and brought safety and comfort where before existed danger and ever present alarm.

In the beginning of his career, while he was yet a boy,

roaming about the hills and dells of Cornwall, he had sketched on the cover of a little book which contained his notes, the figure of a lamp encircled with an olive wreath, and this almost prophetic symbol may well illustrate the motive which prompted all the researches of this great man, that in all the discoveries and achievements of science, the student of nature should but aim at the revelation of truth and the peaceful advancement of the race.

Davy died in Italy in 1829, while travelling for his health. Although only fifty-nine years old he had accomplished as much as is often done in much longer lives, and he will ever be known as the chief of that illustrious band, whose work has marked their era as the golden age of chemistry.

Elizabeth Fry:
A Heroine of England

1780 – 1845, England

I

Elizabeth Fry lived about a hundred years ago. She belonged to the Quakers, people who lived quiet lives, and dressed very plainly. When she was grown up and married, she used to dress in a plain cap or bonnet and a dull coloured dress, such as the Quakers usually wore.

But when she was a young girl she loved bright colours. Then she lived in the country in Norfolk, with six sisters and five brothers. Her mother died when she was a child; her father let them do much as they liked; and I think they ran rather wild together, and had a very merry time.

They were fond of dancing and of riding; and Elizabeth—she was called Betsy—liked to wear a scarlet riding-habit. She must have looked very pretty in it, I think, with her fluffy fair hair about her head.

One Sunday the seven sisters went as usual to "Meeting," which is what Quakers call their church, and sat in a row under the gallery. There was a special preacher that day, a man from America; and they were pleased to think it would be a change.

Betsy was often rather restless at Meeting, and on this day she was very much interested in her new smart boots, which were purple, laced with scarlet. She sat there putting out her foot and admiring the look of it.

But when the sermon began, she forgot her gay boots, and thought only of the preachers words. After it was over, she

went to see him at her uncle's house; and then in the evening to hear him preach again.

He made her feel that there are things in life that matter more than just enjoying oneself. In time she gave up her pretty clothes, and stayed away from dances; not because these are wrong in themselves, but because she found that she liked them too much, and got too excited about them. They made her forget and dislike the duller things which it was her duty to do.

She married and went to live in London, and had children of her own; and then she began the work which has made her name famous.

II

Prisons in those days were terrible places, and women's prisons were the most terrible of all. The women were all shut up together: those who had not been tried, and who perhaps had done nothing wrong, were put in the same room with those who had been very wicked. They had their little children with them, too; and there was no one to teach them anything.

There were no beds or bedrooms, no one to keep order, and nothing for the women to do. One of these places was so horrible that the governor of the prison did not like going into it himself, and begged Mrs. Fry to take off her watch before she went in, or it would certainly be snatched from her.

Mrs. Fry began by starting in a London prison a little school for the children. Then she read to the women and prayed with them; and brought needlework to them to do, and clothes for the children.

She taught them to mend their own clothes, and to find something to do, and she and her friends went every day to the prison. At last it was no longer like a den of wild beasts, but a place of quiet work.

From London Mrs. Fry travelled about the country, seeing

other prisons, and getting people everywhere to be interested, and to help in her good work. Afterwards she went to Russia and to France, and to Germany.

You can imagine how she helped all these poor women. She had a very sweet voice, and used to read the Bible aloud to the prisoners. When she went to such miserable places, her old merry temper must have helped her not to lose her courage, but to give some of it to people who were in sorrow and trouble and despair.

Mrs. Fry's work in the prisons was of very great use. It made people think, and they began to try to do something to make things better. So the name of Elizabeth Fry is remembered with honour.

Charles Lyell and the Story of the Rocks

1797–1875, Scotland

The history of the natural sciences may be likened to a book which has been read a little from time to time, but of which no one has gained a full knowledge.

And this is especially true of geology, the science that treats of the history of the earth.

The Greeks, with their eager thirst for knowledge, and untiring zeal in its pursuit, had opened this wonder—book of nature, and read some of the secrets revealed in its fascinating pages, but, as was the case with many other branches of science, the knowledge thus gained consisted more of isolated facts than of any deep comprehension of the great laws which underlie the workings of nature.

Pythagoras, in his journeys through Egypt and Chaldea, noticed the different appearances of the land, and made some observations on the subject, taking for his starting point the idea of continual change. "Nothing," said he, "perishes, but all things change their form," and it was to these constant changes changes that he claimed all the phenomena connected with the earth were due.

After Pythagoras, other Greek philosophers took up the story where he left off, and read a little further on; but the knowledge thus gained was not of a kind to explain any of the secrets that were hidden in the earth, and can only be likened to the pictures scattered through a volume, and which are understood only when one has read the printed page.

And then for many centuries the history of the earth was

like a closed book, and even when astronomy, botany, electricity, and other subjects had received earnest study by the great men of science, geology was still an unexplored region.

Men had learned to count the stars of heaven, to number the flowers of the field, and to control some of the subtlest forces of nature long before any serious attempt was made to read the history of the earth, and all the wonders that lay before their eyes were only regarded as unexplained, and perhaps inexplainable mysteries.

In the old days the popular belief that the interior of the earth was inhabited by races of beings who performed all the miracles of nature, was esteemed a sufficient explanation, and all the vast mineral wealth that is stored away in the earth's great treasure chambers was supposed to be the work of the kind genii who bestowed their riches with lavish hands upon their human favorites.

But it was only in the dark ages of science that this belief could be held, and when nature's wonders ceased to be regarded with the unreasoning awe which the general attendant of ignorance, and it was no longer considered irreligious to study the workings of the universe, then the old superstitions faded away, and man required a more intelligent answer to his questions as to the causes of the wonderful effects that were everywhere visible.

And although geology is one of the sciences that have been very lately developed, yet, when once aroused, the interest in it became so strong that it was pursued with an ardor that soon brought about great results. The earth suddenly ceased to be regarded simply as the abode of man, and interesting only because it produced the wherewithal to supply his needs.

It came to be looked upon instead as a thing in itself so wonderful and with a history of such antiquity, that man's experience seemed insignificant beside it, and geology was clothed with an interest as great as that attached to

astronomy when the telescope suddenly revealed the existence of the great star-systems of the remote heavens which had been hitherto invisible to the human eye.

And then came study and research of the most absorbing nature, and in the new light thus given them, men saw even new and greater beauty. Before this the interior of the earth had been considered as a great treasure house, whose largess might be his who would seek it; but now it was found that the rich veins of gold and silver which streamed through the earth, like the rivers that flowed over its surface, the secret mines that held the priceless diamonds and rubies in their hidden chambers, and the great coal measures whose layers bore the impress of the lily and the palm that had perished in dim—forgotten ages, could all tell the magic story of their birth to one who had the gift of hearing their voices.

And the wise seekers after knowledge listened with reverent attention, and gathered what wisdom they could, and thus a little of the marvellous history of the earth was learned.

Chief among these earnest seekers was Charles Lyell, who was born at Kinnordy, Forfarshire, Scotland, November 14, 1797.

Although an intelligent and observing child, Lyell did not show any particular love for nature until his eleventh year, when ill-health made it necessary for him to leave school and go home for a few months.

Then the absence of playfellows, and the bent of his mind toward some absorbing occupation, first led him to notice the world of nature that he had hitherto neglected, and all the myriad forms of life that he saw were suddenly endowed with an unexpected interest.

His attention was thus directed toward the study of the animal kingdom, and he began to observe carefully, if not methodically, the habits and peculiarities of insects.

It happened that his father also had been interested in this branch of study, and the family library was furnished with

some valuable volumes on entomology, the illustrations of which served to teach Lyell the names and localities of the butterflies, moths, and aquatic insects that he began to collect.

Although he was not conscious of it, his investigations were carried on in the true scientific spirit, including the study of the insects, particularly of the butterfly, from the hatching of the caterpillar, through the transformation of the chrysalis; while at the same time he learned to discriminate so nicely between the several hundred species that he soon became familiar with, that the names which he gave to certain tribes, such as "the fold—up moths," "the yellow underwings," etc., were afterward found by him to really indicate the natural families of classification.

This pursuit did not meet with the sympathy of the people at home, and young Lyell had to endure much bantering and ridicule in consequence of it, but this did not daunt his enthusiasm, and his persistence clearly indicated the spirit of the true seeker after wisdom who lets nothing turn him aside from the path he has chosen. Lyell's collection of insects made at this time was valuable, even though his methods of preserving the specimens were often unscientific and injurious, and he had the satisfaction in after years of knowing that the butterflies and moths which he captured and preserved with so much patience, finding inspiration and help in his work only from the printed pages of Linnaeus and other naturalists, was considered of sufficient value to be utilized by one of the first entomologists in England.

From this time Lyell's appreciation of nature never failed, and his usual boyish pursuits received new zest whenever they approached the region of living forms; and when he returned to school his ardor by no means decreased; the favorite amusement of birds'—nesting being turned by him to an advantage which resulted in a knowledge of the eggs of almost every bird in that region, which was particularly rich in

varieties.

The love of one branch of natural science invariably leads to an interest in others, for in the world of nature all things are so closely allied that an interest in one presupposes an interest in all, and thus it happened that Lyell's taste for entomology eventually led to the selection of his life's work.

When he was seventeen he entered Oxford, and although he pursued the regular course with a fair amount of interest, he still showed a love for the works of nature which distinguished him from his companions.

He continued his studies of insects in his leisure hours, having at this time the assistance of an experienced naturalist, and it was during this period also that he became aware that there was such a science as geology, and that the history of the earth might be studied with the same exactness as distinguished the classification of animals and plants.

The knowledge that the earth, which he had hitherto regarded only as the abode of man, possessed an antiquity far exceeding the most remote history of the human race, excited his imagination to such a degree that he knew no rest until he undertook a course in geology. He was thus led to an interest in fossils, and at once began to form acquaintances among collectors, recognizing in one instance the house of a prominent naturalist by a large ammonite which he saw at the door.

From the time of his second year at Oxford geology occupied a prominent part in Lyell's mind, and the study of the earth became gradually of absorbing interest; and he was more and more amazed to find that, while science had progressed in every other department, the earth still remained almost as great a mystery as it had been in the first dawn of scientific thought.

The genius of Galileo and Herschel had read the secret of the heavens, and mapped out the star-system so that remote space had long since ceased to be regarded as an unknown

region, and the astronomer could find the orb he sought with the same ease that one might walk into a garden and pluck a favorite flower.

Kepler and Newton had formulated the great laws of planetary motion, and the discoveries in electricity had revealed a subtle force which pervaded all nature to an extent that had not been dreamed of before. Linnaeus had demonstrated the order which harmonized the animal and vegetable worlds, and chemistry had brought to light the unsuspected resources of nature, but as yet no one had given a theory of the earth's history which would satisfactorily account for its present state, and place geology among the familiar sciences.

Besides the gold and gems, other things served to tell man of the wonders of the earth; the fossils found in Europe, in America, and in Asia showed that the earth had undergone changes as great as those which turn the nebulous masses of infinite space into great stars, whose light will shine on for countless ages after man has ceased to exist, or that which converts the sunshine and the dew into the flowers that spangle the meadows or brighten the wayside.

Leaf by leaf the great book of nature was turned, and the story found to be marvellous beyond any conception of poet or romancer. To the common eye the surface of the earth, with its wide diversity of mountain, valley, ocean, and plain seemed wonderful enough, but the geologist looked deeper and found still more enchanting scenes. Like a magician of old he bade the earth lay aside her green veil of mystery, and claimed her secrets for his own.

He examined the rocks and found that the white cliffs of England were the products of living animals, and that the tiny shells, pieces of coral, fragments of sponges, and other fossils found in limestone or chalk rocks, indicated clearly the sources of formation, and pointed to a time when myriads of animals swarmed in the seas where now stand the long ranges of hills that give beauty to the land.

He looked at the great coal measures of Europe and America, and read in their records even more wonderful accounts of the time when the continents were clothed in verdure to the shores of the Arctic seas; imprinted in the dark layers of coal he saw the plume of the fern, great tree-ferns that towered like palm-trees, resembling species now found in tropical regions; while other forms, such as large cone-bearing trees resembling the pines, and trees of a type that has now disappeared from the earth, having the whole surface of the bark covered with leaves thickly set like scales, gave greater evidence of the abundant vegetation which gave grace and beauty to those far-off ages.

Then the zoölogist added his gifts of fossil animals, and it was found that the earth was full of the remains of ancient life, and that from the skeleton of the great mastodon, whose tread would trample down the trees of the forest, to the tiny leaf imprisoned in a crystal drop of amber, all could contribute to the story of the earth and make its meanings clearer.

But, while geologist and zoölogist combined their powers for the accumulation of innumerable facts, there was yet no theory perfect enough to account for the earth's formation, and to give the order of its successive stages.

And it was in this respect that geology became especially important to Lyell. He studied the different strata, the fossils, and the rocks that contained no fossils, earthquakes, volcanoes, the courses of rivers and glaciers, the fall of avalanches, and in fact all the phenomena connected with the changes going on in the earth, and it seemed to him that, as nature always works harmoniously and according to fixed laws, it might be possible to learn how all the changes that have taken place came to pass, and to formulate some law that should explain the workings of nature in this regard. While yet a student at Oxford a hint of the great system that he was to build up came to Lyell, but as this was in direct opposition to the popular theory of the history of the earth,

he refrained from making it known until his studies and experience should have made him better able to pronounce upon such an important matter. With this in view he began to travel, visiting France, Germany, and Italy, and making the most accurate observations on everything that came in his way.

He studied the rocks of the Jura, the Alps, and the Valley of Chamouni, the glaciers of the Rhone, and the floods of the Valois, and in his descriptions of these places showed remarkable power both as a botanist and geologist.

When he returned from his journey he began geologizing through England, examining chalk beds, crystallized rocks, alluvial marsh lands, and clay pits, and from his indefatigable industry soon became known to all the leading geologists, who were glad to give to his powers of observation and generalization the tribute which they justly deserved.

In 1823 he was elected a secretary of the Geological Society, being in his twenty-fourth year. In the same year he visited France again, and saw Cuvier and Humboldt, both of whom recognized in the young geologist a worthy student of science. For several years after this Lyell's time was spent, partly in England and partly on the Continent, studying volcanic and glacial action, and preparing his work on geology which appeared in 1830.

Up to this time there had been a wide diversity of opinion among geologists as to the causes of the changes in the earth's surface. About the middle of the seventeenth century, Steno, a Danish geologist, gave to the world his explanation of fossils, claiming that they were the mineralized remains of animals, and said that the animals now in existence could only be properly studied by comparing them with the fossil remains of other ages. This was a step far in advance of the time when it was claimed that the shells and fossils found in mountains remote from the sea were made by the stars, or produced by some trick of nature, and the suggestion to study

the past from the present was made in the true scientific spirit.

A century later, Hutton, a Scottish geologist, whose love for the chemistry had led to the study of geology, made some interesting observations on the changes which water will produce on the hardest rocks, and gave it as his belief that all the former changes in the earth's surface were due to the same agents that are now at work. He claimed that the strata which composed the earth at present were once under the sea, and said that the ruins of an older world were visible in the present structure of our planet, and that the same forces were now at work destroying the hardest rocks and carrying them to the sea, where they become again altered by volcanic heat, and that thus there was a constant change going on all the time in which nothing was lost, but everything gradually transformed.

At that time the popular theory of the changes in the earth's surface was quite opposed to the views of Hutton; nearly all scientists taught that all the changes that had taken place in the earth's crust had been caused by great and sudden convulsions, such as earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, floods, upheavals and depressions of the land and similar phenomena, which clearly indicated that nature acted spasmodically, and the earth had reached its present condition through the action of forces very different from those now in operation.

This view would, of course, preclude the idea that nature acted in a uniform or constant way, and supposed all her laws to be subject to violent changes.

Hutton's theory was received with little favor by the public, who saw in it a disposition to ignore the Biblical account of the creation, and the author received a storm of abuse from critics who thought that any inquiry into the origin of the universe was an act of impiety. But to all his opposers Hutton only replied that the laws of nature were immutable, and that the forces which governed the changes

on the earth were as unalterable as those which kept the planets in their courses, and held the reins of life and death.

Hutton's theory was far in advance of his age, and was not generally accepted even by the most liberal men of science, but it is interesting to know that it became Lyell's work to elaborate the same idea, and to so strengthen it with indubitable proofs as to make its acceptance a necessity.

Contemporarily with Hutton lived the English geologist, William Smith, whose good fortune it was to carry geology a step farther than it had yet reached.

The different strata of layers found in rocks had heretofore attracted the attention of geologists very slightly, and the beds of different materials which lay one over the other in pits, and rock quarries were little regarded. They were known to exist, just as the beds, or strata of mud, gravel, and sand were known to alternate in the mouth of a river, but they were hardly recognized as of more importance than that given by the old botanists to the different colors of the rose, or the varied tints of the lily.

But Smith studied the strata of all the rocks that he saw, and was able, from his accurate observations and logical reasoning, to deduce a theory of the earth's formation in which the strata formed a prominent part.

Two important discoveries were made by this geologist: first, that there is a regular order of succession of the strata, or beds, which proves them to have been formed at different times, and that in every case the beds at the bottom are the oldest; also that this same order of succession may be found all over the world; and so sure was Smith of the truth of this theory that even at the time of its first conception he guessed correctly the nature of some hills he saw in a distance by their relative position in regard to certain rocks in the county through which he was passing. The second discovery was of equal importance, namely, that each stratum contained fossils differing from those fossils in other layers, and that knowing

the fossils one could determine the strata from which they were taken. From these two discoveries Smith deduced a general law which he summed up as follows: The same strata are always found in the same order of succession, and contain the same peculiar fossils.

Lyell's "Principles of Geology," which was published nine years before the death of Smith, incorporated the views of all those geologists who had striven to prove that nature works in a uniform manner, and the author announced as the foundation of his theory the belief that the past could only be studied from the present.

Lyell's studies, travels, experiments, and observations had all led him to the same conclusions, that in nature there is no life or death, but only change; and that the same agents which produced the great changes on the earth's crust are at work now, although they work so slowly that the effects are almost imperceptible.

Murchison, a distinguished contemporary of Lyell, taught that the mountains, and hill, and valleys had been created by great and violent convulsions of nature. This was called the convulsionist theory and had many adherents, who explained every change by saying it was the result of some great catastrophe.

But Lyell had the book of nature with a clearer eye, and his study had led him to a belief more in harmony with the known laws of the universe. He taught that those subtle alchemists, the rain, and the frost, and the snow, the rivers and the glaciers, carried on their silent work of transformation in the remote ages as surely and as steadily as they labor now; that the river which comes down from the mountain cutting its way slowly through the solid rock till the path has deepened into a trench, and the trench widened into a ravine, and the ravine become a valley, is but a type of the action of all the rivers that have flowed since time began; and that the rain and frost which splintered the mountain crest into peak and

pinnacle, and carved out crag and cliff from its rocky sides are still carrying on the work begun when first the mountains were upheaved by the great forces working in the interior of the earth, and never to cease till all the ages of the future have passed away.

Lyell took the minerals and rocks of the earth and placed them one by one in their proper places till the great book of the earth's history could be read from beginning to end, and all its text and pictures rendered so clear that even the most ignorant could understand it, and know that the child who stands by the mountain rill watching the strong current sweep along the shining pebbles is reading the secret by which the great rocks were formed; and that the violet which drifts upon the surface of the meadow brook till it is caught and tangled among the debris at its outlet is but a type of those great deposits which it took thousands of years to harden into imperishable forms of beauty: while the tiny sea—shell which he picks up along the shore tells the same wonderful story of those bygone ages when all the teeming life of the animal and vegetable worlds had not yet turned to stone.

The fact that the different strata could be recognized by their fossils was made by Lyell the basis of the law of succession of life upon the globe, and from this time geologists began to speak of the different ages of the world in reference to the life of plants and animals upon it; those rocks in which few fossils are found belonging to one age, those which contain fossils resembling living species, another age, and so on, until the present was bound to the past with the strongest links, and the succession of life was proven with the same ease that one might demonstrate a law of mathematics.

Although the "Principles of Geology" met with severe criticism from those who fancied that they saw in it proof that the author wished to inculcate views different from those taught by the Church as to the origin of the world, it grew steadily in popular favor, and is the theory accepted at the

present time. And Lyell's work later on showed the same spirit of progressive thought.

His travels in Europe and America only served to deepen his belief in his first impressions. Thirty years after the publication of the "Principles" he published his "Antiquity of Man," in which he claimed that the human race was many thousands of years older than had been supposed, a theory which later researches have all strengthened, while his observations on the great ice age an equal value for later geologists.

Sir Titus Salt

1803 – 1876, England

I spent a day, with great interest, in visiting the worsted mills and warehouses at Saltaire, just out from Bradford, England, which cover about ten acres. The history of the proprietor, Sir Titus Salt, reads like a romance. A poor boy, the son of a plain Yorkshire man, at nineteen in a loose blouse he was sorting and washing wool; a little later, a good salesman, a faithful Christian worker and the superintendent of a Sunday school.

At thirty-three, happening to be in Liverpool, he observed on the docks some huge pieces of dirty-looking alpaca wool. They had long lain in the warehouses, and, becoming a nuisance to the owners, were soon to be reshipped to Peru. Young Salt took away a handful of the wool in his handkerchief, scoured and combed it, and was amazed at its attractive appearance. His father and friends advised him strongly to have nothing to do with the dirty stuff, as he could sell it to no one; and if he attempted to make cloth from it himself, he ran a great risk of failure. Finally he said, "I am going into this alpaca affair right and left, and I'll either make myself a man or a mouse."

Returning to Liverpool, he bought the whole three hundred bales for a small sum, and toiled diligently till proper machinery was made for the new material. The result was a great success. In three years over two million pounds of alpaca wool were imported, and now four million pounds are brought to Bradford alone. Employment was soon furnished to thousands, laborers coming from all over Great Britain and

Germany. Ten years later Mr. Salt was made mayor of Bradford; ten years after this a member of Parliament, and ten years later still a baronet by Queen Victoria—a great change from the boy in his soiled coarse blouse, but he deserved it all. He was a remarkable man in many ways. Even when worth his millions, and giving lavishly on every hand, he would save blank leaves and scraps of paper for writing, and lay them aside for future use. He was an early riser, always at the works before the engines were started. It used to be said of him, "Titus Salt makes a thousand pounds before others are out of bed." He was punctual to the minute, most exact, and unostentatious. After he was knighted, it was no uncommon thing for him to take a poor woman and her baby in the carriage beside him, or a tired workman, or scatter hundreds of tracts in a village where he happened to be. Once a gypsy, not knowing who he was, asked him to buy a broom. To her astonishment, he bought all she was carrying!

The best of his acts, one which he had thought out carefully, as he said, "to do good to his fellowmen," was the building of Saltaire for his four thousand workmen. When asked once what he had been reading of late, he replied. "Alpaca. If you had four or five thousand people to provide for every day, you would not have much time left for reading." Saltaire is a beautiful place on the banks of the river Aire, clean and restful. In the centre of the town stands the great six-story mill, well-ventilated, lighted, and warmed, five hundred and forty-five feet long, of light-colored stone, costing over a half million dollars. The four engines of eighteen hundred horse-power consume fifteen thousand tons of coal per year. The weaving shed, covering two acres, holds twelve hundred looms, which make eighteen miles of fabric per day.

The homes of the work-people are an honor to the capitalist. They are of light stone, like the mill, two stories high, each containing parlor, kitchen, pantry, and three bedrooms or more, well ventilated and tasteful. Flower beds are in every

front yard, with a vegetable garden in the rear. No broken carts or rubbish are to be seen. Not satisfied to make Saltaire simply healthful, by proper sanitary measures, and beautiful, for which Napoleon III. made him one of the Legion of Honor, Mr. Salt provided school buildings at a cost of $200,000, a Congregational church, costing $80,000, Italian in style—as are the other buildings—a hospital for sick or injured, and forty-five pretty almshouses, like Italian villas, where the aged and infirm have a comfortable home. Each married man and his wife receive $2.50 weekly, and each single man or woman $1.87 for expenses. Once a year Mr. Salt and his family used to take tea with the inmates, which was a source of great delight.

Believing that "indoor washing is most pernicious, and a fruitful source of disease, especially to the young," he built twenty-four baths, at a cost of $35,000, and public wash-houses. These are supplied with three steam engines and six washing machines. Each person bringing clothes is provided with a rubbing and boiling tub, into which steam and hot and cold water are conveyed by pipes. The clothes are dried by hot air, and can be washed, dried, mangled, and folded in an hour. In Sweden, I found the same dislike to having washing done in the homes, and clothes are usually carried to the public wash-houses.

Perhaps the most interesting of all Mr. Salt's gifts to his workmen is the Saltaire Club and Institute, costing $125,000; a handsome building, with large reading-room supplied with daily papers and current literature, a library, lecture-hall for eight hundred persons, a "School of Art," with models, drawings, and good teachers, a billiard-room with four tables, a room for scientific study, each student having proper appliances for laboratory work, a gymnasium and drill-room nearly sixty feet square, an armory for rifle-practice, and a smoking-room, though Mr. Salt did not smoke. The membership fee for all this study and recreation is only thirty seven cents for

each three months. Opposite the great mill is a dining-hall, where a plate of meat can be purchased for four cents, a bowl of soup for two cents, and a cup of tea or coffee for one cent. If the men prefer to bring their own food, it is cooked free of charge. The manager has a fixed salary, so that there is no temptation to scrimp the buyers.

Still another gift was made to the work-people; a park of fourteen acres, with croquet and archery grounds, music pavilion, places for boating and swimming, and walks with beautiful flowers. No saloon has ever been allowed in Saltaire. Without the temptation of the beer-shops, the boys have grown to intelligent manhood, and the girls to virtuous womanhood. Sir Titus Salt's last gift to his workmen was a Sunday-school building costing $50,000, where are held the "model Sunday schools of the country," say those who have attended the meetings. No wonder, at the death of this man, 40,000 people came to his burial—members of Parliament, clergymen, workingmen's unions, and ragged schools. No wonder that statues have been erected to his memory, and that thousands go every year to Saltaire, to see what one capitalist has done for his laborers. No fear of strikes in his workshops; no socialism talked in the clean and pretty homes of the men; no squalid poverty, no depraving ignorance.

That capital is feeling its responsibility in this matter of homes for laborers is one of the hopeful signs of the times. We shall come, sometime, to believe with the late President Chadbourne, "The rule now commonly acted upon is that business must be cared for, and men must care for themselves. The principle of action, in the end, must be that men must be cared for, and business must be subservient to this great work."

If, as Spurgeon has well said, "Home is the grandest of all institutions," capital can do no better work than look to the homes of the laborer. It is not the mansion which the employer builds for himself, but the home which he builds for

his employé, which will insure a safe country for his children to dwell in. If discontent and poverty surround his palace, its foundations are weak; if intelligence has been disseminated, and comfort promoted by his unselfish thought for others, then he leaves a goodly heritage for his children.

Charles Dickens: Author of *A Christmas Carol*, *David Copperfield*, *Great Expectations*, *Oliver Twist*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*

1812 – 1870, England

The little fellow who worked all day long in the tumble-down old house by the river Thames pasting oilpaper covers on boxes of blacking fell ill one afternoon. One of the workmen, a big man named Bob Fagin, made him lie down on a pile of straw in the corner and placed blacking-bottles filled with hot water beside him to keep him warm. There he lay until it was time for the men to stop work, and then his friend Fagin, looking down upon the small boy of twelve, asked if he felt able to go home. The boy got up looking so big-eyed, white-cheeked and thin that the man put his arm about his shoulder.

"Never mind, Bob, I think I'm all right now," said the boy. "Don't you wait for me, go on home."

"You ain't fit to go alone, Charley. I'm comin' along with you."

"'Deed I am, Bob. I'm feelin' as spry as a cricket." The little fellow threw back his shoulders and headed for the stairs.

Fagin, however, insisted on keeping him company, and so the two, the shabbily-dressed undersized boy, and the big strapping man came out into the murky London twilight and took their way over the Blackfriars Bridge.

"Been spendin' your money at the pastry shops, Charley, again? That's what was the matter with you, I take it."

The boy shook his head. "No, Bob. I'm tryin' to save. When I get my week's money I put it away in a bureau drawer, wrapped in six little paper packages with a day of the week on each one. Then I know just how much I've got to live on, and Sundays don't count. Sometimes I do get hungry though, so hungry! Then I look in at the windows and play at bein' rich."

They crossed the Bridge, the boy's big eyes seeming to take note of everything, the man, duller-witted, listening to his chatter. Several times the boy tried to say goodnight, but Fagin would not be shaken off. "I'm goin' to see you to your door, Charley lad," he said each time.

At last they came into a little street near the Southwark Bridge. The boy stopped by the steps of a house. "Here 'tis, Bob. Good-night. It was good of you to take the trouble for me."

"Good-night, Charley."

The boy ran up the steps, and, as he noticed that Fagin still stopped, he pulled the door-bell. Then the man went on down the street. When the door opened the boy asked if Mr. Fagin lived there, and being told that he did not, said he must have made a mistake in the house. Turning about he saw that his friend had disappeared around a corner. With a little smile of triumph he made off in the other direction.

The door of the Marshalsea Prison stood open like a great black mouth. The boy, tired with his long tramp, was glad to reach it and to run in. Climbing several long flights of stairs he entered a room on the top story where he found his family, his father, a tall pompous-looking man dressed all in black, his mother, an amiable but extremely fragile woman, and a small brother and sister seated at a table eating supper. The room was very sparsely furnished; the only bright spot in it was a small fire in a rusty grate, flanked by two bricks to prevent burning too much fuel.

There was a vacant place at the table for Charles, and he sat down upon a stool and ate as ravenously as though he had

not tasted food for months. Meanwhile the tall man at the head of the table talked solemnly to his wife at the other end, using strange long words which none of the children could understand.

Supper over Mr. and Mrs. Dickens (for that was their name) and the two younger children sat before the tiny fire, and Mr. Dickens talked of how he might raise enough money to pay his debts, leave the prison, and start fresh in some new business. Charles had heard these same plans from his father's lips a thousand times before, and so he took from the cupboard an old book which he had bought at a little second-hand shop a few days before, a small tattered copy of "Don Quixote," and read it by the light of a tallow candle in the corner.

The lines soon blurred before the boy's tired eyes, his head nodded, and he was fast asleep. He was awakened by his father's deep voice. "Time to be leaving, Charles, my son. You have not forgotten that my pecuniary situation prevents my choosing the hour at which I shall close the door of my house. Fortunately it is a predicament which I trust will soon be obviated to our mutual satisfaction."

The small fellow stood up, shook hands solemnly with his father, kissed his mother, and took his way out of the great prison. Open doors on various landings gave him pictures of many queer households; sometimes he would stop as though to consider some unusually puzzling face or figure.

Into the night again he went, and wound through a dismal labyrinth of the dark and narrow streets of old London. Sometimes a rough voice or an evil face would frighten him, and he would take to his heels and run as fast as he could. When he passed the house where he had asked for Mr. Fagin he chuckled to himself; he would not have had his friend know for worlds that his family's home was the Marshalsea Prison.

Even that room in the prison, however, was more cheerful than the small back-attic chamber where the boy fell asleep

for the second time that night. He slept on a bed made up on the floor, but his slumber was no less deep on that account.

The noise of workmen in a timber yard under his window woke Charles when it seemed much too dark to be morning. It was morning, however, and he was quickly dressed, and making his breakfast from the penny cottage loaf of bread, section of cream cheese and small bottle of milk, which were all he could afford to buy from the man who rented him the room. Then he took the roll of paper marked with the name of the day from the drawer of his bureau and counted out the pennies into his pocket. They were not many; he had to live on seven shillings a week, and he tucked them away very carefully in a pocket lest he lose them and have to do without his lunch.

He was not yet due at the blacking-factory, but he hurried away from his room and joined the crowd of early morning people already on their way to work. He went down the embankment along the Thames until he came to a place where a bench was set in a corner of a wall. This was his favorite lounging-place; London Bridge was just beyond, the river lay in front of him, and he was far enough away from people to be safe from interruption.

As he sat there watching the Bridge and the Thames a little girl came to join him. She was no bigger than he, perhaps a year or two older, but her face was already shrewd enough for that of a grown-up woman. She was the maid-of-all-work at a house in the neighborhood, and she had fallen into the habit of stopping to talk for a few moments with the boy on her way to work in the morning. She liked to listen to his stories.

This was the boy's hour for inventing his tales; he could spin wonderful tales about London Bridge, the Tower, and the wharves along the river. Sometimes he made up stories about the people who passed in front of them, and they were such astonishing stories that the girl remembered them all day

as she worked in the house. He seemed to believe them himself; his eyes would grow far away and dreamy and his words would run on and on until a neighboring clock brought him suddenly back to his own position.

"You do know a heap o' things, don't you?" said the little girl, lost in admiration. "I'd rather have a shillin' though than all the fairy tales in the world."

"I wouldn't," said Charles stoutly. "I'd rather read books than do anythin' else."

"You've got to eat though," objected his companion, "and books won't make you food. 'Tain't common sense." She relented in an instant. "It's fun though, Charley Dickens. Good-bye 'til tomorrow."

Charles went on down to the old blacking-factory by Hungerford Stairs, a ramshackle building almost hanging over the river, damp and overrun with rats. His place was in a recess of the counting-room on the first floor, and as he covered the bottles with the oil-paper tops and tied them on with string he could look from time to time through a window at the slow coal barges swinging down the river.

There were very few boys about the place; at lunch time he would wander off by himself, and selecting his meal from a careful survey of several pastry-cook's windows invest his money for the day in fancy cakes or a tart. He missed the company of friends of his own age; even Fanny, his oldest sister, he saw only on Sundays when she came back to the Marshalsea from the place where she worked, to spend the day with her family. It was only grown-up people that he saw most of the time, and they were too busy with their own affairs to take much interest in the small, shabby boy who looked just like any one of a thousand other children of the streets. Of all the men at the factory it was only the big clumsy fellow named Fagin who would stop to chat with the lad.

So it was that Charles was forced to make friends with whomever he could, people of any age or condition, and was

driven to spend much of his spare time roaming about the streets, lounging by the river, reading stray books by a candle in the prison or in the little attic where he slept. It was not a boyhood that seemed to promise much.

In spite of this hard life which he led, Charles rarely lost his love of fun or his natural high spirits. When he was about twelve years old his father came into a little money, which enabled him to pay his debts so that he was released from prison. He was also able to send his son to school. Here he quickly blossomed out into a leader among the boys. He was continually inventing new games, and queer languages, which were made by adding extra syllables to ordinary words. Frequently he and several of his school friends would go out into the street and talk to each other in this language of their own, understanding what each other said, but pretending to be foreigners to everyone who heard them.

Charles was also continually writing short stories, which he lent to his friends on payment of marbles or slate pencils or white mice, which the boys were very fond of keeping in their desks. He and a few others built a small theatre and painted gorgeous scenery for it, and then gave regular plays, which he specially wrote for the theatre, to the great entertainment of the other boys and the masters. This comfortable school life was a great contrast to the hard knocks he had to endure when he was at the blacking factory, and he flourished under its influence and began to show something of his real talent for entertaining those about him.

Mr. Dickens, however, soon concluded that Charles ought to be making a start in some business, and so a few years after he had entered school he was placed as clerk in the office of a solicitor in Lincoln's Inn. Here he had to run errands through the busy streets of London's business life, copy all legal documents, and answer the clients who came to call on the firm.

The other clerks found young Dickens immensely

entertaining. He could mimic everyone who called at the office, and in addition he knew the different cockney voices of all the rabble of the London streets. He had learnt to know the queer types of people who drifted about the river banks and the poorer sections of the city. He knew every small inflection of their voices and their every trick and gesture, and now he acted them out to the great delight of the other clerks. But he could put his powers of mimicry to greater uses. He went to the theatre, particularly to hear Shakespeare's plays, as often as he could, and then would repeat long passages from the plays, giving the exact voice and manner of the leading actors. Many friends predicted that Charles would be a great actor himself someday, and so perhaps he might had not his interest all been drawn another way.

At the time he was so much charmed with the thought of becoming an actor that he wrote to the manager of the theatre at Covent Garden, telling him what he thought of his own gifts for the stage, and asking if he might have an appointment. The manager wrote that they were very busy at that time with a new play, but that he would write him soon when he might have a chance to meet him. A little later Charles was invited to go to the theatre and act a short piece in the presence of Charles Kemble, a very famous actor. When the day arrived, however, he was suffering from a very bad cold which had so swollen his throat that he could hardly speak at all. As a result he could not go to the theatre, and before he had another chance to try his luck he had made up his mind that he would rather be a writer than an actor.

It did not take Charles long to realize that the law was not to his taste. He did not like what he saw of lawyers, and was much more apt to make fun of than to imitate them. Looking about for some more interesting work, he took to studying short-hand in the evenings. He found it very hard to learn, particularly as he had to dig it out of books in the reading-room of the British Museum, but he persevered, and finally

became very skilful, so that when he was sent by one of the newspapers to report a debate in the House of Commons he did so extremely well that experts stated "there never was such a short-hand writer before."

The life of a reporter had great charm for the youthful Dickens. He liked the adventurous side of it, the chance to see strange scenes and mix in interesting events. He had a great many strange adventures of his own, and told later how on one occasion soon after he had become a reporter, he was sent far out of London to take down a political speech, and how coming back he had to write out his shorthand notes holding his paper on the palm of his hand, and by the light of a dull, flickering lantern, while the coach galloped at fifteen miles an hour through wild and hilly country at midnight.

In addition to reporting speeches Charles was sent to write notices of new plays in the theatres and also reviewed new books. He signed these reviews with his nickname "Boz," and it was not long before these articles by Boz attracted the attention of a great many judges of good writing. The chief editor of the *Morning Chronicle,* for which Charles wrote, said of the youth, "He has never been a great reader of books or plays and knows but little of them, but has spent his time in studying life. Keep 'Boz' in reserve for great occasions. He will aye be ready for them."

So it proved, and he might have been a prominent newspaper man just as he might have been a great actor had not the desire to see what he could do with a story seized upon him.

We have Dickens' own words to tell us how he wrote a little paper in secret with much fear and trembling, and then dropped it stealthily into "a dark little box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street." A little later his story appeared in the magazine to which he had sent it, and he tells us how, as he looked at his words standing so gravely before him in all the glory of print, he walked down to Westminster

Hall and turned into it for half an hour, because his eyes "were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street and were not fit to be seen there." He had been very much excited over this venture of his little story. Now he took the fact of its success to indicate that it was worth his while to practice using his pen as a writer of fiction.

After that Charles Dickens, although he continued working as reporter, spent his spare hours in writing comic accounts of the various scenes of London life which he knew so well. These were published as fast as they were written, over the pen name of "Boz." He was paid almost nothing for them, but he persevered, prompted by his inborn love of writing and the fun he had in describing curious types of people.

Then one day a young man who had just recently become a publisher called at Charles's lodgings and told him that he was planning to publish a monthly paper in order to sell certain pictures by Robert Seymour, an artist who had just finished some sporting plates for a book called "The Squib Annual." Seymour had drawn most of the pictures for this new venture, and they were almost all of a cockney sporting type. Now Charles was asked if he would write something to go with the pictures.

Someone suggested that he should tell the adventures of a Nimrod Club, the members of which should go out into the country on fishing and hunting expeditions which would suit the drawings, but this did not appeal to the young writer, as he knew very little about these country sports, and was much more interested in describing curious people. He asked for a day or two's time to think the matter over, and then finally sent the publishers the first copy of what he chose to call the "Pickwick Papers."

According to a common custom of the time, the author was allowed to write a story as it was needed by the printer, so that the first numbers of the "Pickwick Papers" appeared

while Charles was still working on the next ones. This often put him to great inconvenience, as he sometimes found it hard to invent new adventures to fit Seymour's pictures and yet had to have the story written by a certain time.

He wrote to a friend one night, "I have at this moment got Pickwick and his friends on the Rochester coach, and they are going on swimmingly, in company with a very different character from any I have yet described" (Alfred Jingle), "who I flatter myself will make a decided hit. I want to get them from the ball to the inn before I go to bed; and I think that will take till one or two o'clock at the earliest. The publishers will be here in the morning, so you will readily suppose I have no alternative but to stick to my desk."

The public was slow in appreciating the humor of the "Pickwick Papers," and the series dragged until Part IV appeared, and with it the character of Sam Weller. This original and very entertaining figure turned the scales, and almost instantly there was the greatest demand for the "Pickwick Papers." By the time the series was finished the name of "Boz" was constantly on almost every English tongue. Here again fortune had had much to do with deciding Dickens' career. Had the series failed, he might have continued merely a reporter, but the humorous figure of Weller tipped the scales in favor of his adopting the profession of novelist.

From that time on one novel after another flowed from Dickens' pen. For many of their most vivid pictures he was indebted to the hard life of his boyhood, and the strange people he had known in the days when he worked in the blacking factory finally grew into some of his greatest characters. The little maid-of-all-work became the Marchioness in the "Old Curiosity Shop," Bob Fagin loaned his name to "Oliver Twist," and in "David Copperfield" we read the story of the small boy who had to fight his way through London alone.

Those days of boyhood had given him a deep insight into

human nature, into the humor and pathos of other people's lives, and it was that rare insight that enabled him to become in time one of the greatest of all English writers, Charles Dickens, the beloved novelist of the Anglo-Saxon people.

Charlotte Brontë:
Author of *Jane Eyre*

1816 – 1855, England

The February winds were blowing across the Yorkshire hills and sweeping down the steep street of the little village of Haworth, as the heavily-laden carts piled with the furniture of the "new parson" came slowly up towards the parsonage. Above the street the moors rose higher and higher towards the round hills beyond, and there was scarcely a tree or hedge for the mad winds to wrestle with, as they swept the snow into long drifts by the side of the grey dykes and passed disdainfully over the stunted shrubs that struggled to hold their own on the bleak hillside. At the top of the steep village street the church, with its square tower, stood out clear against the moor and sky, and sheltering beside it was the low stone parsonage with its strip of garden, shut in on both sides by the silent churchyard.

There was curiosity astir in the village that day, for the new parson and his family were expected to arrive and several people were looking out of their doors and windows as the carts came slowly on, the horses' feet slipping and stumbling over the roughly-paved flagstones. Not that any of the villagers meant to show any interest or had the least intention of welcoming the new comers. The people of the West Riding were not given to welcoming strangers, and were certainly no respecters of persons. They were a rough independent folk, inclined to mind their own business and to expect other people to mind theirs, while they looked with a good deal of suspicion on any unknown thing or person. Their manners

and appearance were as rugged as the wild country around, but there were good loyal hearts hidden away under the rough exterior, and kindly ways were there too.

Slowly the carts were dragged upwards by the tired horses until, in front of the church, they turned aside into a narrow alley and drew up at the gate of the parsonage. The new parson, Patrick Brontë, was bringing his wife and six little children to make their home there in the hillside village on the edge of the moors, and this was the first sign of their arrival.

Patrick Brontë was an Irishman, tall, strong, and handsome, quite a contrast to his small delicate wife, who looked almost too fragile to face the strong moorland breezes. The six children were as delicate-looking as their mother, and were like little rungs of a ladder, beginning highest up with Maria, who was six years old, and ending with Baby Anne, who was scarcely to be counted by years as yet. The children had all been born at Thornton, in Bradford parish, except the two elder girls, Maria and Elizabeth. Charlotte, following fast upon the heels of Elizabeth, was born on the 21st of April 1816, and then followed in quick succession Patrick, Emily, and Anne.

It was after little Anne was born that the mother's health began to fail, and when the family arrived at Haworth it was plainly seen that she had not very long to live. It had been no easy task to look after and clothe and care for those six little ones, especially when money was not too plentiful. Now it had grown to be a task quite beyond her strength.

From the very first there was a shadow over the parsonage, and the children, young as they were, felt it in their strange old-fashioned way. They were wonderfully good, quiet children, never the least inclined to be noisy or troublesome, and with their mother ill they grew even quieter. Maria, feeling the heavy responsibility of being the eldest, and bearing the weight of seven years, was like a little mother to the

younger ones and easily kept them in order. She was very small for her age, but she was her mother's right hand, and had long ago learned to be useful in the nursery and in household concerns. Their father was not particularly fond of children and was always afraid they would trouble their mother, so Maria kept them all out of sight as much as possible, and they were as quiet as little mice.

"You would not have known there was a child in the house," said one of the old servants, "they were such still, noiseless, good little creatures."

The parsonage was not very large, but there was a small spare room above the front door, which was called "the children's study," although the eldest student was scarcely seven years old. Here Maria kept the little ones amused, and when it was fine took them out for walks over the moors. That heathery moorland was the great delight of the children's hearts, and they would wander out hand in hand, a solemn little procession of six, the elder ones carefully helping those toddlers whose steps were still somewhat unsteady.

After one year at the Haworth parsonage the invalid mother died, and the lonely children grew even quieter and more lonely. Their father saw but little of them, for he had even his meals by himself, but he laid down strict rules that they should be brought up to be hardy and not think too much of clothes or food. It was not difficult to keep that rule, for there were very few luxuries in the parsonage.

Mrs. Brontë had been too ill to make friends with anyone within reach of Haworth, so there was no one now to take an interest in the children, but before very long an elderly aunt came from Cornwall to live with them and take charge of the household. The children, however, clung to one another and were quite content to be left alone. They seemed to need no one if they could only be together, and they lived entirely apart in a world of their own, making their own pleasures and interests.

Books were scarce, and Maria had begun early to read the newspapers and to tell the younger ones any news which she thought was suited to their understanding. There was always a great deal to be read about the Duke of Wellington; he was Charlotte's special hero, and any news about him was eagerly discussed. As soon as the children could read and write they made up little plays and acted them together, the characters usually being the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon, Hannibal, or Cæsar. Sometimes serious disputes arose as to which was the greatest hero, and as it was seldom that there was any disturbance in "the children's study," their father strode upstairs at once to see what was the matter and to settle the dispute.

He wondered sometimes what these children were really like, and what thoughts they had in their minds, and one day he hit on a curious plan of examining them. He was quite sure if their faces were hidden they would answer more freely and without any shyness, so he got an old mask which was in the house, and each child was told in turn to hide behind it and answer out boldly.

He began with little four-year-old Anne.

"What does a child like you want most?" he inquired.

The childish treble from behind the mask answered promptly, "Age and experience."

Emily came next.

"What should be done with your brother when he is a naughty boy?" was the question.

"Reason with him, and when he won't listen to reason, whip him," was the firm answer.

When Charlotte's turn came she was asked which was the best book in the world, and the answer came unhesitatingly, "The Bible."

"What is the next best book?" asked her father.

"The book of nature," answered the sedate little student.

Maria, then ten years old, was asked what was the best

way of spending time. "By laying it out for a happy eternity," answered the anxious-minded little sister-mother who had wasted very little of her time on childish pleasures.

It was no wonder that the father felt rather puzzled and thought that somehow they were unlike other children.

It was just about that time, when Maria was ten years old, that it was decided to send the two elder girls to a school which had been started for poor clergymen's daughters at Cowan Bridge. Maria and Elizabeth were the first to be sent off into this new unknown world of school, but a few months later Charlotte and Emily joined their sisters there.

It was a sad change for the children. Home-sick and wretched, the four little girls went through a most miserable time. It was not at all a suitable school for such delicate children, and the hardships and misery were almost more than they could bear. In wintertime it was specially hard, and even the strongest and most healthy children suffered greatly.

The getting-up bell rang long before it was light, and the poor little shivering mortals had to huddle on their clothes, brown stuff frocks and long holland pinafores, by candle-light, very often unable to wash at all, as the water in the basins was frozen hard. Hair had all to be brushed very flat and very straight back from the face, and there was no excuse made for chapped and chilblained hands if everything was not as neatly arranged as possible. Then came prayers, and there were lessons too, to be done before it was time for breakfast.

The hungry shivering little sisters found it difficult to eat the food provided for them, not because it was simple, but because it was so badly cooked and unclean, and often they went without their breakfast of burnt porridge and had nothing to eat until dinner-time.

But worst of all, perhaps, were the long walks in the bitter cold winds, when chilblains made every step painful, and the grey frieze cloaks were not half thick enough to keep out the piercing cold.

It was Maria who first began to show signs of failing health, and when at last her father was sent for, and he came to take her home, it was too late. She died a few days after reaching the parsonage, and before the summer was over the next little girl, Elizabeth, was also laid to rest in the old grey churchyard which had always seemed part of the children's home.

Charlotte and Emily were still left to endure the school life for some months longer, but it was considered advisable that they should not face another winter there, and so to their great joy they were allowed to come home and take up again the old dreamy, peaceful life with Patrick and Anne. The heathery moors were like old friends welcoming them back, and brought comfort to their sore little hearts as they wandered out again hand in hand, only four now instead of six.

Although Charlotte was not much older than the rest, she at once became the responsible elder sister, trying as best she could to fill Maria's place. Much too anxious-minded and old for her nine years, she was, like Martha, "careful and troubled about many things," and seemed to have left childhood far behind her.

All the children's regular lessons were now done with their aunt, but they learned a great deal more from their father's conversation out of lesson hours. He had a habit of talking over all kinds of public news that interested him, and the children listened eagerly, for they loved politics and any kind of out-of-the-way information. For the rest they were well cared for by Tabby, the elderly maid, who ruled them most strictly but really loved them devotedly, and took a great deal of trouble to give them any little treat she could provide.

So the next few years were perhaps the happiest the children had known, and they began once more to invent their own pleasures and interests, and to write out their "original compositions" together.

Pennies were never very plentiful at the parsonage, and

the children were obliged to be careful about writing paper, so the stories were written, mostly by Charlotte, in the smallest possible handwriting, to take up the smallest possible space; handwriting which it is now almost impossible to read without a magnifying glass. These sheets, stitched together and put into covers of stout sugar-paper, formed quite a little library of at least a hundred volumes, containing tales, romances, poems, dramas, historical novels, and all kinds of adventures.

The Duke of Wellington, still Charlotte's hero, figured largely in these books, and everything of interest was carefully noted by one or other of the children, although it was Charlotte who did the greater part of the "compositions." The quiet lonely life and the hours spent on the moors studying "the back of nature" were apt to make Charlotte somewhat dreamy and romantic, but there was plenty of "the daily round, the common task," to keep her practical and energetic too. Besides her lessons she had to dust the rooms, help with the cooking, look after the younger ones and sew diligently under the stern eye of her aunt, but in spite of everything she always found time to write out those beloved little books. She was small for her age, very slight and fragile, with soft thick brown hair and rather a plain little face, adorned, however, with a pair of wonderful reddish-brown eyes. When anything interested her greatly it seemed as if a lamp was lit behind those eyes, and her whole soul suddenly shone out. There was nothing merry or childlike about her, for she was a solemn small maiden much weighed down by her responsibilities, and her neat tidy ways and quiet manners, added to her rather quaint dress, might well have been described by those who knew her as "old-fashioned."

Five years of this peaceful life in the old parsonage passed by, and then, when Charlotte was fourteen, she was once more sent away to school, but to a very different kind of school this time.

There were only ten pupils at Roe Head, Dewsbury, and the mistress, Miss Wooler, was so kind and motherly that it seemed more like a large family than a school, and Charlotte need not have dreaded beginning her school life again. Long afterwards, one of the pupils wrote a description of her arrival in these words:

"I first saw her coming out of a covered cart, in very old-fashioned clothes, and looking very cold and miserable. She was coming to school at Miss Wooler's. When she appeared in the schoolroom her dress was changed, but just as old. She looked a little old woman, so short-sighted that she always appeared to be seeking something, and moving her head from side to side to catch a sight of it. She was very shy and nervous, and spoke with a strong Irish accent. When a book was given her, she dropped her head over it till her nose nearly touched it, and when she was told to hold her head up, up went the book after it, still close to her nose, so that it was not possible to help laughing."

At first Charlotte was desperately home-sick, and she did not seem at all to fit in with the other girls. The lessons she should have known she knew but little about, and all the curious knowledge she possessed on other subjects only made the odd-looking girl seem all the more odd to her companions. She did not care for games, for she did not know how to play them, and was quite content to stand alone under the trees in the garden, where she could watch the sky through the branches and dream her dreams while the others played. She was extremely fond of drawing, and every picture that came her way she studied so long and so carefully that the other girls would begin to tease her and ask impatiently what it was she saw in it.

Then, if Charlotte was inclined to talk and explain what she was looking at, the girls began to discover that it was well worthwhile to listen to what the odd-looking little girl had to say. By degrees she became a great favourite with them, and

whenever they wanted a story it was Charlotte who was always called upon to tell it.

It was at bedtime, perhaps, that those tales of Charlotte's were particularly in demand, for her stories always sounded specially thrilling in the dark. Indeed one evening they were thrilled overmuch by one of these tales, and frightened almost out of their wits, so that someone screamed out loud and brought Miss Wooler to see what could possibly be the matter.

The little girls of the old parsonage and wild moorland had a wonderful power within them. Those schoolgirls shivering in their beds, as they listened to the quiet voice that held them spellbound in the darkness, felt the strange fascination of the little storyteller, just as afterwards the world stopped to listen, and listening fell also under the spell of the genius of the sisters of Haworth parsonage.

George Eliot: Author of *Middlemarch, Silas Marner,* and *The Mill on the Floss*

1819 – 1880, England

Scarcely anyone today ever thinks of the brilliant authoress by her real name of Mary Ann Evans. It is still as "George Eliot" she is known, the name she took when she first began to write her books, and did not care to let the world know who it was who wrote them.

But although the day was to come when the great world should ring with the fame of George Eliot, there was no stir in the little world about Arbury Farm when Farmer Evans' youngest child, little Mary Ann Evans, was born. Her birthday was on the 22nd of November, S. Cecilia's Day, and it might have been thought that her father, being a good churchman, would have named the baby Cecilia, but it was by the good old English name of Mary Ann that she was baptized in the church at Chilvers Coton, known afterwards as "Shapperton Church."

It was a very peaceful home to which the baby came, and when she was four months old and the family moved to the charming old house of Griff, with its red brick walls so cosily covered with ivy, she was like a bird in "the warm little nest where her affections were fledged."

Griff was on the Arbury estate in Warwickshire, and the quiet country-house was far away from the noise and bustle of towns, with only the daily coach as a link between it and the busy world. For in 1819, when little Mary Ann Evans was

born, it was the stage-coach that carried travellers from place to place, brought the news, and had charge of the post-bags. Not that there were many letters to carry, for postage stamps had not even been invented then, and it was so expensive to send a letter that people never wrote unless they had something very important to say.

The life at Griff was very quiet and uneventful for the three children who lived there with their invalid mother and busy father, who was always working with both head and hands. Chrissy, the eldest, was rather a prim little girl, a great favourite with her aunts, who lived near, and with whom she spent a great deal of her time, but Isaac and Mary Ann were the best of friends and always played together. The boy was three years older than his little sister, but she followed him about like a shadow wherever he went, and whatever he did, she tried to do as well. She loved Isaac with all the strength of her warm little heart, and thought there was no one in the world like him.

Mary Ann was fond of her grey-haired father too, he was so tall and strong, just like a giant, and yet he was as gentle as a woman with his "little wench." He carried her about in his arms as if she were but a feather-weight, and could tell her the most exciting tales, tales of things that had really happened, to which she listened with breathless attention.

The days of the French Revolution were not long past, and many a story did the child hear of that dreadful time and of what the great Napoleon was now doing.

There never was a stauncher little Tory than Mary Ann as she listened to her father's views on revolutions and rebels. There was something in the very way he said the word "government," when he talked of what a good strong government should do, that thrilled her, and the word "rebel" had a tremendous sound of evil, even if she was not quite sure what it meant.

Driving about the country, the busy land-agent and

farmer would sometimes take his little girl out with him, and the child, standing between his knees as he drove, watched everything with wide open eyes of interest, and listened to all the country talk with eager attention, always quite ready to give her opinion on any subject, if she was asked. She was like a little elf standing there, with her bright eyes and her hair flying in all directions, those untidy elf-locks that were the despair of her careful mother's heart.

The mother was very delicate and quite unable to look after the children, so they were sent very early to school, Isaac and Mary Ann being sent to a dame's school close at hand, when Mary Ann was only just four.

It was no hardship for the little girl to go to school as long as she could be with her beloved brother, and lessons did not trouble her much. Although she was so old-fashioned she was not at all sharp, or quick at learning to read, but that was perhaps because she was much more fond of play. She had quite made up her mind that she was going to be very great and grand when she grew up, and she was anxious that people should know this. It was worthwhile even trying to impress the servants, and when the farm maid came into the parlour where the piano stood, Mary Ann climbed up on to the music-stool with an air of great importance and began to play very grandly, although she did not know a note of music.

It was a sad day for the little sister when her brother was sent away to a school at Coventry. Home would indeed have been a very desolate place without him if she had been left alone, but even one little chattering tongue and one pair of restless feet were too much for the invalid mother, and Mary Ann was also sent away to a boarding school to join her sister at Attleboro, not far from Griff. She was only five years old and was but a little child to go into a world of big schoolgirls, but she was not on that account unhappy, for the girls were very kind to her.

Only school was a very, very cold place and the

schoolroom fire was very small, and only those who were lucky enough or strong enough to secure a foremost place had any chance of keeping warm. Outside the circle round the fire, the poor little shivering child wrapped her arms in her pinafore and felt the cold creeping, creeping up, until she wondered if she was ever going to feel warm again.

But the nights were worse than the days, for although it was warm in bed, it was more dreadful to feel frightened than to feel cold. There was nothing really to frighten her, but every night her fears came trooping out in the darkness and attacked the poor little quaking figure in her small bed. She never told anyone about them, but both cold and fears helped to hurt her in many ways.

The holidays of course were a time of wild delight, when she had Isaac to play with again, and cold and quaking fears were left behind. When a little girl spends her days playing hide-and-seek in the great barns, fishing in the pond, driving round the country and enjoying herself until she is tired, fears have not a chance when bedtime comes, for before they can troop out and seize her, she is safe and happy in the land of dreams.

Books were also beginning to give Mary Ann a good deal of pleasure about this time, although she had very few of them. There was *The Linnet's Life,* the first book her father gave her, which she read over and over again until she knew it by heart, and then came the gift from a kind old gentleman of *Æsop's Fables,* which made her feel as if she had entered into a new and wonderful land of delight.

There was only one little cloud in the blue sky of those holiday times, and that was the fact that Isaac had a pony given to him and he seemed to love that pony more than he loved Mary Ann. The games in the garden, the fishing in the pond, all the delights they had shared together were neglected when there was a pony to ride, and he would gallop away without one regret while his poor deserted little sister

watched him go, with eyes full of tears and a sob in her throat. It was always the one desire of her heart to stand first with those she loved, and who would have thought that a pony could have taken her place?

Mary Ann was almost nine years old when she was sent to her next boarding-school at Nuneaton, and here her school-days were a great deal happier. To begin with, she was very fond of her governess, Miss Lewis, and love always spelled happiness to the child. Then, too, she began to live in a new world, the world of books, and when she once entered that enchanted country she was as happy as the day was long. Every book that came her way was a treasure, and whether she was deep in the *Pilgrims Progress* or Defoe's *History of the Devil* she was equally interested and equally happy. At home it vexed her careful mother's heart that she should burn so many candles and hurt her eyes by reading in bed, but if that was stopped, she always found some other way of spending her time with her beloved books. Even Isaac and his pony were forgotten when she entered her enchanted land.

At school she made few friends, her books were all the friends she wanted, but she was fond of her lessons too, and did her work well, and specially loved writing her compositions.

Up in Scotland the Wizard of the North had been weaving his spells, and the little girl in the Midlands of England was just beginning to feel the magic of his touch. A volume of *Waverley* had been lent by a family friend, and Mary Ann was just in the middle of the enchantment when the book was returned, no one guessing that she was reading it.

What was to be done? *Waverley* must be finished somehow, so the child set herself carefully to write out the story as far as she had read it, and then made up the rest for herself, writing it all out in the childish handwriting that was so like spider's legs.

It was childish writing then, but the thoughts came

already from a fruitful store garnered in the depth of her childish mind, a store which in after years, worked by her splendid genius, was to supply the world with such stories as only "George Eliot" could write.

John Ruskin:
A Rich Man's Son

1819 – 1900, England

John Ruskin became a famous man, despite the worst handicap a boy can have. That handicap was this: he had a rich father.

You may think this is no handicap to a young man. As a matter of fact, it is one of the worst, or it may be. There are some significant young men in American business affairs who are succeeding despite the fact that they inherited money. On analysis, you will find that they do not find their fortune in wealth, but in activity. They would rather do things than have things.

The first mistake the average person makes about money is in regard to its purchasing power. The fact is, it can buy the things of little permanent use, but not those that give permanent satisfaction.

Mayme Eileen may think a string of pearls the one great joy of life. But in days of trouble they give her no comfort (except by way of the pawnbroker); she cannot talk to them, nor can they do more for her than to blink their little spots of light.

What Mayme Eileen needs in that moment, is something that will help her not to give in to sorrow, not to misread life, not to come to wrong conclusions. In brief, it will do her no harm to be rich in pearls, if she is at the same time rich in mind.

John Ruskin's name is being spread about yet—even by the department stores, for they sell his most popular book,

called "Sesame and Lilies," one of the best descriptions of how to get on in life that has ever been written.

His father was a wine merchant; his mother, a stern and rigid character, who brought up the boy with severity. Every day, from his early childhood, she called him to her side and he read aloud to her a chapter from the Bible, genealogies and all, until the book was finished. Then they turned back to page one and began it over again. This daily practice continued into the years of his manhood.

It is said that Ruskin taught himself to read by copying print, and thereby mastering his letters. Despite popular discussion, there are more than twenty famous men in the world, and they all show us one common quality. That is, persistence; keeping at the thing they want to do, whether they are rich or poor.

In his childhood, Ruskin began to write, and he wrote all his life long. He wrote his first letter at the age of four.

At the age of seven he began to write original works, and to illustrate them with pictures of his own drawing.

He wrote from seven years of age, and throughout his childhood, thousands of lines of poetry describing what he saw as he traveled by coach with his father, who sold wine to the merchants throughout Great Britain.

At the age of ten he wrote a play in two acts, entitled "The Battle of Waterloo." But two years before, he had written a poem of this character:

"These dropping waters that come from the rocks,
And many a hole, like the haunt of a fox;
That silvery stream that runs babbling along,
Making a murmuring, dancing song."

And so on, until he was eighty years of age.

Money and things never troubled him. He troubled them. He learned their value and did not mistake it, but he did not, on the other hand, overrate it. In his scheme of doing things the one principal fact ever before him—as it ought to be

before you—was to get the best out of John Ruskin. Not out of money or a string of pearls, but out of himself.

The greatest fortune a young man can possess is to know that there is something in him of use to himself and to other people. When he knows this, he begins to express himself, that is, to press himself out; that is, again, to press the power in himself out into the open for others to see.

Now a youth doing the town with a liberal allowance, is expressing himself, sure enough. But he is expressing (or pressing out) not what the Creator put in him, but what the lights and glamour of the town put in him. It makes all the difference in the world whether you are trying to get at yourself or at what seem to be the joys of the street.

Florence Nightingale: A Heroine of England

1820 – 1910, England

I

Sometimes, when you have not been well, you lie in your bed at night, feeling very miserable and tired, and yet very wide awake. As you are thinking that the night is very long, perhaps you look up, and see by the light of a lamp, which is shaded so as not to dazzle your eyes, your mother or your nurse standing by you, come to see if there is anything you want.

When you have seen her, is it not much easier to go to sleep, knowing that there is someone close by, watching over you and taking care of you?

Not long ago there died a lady whom people called "The Lady with the Lamp." Hundreds of sick wounded soldiers saw her come very quietly to their beds in the night, with her little lamp, to see if she could help or comfort them.

Her name was Florence Nightingale; and she nursed our soldiers in a great war we were waging against Russia. It is through her that there are so many good nurses to take care of us, when we are ill in England now.

When she was only a little girl, she loved looking after sick animals. There is a story of her finding a sheep-dog, whose leg had been hurt by boys throwing stones. Its master was very unhappy, because he thought it was so badly hurt that it would have to be killed; but Florence was sure she could save it. She bathed and bandaged the leg so cleverly, that in a few days the dog was running about again.

She knew all the people in the cottages round her home; and whenever any were ill, they always sent to her; she was so gentle and so eager to make them well, and she had so wonderful a gift for nursing.

She was rich, and might have led a most happy, useful life at home; but she felt that she was meant to be a nurse. So she went away to Germany to be taught; for, seventy years ago, there was no place in England where she could be taught so well.

Florence Nightingale worked hard indeed in Germany. She had made up her mind to learn everything she could, and get to know her business from the beginning. From Germany she went to France to learn the ways of the French nurses.

II

Then the war broke out between England and France on one side, and Russia on the other.

It is very sad to think that our soldiers were sent out without any proper arrangements being made to nurse those who were wounded. The stores for the hospitals were wrongly packed and not looked after; and the doctors wrote home to England that they had nothing that they wanted, and that above everything else they wanted nurses.

So Florence Nightingale went to the war. She took with her thirty-eight nurses, and crossing to France, took ship for the Crimea—the part of Russia where the war was going on. At the French port the fisherwomen had been waiting for the boat to come in, and had fought for the honour of carrying the nurses' luggage to the train.

The nurses brought stores with them; and it was lucky that they did, for indeed they were badly wanted at the Hospital. It was a big hospital; but it was so full, that there were two rows of mattresses laid along all the corridors, with only just room for one person to pass between the sick men.

The cooking for the sick was wretched too. The men who

were in charge of it put everything, meat and vegetables alike, into one large copper, and then boiled all together. Imagine how nasty everything must have tasted, some things not nearly cooked, and some cooked far too much.

Miss Nightingale changed everything. The cooking was properly done; the invalids got clean shirts and sheets; more nurses came to help; and dreadful as the suffering and illness were, she helped the men to bear them.

One soldier wrote home and said in his letter: "To see her pass is happiness. She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds. But we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillow again, content."

She stayed in the Crimea for more than a year, till all the hospitals were empty. She was ill herself while she was there; and after she came home, she was never very strong again. She had overdone herself with nursing and not thinking of her own health, when she could help others.

All the people of England put their money together to give her a present; and she chose to spend the money on a Nursing Home, where women might be trained as nurses. It is next to St. Thomas's Hospital in Westminster, by the Thames. The first thing which you see there, when you go in through the door, is a statue of Florence Nightingale. She is in her nurse's dress, as the soldiers used to see her, and in her hand she holds a little lamp.

Charles Robert Darwin

1822 – 1882, England

On Wednesday, April 26, 1882, sitting in the North Transept of Westminster Abbey, I looked upon a sad and impressive scene. Under the dome stood an oaken coffin, quite covered with white wreaths; close by were seated the distinguished pall-bearers, Sir John Lubbock, Canon Farrar, the Duke of Argyle, Thomas H. Huxley, James Russell Lowell, and others. Representatives of many nations were present; the great scientists of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Russia.

Of the thousands who were gathered to honor the famous dead, every person wore black, as requested on the cards of admission to the abbey. Perhaps never in the history of England have so many noted men been assembled on an occasion like this. As the choir, in their white robes, stood about the open grave, singing the "Dead March from Saul," the strains seemed to come from a far-off country, producing an effect never to be forgotten. Darwin lies buried close to the graves of Sir Isaac Newton and Sir John Herschel.

At Shrewsbury, England, February 12, 1809. Charles Robert Darwin was born, in a square, red-brick house at the top of a terraced bank leading down to the Severn. The greenhouse with its varied plants, the ornamental shrubs and trees in the grounds, became a delight as soon as the boy was old enough to observe them.

The mother, Susannah, the daughter of Josiah Wedgwood of Etruria, a woman with a sweet and happy face, died when Charles was eight years old, leaving five other

children; Marianne, Caroline, Erasmus, Susan, and Catherine. Charles says of her in his autobiography, "It is odd that I can remember hardly anything about her except her death-bed, her black velvet gown, and her curiously constructed work-table." She evidently encouraged the boy's love for flowers, for he used to say, at school, that his mother had taught him "how, by looking at the inside of the blossom, the name of the plant could be discovered."

The father, Robert Waring Darwin, was a well-known physician, a man of fine physique and courtly manner, who had amassed wealth by his skill and business ability. Charles's admiration of him was unbounded: "the wisest man I ever knew," he used often to say.

"His chief mental characteristics," said Darwin, "were his powers of observation and his sympathy, neither of which have I ever seen exceeded or even equalled. His sympathy was not only with the distresses of others, but in a greater degree with the pleasures of all around him. This led him to be always scheming to give pleasure to others, and, though hating extravagance, to perform many generous actions. For instance, Mr. B, a small manufacturer in Shrewsbury, came to him one day, and said he should be bankrupt unless he could at once borrow ten thousand pounds, but that he was unable to give any legal security. My father heard his reasons for believing that he could ultimately repay the money, and, from his intuitive perception of character, felt sure that he was to be trusted. So he advanced this sum, which was a very large one for him while young, and was after a time repaid.

"I suppose that it was his sympathy which gave him unbounded power of winning confidence, and as a consequence made him highly successful as a physician. He began to practise before he was twenty-one years old, and his fees during the first year paid for the keep of two horses and a servant. On the following year his practice was large, and so continued for about sixty years, when he ceased to attend on

anyone. His great success as a doctor was the more remarkable as he told me that he at first hated his profession so much that if he had been sure of the smallest pittance, or if his father had given him any choice, nothing should have induced him to follow it. To the end of his life, the thought of an operation almost sickened him, and he could scarcely endure to see a person bled a horror which he has transmitted to me."

Charles went to the day-school in Shrewsbury, when he was eight years old. "By the time I went to this day-school," he says, "my taste for natural history, and more especially for collecting, was well developed. I tried to make out the names of plants, and collected all sorts of things, shells, seals, franks, coins, and minerals. The passion for collecting, which leads a man to be a systematic naturalist, a virtuoso, or a miser, was very strong in me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters or brothers ever had this taste….

"I must have been a very simple little fellow when I first went to the school. A boy of the name of Garnett took me into a cake-shop one day, and bought some cakes, for which he did not pay, as the shopman trusted him. When he came out I asked him why he did not pay for them, and he instantly answered, 'Why, do you not know that my uncle left a great sum of money to the town on condition that every tradesman should give whatever was wanted without payment to anyone who wore his old hat and moved it in a particular manner?' and he then showed me how it was moved. He then went into another shop where he was trusted, and asked for some small article, moving his hat in the proper manner, and of course obtained it without payment.

"When we came out, he said: 'Now, if you like to go by yourself into that cake-shop (how well I remember its exact position) I will lend you my hat, and you can get whatever you like if you move the hat on your head properly.' I gladly accepted the generous offer, and went in and asked for some cakes, moved the old hat and was walking out of the shop

when the shopman made a rush at me, so I dropped the cakes and ran for dear life, and was astonished by being greeted with shouts of laughter by my false friend Garnett.

"In the summer of 1818, I went to Dr. Butler's great school in Shrewsbury, and remained there for seven years, till midsummer, 1825, when I was sixteen years old. I boarded at this school, so that I had the great advantage of living the life of a true schoolboy; but as the distance was hardly more than a mile to my home, I very often ran there in the longer intervals between the callings over, and before locking up at night. This, I think, was in many ways advantageous to me, by keeping up home affections and interests. I remember, in the early part of my school life, that I often had to run very quickly to be in time, and, from being a fleet runner, was generally successful; but when in doubt I prayed earnestly to God to help me, and I well remember that I attributed my success to the prayers and not to my quick running, and marvelled how generally I was aided.

"I have heard my father and elder sister say that I had, as a very young boy, a strong taste for long, solitary walks; but what I thought about I know not. I often became quite absorbed, and once, whilst returning to school on the summit of the old fortifications round Shrewsbury, which had been converted into a public footpath with no parapet on one side, I walked off and fell to the ground, but the height was only seven or eight feet. Nevertheless, the number of thoughts which passed through my mind during this very short but sudden and wholly unexpected fall was astonishing, and seem hardly compatible with what physiologists have, I believe, proved about each thought requiring quite an appreciable amount of time."

As Dr. Butler's school was strictly classical, Darwin always felt that, for him, these years were nearly wasted. He read many authors, Shakespeare, Thomson's Seasons, Byron, and Scott, but later in life, he says, lost all taste for poetry. This he

greatly regretted, and said, if he were to live his life over, he would read some poetry every day. The book that most influenced him was the "Wonders of the World," which gave him a desire to travel, which was finally realized in the voyage of the *Beagle*. He did not forget his zest in collecting, at first, however, taking only such insects as he found dead, for, after consulting his sister, he concluded that it was not right to kill insects for the sake of making a collection. From reading White's 'Selborne,' I took much pleasure in watching the habits of birds, and even made notes on the subject. In my simplicity, I remember wondering why every gentleman did not become an ornithologist.

"Towards the close of my school-life, my brother worked hard at chemistry, and made a fair laboratory, with proper apparatus, in the tool-house in the garden, and I was allowed to aid him as a servant in most of his experiments. He made all the gases and many compounds, and I read with great care several books on chemistry, such as Henry and Parkes' 'Chemical Catechism.' The subject interested me greatly, and we often used to go on working till rather late at night. This was the best part of my education at school, for it showed me practically the meaning of experimental science. The fact that we worked at chemistry somehow got known at school, and, as it was an unprecedented fact, I was nicknamed 'Gas.' …

"When I left the school, I was for my age neither high nor low in it, and I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification, my father once said to me: 'You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family.' But my father, who was the kindest man I ever knew, and whose memory I love with all my heart, must have been angry and somewhat unjust when he used such words."

Dr. Darwin now sent his two boys, Erasmus and Charles, to Edinburgh University. Here, Charles found the lectures "intolerably dull," all except those on chemistry by Hope. His father, evidently not being able to determine for what his son was best fitted in life, suggested his being a doctor. The youth attended the clinical wards in the hospital, but one day witnessing two operations, one upon a child, he rushed away. He says, "Nor did I attend again, for hardly any inducement would have been strong enough to make me do so; this being long before the blessed days of chloroform. The two cases fairly haunted me for many a long year."

While in Edinburgh, Charles became deeply interested in marine zoology, and read a paper before the Plinian Society, an association organized for the study of natural history. He also attended the meetings of the Wernerian Society, where he heard Audubon deliver some interesting lectures upon the habits of North American birds, and the Royal Society, where he saw Sir Walter Scott in the chair as president.

"I looked at him and at the whole scene," says Darwin, "with some awe and reverence, and I think it was owing to this visit during my youth, and to my having attended the Royal Medical Society, that I felt the honor of being elected, a few years ago, an honorary member of both these societies more than any other similar honor. If I had been told at that time that I should one day have been thus honored, I declare that I should have thought it as ridiculous and improbable as if I had been told that I should be elected King of England."

During this time, Charles met Sir James Mackintosh, "the best converser," he says, "I ever listened to. I heard afterwards, with a glow of pride, that he had said, 'There is something in that young man that interests me.' … To hear of praise from an eminent person, though no doubt apt or certain to excite vanity, is, I think, good for a young man, as it helps to keep him in the right course."

After two years at Edinburgh, Dr. Darwin, seeing that

Charles probably would never become a physician, sent him to Cambridge University, that he might prepare for the Episcopal ministry.

Of this time he says, "The three years which I spent at Cambridge were wasted, as far as the academical studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh and at school. I attempted mathematics, and even went during the summer of 1828 with a private tutor (a very dull man) to Barmouth, but I got on very slowly. The work was repugnant to me, chiefly from my not being able to see any meaning in the early steps in algebra." He found great delight in Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," and his "Moral Philosophy."

At Cambridge, like Humboldt, he formed a rare friendship, which helped towards his subsequent success. Professor Henslow was an ardent scholar, a devoted Christian, and a man of most winning manners and good temper. From his great knowledge of botany, entomology, chemistry, mineralogy, and geology, he became a most attractive person to young Darwin, whose especial passion seemed to be the collecting of beetles. Henslow soon became equally fond of Darwin, and the two took long walks together daily, Darwin being known as "the man who walks with Henslow."

Darwin said of this model teacher, years afterward, "He had a remarkable power of making the young feel completely at ease with him; though we were all awe-struck with the amount of his knowledge. Before I saw him, I heard one young man sum up his attainments by simply saying that he knew everything. When I reflect how immediately we felt at ease with a man older, and in every way immensely our superior, I think it was as much owing to the transparent sincerity of his character as to his kindness of heart, and, perhaps, even still more to a highly remarkable absence in him of all self-consciousness. One perceived at once that he never thought of his own varied knowledge or clear intellect, but solely on the subject in hand.

"Another charm which must have struck everyone was that his manner to old and distinguished persons and to the youngest student was exactly the same; and to all he showed the same winning courtesy. He would receive with interest the most trifling observation in any branch of natural history, and, however absurd a blunder one might make, he pointed it out so clearly and kindly that one left him no way disheartened, but only determined to be more accurate the next time.

"His lectures on botany were universally popular, and as clear as daylight. So popular were they that several of the older members of the University attended successive courses. Once every week he kept open house in the evening, and all who cared for natural history attended these parties, which, by thus favoring intercommunication, did the same good in Cambridge, in a very pleasant manner, as the scientific societies do in London.... This was no small advantage to some of the young men, as it stimulated their mental activity and ambition....

"During the years when I associated so much with Professor Henslow, I never once saw his temper even ruffled. He never took an ill-natured view of anyone's character, though very far from blind to the foibles of others. It always struck me that his mind could not be even touched by any paltry feeling of vanity, envy, or jealousy. With all this equability of temper and remarkable benevolence, there was no insipidity of character. A man must have been blind not to have perceived that beneath this placid exterior there was a vigorous and determined will. When principles came into play, no power on earth could have turned him one hair's breadth....

"Reflecting over his character with gratitude and reverence, his moral attributes rise, as they should do in the highest character, in preeminence over his intellect."

Through this noble friend, Darwin had the opportunity of

taking a five years' voyage in the ship *Beagle,* as a naturalist. The bark, of two hundred and thirty-five tons, under command of Captain Fitz-Roy, was commissioned by government to survey Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego, the shores of Chili, Peru, and some islands in the Pacific, "and to carry a chain of chronometrical measurements round the world."

Professor Henslow knew the captain, and recommended his young friend for the position. Darwin had read Humboldt's travels eagerly, and was delighted with the prospect of a journey like this.

Dr. Darwin was opposed at first, but finally said, "If you can find any man of common sense who advises you to go, I will give my consent." Young Darwin at once visited his uncle, Josiah Wedgwood, at Maer, who approved of the journey, and soon convinced Dr. Darwin of the wisdom of it.

The vessel sailed December 27, 1831. Though for a young man of an extremely affectionate nature the separation from family was painful, yet it was a glad day for Darwin. He had looked forward eagerly to it, saying, "My second life will then commence, and it shall be as a birthday for the rest of my life," and so it proved. He said, years afterward, "The voyage of the *Beagle* has been by far the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career."

These years were busy, earnest ones, devoted to constant labor. To his father he wrote from Bahia, or San Salvador, the following spring: "No person could imagine anything so beautiful as the ancient town of Bahia; it is fairly embosomed in a luxuriant wood of beautiful trees, and situated on a steep bank, and overlooks the calm waters of the great Bay of All Saints. The houses are white and lofty, and, from the windows being narrow and long, have a very light and elegant appearance… But the exquisite, glorious pleasure of walking amongst such flowers and such trees cannot be comprehended but by those who have experienced it…. I will not rapturize again, but I give myself great credit in not being

crazy out of pure delight. Give my love to every soul at home…. I think one's affections, like other good things, flourish and increase in these tropical regions."

Again he writes from Rio de Janeiro: "Here (at Rio Macoa) I first saw a tropical forest in all its sublime grandeur nothing but the reality can give any idea how wonderful, how magnificent the scene is…. I never experienced such intense delight. I formerly admired Humboldt, I now almost adore him; he alone gives any notion of the feelings which are raised in the mind on first entering the Tropics. I am now collecting freshwater and land animals…. I am at present red- hot with spiders; they are very interesting, and, if I am not mistaken, I have already taken some new genera." Busy as he was, he was ever thinking of home, and anxious to receive letters. When they were received, he almost "cried for pleasure."

He writes to his sister: "If you knew the glowing, unspeakable delight which I felt at being certain that my father and all of you were well, only four months ago you would not grudge the labor lost in keeping up the regular series of letters."

Later he writes: "It is too delightful to think that I shall see the leaves fall and hear the robin sing next autumn at Shrewsbury. My feelings are those of a schoolboy to the smallest point; I doubt whether ever boy longed for his holidays as much as I do to see you all again."

To his "dear Henslow" he writes: "It is now some months since we have been at a civilized port; nearly all this time has been spent in the most southern part of Tierra del Fuego…. The Fuegians are in a more miserable state of barbarism than I had expected ever to have seen a human being. In this inclement country they are absolutely naked, and their temporary houses are like what children make in summer with boughs of trees."

Captain Fitz-Roy, on a previous voyage, had carried several natives to England, and now brought them again to

their own land. "They had become," says Darwin, "entirely European in their habits and wishes, so much so that the younger one had forgotten his own language, and their countrymen paid but very little attention to them. We built houses for them, and planted gardens, but by the time we return again on our passage round the Horn, I think it will be very doubtful how much of their property will be left unstolen."

At the Cape of Good Hope, Darwin met and dined with Sir John Herschel. For some time he lived at St. Helena, "within a stone's throw of Napoleon's tomb." He became so deeply interested in his geological investigations in South America, that he wrote his sister Susan: "I literally could hardly sleep at night for thinking over my day's work. The scenery was so new, and so majestic; everything at an elevation of twelve thousand feet bears so different an aspect from that in a lower country."

To another sister he wrote: "I trust and believe that the time spent in this voyage, if thrown away for all other respects, will produce its full worth in Natural History; and it appears to me the doing what little we can to increase the general stock of knowledge is as respectable an object of life as one can in any likelihood pursue…. What fine opportunities for geology and for studying the infinite host of living beings! Is not this a prospect to keep up the most flagging spirit? If I was to throw it away, I don't think I should ever rest quiet in my grave."

Darwin says: "As far as I can judge of myself, I worked to the utmost during the voyage, from the mere pleasure of investigation, and from my strong desire to add a few facts to the great mass of facts in natural science. But I was also ambitious to take a fair place among scientific men." In studying the geology of St. Jago, "It then first dawned on me that I might perhaps write a book on the geology of the various countries visited, and this made me thrill with delight. That was a memorable hour to me, and how distinctly I can

call to mind the low cliff of lava beneath which I rested, with the sun glaring hot, a few strange desert plants growing near, and with living corals in the tidal pools at my feet. Later in the voyage, Fitz-Roy asked me to read some of my journal, and declared it would be worth publishing, so here was a second book in prospect!"

Darwin, stirred by the right kind of ambition, had found his life-work. It would not be in the church, as his father had fondly hoped, but the world would be his audience.

On October 5, 1836, Darwin arrived at Shrewsbury, after five years' absence. He left home a high-spirited, warm-hearted youth, fond of athletic sports, and vigorous in body. He came back with a passionate love for science, "with the habit of energetic industry and of concentrated attention," but with health impaired, which made the whole of his after life a battle with suffering. Yet he conquered, and gave to his generation a wonderful example of the power of mind over body; of victory over obstacles.

During the voyage he was an almost constant sufferer from sea-sickness. He wrote home the last year: "It is a lucky thing for me that the voyage is drawing to its close, for I positively suffer more from sea-sickness now than three years ago."

"After perhaps an hour's work," says Admiral Stokes, "he would say to me, 'Old fellow, I must take the horizontal for it that being the best relief position from ship motion. A stretch out on one side of the table for some time would enable him to resume his labors for a while, when he had again to lie down. It was distressing to witness this early sacrifice of Mr. Darwin's health, whoever afterwards seriously felt the ill effects of the *Beagle's* voyage."

Admiral Mellersh says: "I think he was the only man I ever knew against whom I never heard a word said; and as people, when shut up in a ship for five years, are apt to get cross with each other, that is saying a good deal." Says

another: "He was never known to be out of temper, or to say one unkind or hasty word of or to anyone."

This lovely spirit, which so endeared him to everybody, Darwin kept through life, a spirit which sheds a halo around every book he wrote, and makes him worthy the admiration and honor of every young man. Many persons have the gift of writing books, but comparatively few persons have the great gift of self-control.

After a brief visit with his family, Darwin hastened to Cambridge, to prepare his "Journal of Travels." He had learned on the *Beagle* that "a man who dares to waste one hour of time has not discovered the value of life." After three months of hard work, he went to London, where he finished the "Journal," and began working on his "Zoology of the Voyage of the *Beagle*," and his "Geological Observations." He said at this time: "I have nothing to wish for, excepting stronger health to go on with the subjects to which I have joyfully determined to devote my life."

For three years and eight months he worked untiringly. He wrote Henslow: "I fear the Geology will take me a great deal of time; I was looking over one set of notes, and the quantity I found I had to read for that one place was frightful. If I live till I am eighty years old I shall not cease to marvel at finding myself an author. In the summer before I started, if anyone had told me that I should have been an angel by this time, I should have thought it an equal impossibility. This marvellous transformation is all owing to you."

Darwin and Lyell now became very intimate friends. "I am coming into your way, of only working about two hours at a spell," he writes to Lyell; "I then go out and do my business in the streets, return and set to work again, and thus make two separate days out of one." Of Lyell he said: "One of his chief characteristics was his sympathy with the work of others…. The science of geology is enormously indebted to Lyell more so, as' I believe, than to any other man who ever lived."

The "Journal" was published in 1839. January twenty-nine of this year, Mr. Darwin, now thirty years of age, was married to his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, daughter of Josiah Wedgwood of Maer, and granddaughter of the founder of the potteries of Etruria. The extreme happiness of his married life proved the wisdom of his choice. He said in after years, "No one can be too kind to my dear wife, who is worth her weight in gold many times over."

They lived at No. 12 Upper Gower Street, as he wrote a college mate, "a life of extreme quietness…. We have given up all parties, for they agree with neither of us; and if one is quiet in London, there is nothing like its quietness."

In 1842, his "Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs" was published, a book which cost him, he says, "twenty months of hard work, as I had to read every work on the islands of the Pacific, and to consult many charts." Of this book, Professor Geikie says: "This well known treatise, the most original of all its author's geological memoirs, has become one of the classics of geological literature. The origin of those remarkable rings of coral-rock in mid-ocean has given rise to much speculation, but no satisfactory solution of the problem has been proposed. After visiting many of them, and examining also coral reefs that fringe islands and continents, he offered a theory which, for simplicity and grandeur, strikes every reader with astonishment…. No more admirable example of scientific method was ever given to the world, and, even if he had written nothing else, this treatise alone would have placed Darwin in the very front of investigators of nature."

Lyell wrote to Darwin concerning this book: "It is all true, but do not natter yourself that you will be believed till you are growing bald, like me, with hard work and vexation at the incredulity of the world."

Darwin's next work, on the "Volcanic Islands Visited during the Voyage of the *Beagle*," was published in 1844. This

book, he said, "cost me eighteen months." His third geological book, "Geological Observations on South America," was published in 1846.

Meantime, tired of smoky London, Darwin purchased a home in Down, a retired village five or six hundred feet above the sea. The house was a square brick building, of three stories, vine-covered, in the midst of eighteen acres. "Its chief merit," Darwin writes to a friend, "is its extreme rurality. I think I was never in a more perfectly quiet country." Here, for forty years, Darwin lived the isolated life of a student, producing the books that made him the most noted scientist of his century. Of these years, Mr. Darwin said: "Few persons can have lived a more retired life than we have done. Besides short visits to the houses of relations, and occasionally to the seaside or elsewhere, we have gone nowhere. During the first part of our residence we went a little into society, and received a few friends here; but my health almost always suffered from the excitement.... I have, therefore, been compelled for many years to give up all dinner parties.... From the same cause I have been able to invite here very few scientific acquaintances. My chief enjoyment and sole employment throughout life has been scientific work; and the excitement from such work makes me for the time forget, or drives quite away, my daily discomfort."

At Down, Darwin worked for eight years on two large volumes concerning cirripedia (barnacles), describing all the known living species; the extinct species, or fossil cirripedes, were in two smaller volumes. The first books were published by the Kay Society, between 1851 and 1854; the others by the Palseontographical Society. About two years out of the eight were lost through illness. Sometimes he became half discouraged. He wrote a friend, "I have been so steadily going downhill, I cannot help doubting whether I can ever crawl a little uphill again. Unless I can, enough to work a little, I hope my life may be very short, for to lie on a sofa all day and do

nothing but give trouble to the best and kindest of wives and good, dear children is dreadful."

Darwin doubted, in after life, "whether the work was worth the consumption of so much time," but Professor Huxley thinks he "never did a wiser thing than when he devoted himself to the years of patient toil which the cirriped-book cost him…. The value of the cirriped monograph lies not merely in the fact that it is a very admirable piece of work, and constituted a great addition to positive knowledge, but still more in the circumstance that it was a piece of critical self-discipline, the effect of which manifested itself in everything he wrote afterwards, and saved him from endless errors of detail." Darwin's patient labor is shown by his working "for the last half-month, daily, in dissecting a little animal about the size of a pin's head, from the Chonos archipelago, and I could spend another month, and daily see more beautiful structure."

During these years from 1846 to 1854, death had twice disturbed the quiet life at Down. In 1849, Dr. Darwin died, and his son Charles was so ill that he could not attend the funeral. In 1851, Annie Darwin died, at the age of ten, after a brief illness. "She was," said Darwin, "my favorite child; her cordiality, openness, buoyant joyousness, and strong affections made her most lovable…. When quite a baby, this [strong affection] showed itself in never being easy without touching her mother when in bed with her; and quite lately she would, when poorly, fondle for any length of time one of her mother's arms…. She would at almost any time spend half an hour in arranging my hair, 'making it,' as she called it, 'beautiful,' or in smoothing, the poor, dear darling, my collar or cuffs in short, in fondling me…. Her whole mind was pure and transparent. One felt one knew her thoroughly and could trust her. I always thought that, come what might, we should have had, in our old age, at least one loving soul which nothing could have changed.

"All her movements were vigorous, active, and usually graceful. When going round the Sandwalk with me, although I walked fast, yet she often used to go before, pirouetting in the most elegant way, her dear face bright all the time with the sweetest smiles. Occasionally she had a pretty coquettish manner towards me, the memory of which is charming….

"In the last short illness her conduct, in simple truth, was angelic. She never once complained; never became fretful; was ever considerate of others, and was thankful in the most gentle, pathetic manner for everything done for her. When so exhausted that she could hardly speak, she praised everything that was given her, and said some tea 'was beautifully good.' When I gave her some water, she said, 'I quite thank you;' and these, I believe, were the last precious words ever addressed by her dear lips to me."

Such consideration and politeness she naturally inherited. Francis Darwin says in his delightful life of his father, "He always spoke to servants with politeness, using the expression, 'Would you be so good,' in asking for anything. In business matters he was equally courteous. His solicitor, who had never met him, said, 'Everything I did was right, and everything was profusely thanked for.'" Of the drawings made by his children, he would say, "Michael Angelo is nothing to it!" but he always looked carefully at the work and kindly pointed out mistakes.

"He received," says his son, "many letters from foolish, unscrupulous people, and all of these received replies. He used to say that if he did not answer them, he had it on his conscience afterwards, and, no doubt, it was in great measure the courtesy with which he answered every one which produced the universal and widespread sense of his kindness of nature which was so evident on his death."

In November, 1853, Darwin received the Royal Society's Medal. He was gratified, finding it "a pleasant little stimulus. When work goes badly, and one ruminates that all is vanity,

it is pleasant to have some tangible proof that others have thought something of one's labors."

November 24, 1859, when Darwin was fifty, his great work, "Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life," was published. For twenty years he had been making experiments with plants and animals, and filling his note-books with facts. To his old classmate, Fox, he writes asking that the boys in his school gather lizards' eggs, as well as those of snakes. "My object is," he says, "to see whether such eggs will float on sea-water, and whether they will keep alive thus floating for a month or two in my cellar. I am trying experiments on transportation of all organic beings that I can; and lizards are found on every island, and therefore I am very anxious to see whether their eggs stand sea-water." Again he writes, asking Fox for ducklings and dorkings; "The chief point which I am and have been for years very curious about is to ascertain whether the young of our domestic breeds differ as much from each other as do their parents, and I have no faith in anything short of actual measurement and the Rule of Three…. I have got my fan-tails and pouters in a grand cage and pigeon-house, and they are a decided amusement to me, and delight to H."

Of this book, Darwin himself says: "I worked on true Baconian principles, and without any theory collected facts on a wholesale scale, more especially with respect to domesticated productions, by printed inquiries, by conversation with skilful breeders and gardeners, and by extensive reading. When I see the list of books of all kinds which I read and abstracted, including whole series of Journals and Transactions, I am surprised at my industry. I soon perceived that selection was the keystone of man's success in making useful races of animals and plants….

"In October, 1838, that is, fifteen months after I had begun my systematic inquiry, I happened to read 'Malthus on

Population,' and, being well prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on, from long continued observation of the habits of animals and plants, it at once struck me that under these circumstances favorable variations would tend to be preserved, and unfavorable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species…. But at that time I overlooked one problem of great importance…. This problem is the tendency in organic beings descended from the same stock to diverge in character as they become modified. That they have diverged greatly is obvious from the manner in which species of all kinds can be classed under genera, genera under families, families under sub-orders, and so forth…. The solution, as I believe, is that the modified offspring of all dominant and increasing forms tend to become adapted to many and highly diversified places in the economy of nature."

The book was written slowly, each chapter requiring at least three months. When the "Origin of Species" which had reached its thirty-third thousand in 1888—was published, it created the most profound sensation throughout the thinking world. Heretofore, most men of science had believed that each species had been separately created by the Almighty, that species were immutable, unchanging.

Mr. Darwin, by twenty years of study, proved to his own mind, and now to most of the world, that there has been a gradual evolution, through unnumbered ages, of one form of animal life from another. He said, "Probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on the earth have descended from some one primordial form, into which life was first breathed."

The theory of evolution was not original with Darwin. Lamarck, in 1801, published his "Organization of Living Bodies," in which he stated his belief "that nature, in all the long ages during which the world has existed, may have produced the different kinds of plants and animals by gradually

enlarging one part and diminishing another to suit the wants of each." Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire, Goethe, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of Charles, all believed that species are descended from other species, and in various ways improved.

Some of the reasons for the belief in evolution are so simply and clearly stated by Arabella B. Buckley, in her "Short History of Natural Science," that I quote her words:

"All the Animals of each class are formed on the same plan

"Why should the animals of one class (such as the vertebrate or back-boned class) be formed all on one plan, even to the most minute bones; so that the wing of a bat, the front leg of a horse, the hand of a man, and the flapper of a porpoise, are all made of the same bones, which have either grown together, or lengthened and spread apart, according to the purpose they serve? And, more curious still, why should some animals have parts which are of no use to them, but only seem to be there because other animals of the same class also have them? Thus the whale has teeth like the other mammalia, but they never pierce through the gum; and the boa-constrictor has the beginnings of hind legs, hidden under its skin, though they never grow out. Here, again, it seems extraordinary, if a boa-constrictor and a whale were created separately, that they should be made with organs which are quite useless; while, on the other hand, if they were descended from the same ancestor, as other reptiles and mammalia who have teeth and hind legs, they might be supposed to have inherited these organs….

"Embryos of animals alike in Structure.

"Another still more remarkable fact was that pointed out by Von Baer, that the higher animals, such as quadrupeds, before they are perfectly formed, cannot be distinguished from the embryos of other and lower animals, such as fish and reptiles. If animals were created separately, why should a dog

begin like a fish, a lizard, and a bird, and have at first parts which it loses as it grows into its own peculiar form?

"Living animals of a country agree with the fossil ones….

"We know that certain animals are only found in particular countries; kangaroos and pouched animals, for example, in Australia, and sloths and armadillos in South America. Now, it is remarkable that all the fossil quadrupeds in Australia are also pouched animals, though they are of different kinds and larger in size than those now living; and in the same way different species of sloth and armadillos are found fossil in South America; while in the rocks of Europe fossil mammalia are found, only slightly different from those which are living there now." It seems natural to conclude that the living have descended from the fossils.

The study of the rocks has produced other "missing links" in the succession of animal life. Professor Huxley, in some lectures given in New York in 1876, described the Hesperornis, found in the western rocks, a huge bird, five or six feet in length, with teeth like a reptile. In England a fossil reptile has been found, the Archaeopteryx, having a reptile-like tail, with a fringe of feathers on each side, and teeth, "occupying a midway place between a bird and a reptile." Flying reptiles have been found, and reptiles which walked on their hind legs. Those who have visited Yale and Amherst Colleges must have seen the huge bird-tracks or reptile footprints taken from the rocks in the Connecticut valley.

Professor Huxley showed the probable descent of the horse with its hoofed foot from the extinct three-toed Hipparion of Europe, and that from the four-toed Orohippus of the Eocene formation. He declared it probable that a- five-toed horse would be found, and Professor Marsh, in the West, has found the Eohippus, corresponding very nearly to Professor Huxley's description.

The question among naturalists was, "How can plants and animals have become thus changed?" Darwin showed how it

was possible to effect most of these changes by "natural selection," or the choosing of the best to survive in the struggle for existence. As man by grafting secures the finest fruit, and by care in animal life the swiftest horses for speed as well as the strongest for labor, so nature selects her best for the higher development of the race.

Darwin says, "There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years, and, at this rate, in less than a thousand years there would literally not be standing-room for his progeny…. The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all known animals; it will be safest to assume that it begins breeding when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth six young in the interval, and surviving till one hundred years old; if this be so, after a period of from 740 to 750 years, there would be nearly nineteen million elephants alive, descended from the first pair."

In various ways the weakest are destroyed. Darwin, on a piece of ground three feet long and two wide, says, "I marked all the seedlings of our native weeds as they came up, and, out of 357, no less than 295 were destroyed, chiefly by slugs and insects."

He gives this interesting instance of the struggle for existence. "I find from experiments that humble-bees are almost indispensable to the fertilization of the heart's-ease, for other bees do not visit this flower…. Humble-bees alone visit red clover, as other bees cannot reach the nectar…. Hence we may infer as highly probable that, if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heart's-ease and red clover would become very rare, or wholly disappear. The number of humble-bees in any district depends in a great measure upon the number of field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests; the number of mice is

largely dependent, as everyone knows, on the number of cats." Hence, as Mr. Darwin shows, the frequency of certain flowers in a district may depend upon the number of cats!

Darwin showed, by most interesting experiments with pigeons, that the various breeds come from the wild rock-pigeon; that dogs are descended, probably, from the wolf; that different varieties can be produced and perpetuated under changing conditions of life; that species are only well marked and permanent varieties. He showed how organs can be changed by use or disuse; such as, the erect ears of wild animals become drooping under domestication; or moles have only rudimentary eyes, covered with skin or fur, because not needed for sight.

In the "Origin of Species," the theory of evolution received proof which was so nearly incontrovertible that the subject was brought prominently before the world as never before. Mr. Alfred Kussell Wallace, an able scientist, came to the same conclusion as Darwin in regard to the power of "Natural Selection," and published, at the same time as the "Origin," an essay "On the Tendency of Varieties to depart indefinitely from, the Original Type."

At once Darwin was attacked from every quarter. Probably not since Galileo showed that the earth moves round the sun has a man been so censured and persecuted for his opinions as was Darwin. He was declared atheistic, unsettling the Christian belief, and opposed to the teachings of the Bible. Professor Asa Gray of Cambridge, Mass., a devoted Christian and able scientist, defended and explained Darwin's views, now published in "Darwiniana," claiming that the doctrine of evolution is in no wise opposed to the power and goodness of the Almighty, and quotes Charles Kingsley's words: "We know of old that God was so wise that he could make all things; but behold, he is so much wiser than even that, that he can make all things make themselves." Kingsley wrote Darwin: "I have gradually learnt to see that it is just as

noble a conception of Deity to believe that he created primal forms capable of self-development into all forms needful pro tempore and pro loco, as to believe that he required a fresh act of intervention to supply the lacunas which he himself had made. I question whether the former be not the loftier thought." Gray believed that "to do any work by an instrument must require, and therefore presuppose, the exertion rather of more than of less power than to do it directly." Darwin said, "There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms, most beautiful and most wonderful, have been and are being evolved." Darwin always felt grateful to Asa Gray for his defence. He wrote him: "I declare that you know my book as well as I do myself; and bring to the question new lines of illustration and argument, in a manner which excites my astonishment and almost my envy! … I said, in a former letter, that you were a lawyer, but I made a gross mistake; I am sure that you are a poet. No, I will tell you what you are, a hybrid, a complex cross of lawyer, poet, naturalist, and theologian!"

Darwin wisely made no reply to his critics. He said, years later: "My views have often been grossly misrepresented, bitterly opposed and ridiculed, but this has been generally done, as I believe, in good faith. On the whole, I do not doubt that my works have been over and over again greatly overpraised. I rejoice that I have avoided controversies, and this I owe to Lyell, who, many years ago, in reference to my geological works, strongly advised me never to get entangled in a controversy, as it rarely did any good, and caused a miserable loss of time and temper.

"Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, or that my work has been imperfect, and when I have been

contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been over-praised, so that I have felt mortified, it has been my greatest comfort to say hundreds of times to myself, 'that I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this.'"

The "Origin" has been translated into French, German, Italian, Dutch, Russian, Swedish, and many other languages. Huxley says of it, "Even a cursory glance at the history of the biological sciences during the last quarter of a century is sufficient to justify the assertion that the most potent instrument for the extension of the realm of natural knowledge which has come into men's hands since the publication of Newton's 'Principia' is Darwin's 'Origin of Species.'"

The year after the "Origin" was published, Darwin began arranging his notes for his two large volumes, "Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication," which, however, were not published till 1868. On these two books he spent over four years. They are a wonderful collection of facts, gathered from books and from his own marvellous experiments and observations, confirming and illustrating the law of "Natural Selection" given in the "Origin."

Darwin had already received the Copley medal of the Royal Society, the greatest honor a scientific man can receive in England, and the Prussian Order "Pour le Merite," founded by Frederick II. The order consists of thirty German members and a few distinguished foreigners. In 1862 the "Fertilization of Orchids" was published, which required ten months of labor. In this work Darwin took the utmost delight. He wrote to a friend who had sent him some of these flowers: "It is impossible to thank you enough. I was almost mad at the wealth of Orchids…. I never was more interested in any subject in my life than in this of Orchids." The peculiarities of the flowers therein described, as Darwin says, "transcend in an incomparable manner the contrivances and adaptations which the most fertile imagination of man could invent."

In the "Origin" he describes an orchid which "has part of its labellum or lower lip hollowed out into a great bucket, into which drops of almost pure water continually fall from two secreting horns which stand above it; and when the bucket is half full the water overflows by a spout on one side. The basal part of the labellum stands over the bucket, and is itself hollowed out into a sort of chamber with two lateral entrances; within this chamber there are curious fleshy ridges. The most ingenious man, if he had not witnessed what takes place, could never have imagined what purpose all these parts serve. But Dr. Cruger saw crowds of large humble-bees visiting the gigantic flowers of this orchid, not in order to suck nectar, but to gnaw off the ridges within the chamber above the bucket; in doing this they frequently pushed each other into the bucket, and, their wings being thus wetted, they could not fly away, but were compelled to crawl out through the passage formed by the spout or overflow…. The passage is narrow, and is roofed over by the column, so that a bee, in forcing its way out, first rubs its back against the viscid stigma and then against the viscid glands of the pollen-masses. The pollen-masses are thus glued to the back of the bee which first happens to crawl out through the passage of a lately expanded flower, and are thus carried away….

"When the bee, thus provided, flies to another flower, or to the same flower a second time, and is pushed by its comrades into the bucket and then crawls out by the passage, the pollen-mass necessarily comes first into contact with the viscid stigma, and adheres to it, and the flower is fertilized. Now at last we see the full use of every part of the flower; of the water-secreting horns, of the bucket half full of water, which prevents the bees from flying away, and forces them to crawl out through the spout, and rub against the properly placed viscid pollen-masses and the viscid stigma."

Darwin said: "The Botanists praise my Orchid-book to the skies…. There is a superb, but, I fear, exaggerated, review

in the 'London Review.' But I have not been a fool, as I thought I was, to publish; for Asa Gray, about the most competent judge in the world, thinks almost as highly of the book as does the 'London Review.'"

Darwin wrote several other books on plants. "The Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants" was published in 1875; "Insectivorous Plants," in 1875; "Effects of Cross and Self-Fertilization," in 1876; The different Forms of Flowers on Plants of the Same Species," in 1877; "The Power of Movement in Plants," in 1880.

When writing his "Different Forms of Flowers," he said, "I am all on fire at the work;" and of "Insectivorous Plants," "I have been working like a madman at Drosera. Here is a fact for you which is certain as you stand where you are, though you won't believe it, that a bit of hair, … of one grain in weight, placed on gland, will cause one of the gland-bearing hairs of Drosera to curve inwards, and will alter the condition of the contents of every cell in the foot-stalk of the gland."

But he was growing tired with his constant and multifarious labors. He wrote to Hooker: "You ask about my book, and all that I can say is that I am ready to commit suicide; I thought it was decently written, but find so much wants rewriting that it will not be ready to go to printers for two months, and will then make a confoundedly big book. Murray will say that it is no use publishing in the middle of summer, so I do not know what will be the upshot; but I begin to think that every one who publishes a book is a fool."

In 1871 the "Descent of Man" was published. He worked on this book three years, and he wrote to his friend, Sir J. D. Hooker, that it had "half killed" him. For the first edition Darwin received over seven thousand dollars. It had an immense circulation in England and America, and created a furor in Germany.

Darwin believed "that man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably

arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World. This creature, if its whole structure had been examined by a naturalist, would have been classed among the quadrumana, as surely as would the common and still more ancient progenitor of the Old and New World monkeys.

"The quadrumana and all the higher mammals are probably derived from an ancient marsupial animal, and this, through a long line of diversified forms, either from some reptile-like or some amphibian-like creature, and this again from some fishlike animal. In the dim obscurity of the past, we can see that the early progenitor of all the vertebrata must have been an aquatic animal, provided with branchiae, with the two sexes united in the same individual, and with the most important organs of the body (such as the brain and heart) imperfectly developed. This animal seems to have been more like the larvae of our existing marine Ascidians than any known form."

Most naturalists believe, with Darwin, that man has developed from some lower form, but many urge that at some stage of development he received the gift of speech, and mental and moral powers, from an omnipotent Creator.

Darwin received much abuse and much ridicule for his views. Mr. James D. Hague tells in "Harper's Magazine" of a visit paid to the great scientist, when a picture in the "Hornet" was shown; the body of a gorilla, with the head of Darwin. The latter laughed and said, "The head is cleverly done, but the gorilla is bad; too much chest; it couldn't be like that."

The "Descent of Man" shows the widest research, and is a storehouse of most interesting facts. "Sexual Selection" shows some of the most remarkable provisions of nature, and is as interesting as any novel. This book, like the "Origin," has been translated into various languages.

In 1872 "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals" was published. Over five thousand copies were sold

on the day of publication. It was begun at the birth of his first child, thirty-three years before. He says, "I at once commenced to make notes on the first dawn of the various expressions which he exhibited, for I felt convinced, even at this early period, that the most complex and fine shades of expression must all have had a gradual and natural origin." He wrote to a college friend regarding this baby: "He is so charming that I cannot pretend to any modesty. I defy anybody to flatter us on our baby, for I defy anyone to say anything in its praise of which we are not fully conscious…. I had not the smallest conception there was so much in a five-month baby. You will perceive by this that I have a fine degree of paternal fervor."

In 1881, "The Formation of Vegetable Mould, through the Action of Worms, with Observations on their Habits," was published. "Fragments of burnt marl, cinders, etc., which had been thickly strewed over the surface of several meadows were found, after a few years, lying at a depth of some inches beneath the turf, but still forming a layer." Ascertaining that this was the work of worms, Darwin made a study of their structure, habits, and work, in his garden, his fields, and in pots of earth kept in his study. The intelligence of worms, the construction of their burrows, and the amount of labor they can perform, are described in a most entertaining manner. Over fifty thousand worms are found in a single acre of land, or about three hundred and fifty-six pounds. "In many parts of England a weight of more than ten tons of dry earth annually passes through their bodies, and is brought to the surface, on each acre of land…. Worms prepare the ground in an excellent manner for the growth of fibrous-rooted plants and for seedlings of all kinds. They periodically expose the mould to the air, and sift it so that no stones larger than the particles which they can swallow are left in it. They mingle the whole intimately together, like a gardener who prepares fine soil for his choicest plants…. The plough is one of the

most ancient and most valuable of roan's inventions; but long before he existed the land was in fact regularly ploughed, and still continues to be thus ploughed, by earthworms. It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organized creatures."

In three years eighty-five hundred copies of the "Earthworms" were sold.

Mr. Darwin was now seventy-two years old. Already many honors had come to him, after the severe and bitter censure. In 1877, he received the degree of LL.D. from Cambridge University. In 1878, he was elected a corresponding member of the French Institute, and of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. In 1879, he received the Baly Medal of the Royal College of Physicians. In 1879, from the Royal Academy of Turin, the Bressa Prize of twelve thousand francs. He valued highly two photographic albums sent from Germany and Holland; one containing the pictures of one hundred and fifty-four noted scientific men; the other, of two hundred and seventeen lovers of natural science in the Netherlands. He wrote in thanks: "I am well aware that my books could never have been written, and would not have made any impression on the public mind, had not an immense amount of material been collected by a long series of admirable observers; and it is to them that honor is chiefly due. I suppose that every worker at science occasionally feels depressed, and doubts whether what he has published has been worth the labor which it has cost him, but for the few remaining years of my life, whenever I want cheering, I will look at the portraits of my distinguished co-workers in the field of science, and remember their generous sympathy."

He was made a member of more than seventy of the learned societies of the world; in America, Austria, India, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and elsewhere.

Darwin's work was now almost over. His dear friend Lyell had gone before him, of whom he said, "I never forget that almost everything which I have done in science I owe to the study of his great works." His brother Erasmus, to whom he was tenderly attached, died in 1881. In the spring of 1882 he was unable to work continuously as usual, and suffered from pain about the heart. On the night of April 18, he had a severe attack and fainted. When he was restored to consciousness, he said, "I am not the least afraid to die." He died the next day. April 19.

Darwin died as he had lived, with a heart overflowing with sympathy and tenderness. He said, "I feel no remorse from having committed any great sin, but have often and often regretted that I have not done more direct good to my fellow-creatures."

In his home life he was singularly blest. His son says, "No one except my mother knows the full amount of suffering he endured, or the full amount of his wonderful patience. For all the latter years of his life she never left him for a night; and her days were so planned that all his resting hours might be shared with her. She shielded him from every avoidable annoyance, and omitted nothing that might save him trouble, or prevent him becoming overtired, or that might alleviate the many discomforts of his ill-health. I hesitate to speak thus freely of a thing so sacred as the life-long devotion which prompted all this constant and tender care. But it is … a principal feature of his life that for nearly forty years he never knew one day of the health of ordinary men, and that thus his life was one long struggle against the weariness and strain of sickness." And yet he accomplished all his wonderful work!

"In his relationship towards my mother, his tender and sympathetic nature was shown in its most beautiful aspect. In her presence he found his happiness, and through her his life which might have been overshadowed by gloom became one of content and quiet gladness."

He was the idol of his children, who used "to bribe him with sixpence to come and play in working hours." "We all knew the sacredness of working time," says Mr. Darwin's daughter, "but that any one should resist sixpence seemed an impossibility…. Another mark of his unbounded patience was the way in which we were suffered to make raids into the study when we had an absolute need of sticking-plaster, string, pins, scissors, stamps, foot-rule, or hammer. These and other such necessaries were always to be found in the study, and it was the only place where this was a certainty. We used to feel it wrong to go in during work-time; still, when the necessity was great we did so. I remember his patient look when he said once, 'Don't you think you could not come in again; I have been interrupted very often?' … He cared for all our pursuits and interests, and lived our lives with us in a way that very few fathers do."

His son says: "The way he brought us up is shown by a little story about my brother Leonard, which my father was fond of telling. He came into the drawing-room, and found Leonard dancing about on the sofa, which was forbidden, for the sake of the springs, and said, 'Oh, Lenny, Lenny, that's against all rules!' and received for answer, 'Then, I think you'd better go out of the room.' I do not believe he ever spoke an angry word to any of his children in his life; but I am certain that it never entered our heads to disobey him…. How often, when a man, I have wished, when my father was behind my chair, that he would pass his hand over my hair, as he used to do when I was a boy. He allowed his grown-up children to laugh with and at him, and was, generally speaking, on terms of perfect equality with us."

He was very fond of flowers, and also of dogs. When he had been absent from home, on his return his white fox-terrier, Polly, "would get wild with excitement, panting, squeaking, rushing round the room, and jumping on and off the chairs; and he used to stoop down, pressing her face to

his, letting her lick him, and speaking to her with a peculiarly tender, caressing voice."

He was very tender-hearted. A friend who often visited at Down told me that Mrs. Darwin one day urged her husband to punish the little dog for some wrong-doing. He took the animal tenderly in his arms and carried her out-of-doors, patting her gently on the head. "Why, Charles," remonstrated the wife, "she did not feel it." He replied, "I could do no more."

"The remembrance of screams or other sounds heard in Brazil," says Francis Darwin, "when he was powerless to interfere with what he believed to be the torture of a slave, haunted him for years, especially at night. In smaller matters, when he could interfere, he did so vigorously. He returned one day from his walk pale and faint from having seen a horse ill-used, and from the agitation of violently remonstrating with the man. On another occasion he saw a horse-breaker teaching his son to ride. The little boy was frightened, and the man was rough. My father stopped, and, jumping out of the carriage, reproved the man in no measured terms….

"A visitor, driving from Orpington to Down, told the man to go faster. 'Why,' said the driver, 'if I had whipped the horse this much driving Mr. Darwin, he would have got out of the carriage and abused me well.'"

His manner was bright and animated, and his face glowed in conversation. He enjoyed fun, had a merry, ringing laugh, and a happy way of turning things. He said once, "Gray (Asa Gray of Harvard College) often takes me to task for making hasty generalizations; but the last time he was here talking that way, I said to him, 'Now, Gray, I have one more generalization to make, which is not hasty; and that is, the Americans are the most delightful people I know.'"

"He was particularly charming when 'chaffing' anyone," says his son, "and in high spirits over it. His manner at such times was light-hearted and boyish, and his refinement of

nature came out most strongly. So, when he was talking to a lady who pleased and amused him, the combination of raillery and deference in his manner was delightful to see. When my father had several guests, he managed them well, getting a talk with each, or bringing two or three together round his chair….

"My father much enjoyed wandering slowly in the garden with my mother or some of his children, or making one of a party sitting out on a bench on the lawn; he generally sat, however, on the grass, and I remember him often lying under one of the big lime-trees, with his head on the green mound at its foot."

He had great perseverance in his work, and used often to say, "It's dogged as does it;" and "Saving the minutes is the way to get work done." It was his habit to rise early in the morning, and after breakfast work from eight to half-past nine, and then read his letters. At ten or half-past, he went back to his work till twelve. After exercise in the "Sandwalk," a narrow strip of land, one and a half acres in extent, with a gravel walk round it, planted with a variety of trees, in which he watched the birds and squirrels, he lunched and read his newspaper. After this he wrote letters, and about three o'clock rested for a time on the sofa, some of his family reading to him, often a novel, the work of Walter Scott, George Eliot, Miss Austen, or others. At four he walked again, worked from half-past four till half-past five, dined, and usually spent his evenings, after a game of backgammon with his wife, or hearing her play on the piano, in reading scientific books. Conversation in the evening usually spoiled his rest for the night, but he could do a great amount of work if he kept to his regular routine. In each book, as he read it, he marked passages bearing on his work. In reading a book or pamphlet, he made pencil lines at the side of the page, often adding short remarks, and at the end made a list of the pages marked.

Darwin said of himself: "At no time am I a quick thinker

or writer; whatever I have done in science has solely been by long pondering, patience, and industry…. I think that I am superior to the common run of men in noticing things which easily escape attention, and in observing them carefully. My industry has been nearly as great as it could have been in the observation and collection of facts. What is far more important, my love of natural science has been steady and ardent.

"This pure love has, however, been much aided by the ambition to be esteemed by my fellow-naturalists. From my early youth I have had the strongest desire to understand or explain whatever I observed; that is, to group all facts under some general laws…. My habits are methodical, and this has been of not a little use for my particular line of work. Lastly, I have had ample leisure from not having to earn my own bread. Even ill-health, though it has annihilated several years of my life, has saved me from the distractions of society and amusement."

Mr. Darwin was never egotistical, or elated by his great success. He always felt and spoke modestly of his work. In the village people of Down he took a cordial interest, helping to found a Friendly Club, which he served as treasurer for thirty years. He also acted for some years as a county magistrate. The Vicar of Down, Rev. J. Brodie Innes, and Mr. Darwin were firm friends for thirty years, yet, says Darwin, "we never thoroughly agreed on any subject but once, and then we stared hard at each other, and thought one of us must be very ill."

In the hall of the great Natural History Museum in London, a statue of Darwin was placed June 9, 1885, with appropriate addresses.

Darwin's life is a most interesting study. That a boy who seemed in youth to have no special fondness for books, but an especial delight in collecting beetles; who appeared unfitted either for medicine or the church, should come to such a renowned manhood, is remarkable. His perseverance, his

industry, his thought, his gentleness, his sunny nature in the midst of suffering, are delightful to contemplate. His books will be an enduring monument. He combined a great intellect and a great heart, which makes the most attractive nature, in either man or woman.

John Tyndall
and Diamagnetism and Radiant Heat

1825 – 1893, England

The study of light and heat as a science may be said to have begun with Aristotle, who was the first great philosopher to inquire into their origin. Aristotle claimed that light and heat arose from the friction caused by the swift motion of the stars through the air, and further that it was the nature of all motion to produce heat.

This doctrine of Aristotle is interesting because modern science, calling to its aid all the multitudinous inventions that ingenuity can devise, has reached the conclusion that heat is a condition of motion of the particles of material bodies. Yet the resemblance between this result and the speculation of the old philosopher, though noticeable, is merely superficial, and no certain progress was made in the study of heat till philosophers learned to submit their guesses to the test of experiment.

The progress of science is not a steady advance, there are continual haltings by the way, and even temporary retreats; a long period of stagnation may precede some brilliant discovery or powerful and far-reaching generalization that will at once rouse investigation and usher in a period of great progress; this was true in a marked degree of the study of light.

Early speculation taught that light was an emanation thrown out in straight lines from the luminous body. But during the seventeenth century the theory that light consisted of waves or undulations coming from the heated body was powerfully advocated by Huyghens. Newton, however, who

made many interesting and important investigations in light, strongly advocated the emission theory, and the weight of his great authority turned the scale against the wave theory, in consequence of which it was in disrepute for nearly a hundred years, during which time very little progress was made in the knowledge of light.

During the life of Newton it had been established by Roemer, a Danish astronomer, that it took a certain time for light to pass from a heated body to the eye; for by calculations based on the times when the moons of the planet Jupiter were observed to be eclipsed, he had found that light traveled at the rate of 185,000 miles in a second.

Just at the beginning of the [19th] century Thomas Young, an English scientist, brought forward new and convincing evidence of the truth of the wave theory, and showed how waves of light could be made to interfere with each other and produce darkness. This was the opening of a period of great progress. Immediately succeeding Young came Fresnel, the great French physicist, who contributed more than anyone else to the development of the wave theory, and whose labors, together with those of such men as Arago and Foucault, at once brought the science of light almost to the position it occupies today.

But it is not true that all waves coming from a hot body are visible; even if it were not hot enough to give out waves of light it would send off waves which, though invisible, are capable of giving the sensation of warmth. These invisible waves, or heat radiations as they are sometimes called, have been made the subject of many careful investigations, and prominent among those who have devoted themselves to their study we find Professor John Tyndall, whose studies in radiant heat and diamagnetism have given him an honored place in the scientific world.

Tyndall was born in the village of Leighlin Bridge, Ireland, in 1820. His parents were poor, and this poverty brought with

it the usual gifts in developing the mind and ingenuity of the little lad who was to owe all his success in life to his own individual efforts.

Like his little companions in the same condition of life, he played about the village streets, made excursions into the surrounding country, and found life a pleasant thing; for poverty to the country child brings with it none of that sordid wretchedness which so early leaves its blighting impress on the soul of the city child, to whom it comes without any grace or brightening charm.

Thus circumstanced, in spite of his parents' humble means, the boy's life passed pleasantly enough; and the lessons which nature taught him in his wanderings around Leighlin Bridge were the most useful he could have learned. He grew up a part of the beautiful world around him, and the songs of the birds, the blossoming of the flowers, and the thousand experiences of life with which he was always familiar, seemed to belong to him as much as the coloring and perfume were a part of the wild flowers he gathered.

And, besides this love and appreciation of nature, the boy was fortunate in the books which he read as a child, and which left an indelible mark on his character. His father was a man of strong religious principle, and the volumes in the family library included, with the Bible, the principal works of the most celebrated writers on theology; and, although this subject would have ordinarily no charms for a child, yet the fervid imagination, the poetic feeling, and above all the high ideality which made the duties of common life seem a religious ceremony, could not fail to make a lasting impression on the mind of a sensitive and imaginative child; while the Bible, with its wonderful imagery and powerful descriptions of nature, together with its human interest, all tinged with the deepest religious inspiration, was no less a source of fruitful teaching to the child, who read and re-read the glowing pages until he knew the volume almost by heart, and the sublime

style of the Hebrew prophets had grown as familiar to him as the voice of Nature in the outdoor world.

Thus, when at seven or eight his school-days began, young Tyndall started up the hill of learning with two priceless aids—a loving intimacy with nature, and a familiarity with the grandest literature that the world has ever known.

His school days reached to his nineteenth year, during which time he pursued the usual course of study, and showed no particular talent for anything, excepting perhaps mathematics, a taste for which developed itself during the last two years of his school life. He began the study of civil engineering after leaving school, intending to make it his profession, and for three years diligently studied the preparatory course, meeting with the most gratifying results.

But in 1842 he attended a course of lectures at a Mechanics' Institute, which, combined with a desire for larger study which had come to him the year before, opened wider fields of thought and gave him a deep interest in subjects unconnected with his special work.

But for five years longer he kept on in the way he had marked out for himself, completing his course of study and practicing engineering with marked success. Then, in 1847, he was appointed teacher in Queenswood College, Hampshire, and during the year that he spent in this place he became so interested in chemistry and other branches of physical science, that he determined to leave England and take a course of scientific study at some German university.

Marburg, in Hesse-Cassel, was chosen as the place of study, and here, in company with the friend whose lectures in chemistry had first interested him in natural science, Tyndall spent two years engaged in absorbing study. His student life was of the simplest kind, as money was scarce, and the end he had in view, the acquiring of knowledge for its own sake, did not point to any large remuneration from a material standpoint in the future. He studied sometimes sixteen hours a day,

and although his hopes of success were sometimes overclouded by the gloomy doubts which often visit the imaginative mind, his resolve never faltered; and if his life at Marburg had borne no other fruit, it yet would have been rich in the development of that loftiness of purpose and stern devotion to duty, which at this period became such marked characteristics of the young student.

But Marburg did bring other and great prizes to him. He was under the teaching of Bunsen, the celebrated chemist, whose lectures on electro-chemistry, or the chemical changes which occur through electricity, attracted Tyndall at once, and at the same time he attended an illustrated course of lectures on radiant heat, or heat which comes in rays from the heated body, in the same manner that the heat of the sun reaches the earth. These studies were in the direct line of experimental research, and Tyndall was thus easily led to a point where he began independent investigation.

Faraday's important discovery of diamagnetism, was then attracting great attention in the scientific world. Faraday had shown that all matter could be influenced by magnetism, and had divided bodies into magnetic and diamagnetic. A bar of a magnetic substance when suspended between the poles of a magnet would point in the direction of the line joining the two poles. But if the bar were diamagnetic, it would set itself cross-wise, so that its two ends were as far away as they could get from the poles of the magnet.

But further investigation had brought to light the fact that certain substances which were diamagnetic, ceased to be so when discovered in the form of crystals. Thus, a piece of bismuth suspended between the poles of a magnet would point across the line joining the two poles, showing that bismuth was a diamagnetic substance, but a crystal of bismuth when suspended did not follow this direction, and the same was found to be true of many other substances.

In 1849 Tyndall began the study of this interesting

phenomenon, and for several years carried on experiments in magnetism and electricity with the hope of arriving at some satisfactory conclusion; and, by 1855, he may be said to have reached results which were so important as to place his name foremost in the ranks of those who have studied this subject.

Crystallization, or the mysterious force by which charcoal becomes a diamond, common clay a sapphire or ruby, and by which other transformations are effected, had been an interesting subject of study from the time that science had first revealed that the same substance might exist either in the crystalline or non-crystalline state, and it was in this field of thought that Tyndall labored in his experiments on diamagnetism.

He claimed that the apparently contradictory actions of some diamagnetic substances and their crystals, were due to the structure of the substance or crystal, or the peculiar ways in which the particles forming the body were joined together. This property or peculiarity he stated was not simply characteristic of certain substances, but that, as nature acted by general laws, it would be possible, by following out the suggestions contained in this fact, to arrive at the most important discoveries in relation to the structure of the earth, and its magnetic actions; and that just as the fall of an apple suggested to Newton the theory of gravitation, so the refusal of a crystal to act in accordance with the laws that governed the uncrystallized substance might point to a law of nature which, if discovered, would unravel many of the mysteries which puzzle the scientific mind.

Tyndall also demonstrated that polarity, or the power of a substance to attract one pole of a magnetic needle and repel the other, was also a property of diamagnetic substances, with the difference that, if placed under the same magnetizing influence, a bar of diamagnetic substance would show north polarity at that end which in a bar of iron or other magnetic substance would be a south pole. It was also shown that the

attractive force of magnetism is infinitely greater than diamagnetism, the magnetism of iron exceeding the diamagnetism of bismuth two and a half million times.

In 1859 Tyndall began his researches in radiant heat, a subject of great interest, not only to scientists but to all who are desirous of understanding the relations which exist between the forces of nature and the laws of life.

The power of the atmosphere to absorb the heat of the sun was then attracting attention, as it is a questions bearing directly upon human interests, as well as being a valuable subject for scientific inquiry.

The Italian physicist, Melloni, had made some very important researches in radiant heat, and had given special study to its passage through difference substances.

A body which allows heat to pass through it is said to have the property of diathermancy, just as a body which allows light to pass through it is said to have the property of transparency. And Melloni, by a series of interesting experiments, established several laws in regard to the diathermancy of different substances.

Rock salt was found to possess great diathermancy, as it allowed nearly all the heat to pass through; glass, on the contrary, which was as transparent as rock salt, was found to have little power of transmitting heat; ice and alum, equally transparent, have slight diathermancy, while clear and smoky quartz, one as transparent as glass, and the other nearly opaque, alike transmit considerable heat.

Tyndall's experiments related chiefly to the diathermancy of gases, and proved that the heat in gases and vapors was absorbed and radiated with as great differences as those which marked its passage through liquids and solids, and that it was governed by certain laws which played an important part in the distribution of heat over the world.

He found that dry air permitted heat to pass freely, but that watery vapor was possessed of great power for absorbing

the heat, and this conclusion was made the basis of a most interesting hypothesis in regard to the distribution of heat over the globe.

Countries distinguished by a moist climate, like England or Ireland, were thus particularly favored, as the watery vapor, which Tyndall likened to a blanket, absorbed the heat which would otherwise have passed off by radiation from the earth, and kept a sufficient warmth to protect vegetation, just as clothing protects the human frame; and Tyndall said that if this watery vapor were removed from the air for a single summer night, the sun would rise the next day upon an island held fast in the iron grip of frost, with every plant and flower dead.

The absence of watery vapor in the atmosphere would, in like manner, account for the terrible cold of dry climates, such as Central Asia, and the nights of the Sahara desert. This theory was of special importance to geology, as it explained the origin of the glacial era; for as the earth was passing through its cooling period, the oceans, as is now the case, would naturally be warmer than the land, owing to the presence of watery vapor over their surface which served as a blanket to keep in the heat; the dry air over the land would permit the heat to pass off rapidly into space, on the contrary; and thus the rapid cooling of the land turned the mountains into receivers of the condensing vapors, which formed into the great glaciers which once covered the earth.

Another very interesting study of radiant heat, made by Professor Tyndall, related to the separation of the invisible from the visible waves or rays of light.

The fact that the light of the sun as reflected from the moon has very little heating power in proportion to its illuminating effect, had suggested to Melloni the idea of a set of experiments which resulted in the separation of heat from light on a smaller scale, and Tyndall made some successful experiments showing that the reverse was also true. In these

experiments he separated the visible from the invisible rays of the sun, the lime light, and electric light, allowing the dark rays, which have the principal heating power, to pass through the intercepting medium that he used, while at the same time not a ray of light was received. With these dark rays he produced fire, melted metals, and obtained the different-colored rays of light, thus proving that the invisible rays of the sun may carry on the mightiest operations of nature, just as surely as the flower may give forth its fragrance in the darkness.

In this connection Tyndall invented a respirator for the use of firemen. This instrument, which consisted of layers of moist wool, dry wool, charcoal fragments, and caustic lime, enclosed in a wire gauze, was found to be a great protection to firemen who were unable to carry on their duties in consequence of the smoke from the burning building. The respirator effectually destroyed the bad effects of the smoke, and allowed the firemen to breathe in a room filled with the densest smoke without discomfort.

In his researches on light Tyndall also gave his attention to sound, and its relation to heat. Seamen had often been puzzled by the fact that the signals used during fogs often failed to convey the warnings in fine weather, and that the guns, gongs, and powerful whistles heard miles away during the rain could not be distinguished sometimes at short distances when the sun was shining. Tyndall suggested that this was due to the presence of invisible clouds which formed a barrier to the waves of sound, just as a dark cloud shuts out the sunshine; and, pursuing this subject later on he found that certain vapors and gases possessed the power of conveying sound in the same order as their absorption of radiant heat.

Some of the experiments leading to this conclusion related to the conversion of light into sound. Starting from the fact that thin disks of metal would produce musical sounds when struck by an intermittent beam of light, Professor Tyndall carried on a number of experiments which

proved to his satisfaction that such a beam of light striking a highly absorbent vapor would even produce a more intense sound than that produced by a solid. The test experiment consisted of an arrangement by which the light struck the vapor only at intervals, the sounds being caused by the alternate expansion and contraction of the vapor, it being found that vapors and gases which allowed the heat to pass through them would produce no sounds whatever. Chloride of methyl was found to give forth sounds which, when conveyed to the ear by a rubber tube, resembled the peal of an organ in intensity.

In his pursuit of science Tyndall has added the advantages of travel, and his study on the glaciers of the Alps and the Falls of Niagara have an especial interest from the fact that they were carried on in the midst of dangers that might well have deterred a less devoted seeker after truth.

Professor Tyndall possesses a remarkable faculty for making his subjects of study understood by the unscientific mind, and his lectures in England and America have done much to make the study of science and its high objects popular, while his uncompromising love of truth, and his unimpeachable honesty in its pursuit have won him distinction from his fellow-laborers in the fields of knowledge.

Sir John Everett Millais

1829 – 1896, England

In the story of the childhood of famous men and women, we seldom find the things we look for and would expect to find there. If we might invent the stories ourselves, they would, in most cases, be very different from the real accounts. But now and again we come across the record of a childhood which fits exactly with our ideas of what it should have been, and the story of the childhood of John Everett Millais is one of these. The famous painter began steadily from his earliest years to tread the road from which his feet never wandered. The golden thread which ran through all his life he grasped while still but a child, and it led him on without break or tangle to the goal of his ambition.

It was at Southampton that John Millais was born on the 9th of June 1829, but it was at St. Heliers in Jersey that he spent the first happy years of his childhood. His father, John William Millais, was descended from an old Norman family that had lived for generations on the island, and St. Heliers was an ideal home for children. Here John and his elder brother William, and their sister Emily, played amongst the rocks to their hearts' content, catching sand-eels and crabs, poking about in the clear pools, and carrying home all sorts of treasures to fill baths and basins. It was rather a trial to their mother's patience, for she would much rather that the treasures had been left on the shore, and John, who was only four years old, was not a strong child, and she was anxious when he escaped from her care, and went to search for his beloved sea-beasts and sea-weeds. However she soon found that the

best way to keep him safe and happy, and out of mischief, was to let him have a pencil and paper on which to draw pictures.

John loved fishing off the pier and hunting in the pools, but he loved drawing pictures best of all. With a pencil and some scraps of paper he was perfectly happy, and he was never tired of drawing birds and butterflies, and anything else that caught his fancy. Lying flat on the ground, he covered his paper with all sorts of figures and animals, and very soon other people besides his mother began to notice his drawings and to think them extremely clever.

"Mark my words, that boy will be a very great man some-day, if he lives," said one of his uncles, after looking at his nephew's work.

John was not a difficult child to manage at home. He was frank and truthful and very affectionate, but he always found it difficult to keep to rules, and it was impossible to drive him by force to do anything he had made up his mind not to do. It was his mother who taught him his lessons and gave him all the help he needed, and only once was the attempt made to send him to school.

That school was certainly not a success, and he had been there only two days when he was sent home in dire disgrace. Some rule had been broken, and the master declared that John should have a thrashing to teach him to keep the rules another time. But John did not see the justice of this, and before the thrashing began he turned round quickly and bit the master's hand. Of course he was sent home at once, and told he need not come back any more after such disgraceful behaviour.

Now John ought to have been very unhappy, and perhaps he was a good deal ashamed of that bite, but as far as school was concerned he was overjoyed to hear that he need not go back. To do lessons with his mother was quite a different thing altogether. With her to teach him he loved his lessons, instead of hating them with all his heart. "I owe everything to

my mother," he used to say, when his childhood's days were past and he remembered all her love and patience with her little boy.

When John was about six years old there came a delightful and interesting change in his life, for the family went to live at Dinan in Brittany, and the children were charmed with all the new sights and sounds. There were many kinds of new things for John to draw, and greatest of all delights was the sight of the regiments of French soldiers as they marched through the town on their way to or from Brest. John loved the grand buildings and all the beautiful things his mother pointed out to him, but he was fascinated by those gorgeous French uniforms.

In the Place du Gruxlin there was a bench from which the two boys could watch the roll-call and see the soldiers above the heads of the crowd, and they never failed to be there when they heard the drums beating and the sound of marching feet. John of course always had his sketch-books with him, ready to draw all he could see.

He was working away one day, anxious to finish the portrait of a very smart drum-major in all the glory of his gold trappings, bearskin, and gold-headed cane, when two of the officers crept up silently behind the bench and stood watching what he was doing. They said nothing until the portrait was finished, and then suddenly clapped him on the back and cried "Bravo!" They were so much astonished at the child's clever drawing that they insisted on tipping him, and then returned with the boy to his home, as they wished to be introduced to his father and mother.

"The child should be sent at once to study in Paris," they declared, feeling sure they had discovered a genius.

The sketch of the drum-major was carried off by them to the barracks and there shown with great pride to the other officers. No one, however, would believe that it could be the work of a child of six, and bets began to be freely taken about

it, while one of the two officers started off post-haste to fetch little John to prove their words.

It was very frightening to be carried off by the strange soldier-man and taken to the barracks all alone, and John went in fear and trembling, but as soon as he got there and was given a pencil and a sheet of paper he forgot to be afraid or shy, and began at once to draw a portrait of the colonel smoking a big cigar. It turned out to be a most excellent likeness, and the other officers were so delighted as well as astonished that they willingly paid their bet, which was the cost of a good dinner.

After two years at Dinan the family returned once more to St. Heliers, and there John began his first lessons in drawing, but his master, Mr. Bessel, soon told the boy's parents that there was nothing more he could teach John, and he advised them to take their little son up to London. It would be wiser to go at once to the President of the Royal Academy, and ask his advice as to what should be done with the young genius.

Now the President of the Royal Academy had often been asked to look at the drawings of promising children, and he was not at all encouraging when John and his parents were shown in, and he heard what they had to say.

"Better make him a chimney-sweep than an artist," he said. He had seen so many young men try to paint pictures who would have been much better employed sweeping chimneys.

However, the great man said he would look at the child's sketches, and he evidently expected to see the usual kind of work, which so often only seems wonderful in the parents' eyes.

But when the sketches were produced and laid before him, he suddenly sat straight up and his eyes grew quite round with astonishment. He looked from the sketches to the little fellow standing there, and seemed to find it impossible to

believe that such small childish hands could have produced such masterly work. Would John draw something here and now, he asked, that he might look on and judge?

There was no difficulty about that. John set himself promptly to work and began a drawing of the fight between Hector and Achilles. The president could scarcely believe his own eyes. He was sorry he had talked about chimney-sweeping, and he handsomely apologised. Here was one of the few exceptions to his rule, and he strongly advised the boy's parents to have him trained to be an artist.

So it was settled that John should begin to work at once to draw from the cast in the British Museum, and after a short time, when he was nine years old, a place was found for him in the Academy of Art, the best school known at that time, kept by Henry Sars, a portrait-painter.

The small boy with his delicate face, long fair curling hair, holland blouse and turned-down frilled collar, was rather unlike the rest of the art students, and he was an easy victim for the bullying of the bigger boys. His fondness for work, his extreme diligence and wonderful talent were added aggravations to the other pupils, and one big hulking lazy fellow took a special delight in torturing the child.

Little Millais' life was made a burden to him by this big bully, and it only grew worse and worse as time went on. They both had entered the competition for the silver medal of the Society of Arts, and when it was known that John had carried off the prize, although he was only nine years old, his big rival was furious.

The very next day the bully sat in the studio watching like a great spider in a web for the arrival of the small boy, and biding his time until all the other pupils were gone, he seized on the defenceless little boy and began to take his cruel revenge.

In spite of his struggles, Millais was hung head downwards out of the window and his legs were fastened securely with

scarves and pieces of string to the iron bar of the window-guard. The child very soon became unconscious, and would most likely have died had not some passers-by in the street below noticed the hanging figure, and given the alarm by ringing the street door-bell.

After that the bully was seen no more at the Academy, and Millais was left in peace.

The prize day at the Society of Arts was a red-letter day in the life of John Millais, for he was to receive his silver medal from the hands of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. Dressed in a "white plaid tunic, with black belt and buckle; short white frilled trousers showing bare legs, with white socks and patent-leather shoes; a large white frilled collar, a bright necktie, and his hair in golden curls," he walked up when the secretary called out his name, "Mr. John Everett Millais."

There was a pause. The Duke, who stood behind a high raised desk, saw no one to whom he was to hand the medal, and waited for the prize-winner to appear.

"The gentleman is a long time coming up," he said at last to the secretary.

"He is here, your Royal Highness," replied the secretary, and looking down over the desk, sure enough the Duke saw that the gentleman was standing there, but such a very little gentleman he was, that his golden head did not reach to the level of the top of the desk.

A stool was then brought, and standing upon it the winner of the silver medal could be seen more clearly, and the Duke patted his head and wished him every success.

"Remember, if at any time I can be of service to you, you must not hesitate to write and say so," he added kindly.

That was a lucky promise for John, and it was not very long before he claimed the promised favour. Both he and William were very keen on fishing, and they had fished every year together in the Serpentine and Round Pond, until permission was withdrawn. Then John remembered the Duke's

promise, and wrote to ask if they might not be allowed to fish there as usual, and the request was granted at once. After that the pleasure was all the greater, for they were the envy of all the other little boys, who were only allowed to look on.

William was only two years older than John, and they always were together as much as possible, although William went to school and John still did his lessons with his mother. Both boys were "mad about art," and "knew every picture in the National Gallery by heart." One of their plays was to make a National Gallery of their own, out of a large deal box, the pictures hung therein being about the size of a visiting-card or a good-sized envelope.

All the old masters were hung there. There were Rembrandts, Titians, Rubens, Turners, all with the most gorgeous frames made out of the shining paper of crackers, and all carefully varnished to look like oil paintings.

It was a good thing that little Millais was child enough to play at such games, for in other ways he was so much older than his years, and he was getting on so quickly with his work, that it seemed as if he had already left his childhood behind him. He was only ten when he was admitted to be a student of the Royal Academy, "the youngest student who ever found entrance within its walls, and during his years there he carried off in turn every honour the Academy had to bestow."

So the golden thread led onwards, and the boy never loosed his hold upon it nor strayed into other paths. Little John Millais, "the child" of the Royal Academy, went steadily forward until he became Sir John Millais, its famous president.

Lewis Carroll: Author of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Through the Looking-Glass*

1832 – 1898, England

The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson died when he was sixty-six years old, and when his famous book, "Alice in Wonderland," had been published for thirty-three years. He was born at Daresbury, in Cheshire, and his father was the Rev. Charles Dodgson. The first years of his life were spent at Daresbury, but afterwards the family went to live at a place called Croft, in Yorkshire. He went first to a private school in Yorkshire and then to Rugby, where he spent years that he always remembered as very happy ones. In 1850 he went to Christ Church, Oxford, and from that time till the year of his death he was inseparably connected with "The House," as Christ Church college is generally called, from its Latin name "Ædes Christi," which means, literally translated, the House of Christ.

There he won great distinction as a scholar of mathematics, and wrote many abstruse and learned books, very different from "Alice in Wonderland." There is a tale that when the Queen had read "Alice in Wonderland" she was so pleased that she asked for more books by the same author. Lewis Carroll was written to, and back, with the name of Charles Dodgson on the title-page, came a number of the very dryest books about Algebra and Euclid that you can imagine.

Still, even in mathematics his whimsical fancy was sometimes suffered to peep out, and little girls who learnt the

rudiments of calculation at his knee found the path they had imagined so thorny set about with roses by reason of the delightful fun with which he would turn a task into a joy. But when the fun was over the little girl would find that she had learnt the lesson (all unknowingly) just the same. Happy little girls who had such a master. The old rhyme—

"Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad,
The rule of three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad,"

would never need to have been written had all arithmetic lessons been like the arithmetic lessons given by Charles Dodgson to his little friends.

As a lecturer to his grown-up pupils he was also surprisingly lucid, and under his deft treatment the knottiest of problems were quickly smoothed out and made easy for his hearers to comprehend. "I always hated mathematics at school," an ex-pupil of his told me a little while ago, "but when I went up to Oxford I learnt from Mr. Dodgson to look upon my mathematics as the most delightful of all my studies. His lectures were never dry."

For twenty-six years he lectured at Oxford, finally giving up his post in 1881. From that time to the time of his death he remained in his college, taking no actual part in the tuition, but still enjoying the Fellowship that he had won in 1861.

The personal characteristic that you would notice most on meeting Lewis Carroll was his extreme shyness. With children, of course, he was not nearly so reserved, but in the society of people of maturer age he was almost old-maidishly prim in his manner. When he knew a child well this reserve would vanish completely, but it needed only a slightly disconcerting incident to bring the cloak of shyness about him once

more, and close the lips that just before had been talking so delightfully.

I shall never forget one afternoon when we had been walking in Christ Church meadows. On one side of the great open space the little river Cherwell runs through groves of trees towards the Isis, where the college boatraces are rowed. We were going quietly along by the side of the "Cher," when he began to explain to me that the tiny stream was a tributary, "a baby river" he put it, of the big Thames. He talked for some minutes, explaining how rivers came down from hills and flowed eventually to the sea, when he suddenly met a brother Don at a turning in the avenue.

He was holding my hand and giving me my lesson in geography with great earnestness when the other man came round the corner.

He greeted him in answer to his salutation, but the incident disturbed his train of thought, and for the rest of the walk he became very difficult to understand, and talked in a nervous and preoccupied manner. One strange way in which his nervousness affected him was peculiarly characteristic. When, owing to the stupendous success of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking Glass," he became a celebrity many people were anxious to see him, and in some way or other to find out what manner of man he was. This seemed to him horrible, and he invented a mild deception for use when some autograph-hunter or curious person sent him a request for his signature on a photograph, or asked him some silly question as to the writing of one of his books, how long it took to write, and how many copies had been sold. Through some third person he always represented that Lewis Carroll the author and Mr. Dodgson the professor were two distinct persons, and that the author could not be heard of at Oxford at all. On one occasion an American actually wrote to say that he had heard that Lewis Carroll had laid out a garden to represent some of the scenes in "Alice in

Wonderland," and that he (the American) was coming right away to take photographs of it. Poor Lewis Carroll, he was in terror of Americans for a week!

The tale has been often told of how "Alice in Wonderland" came to be written, but it is a tale so well worth the telling again, that, very shortly, I will give it to you here.

Years ago in the great quadrangle of Christ Church, opposite to Mr. Dodgson, lived the little daughters of Dean Liddell, the great Greek scholar and Dean of Christ Church. The little girls were great friends of Mr. Dodgson's, and they used often to come to him and to plead with him for a fairy tale. There was never such a teller of tales, they thought! One can imagine the whole delightful scene with little trouble. That big cool room on some summer's afternoon, when the air was heavy with flower scents, and the sounds that came floating in through the open window were all mellowed by the distance. One can see him, that good and kindly gentleman, his mobile face all aglow with interest and love, telling the immortal story.

Round him on his knee sat the little sisters, their eyes wide open and their lips parted in breathless anticipation. When Alice (how the little Alice Liddell who was listening must have loved the tale!) rubbed the mushroom and became so big that she quite filled the little fairy house, one can almost hear the rapturous exclamations of the little ones as they heard of it.

The story, often continued on many summer afternoons, sometimes in the cool Christ Church rooms, sometimes in a slow gliding boat in a still river between banks of rushes and strange bronze and yellow water flowers, or sometimes in a great hay-field, with the insects whispering in the grass all round, grew in its conception and idea.

Other folk, older folk, came to hear of it from the little ones, and Mr. Dodgson was begged to write it down. Accordingly the first MS. was prepared with great care and illustrated

by the author. Then, in 1865, memorable year for English children, "Alice" appeared in its present form, with Sir John Tenniel's drawings.

In 1872 "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," appeared, and was received as warmly as its predecessor. That fact, I think, proves most conclusively that Lewis Carroll's success was a success of absolute merit, and due to no mere mood or fashion of the public taste. I can conceive nothing more difficult for a man who has had a great success with one book than to write a sequel which should worthily succeed it. In the present case that is exactly what Lewis Carroll did. "Through the Looking Glass" is every whit as popular and charming as the older book. Indeed one depends very much upon the other, and in every child's book-shelves one sees the two masterpieces side by side.

We generally speak of Oxford-on-the-Thames. Indeed, if we were to journey by water from London to Oxford, we would certainly go by way of the Thames, and a pleasant journey that would be, too, gliding between well-wooded, fertile shores with charming landscape towns on either side and bits of history peeping out in unexpected places. But into the heart of Oxford itself the Thames sends forth its tributaries in opposite directions; the Isis on one side, the Cherwell on the other. The Cherwell is what is called a "canoe river," the Isis is the race course of Oxford, where all the "eights" (every racing crew consists of eight men) come to practice for the great day and the great race, which takes place sometimes at Henley, sometimes at Oxford itself, when the Isis is gay with bunting and flags.

On one side of Christ Church Meadow is a long line of barges which have been made stationary and which are used as boathouses by the various college clubs; these are situated just below what is known as Folly Bridge, a name familiar to all Oxford men, and the goal of many pleasant trips. The original bridge was destroyed in 1779, but tradition tells us

that the first bridge was capped by a tower which was the study or observatory of Roger Bacon, the Franciscan Friar who invented the telescope, gunpowder, and many other things unknown to the people of his time. It was even hinted that he had cunningly built this tower that it might fall instantly on anyone passing beneath it who proved to be more learned than himself. One could see it from Christ Church Meadow, and doubtless Lewis Carroll pointed it out to his small companions, as they strolled across to the water's edge, where perhaps a boat rocked lazily at its moorings.

It was the work of a moment to steady it so that the eager youngsters could scramble in, then he stepped in himself, pushing off with his oar, and a few long, steady strokes brought them in mid-stream. This was an ordinary afternoon occurrence, and the children alone knew the delights of being the chosen companions of Lewis Carroll. He would let them row, while he would lounge among the cushions and "spin yarns" that brought peals of merry laughter that rippled over the surface of the water. He knew by heart every story and tradition of Oxford, from the time the Romans reduced it from a city of some importance to a mere "ford for oxen to pass over," which, indeed, was the origin of its name, long before the Christian era.

He had a story or a legend about every place they passed, but most of all they loved the stories he "made up" as he went along. He had a low, well-pitched voice, with the delightful trick of dropping it in moments of profound interest, sometimes stopping altogether and closing his eyes in pretended sleep, when his listeners were truly thrilled. This, of course, produced a stampede, which he enjoyed immensely, and sometimes he would "wake up," take the oars himself, and pull for some green shady nook that loomed invitingly in the distance; here they would land and under the friendly trees they would have their tea, perhaps, and then they *might* induce him to finish the story if they were ever so good.

It was on just such an occasion that he chanced to find the golden key to Wonderland. The time was midsummer, the place on the way up the river toward Godstow Bridge; the company consisted of three winsome little girls, Lorina, Alice, and Edith Liddell, or Prima, Secunda, and Tertia, as he called them by number in Latin. He tells of this himself in the following dainty poem—the introduction to "Alice in Wonderland":

All in the golden afternoon
Full leisurely we glide;
For both our oars, with little skill,
By little arms are plied,
While little hands make vain pretence
Our wanderings to guide.

Ah, cruel Three! In such an hour,
Beneath such dreamy weather,
To beg a tale, of breath too weak
To stir the tiniest feather!
Yet what can one poor voice avail
Against three tongues together?

Imperious Prima flashes forth
Her edict "to begin it"—
In gentler tone Secunda hopes
"There will be nonsense in it"—
While Tertia interrupts the tale,
Not more than once a minute.

Anon, to sudden silence won,
In fancy they pursue
The dream-child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,
In friendly chat with bird or beast—
And half believe it true.

And ever as the story drained
The wells of fancy dry,
And faintly strove that weary one
To put the subject by,
"The rest next time"—"It is next time!"
The happy voices cry.

Thus grew the tale of Wonderland:
Thus slowly one by one,
Its quaint events were hammered out—
And now the tale is done,
And home we steer, a merry crew,
Beneath the setting sun.

Alice! a childish story take,
And with a gentle hand
Lay it where Childhood's dreams are twined
In Memory's mystic band,
Like pilgrims' withered wreath of flowers
Plucked in a far-off land.

It was a very hot day, the fourth of July, 1862, that this special little picnic party set out for its trip up the river. Godstow Bridge was a quaint old-fashioned structure of three arches. In the very middle it was broken by a tiny wooded island, and guarding the east end was a picturesque inn called *The Trout.* Through the middle arch they could catch a distant glimpse of Oxford, with Christ Church spire quite plainly to be seen. They had often gone as far as the bridge and had their tea in the ruins of the old nunnery near by, a spot known to history as the burial place of Fair Rosamond, that beautiful lady who was supposed to have been poisoned by Queen Eleanor, the jealous wife of Henry II. But this day the sun streamed down on the little party so pitilessly that they landed in a cool, green meadow and took refuge under a hayrick. Lewis Carroll stretched himself out at full length in

the protecting shade, while the expectant little girls grouped themselves about him.

"Now begin it," demanded Lorina, who was called *Prima* in the poem. *Secunda* [Alice] probably knew the story-teller pretty well when she asked for nonsense, while tiny *Tertia*, the youngest, simply clamored for "more, more, more," as the speaker's breath gave out.

Now, as Lewis Carroll lay there, a thousand odd fancies elbowing one another in his active brain, his hands groping in the soft moist earth about him, his fingers suddenly closed over that magic Golden Key. It was a queer invisible key, just the kind that fairies use, and neither Lorina, Alice, nor Edith would have been able to find it if they had hunted ever so long. He must have found it on the water and brought it ashore quite by accident, for there was the gleam of sunlight still upon it, and it was very shady under the hayrick. Perhaps there was a door somewhere that the key might fit; but no, there was only the hayrick towering above him, and only the brown earth stretching all about him. Perhaps a white rabbit *did* whisk by, perhaps the real Alice *really* fell asleep, at any rate when *Prima* said "Begin it," that is how he started. The Golden Key opened the brown earth—in popped the white rabbit—down dropped the sleeping Alice—down— down—down and while she was falling, clutching at things on the way, Lewis Carroll turned, with one of his rare sweet smiles, to the eager trio and began the story of "Alice's Adventures Underground."

The whole of that long afternoon he held the children spellbound. He did not finish the story during that one sitting. Summer has many long days, and the quiet, prudent young "don" was not reckless enough to scatter all his treasures at once; and, besides, all the queer things that happened to Alice would have lost half their interest in the shadow of a hayrick, and how could one conjure up *Mock Turtles* and *Lorys* and *Gryphons* on the dry land? Lewis Carroll's own

recollection of the beginning of "Alice" is certainly dated from that "golden afternoon" in the boat, and any idea of publishing the web of nonsense he was weaving never crossed his mind. Indeed, if he could have imagined that his small audience of three would grow to be as many millions in the years to come, the book would have lost half its charm, and the real child that lay hidden under the cap and gown of this grave young Student of thirty might never have been known to the world.

Into his mind, with all the freshness of unbidden thought, popped this story of *Alice* and her strange adventures, and while he chose the name of Alice in seeming carelessness, there is no doubt that the little maid who originally owned the name had many points in common with the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, never suspected save by the two most concerned.

To begin with, the real Alice had an Imagination; any child who demands nonsense in a story has an Imagination. Nothing was too impossible or absurd to put into a story, for one could always "make believe" it was something else you see, and a constant "make believe" made everything seem quite real. Dearly as he loved this posy of small girls, Lewis Carroll could not help being just the *least* bit partial to Alice, because, as he himself might have quaintly expressed it, she understood everything he said, even before he said it.

She was a dear little round, chubby child, a great camera favorite and consequently a frequent visitor to his rooms, for he took her picture on all occasions. One, as a beggar child, has become quite famous. She is pictured standing, with her ragged dress slipping from her shoulders and her right hand held as if begging for pennies; the other hand rests upon her hip, and her head is bent in a meek fashion; but the mouth has a roguish curve, and there is just the shadow of a laugh in the dark eyes, for of course it's only "make believe," and no one knows it better than Alice herself. Lewis Carroll liked the

little bit of acting she did in this trifling part. A child's acting always appealed to him, and many of his youngest and best friends were regularly on the stage.

He took another picture of the children perched upon a sofa; Lorina in the center, a little sister nestling close to her on either side, making a pretty pyramid of the three dark heads. Yet in studying the faces one can understand why it was Alice who inspired him. Lorina's eyes are looking straight ahead, but the lids are dropped with a little conscious air, as if the business of having one's picture taken was a very serious matter, to say nothing of the responsibility of keeping two small sisters in order. Edith is staring the camera out of countenance, uncertain whether to laugh or to frown, a pretty child with curls drooping over her face; but Alice, with the elf-locks and the straight heavy "bang," is looking far away with those wonderful eyes of hers; perhaps she was even then thinking of Wonderland, perhaps even then a light flashed from her to Lewis Carroll in the shape of a promise to take her there some day. At any rate, if it hadn't been for Alice there would have been no Wonderland, and without Wonderland, childhood is but a tale half-told, and even to this day, nearly fifty years since that "golden afternoon," every little girl bearing the name of Alice who has read the book and has anything of an imagination, firmly believes that she is the sole and only Alice who could venture into Lewis Carroll's Wonderland.

After he had told the story and the original Alice had expressed her approval, he promised to write it out for her to keep. Of course this took time, because, in the first place, his writing was not quite plain enough for a child to read easily, so every letter was carefully printed. Then the illustrations were troublesome, and he drew as many as he could, consulting a book on natural history for the correct forms of the queer animals *Alice* found. *The Mock Turtle* was his own invention, for there never was such an animal on land or sea.

This book was handed over to the small Alice, who little dreamed at that time of the treasure she was to have in her keeping. Over twenty years later, when Alice had become Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves, the great popularity of "Alice in Wonderland" tempted the publishers to bring out a reproduction of the original manuscript. This could not be done without borrowing the precious volume from the original Alice, who was willing to trust it in the hands of her old friend, knowing how over-careful he would be, and, as he resolved that he would not allow any workman to touch it, he had some funny experiences.

To reproduce a book it must first be photographed, and of course Lewis Carroll consulted an expert. He offered to bring the book to London, to go daily to his studio and hold it in position to be photographed, turning over the pages one by one, but the photographer wished to do all that himself. Finally, a man was found who was willing to come to Oxford and do the work in Lewis Carroll's own way, while he stood near by turning over the pages himself rather than let him touch them.

The photographer succeeded in getting a fine set of negatives, and in October, 1880, Lewis Carroll sent the book in safe custody back to its owner, thinking his troubles were over. The next step was to have plates made from the pictures, and these plates in turn could pass into print. The photographer was prompt at first in delivering the plates as they were made, but, finally, like the *Baker* in "The Hunting of the Snark," he "softly and suddenly vanished away," holding still twenty-two of the fine blocks on which the plates were made, leaving the book so far—incomplete.

There ensued a lively search for the missing photographer. This lasted for months, thereby delaying the publication of the book, which was due Christmas. Then, as suddenly as he had disappeared, he reappeared like a ghost at the publishers, left eight of the twenty-two zinc blocks, and

again vanished. Finally, when a year had passed and poor Lewis Carroll, at his wits' end, had resolved to borrow the book again in order to photograph the remaining fourteen pages, the man was frightened by threats of arrest, and delivered up the fourteen negatives which he had not yet transferred to the blocks.

The distracted author was glad to find them, even though he had to pay a second time for getting the blocks done properly. However, the book was finished in time for the Christmas sale of 1886, just twenty-one years after "Alice" made her first bow, and the best thing about it was that all the profits were given to the Children's Hospitals and Convalescent Homes for Sick Children. It was thoroughly illustrated with thirty-seven of the author's own drawings, and the grown-up "Alice" received a beautiful special copy bound in white vellum; but pretty as it was, it could not take the place of that other volume carefully written out for the sole pleasure of one little girl. Nothing was too much trouble if it succeeded in giving pleasure to any little girl whom Lewis Carroll knew and loved; even those he did not really know, and consequently could not love, he sought to please, just because they were "little girls."

Alice was among the chosen few who retained his friendship through the years. She was his first favorite, and she was indirectly the source of his good luck, and we may be sure there was a certain winsomeness about her long after the elf-locks were gathered into decorous coils of dark hair.

True, the formal old bachelor came forward in their later association, and the numerous letters he wrote her always began "My dear Mrs. Hargreaves," but his fondness for her outlived many other passing affections.

To go back to the little Alice and the fair smiling river, and that wizard Lewis Carroll, who told the wonder tales so long ago. Once the children had a taste of "Alice," she grew to be a great favorite; sometimes a chapter was told on the

river, sometimes in his study, often in the garden or after tea in Christ Church Meadows—in fact, wherever they caught a glimpse of the grave young man in cap and gown, the trio of small Liddells fell upon him, and in this fashion, as he tells us himself, "the quaint events were hammered out."

When he presented the promised copy it might have passed forever from his mind, which was full of the higher mathematics he was teaching to the young men of Christ Church, but he chanced one day to show the manuscript to George Macdonald, the well-known writer, who was so charmed with it that he advised his friend to send it to a publisher. He accordingly carried it to London, and Macmillan & Co. took it at once. This was a great surprise. He never dreamed of his nonsense being considered seriously, and growing suddenly about as young as a great, big, bashful boy, he refused to allow his own rough illustrations to appear in print, so he hunted over the long list of his artist friends, for the genius who could best illustrate the adventures of his dream-child. At last his friend, Tom Taylor, a well-known dramatist, suggested Mr. Tenniel, the clever cartoonist for *Punch,* who was quite willing to undertake this rather odd bit of work, and on July 4, 1865, exactly three years since that memorable afternoon, Alice Liddell received the first printed copy of "Alice in Wonderland," the name the author finally selected for his book.

His first idea, as we know, was "Alice's Adventures Underground," the second was "Alice's Hour in Elfland," but the last seemed best of all, for Wonderland might mean any place where wonderful things could happen. And this was Lewis Carroll's idea; anywhere the dream "Alice" chose to go would be Wonderland, and none knew better than he did how eagerly the child-mind paints its own fairy nooks and corners.

He was not at all excited about his first big venture; no doubt Alice herself took much more interest. To feel that you

are about to be put into print is certainly a great experience, almost as great as being photographed; and, knowing how conscientious Lewis Carroll was about little things, we may be quite sure that her suggestions crept into many of the pictures, while it is equally certain that the few additions he made to the original "Alice" were carefully considered and firmly insisted upon by this critical young person.

The first edition of two thousand copies was a great disappointment; the pictures were badly printed, and all who had bought them were asked to send them back with their names and addresses, as a new edition would be printed immediately and they would then receive perfect copies. The old copies Lewis Carroll gave away to various homes and hospitals, while the new edition, upon which he feared a great loss, sold so rapidly that he was astonished, and still more so when edition after edition was demanded by the public, and far from being a failure, "Alice in Wonderland" brought her author both fame and money.

From that time forward, fortune smiled upon him; there were no strenuous efforts to increase his income. "Alice" yielded him an abundance each year, and he was beset by none of the cares and perplexities which are the dragons most writers encounter with their literary swords. He welcomed the fortune, not so much for the good it brought to him alone, but for the power it gave him to help others. His countless charities are not recorded because they were swallowed up in the "little things" he did, not in the great benefits which are trumpeted over the world. His own life, so simple, so full of purpose, flowed on as usual; he was not one to change his habits with the turn of Fortune's wheel, no matter what it brought him.

Of course, everyone knew that a certain Lewis Carroll had written a clever, charming book of nonsense, called "Alice in Wonderland"; that he was an Oxford man, very much of a scholar, and little known outside of the University. What

people did not know was that this same Lewis Carroll had for a double a certain "grave and reverend" young "don," named Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who, while "Alice" was making the whole world laugh, retired to his sanctum and wrote in rapid succession the following learned pamphlets: "The Condensation of Determinants," "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants," "The Fifth Book of Euclid, treated Algebraically," "The Algebraic Formulæ for Responsions."

Now, whatever these may be, they certainly did not interest children in the least, and Charles Lutwidge Dodgson did not care in the least, so long as he could smooth the thorny path of mathematics for his struggling undergraduates. But Lewis Carroll was quite a different matter. So long as the children were pleased, little he cared for algebra or geometry.

A funny tale is told about Queen Victoria. It seems that Lewis Carroll sent the second presentation copy of "Alice in Wonderland" to Princess Beatrice, the Queen's youngest daughter. Her mother was so pleased with the book that she asked to have the author's other works sent to her, and we can imagine her surprise when she received a large package of learned treatises by the mathematical lecturer of Christ Church College.

Who can tell through what curious byways the thought of the dream-child came dancing across the flagstones of the great "Tom Quad." Yet across those same flagstones danced the little Liddells when they thought there was any possibility of a romp or a story; for Lewis Carroll lived in the northwest angle, while the girls lived in the beautiful deanery in the northeast angle, and it was only a "puss-in-the-corner" game to get from one place to the other. "Alice" was written on the ground floor of this northwest angle, and it was in this sunny room that Lewis Carroll and the real Alice held many a consultation about the new book.

All true fame is to a certain extent due to accident; an act of heroism is generally performed on the spur of the moment;

a great poem is an inspiration; a great invention, though preceded possibly by years of study, is born of a single moment's inspiration; so "Alice" came to Lewis Carroll on the wings of inspiration. His study of girls and their varying moods has left its impress on a world of little girls, and there is scarcely a home today, in England or America, where there is not a special niche reserved for "Alice in Wonderland," while this interesting young lady has been served up in French, German, Italian, and Dutch, and the famous poem of *Father William* has even been translated into Arabic. Whether the Chinese or the Japanese have discovered this funny little dream-child we cannot tell, but perhaps in time she may journey there and amuse the little maids with the jet-black hair, the creamy skin, and the slanting eyes. Perhaps she may even stir them to laughter.

Surely all must agree that the *Gryphon* himself bears a strong resemblance to the Chinese dragons, and it *might be,* such are the wonders of Wonderland, that the *Mock Turtle* can be found in Japan. Who knows! At any rate the little English Alice never thought of the consequences of that "golden afternoon"; it was good to be in the boat, to pull through the rippling waters and stir a faint breeze as the oars

> "with little skill—
> By little arms are
> plied"; then to gather
> under the friendly shade
> of the hayrick and listen
> to the wonder tale "with
> lots of nonsense in it."

Dear little Alice of Long Ago! To you we owe a debt of gratitude. All the little Alices of the past and all the little Alices of the future will have their Wonderland because, while floating up and down the river with the real Alice,

Lewis Carroll found the Golden Key.

"I do not believe God means us to divide life into two halves to wear a grave face on Sunday, and to think it out of place even so much as to mention Him on a weekday...Surely the children's innocent laughter is as sweet in His ears as the grandest anthem that ever rolled up from 'the dim religious light' of some solemn cathedral; and if I have written anything to add to those stores of innocent and healthy amusement that are laid up in books for the children I love so well, it is surely something I may hope to look back upon without shame or sorrow…when my turn comes to walk through the valley of shadows."

Frances Burnett Hodgson: Author of *A Little Princess, The Secret Garden,* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*

1849 – 1924, England

First Writing Venture

She was reading these absorbing replies to the correspondents one day when a thought floated into her mind, and after a few moments of indefiniteness took shape and presented itself before her. She blushed a little at first because it had such an air of boldness. She rather thrust it aside, but after a while she found herself contemplating it—as if from afar off.

"I wonder how much they pay for the stories in magazines," she said, reflectively, to Edith.

Edith did not know, naturally, and had not formed any opinion.

"I wonder if they pay much," the Small Person continued; "and—what sort of people write them?" It seemed impossible that ordinary, everyday people could write things that would be considered worth paying for and publishing in magazines. It seemed to imply immense talents and cultivation and training and enormous dignity.

She did not think this because she found the stories invariably brilliant, but because she felt that there must be some merit she was not clever enough to detect; if not they would never have been published.

"Sometimes they are not so *awfully* clever," she said.

"Well," said Edith, boldly, "I've seen lots of them not half

as nice as yours."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, conscious of being beset by her sheepish feeling; "that's because you are my sister."

"No, it isn't," said the valiant Edith, with her favorite little pucker of her forehead. "I don't care whether I'm your sister or not. Some of your stories are beautiful!"

The Small Person blushed, because she was of the Small Persons who are given to superfluous blushing. "I wonder," she said, "if the magazine people would think so."

"I don't know anything about magazine people," said Edith; "but I don't see why they shouldn't think so."

"They wouldn't," said the Small Person, with a sudden sense of discouragement. "Of course they wouldn't."

But she could not help the thought of the answered correspondents returning to her afterward. She found herself wondering about them as she rambled through the woods or lay on the grass in the Bower. How did they send their stories to the magazines? Was it by post or by express? If it was by post how many stamps would it take? How could one find out? It would be important that one should put on enough. She remembered "answers" such as this: "March Hare.—We cannot receive MSS. on which insufficient postage has been paid." It was evidently necessary to make a point of the postage.

Then there was the paper. To meet the approval of an august being it seemed as if something special must be required. And more than once she had read instructions of such a nature as: "Airy, Fairy Lilian.—Write in a clear hand on ordinary foolscap paper."

She was only fifteen, and her life had been spent between the Square and the Bower. Her horizon had not been a broad one, and had not embraced practical things. She had had no personal acquaintance with Ordinary Foolscap. If the statement had demanded extraordinary foolscap she would have felt it only natural.

Somehow she found a timid, but growing interest in the whole subject. She could not quite get away from it. And when circumstances occurred which directed her attention specially to the results of the reduced resources she was led to dwell on it with a certain sense of fascination.

"Something *must* be done!" she said to herself, desperately. "We can't go on like this. Someone *must* do something."

The three little girls talked together at times quite gloomily. They all agreed that Somebody must do something. The Boys were doing their best, but luck did not seem to be with them.

"Something *must* be done," the Small Person kept repeating.

"Yes," replied Edith, "but what must it be and Who will do it?"

The people whose stories were bought and printed must some time have sent their first stories. And they could not have known whether they were really good or not until they had asked and found out. The only way of finding out was to send one—written in a clear hand on one side of ordinary foolscap—having first made quite sure that it had stamps enough on it. If a person had the courage to do that, he or she would at least hear if it was worth reading—if a stamp was enclosed.

These were the reflections with which the Small Person's mind was occupied.

And if it was worth reading—if the August Being deigned to think it so—and was not rendered rabid and infuriate by insufficient postage, or indistinct writing, or by having to read on both sides of the ordinary foolscap, if he was in need of stories for his magazine, and if he was in a good temper he might accept it—and buy it.

If the Listeners had liked her stories so much, if Edith and Edwina liked them, if Edith thought they were as nice as some she had read in *Godey's Lady's Book,* might it not be just

possible that—that an Editor might deign to read one and perhaps even say that it "had merit," even if it was not good enough to buy. If he said that much, she could study the stories in the *Lady's Book,* etc., assiduously enough, perhaps, to learn the secret of their success, and finally do something which might be worthy to compete with them.

She was a perfectly unassuming child. She had never had any feeling about her story-telling but that it seemed part of herself—something she could not help doing. Secretly she had been afraid, as time went by, that she had been Romantic with the Doll, and in private she was afraid that she was Romantic about the stories. The idea that anyone but the Listeners and Edith and Edwina would be likely to care to hear or read them had never entered her mind. The cheerful derision of the Boys added to her sensitive shyness about them, and upon the whole she regarded her little idiosyncrasy as a thing to be kept rather quiet. Nothing but actual stress of circumstances would have spurred her to the boldness of daring to hope for them. But in those days Noah's Ark found itself lacking such common things—things which could not be dispensed with even by the most decayed of ladies and gentlemen.

So one day after many mental struggles she found herself sitting with Edith and the little cat, in the small room with the bare walls and rafters. And she gathered her courage in both hands.

"Edith," she said, "I've been thinking about something."

Edith looked at her with interest. She was a lovely little person and a wonderful friend for her years—which were thirteen.

"What is it?" she said.

"Do you think—do you *think* it would be silly to send one of my stories—to a magazine—and see if they would take it?"

I cannot help believing that at the first moment Edith rather lost her breath. The two were English children,

brought up in a simple English nursery in the most primitively conventional way. Such a life is not conducive to a spirit of boldness and enterprise. In matters of point of view they would have seemed to the American mind incredibly young for their years. If they had been American children they would have been immensely cooler and far less inclined to ultra-respectful attitudes toward authority.

"Do you?" said the Small Person. "Do you?"

Edith gathered herself together also. Across a lifetime the picture of her small face rises with perfect distinctness. She was a fair little person, with much curling blond hair and an expressive little forehead which had a habit of puckering itself. She was still startled, but she bore herself with a courage which was heroic.

"No," she answered, "I don't!"

If she had said that she did, the matter might have ended there, but as it was, the Small Person breathed again. She felt the matter might be contemplated and approached more nearly. One might venture at least to talk about it in private.

"I have been thinking and thinking about it," she said. "Even if they are not good enough to be published it would not do any harm just to try. They can only be sent back— and then I should know. Do you think we dare do it?"

"If I were you I would," said Edith.

"I believe," hesitated the Small Person, "I do believe I will."

Edith began to become excited. "Oh," she said, "I think it would be splendid! What would you send?"

"I should have to write something new. I haven't anything ready that I should care to send. I'd write something carefully—just as well as I could. There's a story I began to write when we lived in the Square, three years ago. I never finished it, and I only wrote scenes out of it in old account-books; but I remember what it was about, and the other day I found an old book with some scraps of it in. And I really do think it's

rather nice. And I might finish it, perhaps." She began to tell the story, and became exhilarated with the telling, as she always did, and Edith thought it an enchanting story, and so it was decided that it should be finished and put to the test.

"But there's one thing," she said, "I would not have the Boys know for anything in the world. They would laugh so, and they would think it such a joke if it was sent back again. I'm going to put in stamps to send it back with, because if you put on stamps enough they will send it back. And perhaps they wouldn't take the trouble to write a letter if they didn't like it and I didn't send the extra stamps. You often see in magazines a notice that manuscript will be returned if stamps are sent. So in that way I shall be sure to find out. But I must get them without the Boys knowing."

"Yes, you must," said Edith. "They *would* tease you so if it came back. But what are you going to do? You know there isn't any money now but what the Boys get. And that's little enough, goodness knows."

"We shall have to think about it," said the Small Person, "and contrive. It will take a good deal of contriving, but I have to write the story first."

"Do you think it will take many stamps?" asked Edith, beginning to pucker her expressive little forehead, anxiously.

"Yes, a good many, I'm afraid," was the Small Person's answer. "And then we have to buy the foolscap paper—ordinary foolscap. But of all things promise and swear you won't breathe a word before the Boys."

It was a marvel that they did not betray themselves in some way. It was so thrilling a secret. While the story was being written they could think and talk of nothing else. The Small Person used to come down from the raftered Temple of the Muses with her little cat under her arm, and her cheeks a blaze of scarlet. The more absorbed and interested she was the more brilliant her cheeks were.

"How red your cheeks are, my dear," Mamma would say.

"Does your head ache?"

But her head did not ache, though it would have done, if she had not been a splendidly strong little animal.

"I always know when you've been writing very fast," Edith used to say; "your cheeks always look so flaming red."

It was not long, of course, before Mamma was taken into confidence. What she thought it would be difficult to say, but she was lovable and sustaining as usual.

"It won't do any harm to try, dear," she said. "It seems to me you write very nice things, for one so young, and perhaps some of the editors might like them; and, of course, it would be a great help if they would pay you a little money."

"But the Boys mustn't know one word," said the Small Person. "I'll tell them if it's accepted, but if it isn't, I'd rather be dead than that they should find out."

And so the story went on, and it was read aloud under the rafters, and Edith revelled in it, and the little cat lay curled up in the Small Person's left arm, quite undisturbed by the excitement in the atmosphere around her. And as the work went on the two plotters discussed and planned and contrived.

First, how to get the ordinary foolscap to copy out the manuscript in a beautiful clear hand; next, how to get the address of the Editor to be approached; next, how to address him; next, how to find out how many stamps would be necessary to carry the fateful package and bring it back, if such was to be its doom.

It had all to be done in such secrecy and with such precautions. To walk to town and back was a matter of two or three hours, and the Boys would wonder if they did not hear why a journey had been made. They always saw the person who went to town. Consequently no member of the household could go without attracting attention. So some outsider must be found who could make the journey to visit a bookstore and find the address required. It would have been all so

simple if it had not been for the Boys.

But by the time the story was finished an acquaintance who lived on a neighboring farm had procured the address and some information about the stamps, though this last could not be applied very definitely, as the weight of the package could only be guessed at, in the absence of letter-scales.

The practical views of the Small Person at this crisis impress me greatly. They were so incompatible with her usual vagueness and romancings that they strike me as rather deliciously incongruous.

"I must have the right kind of paper," she argued, "because if I sent something that seemed queer to them they would think me silly to begin with. And I must write it very plainly, so that it will be easy to read, and on only one side, because if they are bothered by anything it will make them feel cross and they will hate me, and hate my story too. Then, as to the letter I send with it, I must be very careful about that. Of course they have a great many such letters and they must be tired of reading them. So I must make it very short. I would send it without a letter, but I must make them understand that I want it sent back if they don't like it, and call their attention to the stamps and let them know I am doing it for money and not just for the fun of getting the story published."

"How will you tell them that?" asked Edith, a trifle alarmed. It seemed so appalling and indelicate to explain to an Editor that you wanted money.

The Small Person felt the same thing. She felt this sordid mention of an expectation of receiving dollars and cents in return for her work a rather gross thing—a bold thing which might cause the Editor to receive a severe shock and regard her with cold disgust as a brazen Small Person. Upon the whole, it was the most awful part of the situation. But there was no help for it. Having put her hand to the plough she

could not turn back, or trifle with the chance that the Editor might think her a well-to-do Small Person, who did not write stories for publication through sheer need, but for amusement.

"I shall have to think that over," she said, seriously. "I don't want to offend them, of course, but I *must* tell them that!"

If it were possible to depict in sufficiently strong colors her mental impressions of the manners, idiosyncrasies, and powers of an Editor, the picture would be an interesting one. It was an impression so founded upon respect and unbounded awe. Between an utterly insignificant little girl in the mountains of East Tennessee and an Editor in a princely official apartment in Philadelphia or New York, invested by Fate with the power to crush people to the earth and reduce them to impalpable dust by refusing their manuscripts—or to raise them to dizziest pinnacles of bliss by accepting them—there was a gulf imagination could not cross. Buddha himself, sitting in rapt passiveness with folded hands and down-dropped lids, was not so marvellous or so final. Editors presented themselves to her as representing a distinct superhuman race. It seemed impossible that they were moved by the ordinary emotions and passions of mankind. Why she was pervaded with a timorousness, with regard to them, which only Mad Bulls or Tigers with hydrophobia would have justified, it is not easy to explain. Somehow the picture of an Editor rendered infuriate—"gone *must,*" as it were—in consequence of an inadequacy of stamps, or a fault in punctuation, or as a result of indistinct handwriting covering *both* sides of the ordinary foolscap, was a thing which haunted both her waking and sleeping hours. He would return the manuscript with withering comment, or perhaps not return it at all, and keep all the stamps, which might be considered perfectly proper for an Editor if one broke his Mede and Persian laws. Such a being as this must be approached with salaams and genuflections,

and forehead touching the dust.

Poor, little, anxious girl; I find her—rather touching at this distance—sitting in her raftered room, scribbling hotly, with her little cat in her arm, and her cheeks like scarlet flame. But she could not write the explanatory letter to the Editor until she had got the money to buy the paper to copy the story and the stamps to send it. And how to do this without applying to the Boys? The rafters and the little cat presided over hours of planning and discussion. What could be done.

"If we could make some money ourselves," said the Small Person, mournfully.

"But we can't," said Edith. "We've tried, you know."

"Yes," said the Small Person. "Embroidery—and people don't want it. Music lessons—people think I'm too young. Chickens—and they wouldn't hatch, and when they did they died of the gapes; besides the bother of having to sit on the hen to make her sit on the nest, and live at full speed round the yard chasing them back into the coops when they get through holes. Out of all that setting of goose-eggs only one hatched, and that wasn't a goose— it was a gander—and a plank fell on it and killed it."

They both indulged in a rueful giggle. The poultry raising episode had been a very trying and exciting one.

"If we had something to sell," she went on.

"We haven't," said Edith.

The Story touched the Small Person sadly on the shoulder.

"It would be awfully mournful," she said, "if I really *could* write stories that people would like and if I could sell them and get money enough to make us quite comfortable—if all that good fortune was in me—and I never found it out all my life—just because I can't buy some paper and postage-stamps."

It seemed too tragic. They sat and looked at each other in

gloom. The conversation ended after a short time in desperate discouragement, and the Small Person was obliged to wander out to her hollow on the woodland road and stand for a long time looking at the changing trees, listening with a strange feeling to the sorrowful plaining of the doves on the tops of the pine-trees.

As the leaves were changing then, it cannot have been very long before the inspiration came which solved the problem. Who gave the information which gave rise to it is not a detail which anyone can remember. Something or other makes it seem probable that it was Edwina, who came into the writing-room one day and sat down, saying, *à propos* of nothing in particular:

"Aunt Cynthy's two girls made a dollar yesterday by selling wild grapes in the market. They got them in the woods over the hill."

"Which hill?" asked the Small Person.

"The hill near the house—the one you can see out of the window. They say there are plenty there."

"Are there?" said the Small Person.

"I wonder how much they got a gallon?" said Edith.

"I don't know," said Edwina. "But they sold a dollar's worth, and they say they are going to gather more."

"Edith!" exclaimed the Small Person, "Edith!" A brilliant idea had come to her. She felt her cheeks grow hot.

"Suppose," she said, "suppose we went and gathered some—a whole lot—and suppose we gave the girls part of the money to sell them for us in the market—perhaps we should get enough to buy the stamps and paper."

It seemed an inspiration of the gods. It was as if some divine chance had been given to them. Edith and Edwina clapped their hands. If wild grapes had been sold they would sell again; if the woods were full of them why should they not gather them—quarts, gallons, bucketfuls of them—as many as necessity required.

There arose an excited, joyous gabbling at once. It would be delightful. It would be fun in itself. It would be like going gypsying. And if there were really a great many grapes, they might be sold for more money than would pay for the stamps.

"It's a good thing we are not living in the Square now," said the Small Person. "We couldn't go and gather wild grapes in Back Sydney Street."

Suddenly they felt rich and hopeful. *If* they found grapes enough—*if* they were sold—*if* the Editor was in a benign humor, who could tell what might happen.

"If they buy this one," said the Small Person, "I can write others, and perhaps they will buy those too. I can always make up stories. Wouldn't it be queer if it turned out *that* was the thing I have to do. You know how we have kept saying, 'Something *must* be done.' Oh! Edith, wouldn't it be beautiful!"

"Of course it would be beautiful," answered Edith.

"Perhaps," sighed the Small Person, "it is too nice to be true. But we'll go and get the wild grapes."

And so they did.

It was Edith who arranged the detail. She saw the little mulatto girls and talked with them. They were greatly pleased at the idea of selling the grapes. They would pilot the party to places where they believed there were vines, and they would help in the gathering, themselves. The expedition began to wear the air of an exhilarating escapade.

It would have been a delightful thing to do, even if it had been arranged merely as a holiday. They issued forth to conquer in the wildest spirits. Each one carried a tin bucket, and each wore a cotton frock, and a sun-bonnet or a utilitarian straw hat. The sun was rather hot, but the day was a golden one. There was gold in the trees, gold in the air, gold in the distances. The speculators had no decorum in their method. They chased about the warm, yellowing woods like wild things. They laughed and shouted to each other when

they scrambled apart. They forced their way through undergrowth, and tore their way through brambles; they clambered over great logs; they uttered wild little shrieks at false alarms of snakes; they shouted with joy when they came upon vines; they filled their buckets, and ate grapes to repletion, and swung on the rope like vines themselves.

The Small Person had never been less sober. At intervals she roamed away a little, and stood in some warm, golden place, with young trees and bushes closed about her, simply breathing the air, and enraptured with a feeling of being like a well-sunned Indian peach. Her cheeks had such an Autumn heat in them—that glow which is not like the heat of summer. And what a day of dreams. If—if—if! "If" is such a charming word—such a benign one—such a sumptuous one. One cannot always say with entire sense of conviction, "I have a kingdom and a princely fortune, and I will build a palace of gold"—but who cannot say, "*If* I had a kingdom and the fortune of a prince, I would build a palace of gold." The golden palace rises fair, and one almost hears the courtiers speak. "If" gives a shadow, the substance of which would be a poorer thing.

She built her palaces that day, and furnished them, and *lived* in them, as she searched for her wild grapes. They were innocent palaces, and small ones, for she was a very young and vague thing; but they were things of light and love and beauty, and filled with the diaphanous forms of the beliefs and dreams only such young palaces can hold.

The party went home at sunset with its tin pails full to the brim and covered with fresh vine-leaves.

"We shall get two or three dollars fer these," said one of the pilots. "Me an' Ser'phine didn't have nigh onto as many that other time."

"Now if they sell them," said Edith and the Small Person when they got home, "we shall have the paper and the postage-stamps."

It seems to be regretted that the amount they sold for cannot be recalled—but it was enough to buy the postage stamps and paper and pay all expenses, and even leave something over. The business part of the speculation was a complete success.

With what care the ordinary foolscap was chosen; with what discreet precautions that it should be of the right size and shade, and should not enrage the Editor the instant he saw it. How large and round and clear each letter was made in the copying. An Editor who was afflicted with cataract might have read it half-way across his palatial sanctum. And then the letter that was written to accompany the venture! How it was reflected upon, and reasoned about, and discussed! "An Editor does not want to know anything about *me*" the Small Person said. "He does not know me, and he doesn't care about me, and he won't want to be bothered. I shall just say I have enclosed the stamps to send the manuscript back with, if he does not want it. And I shall have to speak about the money. You see, Edith, if the stories are worth writing, they must be worth reading, and if they are worth printing and reading they must be worth paying for, and if they are not worth publishing and reading they are not worth writing, and I had better not waste my time on them." Whence this clear and practical point of view it would be difficult to say. But she was quite definite about it. The urgency of the situation had made her definite. Perhaps at a crisis she became practical—but it was only at a crisis.

And after serious deliberation and much rewriting and elimination the following concise and unmistakable epistle was enclosed in a roll of manuscript with enough extra stamps to have remailed an Editor:

> "SIR: I enclose stamps for the return of the accompanying MS., 'Miss Desborough's Difficulties,' if you do not find it suitable for publication in your

magazine. My object is remuneration.

"Yours Respectfully,

"F. HODGSON."

This was all except the address, which was that of the post-office of the neighboring town. Both Edith and herself were extremely proud of the closing sentence. It sounded so business-like. And no Editor could mistake it. And if this one was offended it positively could not be helped.

"And it's true," she said. "I never should have dreamed of sending a thing to an Editor if I hadn't been *obliged* to. My object *is* remuneration."

And then they could not help breaking into childish giggles at the comical aspect of their having done a thing so bold, and their ideas of what the Editor would think if he could see the two curly and innocent Small Persons who had written that unflinchingly mercenary sentence.

It is a simple enough matter to send a story with a serene mind to Editors one knows, and of whom one is aware that they possess the fine intellectual acumen which leads them to appreciate the boon bestowed upon them, and the firmness to contemplate with some composure the fact that one's "object is remuneration." But it is quite a different affair to send one's timid and defenceless firstborn into the cave of an unknown dragon, whose fangs may be dripping with the blood of such innocents.

Oh, the counting of the hours which elapse before it reaches its destination, and the awful thrill of realizing that perhaps at the very hour one is living through, the Editor is Reading it! The Small Person did not lose any quakings or heartbeats to which she was entitled by the situation. She experienced them all to the utmost, and even invented some new ones. She, and Edith quaked together.

It was so awful not to know anything whatever, to be so blankly ignorant of editorial habits and customs. How long

did an Editor keep a manuscript before he accepted it, or put all the stamps on with a blow and sent it back? Did he send it back the day after he had read it, or did he keep it for months or years? Might one become old and gray without knowing whether one's story was accepted or rejected? If he accepted it, would he send the money at once or would he wait a long time, and how much would it be when it came? Five dollars—ten—twenty—a hundred? *Could* it possibly be as much as a hundred! And if it *could* be a hundred—oh! what things could be done with it, and how everybody could live happily forever after!

"I could write one in a week," the Small Person said. "That would be *four hundred* dollars a month! Oh! no, Edith," breathlessly, "it *couldn't* be a hundred!" This was because it seemed impossible that anyone could make four hundred dollars a month by her stories and really retain her senses.

She felt it was better to restrain such frenzy and discipline herself by putting it as low as possible.

"Suppose it is only about a dollar," she said. "I'm sure it's worth more, but they might be very stingy. And we want money so much—we are so *obliged* to have it, that I suppose I should be forced to let them have it for a dollar and even go on writing more."

"It *couldn't* be as little as that," said Edith.

"It would be rather cheap even for me," said the Small Person, and she began to laugh a little hysterically. "A dollar story!"

Then she began to make calculations. She was not at all good at calculations.

"The magazine costs two dollars a year," she pondered. "And if they have fifty thousand subscribers, that would make a hundred thousand dollars a year. They haven't *many* stories in each number. Some of the magazines have more than fifty thousand subscribers! Edith," with a little gasp, "suppose it was a thousand dollars!"

They vibrated like pendulums from light-headed ecstasy to despair.

"They'll send it back," she said, in hopeless downfall, "or they'll keep the stamps and they won't send it back at all, and I shall wait weeks, and weeks, and weeks, and never know *anything* about it. And all this thinking and hoping and contriving will have gone for worse than nothing!"

She ended with tears in her eyes, half-laughing at herself because they were there, and she was an emotional Small Person, who had also a sense of the humor of her own exaggerations. She was a creature who laughed a great deal, and was much given to making her sisters and brothers laugh. She liked to say ridiculous things and exaggerate her views of a situation until they became grotesque and she was obliged to laugh wildly at them herself. "The family's Ups and the family's Downs" were a source of unbridled jokes which still had a touch of usefulness in them.

"I laugh instead of crying," she used to say. "There is some fun in laughing and there isn't any in crying, and it is ridiculous in one way."

She made many of these rueful jokes in the days that followed. It seemed as if these were months of days and the tension became more than was bearable. It is likely that only a few weeks passed.

But at last—at last something came. Not the manuscript with all the stamps in a row, but a letter.

And she and Edith and Mamma and Edwina sat down panting to read it.

And when it was read they could not understand it!

The letter was not preserved, but the memory of the impression it created preserved itself.

Somehow it seemed strangely vague to their inexperienced minds. It began—thank God—by praising the story. It seemed to like it. It plainly did not despise it at all. Its sole criticisms were on the unceremonious abbreviation of a name,

and an intimation that it was rather long. It did not say it was refused, but neither Edith nor the Small Person were at all sure that it meant that it was accepted, and it said nothing about the Remuneration.

"Have they accepted it?" said the Small Person.

"They haven't rejected it," said Edith.

"They evidently think it is rather good," said Mamma.

"I don't know exactly what they mean," the Small Person finally decided, "but I believe it has something to do with the Remuneration."

Perhaps it had, and perhaps it had not. Perhaps greater experience might have been able to reach something technical in it they could not see. They read and re-read it, thought and reasoned, and invented translations. But the only conclusion they could reach was that perhaps Remuneration not being the Editor's object, was his objection, and that he thought that by adroit encouragement and discouragement he might obtain the prize without the Object.

So after a little waiting the Small Person wrote to ask for its return. In after years she was frequently puzzled by her memory of that first letter. She never knew what it had meant. Experience taught her that it was curiously unbusiness-like, and inclined her to believe that in some way it was meant to convey that the objection was the Remuneration.

Then the story was sent to another Editor.

"I'll try two or three times," the Author said to Edith. "I won't give up the first minute, but I won't keep on forever. If they don't want it, that must mean that it isn't good enough."

The story—whose real name was not "Miss Desborough's Difficulties," but something rather like it— was one she had planned and partially written in her thirteenth year, in the Square. One or two cherished scenes she had written in the old account-books. Many years later, on being exhumed from among old magazines in the Congressional Library, and read

again, it revealed itself quite a respectable, but not in the least striking, story of love, estrangement, and reconciliation between a stately marvel of English young lady beauty and good-breeding, and the stalwart, brave, and masculine British officer, who was separated and suffered with her in high-bred dignity and fine endurance. It was an evident—though unconscious—echo of like stories in *Cornhill, Temple Bar,* and *London Society.* The Small Person had been much attached to these periodicals. Its meritorious features were a certain reality of feeling in the people who lived in it, and a certain nice quality in the feeling itself. However trifling and romantic the plot, the officer was a nice fellow and a gentleman, the beauteous English maiden had good manners, and her friends, the young-married people, were sympathetic and sweet-tempered. It moved with some dramatic touch and had an air of conviction. Otherwise it had no particular qualities or originality.

Did months elapse again before they heard from the second Editor—or was it years? Perhaps it was only weeks, but they contained several protracted lifetimes.

And then! Another letter! Not the manuscript yet!

> "SIR: (They were immensely edified at being called Sir.) Your story, 'Miss Desborough's Difficulties,' is so distinctly English that our reader is not sure of its having been written by an American. We see that the name given us for the address is not that of the writer. (The Samaritan friend had lent his name that the mail might evade the Boys.) Will you kindly inform us if the story is original?
>
> "Yours, truly," etc.

This was the letter in effect. It would be impossible to recall the exact words.

Shaken to the centre of her being the Small Person replied

by the next mail.

"The story is original. I am English myself, and have only been a short time in America."

The Editor replied quite promptly:

"Before we decide will you send us another story?"

How they were elated almost to delirium! How delighted Mamma's smile was! How the two unliterary ones exulted and danced about.

"It will be Accepted! It will be Accepted! It will be Accepted!" they danced about exclaiming.

"Perhaps the Editor will buy them both!" said Edith. "That will be *two* instead of one!"

The Small Person went up to the raftered room positively trembling with joy and excitement. The Editor did not believe she had written her own story. He would not believe it until she wrote another. He would see! She would show him!

The little cat lay curled up in her arm for three days, seeming lulled by the endless scratching of the pen. She said nothing, but perhaps in some occult feline way she was assisting. The Small Person's cheeks blazed hotter and hotter. She felt as if she were running a race for life or death. But she was not tired. She was strung up to the highest and intensest pitch. The Story was good to her. Her best beloved, who had stood by her all her vivid short life—making dull things bright and bright things brilliant—who had touched the face of all the world with a tender, shining hand—who had never deserted her—did not desert her now. Faithful and dear fair shadow of things, how passionately she loved it! In three days the new story was finished. It was shorter than "Miss Desborough," but she knew it was as good, and that the Editor would see it was written by the same hand. But she made it an American story without a touch of English coloring. And the grapes had brought enough money for more postage stamps.

She did not walk for the next few days—she danced. She

chased about the woods wildly, gathering more flowers and leaves and following more birds than ever. Sometimes when she went to the hollow in the road she felt as if she might be lifted from her feet by the strange exhilaration within her, and carried away over the variegated tree-tops into the blue.

Her stories were of some use after all. They were not altogether things to be laughed at because they were Romantic. Somehow she felt almost as if she were vindicating and exalting a friend who had been kind and tender, and yet despised. Ah, how *good* it was! If all would go well—if she might go on—if she need be ashamed no longer—but write openly as many stories as she liked—how *good* to be alive! She was so young and ardent, she knew nothing and believed *everything*. It might have been arranged by Fortune that she should get the fullest, finest flavor of it. When the answer came they were passing through one of "the Family's Downs." That was their manner of describing the periods when everything seemed at its worst; when even the Boys, who were robustly life enjoying creatures wished "something would turn up." Nothing is more trying than to feel that one's sole hope is that "something may turn up." The something usually turns down.

And on one of these days the Letter came. Standing by a table in the bare little room, the Small Person opened it with quivering hands, while Mamma and Edith looked tremblingly on.

She read it, rather weakly, aloud.

> "SIR: We have decided to accept your two stories, and enclose payment. Fifteen dollars for 'Aces or Clubs,' and twenty dollars for 'Miss Desborough's Difficulties.' We shall be glad to hear from you again.
>
> "Yours, truly," etc.

She gave a little hysterical laugh, which was half a gasp.

"They—they've accepted it," she said, rather obviously to Edith, "and they've sent me thirty-five dollars."

"Well, my dear," said Mamma, quite tremulously, "they really were very nice tales. I could not help thinking so."

"They are Accepted," cried Edith, quite shrill with ecstasy. "And they will take more. And you can go on writing them all your life."

And just at that moment—as if it had been arranged like a scene in a play, one of the Boys came in. It was the elder one, and rather an intimate of the Small Person, of whom he was really quite fond, though he considered her Romantic, and having a strong sense of humor, his witticisms on the subject of the stories had been well worth hearing.

"What's up?" he said. "What is the matter with you all?"

"Come out on the Porch," said the Small Person.

Why she was suddenly overwhelmed with a sort of shyness, which embraced even Mamma and Edith, she could not have told.

"Well," he said, when they stood outside.

"I've just had a letter," said the Small Person, awkwardly. "It's—it's from an Editor."

"An Editor!" he repeated. "What does that mean?"

"I sent him one of my stories," she went on, feeling that she was getting red. "And he wouldn't believe I had written it, and he wrote and asked me to send another, I suppose to prove I could do it. And I wrote another—and sent it. And he has accepted them both, and sent me thirty-five dollars."

"Thirty-five dollars!" he exclaimed, staring at her.

"Yes," she answered. "Here's the check." And she held it out to him.

He took it and looked at it, and broke into a good-natured, delighted, boyish laugh.

"Well, by Jove!" said he, looking at her, half-amused and half-amazed. "That's first-class, isn't it? By Jove!"

"Yes," she said, "it is. And they want some more. And I

am going to write some—as many as I can—a whole lot!"

And so she did.

But she had crossed the delicate, impalpable dividing line. And after that, Life itself began, and memories of her lose the meaning which attaches itself to the memories of the Mind of a Child.

Robert Louis Stevenson: Author of *A Child's Garden of Verses*, *Treasure Island*, and *Kidnapped*

1850 – 1894, Scotland

"My tea is nearly ready, and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window and see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea-time and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street."

"What luck it is to have a lamp before our very own door," thought little Louis Stevenson as he stood by the nursery window to watch for the lamplighter.

One by one the lamps along Howard Place were touched into points of light, until the lamplighter reached No. 8, and then came the crowning joy of all, when Leerie stopped to light that special lamp. Would he look up and see the small face pressed against the window, and nod "good evening," or would he be too busy to think of little boys?

It was no wonder that the coming of the lamplighter was so eagerly looked for! The winter days were often long and wearisome to the little child shut up in the nursery there, and everything he could see from his window was interesting and exciting.

Louis, or "Smout" as his father called him, was so often ill, and caught cold so easily in the bitter cold Edinburgh winds, that he was often kept indoors the whole winter through, and all that he saw of the outside world was through his nursery

window. They were happy days indeed when he was well enough to play about the nursery, to lie flat on the floor chalking and painting his pictures, and to watch for Leerie when the gloaming came. But there were many other days spent in bed, when Louis was obliged to make-believe a good deal to keep himself happy, as he sat up with a little shawl pinned round his shoulders and his toys arranged on the counterpane beside him.

It was all very well to make-believe in the daytime, when he could drill his soldiers and sail his ships and build his cities on "the pleasant land of counterpane," but when night came on it was weary work to lie long hours awake with a cough that hurt, dreaming half-waking dreams of wild terrors that were worst of all.

The wintry winds shrieked as they swept past, thumping at the window and howling away into the distance, and they sounded to the shivering child like a horseman galloping up into the town, thundering past with jingling spurs in fearful haste on some dreadful errand, only to turn and gallop back again with the same mysterious haste. Louis in his little bed, shaken with terrified sobs, said his prayers over and over again, and longed for the morning to come. It was so difficult to be brave when the night was so dark and he was so full of aches and pains.

But there was always someone at hand ready to comfort the child through those long dreadful hours. His nurse, Alison Cunningham, "Cummie" as he called her, never failed him. She was always there to drive away the terrors and soothe the pain, always patient and always gentle with the poor little weary boy. His nurseries changed first to Inverleith Row and then to No. 17 Heriot Row, but Cummie was always there. She was his sure refuge from terrors at night and the sharer of his joys by day; the feeling of "her most comfortable hand" he never forgot. Sometimes on those long watchful nights, when his wide-open eyes began to see fearful shapes, he would ask:

"Why is the room so gaunt and great?
Why am I lying awake so late?"

She would wrap a blanket round him and carry him over to the window, where he could look across the dark trees of the gardens beneath and see a few lights shining in the windows of the houses in Queen Street opposite. Safe in her arms, no shadows could touch him, and together they gravely discussed the question as to whether the lights meant that another wee laddie was awake watching with his nurse for the morn to come.

"When will the carts come in?" was the question always on his lips those weary nights. For the coming of the carts always meant that daybreak was at hand and the world was astir once more.

"Out in the city sounds begin,
Thank the kind God, the carts come in!
An hour or two more, and God is so kind,
The day shall be blue in the window blind."

But it was not only Cummie who watched over and cared for little Louis, there were his father and his mother too. Often during the night the nursery door would open gently, and his father would come in and sit by his bedside and tell him story after story, until the child forgot his pain and weariness and drifted away into the land of dreams. His father's tales always had a special charm for him and helped him through one terrible hour which he never forgot. He had been left alone in a room and by mistake had locked himself in, and then was unable to unlock the door. Evening was coming on, all his terrors of the dark began to gather round as the shadows crept nearer.

"All the wicked shadows coming tramp, tramp, tramp,
With the black night overhead."

But his father was close at hand, and his voice came through the keyhole talking about such delightful, interesting things that Louis held his breath to listen and quite forgot the shadows and the darkness until the locksmith arrived to open the door.

Then there was his young mother, "my jewels of mothers" as he called her, who was so ready to play with him and who always made even the dull nursery a sunshiny, happy place. She was not very strong, and Louis began early to try to take care of her. One day when he was only three years old, he was left alone with her after dinner and remembered that Cummie always wrapped a shawl about her; there was no shawl to be found, but he reached up and took a doyly off the table, carefully unfolded it, and spread it over as much of her as it would cover.

"That's a wee bittie, mama," he said comfortingly.

Cummie was very strict about Sunday, but his "jewelest of mothers" had a way of overcoming the difficulty, and if he promised to play nothing but the "Pilgrim Progress" game she sewed a patch on the back of one of his wooden figures, and lo! there was Christian, ready to flee from the City of Destruction, with all his exciting adventures ahead.

There was of course the Shorter Catechism to be learned, and there was no way of avoiding that, but afterwards came long chapters out of the Bible which Louis loved to listen to, and Cummie would read parts of the old writings of the Covenanters, and everything she read to him she managed to make most interesting. Louis himself learned to repeat long passages out of the Bible, besides Psalms and hymns, and he always recited them with a great deal of action, his small hands scarcely ever still, and his dark eyes shining with excitement.

With mother and Cummie to amuse him all day long, he was rather like a small prince in the nursery, and it was his will and pleasure that someone should constantly read to him.

He never could listen quietly to any story, but must always try to act it, slaying dragons, attacking the enemy, galloping off on a fiery horse to carry news to the enemy, until he was tired out, and Cummie would smooth back the hair from his hot forehead, and try to persuade him to rest.

"Sit down and bide quiet for a bittie," she said, and coaxed him to sew a piece of his kettle-holder, or knit the garter that was as black as only a child's grimy little hands could make it.

When spring came it brought new life to little Louis, and the long nights of pain and cold winter days were forgotten, as he played about the garden of his grandfather's manse at Colinton. Like the flowers, he began to lift up his head and grow strong in the sunshine. It was a different world to him when the sun shone and the sky was blue, and the splendid colours of the flowers made his days a rainbow riot of delight. There was no more lying in bed, no more coughs and wakeful nights, but instead, long warm summer days spent in the garden, or down by the river, where there was the joy of Louis's heart—a mill.

There were cousins there too, in the sunny garden, ready to play all the games that Louis invented, to lie behind the bushes with toy guns watching for a drove of antelopes to go by, to be shipwrecked sailors on a desert island, where the only food to be had to keep them from starvation was buttercups, and even to eat those buttercups and suffer the after effects rather than spoil the pretending game.

There too was the kind aunt who brought out biscuits and calves' foot jelly at eleven o'clock from her storeroom, which always had so delicious a smell of raisins and soap and spices. Never was there so kind an aunt, and never did anything taste so good as those biscuits and that calves' foot jelly.

The children stood rather in awe of their grandfather, for he was very strict, and woe betide any small foot that left its mark on the flower-beds of the manse garden. It was whispered that their grandfather made a nightly round and

examined each little muddy shoe put out to be cleaned at night, ready to fit it into the track which the evildoer had left on the flower-bed. It was enough to make them very careful where they stepped. It was awe-inspiring, too, to see their grandfather in the pulpit every Sunday, and though they admired his beautiful face and his white hair, there was something rather terrifying about him, and the cold dark room where he sat solemnly writing his sermons was seldom invaded by any of his grandchildren.

But there was something in that dark room which Louis longed with all his heart to possess. On the walls hung some very highly-coloured Indian pictures, just the sort of gorgeous colouring that Louis loved, and he wanted one more than anything else in all the world. At last there came a day when he was sent into the awesome room to repeat a Psalm to his grandfather, and his heart beat high with hope. Perhaps if he said his Psalm very nicely, his grandfather might reward him with a gift of one of those coloured pictures.

"Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps"

quavered the little voice, while Louis kept one eye on his grandfather's solemn face, and one on the Indian picture.

When the Psalm was finished, his grandfather lifted him on his knee, and kissing him gave him "a kindly little sermon" which so surprised Louis, who had a very loving little heart, that he quite forgot his disappointment about the gaily-coloured pictures he had longed for.

When those sunny summer days came to an end and Louis went back to Heriot Row, he had a companion with him now who made even the grey days cheerful. His cousin Robert Alan Stevenson spent a whole winter with him, and together they lived in a make-believe world of their own. Disagreeable things were turned into delightful plays, and

even their meals were interesting. Instead of having to eat up a plateful of uninteresting porridge for breakfast, the magic of make-believe turned it into a foreign land, covered with snow (which was the sugar of course) or an island that was threatened by the encroaching sea (that was the cream), and the excitement of seeing the dry land disappearing or the snow mountains being cleared was so entrancing that the porridge was eaten up before the magic came to an end. Even cold mutton could be charmed into something quite delicious when Louis called it red venison, and described the mighty hunter who had gone forth and shot down the deer after many desperate adventures. Jelly was always a kind of golden globe of enchantment to him, and he was sure the spoon might at any moment reveal a secret hollow, filled with amber light.

The boys possessed also very grand make-believe kingdoms which kept them very busy with the affairs of the nation. The kingdoms were called Encyclopædia and Nosingtonia, and were both islands, for Louis loved islands then as much as afterwards when "Treasure Island" took the place of Nosingtonia.

But perhaps the greatest joy of all was when Saturday afternoons came round and the boys went down to Leith to look at the ships, always the chief delight of their hearts. Passing down Leith Walk they came to a stationer's shop at the corner, where in the window there stood a tiny toy theatre, and piled about it a heap of playbooks, "A penny plain and two-pence coloured."

Happy indeed was the child who had a penny to spend (for of course no self-respecting boy with paint-box at home ever thought of buying a "Two-pence coloured"), who could walk into the shop with assurance and ask to see those books. Many a time did Louis stand outside, having no penny to spend, and try to see the outside pictures and to read as much of the printing as could be seen at such a disadvantage.

It was no use going in unless the penny was forthcoming,

for Mr. Smith kept a stern eye on little boys, and seemed to know at a glance whether they were "intending purchasers" or not. Inside the dark little shop which "smelt of Bibles" he stood, and seemed to grudge them the pleasure of even turning over the pages of those thrilling plays.

"I do not believe, child, that you are an intending purchaser at all," he growled one day, sweeping the precious books away when Louis had "swithered" over his choice so long that no wonder dark suspicions were aroused.

It was those little books which opened to Louis the golden world of romance, the doors of which were never closed to him again.

It was not until Louis was eight years old that he began to read. His mother and Cummie had always been ready to read to him, and that, he thought, was the pleasanter way.

But quite suddenly he discovered that it was good to be able to read stories to himself, and it was a red-letter day when he first got possession of the *Arabian Nights.*

Long before he could write, he was fond of dictating stories to anyone who would write them for him, and poor patient Cummie would write sheet after sheet of nonsense, all of which she treasured and read to his mother afterwards. Sitting over the fire at night while Louis lay sleeping in his little bed, the mother and nurse whispered together over the cleverness of their boy, and anxiously tried to reassure each other that he was growing stronger, while they built their castles in the air always for Louis to dwell in as king.

Louis's school-days made but little impression upon him. He was so often kept away by ill-health, and the schools were so often changed, that he never won many laurels there. Whatever he liked to learn he learned with all his heart, and to the rest he gave very little attention whatever. He was not very fond of games, for he was not strong enough to play them well, and it was only when the make-believe magic began that he was in his element. He played football, but had to invent

a tale of enchantment which changed the ball into a talisman, and the players into two Arabian nations, before he could enjoy it.

Far more exciting than any football was the business of being a lantern-bearer, that game of games, which he described with his magic pen long afterwards.

Picture Louis, stealing out of the house at North Berwick on a late September evening, his overcoat buttoned up tightly over something that bulged at the waist, his very walk betokening an errand of mystery. Presently, coming over the wind-swept shore, another dark figure is seen, also with a buttoned-up overcoat, and the same kind of bulge at the waist.

"Have you got your lantern?" breathed Louis.

"Yes," comes the answer. All is well. Over the links and away to the shore the mysterious figures wend their way and are joined by others equally mysterious, and one by one they climb into an old boat and crouch together there at the bottom. The wind whistles and shrieks overhead, but down there they are sheltered, and the overcoats are slowly and carefully unbuttoned, and what seemed to be but a bulge is shown to be a tin lantern burning brightly, which quite accounts for the strong smell of toasting tin which has been hanging in the air about them.

In the dim light of these lanterns the lantern-bearers sit, and wild and exciting is the talk that mingles with the shriek of the wind, while the sky is black overhead, and the sound of the sea is in their ears.

No one can talk as Louis does, he lays a spell upon them all with his make-believe magic, but after all it is not the talk that is so fascinating, but rather the buttoning up of those overcoats over the lighted lanterns, the exquisite joy of knowing that unseen and unsuspected a hidden light is burning brightly there—that was the joy of being a lantern-bearer.

So it was that the make-believe magic kept Louis happy

in his childhood's games, and when he grew up to be a man and left the games behind him, the make-believe magic was never left behind, but gave a great happiness to the world as well as to himself.

"Be good and make others happy" was his own particular rule, for he believed that everyone should be as happy as ever they could, and even children should remember that—

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Robert Louis Stevenson: The Lighthouse-Builder's Son

1850 – 1894, Scotland

If you had lived in Edinburgh sixty years ago you might have met, coming out of the first house on Inverleith Terrace, a four-year-old boy in a blue coat, trimmed with fur, and a big beaver bonnet. You would have noticed nothing very remarkable about this child except that he had a pale, delicate, little face and enormous, shining eyes, and that he seemed very fond of his pleasant-looking nurse. This little boy was Robert Louis Stevenson, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stevenson.

Mr. Stevenson, Louis's father, was a lighthouse builder, and belonged to a family of famous lighthouse builders. His father, Louis's grandfather, built the Bell Rock Lighthouse, off the eastern coast of Scotland. How hard this was to build you can imagine when you remember that it stood on a dangerous reef, which the sea uncovered for only a few hours at low tide, so that the men had to have a special little workshop built on supports which were fixed in the rock. Then, too, as they worked on the iron foundation of the lighthouse, up would roll the sea and put out their fire. Yet Stevenson's grandfather had the determination and skill to push the work forward. He felt the grave need of a lighthouse there, for this was the dangerous reef described in "The Inchcape Rock." Off the opposite coast of Scotland, on the island of Tiree, stands another famous lighthouse which the Stevensons built. Eleven years before Louis was born, his Uncle Allan had begun work on the lighthouse of Skerryvore. For its foundation his men

had to blast a hole forty feet square in the solid rock. Twice, storm and sea combined defeated Mr. Stevenson's plans, and swept away the work of his faithful builders. At last, however, in 1844, the labor was completed, and the wheeling gleam of Skerryvore-light shines on the ocean to this day.

We want to know all this, not only because it is interesting, but because it helps us to understand Robert Louis's life. He loved the sea and felt at home on it; and perhaps he would have learned to build lighthouses himself, if he had not wanted so much more to build stories. His love of writing must have come from his mother's side of the family. Although Mrs. Stevenson did not write, she was very fond of other people's writing, especially of poetry—and she taught her son to love it, too. Besides this, her father, Louis's other grandfather, was a minister, so that he wrote sermons, although he did not write books. Stevenson said of himself, however, that he was like this grandfather in only one respect —that he would rather preach sermons than hear them.

From his mother's side of the family Stevenson inherited something else too, and that was a frail body and weak lungs; so that from his very babyhood he was delicate, and when he grew older he was ordered to travel and to spend much of his time out of doors, in order to live at all.

There is no better way to get the story of Stevenson's life than from his own writings. It is possible to get it almost from the beginning. His "Child's Garden of Verses", although it is not every word about himself, gives us a good idea of his sickly and lonely childhood. Nearly every poem is a little picture. If you read the "Land of Counterpane" you will see him amusing himself when he is sick; you can imagine how, with a little shawl pinned round him, he would sit up, propped against the pillows, to play with his lead soldiers. In others you find out that he was sent to bed early, and that he often lay there listening to the wind or to the people passing in the street below. In "Winter Time" you will find that he had to be all

muffled up so as not to take cold. In almost every one, though, you feel how fond he was of play; how he loved the wild March wind, which did him harm, and the garden and the sunshine, which could harm no one; and how, in every way, he yearned to be as rugged as other boys.

Although he had the most loving care, still we cannot help feeling that he was often lonely, if we judge so only from the pathetic poem called "The Lamplighter." We can imagine him sitting, with his thin little face against the pane, waiting for Leerie, and saying perhaps, as many Scotch lads were taught to say, "God bless the lamplighter," and then thinking wistfully—

"And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight!"

If we can take all the poems in "The Child's Garden" as true, we find that Louis was not always meek and patient. Once he even ran away, unnoticed, out under the stars, and was just delighting in his freedom, when, as he says,

"They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed."

His father and mother probably led in this chase, but I feel sure that his nurse, Alison Cunningham, or "Cummy", as he called her, was not far behind. She was one of his best friends, and did much to keep him from being lonely. She read to him and told him stories; she recited poems; she took him to walk and showed him the beauty of the world; she sang, she even danced, for "her boy." Not only was she such a jolly playmate; she was a most patient nurse. Sometimes Louis would lie awake for hours coughing; then Cummy would be awake with him. "How well I remember," Stevenson wrote when he was a man, "her lifting me out of bed, carrying me to the window, and showing me one or two lit windows, where also, we told

each other, there might be sick little boys and nurses waiting, like us, for the morning."

One of the things that we like best about Stevenson is that when he grew up he did not forget this nurse, but wrote her many letters, which, although he was a grown man, he often signed, "Your Laddie", and in which, again and again, he expressed his thanks to her. Sometimes he even called her his "second mother." Although he became a well-known author, he was never ashamed of the "woman who had loved him," but kept up the friendship; and we can imagine old Cummy with her eyes full of tears, reading and re-reading this part of a letter:—

"If you should happen to think that you might have had a child of your own, and that it was hard you should have spent so many years taking care of someone else's prodigal, just you think this: you have made much that there is in me, and there are sons who are more ungrateful to their own mothers than I am to you. For I am not ungrateful, my dear Cummy, and it is with a very sincere emotion that I write myself your little boy, Louis."

In another letter we get a picture of them together:

"Do you remember when you used to take me out of bed in the early morning, carry me to the back windows, show me the hills of Fife, and quote to me?

"O, the hills are all covered with snaw
An' winter's noo come fairly!'"

The sweetest thing that Stevenson did for Cummy, however, was the dedicating "The Child's Garden of Verses" to her. The poem of dedication is full of love and tenderness, and all the more manly for that. It begins—

"For the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake,"

and ends—

> "From the sick child, now well and old,
> Take, nurse, the little book you hold!
> And grant it, Heaven, that all who read
> May find as dear a nurse at need,
> And every child who lists my rhyme,
> In the bright, fireside, nursery clime,
> May hear it in as kind a voice
> As made my childish days rejoice!"

Yet, with all his parents' companionship and Cummy's sympathy and playfulness, Louis would have missed a good deal of childish fun if he had not had over fifty cousins.

In the summers a crowd of them visited at the "Manse," the home of his minister grandfather; there were two, especially, that he loved to play with most, a boy and a girl about his own age. One of their favorite games was that they were fleeing from a giant, whom in the end, of course, they always killed. Sometimes they played that they were on exploring tours. A favorite place for this game was a sandy isle in Allan Water where they "waded in butter-burrs" and where, with the plashy water all round them, they felt delightfully secure from grown-up people. On Sundays they went to church, where they heard the beautiful white-haired grandfather preach. When he was in the pulpit, he seemed very great and far-away to Louis; but when he was at home the child was not afraid of him. He tells us that once he learned a psalm perfectly, by heart, in the hope that his grandfather would give him one of the bright Indian pictures which hung on his walls and which he had brought with him from his travels. When, after the psalm was recited, the old man only gathered him in his arms and kissed him, Louis was much disappointed. Just at that time, a picture had a real value; a kiss a most uncertain one.

Part of the summer was usually spent, not at this grandfather's manse, but at the seashore. There, of course, Louis found the same delight that other children find in the beating and roaring of the waves, and in the natural fountains of spray that played on the rocks. One of his friends says that he often built "sea-houses," or great holes with the sand banked all round, in which he and his playmates would hide, there to wait, all excitement, until the creeping tide, coming ever nearer, should at last wash over their bulwark of sand and soak the children intrenched behind it. We cannot help wondering where Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and Cummy were when delicate little Louis led his friends in this charming game.

From these stories you will see that, on the whole, Stevenson had as much playtime as most children. But, of course, he had to go to school. His school-life was broken, however, because his parents, who had to travel for their health, took him with them to Germany, Holland, Italy, and many places in Scotland. Stevenson was sent to private schools in these different countries, and for the rest of the time he had tutors. There was really only one lesson, however, that Stevenson thoroughly enjoyed, and that was "composition." His compositions were remarkable for their bad spelling. He could not spell well even when he was a man, and yet writing was almost a passion with him. When he was four years old he had a strange dream—that he "heard the noise of pens writing." When he was five he dictated to his mother what he called "The History of Moses." His uncle had offered a prize of a sovereign to the niece or nephew who wrote the best story. Stevenson's was not the best, and so he did not get the prize, but his uncle gave him an extra prize because it was so good for his age.

You will notice that Stevenson dictated his "History"; he did not write it himself. That was because he did not know how, for he was not taught to write when he was very young; he could not even read till he was eight. His pretty young

mother, however, and faithful Cummy read and told him stories. He said that he lived in a "Land of Story Books." Speaking of his love of poetry, he said that he remembered, when he was very little, repeating these lines over and over for their music:

> "In pastures green Thou leadest me
> The quiet waters by."

When he did read for himself, he read a good deal of Scott, although he was less enthusiastic than most boys over "The Waverley Novels."

Nearly everything he read made him want to write, himself. He enjoyed all his "composition" work, but he did not enjoy the writing that he did in school nearly so much as what he did of his own accord. In his other lessons, his teachers considered him thoroughly lazy. All through his boyhood, Stevenson tells us, he was "pointed out as the pattern of an idler," and yet all the time he was eagerly trying to write. When he grew older he always carried with him two books, one to read, and one to write in; and as he walked on the heathy hills, through the woods, or by the sea, his mind was busy trying to fit his thoughts to words. Sometimes he tried to describe exactly the thing he was looking at; sometimes he wrote down conversations from memory; sometimes he wrote on the same subject first in one man's style and then in another's. Thus he wrestled with his own brain; tried, criticized, and tried again. He says he practised to learn to write as boys practise to learn to whittle.

All this time, while Louis was growing from childhood to boyhood, his father was watching him closely and planning for him to follow his own profession and that of so many in the family—the brave profession of lighthouse building. With this in view, from the time Louis was fourteen his father took him on sea-trips in the *Pharos* all among the rock-bound

islands off the Scottish coast. While Mr. Stevenson inspected the lighthouses or studied the "ugly reefs and black rocks" where there was a "tower to be built and a star to be lighted," Louis talked with the captains or watched the brave builders, whom he heartily admired—so eager they were in their perilous work. He was happy, too, tossing about on the deep water, and he knew no fear in the great storms. He felt the power of it all. He saw the shimmering beauty in the deep path of light, the beacon of safety over the black sea. These thoughts, however, did not turn his mind to lighthouse building, but to story-building, and it was this life on the ocean which helped him to write "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped," so popular with all young people.

We are glad Stevenson's interest turned to writing; but his father was bitterly disappointed. He thought that success in an author's profession was too uncertain. Accordingly, in the hope of rousing Louis's interest in lighthouses instead of stories, he sent him to Edinburgh University to take a course in engineering. This made not the least difference. At last his father said to himself; "It is no use to try to make a lighthouse builder of this boy," and so he decided that Louis should study law. So it was that Stevenson, at twenty-one, began his law study; but halfheartedly.

This course, like the courses of his childhood, was hindered by much sickness. Within two years Stevenson was ordered to Italy for the sake of his nerves and lungs. Two years later he went back to England, passed examinations, and was admitted to the bar; but he never practised, because all the rest of his life was spent in searching for health in many lands. And yet, with all his weakness, he was not idle. Everywhere he went he found something worth seeing and worth writing about; and again the story of his young manhood may be read in his own books, just as the story of his childhood may be read in the "Garden of Verses." And we find him full of cheer, as a child and as a man. The little boy said—

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

The man wrote: "I have so many things to make life sweet to me, it seems a pity I cannot have that other thing, health. But though you will be angry to hear it, I believe, for myself at least, 'what is, is best.'"

The year after he left the University he took a canoeing trip with one of his friends. This is described in "An Island Voyage." In the *Arethusa* and the *Cigarette* they paddled up the river which Stevenson said ran as though it "smelt the sea." They spent their nights and took their meals at farm-houses. Sometimes they rested on the grass beneath the trees. From a recent storm the river was unusually turbulent; trees had been uprooted, and here and there the wind had thrown them across the stream. Stevenson's canoe caught on one of these trees, capsized, and he himself barely escaped by clinging to the tree, while his canoe "went merrily down stream." When he had the strength, be pulled himself ashore by the tree-trunk, while his friend paddled off after the canoe. Of course such a struggle, combined with a wetting, was no help to Stevenson's health.

Two years later he took another interesting trip. This time it was a walking-trip in France and his only companion was a little donkey named "Modestine." Modestine was not taken along to ride on, but to carry his baggage, which he describes as a big sleeping-sack—"a bed by night, a portmanteau by day." It was "a long roll or sausage of green water-proof cloth without, and blue sheep's-fur within." The sheep's fur made it warm and it was long enough for him to "bury himself in it up to the neck." When he was traveling he used it to pack things in, for he took with him a "revolver, a little spirit-lamp and pan, a lantern, and some half-penny candles, a jack-knife, and a large leather flask, besides clothing, books, cakes of chocolate, and cans of Bologna sausage."

Modestine's natural pace was "as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run" and "she stopped to browse by the way." As they journeyed on, Stevenson met a peasant who taught him to say "Proot!" which in French donkey-language is "Get up!" To urge her on still more, he gave him a whip. Another peasant, at whose house Stevenson stopped, made him a goad, with which he "pushed Modestine along." As their way led through the shaggy mountains of France, you can imagine that they did not travel fast. Yet they went a hundred and twenty miles or so, in twelve days; and when, at the end of this time, Stevenson sold his donkey-friend, who could go no further, it was not without genuine regret, for she had been grateful, eating the black bread out of his hand, and she had been companionable. When he lay awake at night under the spicy pines, listening to the roaring wind or looking up at the glittering stars, it had been pleasant to hear Modestine pawing by his side, or walking round and round at the end of her tether.

The next year, when Stevenson was twenty-nine, he decided to go to California, and, partly to save money and partly for experience, he traveled by emigrant ship and train. In "An Amateur Emigrant" he gives his impressions of his rough companions on the sea-voyage, and also what were, perhaps, their impressions of him. The sailors called him "mate"; the officers "my man"; the workmen in the steerage considered him one of their own class; a certain mason, even, believed that he was a mason. What they all wondered at was that he should spend so much time writing.

In "Across the Plains" Stevenson pictures the trip by train to California. At night they made their beds by putting straw cushions on the boards which reached from bench to bench. Stevenson slept and "chummed" with a Dutchman from Philadelphia. These two and one other clubbed together to buy washing-materials—a tin basin, a towel, and a bar of soap. They washed on the rear platform. They bought, too, a few

cooking-utensils and coffee and sugar, so that they could get their own breakfasts now and then.

On this trip Stevenson found one firm friend in the newsboy. The child had noticed how pale he looked and that he held the door open with his foot so as to get a little fresh air instead of the stale air of the crowded car. So, one day when Stevenson was reading, the newsboy slipped a large juicy pear into his hand. In fact, the little fellow "petted" him all the rest of the way.

After he reached California, Stevenson had two serious attacks of illness. The first was the result of his long, tiresome journey. He was too weak to live the life he had planned—to camp out alone in the woods of the Coast Range. After he had been lying for two nights in a half-stupor, under a tree, a bear-hunter found him and carried him in his arms to a goatherd's hut near-by. There he was taken care of for two weeks till he grew strong enough to go on to Monterey. From there he went to San Francisco, where the next year he was taken sick again. This time his illness was caused by exhausting himself with nursing his landlady's little four-year-old child. He saved the child's life; but it almost cost him his own.

When Stevenson was in France he had met a Mrs. Osbourne, who was now in California with her son. When she heard of Stevenson's illness she came to help take care of him, and after Stevenson grew well they were married; so it was that his next trip was taken with her and with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne (now himself a well-known writer).

These three camped out on Mount St. Helena, near the Silverado Mine, and called themselves by the same name which Stevenson chose for his book—"Silverado Squatters"—because without legal claim they had taken possession of a Silverado miner's disused house. Stevenson and his wife called themselves the King and Queen, Lloyd was the Crown Prince, and "Chuchu," the dog, was honored as the "Grand

Duke." Incidentally, the dog honored himself with their softest cushions.

After the house was cleaned and repaired it was a sweet, airy place, "haunted by the perfumes of the glen." They had filled in the doors and windows with white cotton cloth; they had brought their own stove; and they made their beds of clean hay. Though the cañons were full of rattlesnakes, none of the squatters were afraid, except "Chuchu." "Every whiz of the rattle made him bound. His eyes rolled; he trembled; he would be often wet with sweat." Stevenson, however, "took his sun-baths and open-air calisthenics, without fear, though the rattlers were buzzing all around," And he was no more afraid of the brown bears and mountain lions, though once an old grizzly visited a poultry-yard in the village below. No; none of these creatures made him leave his mountain camp; it was the old, old enemy, sickness, away off there so many miles from civilization or a doctor's help. Even "so far above the world" the sea fogs found him out.

A few months later, Stevenson and his wife returned to Scotland. Mrs. Stevenson was a jolly, courageous companion, as well as a capable nurse. She had need to be both, for by this time her husband's lung-trouble had become settled. They still traveled, trying the different climates of the Scotch Highlands, the Alps, Edinburgh, and finally the South of France. Sick as he was, for the next seven years, Stevenson somehow found strength, between the attacks of illness, to write with vigor and eagerness. Besides many books for grown people, he wrote during this time his best two books for boys— "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped." "Treasure Island" was his first book that was popular enough to pay well. Stevenson's father helped him a good deal with this, by drawing on his experiences at sea.

The death of his father, two years later, was the deepest sorrow Stevenson ever had. They had been chums together, almost like two boys, with all the added love between father

and son. This grief had such a bad effect on Stevenson's health that three months later, in August, he and his family, including his mother, went to the Adirondacks in America. Until the next summer they lived there, near Lake Saranac, in a wooden house on a hilltop overlooking a stream of running water. "Highland," wrote Stevenson to one of his friends, "all but the dear hue of peat—and of many hills—Highland also but for the lack of heather."

While they were in the Adirondacks, an American publisher offered Stevenson ten thousand dollars for an account of a voyage in the South Seas. The trip might do him good; he needed the money; and, as always, he loved the sea. The whole family went with him; and even his mother enjoyed it, although they had a stormy voyage. When Stevenson was seventeen, an old Highland sibyl had prophesied that he was to be "very happy, to visit America, and to be much at sea." It had all come true. He was happy, because he was determined to be so. As for his life on the sea, he tells it best himself. "I cannot say why I like the sea; no man can be more cynically and constantly alive to its perils; I regard it as the highest form of gambling; and yet I love the sea as much as I hate gambling. Fine, clean emotions; a world all and always beautiful; air better than wine; interest unflagging: there is, upon the whole, no better life;" and again: "These two last years I have been much at sea, and never once did I lose my fidelity to blue water and a ship."

One of the interesting things that Stevenson did on this trip was to visit the leper-settlement on one of the Hawaiian Islands. None of his family went with him. He was one passenger in two boat-loads of lepers. In the boat with him were two sisters who tried hard to be brave; but one of them could not help crying softly all the way. Stevenson, in his big sympathy, was soon crying with her.

A crowd of other lepers swarmed down to the shore to meet them. They were in all stages of the disease, some very

loathsome. Still they held out their hands in welcome. Rather than hurt their feelings by offering a gloved hand, Stevenson pretended not to see, and so did not shake hands at all. He stayed at "the lazaretto," as it was called after Lazarus in the Bible, for eight days and seven nights. The whole experience was a great drain on his sympathies, actually living with those poor people, "still breathing, still thinking, still remembering," and yet dying by inches of a most dreadful disease. But though Stevenson pitied the lepers, he did not let them see his pity. After the first breakdown, he was bright as ever. He played croquet with seven leper-girls, and told stories to the old leper-women in the hospital.

His love for children never failed. From the little California boy whom he nursed through sickness at the risk of his own life, to many small waifs in city streets, his love was the same. He said himself that he almost coveted the children, he wished so much that they were his, especially "the wee ones." Once we find him formally willing his birthday to a little girl who was born on February 29, and so had only one birthday in four years; and from the island of Honolulu, he wrote to a friend of his—another man of about forty; "The girls here all have dolls and love dressing them. You, who know so many dressmakers, please make it known it would be an acceptable gift to send scraps for doll dress-making to the Reverend Sister Mary Ann, Bishop Home, Kilaupapa, Milokai, Hawaiian Islands." This letter shows not only Stevenson's love of children, but his willingness to take trouble over little things, although by this time he was a busy and prominent man.

In April 1889, Stevenson's mother returned to Scotland, and he, his wife, and Lloyd continued their exploring tour to the Gilbert Islands, the Marquesas, the Carolines, Australia, and finally Samoa.

His life in Samoa is, in some ways, the most interesting story of all, and here again you can find that story in his own

writings; this time, though, it is not in his books but in his letters. These are so vivid, that you feel as if you were right in Samoa with him. You are living in his spotless little box of a house, called *Vailima*, which means "five rivers," and so reminds you that it is within sound of flowing streams. There, from the broad veranda—and the house is almost half veranda—you can look straight up, on one side, at the wooded Vaea Mountain; and on the other, six hundred feet below you gleams the sea, "filling the end of two vales of forest." The house is built in a clearing in the jungle. The trees about it are twice as tall as the house; the birds about it are always talking or singing, and here and there among the trees echoes "the ringing sleigh-bell of the tree toad."

During the first six months that Stevenson and his family lived at Vailima there was much to be done. They built three houses, a big barn, two miles of road (this road three times, for the roads were continually being destroyed by heavy rains), "cleared many acres of bush and made some miles of path, planted quantities of food, and enclosed a horse-paddock and some acres of pig-run."

Sometimes Stevenson calls this property a farm, and sometimes a plantation. It was a little of both. He had horses, pigs, and chickens, and raised nearly all the common vegetables. Besides these, he had the fruits of the tropics—his own banana-patch, his hedge of lemon-trees, and plenty of pineapples, bread-fruit, and cocoanuts. Stevenson enjoyed the life of a farmer as much as he had enjoyed everything else. Sometimes, as he said, he played the "game of patience" by weeding all the morning. Things often went wrong; but he took bad luck merrily. Occasionally his pigs were stolen; once his horse "kicked him in the shin" when he was taking off her saddle; once the carpenter's horse stepped in a nest of fourteen eggs and, as Stevenson said, made "an omelette of all their hopes." Still, with perfect honesty, he could sign his letter "The Well-pleased South Sea Islander"; for here in

Samoa he could be out of doors, whereas in Scotland he would have been in bed. The longer he stayed there, the stronger he felt. He rode horseback for hours without getting tired, and sometimes he rode very fast.

Riding, walking, bathing, and sailing were his chief recreations. Like the natives, much of the time he went barefoot. The roads, such as they were, were cut through a forest of fruit-trees between the noisy sea and the silent mountain. Palms waved overhead; tangled "ropes of liana" hung from the trees. The strong sun had brought out the richest, brightest colors in all the flowers; Stevenson himself was browned by its heat. Sometimes he gave himself up, like a child, to idle pleasures, such as wading for hours up to his knees in the salt water searching for shells. Once or twice he tried lawn-tennis; but after that had brought on a hemorrhage he gave it up. He usually went to bathe in the river just before lunch.

He loved his work too much, however, and was too determined to succeed in it, to spend a great deal of time even in recreation. After he had been there a few months he set himself a rigid program, and after the addition was built on the house, from his room in an out-of-the-way part of it he tells us that he saw the sunrise nearly every morning, had breakfast at six, worked till eleven, and after lunch usually worked again until four or five. Sometimes he played cards in the evening. At eight o'clock he had prayers for his own family and the Samoans of his household, a Samoan woman leading in the singing. He went to bed early, often reading himself to sleep, and sleeping on a chest covered with mats and blankets.

This program he kept so strictly that I think he must have continually said to himself: "Now I can see and enjoy," and "Now I must work." He did actually say that it was "hard to keep on grinding." Still he did keep on, and in addition to his work as a farmer and an author he found time to teach. He gave regular lessons to Austin Strong, his step-daughter's

little son, and taught arithmetic and "long expressions" to Henry, the son of one of the Samoan chiefs.

Henry was the first Somoan who really loved Stevenson. The affection of the natives was not very easy to win. They were naturally lazy; ignorant, of course; inclined to steal; and somewhat suspicious. Stevenson, nevertheless, saw in them not only much that was interesting, but much that was good. They were very clean people—that attracted him in the first place—and they were people with a genuine love of beauty. Very wisely, Stevenson saw that he could only win them by being one of them. Accordingly, he learned their language as soon as he could. He went, also, to their little church, although they were Roman Catholics and he was a Protestant, and there he knelt on the white-sanded floor among the almost naked men, the women in their gracefully draped garments of fine silk, and the little brown children with no clothing at all except girdles and large, gorgeous hats trimmed, some of them, with blue ribbon and pink roses.

When Stevenson knew their language well enough, he told them stories, and so he won from them the name of "Tusitala," which means "teller of tales"; his wife was called "Aolele" or "beautiful as a flying cloud." Thus, gradually but surely, the natives grew to know and care for their friends at Vailima. They tried to do for Stevenson what they never did for anyone else—they tried to hurry. "You never see a Samoan run except at Vailima," visitors would sometimes say. Occasionally, Stevenson took charge of a big gang of road-makers, and they went through the forest marking their path by bending down the wild cocoa-nut trees and sitting on them to break them off.

At first many of the men were tricky and ran away; but by and by they grew to care for the slender, white master, with the bright eyes and winning smile, and they really wanted to work for him. "Once Tusitala's friend, always Tusitala's friend," they would say.

When the war broke out between two chiefs, the Samoans showed their trust in Stevenson by bringing a bag full of coins, which they had saved for the roof of their church, and asking him to keep them till the fight was over. During this war Stevenson often went to see the prisoners, told them stories, heard their troubles, got them doctors, and was at last instrumental in having a large number set free without having to work out their freedom by roadbuilding. A few days after this, Stevenson was surprised and touched to learn that the freed prisoners had agreed in gratitude to work on his road as a "free gift." It was to be his own private road, they specified, the road that led from his house to the public way. The chiefs, themselves, drew up the inscription in the newspaper. It was headed "The Road of Loving Hearts" and it read as follows:

"Considering the great love of Tusitala in his loving care of us in our distress in the prison, we have therefore prepared a splendid gift. It shall never be muddy, it shall endure forever, this road that we have dug."

They had given him the one thing they could give, and, as far as they knew, the one thing he wanted, and they insisted that they would not take presents of any kind, much less pay.

In a life so full of pleasure, work, and interest as this, it is sometimes hard to realize that Stevenson ever had hours of great despondency; but he often did. Although he was much better, he knew in his heart that he could never be well. It was his one great principle, however, to keep himself sunny, to wear a smiling face, "to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence." "The sea, the islands, the islanders, the island life and climate, make and keep me truly happier," he wrote bravely to a friend; but another time, when he had been thinking of his dear Scotland, with its "hills of sheep" and "winds austere and pure," and realizing that he could never see it again, he wrote a pathetic little poem from which these lines are taken:

"Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney,
But I go forever and come again no more."

and in a letter to a friend he wrote:

"For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written when my head swam for weakness, and for so long it seems to me I have won my wager. The Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed but I would have preferred a place of trumpetings and the open air over my head."

During his last years he sometimes had "scrivener's cramp" so that he could not do his writing himself, but had to dictate his stories to his stepdaughter, Mrs. Strong. This, of course, was hard on his voice, and sometimes he lost the power of speech, altogether, and had to use the deaf and dumb alphabet.

One day, December 3rd, 1894, when he had felt particularly well, he came downstairs a little while before supper to help his wife make a salad, and together they set the table on the veranda. On pleasant days, they often had their meals there, for Samoa is a land of eternal summer. Stevenson had been joking with his wife about something, when suddenly he put his hand to his head with the cry: "What's that? Do I look strange?" and then he fell unconscious beside her. Doctors were quickly summoned, but they could not help him. For about two hours he lay, still unconscious, still breathing. Around the room knelt or stood a dozen or more Samoans, longing to give their service; but they, too, could do nothing. Stevenson died a few minutes past eight that night.

Half understanding that this was death and half hoping it

was only sleep, the natives stayed beside him all night—some praying, some sitting in silence, others going away to return with gifts of fine, woven mats to cover him. In the morning still others came, loaded with bright flowers, till the room was glowing with color. There was nothing about that room to suggest death except the dumb, sad watchers. Among them; came an old Mataafa chief, who, crouching beside the body, broke out with "I am only a poor Samoan, and ignorant. Others are rich and can give Tusitala the parting presents of rich, fine mats; I am poor and can give nothing this last day he receives his friends."

Stevenson had asked to be buried on the summit of Vaea Mountain. There was no path to this summit, and so the chiefs assembled their men and about forty set out with knives and axes to cut a path up the steep mountain side. At one o'clock that day when all was ready, they came back, unwearied by their hard service, and a few of the strongest were chosen to carry their friend on their shoulders. Gravely and sturdily again they set out on the steep climb, followed by the family, the minister, and many Samoans and friends.

At the grave the minister read the prayer which Stevenson, himself, had offered the night before he died—

"We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favor, folk of many families and nations gathered together in the peace of this roof. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, brace us to play the man, under affliction. Go with each of us to rest and, when the day returns, return to us our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it."

So, his last prayer was characteristic. He had "braced himself to play the man"; he had "awaked with smiles, he had labored smiling." And the gathering at the grave was characteristic—the friends who laid him there were of all classes,

many, and full of deep affection.

Even the last sleeping-place of this brave, bright, nature-loving man was just what he had chosen—within sight of the "besieging sea," which he had played by as a child and never failed to love, and within sound of God's great wind "that bloweth all day long."

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."